

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the late Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister. Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, Dr. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1882.

16th Year. No. 1.—New Series.

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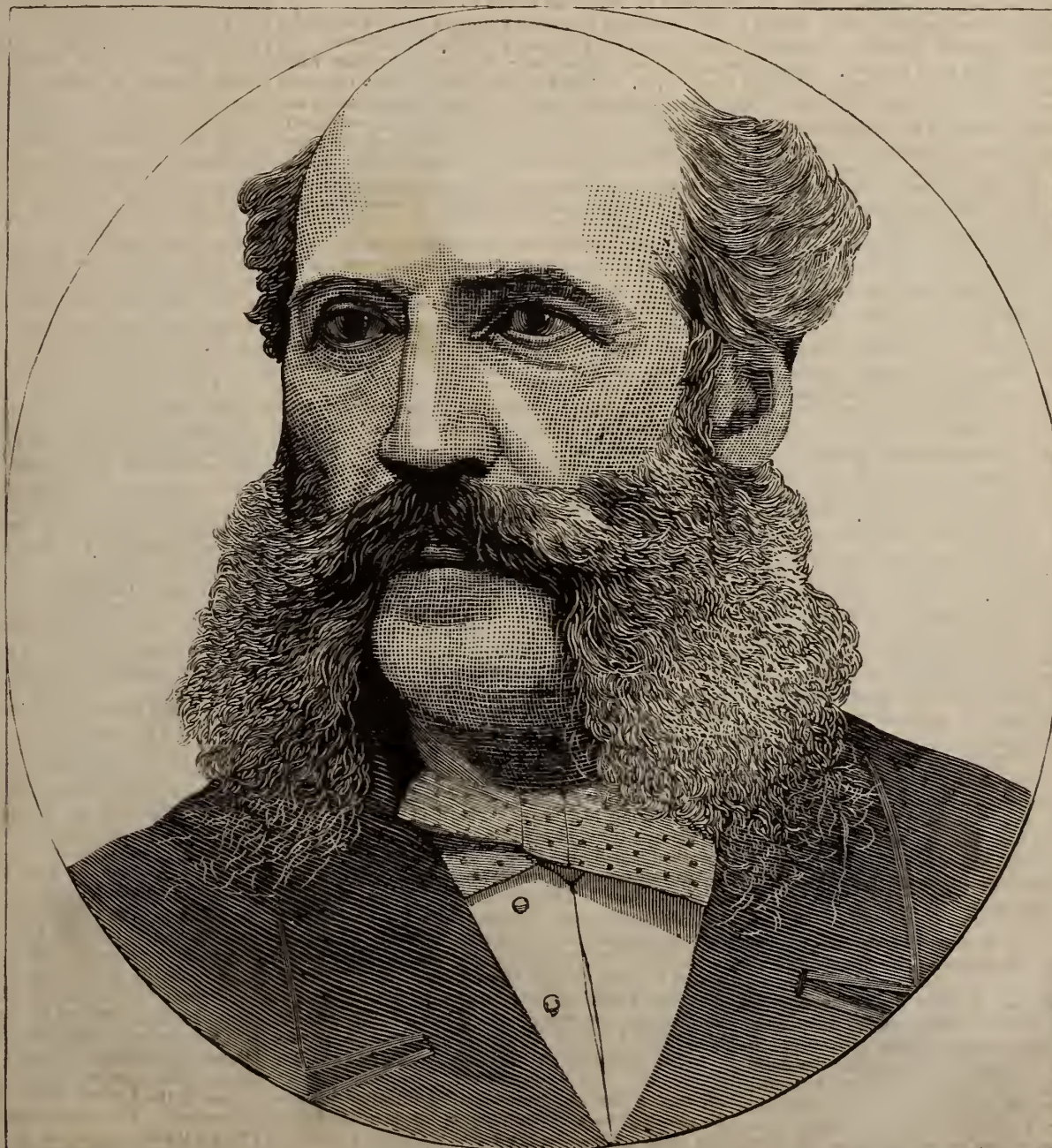
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD SCRIPTURE ALMANAC FOR 1882.



Mr. ROBERT GRAHAM, Special Organizing Secretary of the American Church Temperance Society.

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Church Temperance Society.

WHEN our fathers were fighting, more than a century ago, for liberty and independence, a cordial and hearty welcome was accorded to Lafayette and his brave friends. They came to render aid in a fierce struggle against foreign domination, and they risked their lives and shed their blood that the weaker side, the side of right against wrong, of freedom against oppression, might have the benefit of their European education, and experience in its contest with trained troops and veteran generals. That struggle was fought out to the end, and to this day in our celebrations of the victory which culminated in the birth of a nation, the services of those gallant allies are held in grateful remembrance; their statues ornament our public places, and their memory is perpetuated in the thoroughfares called by their names.

As we honor the men who crossed the Atlantic to help our fathers in their fight for *civil liberty*, so we may honor a man who, having fought gallantly and successfully in his own country against an enemy who is also ravaging our land, comes hither to aid us in winning moral victory. This foe, too, is more formidable than British squadrons. Were the acts of oppression that goaded our ancestors to take up arms, multiplied tenfold, and the grievances charged against the British increased in bitterness a hundredfold, they would not approximate the gigantic tyranny we charge against king Alcohol. His yoke is heavy, his rule is absolute, his service is soul-destroying, his rewards are ruin, madness, death, and perdition.

As we see one and another of our friends and acquaintances falling under his power, and bending their necks to his yoke, we hate him with a holy hatred, and long for the day when his dominion shall be overthrown and his existence within our borders be a thing of the past. But that consummation will not be achieved without a long and bitter struggle; and those who know most of the enemy appreciate most accurately the number and extent of the difficulties to be overcome. It is therefore gratifying to the true patriot to know that in the fierce conflict before us here there has been enrolled on the side of reform a volunteer who has won renown in his own country as a leader in

THE BRITISH TEMPERANCE ARMY.

Mr. Robert Graham, who is now the special organizing secretary of the American Church Temperance Society, is already a veteran in this world-wide struggle. He has done a noble work in England. His name is an honored one in temperance circles there; for there are thousands of men who, grieving over the desolation and havoc worked by vice, yet seeing no way to remedy it, have been guided and directed by Mr. Graham, and have had the gratification of seeing through his energy such time and talent as they had, utilized in the great cause, and their limited efforts made productive of good to their fellow men. We have a motto that union is strength, and there is no doubt that it is true; but according as the union is wisely organized or is left unorganized it is the strength of stability or of a powerful aggressive force. Mr. Graham does not appear to have neglected active personal work among the victims of intoxicating liquors. But the object which he has made the chief aim of his life has been that of setting every total abstainer to work, and of making every temperance society a centre of influence for good. Thus a few friends of temperance in a village became a society, and that society was so managed and directed as to operate on outsiders, drawing waverers into its ranks, and rescuing the drunkard from his thralldom.

In a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we gave a brief account of another active worker in the temperance cause, Governor St. John, of Kansas.* The Governor chose the political field of operations, and has fought his battle with the weapons of the Constitution. Mr. Graham has chosen a different field, and one that, while independent of the other, tends to the same object, and is its active and efficient ally. He

rightly believes that religion and temperance should be inseparable co-workers. The pious God-fearing man should be the uncompromising foe of everything that tends to the degradation of his fellows, and therefore ought to labor unceasingly by example and teaching to overcome the power which has worked, and is still working, such dire evil throughout the world. Numbers of godly men do not recognize this as their duty; Mr. Graham believes that they should be informed of the evil, and their responsibility explained to them.

Others, who are abstainers, need to be reminded that valuable as is the example they set, something more is needed than mere silent influence, and that enthusiastic effort may accomplish much good. He believes that the influence which prompts and controls the life of the Christian also fits him to be an efficient temperance worker, and that every church should become an active temperance organization, laboring to overcome within the circle of its influence the power of the liquor which is the foe of religion as well as of good morals. Thus the success of Mr. Graham's scheme would render that of Governor St. John and his friends possible, and would make those who reluctantly bow to the decision of the majority in a vote on a prohibition amendment voluntary and zealous supporters of it. Such is the object Mr. Graham aims to effect, and such are the methods by which he hopes to attain it.

Mr. Graham has been engaged in this work for many years. Of his early life little is known. He was born at Haltwhistle, England, on May 12th, 1829. His family had furnished many excellent teachers renowned for their literary attainments and for the faculty of communicating their knowledge to their pupils and for training them to think for themselves. Mr. Graham also devoted himself to the scholastic profession, and during some years was actively and successfully engaged in several important spheres of labor.

About this period Mr. Graham listened to a vivid description of the evils of drunkenness from the lips of the late Dr. Guthrie, of the Scottish Church. In a recent address in the parlors of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Mr. Graham thus related his recollection of Dr. Guthrie's speech. He said: "Dr. Guthrie drew a vivid picture of the emotions that came over him as he went through the old town of Edinburgh, and saw the poverty and want to be found in the dark wynds and alleys of the city. 'I saw,' he said, 'bairns, without a smile on their wan faces, living in homes into which God's sunlight never penetrated,' and on inquiry found that all this poverty and want was caused, directly or indirectly, by the indulgence of parents and guardians in strong drink. Then he said he felt the one work God had given him to do was to fight this evil. Then and there," said Mr. Graham, "I resolved as a boy, to do as much as I could for the great cause, and I owe my inspiration for the work to Dr. Guthrie."

FIRST EFFORTS.

Mr. Graham then began, as opportunity offered, and whenever his scholastic duties would permit, to deliver lectures on temperance. He at once made his mark as a platform orator. Especially among working men he became popular. He had and still retains a remarkably clear and simple way of expressing his ideas. There is nothing ornate or apparently rhetorical in his style, but a telling, practical, business-like manner of pointing out the evils of intemperance and showing the advantages of abstinence. This suited the taste of the working men, and they flocked to hear him whenever he was announced to lecture.

In 1872 Mr. Graham settled in Manchester, where he took charge of an important school. In that year a new movement was inaugurated in the temperance campaign, which from the outset enlisted Mr. Graham's warm sympathy. This was

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

He took a lively interest in its organization because he saw that to a certain extent it identified with the cause of temperance the Episcopal Church in England with all its wealth and influence. The movement was well received and soon took practical shape. It was deemed wise at the commencement

to have two branches, corresponding with the two ecclesiastical provinces of York and Canterbury. The northern province, which included many large cities, such as Manchester and Bradford, in which large numbers of working men were employed, was an immense sphere of work, and that branch of the Society feeling the importance of having for secretary a man of superior ability and energy urged Mr. Graham to accept the responsible and onerous position. It was an arduous undertaking but the work was congenial, for an increasing sense of the need of such a movement had pressed Mr. Graham's mind. He therefore accepted the offer of the society, and henceforth devoted all his time and energies to its service.

The Church of England Temperance Society was established with a twofold object: First, to form the temperate, and, secondly, to remove the causes which lead to intemperance. Under the latter branch of the programme were comprised efforts to limit the sale of intoxicating beverages, houses which were *bona fide* hotels, and to close such drinking places as were mere bars; to diminish the hours during which liquor might be sold, and to prohibit its sale on Sundays; and to separate workmen's clubs from the saloons. It was intended with this programme to thoroughly permeate every part of the country, and, using the organization of the Church of England as a basis, establish a society in every parish. It was believed that the evils of intemperance in England were palpable that moderate drinkers would indorse the programme of the society, and would willingly labor in such a cause. A cordial welcome was therefore extended to them, and large numbers joined the society who have subsequently become total abstainers. "There has been," says Mr. Graham, "a constant exodus from the non-abstinence to the total abstinence ranks, and I have record of a single pervert from the severer faith."

It was in 1873 that Mr. Graham commenced his work, and the next seven years were years of incessant toil. Not only in school-houses and church buildings did he lecture, but in factories and workshops whenever he could obtain the permission of employers; and he succeeded in organizing large numbers of societies in towns and rural districts. Writing of those years of labor and their results, an eminent member of the society says: "The manner in which Mr. Graham's duties were performed, often under the most difficult and discouraging circumstances, has been such as to command the admiration of all acquainted with the history of the movement. The prominent position now occupied by the society is a standing testimony to the earnestness, ability, and remarkable powers of organization Mr. Graham has displayed."

In December, 1880, Mr. Graham found the seven years' continuous strain of office work and platform advocacy necessitated a brief period of relaxation, and leave of absence for a few months was cordially granted by the society in order that Mr. Graham might pay a

VISIT TO AMERICA.

It was also resolved that some mark of appreciation should be tendered to Mr. Graham in recognition of his valuable services. A subscription list was opened and contributions rapidly flowed in from all ranks of the people, from the Duke of Westminster down to the factory operative, and before he sailed for America, at a large and enthusiastic meeting Mr. Graham received the testimonial, which consisted of a gold watch and chain and a sum of money equivalent to a thousand dollars.

Mr. Graham crossed the Atlantic for rest and relaxation, but during his visit he addressed almost as many meetings as he would have done had he remained in England. His position in England had given him abundant opportunities for studying the drinking customs of the country, and his success in temperance organization made his suggestions exceptionally valuable to temperance workers here. He was invited to speak in the principal cities in the United States and in Canada, and complied. The result was the organization of THE AMERICAN CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. The history of that movement has been ably described by Dr. McKim as follows: "The first formal step toward the organization of the Church

temperance Society was taken at a conference of clergy and laity held in Grace Hall, March 14th, 1881. But the genesis of the movement goes further back—we find parochial societies here and there through the Church since three years ago.

"It was the visit of Mr. R. Graham to this country which crystallized the interest and effort of the friends of this cause, and produced the formation of 'The Church Temperance Society,' on the same liberal, scriptural basis adopted by the English society eight years before.

"The clergymen had encouraged the circulation of the English society's constitution, and had themselves ably enforced the principle, while in some parishes societies had been formed and been in operation for some years on that basis. But there was wanting some one who could speak from wide experience and the observation of a large field on which this liberal idea of temperance reform had been at work—one, moreover, who had studied his particular phase of the question in its various aspects as it could only be studied in England. Such a witness was found in Mr. Graham; and as we heard his clear explanation of the methods and aims of the society in the mother Church, and his demonstration of the vast results accomplished here in the space of eight years, many of us asked ourselves *why could not the daughter take a hint from the mother, and, emulating her great example, do a similar work in our own land?*

"Accordingly, the society was formed. It rests upon three principles: 1. Recognizing temperance as the great Christian law, binding universally, and total abstinence as a rule of expediency, or of necessity, or of prudence, or of charity in certain cases, it endeavors to combine under one banner of temperance reform both abstainers and non-abstainers—all who are willing to give their influence to a movement having for its objects the promotion of temperance, the removal of the causes which lead to intemperance, and the reformation of the intemperate.

"2. In the prosecution of these objects the society relies ultimately and supremely upon the grace of God through Christ. *It is distinctly a religious and a Christian movement.*

"3. It seeks to do its work through the established organism of the Church. Its first great end must be to inform the mind of the Church upon the appalling prevalence of drunkenness, and the terrible fruit it bears in the social and moral condition of the people of our country, and to enlist the pulpit and the press in the endeavor to bring to bear upon these great evils the social, moral, influence of the Church.

"The executive of the Church Temperance Society, encouraged by the sympathy of a large body of Churchmen, and by the co-operation of *thirty-four of the bishops*, who have become vice-presidents of the society, and by the formation of several diocesan societies in affiliation with it, have resolved to push forward the work vigorously."

Mr. Graham's visit had been a pleasant one to himself; he had expressed his delight with the country and with the people, and that regard was reciprocated by the clergymen and temperance advocates with whom he came in contact. More than one friend expressed the wish at the farewell meeting held in his honor in Brooklyn on April 20th, 1881, that Mr. Graham might soon return. When therefore the American society was established it was felt that no more suitable man could be found for the position of Secretary than Mr. Graham, and he was cordially invited to undertake the work of organization, for which his experience and abilities so thoroughly fitted him. The offer was accepted, and on October 11th the pleasant duty of welcoming Mr. Graham to New York was performed by a distinguished assembly of clergymen and laymen. Mr. Graham has now fairly commenced his work here, and many prayers are being offered that his labors and those of his coadjutors may be blessed of God to the rescue of many souls from the curse of intemperance.

LAUGHTER.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter."—PSALM 126:2.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."—PSALM 2:4.

Bible References to Laughter—I. Sarah's Laugh—The Laugh Sceptical—Natural Laws, God's Habits—Changeable at His Pleasure—Professors on the Fence—Biblical Expurgation—What is Left when Sceptics are Through—A Fascinating Laughter—A Gigantic Burglary—II. David's Laugh—The Laugh Exultant—The Christian has the Best Right to Laugh—Theodosius on the Rack—Always Report Victories—III. The Fool's Laugh—The Laugh Idiotic—Laughing at Indecent Stories—At Other People's Afflictions—A Brooklyn Hospital Incident—Patient Sermons—IV. God's Laugh—The Laugh Condemnatory—Dishonest Ruined Speculators—Tweed's Scheme—Rome's Power in Derision—His Smile of Blessing—V. Heaven's Laugh—The Laugh Triumphant—Congratulatory on Eternal Recovery—The Initial on the Gate.

THIRTY-EIGHT times does the Bible make reference to this configuration of the features and quick expulsion of breath which we call laughter. Sometimes it is born of the sunshine, and sometimes of the midnight. Sometimes it stirs the sympathy of angels, and sometimes the cackling of devils. All healthy people laugh; whether it pleases the Lord or displeases Him, that depends upon when we laugh and at what we laugh. My theme this morning is the laughter of the Bible, namely,

SARAH'S LAUGH,

or that of scepticism; David's laugh, or that of spiritual exultation; the fool's laugh, or that of sinful merriment; God's laugh, or that of infinite condemnation; Heaven's laugh, or that of eternal triumph.

I. Scene: an Oriental tent; the occupants, old Abraham and Sarah, perhaps wrinkled and decrepid. Their three guests are three angels, the Lord Almighty one of them. In return for the hospitality shown by the old people, God promises Sarah that she shall become the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah laughs in the face of God; she does not believe it. She is affrighted at what she has done. She denies it. She says, "I didn't laugh." Then God retorted, with an emphasis that silenced all disputation, "But thou didst laugh." My friends, the laugh of scepticism in all the ages is only the echo of Sarah's laughter.

God says He will accomplish a thing, and men say it cannot be done. A great multitude laugh at the miracles. They say they are contrary to the laws of nature. What is a law of nature? It is God's way of doing a thing. You ordinarily cross the river at Fulton Ferry; to-morrow you change for one day, and you go across Wall Street Ferry. You made the rule; have you not a right to change it? I ordinarily come in at that door (pointing to a side entrance) of the church. Suppose next Sabbath I should come in at the other door? It is a habit I have. Have not I a right to change my habit? A law of nature is God's habit—His way of doing things.

If He makes the law, has He not a right to change it at any time He wants to change it? Alas for the folly of those who laugh at God when He says, "I will do a thing," they responding, "You can't do it." God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs. Herbert Spencer laughs. Stuart Mill laughs. All the German universities laugh. Harvard laughs—softly! A great many of the learned institutions of this country, with long rows of professors seated on the fence between Christianity and infidelity, laugh softly. They say, "We didn't laugh." That was Sarah's trick. God thunders from the heavens, "But thou didst laugh!"

The Garden of Eden was only a fable. There never was any ark built; or if it was built it was too small to hold two of every kind. The pillar of fire by night is only the northern lights. The ten plagues of Egypt only a brilliant specimen of jugglery.

* Dr. Talmage informed us last week that he would not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on New Year's day; we therefore publish a deeply impressive sermon by him, which has not before appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The sea parted because the wind blew violently a great while from one direction. The sun and moon did not put themselves out of the way for Joshua. Jacob's ladder was only horizontal and picturesque clouds. The destroying angel smiting the first-born in Egypt was only cholera infantum become epidemic. The gullet of the whale, by positive measurement, is too small to swallow a prophet.

The story of the immaculate conception is a shock to all decency. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the halt cured by mere human surgery. The resurrection of Christ's friend only a beautiful tableau. Christ and Lazarus and Mary and Martha acting their parts well. My friends, there is not a doctrine or statement of God's holy word that has not been derided by the scepticism of this day. I take up this book of King James' translation. I consider it a perfect Bible, but here are sceptics who want it torn to pieces, and now with this Bible in my hand, let me tear out all those portions which the scepticism of this day demands shall be torn out.

WHAT SHALL GO FIRST?

"Well," says some one in the audience, "take out all that about the creation, and about the first settlement of the world." Away goes Genesis. "Now," says some one, "take out all that about the miraculous guidance of the children of Israel in the wilderness." Away goes Exodus. "Now," says some one else in the audience, "there are things in Deuteronomy and Kings that are not fit to be read." Away go Deuteronomy and the Kings. "Now," says some one, "the Book of Job is a fable; that ought to come out." Away goes the Book of Job. "Now," says some one, "those passages in the New Testament which imply the divinity of Jesus Christ ought to come out." Away go the evangelists.

"Now," says some one, "the book of Revelation—how preposterous: it represents a man with the moon under his feet and a sharp sword in his hand." Away goes the Book of Revelation. Now there are a few pieces left. What shall we do with them? "Oh," says some man in the audience, "I don't believe a word of the Bible from one end to the other." Well, it is all gone. Now, you have put out

THE LAST LIGHT FOR THE NATIONS.

Now it is the pitch darkness of eternal midnight. *How do you like it?*

But I think, my friends, we had better keep the Bible a little longer intact. It has done pretty well for a good many years. There are old people who find it a comfort to have it on their laps, and children like the stories in it. Let us keep it for a curiosity anyhow. If the Bible is to be thrown out of the school, and out of the court room, so men no more swear by it, and it is to be put in a dark corridor of the city library, the Koran on one side, and the writings of Confucius on the other, then let us each one keep a copy for himself; for *we might have trouble*, and we would want to be under the delusions of its consolation; and we might die, and we would want the delusion of the exalted residence at God's right hand which it mentions.

Oh, what an awful thing it is to laugh in God's face, and hurl His revelation back at Him! After a while, the day will come when they will say they did not laugh. Then all the hypercriticisms, all the caricatures, and all the learned sneers in the *Quarterly Review* will be brought to judgment, and amid the flaming of everything above, God will thunder, "But thou didst laugh!"

I think

THE MOST FASCINATING LAUGHTER

at Christianity I ever remember was Theodore Parker. He made the Word of God seem ridiculous, and he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die, and then he said, "My life has been a failure; a failure domestically, I have no children; a failure socially, for I am treated in the streets like a pirate; a failure professionally, because I know but one minister that has adopted my sentiment." For a quarter of a century he laughed at Christianity, and ever since Christianity has been laughing at him. Now, it is a mean

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thing to go into a man's house and steal his goods; but I tell you *the most gigantic burglary ever enacted* is the proposition to steal these treasures of our holy religion. The meanest laughter ever uttered is the laughter of the sceptic.

II. The next laughter mentioned in this Bible is

DAVID'S LAUGHTER,

or the expression of spiritual exultation. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." He got very much down sometimes, but there are other chapters where for four or five times he calls up the people to praise and exult. It was not a mere twitch of the lips; it was a demonstration that took hold of his whole physical nature. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter."

My friends, this world will never be converted to God until Christians cry less and laugh and sing more. The horrors are a poor bait. If people are to be persuaded to adopt our holy religion, it will be because they have made up their mind it is a happy religion and they do not like an *ultra-bilious Christianity*. I know there are morbid people who enjoy a funeral. They come early to see the friends take leave of the corpse, and they steal a ride to the cemetery; but all healthy people enjoy a wedding better than they do a burial. Now, you make the religion of Christ sepulchral and hearse-like, and you make it repulsive.

I say plant the rose of Sharon along the church walks, and columbine to clamber over the church wall; and have a smile on the lip, and have the mouth filled with holy laughter. There is no man in the world except the Christian that has a right to feel an untrammelled glee. He is promised everything is to be for the best here, and he is on the way to a delight which will take all the procession with palm branches, and all the orchestra harped and cymbaled and trumpeted to express. "Oh!" you say, "I have so much trouble." Have you more trouble than Paul had? What does he say, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Poor, yet making man rich. Having nothing, yet possessing all things."

THE MERRIEST LAUGH I EVER HEARD

has been in the sick-room of God's dear children. When Theodosius was put upon the rack, he suffered very great torture at the first. Somebody asked him how he endured all that pain on the rack. He replied: "When I was first put upon the rack, I suffered a great deal; but very soon a young man in white stood by my side, and with a soft and comfortable handkerchief he wiped the sweat from my brow, and my pains were relieved; it was a punishment for me to get from the rack, because when the pain was all gone, the angel was gone." Oh! rejoice evermore.

You know how it is in the army—an army in encampment. If to-day news comes that our side has had a defeat, and to-morrow another portion of the tidings comes, saying, "We have had another defeat," it demoralizes all the host. But if the news come of victory to-day and victory to-morrow, the whole army is impassioned for the contest. Now, in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, report fewer defeats; tell us the victories; victory over sin and death and hell. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice. I believe there is more religion in a laugh than in a groan. Anybody can groan, but to laugh in the midst of banishment and persecution and indescribable trial—that requires a David, a Daniel, a Paul, a modern heroine.

III. The next laughter mentioned in the Bible that I shall speak of is

THE FOOL'S LAUGHTER,

or the expression of sinful merriment. Solomon was very quick at simile; when he makes a comparison we all catch it. What is the laughter of a fool like? He says, "It is the crackling of thorns under a pot." The kettle is swung, a bunch of brambles is put under it, and the torch is applied to it, and there is a great noise and a big blaze, and a sputter, and a quick extinguishment. Then it is darker than it was before.

Fool's laughter! The most miserable thing on earth is a bad man's fun. There they are, ten men in a bar-room. They have at home wives, mothers, daughters. The impure jest starts at one corner of the bar-room, and crackle, crackle,

crackle it goes all around. In five hundred such guffaws there is not one item of happiness. They all feel bemused, if they have any conscience left.

Have nothing to do with men or women who tell immoral stories. I have no confidence either in their Christian character or their morality. So all merriment that springs out of the defects of others—caricature of a lame foot, or a curved spine, or a blind eye, or a deaf ear—will be met with the judgments of God, either upon you or your children. Twenty years ago, in this city of Brooklyn, I knew a man who was particularly skilful in imitating the lameness of a neighbor. Not long ago, a son of the skilful mimic had his leg amputated for the very defect which his father had mimicked years before. I do not say it was a judgment of God. I leave you to make your own inference.

So all merriment born of dissipation—that which starts at the counter of the drinking restaurant, or from the wine glass in the home circle—the maudlin simper, the meaningless joke, the saturnalian gibberish, the paroxysm of mirth about nothing that you sometimes see in the fashionable club-room or the exquisite parlor at twelve o'clock at night, are the crackling of thorns under a pot. Such laughter and such sin ends in death.

When I was a lad, a book came out entitled "Dowjor's Patent Sermons;" it made a great stir, a very wide laugh all over the country, that book did. It was a caricature of the Christian ministry, and of the Word of God, and of the day of judgment. Oh, we had a great laugh. The commentary on the whole thing is that, not long ago, the author of that book died in poverty, shame, debauchery, kicked out of society, and cursed of Almighty God. The laughter of such men is the echo of their own damnation.

IV. The next laughter that I shall mention as being in the Bible is *the laughter of God's condemnation*. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Again,

THE LORD WILL LAUGH

at him." Again, "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God greet every kind of great sin and wickedness. Bad men build up villanies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God because He is so schemed against by men. Suddenly a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness, or a secret is revealed, the foundation begins to rock; finally, the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what is the matter. That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter.

On Wall Street there are a great many good men and a great many fraudulent men. A fraudulent man says, "I mean to have my million." He goes to work reckless of honesty, and he gets his first \$100,000. He gets after a while his \$200,000. After a while he gets his \$500,000. "Now," he says, "I have only one more move to make, and I shall have my million." He gathers up all his resources; he makes that last grand move, he fails and loses all, and he has not enough money of his own left to pay the cost of the car to his home. People cannot understand this spasmodic revolution. Some said it was a turn in Erie Railroad stock, or in Western Union, or in Illinois Central; some said it was Jay Gould; some said it was W. H. Vanderbilt. They all guessed wrong. I will tell you what it was, "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed."

A man in New York said he would be the richest man in the city. He left his honest work of chair making, and got into the city councils some way, and in ten years stole fifteen million dollars from the city government. *Fifteen million dollars!* He held the Legislature of the State of New York in the grip of his right hand. Suspicions were aroused. The Grand Jury presented indictments. The whole land stood aghast. The man who expected to put half the city in his vest pocket goes to Blackwell's Island; goes to Ludlow Street jail; breaks prison, and goes across the sea; is re-arrested and brought back, and again remanded to jail. Why? "He that sitteth in the heavens laughs."

Rome was a great empire; she had Horace and Virgil among her poets; she had Augustus and Constantine among her emperors. But what mean

the defaced Pantheon, and the Forum turned in a cattle market, and the broken-walled Coliseum and the architectural skeleton of her great aqueducts? What was that thunder? "Oh," ye say, "that was the roar of the battering-ran against her walls." No. What was that quiver? "Oh," you say, "that was the tramp of hostile legions." No. The quiver and the roar were the outburst of omnipotent laughter from the defied and insulted heavens. Rome defied God and He laughed her down. Thebes defied God and He laughed her down. Nineveh defied God and He laughed her down. Babylon defied God and He laughed her down.

There is an immense difference between God laugh and His smile. His smile is eternal beauty. He smiled when David sang, and Miriam clapped the cymbals, and Hannah made garments for her son, and Paul preached, and John kindled with apocalyptic vision, and when any man has anything to do and does it well.

HIS SMILE!

Why it is the apple orchards in full bloom. It is morning breaking on a rippling sea. It is heaven at high noon, all the bells beating the marriage peal. But His laughter—may it never fall on us. It is a condemnation for our sin. It is a wasting away. We may let the satirist laugh at us, and all our companions laugh at us, and we be made the target for the merriment of earth and hell; but God forbid that we should ever come to the fulfilment of the prophecy against the rejectors of the truth: "I will laugh at your calamity." But, my friends, all of us who reject the pardon of the Gospel are to come under that tremendous bombardment.

God wants us all to repent; He counsels, He coaxes, He importunes, He begs us. He comes down out of heaven. He puts all the world's sorrow on one shoulder, He puts all the world's sorrow on the other shoulder, and then, with that Almighty hand on one side and that Himalaya on the other, He starts up the hill back of Jerusalem to achieve our salvation. He puts the palm of His right hand on one long spike, and He puts the palm of His left hand on another long spike, and then, with His hands spouted with His own blood, He gesticulates, saying, "Look! look! and live! With the crimson veil of my sacrifice I will cover all your sins. With my dying groan I will swallow up your groans. Look! live!"

But a thousand of you this morning turn your backs to that. And then this voice of invitation turns to a tone divinely ominous, that sobs like simoom or an equinox through the first chapter of Proverbs, "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof, *I also will laugh at your calamity.*" Oh! what a laugh that is. A deep laugh. A long reverberating laugh. An overwhelming laugh. God grant we may never hear it. But in this day of merciful visitation yield your heart to Christ, that you may spend all your life on earth under His smile and escape for ever the thunder of the laugh of God's indignation.

V. The other laughter mentioned in the Bible the only one I shall speak of, is

HEAVEN'S LAUGHTER,

or the expression of eternal triumph. Christ said to His disciples: "Blessed are ye that weep now for ye shall laugh." That makes me know positively that we are not to spend our days in Heavensinging long-metre songs. The formalistic and stiff notions of heaven that some people have would make me miserable. I am glad to know that the heaven of the Bible is not only a place of holy worship, but of magnificent social life. "What," say you, "will the ringing laugh be around the circles of the saved?" I say, ye pure laughter, cheering laughter, holy laughter. It will be a *laugh of congratulation*.

When we meet a friend who has suddenly come to a fortune, or who has got over some dire sickness, do we not shake hands, do we not laugh with him? And when we get to Heaven and see our friends there, some of them having come up out of great tribulation, why, we will say to one of them "The last time I saw you, you had been suffering

or six weeks under a low intermittent fever;" or another we will say: "You for ten years were pining with the rheumatism, and you were full of complaints when we saw you last. I congratulate you on your eternal recovery."

We shall laugh. Yes, we shall congratulate all those who have come up out of great financial embarrassments in this world, because they have become millionaires in heaven. Ye shall laugh, it will be a laugh of reassociation. It is as natural for us to laugh when we meet those we haven't seen for ten years, as anything is possible to be natural. And when we meet our friends, over whose departure we lamented ten, twenty, thirty years before, will it not be with infinite congratulation? Our perceptions quickened, our knowledge improved? We will know each other at a flash, and have to talk over all that happened since we have been separated, the one that has been ten years in heaven telling us of all that has happened in the ten years of his heavenly residence, and we telling him in return what has happened during the ten years of his absence from earth.

We shall laugh. I think George Whitefield and John Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly collisions, and that Toplady and Charles Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly misunderstandings, and the two farmers who were in a lawsuit all their days will have a laugh of contempt over their earthly disturbance about a line fence.

Exemption from all annoyance. Immersion in all gladness. Ye shall laugh. Christ says so. Ye shall laugh. Yes; it will be a laugh of triumph. Oh! what a blessed thing it will be to stand on the wall of heaven, and look down at Satan, and hurl at him defiance, and see him shake his chains, and we free from his clutches. Ah, ha! Ah, ha! Yes; it will be

A LAUGH OF ROYAL GREETING;

a laugh of royal greeting. You know how the Frenchmen cheered when Napoleon came back from Elba. You know how the English cheered when Wellington came back from Waterloo. You know how the Americans cheered when Kossuth arrived from Hungary. You remember how the Romans cheered when Pompey came back victor over nine hundred cities. Every cheer was a laugh.

But oh the mightier greeting, the gladder greeting, when the snow-white cavalry troops of heaven shall go through the streets; according to Revelation, Christ, in the red, the crimson coat, seated on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven flying on white horses; but when we see and hear that galloping cavalcade, we shall cheer, we shall laugh. Does not your heart beat and cry this morning at the thought of that great jubilee upon which we are soon to enter? I pray God that when we get through with this world and are going out of it, we may have the same vision that a Christian had when he said he saw written all over the clouds of the sky

THE LETTER W,

and they asked him, standing by his side, what he thought that letter W meant. Oh, he says, that stands for Welcome. So may it be when we quit this world. W on the gate, W on the door of the mansion, W on the throne. Welcome, Welcome, Welcome.

I have preached this sermon with five prayerful wishes: That you might see what a mean thing is the laughter of scepticism, what a bright thing is the laugh of spiritual exultation; what a hollow thing is the laugh of sinful merriment; what an awful thing is the laugh of condemnation; what a radiant, rubicund thing is the laughter of eternal triumph. Avoid the ill, choose the right; be comforted, be comforted. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh—ye shall laugh!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF THE STORY.

THE story relates to the events of a century ago. During a bull-baiting at a fair in Chester, England, an infuriated beast broke loose, and in rushing headlong through the streets injured a lady who with her little daughter was entering the city. The lady, though refined in manner and dress, was poor, and while on her journey to Chester had been found fainting on the road by a Welsh carrier, who had restored her to consciousness and helped her on the way. When she was injured by the bull she was taken to the house of Dr. Gilbert, a skilful surgeon, where she died. She could not pay for her treatment in money, but gave the doctor a valuable signet ring. Dr. Gilbert tried to discover the dead lady's family, but was unable. Part of an envelope he found in her pocket seemed to give a clue, as it was addressed to "Mrs. Somers, Ennis, Ireland. He inquired at Ennis for any one named Somers, but the name was unknown there. He therefore adopted the child of his deceased patient. She could not speak plainly and called herself "Silph." Dr. Gilbert supposed this to be a contraction of Sylph, and so she was called. A few years later, a young man who was preparing for the Roman Catholic priesthood was injured by an explosion and became a patient of Dr. Gilbert, and, while recovering, fell in love with Sylph. Dr. Gilbert was a free thinker, and presided over a meeting at which seditious speeches were delivered. As the chairman of the meeting he was imprisoned. In the prison he was attacked by jail-fever. Sylph, who had been converted under the preaching of John Wesley, visited Dr. Gilbert in prison and imparted religious consolation. John Wesley also visited Dr. Gilbert, and was present when he died. Sylph was aided in gaining access to Dr. Gilbert by a Christian military officer named Captain Vaughan. After Dr. Gilbert's death John Wesley escorted Sylph, to whom he left his fortune, to Ireland, where she went, by Dr. Gilbert's advice, to reside with his relatives, whose names were Denzille. They were Godless people, and were, beside, jealous of her because she had inherited Dr. Gilbert's fortune. Mr. Denzille plotted to get the money by trying to induce her to marry his son. Sylph, in order to hear evangelical teaching, attended service at a village some miles off, and was escorted to and fro by an Irishman named Corny Fagan, who was converted at one of the meetings, while lying concealed in a bag, into which he had crept, intending to disturb the meeting. Sylph had carefully preserved the ring her mother had given to Dr. Gilbert, from whom she received it when he was dying, and at the same time heard all the doctor could tell her about her mother.

(Continued from page 823.)

Sylph's Forgives Corney—Mr. Denzille's Notched Pistol—Egg Pistol Practice—Sylph Persecuted—She Obtains Permission to Quit the Denzille Home.

SYLPH said to the people who gathered in alarm around Corney as he struggled to release himself from the bag. "I perceive that this affair, apparently so full of alarm and mystery, is not serious. Some wretched man has had it in his purpose to grievously hurt and annoy us, and has been caught in his own toils—has, I hope, from his words, been doubly caught, and feels the good hand of the Lord upon him."

"Who are you?" said Sylph, addressing in a firm voice the grotesque object before her.

Corney, who at the sound of Sylph's voice had ceased his frantic struggles, answered in words, muffled and thick, from his close canvas covering. "Who am I, is it ye ask? Why, thin—savin' yer presence, inam—no wan more nor less than Corney Fagan, the frieze weaver of the town of Enniscorthy, and who this minnit is heart-shamed to tell it. Shure enough, I thought to do yees harm; but me bad intinshun has found me out. In me ignorance I thought I was right, and that yees were tee-totally wrong; but now I see that yees are saints of the Lord, and that I—God help me—am nothin' but the worst o' sinners. Oh, what'll I do—what'll I do? I'm nigh smothered—I'll die—I'll die—and the divil will have me. What ever will I do? Oh, what'll I do?"

Corney, full of dread and penitence, thus crying out, and passionately beseeching, put forth at his closing words one more tremendous effort to extri-

cate himself. He stooped his head and raised and violently shook his shoulders, and moved his hampered arms up and down far as he could, and worked his fingers convulsively, and at last succeeded in his desperate endeavor. Drawing off the sack, now pushed up high as his neck, he flung it far aside, and stood before the group of neighbors, whom he had come "to shamefully molest," a convicted sinner, all pale and panting, from his terror-stricken conscience and exhausting struggles.

Singling out Sylph at a glance, he moved toward her, and, bathed in tears, flung himself at her feet.

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me," he vehemently cried. "I'll not rise from the spot until you say you forgive me. I'd have the dark curse of Heaven upon me without yer pardon—a curse that would blast and wither up me very sowl."

"What'll I do? Holy Vargin; mother o' God! What'll I do? I'm a sinner that bad that I hate meself. Bad enough—Heaven help me—for the ground beneath to open up this minnit and swalla me!" and he drew back as though he saw in awful reality the dread gulf he spoke of.

"Ask the Lord for forgiveness, and not me," said Sylph. "It is He, my friend, whom you have really offended; for He counts those His enemies who mean harm to His people."

But this statement only served to augment still more the terrors of Corney. He buried his face in his hands and visibly trembled.

"Oh, do *you* forgive me first," after a moment or two he passionately entreated. "Yes, do you forgive me first. P'rhaps it'll help to get fur me aftherward, you know, mam, the furgiveness o' the Lord whom I have so insinced agin me."

"Be it so," was the answer, in a soft and winning voice. "Yet be assured, my friend, no one so pardons as the Lord whom you have sinned against, for 'He delighteth in mercy.'"

In the name, however, of my brethren and sisters around me, and for them, I forgive you, my friend, and on this spot;" and then lowering her voice to a deep tone, she added, "and may the God whom we love and serve forgive you also; and as He did one of old, make you, Cornelius Fagan, from being a persecutor of His people, and a blasphemous of His name, a faithful servant of that truth which once you would have wickedly destroyed."

Corney at these words bent his head low, and touched, with his lips, the very feet of Sylph. Then looking up into her face he vowed, with streaming eyes, to be her faithful servant and staunch defender forever. Sylph, a few weeks afterward, was in a position to need his services, and to take him literally at his word. Corney became her serving-man, and as the sequel shows gave full proof of his devotedness.

* * * * *

Sylph did not pursue her religious work without constant and vexatious hindrance; and specially from the male members of the Denzille household. Her very presence was a protest against their godless lives and vicious conduct. To carouse was the fashion of the times, and the Denzilles, father and son, fell in with the swinish custom. Too often he was accounted "the best man," not the one who was pure, upright, and under self-control; but the man who most successfully gave the reins to his evil passions, and who, in the barbarous phrase of the time, "could best carry his 'drink.' " The hero of the festal board, in fact, was the brute who fell last beneath the table.

Duelling was also a practice that was fearfully prevalent; indeed, in some districts he was not deemed worthy of being accounted a gentleman who had not, in single combat, shot his man. Mr. Denzille had in his possession a pistol which he valued beyond all price, with certain nicks marked with a file upon the stock, and of grim significance.

Showing it to Sylph one day, with a look of pride upon his countenance, she asked him, in her simplicity, the meaning of those curious notches.

"Well, Sylph," he answered, with an oath, "what a question to put me; you should surely know. Why, each man I shoot, my dear girl. I just put a notch upon the handy weapon that has

done the business; and you see there are six of them, no less. I am waiting for a chance to floor the seventh antagonist; and I believe seven, according to Bible authority, Sylph, is the number of perfection: is it not so?—So when that number is reached I'll put my pistol by, for it will then have finished its work, and so should rest from its labors."

With a shudder Sylph drew back from the instrument of murder. She was pained in the very depths of her heart, and horrified, at the deeds it brought up before her imagination, and giving a look of loathing and rebuke at the blood-stained man before her, she felt compelled to say, "In the book you have lightly mentioned, Mr. Denzille, the dreadfully wicked are they 'whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness, and whose feet are swift to shed blood;' and the description, sir, is followed by what they experience. 'Destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they know not.' You will know, sir, if these last words be true." Then, turning away, she went from the room, and left him to his own reflections.

Mr. Denzille's thoughts, however, were not of sorrow and remorse, because of his shooting through the heart, at twelve paces distance, his boon companion—his neighbor, or it may be, his friend—but of rage at Sylph for her bold remonstrance.

"Upon my word," he said, "but things are coming to a pretty pass. This Methodist devotee affects to scorn and condemn my prowess; and I'm a dreadful wicked man, forsooth, because I am firm and true to a gentleman's code of honor. This canting religion, I believe, would turn us all into cads and poltroons, and would fill the country with a mean set of cowards. But I'll take precious good care," he soliloquized, with an oath, "that it shall not get time or opportunity to do it in Ennisworthy or its neighborhood, for with the help of those who think with me I'll hunt this cursed Methodism to the death from out the whole district!" He felt the need, after this threat, of some occupation to allay his excitement.

"Ho, boy?" he cried to a lad in the next room who acted as page in the household. "Ho, boy! get the eggs quick, for I want my evening's amusement."

It was after dinner as he sat over his usual bowl that he and Sylph had the rencontre we have related. The room in which he "boozed" overlooked the lawn in front of the house; and the pistol practice he desired to begin was of a very effective but singular nature. The boy was required to place a hen's egg at a distance upon the close-shaven grass, and Mr. Denzille's pastime was to shoot a bullet through it.

So true was the aim of the duellist from constant practice that he never missed his diminutive target. Nay, not unfrequently the lad had not taken his finger and thumb from the egg before it was smashed by the well-aimed bullet. At first the lad—as was natural—trembled for his hand; but after a while he got quit of all nervousness, so perfect each day seemed the skill of his half-intoxicated master.*

Excited by his conversation with Sylph, and the strong rebuke she administered to him, Mr. Denzille upon the evening before us prolonged far beyond the usual limit his pistoling, and no less than two dozen eggs were "used up," "keeping his hand in" for his death-dealing accomplishment.

"I wish the eggs had been 'Swaddlers,'" he ejaculated in his rough style, as he closed his sport. "Twenty-four o' them 'ud be gone to kingdom come as sure as my name is Theophilus Denzille. By my word! wouldn't it have been a good 'riddance?' They'd never trouble us more with their religiousness, forcing upon us thoughts that come, in all conscience, time enough for us when we have to leave this world."

From that day forward the Denzille home became such a region of spiteful annoyance and petty persecution that, at last, after long patience and forbearance, Sylph felt herself obliged to inform the trustees appointed in Doctor Gilbert's

will of her great unhappiness, and to ask their consent to a change of residence. They were men who did not sympathize with Sylph's religious views; indeed, considered them ignorant and fanatical; but they had a tender regard for one who had been dear to their deceased friend. They consequently wrote back at once, giving the desired permission, and counselled Sylph to return to England.

On many grounds she felt disposed to this step, but important considerations hindered it. She would leave behind her a weak and persecuted band of Christian men and women who sorely needed her counsel and encouragement, and to whom she was lovingly attached. Besides this, he had solemnly consecrated herself to the service of God in Ireland, a country which, as she often stated, she yearned to see, as in ancient days, "an island of saints."

She resolved, therefore, to remain firm at her post, at all events until, from the force of circumstances, she could with a clear conscience leave it. She would take up her abode, however, at a Mr. Somerville's, whose house was nearer the town than her present place of residence, and who was, together with his wife and daughter, in full harmony with Sylph in things religious, and who had been heart and soul with her in all her works of faith and labors of love in Ennisworthy and its neighborhood.

Here she found that peace and quietness after which she had long yearned, and that fellowship of heart which quickened her zeal whenever it flagged, and refreshed when weary her jaded spirit.

Sylph's departure from the house of Mr. Denzille was regarded by him as an insult. He fretted at the first intimation of such an intention on her part, and when the day came that would make her removal an accomplished fact, he by turns scolded and cajoled, threatened and entreated her.

Her going was, in fact, a twofold ground of vexation to the master of Jolly House; he would lose the handsome allowance which Dr. Gilbert had stipulated in his will for Sylph's maintenance. This was bad enough, but worse than this, in his estimation, was the conviction that now all likelihood of his son ever gaining the hand of Sylph, which he had secretly contemplated, had vanished.

"Dear me!" he said, as he stamped on the floor; "the jade is robbing me. In days gone by she got over my poor weak-minded brother, Dr. Gilbert with her sanctimonious look and oily tongue, so that instead of leaving his property to me, the husband of his sister, he made a beggarly foundling the heiress of his estate. And now the miserable pittance, which as a perquisite he reserved for me, she is managing to filch from me."

"Why, it's enough to drive a man mad. Who on earth can stand such bare-faced chicanery, and that too by one who claims to be a saint; but I'll checkmate my lady yet. She's ten times better yet than a bird in the bush; for I resolve that my son Neddy, after all—by hook or crook—shall marry her! Beat me, if you can, my lady!"

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

The Going Forth of the Three Unclean Spirits.
By Rev. M. Baxter.*

The Present Time on the Threshold of Important Events—Exalted Position of the Student of Prophecy—The Time of the End Revealed—The Literal-Day Fulfilment of the Prophecies at Hand—Wars and Warlike Agitation—Preliminary Signs—The Signal for the Final Tribulation—The Concluding Stage of the Second Advent—Wickedness to Increase—Perilous Times Coming.

AT no period in the history of the world have mankind ever stood on the threshold of more eventful changes and mightier revolutions than at present. Empires that have long stood unshaken are about to be dissolved; thrones that have been firmly consolidated for many years are on the point of being cast down; and institutions that have

been regarded as of immovable stability are on the eve of their destruction.

Inexpressibly exalted is the position occupied by that individual who, taking these unfoldings of the divine mind as a lamp to his feet and a light to his path, is enabled to contemplate the impressive scene of which this earth will soon be the arena with hopefulness and undisturbed composure, seeing the end from the beginning. It resembles one of the venerable seers of former ages beholding, from the summit of some distant rock, the accomplishment of one of his own predictions. While with solemn awe he rivets his gaze upon the dismantled temples and the desolated habitations of those who once scorned his admonitory voice, but whose pride has been brought low by the retributive judgments of famine, pestilence, or the sword, it transcends the powers of conception to imagine the sublime elevation of his spirit as he witnesses the realization of what had beforehand been portrayed to his divinely illuminated mind, and marks the futility of human opposition to the onward-rolling chariot-wheels of Jehovah's purposes.

Most sublime is the attitude of those who can courageously overstep the limit of the present, and, passing into the unexplored regions of the distant future, can, with the torch of prophetic truth, discover the predestined arrangement of the startling changes that now await this earth. Soaring like eagles above the dense atmosphere of human ignorance, and inspired with the heaven-born gift of prophetic foresight, they pierce with steady gaze into the darkness of futurity, and recognize a systematic and intelligible order in the spectral forms and mystic characters which, to the carnal and gross perceptions of the unenlightened, appear indistinguishably chaotic and confused.

Many persons suppose that

THE TIME OF THE END

of this Dispensation and of the Second Coming of Christ is altogether hidden from human discovery, but "they err, not knowing the Scriptures," which distinctly intimate that the time of the end shall be revealed to watchful Christians by the prophecies.* The text in Mark 13:32, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," was spoken in the present tense before the ascension and glorification of Christ, and before the Pentecostal descent of the Holy Spirit, and before the gift of the Book of Revelation sixty years afterward.

It is a text that cannot apply to the present time, because it cannot now be said that the Son does not know the day and hour of His own Advent. And in addition to the chronological dates and prophetic signs of the times which convergently indicate the end of this age to be probably about 1890, or within three or four years afterward, there is to be a seven years' covenant made between the Jews and a latter-day Napoleon, exactly seven years and two and a half months before the end, so that the epoch of the consummation will then become very precisely foreshown.

And within this prophetic period of seven years and two and a half months, the greater part of Daniel and Revelation will undergo its ultimate literal-day fulfilment, which has been hitherto foreshadowed by its typical year-day accomplishment by way of rehearsal on the larger scale. The wonderful events that will come to pass at the period of their final crisis may be suitably considered under the classified arrangement of "Forty Coming Wonders."

There is a visible approach of distress of nations with perplexity; the hearts of thoughtful and reflecting persons are failing them for fear of those

* Amos 3:7; Matt. 24:32-43; John 15:15; 2 Pet. 1:19; 1 Thess. 5:4. The words, "It is not for you to know the times or seasons," were spoken only to the people of those days (Acts 1:7). The prophetic dates of the 6000, 2520, 2500, 2300, 1335, 1260, years (Dan. 4:16; 8:14; 12:7, 12; Rev. 11:3; 12:6, in their year-day fulfilment), all convergently point to the epoch of 1890, as the close of this dispensation. Moreover, the future literal-day fulfilment of Daniel's Sixty-nine Weeks (9:25) will distinctly show the week, if not the day, of Christ's Second Advent, for "from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince (His Second Coming) shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks," i. e., 69 weeks of days, which is just about one year and four months. So that after that decree goes forth, it will be impossible to avoid knowing the week of Christ's Second Advent, which will be 69 weeks after the date of that decree.

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders." By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, 5s.

things that are coming on the earth; and the inquiry instinctively arises, "How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?" But no satisfactory reply can be obtained except from the prophetic predictions in Daniel and Revelation; which conclusively and irresistibly demonstrate that "there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known what shall be in the latter days."

Our Lord's great prophetic discourse delivered upon the Mount of Olives a few days before His crucifixion, in reply to His disciples' question, "What shall be the sign of Thy Coming and of the end of the world," and recorded in almost identical language in Matthew 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21, predicts, as

PRELIMINARY SIGNS

of the end, "wars and rumors of wars, for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places. These are the beginnings of sorrows. But the end is not yet."

And many false prophets shall arise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world as a witness unto all nations; then shall the end come." The term "End of the world" in this discourse signifies "End of the age or dispensation," and not of the material physical earth, for the Greek word here translated *world* is *aiōn* (age), and not *gee* or *kosmos* (earth).

This prophecy indicates that wars, rumors of wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes are to occur during the few years preceding the crisis of the end with unwonted frequency, and in so unusual a degree as to become a distinctly noticeable sign, attracting general attention. At the same time iniquity is to abound, and false doctrines to be widely propagated, although at that very period the true Gospel is to have its most extensive promulgation for a witness among all nations. So that, in fact, increased activity will be displayed both by the powers of darkness and of light. These events, however, will only be the "beginnings of sorrows; and the end is not yet."

For our Lord's prophetic discourse in Matthew 24 proceeds to state that the *final great tribulation* in its main intensity will not commence until the signal is given by the occurrence of a peculiar event, termed "the setting up of the abomination of desolation," or idol image of the final Personal Antichrist, in the rebuilt Jewish temple, which Daniel (12:11) foretells to take place about three and a half years before the end. The great tribulation, commencing with the setting up of the abomination, will last for three and a half years (Dan. 7:25; 12:7; Rev. 11:2, 3; 12:6, 14; 13:5), and *immediately after* that tribulation Christ's Advent in the clouds of the heavens takes place. The words in Matthew 24:15-31, are:

"When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place (let him that readeth understand); then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains. . . . For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened. . . . Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."*

* Nothing whatever of this passage in Matthew 24:15-31, was fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, or in fact has ever yet been accomplished. "The abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet" has never yet been set up, but is to be set up 1335 literal days before the end of this age and the time of full blessedness (see Daniel 11:31; 12:11, 12). The siege and destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in A.D. 70 greatly resembled and vividly typified its future siege and desolation by the latter-day Franco-Ruman Emperor, whose image, the abomination

This is a description of the *concluding stage* of Christ's Second Advent *after* the three and a half years of great tribulation and the darkening of the constellations, when He will descend from the air upon the Mount of Olives, as depicted in Zech. 14:4. The ingathering of His elect to heaven will then be completed, and will be the "harvest" ingathering of the "great multitude who come out of the great tribulation" (Rev. 7:9, 14; 14:15), in contradistinction to the "firstfruits" ingathering to heaven of only 144,000 watchful Christians at the *commencing stage* of His Second Advent into "the air" *before* those three and a half years, as described in 1 Thess. 4:16, 17; Rev. 12:5; 14:4; 3:10. The 144,000 are those who obey the injunction, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (Luke 20:36).

The statement in this prophetic discourse, "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled," is understood by many to signify that the Jewish race or nation (in Greek, *genēa*) shall not pass away, which is the fact, for notwithstanding their dispersion they still preserve their separate identity; or else it is understood to mean that the generation that witnesses the preliminary signs, "wars, rumors of wars, famines," etc., which are only the "beginnings of sorrows," shall not pass away till all the other events predicted in that Second Advent discourse in Matthew 24 shall be fulfilled.

This latter interpretation harmonizes with the conclusion derived from the chronological dates, that the end of this age will be about A.D. 1890, or within two or three years later, for if we take the estimated average of a generation to be about thirty or forty years, the epoch of 1890 will be reached by the generation that witnessed the Crimean war in 1855, which was the first serious interruption of the forty years' international peace in Europe, from 1815 to 1855,* and which was followed by the battles of Magenta and Solferino between France and Austria, in 1859, and the American Civil War of 1860 to 1864, and the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, paving the way for subsequent greater wars and rumors of wars.†

We must expect that, as the end approaches, the state of society will more and more resemble what it was in the days of Noah and Lot, when *extreme wickedness abounded*, and "the earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was *filled with violence*," and the testimony of Noah, the preacher of righteousness, was generally disbelieved. "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be: they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away." "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man shall be revealed" (Matt. 24:37-39; Luke 17:26-30).

PERILOUS TIMES

are emphatically predicted by Paul in 2 Tim. 3:1-5, to come in the last days: "This know also, that in the last days *perilous times shall come*. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent,

of desolation, will be set up in the rebuilt Jewish temple for 1290 literal days (Dan. 12:11). But when the Romans in A.D. 70 captured Jerusalem, they burnt down the temple instantly, and no idolatrous abomination stood in it for 1290 days.

* The political earthquake of 1848 internally convulsed France, Prussia, Austria, and Italy—but there was no international war between any of the Great Powers of Europe between 1815 and 1855.

† Since the first edition of this book in 1866, the marvellous Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 took place, when the German army overthrew the French army at Sedan, September, 1870, and besieged Paris, which surrendered in 1871. Then followed the Communist rebellion in Paris. Spain was the scene of Communist outbreaks in 1872. A great war between Russia and Turkey in 1876-77 was followed by the Treaty of Berlin, and separation of Bulgaria from Turkey, and its formation into a kingdom. There have been also appalling and wide-spread famines in China and India during the last few years.—[Note to fourth edition in 1886.]

fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away."

And in 2 Thess. 2: "The day of Christ shall not come, except there come a *falling away* first (a widespread apostasy from Christian faith), and that man of sin be revealed, sitting in the temple of God (at Jerusalem), showing himself that he is God . . . whom the Lord shall destroy with the brightness of His coming," *i.e.*, His Second Advent. Peter similarly predicts there shall come in the last days *scoffers*, walking after their own lusts, and saying, "Where is the promise of His Coming, for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation?" (2 Pet. 3:3).

Three unclean, frog-like, miracle-working demon spirits of Antichristian infidelity, revolutionary democracy, and Popish and Mohammedan crusading fanaticism are predicted under the year-day sixth vial in Rev. 16:12-14, to be the disturbing, intriguing agencies which shall go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the war of the great day of God Almighty, at the same period as the "drying up of the mystic Euphrates," or dissolution of the Turkish Empire, shall be progressing toward its final accomplishment.

12. "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared. 13. And I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the Dragon, and out of the mouth of the Wild Beast, and out of the mouth of the False Prophet. 14. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the *war of that great day of God Almighty*. 15. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame. 16. And they gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. 17. And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. 18. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a *great earthquake*, such as was not since men were upon the earth so mighty an earthquake, and so great," etc. (Rev. 16:12-18).

This period of the year-day sixth vial and drying up of the Euphrates is generally held to have commenced about the year 1820, and will continue until the dissolution of the Turco-Mohammedan Empire at some point of time between 1882 and 1890, because the predicted 1260 years of the duration of the Mohammedan Antichrist commenced between A.D. 622 and 630, and therefore end between 1882 and 1890.*

The going forth of these three frog-like spirits is announced in the *middle* of the sixth vial, and it is remarkable that in 1848, nearly *midway* between 1820 and 1882, *they*

ALL THREE WENT FORTH

in a very marked manner.

The three respective sources from which the three spirits issue forth are stated to be: 1. The *Dragon*, which is explained in Rev. 12:9, to be *Satan*; 2. The *Wild Beast* with seven heads and ten horns, representing Cæsar's *political Roman Empire*, which in 1848 was existing under its seventh Napoleonic headship "wounded to death" at Waterloo, but beginning to be healed in that year by Louis Napoleon's election over France as Republican President (Rev. 13:3); 3. The *False Prophet* or *wild beast with two horns*, representing the *ecclesiastical Roman Empire*.

(To be continued.)

* The Mohammedans date their calendar from A.D. 622, the begira or flight of Mahomet. It was not until A.D. 630, however, that they captured Mecca in Arabia, which is the Mohammedan metropolis for pilgrims, the same as Rome is the Roman Catholic metropolis. The Rev. W. Girdlestone, in his "Exposition of the Prophecies," published in 1820, maintained the 1260 years of the Mohammedan Antichrist to commence in A.D. 630, when Mahomet captured Mecca, and therefore to end in 1890. If dated from 626, when the Mohammedans captured Jerusalem, they would end in 1896.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

In Issuing the First Number of Another volume we tender to our readers one and all our hearty good wishes. During the past year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been a regular visitor in many thousands of homes throughout the land. With humble thankfulness we are happy to learn that it has been, not only a welcome visitor, but a useful one too, and that God has blessed its pages to the comfort and encouragement of believers and to the conversion of sinners. Week by week during the past year the acquaintance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers has been renewed; and as it is customary at this season, when friends meet, to exchange the greeting of "a happy new year," that greeting is tendered here, and that too in no mere conventional sense. In the highest and best sense of which the words are capable we desire that blessing for those who read these lines, and we ask in return that in reciprocating the greeting, our readers will pray that during the present year the blessing of God, without which usefulness is impossible, may be upon its pages, and that He will use them increasingly for His glory and for the public good.

The Bills Devised to Deal with the Mormon difficulty which have been presented in Congress, and the numerous articles by able statesmen and journalists which have recently appeared in the public prints, render it obvious that it is impossible to extirpate the evil by legislation and ordinary criminal procedure. To every suggestion made, there are serious objections, and laws specially designed to operate against the scandal in Utah would be prejudicial elsewhere. A conviction is now becoming general that the only efficient measure in the emergency is the application of force, and that the United States troops rather than United States judges and marshals are the proper agents to employ. One thing is certain, the vice and misery of that plague-spot must be cleared out, and it rests with Congress to decide how the work shall be performed.

The Prominent Event in the Guiteau Trial during the past week was the removal of the prisoner from the table where he had previously sat beside his counsel to the dock. The judge, in giving the order for his removal, made an explanation which removes a misapprehension respecting his own conduct, the leniency of which has been misunderstood. He stated that in allowing the prisoner to interrupt the proceedings and to entertain the audience with his miserable jokes he had an object in view, which was that the physicians in attendance might have an opportunity of satisfying themselves as to the sanity of the prisoner; and that in taking that course he had followed the suggestion of the prosecution. It would seem from the

evidence, that the use Guiteau has made of his privilege has been prejudicial to himself, for the majority of the physicians who are experts on the malady of insanity have pronounced him sane and have pointed out circumstances and characteristics in his conduct which differ diametrically from the symptoms invariably noticed in an insane person's behavior. Guiteau has repeatedly asked the medical witnesses for their opinion on Abraham's conduct in preparing to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice, being apparently desirous of instituting a parallel between Abraham and himself. He is oblivious of the fact that the act of Abraham was that of a godly man in childlike obedience to the command of God, who talked with him as a man talketh with his friend (James 2:23); while Guiteau, on his own confession was living in sin and was influenced by newspaper representations of the political situation.

Proceedings in the Star-Route Cases are still in contemplation by the government, as we learn from a published letter written by Mr. George Bliss to Mr. James. Subpoenas are ready for issue for sixty witnesses in regard to one of the ring combinations, and cases are being prepared against others. It appears that civil suits for the recovery of the plunder will be instituted, with a fair prospect of success, and Mr. Bliss expresses his belief that the accused parties will obtain no protection from the Statute of Limitations.

At the Important Meetings of the Socialist-Labor Party in New York last week several significant facts were revealed. In the report of the Executive Committee it was admitted that the position of the party is by no means flourishing. A steady decline in numbers and in funds has been going on for five years, and there has been much dissension among the members and a general decrease of enthusiasm. Nearly \$20,000 have been lost in the efforts to establish socialist newspapers, and the exchequer has been still further depleted by a remittance of \$10,000 to Germany. These facts are rendered still more remarkable when we consider how large a proportion of the immigrants who have landed on our shores are Germans, who are supposed to be more favorably inclined toward socialism than those of other nationalities. One reason for the decline is probably that skilled artisans are better paid now than for some time past and are consequently less amenable to the wiles of professional agitators. But whatever may be the causes of the decline the result is very gratifying and augurs well for continued national prosperity.

A Fatal Explosion Occurred at West Point, Va., on December 26th, on board the steamer West Point while she was being unloaded at her dock. The steamer plies between that port and Baltimore, and arrived at West Point December 25th. The work of discharging her cargo was commenced at noon the next day, and after two hours' labor those on the dock heard a terrific explosion, and almost instantly the forward part of the vessel was a mass of flame. There were twelve colored men in the forward hold at the time, all of whom were either killed by the explosion or burned to death. Five other men were aft stowing cotton. These jumped overboard, and four of them were drowned. When it was found that there was no hope of saving the steamer, she was cut loose from the wharf, and the tide carried her two miles up the Pamunkey River, where she continued to burn until everything combustible was destroyed, and her iron hull was broken in two amidships. The cargo of the steamer comprised, among other merchandize, sixty barrels of gasoline and several hundred barrels of oil. These doubtless originated the disaster, but how it occurred is unknown, those who alone were in a position to know the circumstances having lost their lives in the explosion.

Rev. Leonard Bacon D.D., LL.D. Died Suddenly at his home in New Haven, on December 24th, at the advanced age of eighty years. He had suffered for some years from disease of the heart, which ultimately proved fatal. His long life had been one of ceaseless activity, and for more than half a century he had been on the platform, in the pulpit, and in the press one of the most conspicuous men of the day. He was born at Detroit, graduated at

Yale and Andover, and in March, 1825, accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational Church at New Haven, a position he occupied for more than forty years. In 1866 he became Professor of Systematic Theology at Yale College, and in 1871 he exchanged that chair for that of Church Polity and American Church History in the same college. He was a regular contributor to several journals, and his articles were always read with interest and profit. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his engagements he found time to write many important works, among which were, "The Select Practical Writings of Richard Baxter," "A Manual for Young Church Members," and "Christian Self-Culture." He was elected in 1878 to bear the greetings of the Congregational Council to the Reunited Assembly at Pittsburg, and his associations with the leaders in the great national struggle eminently fitted him for the purpose. His death is deeply mourned by all his fellow-laborers, who loved him more as they knew more of him.

A Movement to Promote the Emigration of women from Great Britain to Canada has been inaugurated in London. The Marquis of Lorne presided on December 14th at an influential meeting in Exeter Hall in aid of the movement. He said he thought that committees sending women to Canada should have affiliated committees in Canada, who should send reports to London monthly. He specially dwelt upon the capabilities of the Northwest of supporting a larger population and suggested that arrangements be made for the organization of committees in centres of population with the view of encouraging emigration of women. It is certain that thousands of females in England would hail with delight an opportunity to remove to Canada if they could be assured of protection and employment when they arrived.

Some Excitement has been Caused in Paris by a trial in which M. Rochefort, the noted Socialist journalist, was defendant. He was charged with libelling the French Minister at Tunis. The government undertook the prosecution of M. Rochefort, but the judges decided that the aggrieved minister must prosecute in person, and he came back from Tunis to perform that duty. The trial lasted several days and ended, to the surprise of the public, in a verdict of acquittal, with an order that the minister should pay the cost of the trial.

Among the Foreign Topics of the Week are the following items of intelligence: The British press is still criticising Mr. Blaine's despatch on the subject of the Panama Canal, and *The Spectator*, a journal usually disinclined to assume a hostile attitude toward the United States, says it hopes that Lord Granville, in replying, will notice the extraordinary discourtesy of Mr. Blaine's tone, and affirms that it is nearly impossible to do business with a government which admits and repudiates in the same breath treaty rights, and addresses vaunting paragraphs about its limitless, irresistible military strength to a Power whose rights on the American continent are older than the United States.—Mr. Gladstone, replying to a correspondent who had called attention to the fact that bands of Mormon missionaries visit Great Britain annually, decoying thousands of young persons to a life of immorality in Utah, and inquired if the government could not do something to prevent the practice, says he fears it is not a matter wherein he can interfere, as it is to be presumed that the young persons go voluntarily. He apparently forgets that the government is bound to prevent impostors inveigling its subjects out of property and liberty.—The Emperor of Austria has resolved to erect at his own cost a memorial chapel on the site of the burned Ring Theatre for the victims of the fire.—Emigration from Germany, large as it was last year, promises to be still larger in 1882. Fourteen thousand tickets have already been taken for transportation by vessels leaving Bremen for America in the spring. Almost an equal number of emigrants will go from Hamburg.—Much excitement has been caused at Gratz by a nun, detained against her will, leaping from a convent wall into a stream, from which, however, she was rescued.—More seizures of arms and Land League journals are reported from Ireland, and Dublin has been proclaimed afresh.

The First Chinese Lady of Rank who has ever visited the United States is the wife of the new Chinese Minister, Chang Tsao Ju, who arrived from his own country and took up his residence in Washington last week. In consequence of some objection or prejudice, the women of China are interdicted from going abroad, whence it happens that while Chinamen emigrate in large numbers to different parts of the world, a Chinese woman, even of the lower orders, is very rarely seen except by going to China. So the arrival of a lady of rank from the Celestial Empire is a remarkable event indeed, and speaks a great deal either for the intelligence of her husband or for the growth of enlightenment among the ruling powers of China. The new minister is said to be a noble of the most exalted rank in his own country, and his lady is "attractive, having a very fair complexion and black hair and eyes, small in stature and apparently about twenty-five years of age." Her only head-dress is a bunch of bright-colored flowers.

A Case of Attempted Substitution Failed in New York last week. On Wednesday, December 28th, a criminal was sent to the Island for selling policy slips, whose bondsmen had previously surrendered another man in his stead. It does not appear from the reports whether the trick was devised by the criminal to save his liberty, or by the bondsmen to save their money. But in any case it did not succeed, for our laws, unlike those of China, demand that the penalty shall be suffered by the man who committed the crime. Human justice could not be so satisfied, or wealthy criminals might escape every punishment by a mere fine. The sinner who is saved from eternal punishment through the merits of his Substitute is saved by the grace of God, who gave His only begotten Son to die that through Him the world might have life (John 3:16).

A Ghastly Spectacle was Witnessed in Jersey City on Monday, December 26th. Two drunken men were seen staggering toward the police station on Grove Street supporting between them a helpless figure. They dragged it as well as they were able along two blocks, and when they arrived at the station they rang the bell. It was then seen that what they were conducting was the corpse of a man recently dead of malignant small-pox, who in his delirium had left his bed and wandering in the streets had fallen dead on the pavement. The drunken men supposing the recumbent figure to be a man affected with a later stage of their own complaint, conceived the idea of escorting him to the police station, and being too drunk to understand what they were doing, carried out their purpose. When they were made to comprehend the risk they had incurred they were horrified; they lost no time in procuring disinfectants to try to obviate the consequences of their folly. If the sinner could see in the light of God's countenance what a loathsome burden is the sin he bears about with him day by day while he is unforgiven, his terror would be more intense even than that of these foolish men, and he would be still more eager to be delivered by the cleansing blood of the Saviour (Isa. 1:6).

Some Curious Discoveries have been Made by the Russian officials ordered by the Czar to prepare for his occupation the Winter Palace, in which the explosion occurred that destroyed the dining-room during the lifetime of the late Czar. The palace was crowded with people who in different ways had managed to secure free quarters there, and it resembled a hotel rather than a palace, the arrangements displaying a laxity of control which shows how corrupt is official life in Russia. "When the huge block of rooms was cleared, a number of people were found in them," says a newspaper correspondent, "whose existence appears to have been completely unknown to the police. Besides the imperial service of aides-de-camp, gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting, besides the men-servants, chambermaids, and porters, whose names are all registered in the steward's book, there were a number of other people who had come with favorites of former Czars, and who had forgotten to leave when their masters left. These people came and went, ate, drank and slept, were married, died, and were succeeded without attracting anybody's

notice. It is thus that something or somebody was found on every floor, in every corner, under and even over the roof. They actually found a cow grazing on the top of the roof. The cow had a shed for the winter. Nobody knows how the animal got there, but it is supposed she was brought there quite young, and that her milk was sold by some enterprising speculator to the inhabitants of the palace."

How Christian Ministers may Aid their brethren who are laboring among many discouragements in the places where Mormonism is rampant, is pointed out in an appeal just issued by Bishop Tuttle, of Utah, and indorsed by ministers of all the evangelical denominations. The appeal is for prayer, sympathy, and practical effort. The bishop and his co-laborers urge that ministers exert on the Congressmen of their respective districts all the influence they command, in order that the evils of the present condition of things may be remedied at the coming session of Congress. They state that in Utah, out of a population of 143,000 about 110,000 are adherents of Mormonism. That in Idaho the balance of power is now in Mormon hands, and that in Wyoming, Arizona, and Southern Colorado the Mormons have established a strong footing. It is well that Christian citizens should realize what this rapid growth of Mormonism portends, and give a cordial and active response to the appeal made by the Utah clergymen.

Coffee Rooms do good in Heathen Countries as well as in Europe. A communication from Calcutta, the capital of British India, says: "Not far from the new Hastings coffee rooms is a liquor saloon which last year paid to Government Rs. 200 (i.e. \$100) monthly, for its license. At the beginning of the present year the license was put up at auction in the usual way, but no bid could be secured at all. The liquor-selling fraternity were loud in their complaints against the coffee rooms, but Government accepted the damage to the revenue. Near the Lal Bazaar coffee rooms two prominent liquor saloons have recently been closed, and a revenue official said to me not long ago, not regretfully, 'You have simply ruined the street.' These saloons used to be frequented by Europeans and Eurasians. It remains now to hit upon some plan for counteracting the purely native drinking places. Ordinary natives will not drink tea or coffee, and it does not yet appear how a substitute for their liquor can be found, but a way will be discovered. The devil never built and never will be able to build, an impregnable fortress. His strongest and highest walls can be either breached or scaled. Would that all Christian soldiers knew this."

Two Young Heroines Saved the Lives of seven young men on December 16th on the Ottawa River, Canada. A special service was being held on that evening at the church on Gatineau Point, and a party of seven young men who live several miles down the Ottawa River, started to attend the meeting, and decided, the river being frozen, to skate to the place. When they arrived opposite Kettle Island they happened to reach a piece of bad ice and five of the party fell through. The other two did the best they could to rescue their comrades, but after they had got several of them out, the ice on which they were standing gave way, and they themselves got into the water. Two Misses O'Neil, daughters of Superintendent O'Neil, of the Dominion Police, witnessed the accident from their house on Kettle Island, and with great presence of mind these two young ladies ran for their father's boat, which they pushed across the ice until they came to the broken spot, when they launched it and succeeded in rescuing the young men who were in the water. They were not a moment too soon, for one of the young men was utterly exhausted and was taken out of the water senseless. An act of heroism such as that deserves public recognition. The rescue is remarkable because the young ladies succeeded where the young men failed. The reason was that they had a boat while the young men were unaided. We see the same effect in rescues from moral peril. Those who attempt to save others in their own strength fail, while those who rely on the Life Boat of the Gospel succeed (Acts 3:12, 16).

FOUR CHOICE SENTENCES.

A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

I. Present Blessing—"I am With Thee"—A Blessing Inherited—The Heraldry of the Saints—No Hereditary Piety—Present when Needed—What the Blessing Meant—Infinite Love—Practical Help—II. Future Blessing—"I Will be With Thee"—A Venturesome Journey—Renewal of Promise—Jonah's Return by an Unexpected Route—III. Experienced Blessings—God "Hath been With Me"—Jacob a Rare Business Man—Child-like Faith Conquers—IV. Transmitted Blessing—"God Shall be With You"—A Father's Anxiety—A Bereaved Church in Dread—God Provides—A Question George Muller has Nothing to do with—How Apostolic Succession is Kept Up.

MY discourse this evening will scarcely be a sermon—it will be expository rather of the life and experience of Jacob upon one point. In order to bring it out I shall want four texts, but lest you should let any one of them slip, I will give them to you one at a time.

I. First, turn to the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, at the fifteenth verse, and read of *present blessing*. The Lord said to His servant Jacob,

"BEHOLD, I AM WITH THEE."

Jacob was the inheritor of a great blessing from his fathers, for this sentence was spoken in connection with the following words, "I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac." It is an inexpressible privilege, dear friends, to be able to look back to father and grandfather, and perhaps farther still, and to say, "We come of a house which has served the Lord as far back as history can inform us." Descended from Christians, we have a greater honor than being descended from princes. There is no heraldry like the heraldry of the saints. Jacob might be very thankful that, as God had blessed Abraham and had blessed Isaac, so He blessed him in the same way, speaking to him in the same terms as He had spoken to them, for He had expressly said to each of them, "I am with thee."

Are any of you the children of godly parents, and has the Lord called you by His grace? Then bless His name, and take heed that you do nothing to dishonor an estate so honorable. Try and maintain, as long as you live, the good repute which in infinite love God has put upon your household. Are you, however, a child of godly parents and not yet converted? I would warn you against putting the slightest reliance upon your birth; for, remember, if Isaac was the child of Abraham, so also was Ishmael, but no blessing came to Ishmael of a spiritual kind. It is in vain to be born of blood, or of the will of the flesh; we must be born again from above.

God is a sovereign, He is not bound to dispense His favors from father to son; and when He does so, we are to admire His grace. Do not imagine that there is such a thing as hereditary piety; it must be wrought in each individual by the self-same Spirit. Still, it is one of the highest privileges that God has ever been pleased to grant to me that I can rejoice in a father and a grandfather who trained me in the fear of God; and I congratulate every young person who has such a pedigree. God bless you. Be not satisfied unless you yourself obtain such mercy as God gave to your ancestors, and hear the Lord saying, "I am with thee."

This mercy was brought home to Jacob at a time when he greatly needed it. He had just left his father's house, and he felt himself alone. He was coming into special trial, and then it was that he received a fuller understanding of the privilege which God had in store for him. Let me read the words to you—"I am with thee." I have tried to think them out that I might speak concerning them to you; but they are too full. I defy anybody to measure their height and depth, their length and breadth. That God should give to Jacob bread to eat and raiment to put on was much, but it is nothing compared with "I am with thee." That God should send His angel with Jacob to protect him would have been much; but it is nothing compared with, "I am with thee."

This includes countless blessings, but it is in itself a great deal more than all the blessings we can

conceive of. There are many fruits that come of it, but the tree that yields them is better than the fruit. "I am with thee." Will God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth? Will God walk with a man, and speak with him? "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" And yet He says, "I am with thee."

Why, when God is with a man there is a familiarity of condescension that is altogether unspeakable: *it insures an infinite love*. "I am with thee." God will not dwell with those He hates. He putteth away the wicked of the earth like dross. He saith to them, "Depart; I never knew you;" but to each one of His people He saith, "I know thee by thy name; thou art mine. And, more than that, I am with thee." As a man delights to be with a friend, so are the delights of Christ with the sons of men, whom He has chosen and redeemed with blood.

"I am with thee"—*it means*

PRACTICAL HELP.

Whatever we undertake, God is with us in the undertaking; whatever we endure, God is with us in the enduring; whithersoever we wander, God is with us in our wandering. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" If God be with us, can we ever be exiled or banished? If God be with us, what can we not do? If God be with us, what can we not endure? Well, said the apostle, as if answering that question, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "I am with thee."

Come, brother or sister, if thou wouldst get the fulness of this privilege, believe that God is near thee now, near to thee as he that sits at thy side; nay, nearer; for he is so with thee as to be in thee. And dost thou know that His whole Godhead is with thee? "I am with thee;" as if there were not another, the whole Godhead is with thee. Thou hast not to cry aloud like Baal's priests, or cut thyself with knives, that thou mayest attract His eye; for He says, "I am with thee." Thy sighs He hears; thy tears He puts into His bottle. "I am with thee." And thou hast not His presence only, but *His sympathy*; He means, I am feeling with thee, suffering with thee. If there be a load, I bear it with thee; if there be work to do, I will work with thee. Ye are workers together with God. Beloved, said I not rightly that I can never open up all this to you?

How precious it must have seemed as it came to Jacob in that den of a place, where he lay with the hedges for his curtains, the heavens for his canopy, the earth for his bed, stones for his pillow, and God for his companion. "I am with thee." "Tomorrow when thou shalt open thine eyes thou wilt look back to the west and say, 'I have left my father's house and my mother, Rebecca, behind me;' and the tears will be in thy eyes; and thou wilt look to the east and say, 'I am going to the house of my mother's kindred, and I know them not, save that I have heard concerning uncle Laban that he is hard and grasping; and I know not how he will receive me.'" But is not that a precious thing to start upon a journey with—"I am with thee"—I, the ever blessed?

Is any young friend here who is leaving home? Are you going away for the first time, and do you feel sad? Or are you about to emigrate to a distant country, and does your heart feel heavy? Do not go at all till you can get a hold of this, "I am with thee." Say unto the Lord, "If Thy Spirit go not with me, carry me not up hence." Wait till He gives the answer, "My Spirit shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." This ought to be the blessing of your opening life, "I am with thee." Is God with you to-night? Can God be with you? Some come to service after having quarrelled with their wives and families; God is not with them. People who are following ill trades, and living ill lives, and rejecting the Gospel, God cannot be with them. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" If you are a believer in Christ, and the Spirit of God has produced in you the true fruits of the Spirit, then you may say, "He is with me;" but not else.

II. Now turn to the thirty-first chapter of Genesis, at the third verse, and read these words,

"I WILL BE WITH THEE."

We will call this *future blessing*. It is almost unnecessary to take this second text; for if it is written, "I am with thee," you may depend upon it that He *will be* with us, for God does not forsake His people. Some people believe in a God who loves to-day and hates to-morrow; who pardons sin and yet afterward condemns. Such a God is not my God; for mine is unchangeable.

"Whom once He loves He never leaves,
But loves them to the end."

"I am God; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

Poor Jacob had been living with Laban, and had passed through many messes and troubles, and it was time that he should receive the word of blessing over again. We read that, "Jacob beheld the countenance of Laban, and, behold, it was not toward him as before." He had begun to take root in the worldling's portion, and was willing to stop away from the promised land, and build up a family among his worldly connections; but the Lord practically said to him, "This is not your rest." Laban's sons begin to growl as they see how their brother-in-law's flocks have increased, and therefore the time has come for Jacob to go.

Jacob does not like it; *he never did like moving*. Family connections, a host of children, and a mighty crowd of cattle, made a removal a great undertaking. Then the Lord said to him, "I will be with thee;" as much as to say, "I will be more with thee in Canaan than I ever have been in this place, which is not the land of promise. I will give thee My special presence if thou wilt get away into the place of the separated life, and walk with Me as thy father Isaac did." It was very sweet many years ago to some of us to hear the Lord say, "I am with thee," and to know that it was true; for "truly our fellowship was with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ;" but it may at this hour be very opportune if the Lord should renew His promise to us by saying, "I will be with thee."

You are commencing a new form of life, you are entering on new trials, you are undertaking new duties, and now comes in

THE NEW PROMISE,

"I will be with thee." If those upon whom you had a right to rely have turned against you, if those who were really indebted to you have become envious of you—"yet, nevertheless," saith God, "I will be with thee."

Jacob's journey was to be a *very venturesome one*. He knew that Laban would not like it, and, probably, would pursue him; but God says "Go, and I will be with thee." He knew also that his brother Esau would be pretty sure to take vengeance upon him for the sorry trick he had played him; and that touched his conscience, and he feared and trembled; but God said, "I will be with thee." The plainest road in the world is wrong if God does not bid us take it; and the roughest and most unpromising way will turn out to be safe and right if God commands our journey.

Jonah thought it was all right to go to Tarshish; but God was not with him, and *he came back by a route which he never expected to follow*. If you go your own road, I wish you may be fortunate enough to meet with as good a return conveyance as Jonah did, for you will certainly have to come back. But if the road be never so rough, if it be God's road, you shall run over it like a young roe; God will make your feet like hinds' feet, and you shall tread upon your high places. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Only mind that you follow a road in which God can be with you; for there are some ways in which God will never be found. He cannot walk in the ways of sin, or worldliness, or self-seeking; if we choose these we must go alone.

See, then, the promised mercy, and rejoice in it. Go forward, dear child of God, if the pillar of cloud is moving, without the slightest hesitancy, and let this be thy joy and comfort—"Certainly, I will be with thee. In all places whithersoever thou goest I will be with thee."

III. I want to go a step further, and come, in

the third place, to *experienced blessings*. Let us look at Jacob's experience. Did Jacob find God to be with him? He had a long life and a tried one. He was a man that knew a great deal, and men that know a great deal are doubly likely to meet with great trouble. Cunning, wise, crafty, prudent, self-reliant people frequently flounder out of one slough into another. Above all things, I should dread being partner with a man that is over wise, for such men either make fools of themselves, or else they have to sleep with one eye open.

Jacob's cunning was an injury to him in the long run. Abraham was simple as a child; he believed God, and never stooped to a trick; and therefore his life was a noble one. Jacob was a very wise person, the kind of gentleman to have made a financier, or *the manager of a company*. He was a rare man of business; in fact, he was the father of the Jews, and that is saying a great deal. Yet because of his sharpness he was often robbed, and through his cunning he was overreached; and he did not, after all, so much enjoy life, and was neither so rich nor so happy as his simple-minded grandfather, Abraham.

We will, however, hear what Jacob has to say about these two gracious words of God, "I am with thee," and "I will be with thee." Turn to the thirty-first chapter again, and read the fifth verse. Up to as far as the time that he was about to leave Laban, he says, "The God of my father

HATH BEEN WITH ME."

I have read that testimony with great joy. I thought of Jacob thus—Well, you certainly were not eminent for grace while with Laban. You were plotting and scheming—you against Laban and Laban against you; and yet your witness is, "The God of my father hath been with me." This is all the more encouraging as coming from you. Jacob seems to say of his God: It was He that gave me my wife and my children; it was He that prospered me in the teeth of those who tried to rob me; the God of my father hath been with me notwithstanding all my shortcomings. I trust that some of you can bear the like witness. Though you have not been all that you could wish in the Christian life, yet you can say, "The God of my father has been with me."

Now, we will look at him a little further on, in the thirty-fifth chapter, and the third verse; there we shall find him saying, "Let us arise, and go up to Bethel; and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went."

As I have already said, he left Laban's house; and it was a very venturesome journey, but God was with him; Jacob tells us that so it was. Poor Jacob was full of fear when he heard that Esau was coming to meet him. You can see that by the way in which he divided his flocks and his herds, and set apart so large a present for Esau. But God does not leave his people because of their fears. I am so thankful for that. If He were to cast us off because of our unbelief, is there one of us who would not have been cast off long ago?

There was Peter walking on the waters with a brave faith; was not Christ with him? Yes, or else he could not have stood on the wave at all. By and by his faith failed him, and down went Peter; but did Christ give him up and say, "You shall die; according to your unbelief shall it be unto you?" No, there is not such a word as that in the Bible; but it is written, "According to thy faith shall it be unto thee." Jesus stretched out His hand and grasped sinking Peter, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" So, though you may grieve the Lord by doubting and fearing, and though you ought to be ashamed of yourself for so doing, yet, still, He will not forsake you. If there is faith in your heart, though it be but little, you shall have to say, despite your doubts and fears, "The Lord was with me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went."

There was a night of wrestling with Jacob. His faith enabled him to draw near to God in mighty prayer, and his fear made him the more desperate and importunate. He said, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." Though he had to be

importunate, yet it was not because God was against him, but because God was with him; for he that can exercise importunate prayer proves that God is with him strengthening him thus to supplicate. *His wrestlings ended in his victory.*

On that day, too, I have no doubt, Jacob was very much cast down, because he remembered his sin. He knew he had ill-treated Esau, and robbed him of the blessing; but, for all that, he came with a repentant heart to submit himself before his brother and to do what he could to please him. Because of this, God was with him. Oh, in that day, dear child of God, when you remember your faults, and your heart is heavy, do not think that the Lord has left you. It is one token that He is with you that He makes you confess your sin, and humble yourself before Him. Still believe in Him; still hear His word; and you shall have to say, "He was with me in the way which I went."

At the close of his life we find Jacob more fully than ever confessing that the presence of God had been with him. I read you the passage where he wished that the God that had been with him might be with his grandsons in the selfsame way—the forty-eighth chapter, at the fifteenth and sixteenth verses. "He blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." There is

HIS LAST TESTIMONY

to the faithfulness of God.

He had lost Rachel—oh, how it stung his heart; but he says, "God redeemed me from all evil." There had come a great famine in the land; but he says that God had fed him all his life long. He had lost Joseph, and that had been a great sorrow; but now, in looking back, he sees that even then God was redeeming him from all evil. He said once, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me;" but now he eats his words, and says, "The Lord hath redeemed me from all evil." He now believes that God had been always with him, had fed him always, and blessed him always.

Now, mark you, if you trust in God, this shall be your verdict at the close of life. When you come to die you shall look back upon a life which has not been without its trials and its difficulties, but you shall bless God for it all; and if there is any one thing in life for which you will have to praise God more than for another, it will probably be that very event which seems darkest to you. Did God ever do a better thing for Jacob than when he took Joseph away and sent him to Egypt to preserve the whole family alive? It was the severest trial of the poor old man's career, and yet the brightest blessing after all. Can you not believe it? Inside that hard-shelled nut there is the sweetest kernel that you have tasted. Rest assured of that. Your father's rumbling wagons have woke you out of sleep, and you are frightened at them; but they are loaded with ingots of gold. You never have been so rich as you will be after your great trouble shall have passed away.

IV. It is time for me to conclude, and I do so by bringing before you, in the fourth place, one more word of blessing. We have had present blessing; we have had future blessing; we have had experienced blessing three times over; and now we go to *transmitted blessing*; for we find Jacob transmitting the blessing to his son and to his grandson. Read in the forty-eighth chapter, at the twenty-first verse, "Behold, I die: but

GOD SHALL BE WITH YOU."

I commenced by noticing the blessing which passed on from Abraham to Isaac; and now we see that Jacob hands it on to Joseph, to Manasseh, and to Ephraim, "I die: but God shall be with you." Some of you perhaps are thinking, "We are getting near the end of life; we have children, but they are not all converted yet, and those that are, it may be, are dependent upon us; what will become of them?" Do you think God will leave your children? Cannot you trust them with Him? What did your father do with his son? One after another the former generations have passed away, and the Lord has been faithful to their successors. Do you think He will not be faithful to those who

come next? You have brought up your children in His fear; you have rested upon His name, and therefore you may say to them, "I die: but God shall be with you."

The time will come when we who are ministers shall be taken away from our beloved work on earth, and we cannot help thinking about the dear friends who hang upon our lips and depend upon our ministry. It is well for us to look a little forward and say, "I die: but God shall be with you." My venerated predecessor, Dr. Rippon, many a time prayed for his successor. I am sure he did not know who his successor was to be, for I was born about the time when he was dying; but, doubtless, I inherit that good man's prayers. I am sure I do. "I die," the old man might have said, "but God shall be with you." The Church at New Park Street thought it an awful thing for the old gentleman to die; but he would have been of no service to us if he had remained here forever. And so it will be by and by. People say, "What will the Tabernacle people do if they lose their minister?" It will probably be the greatest of blessings when it happens.

Many good men have clung to their places longer than they should have done, and have pulled down much that they had built up. It is well when the Lord says to such, "Friend,

COME UP HIGHER."

We may look forward each one to leaving our class, or to leaving the church over which we watch, or to leaving the great work over which we preside and we may say, "I die: but God shall be with you." God is not limited to one minister or fifty ministers. When we are gone, God will be with you.

They used to say of our dear friend, George Müller, "What will become of the Orphanage when Mr. Müller is laid aside?" When I was speaking to him, he said to me, "That was a question which I felt George Müller had nothing to do with. God will use George Müller as long as He likes, and when He chooses to put him aside, He will use somebody else." And now, mark, George Müller is not at Bristol. He has been all over Europe preaching, and the Orphanage has had very little of his personal presence, and yet it has gone on without George Müller, so far. Such a fact tends to answer idle questions.

Blessed be the everlasting God—if Abraham dies, there is Isaac; and if Isaac dies, there is Jacob; and if Jacob dies, there is Joseph; and if Joseph dies, Ephraim and Manasseh survive. The Lord shall never lack a champion to bear His standard high among the sons of men. Only let us pray God to raise up more faithful ministers. That ought to be our prayer day and night.

We have *plenty of a sort*, but, oh, for more that will weigh out *sixteen ounces to the pound* of Gospel in such a way that people will receive it. We have too much of fine language, too much of florid eloquence, and too little full and plain gospel preaching; but God will keep up the apostolic succession, never fear for that. When Stephen is dying, Paul is not far off. When Elijah is taken up, he leaves his mantle behind him. "I die: but God shall be with you." Take comfort, dear friends, and may His Spirit be with you, through Jesus Christ, His dear Son, whose name is "Emmanuel"—God with us.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Genesis 28.]

LUTHER NAILING HIS THESES TO THE CHURCH DOOR AT WITTEMBERG.

(See Illustration, page 12.)

AMONG all the abominations by which the Church of Rome outraged the spirit of Luther, none was more hateful to him than the sale of indulgences, or pardons for sin, granted by the Pope of Rome, and to be had on payment of a specific sum of money. This traffic, in the year 1517, had assumed a peculiarly revolting form in the hands of John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, whose name and deeds are inseparably associated with the life of Luther.

The indulgences in Germany were farmed out by the Papacy to Albert, Archbishop of Mainz and Magdeburg, who by his boundless extravagance

and luxury had involved himself deeply in debt. In order to meet his difficulties he sought out a man specially fitted to push the sale of indulgences with unwonted zeal, and found such a man in Tetzel, who, it is said, "had the voice of a town crier, and the eloquence of a mountebank. The resources of his invention, the power of his effrontery, and the efficacy of his indulgences were all alike limitless." He made a progress through Germany. The line of the procession, as it moved from place to place, might be traced at a distance by the great red cross, which was carried by Tetzel himself, and on which were suspended the arms of the Pope. In front of the procession, on a velvet cushion, was borne the Pontiff's Bull of grace; in the rear came the mules laden with bales of pardons to be given, not to those who had penitence in the heart, but to those who had money in the hand.

When he entered a city, Tetzel and his company went straight to the cathedral. The crowd pressed in and filled the church. The cross was set up in front of the high altar, a strong iron box was fixed down beside it, in which the money received for pardons was deposited; and Tetzel, in the garb of the Dominicans, mounting the pulpit, began to set forth with stentorian voice, the incomparable merit of his wares. After describing in most graphic and harrowing words the sufferings of departed sinners, he would exclaim: "At the very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from Purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven. Now you can ransom so many souls, stiff-necked and thoughtless men; with twelve groats you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are ungrateful enough not to save him! I shall be justified in the Day of Judgment, but *you*, you will be punished so much the more severely for having neglected so great salvation." Crowds repaired to his market wherever he appeared. Tetzel and his indulgences became the talk of almost all Germany.

The brazen monk had set up his red cross at Jüterbock, a small town on the Saxon frontier, within an hour and a half's walk of Wittemberg. The spirit of Luther was stirred within him, and he said, "*By the help of God, I will make a hole in his drum.*" Luther, who acted as confessor as well as preacher, soon found what moral havoc Tetzel's pardons were working. When people came to confess to Luther, he said: "You must leave off your evil courses, or I cannot absolve you." But they soon told him that they had no thought of leaving off their sins, for they were already pardoned; and the people pulled out the indulgence papers of Tetzel. Luther told them those papers were worthless, that they must repent and be forgiven by God, or they would perish everlastingly. This soon reached the ears of Tetzel, who foamed with rage, and causing a fire to be kindled in the market-place of Jüterbock, gave a sign of what would be done to the man who should obstruct his holy work. He had authority of the Pope to commit all such heretics to the flames.

Nothing daunted by Tetzel's bluster, Luther warned the people in private and from the pulpit, with all boldness and fidelity, against the shameless practices of Tetzel. The festival of All Saints' was at hand, and as crowds visited Wittemberg on that occasion, Luther resolved, in the most public manner, to denounce Tetzel's nefarious traffic. Accordingly, he wrote out ninety-five "Theses" or propositions on the doctrine of indulgences, and pushing his way through the crowd, boldly nailed the paper to the door of the Castle-Church (as represented in our engraving).

These propositions Luther undertook to defend next day in the University against all who might choose to impugn them. The "Theses" described Tetzel's indulgences as a cheat and a delusion, and set forth the contrast between God's free gift and the miserable imposture of man's avarice. We have no space for further particulars, but may say, in brief, that the nailing of those "Theses" to the church door kindled a fire, by the light of which the dark abominations of Rome stood revealed to all the world, and set in motion moral and spiritual forces, by which, ere long, the proud Papacy was shaken to its base.



Luther Nailing his Theses to the Church Door at Wittenberg.—(See page 11.)

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF THE STORY.

ROLAND SEFTON was the managing partner in an English bank. Mr. Clifford, the senior partner, was an old man who usually lived abroad. He had been the intimate friend and partner of Roland's father, and in his old age he was content to leave the management of the bank in Roland's hands. Felicitia, Roland's wife, a niece of Lord Riversford, was an aristocratic young lady without fortune but possessed of literary talent. They had two children, Hilda and Felix, whom Roland tenderly loved. In trying to increase his income, principally in order that his wife might not miss any of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, he engaged in speculations which ended disastrously. To make up his losses he appropriated, and sold certain securities valued at \$50,000 belonging to Mr. Clifford, and \$3,000 intrusted to his care by old Marlowe, a deaf and dumb wood carver whom he had made his friend. To escape the detection that would follow Mr. Clifford's return he absconded. By the aid of the old wood carver and his daughter Phebe, to whom he confessed his guilt, he got safely away to Switzerland, the native land of his aged mother, who lived in his family and was known as "Madame," in allusion to her foreign birth. The news of his flight was received by his wife just as she was reading her first published work. Roland when parting from Phebe Marlowe sent by her a message to his wife, asking her to meet him at Engelberg in Switzerland, in six months. The appointment was kept. Felicitia, however, could not forgive him the disgrace he had brought on her and the children, and intimated that his death would be a good thing for them. With her approval an unknown Englishman who had died the day before in the village was represented as Roland Sefton. Roland was the only person present when he died, and he placed in the dead man's pocket his own pocketbook, papers, and the portraits of his children to give a false identification. The man was accordingly buried as Roland Sefton, and the news of his death sent to England. Meanwhile Roland resolved to support himself by wood carving.

(Continued from page 829.)

The Dead areForgiven.

ROLAND SEFTON'S pocketbook, containing his passport and the papers and photographs, had reached Mr. Clifford the day before, with an official intimation of his death from the consulate at Berne. The identification was complete, and the inquiry into the fatal accident had resulted in blame to no one, as the traveller had declined the services of a trustworthy guide from Meiringen to Engelberg. This was precisely what Roland would have done, the whole country being as familiar to him as to any native. No doubt crossed Mr. Clifford's mind that his old friend's son had met his untimely end while a fugitive from his country, from dread chiefly of his own implacable sense of justice.

Roland was dead; but justice was not satisfied. Mr. Clifford knew perfectly well that the news of his tragic fate would create an immediate and complete reaction in his favor among his fellow-townsmen. Hitherto he had been only vaguely accused of crime, which his absence chiefly had tended to fasten upon him; but as there had been no opportunity of bringing him to public trial, it would soon be believed that there was no evidence against him. Many persons thought already that the junior partner was away either on pleasure or business, because the senior had taken his place. Only a few, himself and the three or four obscure people who actually suffered from his defalcations, would recollect them. By and by Roland Sefton would be remembered as the kind, benevolent, even Christian man, whose life, so soon cut short, had been full of promise for his native town.

Mr. Clifford himself felt a pang of regret and sorrow when he heard the news. Years ago he had loved the frank, warm-hearted boy, his friend's only child, with a very true affection. He had an only boy, too, older than Roland by a few years, and these two were to succeed their fathers in the long-established firm. Then came the bitter disappointment in his own son. But since he

had suffered his son to die in his sins, reaping the full harvest of his transgressions, he had felt that any forgiveness shown to other offenders would be a *cruel injustice* to him. Yet as Roland's passport and the children's photographs lay before him on his office desk—the same desk at which Roland was sitting but a few months ago, a man in the full vigor of life, with an apparently prosperous and happy future lying before him—Mr. Clifford for a moment or two yielded to the vain wish that Roland had thrown himself on his mercy. Yet his conscience told him that he would have refused to show him mercy, and his regret was mingled with a tinge of remorse.

His first care was to prevent the intelligence reaching Felicitia by means of the newspapers, and he sent immediately for Phebe Marlowe to accompany him to the seaside, in order to break the news to her. Phebe's excessive grief astonished him, though she had so much natural control over herself, in her sympathy for others, as to relieve him of all anxiety on her account, and to keep Felicitia's secret journey from being suspected.

But to Phebe, Roland's death was fraught with more tragic circumstances than any one else could conceive. He was hastening to meet his wife, possibly with some scheme for their future, which might have hope and deliverance in it, when this calamity hurried him away into the awful unknown world, on whose threshold we are ever standing. But for her ardent sympathy for Felicitia, Phebe would have been herself overwhelmed. It was the thought of her, with this terrible and secret addition to her sorrow, which bore her through the long journey and helped her to meet Felicitia with something like calmness.

From the bay window of the lodging-house Mr. Clifford watched Felicitia coming slowly and feebly toward the house. So fragile she looked, so utterly sorrow-stricken, that a rush of compassion and pity opened the flood-gates of his heart, and suffused his stern eyes with tears. Doubtless Phebe had told her all. Yet she was coming alone.

to meet him, her husband's enemy and persecutor, as if he was a friend. He would be a friend such as she had never known before. There would be no vain weeping, no womanish wailing in her; her grief was too deep for that. And he would respect it; he would spare her all the pain he could. At this moment, if Roland could have risen from the dead, he would have clasped him in his arms, and wept upon his neck, as the father welcomed his prodigal son.

Felicita did not speak when she entered the room, but looked at him with a steadfastness in her dark sad eyes, which again dimmed his with tears. Almost fondly he pressed her hands in his, and led her to a chair, and placed another near enough for him to speak to her in a low and quiet voice, altogether unlike the awful tones he used in the bank, which made the clerks quail before him. His hand trembled as he took the little photographs out of their envelope, so worn and stained, and laid them before her. She looked at them with tearless eyes, and let them fall upon her lap as things of little interest.

"Phebe has told you?" he said pitifully.

"Yes," she whispered.

"You did not know before?" he said.

She shook her head mutely. A long, intricate path of falsehood stretched before her, from which she could not turn aside, a maze in which she was already entangled and lost; but her lips were reluctant to utter the first words of untruth.

"These were found on him," he continued, pointing to the children's portraits. "I am afraid we cannot doubt the facts. The description is like him, and his papers and passport place the identity beyond a question. But I have dispatched a trusty messenger to Switzerland to make further inquiries, and ascertain every particular.

"Will he see him?" asked Felicita with a start of terror.

"No, my poor girl," said the old banker; "it happened ten days ago, and he was buried, so they say, almost immediately. But I wish to have a memorial stone put over his grave, that if any of us, I or you, or the children, should wish to visit it at some future time, it should not be past finding."

He spoke tenderly and sorrowfully, as if he imagined himself standing beside the grave of his old friend's son, recalling the past and grieving over it. His own boy was buried in some unknown common *fosse* in Paris. Felicita looked up at him with her strange, steady, searching gaze.

"You have forgiven him?" she said.

"Yes," he answered; "men always forgive the dead."

"Oh, Roland! Roland!" she cried, wringing her hands for an instant. Then, resuming her composure, she gazed quietly into his pitiful face again.

"It is kind of you to think of his grave," she said; "but I shall never go there, nor shall the children go, if I can help it."

"Hush!" he answered imperatively. "You, then, have not forgiven him? Yet I forgive him, who have lost most."

"You!" she exclaimed with a sudden outburst of passion. "You have lost a few thousand pounds; but what have I lost? My faith and trust in goodness; my husband's love and care. I have lost him, the father of my children, my home, nay, even myself. I am no longer what I thought I was. That is what Roland robs me of, and you say it is more for you to forgive than for me!"

He had never seen her thus moved and vehement, and he shrank a little from it, as most men



A Letter that Saved Six Souls.—(See page 14.)

shrink from any unusual exhibition of emotion. Though she had not wept, he was afraid now of a scene, and hastened to speak of another subject.

"Well, well," he said soothingly, "that is all true, no doubt. Poor Roland! But I am your husband's executor and the children's guardian, conjointly with yourself. It will be proved immediately, and I shall take charge of your affairs."

"I thought," she answered in a hesitating manner, "that there was nothing left, that we were ruined, and had nothing. Why did Roland take your bonds, if he had money? Why did he defraud other people? There cannot be any money coming to me and the children, and why should the will be proved?"

"My dear girl," he said, "you know nothing about affairs. Your uncle, Lord Riversford, would never have allowed Roland to marry you without a settlement, and a good one too. His death was the best thing for you. It saves you from poverty and dependence, as well as from disgrace. I hardly know yet how matters stand, but you will have no less than a thousand pounds a year. You need not trouble yourself about these matters; leave them to me and Lord Riversford. He called upon me yesterday, as soon as he heard the sad news, and we arranged everything."

Felicita did not hear his words distinctly, though her brain caught their meaning vaguely. She was picturing herself free from poverty, surrounded with most of her accustomed luxuries and shielded from every hardship, while Roland was homeless and penniless, cast upon his own resources to earn his daily bread and a shelter for every night, with nothing but a poor handicraft to support him. She had not expected this contrast in their lot. Poverty had seemed to lie before her also. But now how often would his image start up before her as she had seen him last, gaunt and haggard, with rough hair and blistered skin serving him as a mask, clad in coarse clothing, already worn and ragged, not at rest in the grave, as every one but he self believed him, but dragging out a miserable and sordid existence, year by year, with no hopes for the future, and no happy memories of the past!

"Mr. Clifford," she said, when the sound of his voice humming in her ears had ceased, "I shall

not take one farthing of any money settled upon me by my husband. I have no right to it. Let it go to pay the sums he appropriated. I will maintain myself and my children."

"You cannot do it," he replied; "you do not know what you are talking about. The money is settled upon your children; all that belongs to you is the yearly income from it."

"That, at least, I will never touch," she said earnestly; "it shall be set aside to repay those just claims. When all those are paid I will take it, but not before. Yours is the largest, and I will try to find out the others. With my mother's two hundred pounds a year, and what I earn myself, we shall keep the children. Lord Riversford has no control over me. I am a woman, and I will act for myself."

"You cannot do it," he repeated; "you have no notion of what you are undertaking to do. Mrs. Sefton, my dear young lady. I am come, with Lord Riversford's sanction, to ask you to return to your home again, to Madame's old home—your children's birth-place. I think, and Lord Riversford thinks, you should come back, and bring up Felix to take his grandfather's and father's place."

"His father's place!" interrupted Felicita. "No, my son shall never enter into business. I

would rather see him a common soldier or sailor, or day-laborer, earning his bread by any honest toil. He shall have no traffic in money, such as his father had; he shall have no such temptations. Whatever my son is, he shall never be a banker."

"Good heavens, madam!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford. Felicita's stony quietude was gone, and in its place was such a passionate energy as he had never witnessed before in any woman.

"It was money that tempted Roland to defraud you and dishonor himself," she said; "it drove poor Acton to commit suicide, and it hardened your heart against your friend's son. Felix shall be free from it. He shall earn his bread and his place in the world in some other way, and till he can do that I will earn it for him. Every shilling I spend from henceforth shall be clean, the fruit of my own hands, not Roland's—not his, whether he be alive or dead."

Before Mr. Clifford could answer, the door was flung open, and Felix, breathless with rapid running, rushed into the room and flung himself into his mother's arms. No words could come at first; but he drew long and terrible sobs. The boy's upturned face was pale, and his eyes, tearless as her own had been, were fastened in an agony upon hers. She could not soothe or comfort him, for she knew his grief was wasted on a falsehood; but she looked down on her son's face with a feeling of terror.

"Oh, my father! my beloved father!" he sobbed at last. "Is he dead, mother? You never told me anything that wasn't true. He can't be dead, though Phebe says so."

Felicita bent her head till it rested on the boy's uplifted face. His sobs shook her, and the close clasp of his arms was painful; but she neither spoke nor moved. She heard Phebe coming in, and knew that Roland's mother was there, and Hilda came to clasp her little arms about her as Felix was doing. But her heart had gone back to the moment when Roland had knelt beside her in the quiet little church, and she had said to him deliberately, "I choose your death." He was dead to her.

"Is it true, mother?" wailed Felix. "Oh, tell me it isn't true!"

"It is true," she answered. But the long tense strain had been too much for her strength, and she sank fainting on the ground.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST'S POWER TO HEAL.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 15. Mark 1:29-45. Golden Text, Exod. 15:26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHILE the people were talking over and spreading abroad the news that Jesus of Nazareth had cast out an evil spirit by a simple command, and that the spirit had called Him "the Holy One of God," Jesus and His disciples entered into the house of Simon and Andrew. Popularity was hateful to our Lord. He saw and felt the fleshly exultation of those who were ready to give all the glory to man, and who were blind and insensible to the presence of their God. But sickness was in the house, Simon's mother-in-law lay tossing in the burning heat, perhaps the delirium, of fever, "and anon they tell Him of her." They make no petition, only call His attention to her; but it is enough. He only waiteth to be gracious. "He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and the fever left her." There was health and life; no power of disease could hold its own against the touch of Jesus; sin and sickness when brought by faith into real contact with Him must yield before the Lord our Saviour, the Lord our Physician.

Our golden text is the key note to the office of the Lord as Healer. Speaking to Moses He says, "I make for you this day

A STATUTE AND AN ORDINANCE.

If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am JEHOVAH-ROPHI" i.e., "The Lord, thy Physician," or, as it stands in our translation, "The Lord that healeth thee."

Our beloved Lord came on earth as the "express image of His person" who had appointed Him "heir of all things" (Heb. 1:2, 3). He came to manifest God in all things. We have already seen Him as victor over the devil in the wilderness temptation; but He was also "manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3:8), sin, sorrow, sickness, death. Thus we see that, being in Himself the Lord our Healer, He must heal whenever He came in contact with sickness, except in the cases of such as those at the pool of Bethesda, who were looking for help from other sources. What must have been the joy and wonder of the humble inhabitants of Simon's house, when the hectic flush disappeared, the black froth vanished from the parched mouth, the burning hand became cool, and the invalid arose and ministered unto them! As she stood over the fire cooking, as she fetched water from the well, there were none of the faltering steps of the partially convalescent, the touch of Jesus was perfect health. "He is the Rock, His work is perfect" (Deut. 32:4).

This first instance on record of the Lord's healing of sickness is perfect in all its details. Disciples tell the Lord about the sick one, He enters in, they bring Him to her, then *they* have no more to do. He chooses to heal her by a touch, a word would have done, but He does not bind Himself to a stereotyped method. Immediately the disease departs and the sick woman

MINISTERS TO JESUS.

Sickness is often sent as a means to compel a soul, too precious to the Lord to be abandoned to itself, into some path which has not been taken in obedience to the milder teaching, the Word of the Master. If "He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction," and the opened ear does not hearken to His voice, then He is obliged to resort to another method. "He is chastened also with pain upon His bed" (Job 33:14-30). God must gain the ear of His children at any cost, must be able to communicate with them. When Simon's wife's mother was ministering to Jesus, all was in order. Probably if the one aim in life were to minister to Jesus in *His* way, as He chooses, listening always to His direction, there

would be less need for the voice of sickness among us. Meanwhile let us bless God that He takes the trouble to check us by any means, however painful; but while doing so shall we not submit ourselves to His statute and ordinance, shall we not hearken and be healed in soul and body?

Can we not imagine the excitement among the neighbors, who had probably been saying of Peter's mother-in-law, "Ah, poor thing, she's in a bad way, she'll soon be gone," when their sick neighbor came out into the market for provisions, and told the story of her healing. The day was declining, but they lost no time, why should not their sick be healed as well? "At even, when the sun did set (just when the air was chill, a bad time for invalids), they brought to Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils." There they were, some within the house and some without, and there stood Jehovah-Rophi in the midst, the whole city gathered together at the door in wonder, curiosity, or expectation. "And He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them. And devils also came out of many, crying out, and saying, Thou art Christ, the Son of God. And He, rebuking them, suffered them not to speak; for they knew that He was Christ" (Luke 4:40, 41).

What a day of blessing! Many that night in the city of Capernaum could not sleep for the wonders which they had seen and heard. Many perhaps were awake praising God, stretching out their once palsied limbs, listening with an exquisite joy to sounds long unheard by their hitherto closed ears. In almost every house there was told some story of deliverance. But

WHERE WAS JESUS

all this time? He slept, but not for long. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place and there prayed."

What, in the moment of His success, when the power of God's enemy was giving way before Him, was this the moment for Him to be alone, ought He not to seize the opportunity? Many a successful evangelist thinks in the heyday of his success that he is so needful he must be present at every meeting; he must always take the lead or the work will suffer. The Lord said, "The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." And, just as a Christian worker realizes how entirely it is God who does all Himself, he sees how very little necessary he is, and in the same proportion how very necessary communion with God is. Much work for God is shallow, just because the roots of it lie more in the sand of human effort than in the deep rock of our faith, the living present God. The orange tree can grow in a sandy soil, but wherever the fruit is flourishing, there is always a taproot which reaches down to the solid rock and drinks of the hidden moisture there.

The Master was not long left quiet in His retirement. "Simon and they that were with Him followed after Him. And when they had found Him, they said unto Him, All men seek for Thee." Did He say, "We will go at once to meet them, we must not lose such an opportunity, we will strike while the iron is hot." This would have been human wisdom, but He had been getting His directions from headquarters, and had no hesitation as to His plans: leaving the expecting multitudes in Capernaum, He said, "Let us go into the next town, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." And He then made an evangelistic tour throughout Galilee, in the course of which He preached the sermon on the mount, also healed "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people" (Matt. 4:23).

Immediately subsequent to His preaching the sermon on the mount, there came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, and kneeling down to Him, and saying unto Him, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." "If thou wilt." Had the Lord sent away any unhealed who had come to Him? This misgiving about His willingness must have pained Jesus. But now His Word is so clear; besides the statute and ordinance (Ex. 15:26) we have the declaration, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8:17) and again the rule for believers to which

SCRIPTURE MAKES NO EXCEPTION;

"Is *any* sick among you let him . . . be healed" (James 5:14-16). Jesus uttered no word of reproach to the poor leper, self consideration was unknown to our Lord, He "moved with compassion put forth His hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean." Why should we ever doubt for a moment the Lord's willingness to put forth His power on our behalf, He waits to be trusted for whatsoever may try us.

As soon as Jesus had spoken, the leprosy departed from the man, and Jesus charged him to tell no man, but to go and show himself unto the priest, and offer for his cleansing those "things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them." The priest, perhaps the very man who had before examined him, must now touch his ear and hand and foot with the blood of the sin offering, with oil, as a token of cleansing and consecration to God, and he must see how perfectly every trace of disease was gone. Instead of obeying Jesus' command to tell no man, the cleansed leper "went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city (probably on account of the pressure of multitudes who thronged Him), but was without in desert places: and they came to Him from every quarter."

A LETTER THAT SAVED SIX SOULS.

(See Illustration, page 13.)

A LADY became very anxious about the welfare of her soul. She had been living without God, and without hope in the world. She knew she was on the downward road to destruction, and now she began to realize her sad condition.

In her distress she wrote to the Letter Mission in Clapham, near London, which undertakes to correspond with those who are anxious to know the "way of life," or who are troubled about their sins. "Is there any mercy for me, the chief of sinners?" was her earnest inquiry.

"Yes, there is mercy for you. 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. 'Come unto Me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved.'" Such was the nature of the reply sent to the anxious one. She believed in Jesus, and was saved. Now she is rejoicing in the peace which can only be obtained from the Prince of Peace, the Lord Jesus Christ.

In writing to this lady subsequently, the Superintendent of the Letter Mission had omitted to give the reference to a text which he intended to send to cheer the good lady; but before posting, he hastily printed on the envelope, just above the seal, this reference, "Isaiah 40:31."

The postman who had conveyed the letter observed the text, and was curious to know to what it referred. "When he reached home, he took down his Bible, which he had not opened for a long time, and read, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.'"

"You know I am not one of your sort of people," he said one day, when calling upon the lady; "I don't read my Bible, but having got it down, I began to read here and there, and it all seemed new to me; and I began to think about its being true, so I thought I must come and see you, as I felt sure you would help me."

The lady gave him a tract, and assured him that she would pray for him. After a few weeks had passed, the postman found peace with God.

The postman did not keep his happiness to himself. He went home and told his wife how Jesus had blessed him, and shortly afterward she too had found joy and peace through believing. Through her the good news of salvation by faith in Jesus were communicated to her parents, who shortly afterward were rejoicing in the Lord. Since then two more members of the same family have been brought to the Saviour, and have obtained forgiveness through His finished work on Calvary. So six persons were saved from hell and destruction through that text being written on the envelope.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1882.

JANUARY.

1 S	The word is nigh thee. Rom. 10: 8.
2 M	Consider him that endured. Heb. 12: 3.
3 T	Charity edifieth. 1 Cor. 8: 1.
4 W	The spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Isa. 61: 1.
5 T	Trust ye in the Lord forever. Isa. 26: 4.
6 F	I will pardon all their iniquities. Jer. 33: 8.
7 S	Bless, and curse not. Rom. 12: 14.
8 S	Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us. In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy.
9 M	The end of all things is at hand. [mercy]
10 T	The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. Ps. 136: 1.
11 W	Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive. Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. John 15: 17. [abound.]
12 T	Love one another. John 15: 17. [abound.]
13 F	He hath not dealt with us after our sins. Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him. Take away all iniquity. Hos. 14: 2.
14 S	The memory of the just is blessed. The Lord is good to all. Ps. 145: 9.
15 M	He is my rock. Ps. 92: 15.
16 T	Beat peace among yourselves. 1 Thess. 5: 13.
17 W	Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10: 31.
18 T	Thy law is my delight. Ps. 119: 77.
19 F	Honor all men. 1 Pet. 2: 17.
20 S	Your life is hid with Christ in God. Light is sown for the righteous. Ps. 97: 11.
21 M	Flee also youthful lusts. 2 Tim. 2: 22.
22 T	I have heard thy prayer. 2 Kings 20: 5.
23 W	Be clothed with humility. 1 Pet. 5: 5.
24 T	He that hath the Son hath life.
25 F	Be not rash with thy mouth. Eccles. 5: 2.

FEBRUARY.

1 W	I live by the faith of the Son of God. The gift of God is eternal life. [peace.]
2 T	Let Thy saints shout for joy. [Ps. 132: 9.]
3 F	I am come that they might have life. He giveth power to the faint. Isa. 40: 29.
4 S	I am the good Shepherd. John 10: 11.
5 M	Amend your ways and your doings. My soul trusteth in Thee. Ps. 57: 1.
6 T	There is none holier as the Lord. 1 Sam. 2: 2.
7 W	The Lord hath been mindful of us. [2: 2.]
8 T	Beware of evil workers. [peace.]
9 F	Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at Thy sins and iniquities will I remember. Lighten mine eyes. Ps. 13: 3. [no more.]
10 S	Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. He is faithful that promised. Heb. 10: 23.
11 M	He will speak peace unto His people. Receive us graciously. Hos. 14: 2.
12 T	Speaking boldly in the Lord. Acts 14: 3.
13 W	I have chosen you out of the world. Marvel not if the world hate you.
14 T	George Washington's Birthday. Thou shalt call me, my Father. Jer. 3: 19.
15 F	Take my yoke upon you. Matt. 11: 29.
16 S	Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. Oh that men would therefore praise Thee. Live peaceably with all men. [Lord.]
17 M	Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.

MARCH.

1 W	Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.
2 T	Ask in faith. Jas. 1: 6.
3 F	Christ in you, the hope of glory. Whoso findeth me, findeth life. Prov. 8: 35.
4 S	Joy and peace in believing. Rom. 15: 13.
5 M	Ye shall therefore keep my statutes. Thy law is the truth. Ps. 119: 142.
6 T	Take heed to thyself. Deut. 4: 9.
7 W	Serve Him in truth. [unto you]
8 T	Peace I leave with you, my peace I give. The Lord will bless His people with peace. Thou art a God ready to pardon.
9 F	Who is a God like unto Thee. Micah 7: 18.
10 S	Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Take ye heed, watch and pray. God is with us. Isa. 8: 10.
11 M	Be ye holy, for I am holy. 1 Pet. 1: 14.
12 T	Godliness with contentment is great gain. I am meek and lowly in heart.
13 W	Trust in the Lord and do good. Ps. 37: 3.
14 T	Honor the Lord with thy substance. Prov. 3: 9.
15 F	Delight thyself also in the Lord. [3: 9.]
16 S	I will put my Spirit within you. With the heart man believeth.
17 M	By Him all that believe are justified. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
18 T	Walk in the Spirit. Gal. 5: 16.
19 W	Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. God will not fail thee. Deut. 31: 6.
20 T	We are ambassadors for Christ. If the Lord be God, follow Him.

APRIL.

1 S	We joy in God. Rom. 5: 11.
2 M	He that hath the Son hath life. He raised up Christ. 1 Cor. 15: 15.
3 T	I will receive you. 2 Cor. 6: 17. [sins.]
4 W	He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. He will speak peace unto His people.
5 T	Good Friday. [18: 14.]
6 F	Is anything too hard for the Lord? Gen. 18: 14.
7 S	Easter Sunday. He restoreth my soul. Ps. 23: 3.
8 M	Walking in the fear of the Lord. Purifying their hearts by faith. Acts 15: 9.
9 T	I go to prepare a place for you. John 14: 2.
10 W	Ye shall find rest unto your souls. The fear of man bringeth a snare. [heart.]
11 T	He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Grievous words stir up anger. Prov. 15: 1.
12 F	A man is justified by faith. Rom. 3: 28.
13 S	My soul trusteth in Thee. Ps. 57: 1.
14 M	He that believeth on me shall never thirst. I hate every false way. Ps. 119: 104.
15 T	All the paths of wisdom are peace. Ever follow that which is good.
16 W	Show thyself approved unto God. Blessed are the poor in spirit. Matt. 5: 3.
17 T	Thou art the God that doest wonders. The wages of sin is death. Rom. 6: 23.
18 F	Our God shall fight for us. Neh. 4: 20.
19 S	Lord, bow down Thine ear and hear. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

MAY.

1 M	His banner over me was love. Cant. 2: 4.
2 T	The Lord will not cast off forever. Preserve my life from fear. Ps. 64: 1.
3 W	Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. 6: 20.
4 T	Let us make a covenant with our God. Thy God reigneth! Isa. 52: 7.
5 F	From this day will I bless you. Hag. 2: 19.
6 S	In Thee is my trust. Ps. 141: 8.
7 M	All souls are mine. Ezek. 18: 4.
8 T	The truth shall make you free. John 8: 32.
9 W	I will make the wilderness a pool of water. The needy shall not always be forgotten.
10 T	In His love and in His pity He redeemed the gift of God is eternal life. [them.]
11 F	God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you. He hath sent me to bind up the broken. God is light. 1 John 1: 5. [hearted.]
12 S	Forgiving iniquity and transgression and serve Him in truth. 1 Sam. 12: 24. [sin.]
13 M	Charity suffereth long, and is kind. The Lord loveth the righteous. Ps. 146: 8.
14 T	Blessed be the name of the Lord. The Lord of hosts is with us. Ps. 46: 7.
15 W	Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. 16: 13.
16 T	I will show mercies unto you. Jer. 42: 12.
17 F	Be patient toward all men. 1 Thess. 5: 14.
18 S	Awake to righteousness. 1 Cor. 15: 34.
19 M	I will come again. John 14: 3.
20 T	Decoration Day. He shall save His people from their sins.

JUNE.

1 T	I have waited for Thy salvation. I will receive you. 1 Cor. 6: 17.
2 F	Blessed are the meek. Matt. 5: 5.
3 S	Let patience have her perfect work. You hath he quickened. Eph. 2: 1.
4 M	It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. Ye shall he unto me a kingdom of priests. Continue ye in my love. John 15: 9.
5 T	But He giveth more grace. Jas. 4: 6.
6 W	Who forgiveth all thine iniquities. Honor the Lord with the first fruits. Who is a God like unto Thee? [Lord.]
7 T	The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion. Lord, I believe. John 9: 38. [passion.]
8 F	Ever follow that which is good. Be careful for nothing. Phil. 4: 6.
9 S	Let us walk in the light of the Lord. Enter ye in at the strait gate. Examine yourselves. 2 Cor. 13: 5.
10 M	The Lord our God is one Lord. Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. 5: 9.
11 T	The Lord looketh on the heart. Great is the wrath of the Lord. The will of the Lord be done. Acts 21: 14.
12 F	Comfort ye my people, saith your God. I am the door. John 10: 9.
13 S	God is a very present help in trouble.

JULY.

1 S	According to your faith be it unto you. Thou art my hope. O Lord God. Ps. 71: 5.
2 T	I am the bread of Life. John 6: 35.
3 F	Independence Day. Ye are bought with a price. [given.]
4 S	Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven. God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Having made peace through the blood of Christ with the Lord there is mercy. [His cross.]
5 M	It is more blessed to give than to receive. They that deal truly are His delight. Create in me a clean heart, O God. A new heart also will I give you.
6 T	He hath done all things well. Mark 7: 37.
7 W	Love your enemies. Matt. 5: 44.
8 T	God is our refuge and strength. Ps. 46: 1.
9 F	God is judge Himself. Ps. 50: 6.
10 S	Therefore will we not fear. Ps. 46: 2.
11 M	The fruit of the Spirit is Love. Gal. 5: 22.
12 T	Lighten mine eyes. Ps. 13: 3.
13 W	Worship Him who liveth forever. God shall supply all your need. Phil. 4: 19.
14 T	Give an account of thy stewardship. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12: 9.
15 F	Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12: 2.
16 S	Serve Him in truth. 1 Sam. 12: 24.
17 M	Thou standest by faith. Rom. 11: 20.
18 T	I will give them an heart to know me. No more a servant, but a son. Gal. 4: 7.
19 W	My expectation is from Him. Ps. 62: 5.

AUGUST.

1 T	The will of the Lord be done. Acts 21: 14.
2 W	Hold fast that which is good. 1 Thess. 5: 12.
3 T	Rejoice evermore. 1 Thess. 5: 16.
4 F	Faith cometh by hearing. Rom. 10: 17.
5 S	O Lord, revive Thy work. Hab. 3: 2.
6 M	I know your manifold transgressions. Help Thou mine unbelief. Mark 9: 24.
7 T	He loved them unto the end. John 13: 1.
8 W	He made intercession for the transgressors. The Lord will be the hope of His people.
9 T	He raiseth up the poor out of the dust. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
10 F	Thou art a God ready to pardon. The Lord is long-suffering. Num. 14: 18.
11 S	He loveth more grace. Jas. 4: 6.
12 M	God will provide Himself a lamb for a love not the world. [burnt offering.]
13 T	The long-suffering of our Lord is salvation. All have sinned. Rom. 3: 23.
14 W	No man can serve two masters. Matt. 6: 24.
15 T	I will guide thee with mine eye. Ps. 32: 8.
16 F	Grievous words stir up anger. Prov. 15: 1.
17 S	The just shall live by faith. Gal. 3: 11.
18 M	Grow in grace. 2 Pet. 3: 18.
19 T	Christ died for the ungodly. Rom. 5: 6.
20 W	Bear ye one another's burdens. Gal. 6: 2.
21 F	Our trespass is great. 2 Chron. 28: 13.
22 S	Sanctify yourselves. Josh. 7: 13.
23 M	Blessed are they that mourn. Matt. 5: 4.
24 T	I will make you fishers of men. Matt. 4: 19.
25 W	The light shineth in darkness. John 1: 9.

SEPTEMBER.

1 F	In all their affliction He was afflicted. Behold the blood of the covenant. We all do fade as a leaf. Isa. 40: 6. [17.]
2 S	An idle soul shall suffer hunger. Prov. 19: 2.
3 T	Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. 16: 13.
4 W	He must reign. 1 Cor. 15: 25.
5 T	Let not your heart be troubled. John 14: 1.
6 F	Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord. Partakers of the Divine nature. 2 Pet. 1: 4.
7 S	Be sober, be vigilant. 1 Pet. 5: 8.
8 M	I am the Lord that doth sanctify you. Cast not away your confidence. Heb. 10: 35.
9 T	None shall make them afraid. Isa. 41: 10.
10 W	My words shall not pass away. Mark 13: 31.
11 T	Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12.
12 F	The way of the wicked is as darkness. Be ye followers of God, as dear children. Let him that is athirst come. Rev. 22: 17.
13 S	Feed me with food convenient for me. Walk circumspectly. Eph. 5: 15.
14 M	Be not afraid, only believe. Mark 5: 36.
15 T	Ye are the salt of the earth. [salvation.]
16 F	He hath clothed me with the garments of Thy law. The law of the Lord is perfect. Ps. 19: 7.
17 S	If God be for us, who can be against us? Thou hast delivered my soul. Ps. 86: 13.
18 M	So run that ye may obtain. 1 Cor. 9: 24.
19 T	Held Thou me up, and I shall be safe. Who may abide the day of His coming? Suffer little children to come unto me.

OCTOBER.

1 S	The Father Himself loveth you. John 16: 27.
2 M	Be ready to every good work. Tit. 3: 1.
3 T	All thy garments smell of myrrh. Ps. 45: 8.
4 W	The Lord is my strength and song. Hold fast the form of sound words. Awake, thou that sleepest. Eph. 5: 14.
5 T	Perfect love casteth out fear. 1 John 4: 18.
6 F	Praying in the Holy Ghost. Jude 20.
7 S	My days are swifter than a post. Job 9: 25.
8 M	Love is the fulfilling of the law. Sanctified and meet for the Master's use. Hold fast till I come. Rev. 2: 25.
9 T	Behold, the Lord God will help me. Is. 50: 9.
10 W	Lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. 6: 12.
11 T	My peace I give unto you. John 14: 27.
12 F	Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us. Let him take the water of life freely. O that Thou wouldst bless me indeed. He that refraineth his lips is wise. Walk humbly with thy God. Mic. 6: 8.
13 S	None of us liveth to himself. Rom. 14: 7.
14 M	Thou hast delivered my soul from death. My cup runneth over. Ps. 23: 5.
15 T	Have faith in God. Mark 11: 22.
16 F	Whom He called, them He also justified. The Lord is thy keeper. Ps. 121: 5.
17 S	I will bless the Lord. Ps. 16: 7.
18 M	Those that seek me early shall find me. Mine eyes are unto Thee, O God the Lord. Very great are His mercies. 1 Chron. 21: 13.
19 T	Canst thou by searching find out God?

NOVEMBER.

1 W	He is the propitiation for our sins. 1 John 4: 10.
2 T	Edify one another. 1 Thess. 5: 11. [2: 2.]
3 F	The love of many shall wax cold. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. The Lord shall yet comfort Zion. Zech. 1: 17.
4 S	I am the way. John 14: 6. [1: 17.]
5 M	It is God which worketh in you. Phil. 2: 13.
6 T	In due season we shall reap. Gal. 6: 9.
7 W	Go forward. Ex. 14: 15.
8 T	Search the Scriptures. John 5: 39.
9 F	I will betroth thee unto me forever. If God be for us, who can be against us? He will ever be mindful of His covenant. He that overcometh shall inherit all things. Fear not them which kill the body. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. Remove far from me vanity and lies. Rest in the Lord. Ps. 37: 7.
10 S	Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 6: 19.
11 M	Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Walk even as He walked. [eth me.]
12 T	The Lord will perfect that which concerneth thee. Thou shalt forgive the iniquity of Thy people. I have redeemed thee. Isa. 43: 1.
13 F	In everything give thanks. 1 Thess. 5: 18.
14 S	The word of the Lord endureth forever. He restoreth my soul. Ps. 23: 3.
15 M	Bear no burden on the Sabbath day. Jer. 17: 21.
16 T	Thanksgiving Day.

DECEMBER.

1 F	Made nigh by the blood of Christ. Walk worthy of God. 1 Thess. 2: 12.
2 S	Give us this day our daily bread. The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom. Thy kingdom come. Matt. 6: 10.
3 T	Commit thy works unto the Lord. We walk by faith, not by sight. I know thee by name. Ex. 33: 17.
4 W	Abstain from all appearance of evil. Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it. God Himself is with us for our Captain. The word of our God shall stand forever. Return unto the Lord thy God. Hos. 14: 1.
5 T	Arise, call upon thy God. Jonah 1: 6.
6 F	Let him that heareth say, Come. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Ye in me, and I in you. John 14: 20.
7 S	He knoweth them that trust in Him. Rejoice in the Lord always. [salvation.]
8 M	Thou hast heard me, and art become my friend. He that believeth on Him is not condemned. Beloved, now are we sons of God. Your life is hid with Christ in God. The name of the Lord is a strong tower. Christmas Day. Study to be quiet. Be zealous therefore and repent. All we like sheep have gone astray. In all thy ways acknowledge the Lord. Keep thee far from a false matter. God give thee of the dew of heaven. Wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letter.....	A
Epact.....	11
Golden Number.....	2
Solar Cycle.....	15
Roman Indiction.....	10
Julian Period.....	6595

Astronomical Calculations for 1882:

being the latter part of the 16th, and the beginning of the 17th, year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ECLIPSES.

This year, 1882, there will be two Eclipses of the Sun, no Eclipse of the Moon, and a Transit of Venus over the disk of the Sun.

I. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, May 17, not visible in America, the line of totality passing across Africa and Asia, and visible as a Partial Eclipse in Europe.

II. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, November 10, not visible in America, the principal phases being confined to the Southern portions of the Pacific Ocean.

III. A Transit of the planet Venus over the disk of the Sun, on December 6, visible throughout the United States. There will be four contacts of the circular disks, or limbs, of the Sun and planet; namely, a first external contact of the limbs, and then, after an interval of about twenty-one minutes of time, the second contact, or first internal contact, will take place. After an interval of about six hours, the third contact, or second internal

contact, will take place; and about twenty-one minutes after the third, the fourth contact, or second external contact, will complete the transit.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury, until January 6; also from February 22 to May 2; also from June 28 to August 14; also from October 22 to December 17.

Venus, until February 20, and after December 6, to the end of the year.

EVENING STARS.

Mercury, from January 6 to February 22; also from May 2 to June 28; also from August 14 to October 22.

Venus, from February 20 to December 6.



The Bible House: Built 1853. The Christian Herald Founded October, 1878.

THE past year has been one of great prosperity for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the Publishers for the third time record their acknowledgments to Almighty God for the favor thus steadily and abundantly bestowed.

The subscription list is a little more than 50 per cent. larger than it was at this time last year; and as the sermons of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, which make the leading feature of the paper, are also its principal means of doing good, the publishers can, without self-glorification, express the satisfaction with which they send out thousands upon thousands of copies of those faithful statements of the way of salvation every week. They are read on Sabbaths in many solitary homes where the visit of the circuit preacher does not occur oftener than once a month.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has also prospered financially. For, as our terms are always cash in advance, every subscription means a receipted bill, and we have neither outstanding accounts nor doubtful assets.

Our relations with our subscribers also have been of the pleasantest kind, with no harassing for payment and no disputes about bills. We have adhered to the rule with which we started, and which we believe to be required by Christian courtesy: viz., to reply by return of post to every inquiry from a subscriber.

We hereby tender our thanks to *eight hundred agents*, through whose exertions we have largely built up our circulation. Some are aged persons, who find that means of livelihood within their failing strength; some are young children, who take it as an easy way to earn pocket-money; and others are men and women in the prime of life who have chosen canvassing as their professional business; while not a few are to be included in the number who, out of sheer good-will and without a thought of gain, go to work to promote the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the usefulness of which they conscientiously believe.

Now we shall be glad to enter renewals for 1882 as early as it is convenient for our subscribers to send them, and we repeat our offer to mail a circular of agent's terms and a package of sample copies to any person who contemplates canvassing for the paper.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1882.

16th Year. No. 2.—New Series.

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A COMING WONDER. By Rev. M. Baxter (Continued).

"I'll Think About It." A Temperance Appeal.

SYLPH SOMERS. A New Serial Story. By Henry Martin, author of "Felicia Cuffe" (Continued).

Power to Forgive. S. S. Lesson. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

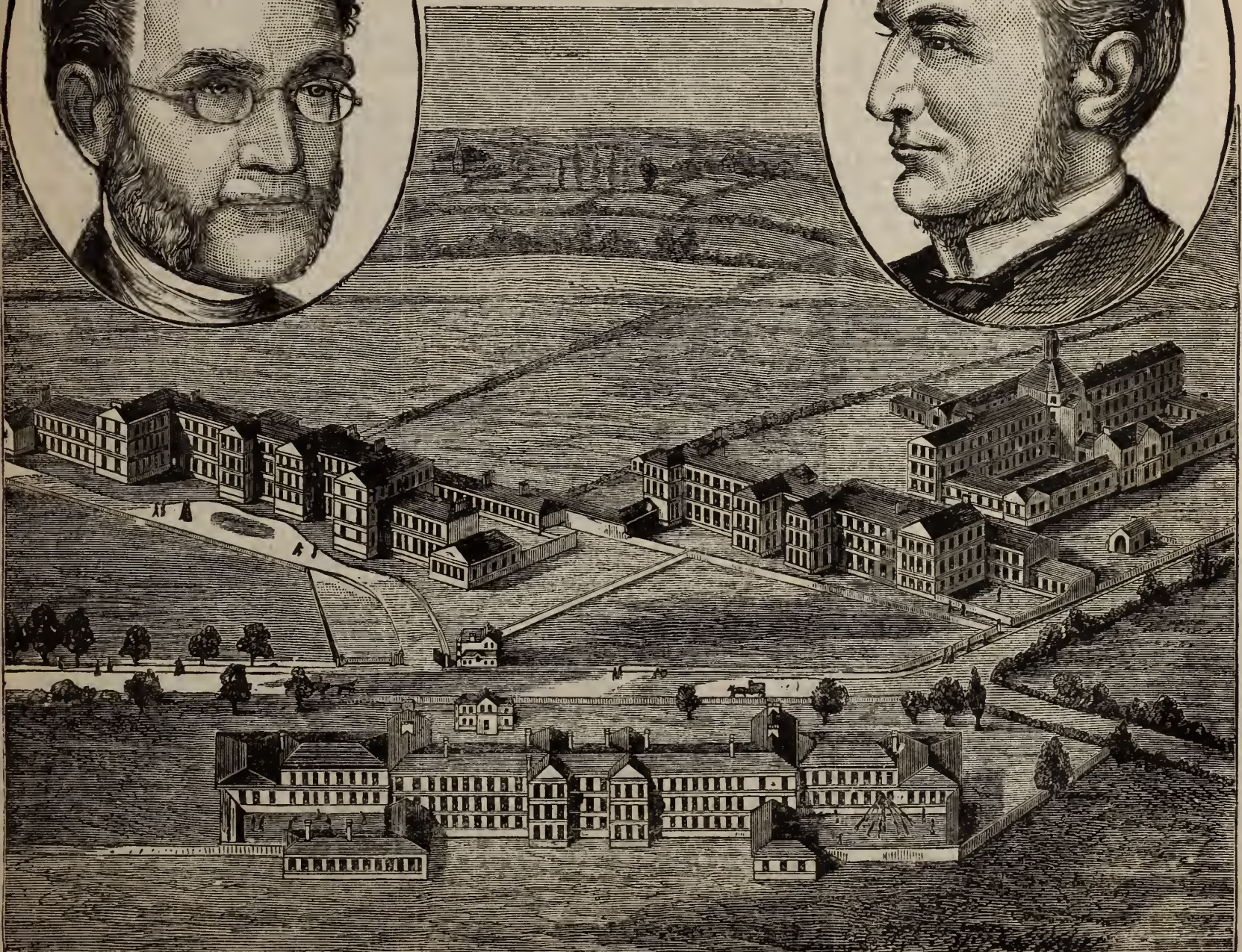
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THE BRIDE AND HER ORNAMENTS. A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton (Continued).

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Mr. GEO. MÜLLER and Mr. JAMES WRIGHT—View of the Orphanages at Ashley Down.

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER, THE EMINENT PHILANTHROPIST.

Birth—Parental Mistakes—Youthful Sins—Continued Waywardness—A Theological Student, yet Without a Bible—The Penalties of Transgression—A Providential Walk—A Cordial Welcome—The Turning Point of His Life—He Seeks to Become a Missionary—Visit to London—Preaches in Devonshire—Breaks a Blood Vessel—The Last Halfpenny—Removes to Bristol—The Far-Famed Orphanage—The Munificent Needlewoman—He Found a Religious Institution and Orphanage—Mr. James Wright Becomes Co-Director—Summary of Results—Thirty Thousand Answers to Prayer—Personal Blessings.

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER, whose visit to America last year is doubtless fresh in the recollection of our readers, is known by reputation throughout Christendom. Everywhere his name is mentioned with admiration, and the narrative of his great work is read with wonder. While scientists are demonstrating to their own satisfaction that faith and prayer are without influence and have no practical bearing on the affairs of daily life, Mr. Müller is supporting, educating, and providing for *more than two thousand orphaned children* without capital and without regular income, solely by those two despised means—faith and prayer. The Orphanages, of which a picture appears on our front page, have been built and paid for, and their inmates have been provided for to this day without any application for human aid. Mr. Müller at the commencement confided the whole enterprise to the care of God, and henceforth felt assured that the means required would be provided. When the funds ran out and the little children who were looking to him for bread had no provision for the morrow, Mr. Müller never applied to this or that wealthy friend; he simply laid the case before God in prayer, and the means were placed in his hands. Often has his faith been tried, and collapse seemed, humanly speaking, to stare him in the face; but his faith has never wavered, and it has always received its reward. It would be impossible within the space at our command, to give even a meagre account of this great work; but we propose to supplement the biography of Mr. Müller which we published in these columns on October 9th, 1879, with a few additional facts and incidents.

Mr. George Müller is a German. He was *born* at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in Prussia, on September 27th, 1805. His father was exceedingly fond of him, but parental love in this case was unwisely displayed, for, like the patriarch Jacob, George Müller's father showed to his son a partiality which aroused some little jealousy in the breast of his other son. Another mistake of his father's was that of allowing the two boys too much money for their years.

YOUTHFUL SINS.

When he was ten years of age he was sent to Halberstadt, to the Cathedral Classical School, there to be prepared for the university; his father's desire being that he should become a clergyman, though not so much with the view of doing good to others as in order to secure a competence for himself. His time was now spent partly in study, partly in novel reading, and partly in sinful practices. Such was his way of life until his fourteenth year, when his mother was suddenly removed by death.

While she lay dying, George, unaware of her illness, was card-playing till two in the morning, and on the next day, which was the Sabbath, he went with some of his companions to a tavern and afterward wandered about the streets half intoxicated. On the next day he attended for the first time the religious instruction he was to receive preparatory to his confirmation; but here also his carelessness was as great as elsewhere. On his return to his lodgings his father had arrived to take him and his brother home to their mother's funeral. But even death and its attendant solemnities had no lasting effect on the boy's mind.

Referring to this period he says: "In November I went on a pleasure excursion to Magdeburg, where I spent six days in much sin, and though my absence from home had been found out by my father before I returned from thence, yet I took all

the money I could obtain, and went to Brunswick, after I had, through a number of lies, obtained permission from my tutor. I spent a week at Brunswick, in an expensive hotel. At the end of the week my money was expended. I then went, without money, to another hotel, in a village near Brunswick, where I spent another week in an expensive way of living. At last the owner of the hotel, suspecting that I had no money, asked for payment, and I was obliged to leave my best clothes as security. I then walked about six miles to Wolfenbüttel, went to an inn, and began again to live as if I had plenty of money. On the second or third morning I went quietly out of the yard, and then ran off; but being suspected and observed, and therefore seen to go off, I was immediately called after, and so had to return. I was arrested, and being suspected to be a thief, was examined for about three hours, and then sent to jail. I now found myself, at the age of sixteen, an inmate of the same dwelling with thieves and murderers. I was locked up in this place day and night, without permission to leave my cell.

"I was

"IN PRISON

from December 18th, 1821, till January 12th, 1822, when the keeper told me to go with him to the police office. Here I found the commissioner before whom I had been tried had acquainted my father with my conduct; and thus I was kept in prison till my father sent the money which was needed for my travelling expenses, to pay my debt in the inn, and for my maintenance in the prison.

"I afterward spent two years and six months at a classical school at Nordhausen. During this time I studied with considerable diligence the Latin classics, French history, my own language, etc.; but did little in Hebrew, Greek, and the mathematics. I lived in the house of the director, and got highly into his favor, so much so that I was held up by him in the first class as an example to the rest.

"But while I was thus outwardly gaining the esteem of my fellow-creatures, I did not care in the least about God, but lived secretly in much sin, in consequence of which I was taken ill, and for thirteen weeks confined to my room. During my illness I had no real sorrow of heart, and cared nothing about the Word of God. I had about three hundred books

"BUT NO BIBLE.

"Now and then I felt that I ought to become a different person, and I tried to amend my conduct, particularly when I went to the Lord's Supper, as I used to do twice every year, with the other young men. The day previous to attending the ordinance, I used to refrain from certain things; and on the day itself I was serious, and also swore once or twice to God with the emblem of the Broken Body in my mouth, to become better, thinking that for the oath's sake I should be induced to reform. But after one or two days were over all was forgotten, and I was as bad as before.

By this time (1825) George Müller had become a member of the University, and obtained permission to preach in the Lutheran Church, although he was still godless and unhappy. Knowing, however, that no Church would have him which knew his real character, and that without a considerable knowledge of divinity he could never get a good living in Prussia, he determined to change his way of life, and give himself diligently to his studies. But no sooner had he entered Halle, the University town, than all his good resolutions came to nothing. He again gave way to profligacy, and was as reckless a spendthrift as ever.

One day, while in a tavern with some of his wild fellow students, he saw among them one of his former school-fellows named Beta, whom he had known four years before at Halberstadt, but whom at the time he had despised because he was quiet and serious. Müller, thinking that he might be better if he chose good companions, soon became the fast friend of Beta, but ere long it became evident that the latter was a backslider, and was glad to meet Müller because he hoped to be thus introduced into gay society. But God made Beta, after all, the means of lasting good to his young friend.

In June, 1825, Müller's continued profligacy again brought on serious illness. His state of health and want of money made his life outwardly somewhat better for a time, but the love of sin remained. At the commencement of August, Beta, Müller, and two other students drove about the country for four days. All the money for this costly pleasure had been obtained by pledging some of their remaining articles. When they returned their only thought was how to obtain fresh pleasures, and Müller, whose love of travel was very strong, proposed that they should go to Switzerland. At his suggestion, they made use of forged letters from their parents in order to procure passports, and, by pawning their books and other articles, obtained as much money as they thought necessary.

The young travellers went as far as Mount Rigi, in Switzerland, and spent in all forty-three days on their travels.

A PROVIDENTIAL WALK.

One Saturday afternoon, about the middle of November, 1825, he had a walk with his friend Beta, during which the latter mentioned that he was in the habit of going on Saturday evenings to the house of a Christian, where a meeting was held, and where they read the Bible, sang, prayed, and read a printed sermon. Müller asked permission to go with his friend, who, it seems, had been greatly troubled about his clandestine visit to Switzerland, and made a full confession of his sin to his father. He had also sought the acquaintance of a Dr. Richter, a godly man, who had himself studied a few years before at Halle, and who gave him, on his return to the university, a letter of introduction to a believing tradesman named Wagner. It was this devoted Christian at whose house the meeting was held.

A CORDIAL WELCOME.

At this time young Müller knew nothing of the ways of believers, and made an apology for coming to the meeting. The answer he received he never forgot. Mr. Wagner said: "*Come as often as you please; house and heart are open to you.*" After the singing of a hymn, Mr. Kayser, who subsequently became a missionary in Africa, in connection with the London Missionary Society, fell on his knees, and asked a blessing on the meeting. This kneeling down made a great impression on George Müller, for *he had never prayed on his knees, nor seen any one else pray on his knees.*

THE TURNING POINT OF HIS LIFE.

As the two friends walked home, he said to Beta, "All we have seen on our journey to Switzerland, and all our former pleasures, are as nothing in comparison with this evening." "Whether I fell on my knees," Mr. Müller says, "when I returned home, I do not remember; but this I know, that I lay peaceful and happy in my bed. This shows that the Lord may begin His work in different ways. For I have not the least doubt that on that evening, *He began the work of grace in me*, though I obtained joy without any deep sorrow of heart, and with scarcely any knowledge. That evening was the *turning point in my life.*"

"Now my life became very different, though not so that all sins were given up at once. My wicked companions were given up; the going to taverns was entirely discontinued; the habitual practice of telling falsehoods was no longer indulged in. I read the Scriptures, prayed often, loved the brethren, went to church from right motives, and stood on the side of Christ, though laughed at by my fellow students."

In January, 1826, he began to read missionary papers, and was moved to give himself to missionary work. His father, however, was greatly displeased with the proposal, and reproached him on the ground that he had expended so much money on his education, in the hope that he might comfortably spend his last days with his son in a parsonage at home. The father entreated him with tears to change his purpose, but he was steadfast, and resolved that he would henceforth receive no more money from his father.

In 1826 he offered himself as a laborer in the mission field in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews,

this theory, by which she sought to vindicate the ways of God to men, for scarcely had she finished her last sentence, when a band of horsemen rushed out upon her and her party from a narrow by-road. Four of them violently placed themselves between Sylph and her companions, and two immediately afterward dismounted near herself; one of them, though evidently from his movements an elderly man, had crape over his face, but the other had his face uncovered, and him Sylph, to her great alarm, recognized to be no other than Edward Denzille.

To her terror he laid rough hold upon her, raised her from the ground, and sought to place her on his saddle. She screamed and struggled desperately to get free from his grasp, but he was too strong for her. "Don't be afraid, Sylph," he cried. "I do not mean to hurt you. I am only proving my intense love for you. I only want you to be my wife."

"Never shall you succeed," she gasped out, giving him a look of utter loathing; "I will die first." And again she struggled frantically to escape from him, but in vain.

He had forced her up, almost in a swoon, upon the front of his saddle, and was preparing himself to mount behind, when Corny, who had pushed his way at a dash through the four intercepting horsemen, appeared upon the scene and made a rush to the rescue, shouting out, "Let her go, let her go! or by this and by that I'll brain yees!"

But the man masked in crape, who, as our readers will surmise, was the elder Denzille, raised his pistol, held by the barrel, high in the air, and then brought down the heavy stock of the weapon with all his force upon the head of the bold and impetuous Corny; and stretched him bleeding and unconscious on the road.

Seeing this done, Ned Denzille completed his mount, seized his horse's reins, drove in his spurs up to the rovel and started off in mad gallop, bearing away with him what he deemed his bravely won prize; but who was in a dead faint as he held her on with one arm before him.

All the horsemen, including the crape-disguised Mr. Denzille, followed at full speed; and Sylph's astonished friends gave her up for lost.

(To be continued.)

POWER TO FORGIVE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 22. Mark 2:1-17. Golden Text, Isa. 43:25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A THIRD time our blessed Lord enters into Capernaum. No sooner is it noised abroad that He was in the house than the news is carried throughout the town that the great healing Prophet is in their midst again. He has not forgotten them, and although He goes to do the work of Him that sent Him in other cities, yet He is not indifferent to the need of the inhabitants of His own city. The multitude gathers; those who were healed in His last visit, overflowing with love and gratitude, are eager to drink in the words of life which fall from His lips; those who were disappointed the last time are there again; the laborers come in from the field, the busy housewife leaves her cooking, or washing, or spinning; the market is deserted, many are come together, no standing room is left even about the door. Simon's mother-in-law is there, strong and well, and the former sick ones are all seeking His recognizing smile. Then He who has had compassion upon their bodies opens to them the Gospel of the kingdom, and every eye and every ear is strained to catch the gracious words which proceed out of His mouth.

But there is

AN INTERRUPTION.

Somebody outside is pleading hard to be allowed to enter. Impossible for a band of four men with a poor paralytic whom they are bringing to the great Healer. There is no room; but these men are set upon attaining their object, they have given up a day's work to bring their sick comrade in contact with the Master, and they are not going to be foiled by little difficulties. Doors and windows are all blocked by the crowd outside. Probably one of them is a builder by trade, and he thinks of letting him down through the light roofing before Jesus. They lose no time, the covering is removed

quickly, and quietly enough to cause little disturbance to the audience beneath, who then see the sick man on his mattress slowly descending just immediately in front of the Speaker. No doubt the crowd are annoyed at the interruption. Not so Jesus. He can see what no other eye sees. These men who brought their sick neighbor to Jesus remain unseen upon the roof, but Jesus sees their faith.

We know not what was the subject of the Lord's discourse; it may have been the gift of God and everlasting life, but suddenly breaking off He says to the sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." It may be that when the sick man consented to be brought to Jesus it never occurred to him that there would be any reference made to his sins. Perhaps he thought that if he regained the use of his limbs, he would be more regular in his attendance at the synagogue, would be more exact in the payment of his tithes to the Levites, would give more alms, etc., but he never dreamed, perhaps, about squaring accounts with God about his past sins. Or it may be that the question *had* troubled him, and that he had enquired "How shall man be just with God?" (Job 9:2). And now he hears these words of absolution spoken with authority by Him who "spake as never man spake" (John 7:46).

There are men present who know a great deal about doctrine; for "there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, who were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem" (Luke 5:17); some who are come in perhaps to criticize; while others are hanging on the lips of the great Teacher; these are making their observations and weighing in the scales of critical prejudice all which they see and hear. They are too cautious to speak out the thoughts which are passing through their minds, for they are all inwardly occupied with the same question. They take for granted that Jesus is only a man in spite of the fulfilment of so many prophecies regarding Him; yet blinded by their unbelief they think, "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?"

The thought is no sooner formed than it is answered by the great Heart-searcher; and we think those men must have started and looked abashed when He answered them aloud, and said, "Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." Every eye is upon the paralytic. In an instant he arises, the withered hand which had been long moved by others, fills out in new muscular development, at once the contracted helpless leg experiences the same power, and the transformed man arises, rolls up his mattress, shoulders it, and walks abroad amid a shout of praise to God, for the voices of the spectators cannot be hushed, they glorify God, saying, "We never saw it on this fashion."

THE CASE IS PROVED.

Jesus has "power on earth to forgive sins."

This is the first instance where the connection between spiritual and physical healing is recorded. His miracles were rare, He only twice multiplied the loaves, and He stilled the waves as a very exceptional thing, but He was all day long, and every day, during the time of His ministry occupied as the Saviour from sin, and as the Healer of disease. The passage from which our golden text is taken proves His power to forgive. "Speaking to such as have failed in all their duties toward Him He says, 'Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou has wearied me with thine iniquities. I, even I, am He that blotteth out thine iniquities for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' "For mine own sake." Jesus healed diseases and blotted out sins for His own sake. Why, O why, do not sinners "believe and receive and confess Him?"

A justly offended God says, "Sinner thou hast wronged me, rebelled against me, despised me, rejected me; I take sweet revenge on thee, and blot out all thy great debt to remember it no more;

now come and put me in remembrance." Some years ago

A QUAKER PHYSICIAN,

whose spirit of love and gentleness represented the Master whom he served, was driving in his buggy down a narrow lane in the city where he lived, which was partly blocked up with piles of brick and lumber. A drayman's cart stood directly in his way, he waited patiently for several minutes, and as the man did not move his cart he gently requested him to do so. The drayman, not recognizing the physician, began to use bad language calling the physician "old straight coat," and refusing to open the way. "Well, friend," said the doctor, "all I have to observe is this—if thee should get sick, or if thy family should ever be in distress, send for Doctor C. and he will do thee all the good he can." The drayman's heart was melted by the kindness which he knew he had not deserved, and he opened the way at once. God wins hearts by mercy, by undeserved kindness.

"For mine own sake," this is the secret of the whole matter, and this is what the pride of human nature receives so slowly. A man said the other day, "I cannot believe that a respectable man, such as I am, who have always had a conscience, have attended to my religious duties, and done all the good I could, I cannot believe that I have to go through the same change as outcasts and drunkards." Alas! how many *think* the same even if they do not *say* it. God says

"PUT ME IN REMEMBRANCE."

Of what? That "I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." O reader, how stands it with you about the past?

All the good which you may have done is very far short of your plain duty, and you have nothing over to pay up old accounts, and yet remember, "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof at the day of judgment" (Matt. 12:36). "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. 12:14). How can you meet the account when "God requireth that which is past?" (Eccl. 4:15). He puts it in your power to meet it with calmness and assurance, if only you will turn from sin and "dead works to serve the living God," for in this blessed Scripture you have a receipted bill for the whole amount. Your creditor states that the account is closed, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself [by Jesus Christ, ver. 18], not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5:19). "By Jesus Christ?" Yes, for we are, redeemed, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, not with our own righteousnesses, which "are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64:6), but "with the precious blood of Christ" (1 Pet. 1:18, 19).

Redeemed at such a cost, yet not forgiven? How is this? The price laid down by the unspeakable self-sacrifice of Him whom you have offended, and still you are not forgiven? How comes this? Reader, if it stands thus with you, you have not obeyed your God, you have not put Him in remembrance. He has purchased the power to forgive you without violating His inviolable holiness and justice at a tremendous cost; He is in a position to pardon you justly, and requires of you only to accept of His gratuitous mercy. "But," you say, "does not this involve a change of life?" Of course it does. You cannot accept forgiveness for sin in which you are purposing to persevere; you cannot continue to treat with indifference the Saviour who has set you free. Ask that once palsied man what he thinks of Jesus, see how his eye brightens and how the tears stand in his eyes, as he tells of that never-to-be-forgotten day when in the presence of that crowded company in Capernaum he was healed, body and soul, by the words of Jesus. Tell him there is some habit of his which grieves his benefactor; cannot you hear him say with tears, "Nothing shall induce me to do it again." Ask him if he is prepared to suffer any monetary loss for that same Jesus; he will tell you that all he has is at His disposal. See him when once again Jesus comes that way; every glance of His grateful eye says, "Lord, I put Thee in remembrance of what Thou hast done for me."



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate and the House of Representatives assembled after the holiday recess on Thursday, January 5th. In the House, Judge Orth, of Indiana, protested in indignant terms against the manner in which the Speaker has made up the committees, and gave notice of his intention to present a proposition that the Standing Committees shall hereafter be appointed by the House instead of by the Speaker. No support was given to Judge Orth, but it is evident that on both sides of the House members are dissatisfied with the selections Mr. Keifer has made, and apprehension is felt that legislation will be impeded by the unsuitability of the committees for the business they will have to transact. The time of the Senate was mainly occupied with the introduction of amendments to Senator Sherman's bill for the issue of three per cent bonds. Mr. McPherson and Mr. Plumb each presented important amendments, and Mr. Beck advocated the whole question being postponed pending the consideration of the Morrill Tariff Commission Bill. The question of pension frauds was also hotly debated.

Rumors of Serious Irregularities are still current in respect to the Contingent Fund. A member of the Senate Committee on Appropriations is reported by the New York Times as saying that the investigation has developed many exposures, of which he cites as an instance the purchase of a sleigh and bells, which was entered on the Treasury books and records as a wagon. He says that in numerous cases vouchers have been falsified so as to represent the purchase of something entirely different from the article really bought; that recklessness, if not worse, has been exhibited in the mode of paying out money, and that money paid out of one fund has been frequently charged to another. He believes the examination of the irregularities of this character will consume considerable time, as the committee are determined to trace the responsibility in all these matters.

All the Evidence in the Trial of the Assassin at Washington was completed last week. Dr. Gray, of Utica Asylum, declared his positive conviction that Guiteau was sane. Several other medical experts were called, and then on Wednesday, January 4th, the testimony was finally concluded and the court adjourned until Saturday to give the lawyers engaged an opportunity for preparing the questions they would ask the court to submit to the jury. On Saturday Mr. Davidge and Mr. Porter for the people presented their case. They spoke in support of the rule of legal insanity as laid down by the judges of the English bench. That rule, they contended, had been adhered to in England and in this country ever since. It required the defence to show that the accused person was unable to distinguish between right and wrong, in order

to establish his insanity. Mr. Reed and Mr. Scoville in reply argued that "The legal test of responsibility, when insanity is set up as a defence for alleged crime, is not merely whether the accused knew at the time what he was doing, and that the act was contrary to law, but was the act done as the result of an insane delusion, or was it committed under an influence or power which the accused could not resist by reason of his unsoundness of mind." They also argued that Guiteau's act was not the result of malice, and was, therefore, whether he was sane or insane, not murder but manslaughter. The prisoner continued his insolent interruptions during each day that the court was in session.

Mr. Campbell, the Delegate from Utah who holds the Governor's certificate, said recently in connection with the dispute between himself and Mr. Cannon, the Mormon Delegate: "I have been somewhat surprised to find so many men in Washington who sympathize with the Mormons. It is strange if people cannot understand that if any man in Utah, except a Mormon, were to have two wives he would be tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for bigamy; while here is Mr. Cannon, who acknowledges that he has four wives, claiming a seat in Congress. Probably these Mormon sympathizers do not know that, while any Gentile in Utah who should have more than one wife would be promptly convicted and imprisoned for that offence, there are only three members of the Utah Legislature, in both branches, who are not practical polygamists, each having more than one wife."

The Death of the Hon. Edwin W. Stoughton, ex-Minister to Russia, took place on Saturday, January 7th. He had for several years been a sufferer from heart disease, and while he was in Russia in 1878 he was prostrated with a painful attack of that complaint. In the latter part of last year his condition again caused apprehension, but he so far recovered as to resume his usual occupations. On Friday he was worse and was unable to leave his bed, and on Saturday he died at 2.20 P.M. Mr. Stoughton was a native of Vermont, having been born at Springfield on May 1st, 1818. He settled in New York in 1837 and practised law with considerable success. President Hayes appointed him minister to Russia, but his health was not sufficiently vigorous to bear the rigor of the Russian winters, and though he made two attempts to live in St. Petersburg he was at last obliged to resign his office. He contributed many articles of an able character to the periodical press.

The Project of Erecting a Garfield Memorial Hospital is meeting with marked favor. The managers of the fund held a meeting on Thursday last, when it was reported that the circular addressed by the Postmaster-General to postmasters requesting them to organize committees in their respective localities to solicit subscriptions, is meeting with a hearty response. In foreign countries committees have been formed at Paris, Amsterdam, Cairo, Vienna, and London. The owners of three excellent stone quarries in the vicinity of Washington have offered the managers at a merely nominal price all the stone needed for the building.

Professor John William Draper, a Scientist and author whose reputation is world wide, died on January 4th, at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. He was seventy-one years of age, but was very active for his years. He had been for some weeks indisposed, but no apprehensions of a fatal result were entertained, and on the very day he died, his classes were assigned to him in the University of New York. Professor Draper was born at St. Helens, England, and obtained the rudiments of education in a Methodist school there. He afterwards studied at the London University. In 1833 he came to America, where several members of his family were already settled. In 1837 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, where he remained for three years. Coming to New York in 1839 he became Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of the City of New York, and his connection with that institution continued until his death. He is said to have been the first to apply the discovery of Daguerre to the purpose of portrait taking, and was thus the pioneer of photo-

graphic art. He contributed many valuable papers to scientific journals and published several works as text-books of scientific departments. His best known work is the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," which has been republished in England and has been translated into Arabic, Turkish, Servian, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, French, and German. In 1874 he published a "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," which excited more active criticism than any other of his works. The objection to his book was well summarized by a critic, who said: "With Dr. Draper the word 'religion' is a symbol which stands for unenlightened bigotry or narrow-minded unwillingness to look facts in the face." (Luke 10: 21.)

Jerry McAuley's New Mission was opened on Sunday last in the building hitherto known as the "Cremorne Garden" in Thirty-second Street, New York. Dr. Taylor, Dr. I. Prime, and several other eminent ministers took part in the opening services. The mission in Water Street will still be continued, and Mr. McAuley has not removed from it any portion of the furniture, although many articles were personal gifts to himself. At present all that he has received toward furnishing the new mission is a present of two carpets. Mr. McAuley informs us that a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD living in Scotland, recently sent him a gift of postage stamps in token of her sympathy with him in the effort he is making.

A Remarkable Ministerial Record is that of the Rev. Dr. Diedrich Willers, who on Sunday, January 1st, preached for the last time as pastor of the German Reformed Church at Beartown, N. Y. Dr. Willers is in his ninety-third year, having been born in Germany in 1789; at the age of sixteen he enlisted in the army of Hanover and was an active participant with the allied forces under the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, for bravery in which he received a medal. He came to America in 1819. During the long and arduous ministry of Dr. Willers he has preached 5800 sermons; officiated at 625 funerals; baptized 2026 persons; administered the rite of confirmation to 548 persons (of whom 406 were in his congregation) and performed 540 marriages. He has traveled a distance of about 80,000 miles in his endeavors to carry the Gospel message to remote villages and settlements and most of that distance he covered on foot or on horseback. He has resided at Beartown above half a century.

Guardian Angels is the Name of a Secret society reported by the New York Tribune as existing in Washington. It is said to be composed of ladies of eminent position in society, the wives and near relatives of Senators and Congressmen, who propose to unite their efforts for the reform by means of social influence of gentlemen connected with Congress and the civil service who are addicted to intoxicating drinks, and also to promote the principles of total abstinence in the homes of the aristocracy. Mrs. Logan, the wife of Senator Logan, is named as a leader in the movement.

A Reader of the Christian Herald sending a club of 23 subscribers, writes: "Others have applied for the paper, but have not yet handed in the cash. The paper has given great satisfaction, and the people demanded it again. Mrs. —, who took a copy last year, now renews and send, for another copy for her daughter. Unconverted husbands read the paper aloud to their families. Some subscribers send it, after reading it, to distant places; and one experienced Christian said that she felt that she was always doing real service to the Lord in that way, as every copy sent would do much good."

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the following eminent persons have recently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the dates given opposite their names: Father Taylor, the Seaman's Missionary, November 24th; Rev. Wm. Arthur (author of the "Tongue of Fire"), December 1st; Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, December 8th; Governor St. John, of Kansas, December 22d; Mr. Robert Graham, of the American Church Temperance Society, January 5th.

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A Female Burglar Claimed Inspiration when arrested last week at Fredonia, N. Y. It appears that the residence of Mr. L. H. Taylor of that village has been despoiled of much valuable property. No clue was at first found to the thieves, but a few days afterward Miss Ella Cummings, a pretty and accomplished young lady, a graduate, and lately a teacher in the State Normal School, was suspected of being concerned in the robbery, and when her home was searched the missing articles to the value of \$1000 were discovered there. When arrested she confessed her guilt, but said she was not responsible for the crimes, as she was the agent of an irresistible power, and could not be convicted. It has been learned that she is a strong advocate and believer in Spiritualism, and says she has frequently received communications from the spirit world. The plea this young lady offers is doubtless a mere excuse suggested by the incidents of the trial of the miscreant at Washington, but as the Bible paints in clear colors the character of the spirits with which spiritualists hold converse, it is not impossible that she was really prompted by them to commit the crime. Satan's influence over the souls of men is already only too powerfully exerted without the aid of spiritualism, which is simply a more direct means of communication.

A Vessel with only one Man on Board, and he a frozen corpse, was towed into the port of New Haven on January 4th by the tug Alert. The captain of the Alert while off Stratford saw the sloop Lillie drifting aimlessly about and took her in tow. It was found that she had been stolen the day before from City Island by two men. There were marks of a struggle on board, and the hold was stained with blood. The only conclusion probable is that the two men quarrelled after they had stolen the vessel, one had been murdered and thrown overboard by the other, who had afterward been frozen to death while trying to navigate the vessel through the Sound. Satan generally rewards those who engage in his employ in this way, but it is not often that the end is so prompt and terrible as in this case.

How a Remarkable Coincidence Gave Encouragement to an anxious Christian was related at a religious service in New York last week. The man was threatened with a law suit. He was innocent of the wrong charged against him, but the persecution was not any more likely to fail on that account, for he was poor and had not the means to procure able legal assistance. Very much dispirited and full of apprehension he went to a prayer meeting, and as he sat there, he silently lifted up his heart to God in prayer. As he prayed scarcely listening to what was going on in the meeting, some words read by the minister conducting the meeting struck his ear. They were, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper" (Isa. 54 : 17). They dropped like healing oil into his wounded heart, and he went away quietly trusting in God. From that day to this he has heard no more of the lawsuit. Who shall say that the coincidence was not an intervention of God to strengthen the faith of His child?

An Ancient City cut out of Solid Rock has been discovered in the far West. Mr. James Stevenson, who has had charge of the researches made under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, for which Congress made an appropriation three years ago, is the discoverer of the city. He made the acquaintance of an old Indian chief, one of the Pueblos, in whose possession he found many antique relics of a bygone age. As he was interested in these relics, which were principally pottery, household utensils, and arrow heads, the acquaintance developed, and in the course of conversation the chief told Mr. Stevenson of a locality where there was a city sixty miles long, the houses of which were cut in the face of high cliffs. Mr. Stevenson visited the spot, and found the chief's narrative accurate. At least one hundred thousand persons must once have lived in this city, which is composed of rows of caves cut out of the cliffs, and which were used as dwellings, some of them with five chambers one above the other. The excavations were all of the same pattern, having an oval roof, and only one aperture, which served for window, door, and chimney. Fireplaces were

cut in the rear, and in some of them charred ends of timber were found, and there were recesses in the walls which had apparently been used as cupboards. Upon the top of the Mesa, or table-land, above these caves there were found large circular structures now in ruins, but with walls to the height of ten or twelve feet still standing. They were evidently places of worship. Measurements were made of two of these structures, one of which was 100 and the other 200 feet in diameter, and might have held from 1000 to 2000 people. Mr. Stevenson expresses his conviction that the Pueblos are the descendants of this pre-historic race, who like the Conies mentioned in Proverbs 30 : 26 "made their houses in the rocks."

A Stolen Bag of Christmas Presents was restored to the owner on Christmas Eve in Boston, Mass. A lady had been to the city to purchase presents for her children, and on returning, laid the satchel containing them down for a few minutes in the Old Colony Depot. In a few minutes she missed it, and though she instantly gave an alarm the thief was not captured. The next day, however, she received her bag and its contents intact by express, and with it a note signed "Repentant Sinner," in which the writer said: "I return your shopping bag and contents unharmed. For the first time in my life I was tempted to take that which did not belong to me. I took it to my miserable home and opened it; on seeing a little girl's bracelet it took me back to my happy childhood when I looked longingly for Christmas to come, and my conscience reproved me." There is a touch of pathos in the confession. The thief recalled to a sense of right and impelled to make restitution by the memory of childhood's days and the consciousness of the depth to which she had fallen, cannot be wholly lost to good influences. Would that she, and others like her, could realize that Jesus, who said "suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," said also, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6 : 37).

A Quaint Reproof was administered recently by a colored preacher to Christians who fail to relieve the wants of their afflicted brethren. He said: "When I meet a widder who am out of wood, an old man who has been turned out o' doahs, or a working man whose home am under de shadow o' death, I doan lean on de fence an' look to Hebben fur relief. If I've got a dollar I hant it out. I lend it or give it or make 'em take it, an' if Hebben does anything funder dat's extra." In time of trouble the Christian may often do good by giving spiritual comfort and consolation, for then the mind of the sufferer is generally softened and receptive, but, as the preacher forcibly reminded his hearers, practical charity in the shape of relief for the body should be shown where it is needed and when it is possible (James 2 : 15, 16).

A Desperate Combat with a Whale is Described by Mr. Joseph W. Mead, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in a letter just received from him, written on board the Hercules off St. Helena. He says: "On the 6th of June last we lowered our boats and in a short time our second mate struck a whale. In a few minutes after, the whale caught the boat and completely chewed it up. The chief mate, when he saw our signal from the ship, sent a boat and had the crew picked up, took the line and still had the whale fast. The third mate also came up and went on the whale three times. The fourth time the whale caught and mashed his boat into fire-wood. About this time we received help from a ship called the Milton, which sent two boats to the rescue, for we were in a very weak condition. Before you could hardly think it possible, however, the Milton's boats were both mashed and their crews swimming in the water. They were soon rescued by our boats. The boats hung about the whale until dark, when we cut the line and let the huge monster go. The next morning, however, we saw him again and took another hold of him, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon we succeeded in dispatching him. The perseverance with which these intrepid men struggled with this monster of the deep might be imitated with advantage by all those who are grappling with the formidable foes of morality and religion."

THE BRIDE AND HER ORNAMENTS: THE SIN OF FORGETTING GOD.

A Short Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? yet my people have forgotten me days without number."—JEREMIAH 2 : 32.

God's Rebukes Proofs of His Love—He Chides Rather than Abandons—His Complaint of His People—I. A Very Grievous Sin—Whom They had Forgotten—Who it was that Forgot—A Redeemed People—The Space in which they had Forgotten—How is God Forgotten?—By Worldliness—By Self-Seeking—By Failure of Trust—By Neglect of Private Devotion—Luther's Busy Day—By Breach of Communion—It Leads to Mischief—II. The Chiding Question—Minds Full of Trivial Things—A Forgetful Bride Unreasonable—Forgetfulness at a Wedding Unseasonable—The Bride Labors to Obtain Ornaments—Thinks a Great Deal About Them—Glad to Wear Them—III. A Call to Repentance—What if God Forgot.

It is a clear proof of the great love of God to His people that He will not lose their love without earnest expostulation. When you do not care at all for a person, he may love you or hate you, it is all the same to you; but when you have great love for him, then you earnestly desire to possess his heart in return. This, then, is clear proof that God greatly loves His people, since, whenever their hearts wander from Him, He is greatly grieved, and He rebukes them, and earnestly pleads with them, setting the coldness of their hearts in a true light, and striving to bring them back to warm affection toward Himself.

Many parents are like Eli; they cannot endure the task of chastening their children; and so, when their sons grow up to be their plague, they must not wonder, for they have procured this evil to themselves by their unworthy love of ease. Our heavenly Father is never an Eli; He will not "spare the rod and spoil the child." He loves us too well to suffer us to go on in our iniquity. He will not stay His hand, and leave us to perish. He will scourge rather than abandon; He will chide rather than lose. To-day He speaks in tones of severity that He may not be compelled to utter to-morrow words of doom. Accept, then, at this time, dear friend, whatever shall come to you out of this text. If it should be bitter in your mouth, yet receive it thankfully from God as good medicine to your spirit, and so may His Spirit cause it to be.

Coming to the text in which God proves His love to His people because He will not let their love readily go away from Himself, notice, first, a grievous sin. "My people have forgotten me." Secondly, a chiding question about that sin. "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" And then, thirdly, let us observe the call to repentance which lies within the text, like perfume in a flower. If we have forgotten God, let us grieve over such forgetfulness, and turn to Him at once with full purpose of heart—even unto God our exceeding joy.

I. First, then, here is

A VERY GRIEVOUS SIN.

"My people have forgotten me days without number."

Observe whom they had forgotten; it will help us to see the sin of it. The Lord saith, "My people have forgotten me." It would not have mattered half as much if they had forgotten their dearest friends—if the husband had forgotten his wife, or the mother her child; but here are favored men and women who have forgotten their God, their Father, their life, their all. "My people have forgotten me, their God." Other nations, having set up their false gods, did not forget them, but, with blind pertinacity of devotion, they bowed before them; but my people have forgotten their God, the only God, the living and true God. My people have forgotten me—the good God, whom it is pleasure to remember.

Who were they that forgot God? That casts a second light upon this sin. "My people have forgotten me." Not strangers, not heathen, not those who have only heard of me but have never known me; but "my people." It signifies, "my chosen, my elect, a people whom I have taken out

from the midst of the earth that they may be a people unto me forever. My people have forgotten me." Chosen of God, and yet forget electing love? "My people." It is a *redeemed* people who have become the Lord's, because they are not their own, but are bought with a price. He has redeemed them unto Himself forever—redeemed them from among men by the matchless price of His only begotten Son's life. And shall it be that those on whom there is the eternal blood-mark—who are set apart by sacrifice to be God's own—that they shall forget Him? Oh, sad ingratitude!

"My people." That is to say, a people not only chosen and redeemed, but *brought to know Him*, brought into fellowship with Him, brought into relationship with Him, brought absolutely into union with Him—they have forgotten me. You that sat at Jesus' feet, and drank in His loving words; you that sat at His table, and to whom He was made known in the breaking of bread; you that have laid your head upon the bosom of the Lord—can it, shall it be said of you, "My people have forgotten me?" Oh, but this is sad, "He that eateth bread with me hath forgotten me. He that said he would die for my sake has forgotten me. He that sang just now,

"Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?"

He has forgotten me!" Alas, my brethren, that ever you and I should have been upon the mount with Jesus, that we should have been in the garden with Him, that we should have danced for very joy of heart in His presence, and should have felt ourselves next door to the gates of heaven when He has laid bare His heart to us, and yet it should ever be said of us that we have forgotten Him! This will be sad indeed, if ever it comes to this; and yet this is the crime that is laid at the door of His own people. "My people have forgotten me."

Observe sadly *the space in which they had forgotten*; in the case of Israel, it is added, "days without number." Ah me! I hope it has not come to that with any of us here present; and yet it may; it may. I may be touching a chord now which shall awaken the saddest memories. "Days without number." How long is it, friend, since you were in the habit of walking with God? How long is it since you have seen the face of the Well-Beloved? I ventured to put that question once to a professor, and, shaking his head, he replied, "Don't ask me *that*; if you will ask me whether I have been a drunkard, whether I have been dishonest in business, whether I have done any positive action by which I have degraded the Christian name, I can answer you without fear; but if you ask, How long since I have had fellowship with Christ, I cannot—I dare not—answer you."

Yet I venture to press the question, and I hope the answer will not be, "I have forgotten Him days without number." I hope you will not sing, as Cowper did,

"What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill."

On the contrary, may it be yours and mine to be kept from forgetting God at all; and if there ever should be a moment in which we wander, may it be a small moment, much lamented and never repeated.

You see the sin lies in this, that we should forget God, that *we* should do it, and do it "days without number."

HOW IS GOD FORGOTTEN?

What are the manifestations of this offence? Some professors evidently forget God by their *worldliness*. When they were in a humbler condition of society they were wont to find great enjoyment at prayer-meetings—the assembling of the saints together was very joyful to them. The reading and hearing of the word were gracious refreshments to them, but they are now too rich to care for this light bread. They have prospered so

much that if they prosper much more it will be a thousand times worse than adversity, as in the case of *the celebrated captain* who, when his soldiers said they had won a victory, said, "One more such victory as this, and we shall be defeated forever." Such rising men, like the Israelites, have been filled with the quails, but while the meat is yet in their mouths the wrath of God has come upon them. They have been fattened with the treasures of the world, but their souls have been starved to very skeletons, for they have not fed upon the things of God.

Some have forgotten God by *self-seeking*. They live unto themselves. It is clear that, though once they seemed to have a zeal for God, now their zeal is entirely to push their own way, to make their own fortunes, to plant out their children—anything and everything except the glory of God and the love of souls. And yet they profess to be God's people even now. True is the lament, "My people have forgotten me." It is well to forget self to glorify God; but to make self our god is a thing accursed in the highest degree.

Some, too, show that they forget God by *the failure of their trust*. They are in trouble, and they are very anxious. Why? Because they have forgotten God, though He has promised to help them. They are wondering what is to become of them, looking all about them with the greatest amount of carking care that even a worldling might feel; and if you say to them, "God will provide, God is your helper," they have forgotten God, they have left Him out of their calculation. They are fretting and worrying, they are troubled and cast down, because they have forgotten God. You can do this in your daily concerns, until you may act as if God Himself were dead.

It is sad indeed when a Christian acts upon atheistic principles, and despairs as if he had no God to succor him. Some people when things run a little cross to them, some working-men when they are out of work, some men when they cannot see God's work prospering just as they would have it, leave out of their calculation the one great Worker, the one great Force, and soon get troubled, and cast down, and go crawling about the world full of distrust. Ah me, what evils come to men when they have forgotten God!

Alas, there are some who add to this a forgetfulness of God through

NEGLECT OF PRIVATE DEVOTION.

Prayers are slurred over; drawing near to God becomes a form and a pretence. The word is read, but it is not read with the view of finding God in the sacred volume, and having fellowship with Him through the word. Oh, it is sad when it can be said that God's people are forgetting Him in the closet. "It was such a busy day," says one, "I could not find time to pray." Recollect *how Martin Luther acted*; he said that he must have three hours' prayer one day because it was such a busy day that he should not have strength to get through it if he did not have extra time for devotion.

It is foolish to say, "I have more to do, and so I will take less time in getting strength to do it with." As well might the mower say, "It is a bigger field to mow, and so I will take less trouble in sharpening my scythe." It is, depend upon it, a dead waste of time to be short in drawing near to God. The Lord might well complain: "My people have forgotten me. They have not waited upon me in wrestling prayer; they have not cried to me during the day. They have not lifted up their hearts to me in the moment of trouble; they have not consulted me in difficulty; they have not rejoiced in me in the time of their joy. They have forgotten me."

And you and I can do it in a very high sense by a *breach of communion*, by getting out of fellowship with God, by walking contrary to Him, so that He walks contrary to us. It is very bad walking and very bad living when God and ourselves are at cross purposes. It is a very sweet thing, when you are conscious of having done wrong, to go back to your heavenly Father at once and own it, and get right again. How willing He is to receive us! How glad He is to blot out the

past and let bygones be bygones, and to let us start anew with Him. He delights to forgive. Sometimes we let the stones accumulate till there is quite a heap, and they are made into a wall, which blocks our way. If every stone had been flung away one by one, how much easier it would have been! There would not be clouds of dust if we kept our ways well watered with daily repentance. There would not be a separation between God and our soul in great things if we would not allow it in little things. But, I fear me, too often it may be said of this high point of rapturous fellowship with God, "My people have forgotten me days without number."

I scarcely need, I think, to talk longer about this sin, except to notice that, *if ever we do forget God, it leads to all sorts of mischief*. We lose our joy and our comfort; and then we lose our strength and our watchfulness; and then we backslide by little and little; and then, probably, we fall into one sin, and then into another sin, if not into a third more grievous still. David had never sinned with Bathsheba if he had not forgotten his God. By degrees we get hardened about our state, and soon it comes to this—that we have lost the presence of God, and do not care whether we have it or not. Oh, this is a sad, sad state of heart. God save us from it. May it never be said of us, "My people have forgotten me days without number."

II. And now, dear friends, I call your attention to

THE CHIDING QUESTION

which is the very marrow of the text: "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?"

And I suppose that question is put, first, because *there are many trivial things which occupy minds so that they cannot forget them*. How sad it is that the grandest things, the best things, should not equally engross our thoughts! Now, I will not say a word about you western women that are here; of course, you do not care about ornaments or dress; at least, you should not; but eastern women were very fond of ornaments, and it was a question which every Oriental could understand, "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" Of course such forgetfulness was impossible. The young woman's mind was full of her jewels. Isaiah gives you a long list that seems to have been cut out of the fashion-book of the day, a long list of various things that ladies used to wear in those days; and these they never forgot. Their minds doted upon them, and when the marriage-day came round, that was the main thought—how they should be dressed, how they should glitter before all onlookers.

We should have had no need of either ornament or attire if it had not been for sin. Strange that the insignia of our fall should become the ground of our boasting. Yet so it is. But here is the point: do, then, these eastern women value their jewels and their dress so much that they cannot forget them? Are their heads filled with these things so that they never slip out of their memories? And do the people of God forget their God? I do not know a stronger way of putting it. Can these trifles secure their places so surely, and shall the supremest good so readily escape our thoughts? Shame on us!

The next is this: if a bride did forget her attire, or a maid did forget her ornaments, it would be *very unreasonable behavior*. The thing was so unreasonable, that it was quite unknown. Suppose we found

AN EASTERN WOMAN

having no regard whatever, on her marriage day, to her attire; she would be thought to be mad. They would say, "This is so contrary to all women's ways in this part of the world, that she must have lost her reason." It is unreasonable that a bride should forget her ornaments and her attire; but how infinitely more unreasonable it is that you and I should forget God. He is our diadem of glory; He is our beauty of holiness. In Christ we are arrayed in raiment of needlework, and our garments are of wrought gold. Can we, shall we forget Him?

There may be a reason for forgetting to eat bread; there may be a reason for forgetting to put on

one's garments; such neglects have been reasonable in times of fire, or danger to life, but there never can be a reason for forgetting God. A child of God is in the most unreasonable condition in which a human being can be when he is living a single day without remembering his God, his life, his heaven, his all.

Next, *it would have been a most unseasonable thing for a maid to forget her attire at her wedding.* If she forgot her dress on other days, it might be well enough; but, when the marriage drew near, for the bride to forget her attire would be thought a most unseasonable neglect. Forget it to-morrow, if you will, but not when your marriage has come. You may have forgotten it many days ago; but do not forget it now that the happy day has arrived. A bride who forgets her attire would be something

LIKE THE FOOLISH VIRGINS

who forgot to take oil in their vessels with their lamps. And, certainly, it is a most unseasonable thing for me and you to forget our God while we are here.

Notice the conduct of the maid or the conduct of the bride, with regard to her ornaments. What does the maid do? Her conduct is the reverse of forgetfulness as to dress and ornaments. She *labors hard to obtain* her ornaments and to gain her attire. Many women in the East save up every coin that they have, and turn all into silver. They do not care about storing up coin, but they prefer the precious metal in the form of rings for their ankles, arms, necks, noses, and ears. It is their life's work to provide themselves with ornaments against the marriage day. While they do this, let us do better; let us store up the thoughts of Christ, and the words of Christ, and the things of Christ, and let us labor, let us wear ourselves away, to get more and more of Christ, that we may be adorned with Him and made comely in His comeliness.

When the eastern woman has with great difficulty obtained her ornaments and her attire, then *she thinks a great deal of them*; she preserves them with much care; she will, if possible, prevent a thief from taking away a ring or gem; she locks them up carefully. Oh, that we did store up every bit we get of our Lord's love, and put it by to keep it, never losing any pearl that we find, or any ring that we fashion by experience. I say that the eastern woman thinks about her bridal attire. Why, we hear of them dreaming about it—dreaming about the next bracelet they will buy, the next jewel they will hang about their necks. Would to God we were as much taken up with the preciousness of Christ!

How joyfully the eastern woman *puts on her jewels*, puts on her attire. She has these things to wear them. I am ashamed of those Christians who are ashamed of Christ. They have jewels; I hope they have; but they are very chary of ever showing them. Perhaps they get some Christian friend into a corner, and they say, "I have a jewel that I mean to wear, but not yet; I am afraid it should be seen as yet, but I will show it you if you will not tell anybody else." If anybody comes round after sermon and gently inquires, "Have you any of the precious things of Christ?" these timid ones blush and half deny their own joy. Some people—ay, some of Christ's well-beloved ones—whisper, "I hardly know." Is this after the right manner?

The eastern woman puts everything upon her on her marriage; and eastern ladies at a banquet are all ablaze with diamonds and jewels, and gold and silver. I wish you Christian people would publicly put on your priceless jewels and never be ashamed of them. Do you know anything about Christ? Tell it; tell it; and you will soon know more. Do you know anything about Christ? Live it; live it out; and you will soon have more. Do put on your jewels. I do not see, while the Bridegroom is about, why you should put on your everyday rags.

III. Now I close with a few words of

CALL TO REPENTANCE,

if we have in any measure or degree forgotten our God. I am sure, first, that our God does not deserve to be treated so. "You use no other friend so ill." Such love, such love, such wondrous love,

infinite, unending, everlasting love, to you! And can you forget? Can you forget? So undeserving, and yet so favored! Can you forget your friend? Loved by God as He loves His own soul! Can you forget?

Have you forgotten? Will not the time past suffice for that? A half a minute's forgetfulness of God is half a minute too long. Let it not come to be "days without number." But, if the number be ever so small, let us weep to think we should have forgotten Him at all. Let our sorrows flow at the recollection that He has never forgotten us—no, never for a moment, and yet we have forgotten Him. Our names have been on Jesus' breastplate, and on His shoulders days without number; shall His name be ever out of our minds? "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands," says He. Let us engrave His name upon the tablets of our hearts.

Think, for a minute,

IF HE HAD FORGOTTEN YOU,

forgotten you in your merriest moment, ay, in your holiest moment, what would have been your portion? If God had suspended the outflow of His grace, and left you to yourselves, what had been your fate? Oh, my God, my God, if Thou hadst once forgotten me, where had I been? But He never has forgotten us. He is not forgetting us at this moment. He says to each one, however wandering, "I do earnestly remember thee still." He will never forget us. The dying thief said, "Lord, remember me;" and Jesus did remember him. He cries, "I remember thee, the love of thine espousals." Lord, dost Thou remember me? Then would I smite my heart to think I ever should have forgotten Thee.

Oh, how can we forget when God is our diadem of glory? It is our highest privilege that He is ours and we are His. God is our beauty, the honor and excellence of all His saints. It is this that makes us illustrious in the eyes of cherubim and seraphim—that God is ours and we are His. God is our joy, our only joy, our overflowing joy. He that knoweth God hath heaven within his spirit even now. Come, let us not forget again, but let us bind the glorious name of Lord about our heart. May the sweet Spirit do it now, for Jesus Christ's sweet love's sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON
—Jeremiah 2.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"I'LL THINK ABOUT IT."

AND this was all I could get from him.

For a full half hour at least I had been hammering away at Tom Twitcher's drinking habits, and answering his objections one by one. And yet, as far as conviction went, successfully too. But although shut up completely, and obliged to confess himself in the wrong, "I'll think about it," was his only reply.

Provoking! I should think it was. Most provoking! I should like to know who wouldn't be provoked to find the fish he felt sure he had hooked swim away.

I think in future, before I begin to argue with any other Tom Twitcher, it will be as well to ask him the course he intends to take if convinced. If he is only going "to think about it," I will spare my breath and expend my time on some more worthy object.

You say, perhaps, I ought to be contented with such a conclusion, and that I ought to be rather delighted at the promise Tom gave me to think about it. You deem it a real victory to have made any of the Twitcher family think at all.

That's all you know about it. Excuse my bluntness. But I fancy I know a thing or two about this "thinking about it," and, if you like, I will let you into the secret.

Well, a long time ago I discovered that men, and women too for the matter of that, who promise you so faithfully to "think about it," *scarcely ever think about it at all.* The whole subject, and especially your fine, pet arguments, drop out of their minds almost immediately. You are no sooner out of their sight than Temperance vanishes too. It's a fact, I assure you, in the great multitude of cases. And any honest man of the Twitcher species will tell you the same thing. "Think about it!" Not they!

It is my opinion that they *never intended to think about it.*

"Hallo! I say. That's strong language."

Yes, but it is true.

"Then you hold that they told a lie?"

Yes, in many cases an eniphatie lie. For surely that is a lie, when a man pledges his word to do something which he never from his heart intended to do.

And then, I have discovered too that in the few cases where it is really intended to "think about it," *no further intention is meant.* They do not purpose to act upon what they think. I, for one, don't see the force of thinking about right steps in life, if there is no intention of taking them. Doesn't it seem an absurd, irrational thing to you too? "I'll think about it." Yes, and much use you will make of it when you do think.

Moreover, I have found that too often where men say that they will "think about it," they often mean in their heart of hearts that *they will think against it.* They may give you quite the contrary impression. They may lead you to suppose that they are going conscientiously to weigh the strong arguments you have brought to bear upon them. Not a bit of it. They will straightway go and build fresh buttresses for their shattered fortress. They will think against, instead of for, the cause you have at heart.

You say you are at a loss to see why they should have made a promise at all if they didn't mean to keep it, seeing they were quite at liberty to say it or leave it unsaid.

I think I can tell you why Tom Twitcher made the promise. And I think what is true of Tom is true of most people. At any rate, you will be able to judge for yourself.

You see our friend was so completely nonplussed that only two courses lay open to him. He must either yield altogether and become a total abstainer or say that he would "think about it." Now, he was not in the mind to give up his drink, and so he took the second course. He might certainly have yielded his principle and kept to his practice, but then he would have lost the better part of his reputation. Don't you see that Tom Twitcher made his promise to "think about it" a sort of *harbor of refuge*?

Another reason was, I imagine, that Tom Twitcher wanted to *save himself future trouble.* It is a very unpleasant thing to be beaten in argument, and it is not a nice thing to be shown that you are behaving in a not altogether proper manner. How, for instance, would you relish being told that drink was ruining your health, was weakening your mind, or was endangering the peace of your family? Tom Twitcher's "I'll think about it" was simply an ingenious plan of being let alone. That was all. Its chief value consisted in its likelihood of throwing people off the scent. You are not to imagine Tom drinking as usual. Oh dear, no! You are to imagine him, with knitted brows, "thinking about it."

Ah! Tom, Tom, if you would only stop drinking while you are thinking about it, I would believe you then. You might think then as long as you liked.

How can you think while you are steeping your poor brain in strong drink? A clear thought can never be produced from such a muddled, confused mind as yours now is. Give up the drink for a while, let its fumes pass away, and you will then think to some purpose.

Alas! how many men and women are going down to a drunkard's grave with this promise on their lips, "I'll think about it."

And worse still, how many are going swiftly to a drunkard's eternal ruin with the same cry!



A Scene in the Burning Theatre in Vienna.

Oh that they would think of their souls. Oh that they would think of the Saviour who died for them.

Heard the word of the Lord: "The ways of a man are before the eyes of the Lord, and He pondereth all his goings."

A SCENE IN THE BURNING THEATRE IN VIENNA.

As already mentioned under the head of "Foreign Topics," the Ring Theatre, formerly the Comic Opera-House, where Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt recently performed, took fire shortly before 7 o'clock, on Thursday evening, December 8th, just before the commencement of an opera by Offenbach. The house was crowded. In the confusion of the horrible catastrophe the iron partition separating the stage from the body of the theatre was not let down, and the fire consequently was not confined, as it might have been, to the stage.

The scene was most heartrending and passes all description. Thousands of people assembled in the wide Ring-strasse and the neighboring streets, could hear the cries of agony and despair from the unfortunate people at the windows of the theatre, praying to be saved. The rapidity with which the flames spread prevented the people from taking advantage of the ordinary means of exit. It is believed that nearly 1000 persons perished in the flames. Only a small proportion of the audience were saved by risking a leap from the windows, three stories high, into cloths extended to receive them. In nearly all cases the deaths were caused by suffocation.

The excitement in Vienna was intense, and was increased by the belief that the disaster was due to negligence and want of presence of mind.

When the fire was over, and all who were within lay in a burned and charred heap, the melancholy business of removing the dead was commenced; and as the timbers were cleared away, the sights that met the eye were of the most appalling description. Many with glazed eyes, burned hair, and charred faces, had on their holiday clothes and decorations, which the flames had not reached, on account of the close pressure of the throng.

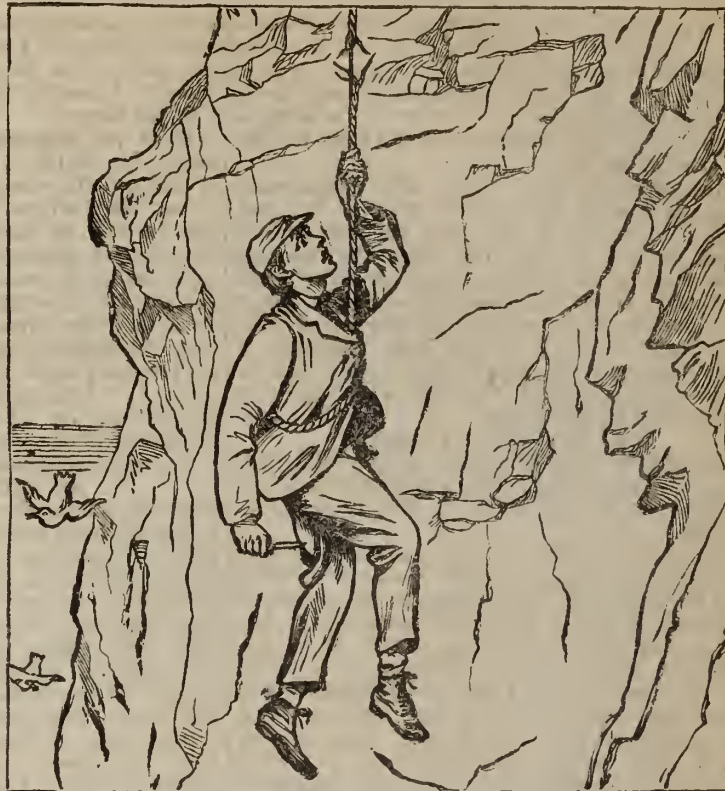
The theatre was an exceedingly handsome structure, in keeping with the splendid edifices which have risen up within the past few years in its immediate neighborhood.

As we shudder with horror at the account of the horrible catastrophe, we are appalled by the thought of that greater conflagration which is coming, and which it faintly typifies. Men are amusing themselves now, spending their time in frivolous pursuits, in passing show and vain unsubstantial delights like the tinsel pageant of a theatre, while their eternal interests are neglected. How awful will be their fate when the dread hour arrives in which the world and the things that are therein shall be destroyed with fire from heaven. (2 Peter 3: 10.)

THE "BRADFORD," THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT.

THE annals of life-boat service are full of incidents of heroism. The brave men who live on the coast and who engage in this perilous service are men who voluntarily risk their lives in the hope of rescuing others, and they frequently face a death which seems inevitable to those who watch them, in order that men whom they may have never seen may have a chance of life. Within recent years a life-boat movement has been started in England of a very interesting character. Its object is to assist the brave men who man the life-boats. At the points of the coast where there is most danger of wreck, and therefore most need of life-boats, the towns and villages are, for the most part, very poor, and the inhabitants cannot afford to purchase a vessel suitable for the service. The consequence has been that many lives have been sacrificed which might have been saved had the daring men who ventured out on expeditions of rescue been carried in a skilfully constructed life-boat. The movement to which we have alluded is designed to meet this difficulty. The citizens of large inland cities and wealthy manufacturing towns have subscribed and purchased life-boats which have been stationed at various points on the British coast, and they generally bear the names of the towns which have presented them.

Among these boats is the "Bradford" of Ramsgate. There is no better boat on any part of the British coasts, and only two in Great Britain are larger. She was presented by the people of Bradford (which is the centre of the woollen branch of the dry-goods trade), and is called after that town. The occasion of her most important service was the wreck of "The Indian Chief" on January 6th, 1881, on which day the master of a Ramsgate



A Perilous Adventure in the Hebrides.

smack, "Forget-me-Not" reported to the authorities of that port that, while running for home, he had observed a large ship ashore on the Long Sands. The tug Vulcan, with the life-boat Bradford in tow, therefore left the Royal Harbor at a quarter past twelve to render assistance. There was a strong easterly gale blowing, and the sea, which was running very high, broke in volumes over the boats as they left the harbor on their noble mission, the life-boat being frequently hidden from the view of the hundreds who witnessed her departure.

In consequence of the adverse wind and heavy sea the tug was retarded in her progress, and did not arrive near the Long Sands until considerably after nightfall. They spoke the Knock Lightship, but owing to darkness, the whereabouts of the stranded vessel could not be discovered, and the tug and life-boat were compelled to lie-to until day break, the crew of the latter, who remained in the boat, being grievously exposed to the severe weather. Describing the gale which blew, the coxswain, Charles Edward Fish, says: "Old Tom Cooper, one of the best boatmen in all England, who made one of our crew, agreed with me that it was more like a flaying machine than a natural gale of wind. The feel of it in the face was like being gnawed by a dog."

At nine o'clock on Thursday morning a large ship was sighted, bearing northwest to the Knock Lightship. The Bradford was at once turned to windward, and, on being let go by the tug, bore down on the stranded vessel, which proved to be the Indian Chief, Captain Fraser, 1238 tons register, of Liverpool, bound from Middlesborough for Yokohama, with a general cargo. The crew numbered twenty-nine, all told, but of these only twelve remained to be saved by the Bradford, one of whom, the second mate, died from exhaustion after he was got into the boat. The men had taken refuge in the rigging, and comprised, besides the deceased, nine seamen, the chief mate, and a pilot, the captain having been killed by a falling mast. The rescue was accomplished shortly after ten o'clock, and the life-boat proceeded on her journey in tow of the Vulcan, arriving in Ramsgate Harbor about half past two on Thursday afternoon, having been absent upward of twenty-six hours.

From daybreak on Thursday morning the vicinity of the pier was thronged with persons anxiously awaiting the return of the Bradford. Wives were

watching for their husbands, mothers for their sons, and numbers of citizens solicitous for the brave men whom they knew. The long hours of the night passed, and all longed for daybreak, hoping to catch sight of the trusty boat and her gallant crew. With the first ray of dawn every glass was turned seaward, but there was no sign of what they sought. The morning passed wearily away, but soon after noon a glad shout went up as an old sailor announced that he saw and recognized the Bradford heavily laden approaching the land. When at last she touched shore what words can describe the enthusiastic cheers, the hearty greetings of the waiting crowd which had increased to two thousand persons, as the lifeboat and crew, and the shipwrecked men they had saved stepped on dry ground.

We do not know how far angels and the spirits of just men made perfect are cognizant of the events passing on our world, but we have reason to believe that when souls shipwrecked in the voyage of life are rescued from the power of Satan and set their feet on the Rock of Ages, the event is known in Heaven; for Jesus assured us that "there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:7).

THE HAPPY ESCAPE.

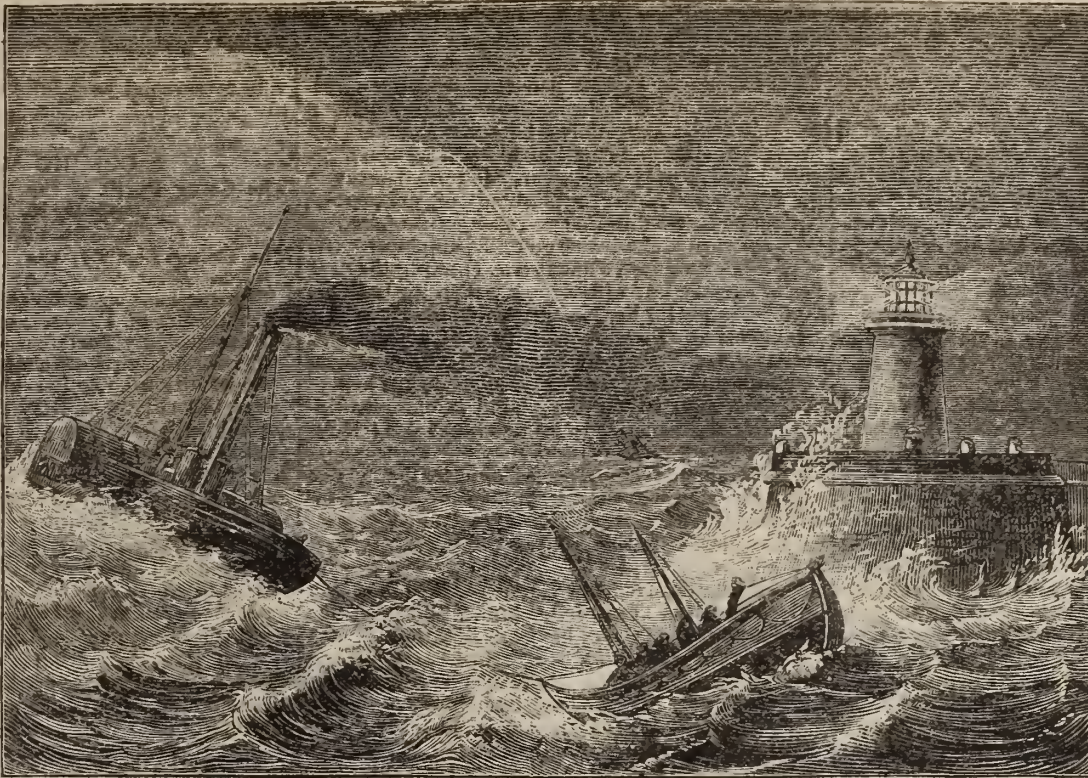
ON St. Kilda, one of the smallest and most desolate of the Hebrides—a group of islands to the west of Scotland—lived a poor widow and her son. Her husband, a fisherman, had perished in a shipwreck and left her with one only child to cheer her sad heart. She trained him in the love and fear of God, and well did he repay his fond mother's care. He was her stay and support, though only sixteen years of age. The winter of 1846 will long be remembered as one of unexampled suffering by the poor, especially in Ireland and Scotland, owing to the failure of the potato crop. Ronald and his mother suffered with the rest in their wild sea-girt home. To help their scanty meal he set off one morning to collect some of the wild fowls' eggs from the neighboring cliffs. It was often a dangerous thing to attempt; for should the parent bird be there, she might dart off the nest and strike with her powerful wing the enemy of her young.

But Ronald was brave, and was nerved with the desire to obtain food for his beloved mother. Having received her blessing, and supplied himself with a strong rope by which to get down the cliff, a knife to strike the bird should she attack him, and a basket for the eggs, he set off. The view as he went was grand in the extreme. The cliffs rose perpendicularly three or four hundred feet from the sea, whose wild waves dashed madly against them, and then broke into fantastic spray, glittering like so many gems in the sunshine.

Ronald had now reached the highest point of the cliff, whence his companions were to let him down by a thick rope of many plies. It was fastened round his waist, and he was slung down until he got half way; he then gave the signal to his friends to halt opposite one of the fissures in which the birds build.

He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, grasped with one hand the knife to defend himself should the bird be on the nest, and with the other tried to take the eggs.

Just then the bird flew out, and with its strong



Rescue of a Shipwrecked Crew by the Bradford Life-Boat.

wing attempted to strike him. He made a blow with his knife; but oh, horror! in place of striking the bird, he cut the cord, and having severed most of the plies, hung suspended by only a few strands.

He uttered one wild shriek. Below him raged the wild abyss of water! Above him rose the steep cliff! He hung suspended midway! His companions saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up. As they drew in each coil, Ronald feels thread after thread giving way. "O God, save me!" was his agonizing prayer.

He looks below at the dark mass of waters yawning to receive him—above to the glorious heavens, whence alone he looks for help. He feels he is going. He hears the wild cry of his companions; the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they hold her back from rushing to try to rescue her child from destruction. He becomes insensible. But just as the rope gives way, a strong hand grasps him; and at the risk of being dragged down the cliff, one of his friends saves him, and places him in his mother's arms. His prayers were heard, and God saved him.

And now, reader, will you not apply this story, and think of your life as a cord, and each year as one of the various plies of threads of which it is composed? Every year as it ends is, as it were the breaking of a ply; and when the last goes, you will be ushered into the presence of God, "to give an account of the deeds done in the body." You know not of how many or how few plies or years the cord of your life may be composed.

Oh, then, think ere the last ply gives way, of Him who is able and willing to save you, and all who come to Him, through Jesus Christ His well-beloved Son! Cling to His almighty arm, and you will be guided into that calm haven where no loud billows roar, no storms rouse the wild waves, but all is peaceful, bright, and happy, because sin, and consequently sorrow, cannot enter.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 14.)

Author and Publisher.

It was all in vain that Mr. Clifford tried to turn Felicity from her resolution to relinquish her income to her husband's creditors. Phebe cordially upheld her, and gave her courage to persist against all arguments. Both of them cared little for poverty—Phebe because she knew it, Felicity because she did not know it. Felicity had never known a

time when money had to be considered; it had come to her pretty much in the same way as the air she breathed and the food she ate, without any care or prevision of her own. Phebe on the other hand knew that she could earn her own living at any time by the work of her strong young arms, and her wants were so few that they could easily be supplied.

It was decided before Phebe went home again, and decided in the face of Mr. Clifford's opposition, that a small house should be taken in London, and partly furnished from the old house at Riversborough, where Felicity would be in closer and easier communication with the publishers. Mr. Clifford laughed to himself at the idea that she could gain a maintenance by literature; as all the literary people he had ever met or heard of bewailed their poverty. But there was

Madame's income of two hundred pounds a year; that formed a basis, not altogether an insecure or despicable one. It would pay more than the rent, with the rates and taxes.

The yearly income from Felicity's marriage settlement, which no representations could persuade her to touch, was to go to the gradual repayment of Roland's debts, the poorest men being paid first, and Mr. Clifford, who reluctantly consented to the scheme, to receive his last. Though Madame had never believed in her son's guilt, her just and simple soul was satisfied and set at rest by this arrangement. She had not been able to blame him; but it had been a heavy burden to her to think of others suffering loss through him. It was then almost with cheerfulness that she set herself to keep house for her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren under such widely different circumstances.

Before Christmas a house was found for them in Cheyne Walk. The Chelsea Embankment was not then thought of, and the streets leading to it, like those now lying behind it, were mean and crowded. It was a narrow house, with rooms so small that when the massive furniture from their old house was set up in it there was no space for moving about freely. Madame had known only two houses—the old straggling, picturesque country manse in the Jura, with its walnut-trees shading the windows and tossing up their branches now and then to give glimpses of snow-mountains on the horizon; and her husband's pleasant and luxurious house at Riversborough, with every comfort that could be devised gathered into it.

There was the river certainly flowing past this new habitation, and bearing on its full and rapid tide a constantly shifting panorama of boats, of which the children never tired; and from Felicity's window there was a fair reach of the river in view; while from the dormer windows of the attic above, where Felix slept, there was a still wider prospect. But in the close back room, which Madame allotted to herself and Hilda, there was only a view of back streets and slums, with sights and sounds which filled her with dismay and disgust.

But Madame made the best of the woeful change. The deep, quiet love she had given to her son she transferred to Felicity, who, she well knew, had been his idol. She believed that the sorrows of these last few months had not sprung out of the ground, but had for some reason come down from God, the God of her fathers, in whom she put her

trust. Her son had been called away by him; but three were left, her daughter and her grandchildren, and she could do nothing better in life than devote herself to them.

But to Felicitia her new life was like walking *barefoot on a path of thorns*. Until now she had been so sheltered and guarded, kept from the wind blowing too roughly upon her, that every hour brought a sharp pin-prick to her. To have no carriage at her command, no maid to wait upon her—not even a skilful servant to discharge ordinary household duties well and quickly—to live in a little room where she felt as if she could hardly breathe, to hear every sound through the walls, to have the smell of cooking pervade the house—these, and numberless similar discomforts, made her initiation into her new sphere a series of surprises and disappointments.

But she must bestir herself if even this small amount of comfort and well-being were to be kept up. Madame's income would not maintain their household even on its present humble footing. Felicitia's first book had done well; it had been fairly reviewed by some papers, and flatteringly reviewed by other critics who had known the late Lord Riversford. On the whole it had been a good success, and her name was no longer quite unknown. Her publishers were willing to take another book as soon as it could be ready; they did more, they condescended to ask for it. But the £50 they had paid for the first, though it had seemed a sufficient sum to her when regarded from the standpoint of a woman surrounded by every luxury, and able to spend the whole of it on some trinket, looked small enough—too small—as the result of many weeks of labor, by which she and her children were to be fed. If her work was worth no more than that, she must write at least six such books in a year, and every year! Felicitia's heart sank at the thought.

There seemed to be only one resource, since one of her publishers had offered an advance of £10 only, saying they were doing very well for her and running a risk themselves. She must take her manuscript and offer it as so much merchandise from house to house, selling it to the best bidder. This was against all her instincts as an author, and if she had remained a wealthy woman she would not have borne it. She was too true and original an artist not to feel how sacred a thing earnest and truthful work like hers was. She loved it, and did it conscientiously. She would not let it go out of her hands disgraced with blunders. Her thoughts were like children to her, not to be sent out into the world ragged and uncouth, exposed to just ridicule and to shame.

Felicitia and Madame set out on their search after a liberal publisher on a gloomy day in January. For the first time in her life Felicitia found herself in an omnibus, with her feet buried in damp straw, and strange fellow-passengers crushing against her. In no part of London do the omnibuses bear comparison with the well-appointed carriages rich people are accustomed to; and this one, besides other discomforts, was crowded till there was barely room to move hand or foot.

"It is very cheap," said Madame cheerfully, after she had paid the fare when they were set down in Trafalgar Square, "and not so very inconvenient."

A fog filled the air and shrouded all the surrounding buildings in dull obscurity; while the fountains, rising and falling with an odd and ghostly movement as of gigantic living creatures, were seen dimly white in the midst of the gray gloom. The ceaseless stream of hurrying passers-by lost itself in darkness only a few paces from them. The chimes of unseen belfries and the roll of carriages visible only for a few seconds, fell upon their ears. Felicitia, in the secret excitement of her mood, felt herself in some impossible world, some phantasmagoria of a dream, which must presently disperse, and she would find herself at home again, in her quiet, dainty study at Riversborough, where most of the manuscript, which she held so closely in her hand, had been written.

But the dream was dispelled when she found herself entering the publishing house she had fixed upon as her first scene of venture. It was a quiet

place, with two or three clerks busily engaged in some private conversation, too interesting to be abruptly terminated by the entrance of two ladies dressed in mourning, one of whom carried a roll of manuscript. If Felicitia had been wise the manuscript would not have been there to betray her. It made it exceedingly difficult for her to obtain admission to the publisher, in his private room beyond; and it was only when she turned away to go, with a sudden outflashing of aristocratic haughtiness, that the clerk reluctantly offered to take her card and a message to his employer.

In a few moments Felicitia was entering the dark den where the fate of her book was in the balance. Unfortunately for her, she presented too close a resemblance to the well-known type of a distressed author. Her deep mourning, the thick veil almost concealing her face, a straw clinging to the hem of her dress and telling too plainly of omnibus-riding; her somewhat sad and agitated voice; Madame's widow's cap and unpretending demeanor—all were against her chances of attention. The publisher, who had risen from his desk, did not invite them to be seated. He glanced at Felicitia's card, which bore the simple inscription, "Mrs. Sefton."

"You know my name?" she asked, faltering a little before his keen-eyed, shrewd, business-like observation. He shook his head slightly.

"I am the writer of a book called 'Haughmond Towers,'" she added, "published by Messrs. Price & Gould. It came out last May."

"I never heard of it," he answered solemnly.

Felicitia felt as if he had struck her. This was an unaccountable thing: he was a publisher, and she an author, yet he had never heard of her book. It was impossible that she had understood him; and she spoke again eagerly.

"It was noticed in all the reviews," she said, "and my publishers assured me it was quite a success. I could send you the reviews of it."

"Pray do not trouble yourself," he answered; "I do not doubt it in the least. But there are hundreds of books published every season; and it is impossible for one head, even a publisher's, to retain all the titles and the names of the authors."

"But I hope mine was not like hundreds of others," remarked Felicitia.

"Every author hopes so," he said; "and besides the mass that is printed, somehow, at someone's expense, there are hundreds of manuscripts submitted to us. Pardon me, but may I ask if you write for amusement or for remuneration?"

For my living," she replied, with a sorrowful inflection of her voice which alarmed the publisher. How often had he faced a widowed mother and her daughter, in mourning so deep as to suggest the recentness of their loss! There was a *slight movement of his hand*, unperceived by either of them, and a brisk rap was heard on the door behind them.

"In a moment," he said, looking over their heads. "I am afraid," he went on, "if I asked you to leave your manuscript on approbation, it might be months before our readers could look at it. We have scores, if not hundreds, waiting."

"Could you recommend any publisher to me?" asked Felicitia.

"Why not go again to Price & Gould?" he inquired.

"I must get more money than they pay me," she answered ingenuously.

The publisher shrugged his shoulders. If her manuscript had contained Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," such an admission would have swamped it. There is no fate swift enough for an unknown author who asks for more money than that which a publisher's sense of justice awards to him.

"I am sorry I can do nothing for you," he said, "but my time is very precious. Good-morning—No thanks, I beg. It would be a pleasure, I am sure, if I could do anything."

Felicitia's heart sank very low as she turned into the dismal street, and trod the muddy pavement. A few illusions shrivelled up that wintry morning, under that murky sky. The name she was so fearful of staining, the name she had fondly imagined as noised from mouth to mouth, the name

for which she had demanded so great a sacrifice, and had sacrificed so much herself, was not known in those circles where she might most have expected to find it a passport to attention and esteem. It had travelled very little indeed beyond the narrow sphere of Riversborough.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

The Going Forth of the Three Unclean Spirits.
By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 6.)

The Going Forth of the Three Unclean Spirits—The First Spirit—Antichristian Infidelity—Spiritualism or Sorcery—How Introduced—A Fulfilment of Prophecy—The Second Spirit—Revolutionary Socialism—Historic Revolutions—The Third Spirit—Mohammedanism and Popish Superstition—The Scarlet Woman.

A COMPARISON of Rev. 13: 11-17, with 19: 20, shows the *false prophet* to be the name of the *two-horned wild beast*. The *going forth* of these three spirits indicates an extraordinary fresh diffusion of their evil principles.

THE FIRST SPIRIT

of *Antichristian infidelity* going forth from *Satan* appeared in a new and startling manifestation in 1847-8 in North America, in the form of so-called modern *Spiritualism*, which is nothing else than revived *sorcery*, necromancy, and demonology. It arose in the neighborhood of Rochester, N. Y., and subsequently has spread, more or less, through all the United States, and, in a less degree, in Great Britain and various parts of Europe. Its *mediums* are possessed by demons in much the same way, although not generally in so violent a form, as the demoniacs mentioned in the Gospels, out of whom our Lord ejected the unclean spirits.

The *three spirits* are expressively spoken of as being like *frogs*, which are much more active in the darkness of midnight than in the daytime, and so mediums generally prefer dark circles and an exclusion of light before they can obtain manifestations from the spirits. The *unclean* nature of these spirits is sufficiently shown by the project of the *abolition of marriage* and the substitution of promiscuous *free love* which is entertained by many spiritualists; and, in fact, the most advanced of them openly avow their desire to see the Christian religion wholly destroyed, and supplanted by Pantheism and Socialism.

The three spirits are also declared to be the *miracle-working spirits of devils*, or, in the original Greek, of *demons*, which in its most usual Greek signification, denotes the spirits of *deceased wicked persons*, and not the spirits of Satan's *fallen angels*, who are a totally different class of evil spirits. These demons are, in fact, the disembodied spirits of thousands of deceased infidels, such as Paine, Voltaire, and Hume, and deceased democratic revolutionists, such as Barère, Robespierre, Mirabeau, and the first Bonaparte, and deceased Jesuits, such as Ignatius Loyola, the Inquisitors, and Machiavel, etc., who are allowed to go to and fro among mankind at this period, and invisibly to incite and energize them to such infidelity, revolution, and superstition as shall plunge them all into the *war of the great day of God Almighty*, so as to bring them eventually under the leadership of the final Napoleonic Antichrist, who will be the modern incarnation of those spirits.

In regard to the true grammatical meaning of the word *demons*, incorrectly translated *devils*, in this passage in Rev. 16: 14, "They are the spirits of devils, working wonders," the learned Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, justly says in his "Last Times":

"Though demons are referred to about eighty times in the New Testament, and are even said to be of different kinds, they are never mentioned in a way to show that they are the *fallen angels*. They are never assigned a celestial origin. They are never referred to except in connection with our world. Satan is never called a demon.† It is to

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders." By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Book-sellers. Price, \$1.

† Dr. Seiss' "Last Times" (\$1.25, Smith & English, Philadelphia), is a very attractive and popularly written work on the prophecies, as is also his Parable of the Virgins and wonderful Confederation, here quoted. He holds much the same views regarding the Jews, the Tribulation, the latter-day Napoleonic Antichrist, &c., as are here set forth.

be regretted that in our English Bible the translators have always use the word *devils* instead of *demons*. Jahn refers to numerous authors who have maintained by a multitude of quotations from Greek, Roman, and Jewish writers, that the *demons are the spirits of dead men*, particularly of such as maintained bad characters while living. They live in our atmosphere, wander about our world, awaiting the final judgment, and constitute, perhaps, the most efficient agents for the accomplishment of Satan's infamous designs against the peace and good of our race."

Although Spiritualism only arose in 1847-8, it has spread with almost more rapidity than any other false religion ever did. There are said to be in the United States some twenty newspapers and periodicals principally devoted to it, besides numerous other literary treatises. Many persons of eminence and high talent in various professions are its advocates, and it claims altogether one million believers, but, at a moderate computation, it has perhaps infected and contaminated a quarter or half a million persons sufficiently to make them practical unbelievers in orthodox Christian doctrines.

Spiritualism is often introduced into households by the apparently harmless proceeding of table-turning and table-rapping. Then some one in the circle often becomes developed as a *medium*, that is, a person under the mesmeric control of evil spirits, who from time to time enter into and take possession of the medium's body and faculties of articulation, so that at such periods the *medium* utters not his own thoughts or words, but those of the evil spirit possessing and controlling him.

The demon spirits speaking through the mediums profess to be departed spirits, whose bereaved relatives on earth they then make communications to. They often claim to be the deceased spirits of eminent philosophers, poets, statesmen, and theologians, and deliver lengthy communications in keeping with the character they assume. These utterances are sometimes couched in an elevated tone of piety, at other times in an infidel anti-Christian tone; but they are believed in by numbers of infatuated Spiritualists as a new Gospel superseding the old Bible.

Spiritualism is a manifest fulfilment of the prophecy in 1 Timothy 4: 1-3: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils (in Greek, *teachings of demons*), forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats," etc. It is markworthy that already many Spiritualists advocate the abolition of marriage and the substitution of free love or unhallowed libertinism, and some of them recommend a vegetarian diet, or even fasting, as conducive to bring the mediums more under the influence of the spirits. Spiritualism being nothing else than a revival of ancient witchcraft, necromancy, clairvoyance, and possession by familiar spirits, it is not surprising that extraordinary supernatural prodigies are often wrought by the mediums, just as by the Egyptian magicians and the Witch of Endor in olden time.

During the last few years other forms of Anti-Christian infidelity, such as Rationalism, Positivism, Neology, and Colensoism, have defiantly held erect their serpent crests and hissed forth their prophecies. Avowed scepticism, euphoniously styling itself *Secularism* or *Freethought*, has its halls, lecturers, such as C. Bradlaugh, and numerous adherents in London and every large British town, and is estimated to circulate annually in Britain twenty-eight million copies of publications, large and small, chiefly among the class of artisans and mechanics.

THE SECOND SPIRIT

of *Revolutionary Socialism* from the ten-horned wild beast, or political-Roman Empire, likewise went forth with clamorous croaking and fresh energy among the nations in 1848, that unparalleled epoch of political revolutions. France, after enjoying many years of quietude, as a monarchy under King Louis Philippe, suddenly broke out into revolution, proclaiming liberty, equality, and fraternity, and became a republic. Louis Philippe fled to England. A revolution also broke out in Prussia and Austria, and was apprehended even in

London, so 170,000 special constables were sworn in, and the military were kept under arms, in the eventful month of April, 1848, when Feargus O'Connor headed a great Chartist procession to the House of Commons. But peace was providentially preserved in England.

In that year the Napoleon dynasty, which is the seventh headship of the seven-headed wild beast, or Roman Empire, began to revive from its "deadly wound by the sword" received at Waterloo in 1815, for Louis Napoleon, who had been an exile in England, returned to France, and was elected on June 8th, 1848, a deputy in the French National Assembly, and on December 30th President of the French Republic for three years. He dissolved the National Assembly in 1851, and on December 4th accomplished a *coup d'état*, and on December 24th he obtained seven million votes (partly by the help of the Catholic priests), electing him President for ten years. Then on December 2d, 1852, he was elected Emperor of France; and thus the Napoleon dynasty began to be healed of its Waterloo wound, although it has not yet regained anything like all the dominion possessed by Napoleon I.*

Alison, the historian, says of the revolutions of 1848: "Paris, as in every age, was the centre of impulsion to the whole civilized world; and disastrous beyond all precedent, or what even could have been conceived, were the effects of this new revolution in Paris on the whole continent; and a very long period must elapse before they are obviated. The spectacle of the French Government, esteemed one of the strongest in Europe, and a dynasty which promised to be of lasting duration, overturned almost without resistance by an urban tumult, roused the revolutionary party everywhere to a perfect pitch of frenzy. A universal liberation from government, and restraint of any kind, was expected, and for a time obtained, by the people in the principal Continental States, when a republic was again proclaimed in France; and the people, strong in their newly-acquired rights of universal suffrage, were seen electing a National Assembly, to whom the destinies of the country were to be intrusted. The effect was instantaneous and universal; the shock of the moral earthquake was felt in every part of Europe."

W. Beale, the author of the learned commentary "Armageddon," in three volumes, also says of those revolutions in 1848: "Thus, like the sudden eruption of some huge volcano, the demoniac miracle-working spirits simultaneously burst their various prison houses, and scattered death and misery around them. Atheism, Communism, Socialism, Red Republicanism, the elements of apparent liberty, but, in truth, the chains of darkness in which Satan binds the souls of men, as with fetters of iron, were the accursed fruits of the working of the three unclean spirits, the Satanic frogs issuing from the mouths of the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet."

"The spirits of demons were the unseen instruments, and miraculous were the results of their agency, results not terminating, but leading to a still darker and more dreadful future, to that coming unparalleled time of tribulation, the future great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great, of Revelation 16: 18. Stirring up the apostate nations of the earth to bloody strife, urging them on in fiendish triumph to the overthrow of all established institutions, breaking down thrones

and altars in the name of liberty, and casting titles, honors, property, into one promiscuous heap, at the feet of that incarnate Moloch of the day, 'La République démocratique et sociale,' the Red Republic of Communism, they but prepared the way for the rise of that last great Antichristian Anarch who is to emerge from it to his predicted supremacy 'over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations'—that last Roman Cæsar, who will rival in efficiency the centralized despotism of the Augustus of ancient days."

The same democratic revolutionary spirit has been actively at work ever since 1848, and has produced the long-continued rebellion in China, the Sepoy Mutiny in India in 1857, the Druse massacres in Syria, the Garibaldian uprisings in Italy in 1858, and the tremendous Civil War of 1861-4 in the United States, as well as the political convulsions in Mexico and South America. Its energetic development is especially manifest in Communism in France, Socialism in Germany, Nihilism in Russia, Fenianism in Ireland, and European Internationalism—a sort of Red Republican association of working men. The frequently recurring strikes among workmen are also often a manifestation of the same spirit.

THE THIRD SPIRIT

of *Popish and Mahometan* crusading propagandist fanatical superstition proceeds from the *False Prophet*, which, according to Revelation 13: 11-17, compared with 19: 20, is evidently a synonym for the *two-horned wild beast*, representing the *ecclesiastical* power of the Roman Empire, just as its *political* power is denoted by the *ten-horned wild beast*. These two wild beasts, in Revelation 13 are not yet completely developed, although the component parts of the corporate body of each of them already exist. The *ten-horned* wild beast will be a political confederacy of *ten* federally united *kingdoms*, into which the whole extent of Cæsar's Roman Empire, now existing in the form of nearly *twenty separate kingdoms or states*, will then be organized. The *two-horned* wild beast will be an ecclesiastical confederacy of the *two spiritual kingdoms* of the papacy and Mahometanism, which will be eventually united under one supreme pontiff, without losing their individual distinctness, just as the ten kingdoms under ten kings will preserve their distinct individuality, although federally united under one supreme emperor.

As the ten horns will be the ten *political kingdoms* of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, so the two horns will be the two *ecclesiastical kingdoms* of the papacy and Mahometanism, which, on the whole, are the prevailing religions in those countries.* The State Church of England, as well as the Greek Church in Greece, were originally incorporated with the Church of Rome, and will be so again at the final crisis of three and a half years.

The scarlet woman, in Revelation 17: 9, sitting upon the seven hills, admittedly signifies the Church of Rome, and is there depicted at the future period of her final judgment (verse 1) as "Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations (*i.e.*, false religions) of the earth," for she will then have received into her bosom, and amalgamated with herself Mahometanism, the Greek Church, Buddhism, Spiritualism, etc. It is only thus that she can be described as seated upon "peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues," language which certainly denotes *universal* dominion far beyond what the Church of Rome possesses at present. She is also depicted as then sitting triumphantly as its ecclesiastical mistress upon the ten-horned wild beast, that is to say, upon the ten confederated nations which we have just enumerated, and, in the intoxication of her marvellous success, waving deliriously a cup, exclaiming, "I sit a queen" (Revelation 18: 7).

(To be continued.)

* [NOTE, added August, 1880].—When the first edition of this book, "Forty Coming Wonders," was published in 1866, the Emperor Louis Napoleon was reigning over France, and the following paragraph (which we now reprint in italics) was printed under the head of the First Wonder:

It is important to notice that, while it appears quite certain that some Napoleon must be the seventh-eighth head of the Roman Empire who is to make the seven years' covenant with the Jews, in the event of Louis Napoleon's death, some other Napoleon, standing in his place, will have to fulfil these prophecies.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon was defeated by Germany at Sedan, Sept., 1870, and died at Chislehurst, in England, in Jan., 1873. His son, Prince Louis Napoleon, who then became head of the Napoleon dynasty, was killed in the Zulu war, in July, 1879, so that now the Prince Jérôme Napoleon, who was pointed out in 1854, by the Rev. R. A. Purdon, as likely to become the final Napoleonic Antichrist, and who will not be 70 years old until 1893, has become head of the Napoleon dynasty. Strong probabilities attach to him, for he has formerly been accounted a reviled, or "vile person," and he is of fierce countenance, and an infidel and great socialist (Daniel 8: 23; 11: 21, 37; Rev. 17: 3).

* Moreover in the year-day fulfilment of Daniel, the two little horns in chapters 7 and 8 undoubtedly represent respectively the Papacy in the Western Roman Empire, and Mahometanism in the Eastern Roman Empire, and in Rev. 13 we find those two little horns combined on the two-horned wild beast. In the future literal-day fulfilment those two little horns in Daniel 7 and 8 represent the final Napoleonic Antichrist in his career respectively in the Western and Eastern Roman Empire.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Government is Displaying Increased energy in the suppression of the Irish Land League. Eleven of the worst counties have been organized into *five districts*, each under the supervision of a special magistrate, who is really an inspector, with instructions to institute minute personal examinations in each district, and with power to use the police and military in urgent cases; and these magistrates are charged especially to advise the Central Executive on the best means of restoring order. It is also reported that the Government intends to ask Parliament to give them increased powers for dealing summarily with suspected persons.

A Large Meeting of Irish Landlords was held in Dublin on January 3d, at which a petition was prepared for presentation to the Queen praying that compensation might be granted to those who suffer by the operation of the Land Act. The petitioners say: "This meeting sees with alarm that the Land Act is being administered in a manner at variance with the pledge that it would not diminish the value or disturb the foundation of property, and contrary to the assurances on the faith of which Parliament was advised not to provide for compensation to landlords, and that if appeals from decisions of assistant commissioners result in the sanctioning of these decisions, the Legislature should provide compensation for those landowners whose property will be thereby unjustly diminished." That the administration will not favor such a project may be inferred from a speech delivered the following day by Mr. Chamberlain, who is a member of the Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain ridiculed the landlords' demand for compensation. He said he thought *the tenants, rather, ought to be compensated* for the excessive rents extracted from them for many years.

An Attempt to Introduce a Reform of Procedure will, it is reported, be made by Mr. Gladstone early in the ensuing session of the British Parliament. The scandals of last session brought the House of Commons into disrepute, and it is expected that the administration will propose that a bare majority shall have power to close a debate and proceed to a vote whenever it is manifest that wilful obstruction is being pressed. It is hinted that such a proposal will be met with determined opposition by the Conservatives, who, as the House of Commons is now constituted, are in the minority. It is also reported that Mr. Gladstone will introduce a measure giving the franchise to every householder in the country. At present a householder who lives outside the limits of a borough cannot vote in the election of a member of parliament unless he pays an annual rental of about eighty dollars a year.

Some Sensation has been Produced in Political circles in Great Britain by an announcement made by the Earl of Derby, in a speech delivered on January 4th. Lord Derby's father was several times prime minister of a Conservative cabinet, and was until his death the leader of the Conservatives of the country, and the present earl has occupied a prominent position in the Conservative ministry under Lord Beaconsfield. In his speech on Wednesday he declared himself *a thorough Liberal*, and it is supposed will in future take his seat in the House of Lords on the ministerial side. The change is important, because in the House of Lords Mr. Gladstone's supporters are in a minority.

The Prospects of Trade in Great Britain for the present year are pronounced hopeful by financial authorities. The London *Times* says: "The past year has been marked by a quiet but steady improvement in trade. After the first quarter of the year railway traffic returns began to show an increase, which has continued ever since, the improvement in the second half of the year being at the rate of from three to four per cent. Other trade statistics are equally satisfactory. The enormous production of iron in 1880 has been exceeded in 1881. The home consumption also has been on a much larger scale, and is largely on account of shipbuilding. On the Clyde alone 100,000 more tons of shipping have been built than in the most active previous year. The prosperity of other trades is shown by the increase, up to the end of November, in the aggregate of the value of exports of British produce and manufactures by from three to four per cent. Pauperism is again diminishing and the revenue from deposits in savings banks increasing."

In the Affairs of Egypt, England and France are again acting in concert. A newspaper correspondent at Cairo telegraphs that "France and England have agreed to send to the Khédive of Egypt an identical note announcing that in the event of peace being disturbed, or his authority overturned, *they are prepared effectively to support him*, restore order and protect his authority by material co-operation. France and England, previous to sending the note, of course agreed on the mode of procedure and the respective share of each government therein."

The Situation of the Pope of Rome is likely to become a matter of international diplomacy. A Paris journal says: "Prince Bismarck has sent a courteous but very explicit note to the Italian Government in which he states that, in his opinion, the pope's independence cannot be regarded as a question for Italian home politics, but should be held as *an international question*. The note declares an intention on the part of Prince Bismarck to promote a meeting of a Congress of the Powers for the purpose of making the guarantees of the independence of the pope stronger and more effectual than they are at present." The telegram adds: "Russia, Austria, Germany, England, and Spain favor the holding of a Congress. All arrangements are complete for the departure of the pope for Malta, in case he deems it impossible for him to remain in Rome." The Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, who recently returned from Rome, has published a letter describing the position of the pope, in which he makes a proposal remarkable for its effrontery. He urges the Italians to choose another capital and leave Rome to the pope, in order to avert the necessity of his departure from that city. It is by no means clear that the departure of the pope would be regarded by the Italians as a misfortune.

The Ultimate Policy of France with Regard to Tunis is still a matter of doubt. The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Intelligence has been received from Paris that M. Gambetta intends to follow the *example of England's* Transvaal policy by granting to Tunis a large measure of autonomy, but will make her pay a war indemnity." A despatch to the *Times* from Susa says: "The intention of the French to permanently occupy this city becomes more and more apparent. They have already expended \$25,000 in restoring the citadel."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Completed the fourth week's work in Edinburgh December 17th amid evidences of deepening blessing. In the estimation of ministers in the city, the revival at the present time is more advanced than it was four weeks after the opening of their meetings in 1873. Hundreds of persons have been unable to gain admission to some of the meetings, and the sympathy and co-operation of the churches are most cordial and constant. Lords of session, learned counsellors, distinguished physicians, the representatives of literature, science, and art in the universities and colleges, men and women of rank, title and wealth, attend the meetings and take part in the services. Apart from the evangelistic addresses in the Assembly Hall, which are invariably crowded, the noon prayer-meetings excite considerable interest, and furnish a good barometrical test of the progress of the work in which the evangelists are engaged. The Saturday Singing and Scripture Service for Children is also attended with signal success.

Mr. George Muller in Egypt.—A Correspondent of an English journal, writing from Port Said, at Cairo, says: "We have had the joyful privilege of hearing the venerable evangelist, Mr. George Müller. In seeking to preach the Gospel to every creature, he has taken in this ancient land of Egypt; he has held services in English and German in Cairo and Alexandria. We arranged two meetings. One was in English, and was well attended. Mr. Müller spoke on Isa. 53: 5, 6. An interesting part of his audience was sixteen men part of those saved who were on board the Dutch steamer *König der Nederlanden*, lost in the Indian Ocean. The meeting for preaching in German was perhaps even of greater interest. Nearly fifty attended. Besides several German residents, there were the shipwrecked men who understood the language. In cordial response to our invitation there were also with us about twenty of the Bohemian young women with their conductors, who are engaged as musicians in the casinos. All of them listened most attentively to the preacher's earnest stirring words about the way of forgiveness. At the close of his address, Mr. Müller spoke of the preciousness of the Word of God, and intimated that copies of it would be given at all the meetings. We then had the joy of putting into the hands of the girls, of the shipwrecked men, and a few others, sixteen Bibles and twenty-three Testaments."

Mr. Francis Murphy has Received a most enthusiastic welcome in Scotland, and has conducted a most successful series of Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance meetings in the Reid Hall, Forfar. At the close of the first week nearly 1500 had signed the pledge, who had never done so before, and in addition to these almost an equal number donned the "ribbon of blue," as indication of their hearty sympathy with the movement. The majority of the ministers in the town and neighborhood are working most vigorously to advance the interests of the mission.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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By THE REV. M. BAXTER, EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Price, \$1.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, SOLE AGENTS.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1882.

16th Year. No. 3.—New Series.

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REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.



MRS. H. G. GUINNESS.



MR. GUINNESS' EAST LONDON TRAINING INSTITUTE FOR HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

MR. AND MRS. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

Foreign Work of Mr. Guinness—His Bible Cart in France—His Work on the Approaching End of the Age—Missionary Institute—The Directors—First Students—Aim Pursued in the Studies—Evangelistic Work—Finances—Removal to Harley House, in September, 1874—Hulme Cliff College Offered and Accepted—The Work Accomplished.

THE Rev. Grattan and Mrs. Guinness, whose portraits appear on our front page this week, have gained a world-wide reputation for their concentrated enterprise and untiring zeal in the service of Christ. Mr. Guinness is a man who puts his work forward rather than himself; so it happens that very little is known of him otherwise than as a public man, except the fact that he is a cousin of Sir Arthur Guinness, the well-known Dublin brewer. He became first known to the Christian public about twenty-five years ago, at the time of the first appearance of Mr. Spurgeon in London. He preached to great crowds in London, and in the North of Ireland. Afterwards, in 1859, he made an evangelistic tour in *Canada and the United States*, and attracted large audiences. He also turned to profitable account a tour of study and observation which he made in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey.

To Mr. Guinness the honor belongs of being one of the first to overcome the difficulty of proclaiming the Gospel in the chief cities of France, when, under the Empire, the sale of Bibles at bookstalls and open-air preaching were both forbidden. With characteristic ingenuity and energy he procured a cart and horse, and travelled the streets with a stock of Bibles for sale. Large crowds were attracted by that novel way of doing business, and as the Bibles were accompanied with a few words of earnest exhortation, the way of salvation was communicated to multitudes who were shut out from it by the laws of the country. Subsequently he made Bath, in England, his headquarters, where Mrs. Guinness wrote a most interesting biography of Mrs. Henry Denning (Miss Geraldine Hooper), the well-known and successful lady preacher.

Mr. Guinness has prepared an enduring monument to his name in his great book, "The Approaching End of the Age," which in four years has passed through two editions in England and has been published in this country. It is one of the most elaborate works on the subject of prophetic Scripture that have ever been written, and has attracted a larger measure of attention than an uninterested public usually accords to that vast and important branch of Bible knowledge. The author shows in that book an exceptional power of taking a comprehensive view of a subject as well as an exact view, and deals exhaustively with facts and figures, the least fascinating of all descriptions of literary work. Page after page commands the reader's admiration for the clear head and unwearying industry that have produced the book, which, moreover, was written during no period of leisure, but when Mr. Guinness was daily occupied with the trying and varied responsibilities of his Missionary Institute, a woodcut of which forms part of the frontispiece in this paper.

Mr. Guinness received efficient help in the preparation of "The Approaching End of the Age," from his *accomplished and faithful wife*, to whom he bears this tribute in the preface: "There remains to the author the grateful task of acknowledging the very considerable help he has had in writing and revising this volume from the practised pen of his beloved wife, for many years the sharer of his toils in various efforts to spread in different lands the knowledge of saving or of sanctifying truth. The part which, in spite of much wearying labor by day, and often by night, as Honorary Secretary of the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, she has cheerfully taken in the task of preparing this work, however others may regard the result, will endear it to him while memory endures."

Mention has been made in the preceding paragraphs of

THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

This College has a history replete with interest,

whether regard be had to its inception, its mode of work, or its grand success. Its origin took place in February, 1873, at No. 29, Stepney Green, London, England, and its originators and first Directors were Mr. H. Grattan Guinness and Dr. Barnardo, who prayerfully conferred upon the subject, and in their energetic hands the scheme soon assumed a practical shape. But, the question may be asked, "What made these two brethren think of training and helping forth missionaries?" In the first place it may be answered, that they both originally themselves contemplated becoming missionaries; Mr. Guinness intended to join the mission begun by Captain Gardiner in Terra del Fuego, and Dr. Barnardo had dedicated himself as a medical missionary to China.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.

The Lord had other work in store for His servants, and by His Providence unmistakably indicated to each that he was to take a different path. Both were to be missionaries, they had not mistaken their vocation, but both were to be *Home* missionaries; one itinerant, the other local. Dr. Barnardo founded, and has for many years conducted, the important East-End Juvenile Mission and Homes, which now contain more than one thousand boys and girls, at a cost of \$2500 a week.

Mr. Guinness and Dr. Barnardo's experience of mission work, and their interest in the foreign field not having in anywise cooled by the fact that they were personally unable to labor in it, the desire very naturally arose in their hearts, to help in the same direction younger and freer men, who might do what they themselves had longed and intended to do—preach Christ among the heathen.

Mr. Guinness's frequent evangelistic tours brought him in contact with many such young men, and Dr. Barnardo's varied missionary operations in Stepney seemed to afford a most suitable sphere for a Training Home. Believing the thought to be of God, they resolved, after prayerful consideration, to do what they could. The Home was opened in 1873, and, at once, applications were made by *one hundred young men* who wished to consecrate themselves to the service of Christ among the heathen; and, after the most careful selection had been exercised, *thirty-two* were received, and entered on a suitable course of training. They were from different denominations.

MRS. GUINNESS

was installed in the post of honorary secretary, which she has filled since the origin of the Missionary Institute, and has endeared herself to all who love the Master, by her lofty conscientiousness, noble self-abnegation for the good of others, and untiring industry in furthering the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. She is a very able speaker and writer.

THE AIM IN THE STUDIES,

to which, from the very first, the attention of the young men has been directed, is rather to ground them well in general knowledge than to perfect them in any one branch. It is felt that a *missionary should know something of everything*, geography, astronomy, navigation, botany, medicine, physiology and surgery, and should also be enough of a practical mechanic to know how to supplement physical power by the use of the mechanical forces. He may, if he be a pioneer missionary, have to build his house, to make his furniture, to till his garden, to cook his food, to make his clothes and mend them, as well as to work the printing press, etc.

But, above all it is with the truth of the Word of God that a missionary's mind should be thoroughly furnished, and in the Biblical studies pursued at Mr. Guinness's Institute, a special effort is made to teach the students to understand the Bible *as a whole*, and its doctrines in their variety and harmony; equipping the young men at the same time to silence the foolish objections of adversaries and to answer the questions of sincere inquirers as to the grounds on which it is concluded that the Bible is authentic and divine.

The *measure* of culture which the students receive varies in each individual case, according to his abilities, previous training, and the length of the period he can devote to study. As to the last

point, Mr. Guinness does not require any particular time, but looks for special guidance from God as regards each of His servants. They are mostly young men without means, and therefore *maintained and educated gratuitously*.

EVANGELISTIC WORK

occupies much of the time of the students, and this is found to be attended with many solid advantages. It tests and develops their fitness for missionary labors, and benefits the ignorant and ungodly in whose midst they reside. They, therefore, visit from house to house, teach the young in Sunday and week-night schools, engage in open-air preaching, and hold frequent meetings in halls and chapels both in and around London. In their visiting they have been brought into contact with multitudes of the wretched and depraved of various classes, with street vendors, beggars, tramps, outcasts; with infidels, Romanists, Jews; with French, Germans, Hindoos, and Asiatics of all races; and have gained access to low lodging-houses and to more respectable dwellings in the miles of narrow, ill-ventilated streets which stretch around London in every direction. In this way they have engaged in conversation on the things of God, with people plunged in ignorance and vice, and pointed them with the happiest results, to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

THE FINANCES.

This great work was begun without any funds in hand, or any promises of support, but with the conviction that if it were of God, and for His glory, He would send the needful funds. And God has been the Helper of the Institute, and inclined the hearts of His stewards to aid generously with their substance. Yet the faith of God's servants has often been exercised, and the cash-box often empty. On one occasion, after the payment of some heavy expenses, *nothing was left in hand*; and prayer for daily bread for the large household went up more earnestly than usual, for not only had the current outlay to be met, but some needful additions in prospect required at least \$500. This was in the first year of the Institute's existence. One of the two directors had to leave London for a week's special services in a distant city; he carried the burden with him, and laid it daily before the Lord. Going down one evening to the hall where he was to preach, a telegram from his colleague awaited him. "Good news! I have received \$1000 for the Institute; praise the Lord!" He *did* praise Him; and preached His faithfulness all the more fervently from this fresh illustration of it.

HARLEY HOUSE, EAST LONDON,

was taken for the work of the *second* year, the house at Stepney Green having been altogether outgrown by the necessities and demands which had arisen. The extension of Dr. Barnardo's work rendered it impossible for him to continue his practical co-operation, and so he withdrew from his position of Director. Mr. Guinness was now the sole and only responsible Director, and Mrs. Guinness the Honorary Secretary of the Institute. The increasing applications from Christian young men for admission as students, the retirement of Dr. Barnardo, and the necessity for Mr. and Mrs. Guinness residing on the spot, resulted in Harley House, being taken on September 29th, 1874, and in these and adjacent premises which have since been erected on the ground behind, consisting of class rooms, lecture halls, and dormitories (*as shown in frontispiece*), the training of men for mission work has ever since gone on with unabated zeal and ever widening success.

In the year 1875, by what seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Guinness a succession of remarkable providences some valuable premises in Derbyshire were offered to them, in order that they might establish there a branch of the Training Institute. There was a residence, accommodation for twenty or thirty men, and twenty-one acres of good arable land, situated in one of the most beautiful and healthful parts of England. The whole was offered *free for ten years*, with prospect of permanence, if a good work were established there.

Prayerful consideration was followed by another enlargement of their borders; and, in dependence

God, Mr. and Mr. Guinness resolved to endeavor to carry out the desire of the Christians who had consecrated the place to the service of missionary work at home and abroad, and in grateful remembrance of whom it is the name of

HULME CLIFF COLLEGE,

which, after some months of preparation, was opened in March, 1876, as a country branch of the Training Institute, with a resident Principal, and enrolling twenty and thirty students.

As the work goes on, with the evident approval and manifest blessing of the Master, among the youngest of the Institutes for training young men for the work of the Christian Ministry, it is one of the most serviceable and successful. It has been in existence only a *little more than eight years*, but during that time more than *thousand candidates* have applied for admission, about *two hundred and fifty* have been received, and of these about *one hundred* are at the present time laboring in the Gospel, either in the home or the foreign field, while between *seventy and eighty* are still studying in the Institute, qualified for future usefulness. The portraits and names of three of these students, Messrs. Adam McCall, Clark, and Harvey, the first of whom has been called to his reward, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 9th, 1880.

These students have been of various nationalities; not only English, Scotch, Irish, and American, but French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Polish, Russian, Bulgarian, Syrian, Egyptian, Chinese, Negro, Hindoo, Parsee, Koordish, and others, and are laboring with truly Apostolic zeal in different countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia.

DEATH OF ADAM MCCALL,

Minister of the Livingstone Inland Mission on the Congo.

A BRIEF notice of the death of Mr. Adam McCall, whose portrait and life we published on September 9th, 1880, has already appeared in these columns. The following details of the sad event, written by the pen of Mrs. Grattan Guinness, have just come to hand. Mr. McCall engaged in his mission in South Africa under the auspices of the Livingstone Inland Mission, over which Mr. Grattan Guinness presides.

The East London Missionary Institute is just plunged into deep sorrow and trial by the sudden loss of a valued member, the intelligence just received, that it pleased God to call home thus early the able and devoted young leader of the Congo Mission, the beloved young brother, ADAM MCCALL.

It had been aware for some months past that Mr. McCall's health had been failing, and that the doctor on the last had ordered him home, but he felt that at such a juncture he could not leave the work, and did not himself think an immediate return so useful for him. As for Mr. and Mrs. Craven, he had been home last summer, and it was not until they had left that he found it needful to seek medical advice for himself.

On September he was so ill that he went to Llanelli to consult Dr. Lucan, and we were anxiously awaiting the opinion of this gentleman, when he received a telegram from Madeira from Mr. McCall, "detained by severe illness, will write." In the middle of the following night we were aroused from sleep by a second and terrible message: "Pneumonic abscess broken, peritonitis imminent." Receipt of this fatal news, Mrs. McCall, of Llanelli, the recently widowed mother of our friend, and only brother, Mr. John McCall, started to the Donald Currie steamer, "Garth Castle," at Llanelli.

On board this vessel they telegraphed to Llanelli on the eve of starting. "Another message. He cannot live more than a few hours more on." The fact was that he was even then on his way for Friday evening brought us a fourth telegram, the last of this sad series, "Adam McCall died this morning."

We are stunned by this blow, so sudden, so unexpected! Mr. and Mrs. Craven, who are now here, and who left him so lately, our dear

students, some of whom were hoping to work under his guidance, *his affianced wife*, who is also with us preparing for mission work, and we ourselves, who had counted so much on his help in this difficult mission, are all filled with grief and surprise, and find it hard to understand this most unexpected providence. We bow to the will of God, and know that all is well, for He is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." We are dumb, for He has done it, but we are sorely pained and astonished!

It is not to the usual African fever that he has succumbed, but, as the result proves, to a complaint the seeds of which were planted during his *previous wanderings in South Africa*, where he was once or twice laid aside by severe inflammation of the liver. The illness which laid him up at Baza Mantinga last year was of a similar character, and from it we now fear he never perfectly recovered. He has made allusion in almost every letter since to disorder of the liver and general sense of ill-health, but has borne up bravely, and in his last letter expressed the hope that he should be "able to hold out" till his task was accomplished, but the malaria of the Lower Congo acting on a system already predisposed to this dangerous malady has developed thus rapidly its most fatal form, and cut short a *fourth* young life, full of promise and of power.

To the names of Telford, Peterson, and McKergon we have now to add, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, that of Adam McCall. Four lives in four years laid down for the sake of Christ and Africa! Almost each station we have been permitted to plant has cost a life. Tedford died in founding Palaballa, Peterson in building Banza Mantinga, McKergon in erecting Maladdi, and now Mr. McCall in establishing Manzanga and Banana!

If the Master had not said, "Go into *all* the world and preach the Gospel to *every* creature!" one would be tempted to think the cost too great! But He did not hesitate to redeem a lost world, because the doing so involved the sacrifice of Himself.

Mr. McCall had been exceedingly busy all the summer, superintending the erection and arrangement of the last new station of the mission at Banana, sending stores up the country for the stations in the interior, and a hundred loads of goods to supply, for twelve months, the pioneer party which he had hoped to have been now leading on to Stanley Pool.

A PROVIDENTIAL DELAY.

He had been much tried by the non-arrival of the Kroomen carriers needed for the expedition. He and we wondered at the time *why* the Lord permitted this insuperable hindrance to progress to arise. In previous years we had had no difficulty in getting Kroomen carriers, but this year all our three parties of outward bound missionaries failed to secure a gang, so that while he was permitted to make every preparation for the onward move, Mr. McCall was prevented from actually starting on the journey into the interior. We are glad of this now, for had he done so his death must have occurred under more trying circumstances than the present. At Madeira he has at any rate had the benefit of first-rate medical skill, with every comfort.

He was, however, much tried at the time by this detention, for though he had abundant work at the lower stations of the mission, his longing and consuming desire was to get into the interior, and plant a station on the Upper Congo.

In his last letter he wrote, "I am half beside myself with the vehemence of my desire to do and dare for the cause of our Lord and Master in the great Congo Valley," yet when afresh disappointed of carriers, he did not murmur, but wrote, "No, Kroo boys *again*! It is trying! but I am resigned to the Master's will. *I am His*. If He sees fit to keep me here yet longer, I willingly obey. There is plenty to do—plenty that no one can do equally well." "Our God and Father will enable me to carry out *such plans as He in His unbounded wisdom sees to be best*. He knows, we do not know! *Our part is to trust*; His to bless, help, and guide those who do implicitly trust Him. *Our part is to wait patiently*; His to do for us

above all we ask or think! *Our part is to lay ourselves soul and body on his altar; His to accept the sacrifice!*"

WE ENTREAT PRAYER

for the mission, thus suddenly deprived of its able and enterprising head.

Our party on the Congo are now reduced to fifteen, of whom nine have only arrived there this year. They will more than ever need the help and guidance of God, and His protecting and sustaining care.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE CONCERTS.

(See Illustration on page 44.)

"WE must go to-night, my dear, or we shall never have the opportunity." This remark was made by a lady to her husband, as I was passing them in the street. It evidently had reference to a musical entertainment which had throughout the day been advertised by placards, with the importunate and monitory intimation that this was positively the "LAST NIGHT;" these two words being printed in large and very black capital letters. The tone in which the remark was made indicated that it was the expression of a resolve as well as request. The lady's supplicatory and imperative position was maintained, and the gentleman, a member of our church, was, by the joint force of the two appeals—the "last night," and "we must go, my dear"—swayed from the prayer-meeting to the concert.

The staring capitals led my mind to thoughts and recollections quite remote from the entertainment which the bill announced. They seemed to me a condensed and startling appeal to every mortal; a solemn admonition, bringing to mind the brevity of life and the certainty of death.

"The last night!" To hundreds this will be literally and "positively the last night" of their earthly existence. The sun that rose this morning has passed the meridian. It will soon sink in the west, and darkness will pervade the hemisphere.

Mrs. — was a young woman of amiable disposition. Her family were nominally connected with a Christian congregation, and with them she attended on the public worship of God. She became a mother, and for a few days rejoiced in the consciousness of danger passed, and of a new and tender affection implanted in her heart. But symptoms alarming to her medical attendant appeared. He expressed his fears to husband and parents, but they waived the intimation, and strove to rally her drooping frame.

But their perplexity and distress did not escape her notice. Like a flash of lightning, the conviction burst upon her mind that she was going to die. For a moment it paralyzed every power, and then her pale cheek grew flushed and her languid eye sparkling, and her voice, that had spoken in soft whispers, became strong. Her speech, too, was at times loud and resolute in expressions of determination not to die; and at times plaintive and touching in appeals to her loved ones to save her from approaching death. But it was her last night. What shrieks, what tears, what prayers there were during those hours in that chamber of anguish, need not be recounted. In the morning all was still; the voice was hushed; the fair round cheek was cold and rigid. She was dead.

I knew a young man who, though not more than nineteen years of age, had long been a cheerful and efficient helper to his widowed mother. He fell into a declining condition of health. Hopes and fears had their usual alternations in the minds of his friends. He himself was convinced that death was approaching. It was not a painful conviction, except on account of his mother and sisters, for his soul was stayed on Christ. Calling to see him on a Sabbath evening, he extended his hand, and in a solemn manner, said, "Dear sir, I am near my journey's end; this is my last night." So it proved. Before morning he fell asleep in Jesus, full of trust, full of hope, full of peace and joy. It was his LAST NIGHT; but a day was at hand for him, brighter than suns can make—a day of heavenly glory.

Reader, if this should be your last day, or night, on earth, where would your to-morrow be?

ght of the sun from falling on the earth until Thursday morning." Beside that, he would "Mr. Ingersoll, don't you know that David Ster and Herschel the astronomer, and all the men of their class, agree in the fact that the sun is not light, that it is an opaque mass, that it is like the candlestick that holds the light, a phosphorescent atmosphere floating around it, changing and changing, so it is not to be at all wondered at not until that Thursday morning its light is in the earth?"

He had would have gone on and told Mr. Ingersoll that by observation it has been found there are burned out volcanoes in other worlds, when they were in explosion and activity, they have cast forth an insufferable light, throwing glare all over our earth. And the boy would ask him also if he had ever heard of the *Aurora Borealis* or the *Aurora Australis*.

Mr. Ingersoll has only to go to one of our high schools to learn there are ten thousand sources of light besides the light of the sun. But if he had been in one of the classes in our high schools, as a student in astronomy, or geology, or chemistry, the patient teacher would have said to him: "Rob, go down to the foot and be in disgrace—be in disgrace for your stupidity!" This is not wilful misrepresentation in this case on the part of Mr. Ingersoll. *He does not know any better.* It is the profound and most disgusting ignorance exhibited on a lecturer's platform in America, when he says there cannot be any light, or implies there cannot be any light, except that which comes from the sun.

In the first case which I showed you it was wilful misrepresentation. In this case it is ignorance, logical, and astronomical, and chemical. But either wilful or ignorant misrepresentation, either both will impeach Robert G. Ingersoll as incompetent to give testimony in this case between Infidelity and Christianity.

II. I take a step further in impeaching this speech against Christianity. He sharpens all his criticisms to destroy our belief in

THE ANCIENT DELUGE

Noah's Ark. He says that from the account there, it must have rained eight hundred feet of water each day in order that it might be fifteen miles above the hills. He says that the ark could have been large enough to contain "two of every sort," for there would have been hundreds of thousands and hundreds of thousands of creatures! He says that these creatures would have come from all lands and all zones! He says there is only one small window in the ark and that it could not have given fresh air to keep the animals inside the ark from suffocation! Then he winds up that part of the story by saying that the ark actually landed on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high.

He says he does not believe the story. *Neither I!* There is no such story in the Bible. I will tell you what the Bible story is. I must say that I have changed my mind in regard to some matters which once were to me very mysterious. They are no more mysterious. This is the key to the Bible. This is the story of an eye-witness, Noah, the story incorporated afterward by Moses in the Pentateuch. Noah described the scene just as it appeared to him. He saw the flood and he fathomed its depth. As far as eye could reach everything was covered up, from horizon to horizon, or as it is, "under the whole heaven."

He did not refer to the Sierra Nevadas, or to Mount Washington, for America had not been discovered, or, if it had been discovered, he could not have seen so far off. He is giving the testimony of an eye-witness. God speaks after the manner of men when He says everything went under, and Noah speaks after the manner of men when he says everything did go under. An eye-witness. There is no need of thinking that the kangaroo leaped the ocean, or that the polar bear came down from the ice.

Why did the deluge come? It came for the purpose of destroying the outrageous inhabitants of the then thinly populated earth, nearly all the population probably very near the ark before it was launched. What would have been the use of

submerging North and South America, or Europe, or Africa when they were not inhabited?

Mr. Ingersoll most grossly misrepresents when he says that in order to have that depth of water it must have rained eight hundred feet every day. The Bible distinctly declares that the most of the flood rose instead of falling. Before the account where it says "the windows of Heaven were opened," it says, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up." All geologists agree in saying that there are caverns in the earth filled with water, and they rushed forth, and all the lakes and rivers forsook their bed.

What am I to think, and what are you to think, of a man who, ignoring this earthquake spoken of in the Bible as preceding the falling of the rain, and for the purpose of making a laugh at the Bible, will say it must have rained over eight hundred feet every day? Taking the last half instead of the first half. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and then the windows of Heaven were opened.

Well, then, another thing, in regard to

THE SIZE OF THE ARK.

Instead of being a mud-scow, as some of these infidels would have us understand, it was a magnificent ship, nearly as large as our Great Eastern, three times the size of an ordinary man-of-war.

Well, Noah saw the animal creation going into this ark. He gave the account of an eye-witness. They were the animals from the region where he lived. There were a great number of them, and he gives the account of an eye-witness. They went in two and two of all flesh.

Two or three years ago I was on a steamer on the river Tay, and I came to Perth, Scotland. I got off and I saw the most wonderful agricultural show that I had ever witnessed. There were horses and cattle such as Rosa Bonheur never sketched, and there were dogs such as the loving pencil of Edwin Landseer never portrayed, and there were sheep and fowl and creatures of all sorts. Suppose that "two and two" of all the creatures of that agricultural show were put upon the Tay steamer to be transported to Dundee, and the next day I should be writing home to America and giving an account of the occurrence, I would have used the same general phraseology that Noah used in regard to the embarkation of the brute creation in the ark—I would have said that they went in two and two of every sort. I would not have meant six hundred thousand. A common-sense man myself, I would suppose that the people who read the letter were common-sense people.

"But how could you get them into the ark?" says Mr. Ingersoll with a great sneer. "How could they be induced to go into the ark? He would have to pick them out and drive them in, and coax them in." Could not the same God who gave instinct to the animal inspire that instinct to seek for shelter from the storm. However, nothing more than ordinary animal instinct was necessary. Have you never been in the country when an August thunder-storm was coming up and heard the cattle moan at the bars to get in? and seen the affrighted fowl go upon the perch at noonday, and heard the affrighted dog and cat calling at the door, supplicating entrance? And are you surprised that in that age of the world, when there were fewer places of shelter for dumb beasts, at the muttering and rumbling and flashing and quaking and darkening of an approaching deluge, the animal creation came moaning and bleating to the sloping embankment reaching up to the ancient Great Eastern, and passed in? I have owned horses and cattle and sheep and dogs, but I never had a horse, or a cow, or a sheep, or a dog that was so stupid it did not know enough to come in when it rained!

Yet Mr. Ingersoll cannot understand how they could get in. It is amazing to him. And then, that one window in the ark which afforded such poor ventilation to the creatures there assembled—that small window in the ark which excites so much mirthfulness on the part of the great infidel. If he had known as much Hebrew as you could put on your little finger nail, he would have known that that word translated window there means *window course*, a whole range of lights. This

ignorant infidel does not know a window pane from twenty windows. So, if there is any criticism of the ark, there seems to be too much window for such a long storm. This infidel says that during the long storm the window must have been kept shut and hence no air. There are people in this house to-day who, all the way from Liverpool to Barnegat lighthouse, and for two weeks, were kept under deck, the hatches battened down because of the storm. Some of you, in the old-time sailing vessels, were kept nearly a month with the hatches down because of some long storm.

For the tenth or the fifteenth misrepresentation by Mr. Ingersoll, he says that

THE ARK LANDED

on a mountain seventeen thousand feet high, and that, of course, as soon as the animals came forth they would all be frozen in the ice! Here comes in Mr. Ingersoll's *geographical ignorance*. He does not seem to know that Ararat is not merely the name for a mountain, but for a *hilly district*, and that it may have been a hill twenty feet high, or a hundred feet, or two hundred feet high on which the ark alighted. But in order to raise a laugh against the Holy Scriptures, Mr. Ingersoll lifts the ark seventeen thousand feet high, showing an ignorance of just that altitude!

The flood that Ingersoll describes is not Noah's flood; it is *Ingersoll's flood* of hatred against God. It is not Noah's ark that Ingersoll describes; it is Ingersoll's ark with a whole flock of hooting owls of the midnight of Infidelity, whole nests of viperine and adderine venom against God, whole lairs of panthers which with spotted claw, if they could, would maul the eternal God to pieces. And there is only one small window in that ark and it opens into the blackness of darkness described by my text, "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them."

We are not dependent on the Bible for the story of the flood, entirely. All ages and all literatures have traditions,

BROKEN TRADITIONS,

indistinct traditions, but still traditions. The traditions of the Chaldeans say that in the time when Xisuthrus was king there was a great flood, and he put his family and his friends in a large vessel and all outside of them were destroyed, and after a while the birds went forth and they came back and their wings were tinged with mud. Lucian and Ovid, celebrated writers, who had never seen the Bible, described a flood in the time of Deucalion. He took his friends into a boat, and the animals came running to him in pairs. And so, all lands, and all ages, and all literatures, seem to have a broken and indistinct tradition of a calamity which Moses, here incorporating Noah's account, so grandly, so beautifully, so accurately, so solemnly records.

But I must halt in this argument, as in a great trial sometimes an attorney will stop for lack of time to finish, and I must on other Sabbath mornings take up this subject. I have only opened the door of a subject it will take me other Sabbath mornings to explore. I have impeached Robert G. Ingersoll for having misrepresented once, twice, thrice. I demand that you put into execution the principle of every court-room, gentlemen of the jury, and throw overboard his entire testimony. "False in part, false in all."

I have this morning only discussed the cleanest part of Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity—the best part of Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity. There are depths below depths, and I shall go on and say all I have to say on this subject.

My prayer is that the God who created the world, not out of nothing, but out of His own omnipotence, may create us anew in Christ Jesus; and that the God who made light three days before the sun shone, may kindle in our souls a light that will burn on long after the sun has expired; and that the God who ordered the ark built and kept open more than one hundred years that the antediluvians might enter it for shelter, may graciously incline us to accept the invitation which this morning rolls in music from the throne, saying: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 23.)

Sylph Rescued from the Denzilles—Her Champion Shot by Mr. Denzille—Sylph Offers to Dress the Wound—Mutual Recognition—Captain Vaughan's Adventures—The Fate of a Welsh Regiment in Ireland—A Declaration of Love—A Duplicate Ring—A Clue to Sylph's History.

JUST as Ned Denzille had lifted the unconscious Sylph upon his saddle, and started his horse at full speed, two other horsemen hove in sight—a cavalry officer and his orderly—and they were riding in the same direction which the Denzilles and their men had taken. Mr. Somerville, Sylph's newly made friend, held up his hand as they drew near, and when they came to a halt, informed the officer, in a few words, of what had taken place, and begged for his interference.

Asking a few hurried questions so as to inform and assure himself, the officer did not lose a moment in acceding to this request. "Come!" he cried, to the trooper behind him, "we must not suffer such an outrage as this to succeed in a country that professes to be civilized; at all events, you and I will do our best to hinder it, and release the lady."

The cavalry horses were full of mettle, and it was not long, therefore, until those who were pursued became dimly visible in the pale moonlight; and after a few minutes more they were overtaken.

Spurring his horse to where Sylph was seen, the officer shouted to Ned Denzille, "Halt this instant, sir! In the king's name I bid you. It is at your peril you refuse!" and then drawing his sword he showed that his threat had a meaning in it.

Ned, panic-stricken, as though he had seen an apparition, complied, reined in his panting steed, and made surrender. "Evans," said the officer, "while I keep guard over this gentleman do you dismount, and help that lady off the horse."

All of the pursued had fled at sight of the officer and his man, with the exception of the two Denzilles. The father beheld, with utter indignation and amazement, the quick submission of his son; and the unwarranted interference of the officer, as he deemed it, increased his passionate excitement. He was quite beside himself. Drawing his pistol from its holster, as he saw Sylph delivered from her kidnapper and placed on the ground, he pointed it at the officer and fired, and then lashing his horse with fury, he rode off, filling the air, as he sped, with the bitterest curses and imprecations.

Though he took aim under extreme excitement, the old and well practised duellist did not miss his mark. The bullet struck the officer in the shoulder, and crying out to his orderly: "He has shot me," he stooped over his horse's mane, and gave a groan of agony.

Leaving Sylph, who was now in no peril, since even Ned Denzille, following his father's example, had vanished, the trooper hastened to the aid of his officer. "Had I not better help you down, sir," he said; "here, lean upon my shoulder, and I will lift you off, sir."

"No, Evans," was the reply; "I will hasten at once for surgical aid, for I feel as though I could bear the exertion."

"But had you not better, sir, have your wound stanchied in some way," interposed Sylph. "I am a surgeon's daughter, and have had a little experience in these emergencies, and, if you will allow me, I think I can be of some assistance to you. Oh, do let me help you, sir," she entreated; "for you have incurred this hurt through rendering me a kindness."

The officer seemed startled at the voice which he heard, dismounted, though with difficulty, from his horse, with the help of his orderly, and moved slowly, from weakness, toward the lady that had addressed him, as if desirous to settle in his mind some surprising and eager doubt. The movement was mutual, for Sylph, too, upon closer scrutiny, felt she was on the very verge of a joyful recognition.

Yes, to her amazement and delight, the officer was Captain Vaughan, whom she had first met at Chester jail, now on two occasions her good chain-

pion and providential deliverer. And his orderly was Doctor Gilbert's old valet, the faithful and eccentric Hugh, to the backbone a Welshman.

This meeting so completely unexpected, filled each of them with unutterable gladness; but leaving to a future time all questioning as to the events and circumstances which rendered it possible, Sylph and Hugh applied themselves to the task before them. Aided by Hugh, and Mr. Somerville, who, running on foot, had been able, by this time, to come up, Sylph put forth her most anxious and skilful exertions to stay the bleeding. This done, Captain Vaughan, after a time, was remounted on his charger to be taken to Mr. Somerville's house, who offered both to him and Hugh his warm hospitality. And while the whole group slowly wended their way thither we shall explain how it came about that Captain Vaughan and Hugh were at hand in such an opportune moment.

Soon after Sylph parted from Captain Vaughan in Chester, he got "the route" from that city, and was ordered on foreign service. Previous to his leaving, however, Hugh enlisted in his regiment, and the captain got him appointed as his servant.

The captain and Hugh, in the two or three years following saw service in India and the Mauritius, but got home in time to take part in the war in Holland, and shared in the disastrous retreat of the British from Flanders after the loss of the battle of *Rusemonde*, in which retreat was also the future Duke of Wellington, who, as Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley commanded a brigade in the rear guard.

Arrived safely in England, Captain Vaughan retired from the service, but continued Hugh as his valet, who, as invalided had been dismissed the army.

When the disaffected condition of Ireland became fully manifest, Sir Watkin Wynn raised a Welsh Fencible regiment of dragoons to aid the English Government, who were in straits for men, and Captain Vaughan, who was known to the public-spirited knight, volunteered to take the command of the company under him; still retaining Hugh as his attendant, who, now convalescent, was fit again for military duty.

Drafted into Ireland, a part of the regiment met with a dreadful fate in a town of Kildare, named Prosperous. The mails from Dublin, according to general instructions from the insurrectionary committee, were stopped on all the roads on May 23rd, 1798. It was the preconcerted signal of a call to arms, and before the streak of dawn on the 24th, an unknown multitude of rebels, chiefly armed with pikes, some of them 12 and 15 feet long, and tipped with steel, came into Prosperous.

The sentinels of the North Cork Militia in the town, taken by surprise, were killed before they could raise an alarm, and the rebel bands rushed with a wild yell upon the barracks. The soldiers, startled from their sleep, snatched their muskets, and endeavored to hurry out, but found the doors firmly barricaded. Worse than this, fire was flung into the cellars beneath, which were filled with straw and fagots, and in a few seconds the first story of the barracks was girdled with a ring of fire. Beset before and behind, the miserable militia men were driven from the lower to the upper rooms, to avoid being consumed or suffocated.

As the flames pursued them they sprang in panic from the upper windows; but only to fall upon a serried row of pikes; and as each keen blade caught its victim, who, transfixed, writhed in agony, a fierce "hurrah" rang out from the exultant and infuriated rebels. All in the barracks were killed, or desperately wounded.

The Ancient Britons, as Sir Watkin's regiment styled themselves, were fortunately quartered (twenty-three of them), not in the barracks, but in a private house. Eight of their number leaped out of a back window and escaped across the country in the darkness. The rest, however, were slain, and their horses, arms, and uniforms, became the booty of the rebels.

It was to convey some despatches in connection with this dreadful disaster to the commandant of Dungannon Fort, Waterford, that brought Cap-

tain Vaughan and Hugh on the road near Enniscorthy, on the evening of the attempted abduction of Sylph. Wexford was supposed to be the disaffected county in the South of Ireland at time and, therefore this route, as commended the authorities, was taken by Captain Vaughan and was the one also chosen by Hugh afterwards sent on by his master immediately to fulfill the commission which he himself was now unable to execute.

"Oh, how wonderful are the ways of God," said Sylph to her rescuer—whose wound, though severe, the surgeon found not dangerous—when next day he was able to enter into conversation with her. "When I was in the power of the wicked Edward Denzilles and unable to extricate myself, I could, I fear, have doubted the existence of a righteous God, or that He cared for those we called Him Father. For in swift thought I said to myself, 'If I be His child, why does He thus suffer His enemies and mine to triumph over me?' When I entreat His help, why does He not deliver me?" Foolish Sylph!" she soliloquized: "If evil He permitted to assail thee was the very means of restoring to thee a long-lost friend. For I, you not been called to my aid by Mr. Somerville, you would have passed on totally unconscious of such an insignificant individual as Sylph Somers. Gilbert lived in this out of the way corner of the world, and would have continued in complete ignorance and forgetfulness of her existence."

There was no mistaking the meaning of this speech. With a flush of joy the wounded officer perceived that the passion he had long cherished was mutual; that the fond remembrance which had been so delightful to him under Indian sun and even amid the rage of battle, was followed by a corresponding remembrance in the heart of the beautiful woman before him, now in the full maturity of her loveliness; that he was as dear to Sylph as she was to him.

Seizing her hand in his he pressed it to his lip while he said—calling her by her name as emboldened by his glad discovery—"Forget you, Sylph, that was utterly impossible. Believe me, that from the day we sadly parted in Chester your fair image has never been absent from my thoughts. Oh, how I longed to meet you again after we separated. Indeed, I felt impelled to follow you, at all risks, to Ireland, but that, to my sore vexation could not be, from a sudden and imperious call to soldierly duty. In a most unexpected way, however, the God whom we both love and serve has brought us into contact; shall it not be, Sylph, only the beginning of a perpetual companionship? You have called me friend; I am *that*, Sylph, but much more than *that*. I declare myself this to your most devoted and faithful lover, and am bound to ask you to be mine!"

This declaration, made so speedily, was more than Sylph had looked for, and it almost alarmed her. It opened up to her view a result which though in her heart of hearts she coveted, yet, the strange inconsistency of her woman's nature was also one at which she trembled. To be a wife to link her destiny with that of another; to enter upon a relationship peculiar and mysterious in its character, and in its consequences momentous and unknown, were considerations that pressed themselves this moment upon the heart and mind of Sylph with an agitating power, and yet a kind of delirious happiness at the same time pervaded her being, a thrill of joy that no earthly cause had ever before awakened in her bosom; a spell of sweet enchantment, a thralldom of bliss, from which she could not, would not break away, and she remained in the grasp of her lover's hand, until he won from her that word which confessed her his for life.

While Captain Vaughan held her hand in his Sylph, though in a whirl of happiness, was yet of servant enough, as she bashfully held down her head, to notice that Captain Vaughan had on a ring exactly like one of a peculiar form and setting which she found among her mother's trinkets in the drawer of the iron safe, about which Doctor Gilbert had spoken to her an hour or two before his death. On the day after her engagement to the captain, therefore, she thought struck her that

she would wear the duplicate ring and see if he would mark the likeness.

After breakfast she was alone in the sitting-room, and as the centre, now, of all-powerful attraction to her *fiancé*, it was not long before he joined her; for though painfully stiff in the left shoulder from his wound, and somewhat weak from loss of blood, he was able to take easy movement from room to room, and to enjoy conversation.

Sitting down beside Sylph it was not long before her experiment concerning the ring on her finger proved a success. Captain Vaughan, indeed, was more speedy in his observation, and more energetic in his conduct upon making it, than she could at all have anticipated. Eagerly seizing her hand and closely scrutinizing its jeweled ornament, he very excitedly asked, "Where in the world, Sylph, did you get that ring? Your answer I feel certain will lead to a most unparalleled and joyful discovery."

Sylph gave him the history of the trinket, adding all she knew about her mother who had owned it.

"Oh, God! how wonderful are Thy ways," he exclaimed; "and my use of that sacred name," he added, "is not irreverent, but an acknowledgment of His love and power, for He has wrought in your case and mine a wondrous and most extraordinary providence. Sylph, would you believe it, I can tell you who you are and who your mother was, yes, and your father too, and it is that ring upon your hand that solves the long-hidden secret of your early history. And let me tell you at once, that your baptismal name is not Sylph, but Zilpah, and that your second name, or surname, is not Somers, but Somerville; and more than this, it strikes me forcibly that our host in this very house, too, is not merely your Christian friend and co-worker in all that is good, but is also, I believe, a relative of yours."

(To be continued.)

THE PHARISEES ANSWERED.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 29. Mark 2: 13-28; 3: 1-5. Golden Text, Exod. 20: 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER the healing of the palsied man our Lord "went forth again by the seaside, and all the multitude resorted unto Him and He taught them." It must have been on His return from preaching that "He saw Levi, the son of Alphæus sitting at the receipt of custom."

TWO LITTLE WORDS

from the Master were sufficient to change the whole tenor of this man's life. "Follow Me," He said, "and he left all, rose up, and followed Him" (Luke 5: 28). The claims of business, the profit he had made by it, the getting in of bad debts, were all left, the claims of Jesus must take precedence of all else; he sought "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and most surely all things he needed were added unto him. All that Levi had was now the Lord's, and he did not hoard up that which remained to him, in case he should be brought down to the same poverty as He who had "not where to lay His head," for the next thing he did was to make Him a great feast in his own house.

It is more than probable that Levi, having found Jesus, longed for the conversion of those who followed the same calling; and that before breaking up house and home, he would make use of them to bring his former business associates in contact with the Lord Jesus: "there was a great company of publicans and of others which sat down with them" (Luke 5: 29). Scribes and Pharisees were looking on, who came, it would seem, only to criticise. Until this new Teacher arose, they had stood on the highest pinnacle of religious reputation, they had paid dear for it, had denied themselves much, had strictly paid the tithe of all their possessions, even to the smallest herbs in their vegetable gardens, had fasted twice every week, no easy thing for a man who has not some end to gain; and here was this Jesus of Nazareth, a man who had no pretence to the same austerity, a man of the people, yet who possessed a power both in preaching and teaching which wrought wonders wherever He went—while their labored piety had nothing to show for it, although it was

the very acme of the religion of the day, although it was indisputably "the thing."

Thus the Scribes and Pharisees were driven to do what all religious but unspiritual people do now, to seek some flaw in the religion of the Lord Jesus. Not possessing the moral courage to speak directly to Him, they attack His disciples and say, "How is it that He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?" The eye and ear of Jesus are busy; never occupied with Himself, He sees all that is going on, within and without those hearts, and "He saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Any idea of seeking or saving the lost and outcast never entered into the minds of these Pharisees.

But externalism had taken strong hold upon them, and even the disciples of John, the austere forerunner of Jesus, could hardly understand the very little manifestation of austerity in Jesus and in His disciples, therefore they come to Him (comp. Matt. 9: 14) saying "Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but Thy disciples fast not?" And Jesus said unto them, "Can the children of the bridechamber fast while the Bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the Bridegroom with them, they cannot fast. But the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days." Here is the Lord's lesson about fasting. Let it be when there is an absence of the Bridegroom, it is not a virtue in itself but an accessory. Let there be an end in view. "This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting," Paul was "in fastings often" perhaps voluntary when the burden of the Lord lay on him, and involuntary when in this journey he could not obtain food. The Lord then takes occasion to show how impossible it is to make a patchwork of the new and old life, new cloth tears an old garment, new wine bursts old leather bottles, such as are used in the East, by its fermentation; in the same way, nature and grace, the flesh and the Spirit, the love of God and the planned austerity of our old nature, cannot accord together. Ananias and Sapphira tried it, Simon in Samaria tried it, so did Judas, and later the seven sons of Sceva; and in each case it was a fearful failure.

Our subject passes on to another questioning of the Pharisees which was subsequent to this time, but which is also mentioned in the first three Gospels. Jesus was going through the cornfields on the Sabbath day, probably on His way from some blessed work of healing and preaching. His disciples, who very likely had been some time without food, began to pluck the ears of corn. But the

JEALOUS EYES

of the Pharisees were upon them. O how intensely trying it must have been to our beloved Lord to have, in almost every audience, those who had not the remotest idea of learning anything, but who criticised, found fault, and by their very presence and manner threw cold water upon all He said. And He never sent them away, but bore with them, showing what manner of spirit He was of. They said unto Him, "Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is not lawful?" Thus in the cowardly spirit of the natural man, they complained of Jesus to His disciples, and of His disciples to Jesus.

But, in point of fact, the disciples were not transgressing the law, "When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbor, then thou mayest pluck the ears with thine hand; but thou shalt not move a sickle unto thy neighbor's standing corn" (Deut. 23: 25). There was no prohibition against this being done on the Sabbath, in case of need. The Lord answered them as He usually did, from the written Word, saying, "Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungered, he and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar, the high priest, and did eat the shew bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him? And He said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." But the

words of our Lord are no warrant for the non-observance of the Lord's Day as seen in European cities, or for the growing disregard of it in our own land. We never read that He worked as carpenter on the Sabbath or that His disciples plied their trade, or bought or sold on that day: never anything for profit or amusement. It is still true that "the Sabbath was made for man," and only He who made it is Lord of the Sabbath day. God never made the Sabbath-breaker nor yet the disobedient and the profane to be lords of it.

"And He entered again into the synagogue (this seems to have been on another Sabbath day (Luke 6: 6), and there was a man there which had a withered hand," and the hopes of the Pharisees having been roused that they might find a weak point in Jesus with regard to the observance of the Sabbath, "they watched Him, whether He would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse Him." What a scene! Jesus the Son of God, in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, stands there ready to bless every one who comes to Him, and these poor lost souls, these Pharisees, eagerly intent upon shielding their

IDOL OF REPUTATION

for piety from the smallest imputation, taking upon themselves to criticise the Lord, and thus withdrawing themselves from all possibility of blessing through Him! What do they care whether the man with the withered hand is healed or not, it is nothing to them; but if only they can find an accusation against Him, then this teacher of the people will lose His popularity and they will be once more restored to the zenith of influence.

The Lord Jesus would be hindered from healing by no such considerations. "I must work the work of Him that sent Me while it is day" (John 9: 4). "He saith to the man which had the withered hand, Rise up, and stand forth in the midst" (Luke 6: 8). There was no secrecy, no doing things in a corner, He was Master of the situation wherever He was; unrecognized as the Son of God, but felt as a Power which was irresistible. It was necessary for the poor cripple's faith that every eye should be upon him. This is what the natural man shrinks from. How many have been kept back from peace with God, because they were too proud to let it be known that they needed help; they would not remain to an inquiry meeting, or, if in a chapel, they would not come up to a penitent form; they did not want others to pass remarks on them, the keeping up appearances was more important in their eyes than the being actually healed. This poor man, when he stood in the midst, would come under the same condemnation as Jesus Himself, he came for healing on the Sabbath day. But his sense of need and his confidence in Jesus overcame all reluctance, he accepted the position of a man in need and stood forth in the midst.

Every eye was upon him, and Jesus, who had been surveying the criticising glances of His would-be accusers, said unto them, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day or to do evil? to save life or to kill? But they held their peace." It was not their object to seek out the real right and wrong, but only to find a handle whereby they might accuse Jesus. Then Jesus was angry, "being grieved for the hardness of their hearts," for their utter indifference as to what was really just, and to the condition of the poor man before them. And He said unto the man, "Stretch forth thine hand." O how often had he essayed to do this in vain, should he then make another attempt? What if he failed and became the despised laughing-stock of the company present? It is really the fear of this contingency which hinders so many from taking a step of faith. This man, however, was not about to try an experiment, he would simply obey Him who had unlimited power. Christ was not mocking him, "He sent His Word and healed them" (Ps. 107: 20) there was power in His Word to expel the disease and unbind those muscles and tendons. "And he stretched it out; and his hand was restored whole as the other." Reader, come out from your hiding-place, stand forth in the midst in your true colors, be what you are, stretch out your withered hand, or withered faith, or withered love, or withered zeal at the Master's word and He will make it whole.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, BY B. AITKEN.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Attention of the Senate was Occupied last week by a debate on Senator Sherman's Refunding Bill. Mr. Sherman proposes to refund two hundred millions of the three and a half per cent bonds at three per cent, and make them payable in five years. This would leave three hundred and fifty millions still payable at the option of the government. Mr. Sherman thought that considering the drain on the Treasury there would be for arrears of pensions, and that there was a probability of alterations in the tariff, not more than \$250,000,000 could be paid off in five years. He did not expect that at three per cent, the bonds would sell rapidly, but he advocated the project because *it would save the government a million of interest every year*, and investors would be attracted by the certainty of five years permanency. Senator McPherson advised an alteration in the amount to \$400,000,000, and in the time to ten years. The bill was opposed by other Senators, one of whom—Senator Vest—advocated the insertion of the clause compelling the national banks to accept the new bonds. It will be remembered that a similar clause was inserted in the Refunding Bill last year, and Mr. Hayes vetoed the bill mainly on account of that clause.

An Important Paper has been Sent to President Arthur respecting polygamy in Utah, which the politicians in Washington describe as an institution rapidly dying out. The paper in question furnishes names, dates, and facts, alleging that out of thirty-six members, composing the General Assembly of Utah, and *paid out of the Treasury of the United States*, thirty-two are high officers of the Mormon Church, bound by their oaths to obey the dictates of the church in all things, secular as well as spiritual, and *twenty-eight are living in polygamy*, in violation of the law of Congress of 1862. Three of these men are alleged to have five wives each and two others have six wives each.

Judge Cox has Stated the Principles on which he will found his charge to the jury in the case of the assassin, Guiteau. *Three important issues* were involved. One was that of *malice*. The defence argued that the murderer entertained no malice, in the true sense of the word, against President Garfield, and therefore the crime was not murder, but manslaughter. On that point the judge ruled that the word malice in the statute meant only a deliberate intention to kill, and did not necessarily include hatred or ill-will. Therefore as Guiteau's intention was admitted, the crime was murder. Then there was *the question of insanity*, and upon this the whole case turns. An insane man not being responsible for his actions, if he commits a crime is entitled by the law to acquittal. The question involved, therefore, is whether

Guiteau when he fired the fatal shot was insane in the sense intended by the law. The judge ruled that the test of responsibility consisted in the process by which the criminal arrived at the determination to commit his crime. If he became convinced by his reason that in murdering his victim he was doing a great public good, he must be held responsible; but he would not be responsible if when he committed the crime he thought he was obeying a law or a command higher than the law of the land, providing that delusion had taken possession of his mind independently of his will and reason, and not as the result of his reflections. *The third issue* was as to any doubts the jury might entertain. Ordinarily a prisoner is entitled to the benefit of doubt on matters of fact, but in this case the prosecution argued that the defence having set up insanity as an affirmative proposition, were bound to prove it. The judge decided that the defence ought to furnish clear and convincing proof of the insanity, but that if the jury were in doubt whether the prisoner was insane or not, they must give him the benefit of the doubt and acquit him. Both the prosecution and the defence are satisfied that these decisions are fair, and are content to have the case so submitted to the jury.

Legislation on the Subject of the Licensing laws is urgently recommended by the Governor of the State of New York in his message sent to the Legislature January 11th. Gov. Cornell said: "The manifest inadequacy of the laws for the regulation of the liquor traffic must be a cause of regret to all good citizens. Licenses are granted to hundreds and thousands of parties pretending to be hotel-keepers, whose sole occupation in the way of public entertainment consists in selling liquor; while in a still greater number of instances liquor is sold openly and boldly without license. The evils resulting from the sale of liquor, even within the pale of the law, are bad enough, and always to be deplored; but the degradation and ruin resulting from the wholesale violation of law and order are lamentable in the extreme. *Crimes most wicked and revolting, of almost daily occurrence, are attributable, in nearly every instance, to the bane of intemperance.* There seems to have been, during the past year, a marked increase in the number of brutal homicides. Scarcely a day passes without the publication of some horrible tragedy, generally perpetrated on weak and defenceless persons. In much the larger proportion of instances these terrible deeds are directly traceable to habits of intemperance." This statement, it must be remembered, is made in a written message by the Governor of the wealthiest and most populous State in the Union. When such statements are made by temperance speakers, those gentlemen who take "a calm view" of the evil call them exaggerations.

Fifteen Aldermen of the City of Brooklyn were sentenced to pay a fine of \$250 each and to serve *terms of imprisonment* varying from ten to thirty days by Justice Gilbert on Jan. 14th. Their offence was contempt of court. They had passed over the mayor's veto, and in spite of an injunction, a motion conceding to the elevated railroad companies a franchise for which the mayor considered the city would not receive adequate compensation. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, but in the meantime the aldermen, much to their mortification, were consigned to prison.

Two Conspicuous Signs, Illuminated by the electric light, are now visible side by side every night at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second Street New York. One is that of the Cremorne Garden, which is advertised by its proprietors as the resort of pretty bar-maids. The other, over the next door to the Cremorne Garden, indicates the Cremorne Mission now opened by Jerry McAuley. From the door of the mission thousands of vicious and depraved persons of both sexes, fashionably attired, may be seen promenading in that street and on the avenue from dusk till midnight. It is evident that Jerry McAuley has planted his mission where it is sorely needed, and many prayers are offered that it may be the means of rescuing the friendless and fallen from sin and punishment. Mr. William E. Dodge, Mr. Morris

K. Jessup, Mr. S. Otis Livingstone, Mr. Spencer W. Coe, Mr. S. E. Hiscox, and other philanthropists have visited the mission and aided in its support. It has cost \$12,000, all of which has been paid, and a surplus fund has been subscribed which will cover its expenses for one year. The Water Street Mission, where Jerry McAuley has for many years conducted religious services, was on Sunday crowded by its old friends to welcome John O'Neil, *the successor of Jerry McAuley*. General Clinton B. Fisk, one of the trustees of the mission, was present and assisted in the services. Prayers were made for the success of the Cremorne Mission, where Jerry and Maria McAuley were entering upon their new work. The new leader of the mission is a young man who, through the instrumentality of Jerry McAuley, was four years ago redeemed from a life of vice.

A Holocaust on the Hudson River Railroad was reported on Friday night. The Chicago express, on which were many Albany legislators, halted about seven o'clock just outside New York, near the Spuyten Duyvil station. The brakes were out of order, and while the train men were examining them the local train from Tarrytown to New York dashed up at full speed. The engine struck the last car of the Albany train, cut through it and drove a part of it into the preceding car. The passengers were thrown from the seats and imprisoned under the ruin, but it is thought *none were killed*. Before they could be liberated the overturned stoves set the two cars on fire and *eight persons were burned to death*. Among them were State Senator Wagner, the originator of the Palace Car system, and a young couple named Valentine who had been married only the day before. The position of the corpses, when recovered after a long delay in putting out the fire, indicated that they had suffered excruciating torture before they died. Nineteen other persons were seriously injured, some, it is feared, fatally. The brakeman who went back to stop the second train, but who it is supposed either did not go far enough, or waved the wrong light, has been arrested.

The Albany Legislators on the Train were much shocked at the sight of the charred bodies, one of which was all that remained of their colleague. Good may come out of evil if the sight made such an impression upon them as to dispose them to get to some useful work instead of wrangling about offices and organizing deadlocks. This would be a good time to pass a bill compelling this wealthy railway company to spend some of their enormous gains in taking out of their cars the fatal stoves and substituting proper heating apparatus. A deadlock is always interesting, and sometimes profitable to those concerned, but citizens are of opinion that legislation to restrain the greed of monopolies and to protect life, even the lives of legislators, would be a better occupation for the men we send to Albany than cultivating a deadlock.

An Active and Zealous Christian Minister has been called to his reward. The Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., rector of the Church of the Ascension, in New York, died of heart disease on January 9th, in his fifty-sixth year. He was a descendant of John Cotton and Cotton Mather. His father was Dr. Thomas M. Smith, President of Kenyon College. Dr. Smith came to the Church of the Ascension in 1860, and immediately commenced active and energetic mission work among the poor of the city. He founded mission schools in several neglected districts, and recognizing the baneful influence of bad accommodation and bad air in the dwellings of the poor, he organized an association which erected two blocks of improved tenement houses. Under his guidance the Church of the Ascension contributed during his rectorship more than \$1,000,000 to charitable work. Dr. Smith was actively interested in foreign mission work and was a prominent member of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions. He was a member of the American Bible Society, the Tract Society, and other institutions, and was one of the founders of the Evangelical Alliance. Besides all this work Dr. Smith found time to write several valuable theological treatises.

A Present of a Handsome Gold Watch and chain, valued at *five hundred dollars*, has been made by ex-President Hayes to the engineer of the train by which the ex-President travelled on March 5th, and which collided with another train near Severn. Engineer John M. Unglaub, who had charge of the engine of the train, stood manfully at his post, reversing the engine as soon as he saw the approaching engine, but failed to avert the accident. Mr. Unglaub was badly injured, and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, when they were made aware of the facts, with tears in their eyes thanked Mr. Unglaub, saying that he had not only saved their lives, but those of others on the train. Mr. Unglaub was removed to his home in Baltimore, and Collector Thomas saw personally that he had every attention. Mr. Unglaub, having recovered, resumed his place on the road. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, he was at the engine-house in this city, when he was called upon by a personal friend of President Hayes, who handed him a fine gold watch and chain, valued at \$500, accompanied by a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Hayes asking him to accept it as a token of their gratitude and a memento of his coolness exhibited on that occasion.

A Remarkable Address was Delivered in Washington at the obsequies of a child on January 10th by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. As we read it we are impressed by the utter darkness in which dwell minds that have not been enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Colonel Ingersoll as he stood beside the little grave said he "wished to take from every grave its fear." "All should be brave enough," he said, "to meet what all the dead have met. Why should we fear to meet that which will come to all that is? . . . We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn." This vague speculation as to what might or might not be, was but poor comfort to offer to the bereaved family. Yet, as he rejects revelation, the would-be comforter could have offered nothing brighter. But it is not possible "to take from every grave its fear" by such means. He who broke the bonds of death alone could reveal what lay beyond, and He said, "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go that I may prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also" (John 14 : 2, 3).

The Promise of a Pair of Gold Ear-Rings has issued in the bereavement of a household in Brooklyn, N. Y. A little girl thirteen years of age, the treasured daughter of loving parents, was promised that among her Christmas presents would be a pair of gold ear-rings. In order that she might wear them on Christmas day she went at once and had her ears pierced. Unhappily the cold of those bitter days in December affected the wounds, and erysipelas developed. In spite of skillful medical care she suffered excruciating pain and died on January 5th. A home so full of sadness it would be difficult to find, and bitter and unavailing regret fills the hearts of those who loved the child. Custom and fashion blind us to the fact that the practice of wearing ear-rings is a relic of barbarism, and that when ladies encourage children to make holes in their flesh to hang jewelry in, they are really perpetuating a savage custom in civilized society.

An Act of Kindness was Treated with curious ingratitude in Illinois recently. A boatman named Heberling sitting in his boat-house saw a boat in the bay which was drifting down with the current. He watched it as it came down, and the current brought it so near his boat-house that with the aid of a boat-hook he was enabled to catch it and pull it in. He was surprised to see a man lying on the bottom of the skiff, who was drunk. After a great deal of shaking the man came to sufficiently to sit up, and his rescuer asked him his name and where he was going, to which the only answer was "Dunno." A bystander, however, recognized him as the watchman on a steamer lying on the island side of the bay. Mr. Heberling offered his services to take him over in the skiff, and they were accepted by the watchman. Mr. Heberling took the oars, and by steady pulling soon landed on the other side. But when he started to return, he was stopped by the drunken man, who coolly informed

him that he could not have that skiff to go back. This somewhat astonished Mr. Heberling, who argued the point with the watchman, but all the eloquence and logic used did not convince the man, who told the kind boatman to *get back the best way he could*, but that that skiff must remain. Mr. Heberling then wandered about the island looking for some mode of escape from the place, and finally spied a boat lying on the shore. He went to the cabin near by and aroused the owner, who took pity on the wandering boatman and took him across the bay. Such gross ingratitude is rare between men, but there are many men and women whom Jesus has rescued from eternal death who show deplorable ingratitude to Him by neglecting to work for Him in the world.

A Delicate Surgical Operation has Restored to health a railroad employé in Pennsylvania whose affliction led to strange wanderings. He was working in New York last summer, and during a brawl was stabbed in the head, the point of the knife penetrating the brain and breaking off. After his injury he wandered about in the neighborhood of New York unable to speak and with his memory impaired. He finally got on a train, on which he met a conductor who knew where he lived, and he was conveyed home. After lying in a comatose condition he was visited by a surgeon, who discovered the wound in his head, which had healed up. The skull was trepanned, and a small piece removed, with the point of the knife sticking in it. Gradually the power of articulation was recovered, and with his regained memory he was able to tell about the wound and his wanderings while unable to speak. He says that he must have *crossed the ferry between New York and Jersey City at least twenty times*, not having the power to ask where he was or to tell where he wanted to go. The man in his helpless condition is very much like the sinner wounded by the enemy of souls and ignorant of his way to God. Happy are they who are led by some Christian friend to the great Physician who is able to heal their souls.

The Lack of an Antidote Resulted in the death of a hunter in Arkansas lately. A correspondent of a Chicago journal, writing from Stone Co., Arkansas, says that a young man who had recently removed to that State from Texas was bitten by a large spider of the species known as *the Tarantula* while out on a hunting expedition. He had lain down before the fire for the night, and the insect crawled under his blanket and bit him in two places—the finger and the elbow. He was awakened by a tingling sensation in the limb, and succeeded in killing the tarantula, which he discovered near the spot where he had been lying. He was more than four miles from a house, but he set out immediately to procure assistance. As he walked he felt the poison spreading through his body, and before he reached the place he was beyond remedy and died the same night. Had he taken the precaution hunters in those parts usually take of carrying antidotes with them his life might have been saved. Thousands of men among us who have fallen under the curse of love of rum, or the still more irresistible fascination of opium, are in similar danger. But in those cases the peril is greater because they may suffer eternal death. But for them there is an infallible antidote provided if they will only apply it (1 Cor. 15 : 57).

A Successful Attempt to Found a Coffee-house as a rival to the liquor saloon is reported. The more ambitious scheme of the gentlemen who recently endeavored to organize a company for the purpose has not as yet prospered, but the ladies connected with the Bible and Fruit Mission have managed to establish a coffee-house which is self-supporting. It is at 416 East Twenty-sixth Street, a locality where such an institution is likely to be useful. A large number of free meals have been provided, but notwithstanding this liberality, the receipts have hitherto covered the expenditure. The ladies, we understand, are now endeavoring to add to the coffee-house a lodging-house where a poor man may have a bath, a clean bed, and access to a reading room, on payment of the modest sum of one dime. To do this they need assistance for the purchase of a building and furnishing it.

CHASTENED HAPPINESS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"They shall fear and tremble for all the goodness and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it."—JEREMIAH 33 : 9.

Blessings Surely in Store for the Jews—All Believers the Seed of Abraham—One Source of Prosperity—The Proper Order of Temporal Blessings—God's Wisdom Toward His People—I. He Tones down Great Joys—Unmixed Delight Dangerous—Sunstrokes of the Mind—Contiguity of Super-Spirituality and Sensuality—Unmixed Joys Fallacious—Unnatural—Birds of Paradise without Feet—II. The Feelings by which a Sobering Effect is Produced—A Holy Awe of God's Presence—Repentance for Past Sin—Sense of Unworthiness—Fear of Abusing God's Goodness—Conscious Need of Watchfulness—III. Personal Experience—The Untempted in Great Danger—A London Speaker's Warning—The Undiminished Grain of Musk.

GOD's ancient people sadly provoked Him with their idolatries from age to age. He was long-suffering to them to the last degree, but at length He grew weary of them, and according to His own words "He abhorred His own inheritance." He caused them to be carried away into captivity, and their land became a desert, or the heritage of strangers. Israel became a people scattered and peeled, and on the brink of national extinction, for their iniquities had hidden the face of the Lord from them. Yet the Lord, even Jehovah, had entered into a covenant concerning them with Abraham his friend, which covenant He had afterwards renewed with His servant David. This latter covenant the Lord is said by the prophet Jeremiah to remember even when Jerusalem is desolate.

We read in the twentieth verse and onward these words : "Thus saith the Lord ; If ye can break my covenant of the day, and my covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night in their season ; then may also my covenant be broken with David my servant, that he should not have a son to reign upon his throne." Even in Israel's worst days, when her representative man was the weeping prophet Jeremiah, and when her sorrows were greater than even he could express, yet the Lord revealed His love, and promised that blessed days should dawn for the seed of Abraham. *These days have not yet come, but they shall surely arrive*, for God hath not cast away His people whom He did foreknow.

THERE IS YET A HISTORY FOR ISRAEL ; her sun is clouded, but it has not set. As surely as stands the covenant with day and night, so surely shall the chosen people return from their captivity and possess the land which the Lord has given unto them. In those days the Lord will build them as at the first, and cleanse them from all their iniquities. Then they shall not be proud or arrogant, for His goodness shall startle and astound them and they shall be amazed even unto trembling when they see what great things Jehovah has done for them. The memory of their great national offences, and especially of their long rejection of the Messiah, shall cause them to wear their high dignity without pride ; they shall be subdued by love to a childlike fear of again offending, they shall tremble as they see the Lord God of their fathers glorifying all His grace in them.

Thus much for the strict connection of the text. At this time we shall *loosen the verse from its stall* and bring it forth to our own pastures. We may use this promise in reference to all the Lord's people, for the promise is sure to all the seed. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, has well said, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Let me, then, read the text again, and let us appropriate it to ourselves : "They shall fear and tremble for all the goodness and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it." Such honor and blessing have all the saints.

Our text suggests at the outset the remark that all the good things which make up prosperity are to be traced unto the Lord. Woe unto us if we receive good and perfect gifts, and yet forget the

* The first sermon he delivered after his return from the South of France.

Father of lights from whom they come! These benefits are not from beneath, but from above; let them not be passed by in ungrateful silence, but let us send upward humble and warm acknowledgments. He who forgets mercy deserves that mercy should forget him. God grant we may never be such practical atheists as to receive daily bounties from God, and not return a daily song.

Remark next, that temporal mercies are always best when they come in their proper order. I have no doubt our text includes both temporal and spiritual good; but certainly the temporals are arranged in the second rank, for the eighth verse runs: "I will cleanse them from all their iniquity, whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities, whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me;" and after this we have mention of goodness and prosperity. After pardon, peace and plenty are golden blessings; without it they might prove a curse.

The text speaks of goodness and prosperity procured for us, and then tells us that all danger which might arise out of it is averted by a gracious work upon the heart. The Lord sends a chastened joy—"they shall fear and tremble." Instead of unduly exulting in their possessions, and becoming high-minded and vain-glorious, the Lord's people are kept lowly and self-distrustful, and thus their happiness brings glory to God, and the Lord's word is fulfilled: "It shall be to me a name of joy, a praise and an honor before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them."

This then is our subject, *the sanctifying and mellowing of our joy*. We shall try to see the Lord's loving wisdom in this matter, that we may the more wisely love Him, and the more intelligently estimate His prudent conduct toward us. We shall first notice this *toning down of our joy*; and then, in the second place, we shall observe *the feelings by which this chastened effect is produced*; and, thirdly, we shall look to *the measure in which most of us can enter into this experience* of a joy, toned and tinted by fear and trembling.

I. Let us think a little about

THE TONING DOWN

of our great joys. In the cup of salvation there are drops of bitterness, and so must it be, for *unmixed delight in this world would be dangerous*. Unbroken prosperity in worldly things has proved perilous to many Christians. It is no theory, but a matter of sad fact, that many men, as they rise as to one world sink as to another. I am even afraid that long-continued health of body is not always for the health of a man's soul; and that to be without care and trouble, is not the readiest way to soul-prosperity. When the sea is smooth the ship makes poor sailing. We are apt to lose our God among our goods. Is it not so?

If the world's roses had no thorns should we not think it paradise, and forego all desire for the gardens above? If Israel in Egypt had dwelt luxuriously, would a cry for deliverance have ever gone up to heaven? and had Pharaoh been content to ease their burdens, would they ever have marched for Canaan? Alas, we are apt to chill in our desires for heaven when we get to *the warm side of the hedge*, and hear the smooth side of the world's tongue. When the flowers of earth charm us we cast our eyes downward and forget the stars of heaven—at least, the danger lies that way.

Wise men dare not ask for unmingled prosperity, for they are not sure they can bear it. When first we travel to the south and escape this land of fog we delight without measure in the sunshine, and are anxious to bask in it throughout the livelong day. Do you wonder? Yet before long experience suggests a sunshade, for the stranger finds that his head cannot endure the full rays of the sun. In the same way many a man has suffered a *sunstroke in his mind*, and heart, and character, by making money too fast and prospering too much.

There is a danger of another kind in a spiritual experience which is all smooth and pleasant. You all remember the fate of Moab who had been at ease from his youth, and had become settled upon his lees; may it never be ours. Yet I have seen

professors lose their balance while filled with delight. I am not one of those who would speak evil of excitement in religion; men get excited about politics, why should they not be excited about eternal things? Still, there is a kind of *delirious religion* abroad which I would have men avoid. Its joys are not calm and quiet, but fanatical and noisy. Be ye sober. Do not give up the reins of your judgment and permit your feelings to run away with you.

Some Christians have been so uniformly joyous that they have grown elated and self-conceited, even as Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked. A few have even *supposed themselves to be absolutely perfect* while in the flesh—a mere supposition, disproved by their own want of modesty. We have seen brethren carry their heads so high that they could hardly understand a poor believer who was wrestling against sin, and in the strength of God overcoming his corruptions; they have become censorious, and had condemned their brethren as if they had been appointed to be judges in Israel to set up whom they would, and put down whom they chose.

Ecclesiastical history will tell you that some who have boasted of their high spiritual delights have gone far in vain imaginings, and have ended in the worst forms of immorality. It is an extraordinary fact that super-spirituality has often been found to dwell next door to sensuality, and men have turned the wine of holy love into the vinegar of lust. I need not go to ancient chronicles to prove this; a word to the wise suffices. Even spiritual joy needs a dash of salt, if not of wormwood, to be mingled with it. Holy delight needs to be coupled with sacred grief; repentance must go with faith, patience with hope, humility with full assurance, and conscious self-emptiness with a sense of the all-sufficiency of Christ.

I would remind you next, that

UNMIXED JOY

would be fallacious, because there is no such thing here below. If a man should become perfectly contented with the things of this world, it would be the result of a false view of things. This is an error against which we should pray; for this world cannot fill the soul, and if a man thinks he has filled his soul with it, he must be under a gross delusion. What is the best thing of earth—but a bubble, tinted with rainbow hues, but unsubstantial as a dream? Every earthly joy hath within it the seeds of its own destruction? Oh man, if thou didst but know thyself, much more thy God, thou wouldst be assured that visible things can never satisfy the desires of a spiritual being.

As to spiritual joy, I say that in no man's experience can it be long without admixture and yet be true. Never at any moment can a Christian be in such a position that he has not some cause either for dissatisfaction with himself, or fear of the tempter, or anxiety to be faithful in service. Our streams of joy blend with currents of fear. Blessed be God, my sin is forgiven me; this joy calls up its balancing thought—Oh that the Spirit of God may help me not to sin again. Again I sing—Blessed be God, I have gotten the victory over an evil habit; but my song is followed by the prayer—Lord, enable me to conquer all evils, even those which as yet I know not. Thus joy and fear hang like the two scales of a balance—I mean not the fear which love casts out, but the filial fear which love fosters.

If God has preserved His servant in the day of battle, he has no room to boast, for here comes another enemy. Temptations come wave after wave, and, having breasted one, we prepare for another. We cannot yet shout the victory, for, lo, the foes advance squadron upon squadron; their routed battalions are succeeded by new armies, and it behoves us to quit ourselves like men. We dwell where in our God we have the utmost reason for delight, but where in all things we perceive the most weighty arguments for solemnity. Rejoice evermore, but cease not to fear and tremble for all the goodness and all the prosperity that the Lord has procured for you.

Once more, *unmixed delight on earth would be unnatural*. We are not in heaven yet, and perfect bliss lives not beneath these cloudy skies, nor with-

in the pale sway of the moon. While we are in this body we groan, though we have the firstfruits of the Spirit, for we are in a creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Our years must have their winters while the world revolves. When the Dutch had the trade of the East in their hands they were accustomed to sell *birds of paradise* to the untravelled people of these realms. These specimen birds had no feet, for they had craftily removed them, and the merchants declared that the species lived on the wing and never alighted. There was so much of truth in the fable that had they been really and veritably "birds of paradise" they would not have found a place for their feet upon this globe. Truly, birds of paradise do come and go, and flit from heaven to earth, but we see them not, neither can we build tabernacles to detain them.

While you are here expect reminders of the fact that this is not your rest. If you could attain to perfect joy on earth you might be justified in saying, "I have no longing for heaven; I am perfectly clear of sin, and care, and trouble; I may as well stay where I am. What need to go further if I can fare no better?" Let no man dream that things will ever come to this with him. Ah, ye lovely flowers of spring, this year ye have looked forth too soon. It is strangely mild weather for December, but spring has not yet arrived. Possibly it is so with some of my hearers; because the Lord is smiling upon you, it is very mild weather with your souls, and you dream that the winter of trouble is ended and that your heaven has begun. Be not deceived, you are not yet

"Where everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers."

Perhaps a touch of frost may do you good by preventing your getting into an unnatural and unsound condition.

Thus much, then, upon the first point, the toning down of our joys, which is wisely managed by our Father's wisdom and prudence.

II. Secondly, we are to see how this toning down is done, and observe the feelings by which this sobering effect is produced: "They shall fear and tremble for all the goodness and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it."

WHY FEAR AND TREMBLE?

Is not this in part a *holy awe of God's presence*? Remember that text, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." The argument for fear and trembling is the work of God in the soul. Because God is working in you there must be no trifling. If the eternal Deity deigns to make a workshop of my nature, I too must work, but it must be with fear and trembling.

So, then, the blessed presence of God is the believer's joy, and the very fact that He has worked it in him, is a cause for the fear and trembling which comes over the spirit of the joyous believer, and that I think is the first meaning of our text. God has been very good to me, unspeakably good to me, and I have plainly seen the traces of His fatherly hand in my life. So has it been with you, dear friends. When God has come very near to you in a blaze of mercy, when He has done things that you looked not for; when your mouth has been filled with laughter, and your tongue with singing because of His goodness, have you not at the same time felt overcome by the excess of His favor? Have you not been able to sympathize with Peter when, at the sight of his boat full of fish, he cried "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." A common providence would have charmed you, but an *extraordinary providence* has overwhelmed you; you have lain in the dust at Jesus' feet, feeling yourself to be but dust and ashes, and yet every particle of dust has been full of wondering love to God. This is one way in which God keeps His people right in the days of their joy.

But next to that there rises up in the mind of every favored Christian a *deep repentance for past sin*. He asks himself this question, "How could I have lived as I have done when God has entertained such love towards me?" When I discov-

ered the election of God's grace, and when I saw at what a price I had been redeemed by our Lord Jesus, I was ashamed of all my evil ways. Have you not felt the same? Have you not felt ashamed and confounded at the memory of your former life? Have you not felt as if you could never open your mouth any more because of all your unkindness to your heavenly friend? Such penitent reflections keep the Lord's people right, by creating a fear and trembling in the presence of his overflowing goodness.

Let me ask you another question. Has not your *deepest sense of unworthiness* come upon you when you have been conscious of superlative mercy? When the Lord has scourged and chastened you, you have seen your sins in your sorrows and have been ashamed; but, by the memory of His great goodness, you have been far more corrected and humbled. When our secret sins are set in the light of God's countenance, it is a light indeed! Love makes the crimson of sin more red than ever. Blood-bought pardon makes sin look black as sackcloth of hair. I tell you, sirs, it is not the flames of hell, but the glories of heaven, that most of all fill us with trembling before the Lord. Nothing touches the heart like undeserved and unexpected love. Love's glance flashes to the very core of the heart, and makes the offender, like Peter, go forth and weep bitterly.

Have you never noticed how the Lord brings His people to their bearings, and keeps them steady, under a sense of great love, by suggesting to their hearts the question,

"HOW CAN I LIVE

as becometh one who has been favored like this?" Have you not felt as if you dared not speak till you had prayed, "Lord, open Thou my lips." You have been afraid to look for fear your eyes should glance on evil; and therefore you have prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." There has been such a fear, such a caution, such a holy jealousy upon you, that, instead of being uplifted by favor, you have been humbled thereby. Grace never makes a man vain. When a soul is adorned with glory and beauty, and made to shine like the star of the morning, it owns its borrowed comeliness and brightness, and is mildly radiant with reflected rays.

And have you never felt *a fear lest God's goodness should be abused by you?* I have been smitten to the very heart as with a secret blow in moments of delight, when I have thought, "And suppose, after all, I should not serve God faithfully in my favored position, and should not be approved of Him at the last?" What if I should seem to be an apostle, and prove to be a Judas? What if I should speak of Christ, and yet be nothing better than a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal? That heart-piercing fear will wound pride if anything will. Have you never been thus put to the question by your conscience?

Have not other questions arisen of a similar character? You have seen your children around you, and you have been happy with them, but have you not thought, "How if I should not train them aright, and they should grow up to be a sorrow to me, and a dishonor to the church of God?" When prospered in business, have you never said to yourself, "What if I should become a worshipper of the golden calf? What if, covetousness should eat out the heart of my devotion? What if when my Master calls me to account for my talents, He should cast me away for having hid them in a napkin?" Have you never been tried by such thoughts?

If you have never thus examined yourself, you had better do so at once. He who has never questioned his own condition had better make an immediate inquiry. He who has never felt great searchings of heart needs to be searched with candles. It is idle to take things for granted, for all of us must be tried by fire, and even "the righteous scarcely are saved." No man's hell shall be more terrible than that of the self-confident one who made so sure of heaven that he would not take the ordinary precaution to ask whether his title-deeds were genuine or no.

One more thought may also occur to the most joyous believer. He will say, "What if after rejoicing in all this blessedness I should lose it?"

"What," cries one, "do you not believe in the final perseverance of the saints?" Assuredly I do; but are we saints? There's the question. Moreover, many a believer who has not lost his soul has, nevertheless, lost his present joy and prosperity, and why may not we? The good man has shone as a star of the first magnitude, but suddenly he has dwindled into darkness; he has been unwatchful, and in consequence he has had to go softly in the bitterness of his soul.

We have known fathers in Israel who have stepped aside, and though they have by deep repentance found their way to heaven, they have gone sorrowing thither. Look at David's history. Who happier all the early part of his life? Note that one sin with Bathsheba, and ask who more tried and troubled than David throughout the rest of his pilgrimage? The doctrine of final perseverance was never intended for the comfort of any who are afraid of self-examination, or who are not watchful; for it is by no means at variance with the other doctrine that many who made sure of heaven in their own minds will never enter there, because Jesus never knew them.

Thus you see how the Lord, by working upon our innermost feelings, sobers us in the hour of joy, even as the text hath it: "They shall fear and tremble for all the goodness and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

III. By way of practical application, let us now consider *the measure in which you and I can enter into this experience.* I thought to myself, if I begin to make individual applications I shall have before me a never-ending task, because every man has had a distinct experience of this truth if he has safely stood upon the high places of joy. We have hundreds of us perceived the benefits of the dark lines and shadings of life's picture, and we see how fit and proper it is that trembling should mingle with transport.

To my mind there is *no temptation so bad as not being tempted at all.* The worst devil in the world is when you cannot see the devil at all, because the villain has hidden himself away within the heart, and is preparing to give you a fatal stab.

"More the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests thundering overhead."

This general statement may suffice, and as I cannot make an application to each one personally, I think I will apply the truth to this church as a whole. When this building was not yet ready for opening we held a meeting in it, and I remember among the speakers there was one who is now with God, Mr. Jonathan George, of Walworth, and he made use of this text in a little speech that he made: He said, "It would be well for us all to remember, when God blesses us with any measure of prosperity, that prosperity is very hard to bear. How is that? Cannot Christianity or the grace of God bear it? No, it is because of the extreme carnality and pride of our hearts. Here is a portion of Scripture we should all recollect: 'They shall fear and tremble for all the prosperity that I send.' It is a blessing when God has succeeded our poor efforts, and poured out a blessing upon us, if we are jealous of our own hearts, and fear and tremble. Oh God, how rich, how beneficent thou art! Let us not lose Thy full blessing by our own pride; by pointing to some second cause, and saying, 'It was I; it was ourselves; it was our ministers.'"

Verily I say unto you the words of the man of God have been fulfilled. How I have feared and trembled because the Lord's mercy to us has been so extraordinary. As a church we have enjoyed so many years of growth, and prosperity, and unity, and happiness, that one is apt to fear that it cannot last much longer. Certainly it cannot be perpetuated except by fresh power from the Lord who is wonderful in working. One begins to think, "Must not something happen to spoil our concord? Will power always continue with the word preached? Will not the candle burn low in the socket? Such holy jealousy, if faith be also active, will help to keep us right. Evils may be prevented by foresight. Through grace, by our fear of falling we may be helped to stand.

Brethren, we are just now in a critical time of our life as a church. Whatever of novelty there was about our movements has long since vanished, and those who came among us from curiosity know us no more. Your pastor's ministry cannot be expected to be as fresh and vigorous as it used to be, for upon his head the gray hairs far outnumber the darker ones, and perhaps gray hairs are stealing over his preaching too. If natural vigor fails, now is the time to see whether the power which has sustained us be of God or no. We know what the answer to the text will be—out of weakness we shall be made strong.

We are in the middle of the river now, and in the middle the river is deepest and hardest to ford. Now we need that underneath us there should be the everlasting arms. I am weaker than ever, you also are weaker than ever; but the eternal God fainteth not. We have the same old Gospel, and you will not grow tired of it, though it is preached by

THE SAME OLD SPURGEON.

The Holy Spirit will abide with us, and that will make up for the weakness of our spirit. You who have been earnest at prayer will not, I hope, lose your zeal, for the mercy-seat is still accessible.

To persevere is the difficulty. It would be easy to burn at a stake for five minutes; but to be surrounded with smouldering faggots of green wood, and to burn by slow degrees, would be torture indeed; yet such is the patience of saints. Keeping up your burning zeal, your personal holiness, your evangelizing efforts, and all your spiritual works after twenty-seven years is no mean test of your faith. He that endureth to the end the same shall be saved. Yes, brethren, these are the thoughts that come into my mind, and prevent my ever saying we have done well, and may rest on our oars. Far from anything like exaltation or self-congratulation, I feel more than ever inclined to lie low at the feet of my Master and kiss the very dust He stands upon.

You have heard of *the ancient giant Antaus*, who could not be overcome, because as often as Hercules threw him to the ground, he touched his mother earth, and rose renewed. Such be your lot and mine, often to be cast down, and as often to rise by that downcasting. "When I am weak then am I strong." Let us glory in infirmity, because the power of Christ doth rest upon us. Let us be content to decrease that Christ may increase; to be nothing that Jesus may be all in all. If we do fear and tremble for all the goodness that God has procured for us, it is not a fearing that He will change, or a trembling lest He should be defeated. The fear and trembling are for ourselves, and not for Him. I have no fear and trembling about the Gospel. I have preached it many years in this place, and its attractive perfume is undiminished.

I read the other day of *a grain of musk* which had been kept for ten years in a room wherein the air was perpetually changed; it scented that chamber from year to year, and yet when it was weighed by the most delicate scales no diminution of its bulk was apparent. So the Gospel continues to be as ointment poured forth, savoring the thousands that come hither year by year, and yet it is as full of fragrance and freshness as ever, and so shall it be even if for a thousand ages it should be our theme. Come we then with comfort back to the unalterable Gospel, to the undying Spirit, to the unchanging God; here is room for joy unspeakable and full of glory. Up with your banners, then! Forward to new victories! In the name of the God of Jacob let us be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON
—Psalm 103.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



An Appeal in a Cemetery.



The Last Night of the Concerts.—(See page 35).

THE SEQUEL OF AN APPEAL IN A CEMETERY.

(See Illustration.)

A CEMETERY is always a solemnizing place. Even the most frivolous minds are aved by these resting places of the dead. There is something so serious and strange in the thought that the forms we have loved when alive, that we would have shielded at any cost, at any pain to ourselves, we voluntarily consign to the damp, cold earth after the final change has passed upon them. A cemetery is a sermon in itself, for it brings us face to face with the most serious question of our being, "What shall come after this?"

Some time ago two visitors entered a certain cemetery and made their way to a newly made grave. One of them was a boy of about twelve years, and as he looked down on the grave his eyes filled with tears, for under those sods lay all that was mortal of his brother. Solemn, earnest words were then addressed to him by his companion, who urged him while he was still young to give his heart to Jesus, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." The boy listened attentively and seemed almost persuaded, and the two walked away together in earnest conversation. An eminent minister of the Gospel thus describes the after events of that boy's life.

"He was the son and hope of pious parents, and the favorite of a large circle of acquaintances. He was my friend. We went together to the schoolroom, to the playground, to our chamber. I have seen him while listening to the pleadings of parental faithfulness, urging him to immediate repentance, and warning him of the danger of delay. He listened in silence and respectful attention, but the alluring pleasures of youth dazzled him, and he resolved to leave religion for a future day.

"One evening he met a party of youthful acquaintances. It was a gay circle, and a thoughtless one. In the midst of their mirth his eyes fell upon a hymn-book. He opened it and he told me afterward that he read—

" 'And must this body die—
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?'

He laid down the book, and forgot its warning voice. Late that evening he came to my chamber, breathing short like one who had been walking fast, and lay down by my side. After some time he turned to me and said, 'Will you get up and give me a glass of water? I feel unwell.' I arose and called the family. He was manifestly ill, but not apparently in immediate danger. The next morning he was worse.

"A physician was called, but did not understand his case. Search was at length made, and it was found that, by mistake, he had taken a dose of deadly poison. The hand of death was then upon him.

For three hours his body was writhing in agony, but that was forgotten in the more excruciating agony of the soul. I heard his minister tell him of a merciful Saviour. I heard his father, kneeling by his bedside, pour out to God the most agonizing prayer for him that language could express. I heard his mother exclaim, 'O my son, my son!' till she swooned and sank upon the floor. I heard him, as he tossed from side to side, cry out, 'O Lord, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon me, mercy, mercy!' and then reaching out his hands to his father, he exclaimed, 'I am lost! I am lost! am I not, father?'

"His breath grew shorter, and his voice fainter, until, raising his hands as if he would cry, 'Mercy!' once more, he expired. Fifteen years have rolled away since I heard those cries of dying agony, but they ring in my ears now as if it were but an hour ago. That look of fierce despair is now in my eye, and my ears echo with the cry, 'I am lost! I am lost! am I not, father?'" How can I forget them?

They came from the death-bed of my friend, and that friend my own beloved brother.

Reader, by my brother's dying groans, by the tears which fall upon this paper while I think upon

him, and by the amazing sacrifice on Calvary, I beseech you, remember and lay to heart the truth you are here taught: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6: 2.)

THE RING THEATRE IN VIENNA.

(See illustration.)

WE give this week a picture of the exterior of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, the scene of the fatal catastrophe of December 8th. It was built about the year 1873, when a large number of people from all parts of the Austrian Empire and from other European countries were expected in Vienna, attracted by the great exhibition. It was thought an excellent opportunity for increasing the theatrical accommodation. The site of the theatre was in the Ring, the liveliest and most brilliant part of the city, consisting of a series of broad streets, planted with trees, which almost encircle the old city of Vienna. The most important public buildings are on the Ring, which occupies the site of the former fortifications. There are about nine theatres in the city, the chief ones being the Hofburg, the Karthnerthor and the Theater an der Wien.

The Ring Theatre was opened under the name of the Comic Opera House. At first it was not a financial success but recently it has been under the management of Herr Jauner, who is well known to foreign play-actors, and who changed its name to that of the Ring Theatre, and made it a success. It was considered one of the most handsome theatres in Europe, immense sums having been lavished on its internal decoration. But the arrangements for exit were of the most inadequate description. The passages leading from the interior of the house to the street being narrow, tortuous and intricate. Mr. Brown, of the firm of Brown Brothers & Co., bankers of New York, who with his wife and the entire family visited the Ring Theatre on Thursday afternoon, and left the theatre about an hour before the catastrophe, says that the stairways leading from the lobby to the seats, were scarcely wide enough for two persons to pass, and that he had vowed after arriving in the open air never to take

his family into such a death-trap again. The calamity, overwhelming as it is, is by no means an isolated instance of its kind. The catastrophe in Brooklyn is still fresh in our recollection, and there have been many similar occurrences with various degrees of fatality.

Considering, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, what a mass of combustibles in the shape of oil and oil paint and painted canvas is kept in the scene painter's room and in the rooms where scenes are stored away, considering, too, the danger from gas explosions, *it is strange that theatres are not burned down a little oftener than they really are.* Destruction by fire is

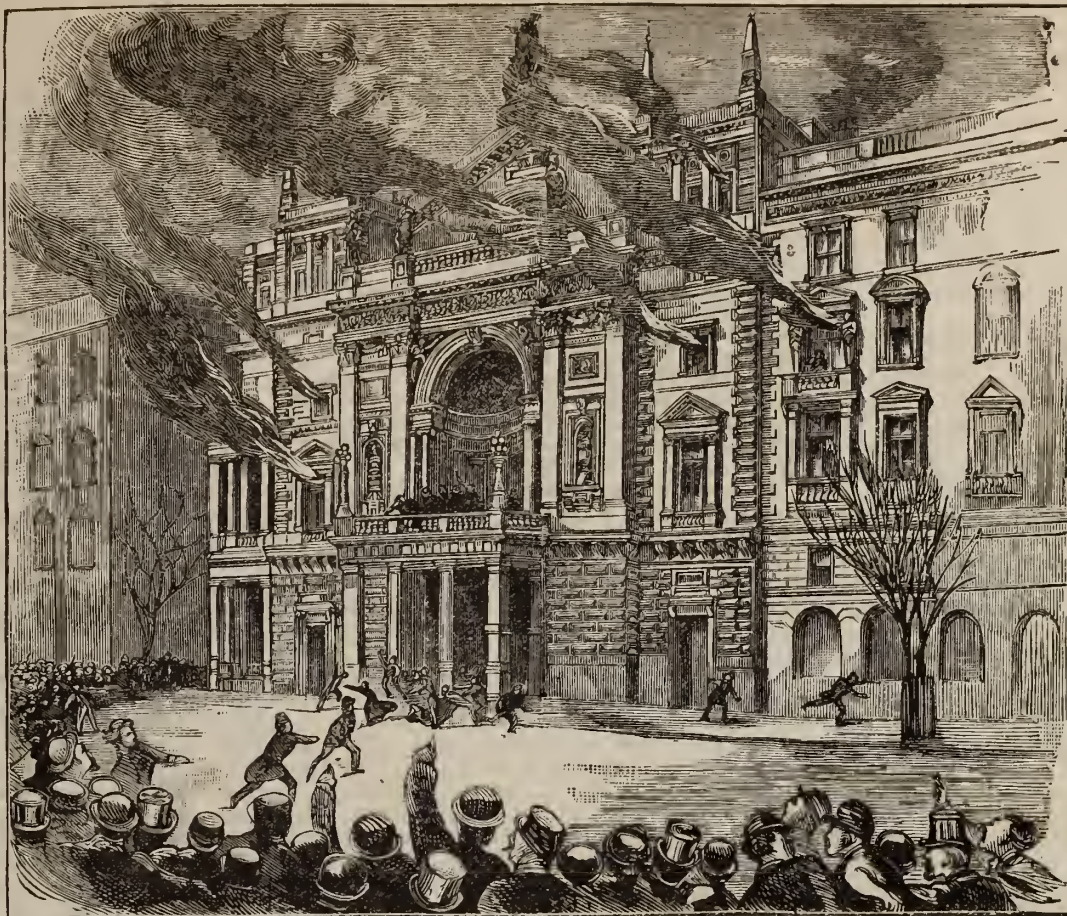
THE NATURAL END of all play-houses, and the insurance offices know this well enough and recognize the fact in the extra premiums they charge on the policies granted to theatrical managers.

Probably the only opera house which ever escaped the usual fate of such establishments was the one occupied by the French Académie Royale de Musique from the first years of the Revolution until the assassination of the Duc de Berri on the steps of the building some thirty years afterward, when, in consequence of the sacrament having been administered to the dying prince in one of the rooms of what the Church regarded as a most unholy edifice, it was demolished.

The Académie Royale was burned out of its theatre in the Palais Royal in 1763, on which occasion even the infidel Voltaire remarked that "the performances had been bad enough to insure, sooner or later, some manifestation of divine wrath." It was again burned out in 1781, and a few years ago the same mishap once more occurred to it. The Académie de Paris has had *three opera houses burned* under it.

The well-known operatic manager, Colonel Mapleson, said to a reporter in connection with the rapid spread of the fire in the Ring Theatre: "It is a wonder to me that they do not have more such fires than they do. Certainly five-sixths of European theatres are constructed in just such fashion—perfect traps in case of panic. I have such a personal horror of fire in most of our London theatres it spoils the performance for me, and I usually go home."

It is plain from these facts that people who attend theatrical performances incur a serious risk to life and limb; many thousands, however, do go in spite of these repeated warnings and yet escape physical injury. It is nevertheless certain that few of them escape mental and spiritual injury. The effect of theatrical representations on the mind and the soul is uniformly pernicious. Even the least objectionable plays produce unnatural temporary excitement which is followed by as unnatural a depression; they cause the ordinary avocations of life to appear dull, prosaic, and insipid, while the burlesques, comic operas, and spectacular plays have a directly immoral effect. Few men lead virtuous lives who habitually attend theatres where the ballet forms a prominent feature of the performance, and the associations which almost invariably cluster around the theatre show that those people who subsist on the vices of others find there the most eligible ground for their abominable traffic.



The Ring Theatre in Vienna, Burned December 8, 1881.

Country visitors to our great cities are frequently tempted to attend such places, and many of them have reason to regret it. Those who know most of the theatre have good reason to give the advice which under far different circumstances the Christians of Ephesus pressed upon Paul (Acts 19 : 31) "desiring him that he would not adventure himself, into the theatre."

COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton. (Continued from page 30.) A Dumb Man's Grief.

THE winter fogs which made London so gloomy did not leave the country sky clear and bright. All the land lay under a shroud of mist and vapor; and even on the uplands round old Marlow's little farmstead the heavens were gray and cold, and the wide prospect shut out by a curtain of dim clouds.

The rude natural tracks leading over the moor to the farm became almost impassable. The thatched roof was sodden and damp, and the deep eaves shed off the water with the sound of a perpetual dropping. Behind the house, the dark, storm-beaten, distorted firs, and the solitary yew-tree blown all to one side, grew black with the damp. The isolation of the little dwelling-place was as complete as if a flood had covered the face of the earth, leaving its two inmates the sole survivors of the human race.

Several months had passed since old Marlowe had executed his last piece of finished work. The blow that Roland Sefton's dishonesty had inflicted upon him had paralyzed his heart—that most miserable of all kinds of paralysis. He could still go about, handle his tools, set his thin old fingers to work; but as soon as he had put a few marks upon his block of oak his heart died within him, and he threw down his useless tools with a sob as bitter as ever broke from an old man's lips.

There was no relief for him, as for other men, in speech easily, perhaps hastily uttered, in companionship with his fellows. Any solace of this kind was too difficult and too deliberate for him to seek it in writing his lamentations on a slate, or spelling them off on his fingers; but his grief and anger struck inward more deeply.

both by day and night, her affection for him was tortured by these hoarse and stifled cries of grief mingled with rage.

There was a certain sense of the duties of citizenship in old Marlowe's mind, which very few women, certainly not a girl as young as Phebe, could have shared. Many years ago the elder Sefton had perceived that the companionless man was groping vaguely after many a dim thought, political and social, which few men of his class would have been troubled with. He had given to him several books, which old Marlowe had pondered over. Now he felt that, quite apart from his own personal ground of resentment, he had done wrong to the laws of his country by aiding an offender of them to escape and elude the just penalty. He felt almost a contempt for Roland Sefton that he had not remained to bear the consequences of his crime.

The news of Roland's death brought something like satisfaction to his mind; there was a chill, dejected sense of justice having been done. He had not prospered in his crime. Though he had eluded man's judgment, yet vengeance had not suffered him to live. There was no relenting toward him, as there was in Mr. Clifford's mind. Something like the old heathen conception of a divine righteousness in this arbitrary punishment of the evil-doer gave him a transient content. He did not object therefore to Phebe's hasty visit to Mrs. Sefton at the sea-side, in order to break the news to her. The inward satisfaction he felt sustained him; and he even set about a piece of work long since begun, a hawk swooping down upon his prey.

The evening on which Phebe reached home again he was more like his former self. He asked her many questions about the sea, which he had never seen; and told her what he had been doing while she was away. An old, well-thumbed translation of *Plato's Dialogues* was lying on the carved dresser behind him, in which he had been reading every night—instead of the Bible, he said, "It was him, Mr. Roland, that gave it to me," he continued, "and listen to what I read last night: 'Those who have committed crimes, great yet not unpardonable—they are plunged into Tar-

Phebe saw his sorrow, and would have cheered him if she could; but she, too, was sorely stricken, and she was young. She tried to set him an example of diligent work, and placed her easel beside his carving, painting as long as the gray and fleeting daylight permitted. Now and then she attempted to sing some of her old merry songs, knowing that his watchful eyes would see, the movement of her lips; but though her lips moved her face was sad, and her heart heavy. 'Sometimes too she forgot all about her, and fell into an absorbed reverie, brooding over the past, until a sob or half-articulate cry from her father aroused her. These outcries of his troubled her more than any other change in him. He had been altogether mute in the former tranquil and placid days, satisfied to talk with her in silent signs; but there was something in his mind to express now, which quiet and dumb signs could not convey. At intervals,

tarus, where they go who betray their friends for money—the pains of which they undergo for a year. But at the end of the year they come forth again to a lake, over which the souls of the dead are taken to be judged. And then they lift up their voices, and call upon the souls of them they have wronged to have pity upon them, and to forgive them, and let them come out of their prison. And if they prevail they come forth, and cease from their troubles; but if not they are carried back again into Tartarus, until they obtain mercy of them whom they have wronged. But it seems as if they have to wait until they have wronged are dead themselves."

The brown crooked fingers ceased spelling out the solemn words, and Phebe lifted up her eyes from them to her father's face. She noticed for the first time how sunken and sallow it was, and how dimly and wearily his eyes looked out from under their shaggy eye-brows. She buried her face in her hands, and broke down into a passion of tears. The vivid picture her father's quotation brought before her mind filled it with horror and grief, that passed all words.

The wind was wailing round the house with a ceaseless moan of pain, in which she could almost distinguish the tones of a human voice lamenting its lost and wretched fate. The cry rose and fell, and passed on, and came back again, muttering and calling, but never dying away altogether. It sounded to her like the cry of a belated wanderer calling for help.

She rose hastily and opened the cottage door, as if she could hear Roland Sefton's voice through the darkness and the distance. But he was dead, and had been in his grave for many days already. Was she to hear that lost, forlorn cry ringing in her ears forever? Oh! if she could but have known something of him between that night when he walked beside her through the dark deserted roads, pouring out his whole sorrowful soul to her, and the hour when in the darkness again he had strayed from his path and been swallowed up of death! Was it true that he had gone down into that great gulf of secrecy and silence, without a word of comfort spoken, or a ray of light shed upon its profound mystery?

The cold wind blew in through the open door and she shut it again, going back to her low chair on the hearth. Through her blinding tears she saw her father's brown hands stretched out to her, and the withered fingers speaking eagerly.

"I shall be there before long," he said; "he will not have to wait very long for me. And if you bid me, I will forgive him at once. I cannot bear to see your tears. Tell me, must I forgive him? I will do anything, if you will look up at me again, and smile."

It was a strange smile that gleamed through Phebe's tears; but she had never heard an appeal like this from her dumb father without responding to it.

"Must I forgive him?" he asked.

"If ye forgive men their trespasses," she answered, "your heavenly Father will also forgive yours; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive yours." It was our Lord Jesus Christ who said that; not your Socrates, father."

"It is a hard saying," he replied.

"I don't think so," she said; "it was what Jesus Christ was doing every day He lived."

From that time old Marlowe did not mention Roland Sefton again, or his sin against him.

As the dark stormy days passed on he sometimes put a touch or two to the outstretched wings of his swooping hawk, but it did not get on fast. With a pathetic clinging to Phebe he seldom let her stay long out of his sight, but followed her about like a child, or sat on the hearth watching her as she went about her household work. Only by those unconscious sobs and outcries, inaudible to himself, did he betray the grief that was gnawing at his heart. Very often did Phebe put aside her work and, standing before him, ask such questions as the following on her swiftly moving fingers.

"Don't you believe in God, our Father in heaven, the Father Almighty, who made us?"

"Yes," he would reply by a nod.

"And in Jesus Christ, His Son, our Lord, who lived, and died for us, and rose again?"

"Yes, yes," was the silent, emphatic answer.

"And yet you grieve and fret over the loss of money!" she would say, with a wistful smile on her young face.

"You are a child; you know nothing," he replied.

For without a sigh the old man was going forward consciously to meet death. Every morning when the dawn awoke him he felt weaker as he rose from his bed; every day his sight was dimmer and his hand less steady; every night the steep flight of stairs seemed steeper, and he ascended them feebly by his hands as well as feet. He could not bring himself to write upon his slate, or to spell out upon his fingers, the dread words, "I am dying;" and Phebe was not old or experienced enough to read the signs of an approaching death. That her father should be taken away from her never crossed her thoughts.

It was the vague, mournful prospect of soon leaving her alone in the wide world, that made his loss loom more largely and persistently before the dumb old man's mind. Certainly he believed all that Phebe said to him. God loved her, cared for her, ordered her life; yet he, her father, could not reconcile himself to the idea of her being left penniless and friendless in the cold and cruel world. He could have left her more peacefully in God's hands, if she had those six hundred pounds of his earnings to inherit.

The sad winter wore slowly away. Now and then the table-land around them put on its white familiar livery of snow; and old Marlowe's dim eyes gazed at it through his lattice window, recollecting the winters of long years ago, when neither snow nor storm came amiss to him. But the slight sprinkling soon melted away, and the dun-colored fog and cloudy curtain shut them in again, cutting them off from the rest of the world, as if their little dwelling was the ark, stranded on the hill's summit, amid a waste of water.

Phebe's nearest neighbor, except the farm-laborer who did an occasional day's labor for her father, was Mrs. Nixey, the tenant of a farmhouse, which lay at the head of a valley running up into the range of hills. Mrs. Nixey had given as much supervision to Phebe's motherless childhood as her father had permitted, in his jealous determination to be everything to his little daughter. Of late years, ever since old Marlowe, in the triumph of making an investment, had communicated that important fact to her on his slate, she had indulged in a day-dream of her own, which had filled her head for hours, while sitting beside her kitchen fire busily knitting long worsted stockings for her son Simon.

Simon was thirty years of age, and it was high time she found a wife for him. Who could be better than Phebe, who had grown up under her own eyes, a good, strong, industrious girl, with six hundred pounds and Upfold Farm for her fortune? As she brooded over this idea, a second thought grew out of it. How convenient it would be if she herself married the dumb old father, and retired to the little farmstead, changing places with Phebe, her daughter-in-law. She would still be near enough to come down to her son's house at harvest-time and pig-killing, and when the milk was abundant, and cheese and butter to make. And the little house on the hill was built with walls a yard thick, and well lined with good oak wainscoating; she could keep it warm for herself and the old man. The scheme had as much interest and charm for her as if she had been a peeress looking out for an eligible alliance for her son.

But it had always proved difficult to take the first steps toward so delicate a negotiation. She was not a ready writer; and even if she had been, Mrs. Nixey felt that it would be almost impossible to write her day-dream in bold and plain words upon old Marlowe's slate. If Marlowe was deaf, Phebe was singularly blind and dull. Simon Nixey had played with her when she was a child, but it had been always as a big, grown-up boy, doing man's work; and it was only of late that she had realized that he was not almost an old man. For the last year or two he had lingered at

the church door to walk home with her and her father, but she had thought little of it. He was their nearest neighbor, and made himself useful in giving her father hints about his little farm, besides sparing his laborer to do them an occasional day's work. It seemed perfectly natural that he should walk home with them across the moors from their distant parish church.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

The Going Forth of the Three Unclean Spirits.
By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 31.)

The Alliance between Popery and Mohammedanism—The Strife producing Evil Spirit—Its Work in France in 1848—Its Aid to Louis Napoleon—Its Future Work in producing Dissension between France and Germany—Its Work in the Churches—The Three Frogs on the Escutcheon of France—Its Work in America—Its Goal—The Outpouring of the Seventh Vial.

THE Church of Rome will at that time be seated as ecclesiastical mistress and State Church over the Mahometan countries of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, as well as over the rest of the ten kingdoms, she must therefore have formed an ecclesiastical confederacy between popery and Mahometanism. And this is fully confirmed by the emblem of the two-horned wild beast, representing this Papal-Mahometan hierarchy at a later stage, after the scarlet woman shall have been dismounted and despoiled by the ten kings, and stripped of her wealth and temporalities (Revelation 17:16).

Hence a strife-producing evil spirit going forth from the False Prophet, or two-horned wild beast, denotes a spirit of *crusading fanaticism and propagandism* from the papacy and Mahometanism. Now, it is singular that the year 1848 was the marked epoch of the outburst, not only of the first and second spirit of *Spiritualism* and *Revolutionary Democracy*, but also of this third spirit of *Jesuitical crusading intrigue and conspiracy*, for the Jesuit Ultramontanes were openly asserted to have fomented the revolution in France in 1848, which so suddenly overthrew Louis Philippe's monarchy. The Roman Catholic *Weekly Register* has said: "During Louis Philippe's reign the Catholic Church in France was in absolute bondage. The bishops were constantly snubbed, the cathedrals and churches were suffered to go to decay, and the utmost indulgence was given and the warmest friendship shown to the violent literary revilers of the Church and enemies of religion. Louis Philippe invaded the Pontifical States and seized Ancona, in order to oppose the Austrians, who had entered Italy at the Pope's desire to suppress a Carbonaro insurrection."

The Jesuits perceived that King Louis Philippe would never promote their interests, and so they encouraged the revolutionary movement of 1848, which overthrew him, and then they are asserted to have powerfully aided in securing the election of Prince Louis Napoleon as Republican President of France in December, 1848, in return for his promise to further their ends and aims. The Catholic priests led their flocks like sheep to the polls to vote for Louis Napoleon. The result of this was seen in Louis Napoleon sending French troops in 1849 to suppress the Republican revolution in Rome, which had caused the pope's flight from that city, and afterward upholding and protecting the pope in Rome by French bayonets, although nothing could be more inconsistent than for a French republic to overthrow an Italian republic, in order to restore the despotic temporal sovereignty of the pope over Rome.

One great manifestation of the *Ultramontane crusading spirit* we may look for in the future predestined war of Catholic France against Protestant Prussia, by which France must regain the Rhine frontier of ancient Gaul, and therefore must conquer and annex to its territory Luxemburg, part of Holland, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, and also Baden, Wurtemberg, and part of Bavaria, unless the three latter are added to Austria. Reverses and defeats in any quarter will

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders," By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, \$1.

only intensify the desperate energy of Ultramontan-ism and clericalism, and make it ally itself with Communists, Socialists, or any party that will promote its ambitious schemes.

Jesuitical Propagandism has also gone forth since 1848 with fresh energy and strength in other forms. It has especially appeared in the Protestant Established Church of England in the extraordinary movement of many of her clergy to assimilate their teachings and ritual as nearly as possible to those of the Church of Rome, in fact to Romanize the Church of England. This movement is known as Ritualism, Tractarianism, Puseyism, or Ultra-High-Churchism. It has introduced into Protestant sanctuaries popish ceremonies and vestments; incense ascends and censers are swung where they have not been for three hundred years since the Reformation. Hymns are sung to the Virgin Mary; the Communion table is called an altar; the clergyman, a sacrificing priest; the Lord's Supper, a sacrifice, and alleged to be the veritable body and blood of Christ. Confession to the priest is enjoined, and forgiveness alleged to be conveyed by absolution, and penances are prescribed.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming has well said: Jesuitical popery grows in all soils—it is an upas tree that flourishes in all climates. It calls for repeal in Ireland, and tries to crush liberty in France—it is a democrat in America, and an autocrat in Russia—it tolerates no other faith when it has power. It whines and weeps that it is persecuted when it has lost that power. It is heard in royal cabinets and in republican congress; its hands touch the sceptre, and arrange the ballot-box. It gives tutors to the children of the great, and opens free schools for the children of the poor. It enters universities, academies, asylums—it finds access to the hospitals, and gives prescriptions from the Vatican to be blended with the prescriptions of the physician. It lives in all climes—it breathes all airs—it drinks all streams—it makes any sacrifice—it assumes any shape—sleeps or springs—its consuming and absorbing aim is dominion over soul and body—its effort is to contaminate the one and crush the other, and to make captive to itself the energies and influence of both. Its progress and ravages are recorded in every journal—its croakings are heard in every corner of the land, and the foul traces of its trail are seen wherever toleration has opened a pathway for its presence."

The Rev. B. Slight has also justly observed, "Of late years the spirit of popery has been without doubt very energetic. There has been a renewal of miracles. Nunneries and monasteries have been multiplied; the Jesuits have been revived. It does its work craftily with the higher powers, besetting statesmen with tenacious application and with a croaking cry. Its agents have insinuated themselves into the government affairs of Ireland, Canada, and other colonies; into France, and several nations of the continent of Europe. They have associated their operations with agitators, as in Ireland, and in many other places. It is doing the work of democracy; and indeed there is a union of the three spirits of Infidelity, Democracy, and Romanism, in action."

"The pope saw that the spirit of democracy was prevalent in Europe, and accordingly he allied himself with the democrats of France, and other places. The priests are remarkable for appearing to act in coincidence with any popular feeling. In several places the balance of power has been with the papist party; and they have been courted by statesmen to secure a preponderance. Governments have run a mad race for the honor of patronizing Romish bishops and priests; and France has lent the aid of its ships and influence to palm them upon the weak inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. All this has raised their hopes, and they have triumphantly boasted that all nations will soon submit to the pope. 'It is thought by many that France will be the great advocate of Romanism, and will prove the chief secular power employed by the three spirits to take the lead in gathering the kings of the earth to the war of the great day of Almighty God. It is remarkable that three frogs is the old coat of arms of

France; that three each, in two divisions, were on the armorial shield of Clovis; and that three were on the banner of Clovis."

The singular heraldic fact that France's old national insignia and escutcheon, or coat of arms, were *three frogs*, remarkably agrees with the circumstance that of all the ten nations France is the chief seat and propagandist centre of infidelity, democracy, and ultramontane superstition which are to "gather the nations to the war of the great day of God Almighty toward Armageddon" (Rev. 16: 14).

The spirit of Romish Propagandism has also been vigorously operating in the United States and Canada during the last twenty years; it has largely increased the number of Romish ecclesiastics, churches, schools, and convents, and has predominated so as to exclude the Bible altogether from many of the public schools. In England, according to the "Roman Catholic Directory," the Romish clergy in the last ten years have increased from about 700 to 1300—nearly double; and its churches from about 700 to 900; and 100 convents have been added to those previously existing. In Ireland the Ultramontane spirit is very active, and is endeavoring to get the direction of the educational institutions in that country.

As regards the spirit of *Mahometan crusading* fanaticism, it went forth powerfully in India in 1857, stirring up the formidable Sepoy Mutiny, and assuredly it will go forth again in bringing to pass the predicted legislative separation of India from England; and during the expiring throes of the Turco-Mahometan empire the Sherif of Mecca will doubtless proclaim a jihad, or so-called *holy war*, against Giaour heretics, just as Ultramontan-ism will proclaim a holy war against Protestants.

The appropriate comparison of these three evil spirits to *frogs* is strikingly illustrated by their great swelling utterances, ceaseless clamor, garrulous loquacity, prolific multiplication, intrusive pertinacity, slimy contamination, and amphibious politico-ecclesiastical nature. Frogs are bred in *stagnant* pools, and croak chiefly in darkness; and so infidelity, in its modern forms of scientific philosophic rationalism and German neology, denying the divine inspiration and miracles of the Bible, has been justly defined by a French author, Guizot, as "a noxious spawn bred in the stagnant marshes of corrupted Christianity."

And thus the frogs of Infidelity, Spiritualism, Democratic Demagogueism and sedition, Jesuitical priestcraft, and Ritualism croak loudly and clamorously, and, like the Egyptian frogs, creep in swarms into houses, as a pestilence that walketh in darkness. They are evidently preparing the way for the predicted *apostacy* or *falling away*, and wide-spread "departure from Christian faith," out of which the latter-day Man of Sin or Personal Antichrist is to arise and reign over all nations for three and a half years (2 Thessalonians 2: 3; 1 Timothy 4: 1). And as the croaking of frogs in tropical climates is loudest at *midnight*, so must we expect the croaking of these frog-like spirits to wax loudest as we approach the world's hour of *midnight*, which, in the parable of the Ten Virgins, is placed just before the bridegroom's coming, and which is the darkest hour preceding the dawn of the unsetting Sun of Millennial Righteousness that shall soon arise with everlasting healing in his wings.

THE WAR OF ARMAGEDDON

(in Greek *polemon*, not *battle*) is the goal toward which the three unclean spirits are to gather the nations; and this, in the year-day fulfilment of the sixth vial, signifies the terrible revolutions, agitations, and politico-religious wars which will accompany the formation of the countries of Cæsar's Roman empire into the *Ten-kingdomed Confederacy* in its three successive forms, and which will extend, moreover, to other parts of the world.

The second advent of Christ to remove to Heaven His waiting people takes place at the end of the year-day sixth vial in accordance with His personal announcement, "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth" (Rev. 16: 15). Then follows the year-day *seventh vial* which is fulfilled during the remaining final five years of this dispensation. Its being poured out

into the air denotes the world-wide universality of its action. This will follow the descent of Christ into the air to take up His people to meet Him and to cast Satan out of those aerial regions, and therefore this Vial of Judgment is poured out into the air as the special seat of Satan, "the prince of the power of the air."

The outpouring of the Seventh Vial will cause "a great earthquake such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great, so that every island shall flee away and the mountains shall not be found." In the figurative year-day fulfilment, this denotes an unparalleled world-wide *revolution*—a violent convulsion and overwhelming demolition of all settled governments far surpassing the French Revolution of 1793, which latter is called in Rev. 11: 13, only "A great earthquake."

This tremendous revolution will take place about two years and a half after the covenant, and will give birth to the second form of the ten-kingdomed confederacy, when all the ten kingdoms become atheistic and red-republican, and permit the Church of Rome, then become socialistic and red-republican likewise, to be seated upon them in ecclesiastical supremacy as prefigured in Revelation 17, by the Scarlet Uncrowned Ten-horned Wild beast covered with blasphemous titles, and ascending from the bottomless pit, carrying the Scarlet Woman.

At present deadly hostility exists between the Radical Republicans and the Ultramontane Jesuits—the "reds" and the "Blacks" as they are termed. The Republicans believe that the Jesuit priests secretly influence the people in churches, schools, and the confessional against the republic and in favor of a monarchy. But in due time the Jesuit priests will make a compact with the republicans zealously to teach and preach communistic republican doctrines in return for their support, so that the scarlet wild beast will uphold the scarlet woman.

The above-mentioned events will be closely connected—the Coming of Christ into the air, the pouring of the Seventh Vial into the air, the casting down of Satan from the air on to the earth (Rev. 12: 7), the mighty and great earthquake or revolution, and the consequent red-republicanizing of the nations, and elevation over them of the Babylonish harlot.

OBSERVATIONS ADDED TO FOURTH EDITION IN 1880.

Since the first publication of this book in 1866, the *first* spirit of infidelity and Spiritualism has gone forth increasingly, and the rising flood of scepticism has registered its tide-mark high on the door of the British House of Commons by their admission of the avowed atheist, C. Bradlaugh, as member for Northampton. Yet amid multiplying signs of the predicted "falling away" (2 Thess. 2: 3) and activity on the part of Satan's hosts, there is an unwonted counter activity on the part of God's people in spreading abroad a knowledge of the Gospel. While the wicked are growing worse, the good are becoming holier and more earnest in Christian work. The aggregate income of benevolent and religious societies was never larger; the number of home and foreign missionaries, ministers, evangelists, open-air preachers, and of religious services, and the circulation of religious literature, was never greater than now.

The extraordinarily successful labors of the Rev. W. Booth's Salvation Army among the lower classes in Britain, and the great revival meetings held since 1875 by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Britain and America, and the unprecedented works of faith and prayer carried on by such men of God as Mr. George Müller of the Bristol orphanages, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Grattan Guinness, and others, are a few out of many manifestations of Christian energy in these last days. Nevertheless, the Christian Church, as a whole, is slumbering and sleeping in comparison with the marvellous awakening it will experience for about two years during the period of the midnight cry before the Second Advent of Christ (Matt. 25) to translate the Wise Virgins to heaven.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Efforts are being Made to Induce the British Government to release Mr. Parnell and the other imprisoned members of Parliament in time to attend in the House of Commons when it assembles; but it is believed that the application will be refused. Discoveries are being made continually which show that there is a widely organized plot to employ force in Ireland against the British Government. A member of the Land League recently arrested has made important disclosures, and acting on his directions a large party of police proceeded to the north side of the city of Cork, where they discovered a case buried six feet under ground, which contained a large number of Snider rifles, a quantity of dynamite, gun cotton, and ammunition. This seizure is but the beginning of more extensive captures. There have also been extensive seizures of arms and ammunition at Tralee and Clonmel. The gross total of outrages committed in Ireland in December is 574. The largest number of cases occurred in Munster. Kings county has been proclaimed.

Mr. Gladstone has Endeavored to Reassure English landowners who feared he might introduce into England an act similar to that granted to the Irish tenants. Speaking at a meeting of his own tenants on January 13th, Mr. Gladstone deprecated the idea of introducing the principle of the Land Court bill into England, but it was necessary, he said, to cheapen and facilitate the transfer of land. The reform of Parliamentary procedure, he said, was the first question Parliament would have to consider, after which there was nothing to prevent the endeavor the Government intended to make in dealing with county government.

A Gloomy Prospect for Ireland is Sketched by newspaper correspondents in that country and by philanthropists who have endeavored to allay the hostile feeling of the people toward England. The correspondent of the *New York World*, commenting on the failure of the Land Act to conciliate the peasantry, writes: "The main defect of the act, and one which can only be remedied by the State purchase of estates, is that it does nothing to relieve the surplus population that is trying to keep body and soul together upon patches of land which would be wholly inadequate for its support, even if they were rent free. There is the emigration clause, to be sure, but forced exile is no remedy. It is certain, however, that even if the Land Act were perfect there would be no peace. The people are, to put it mildly, opposed to all English law simply because it is English. The disease, in short, can only be cured by repeal, and repeal is out of the question. Mr. Gladstone may tinker and amend, and Lord Salisbury may do likewise, but the only measure that can allay Irish discontent is the dismemberment of the empire, and that being impossible, we must make up our minds to have the Irish problem always with us."

Mr. Francis Murphy is Holding Temperance meetings in Dundee, Scotland, and a large circus, which is estimated to hold more than 3,000 persons, is reported as crowded every evening. Between five and six thousand have put on the Blue Ribbon, many of whom never signed a temperance pledge before. The enthusiasm among all classes is immense. Daily prayer-meetings are conducted by Mr. Murphy, in the rooms of the Y.M.C.A., and special addresses are being given to ladies with the most gratifying results.

Anxiety about the Arctic Explorers of the Jeannette expedition has not been allayed by recent intelligence. The following telegram from St. Petersburg was received on January 12th: "A telegram from Irkutsk says that on December 18th, Lieutenant Danenhauer, with five sailors, had reached Yakutsk. The other six persons rescued with Engineer Meville will arrive at Yakutsk shortly. All the arrivals are comfortably lodged and supplied with all they need. As soon as they feel disposed to continue their journey to Irkutsk they will be supplied with money and all the necessities for the journey. *Captain De Long and the persons with him had not been discovered* up to noon on the 16th of November, the date of Lieutenant Danenhauer's departure from Bolonenga for Yakutsk. According to the reports which have reached St. Petersburg the Jeannette would appear to have been caught amid the icebergs on the 1st of October, 1879, and to have drifted at the mercy of the winds and currents for *twenty-one months* until June 23d, 1881, when the crew abandoned the vessel for terra firma." In explanation of the delay in receiving news it may be stated that the telegraph wires do not go further north than Irkutsk, and Engineer Melville and his comrades were last heard of at Yakutsk, *eighteen hundred miles* from Irkutsk.

A Political Crisis in France is Imminent. The famous Scrutin de Liste project advocated last year by M. Gambetta has been again introduced by that statesman, and he has announced his resolution to resign if it is not passed by the chambers. It is significant that in this scheme he is not supported by the Republicans, who usually vote in harmony with him. They distrust his motives in this case, and believe that if the measure is passed Gambetta will be virtually dictator of France, and will hold power dangerous to the stability of the Republic. The principal features of the bill are as follows: The election of life senators by both Chambers, voting separately, instead of by the Senate alone; instead of the senatorial delegates being chosen by the communes, one to be elected by each 500 electors. The Senate to be deprived of the power of restoring items struck from the budget by the Chamber of Deputies. The final clause of the bill provides for the *discontinuance of prayers* at the opening of the Legislature.

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, sailed from Liverpool on January 11th for Canada. His wife, the Princess Louise, accompanied him on board the vessel. On their arrival in Liverpool they were received by the Mayor, and lunched at the Town Hall, and then proceeded on board the Allan line steamer Parisian, where the Princess took leave of Lord Lorne. In replying to a toast at the luncheon Lord Lorne said that *the Princess remained behind at his request* until she had sufficiently recovered her health, and that she had consented to remain only under the advice of her physicians. This statement is significant in connection with certain calumnious reports circulated in the British press.

A Census Paper was Sent to the Vatican, the palace of the Pope, by the Italian Government some weeks ago, but the correspondent of the *London Standard* says: "The Pope declined to comply with the law requiring him to fill it up; one of his officers, however, filled up the return, showing that there are *five hundred persons* living in the Vatican, one-third of whom are females."

The Emperor of Germany is Apparently Determined to resist any attempt to abridge his power. On January 4th he issued a rescript countersigned by Prince Bismarck in which he said: "It is my will that in Prussia and also in the legislative bodies of the empire no doubt will be allowed to attach to my constitutional right or that of my successor to personally direct the policy of the government. It is the duty of my ministers to support my constitutional rights by protecting them from doubt and obscurity, and I expect the same from all officials who have taken the oath of loyalty to me. I am far from wishing to restrict the freedom of elections, but the functionaries intrusted with the execution of my official acts are bound to support the policy of my government, even at the elections. I shall acknowledge the discharge of this duty, and expect all officials to hold aloof from all agitation against my government."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have had another week of evangelistic labor and divine blessing in Edinburgh, Scotland. The Children's meeting, on December 24th, was one of unusual interest, the youthful congregation, acting on a suggestion previously made by Mr. Moody, having brought with them a number of Christmas gifts to be distributed among the destitute of the city. The evangelists' work among the "lapsed masses" has been crowned with manifest tokens of success. Thousands of that class assembled in the Corn Exchange, four evenings in the week. The ordinary meetings in the Free Church Assembly Hall, have also been much enriched with God's benediction. According to their previous arrangements that was to be their last week at Edinburgh, and the following week they were expected to commence their labors in the large commercial city of Glasgow, the population of which is 477,156.

One of the Egyptian Pyramids has been opened for the first time in modern days. M. Maspéro, the director of the Egyptian museums, has been greatly interested in a pyramid called the Meydoun, the entrance to which no one had been able to discover. It is situated on the borders of the Libyan Desert, and of all the pyramids is considered the most mysterious. The following account is from the *Paris Journal des Debats*, and was written by M. Maspéro's assistant. "The pyramid has long been the subject of curiosity, and Ibrahim Pacha even endeavored to effect a breach in its walls with artillery, in the hope of finding a treasure concealed therein. By removing some of the ground on the north side of the artificial mound which surrounds the pyramid, M. Maspéro has succeeded in uncovering all the points where an opening might be revealed, and the result has shown that his calculations were well founded. Thirteen days of active labor, with skilled workmen, have sufficed for the discovery of a secret which was believed to be undiscoverable. The spades of the fellahs have exposed to view the opening, which is situated nearly at the top of the artificial mound. On entering the pyramid the visitor passes through a corridor, admirably constructed, which takes him about forty yards in a gentle decline, as is the case in the great Gizeh Pyramid. Here, for the moment, he is stopped by the debris, which is being rapidly cleared away. M. Maspéro has already found two sacred inscriptions, in the style of the Twentieth Dynasty, giving the names of two scribes who had visited the pyramid."

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1882.

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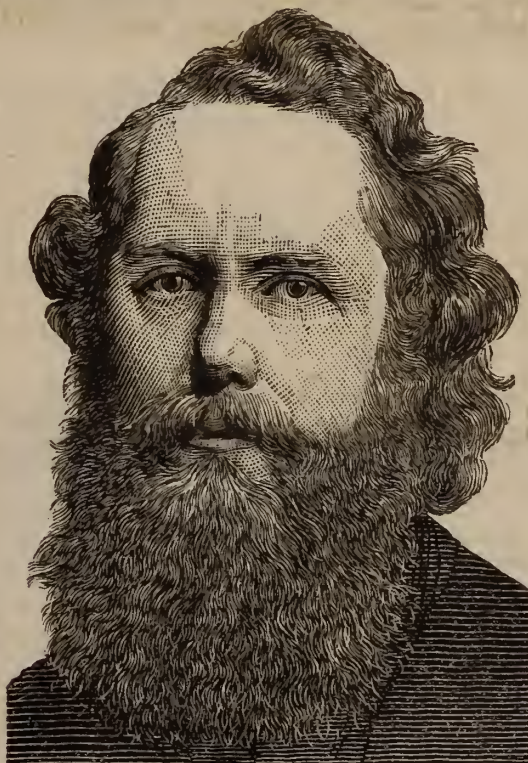
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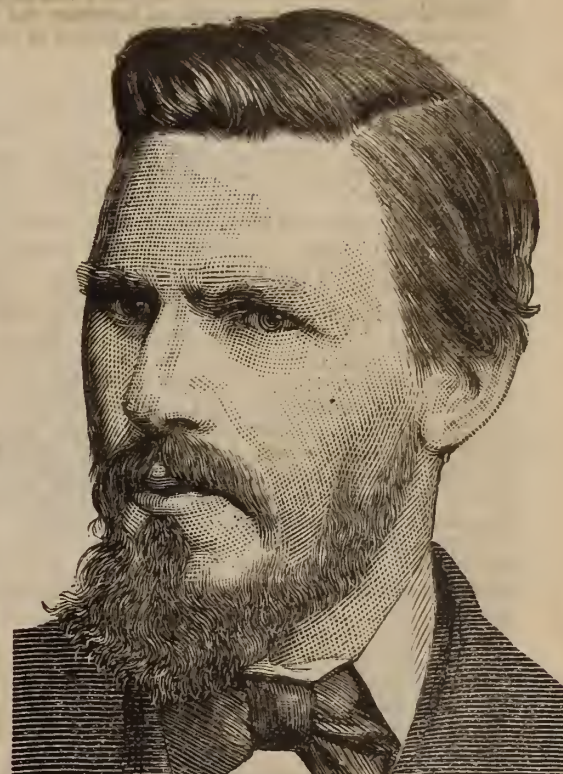
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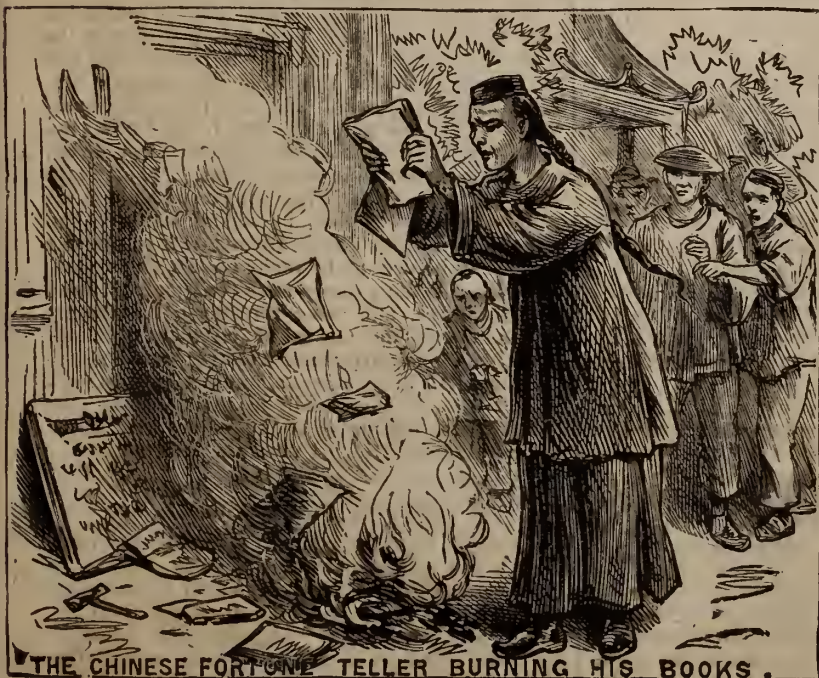
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MR. JAMES CAMERON



THE CHINESE FORTUNE TELLER BURNING HIS BOOKS.



MR. CAMERON AND HIS PARTY SNOWED UP.

PORTRAITS AND SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

THE REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, Founder of the China Inland Mission.

Birth in 1832—Conversion—Early Interest in China—Dangers Encountered on His Travels—Returns to England—Founds China Inland Mission—Serious Illness and Manifold Labors.

THE operations of the China Inland Mission have become so important and so interesting that, although a portrait and life of its founder appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 22d, 1879, no apology is needed for the re-introduction of a subject presenting so many claims upon public attention, and forming an eminently noteworthy and memorable chapter in the annals of Christian enterprise.

Mr. Taylor was born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, in the year 1832. He was consecrated by his Christian parents to God from his birth, and at a very early age it was evident that a work of grace was begun in his heart. When but a boy the needs and claims of China took hold of his mind, and appear never to have wholly left him. Youthful studies and amusements, however, for a time occupied his attention, and the affairs of his soul were neglected.

At the age of fifteen, by God's mercy he regained a sense of the Divine favor, and the spiritual need of China powerfully affected him, and from that time he began to direct his attention and studies to the subjects which would best fit him for missionary work in that vast empire. So decided was he upon going to China, that he said he would go if he had to work his passage out as a common sailor. He gained some knowledge of medicine in the store of his father, who was a chemist and druggist, and afterward continued medical studies in Hull and London, during which time he also availed himself of opportunities for Christian work.

In September, 1853, he sailed for China as a missionary in connection with the Chinese Evangelization Society. After three or four years' residence in China, he was led by a combination of circumstances to resign his connection with this society and to pursue that *life of faith* in God for temporal supplies which he has since continued.

In 1858 he was married at Ningpo to a lady of remarkable devotedness to mission work, and of uncommon mental ability, Maria Jane, second daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Dyer, of the London Missionary Society.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY IN CHINA.

Most interesting details of his mission work during these early years in China are given in his pamphlet on "China; its Spiritual Needs and Claims."

In April, 1855, in company with the Rev. J. S. Burdon, of the Church Missionary Society, now Bishop Burdon, he visited the island of Tsung-ming, and the north bank of the Yang-tse-Kiang, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel and distributing copies of the New Testament. As narrated in that pamphlet, they both narrowly escaped with their lives, being arrested by the Chinese police and followed by a howling mob, and at last only released through the friendliness of a Mandarin. But this was only one of many perils encountered by Mr. Taylor.

HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

In 1860, broken down in health by incessant labors, he was compelled to return to England. But though unable to continue active labor in the field, his heart was in the work and he could not be idle. He was oppressed by the spiritual destitution of China, which at that time had not one missionary to three millions of its people. He was anxious for more laborers to go out, and the following extract from a letter written in January, 1860, when read in the light of subsequent experiences, shows the intensity of his devotion and the spirit which has guided his subsequent efforts. He wrote to a friend in England thus:

"Do you know of any earnest, devoted young men, desirous of serving the Lord in China, who, not wishing for more than their expenses, would be willing to come out and labor here? Oh, for four or five such helpers! They would probably preach in Chinese in six months. In answer to prayer the means would be found."

"Throughout our voyage," he says, in the pamphlet already referred to, "our earnest prayer to God was that He would overrule our return to England for good to China, and make it instrumental in raising up *at least five helpers* to labor in Ning-po and the province of Cheh Kiang."

These simple extracts reveal to us

THE ORIGIN OF THE MISSION,

though indeed it was not formally inaugurated till 1865. What was the result of these prayers? Several young men offered and were sent out. Let Mr. Taylor tell the story of what followed in his own words:

"Coming home to England, with little hope of ever returning—being told that it was improbable that I should ever be able to return there—I was occupied for some time in the preparation of an edition of the New Testament for the British and Foreign Bible Society in the vernacular of that part of China in which I have latterly labored—Ningpo. And while engaged in that work, spending day after day with a beloved and honored friend of the Church Missionary Society in the work of revision and translation, the Lord laid more heavily upon my heart than ever before the need of the *whole* Chinese empire.

"At the end of the year 1864 and the beginning of 1865 I found that there were only 97 missionaries in China. There had been as many as 115, but they had gone down to 97; and surely there could be no question that there was a needs-be for some further effort on behalf of China. I found that in eleven of the eighteen provinces there was not a single Protestant missionary; and I felt that, without interfering with the work of those existing agencies which God was then and is still largely blessing, there was abundant room for additional effort; and not only abundant *room*, but a *loud call* for it.

"And recognizing that God means what He says—that He loves to hear and answer prayer—I was led, after a good deal of prayerful conference with some friends interested in China, to sketch out the plan of the China Inland Mission, and to attempt its formation, and not without success.

"There was a little difficulty attending it. I was very anxious that what we did should not appear for a moment to conflict with the work of any of the older societies, and still more that it should not actually divert any help of any kind from channels already existing, because that would have been no gain to China or to the cause of God; but that we should have such a method of working given to us as should draw out *fresh* laborers, who probably would not otherwise go, and should open *fresh* channels of pecuniary aid which otherwise, perhaps, would not be touched.

"After a good deal of thought and prayer, I was led, in addresses on China, to lay its needs before the hearts of God's children as I was able, in England and Scotland and Ireland, and to make it known that I should be glad to enter into correspondence with any persons who felt desirous to go out to labor in an Evangelical and

UNDENOMINATIONAL MISSION

in China, and who were prepared to go out *without guaranteed support*. For having no single denomination at our back, and being anxious not to interfere with existing channels of communication, I felt it best just to leave one's self open to receive such remittances through the mails as God might lay on the hearts of His children to send; in this way interfering with no collections made in places of worship, nor with any collections made in other ways.

"Well, forty or fifty persons entered into correspondence with us, and fifteen or sixteen were selected and came up to London from various parts of Great Britain, and had a short period of preliminary testing—testing rather than training—training in some measure, but rather testing than training. In the May of 1866 we found ourselves in this position, that we had full confidence that here were men and women who desired to go and live and labor for God, leaning on Him for grace and strength and support, and prepared to trust to Him indeed, in whatever circumstances they might find themselves.

"But, of course, their going out involved a con-

siderable outlay. There were matters of outfits and passage-money to be met, and we saw that not less than a sum equivalent to ten thousand dollars would be needed to launch the mission." Mr. Taylor then tells how, in answer to prayer, the whole of that sum was received without appeals for money, and before the paper, stating that so many persons were ready to go, which he had prepared, was received from the printer.

The work from this time rapidly increased. Men and women impressed with the need of China; of the vast opportunities offered there for earnest work in the service of the Master, offered themselves to Mr. Taylor as missionaries. People who heard of the work and who could not go themselves gave money, and so at intervals various parties of missionaries were despatched. It was remarkable that in every case no sooner was a company prepared by education and training for work and ready to embark than without direct appeal for funds God provided a sufficient sum to pay their expenses out.

During all this time Mr. Taylor was laboring at home for China, and though unable to witness the work performed, his heart was gladdened by the reports sent home by those who had gone out under his direction. But in 1878 the desire to see with his own eyes the work going forward filled his heart, and after making it the subject of prayer he determined at the risk of his health and life on

ANOTHER VISIT TO CHINA.

He started early in 1879, but no sooner had he landed than he was prostrated by a prolonged and painful illness. Through the mercy of God he ultimately rallied, and has been enabled to render invaluable service in the supervision of the work of the mission, and in the encouragement of laborers beset with difficulties. His devoted and gifted wife has just returned to England, and is the bearer of cheering tidings respecting the great work in which her husband is engaged.

CONVERSION OF A CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.

(See Illustration on Frontispiece).

Among many interesting cases of conversion in the records of his missionary labor is that of Ah Sing, the native preacher at Shing-hien. He had been an astrologer and fortune-teller, and held a conspicuous position in the city temple of that place, where he daily plied his art. He had purchased a copy of St. Luke's Gospel from a colporteur, but the cares and anxieties of life choked whatever good impressions he received from it. At last he was instructed by Mr. Yen, a native helper, in charge of the gospel hall at Shing-hien, that in order to understand the Scriptures aright he must pray to be enlightened by the Holy Spirit. He did so, and soon began to have some sense of the divine meaning of Luke 15.

With increasing light he saw that his profession was unlawful, and that he was, in fact, fast in the snare of the devil. Resolving to tamper with evil no longer, he pulled down his sign, made a fire, and burned his books. He was now consciously washed from his pollutions and made a new man in Christ. He immediately followed Mr. Yen, preaching the doctrine of the Cross. "Some fancied," he says, "that I had grown suddenly richer by preaching Jesus than by telling fortunes, and so had given it up. Some friends tried to provoke me and to induce me to make good speed to quit that way. Some grossly slandered me and tried to frighten me, and some threatened to take my life and stamp the Gospel of Jesus out of Shing-hien city. The adversaries were very much divided in opinions and guesses about me, but by God's grace I was enabled boldly to preach Jesus, the Lord. I was not afraid of their faces, and I held fast to the peace which I was unwilling to lose."

MR. G. F. EASTON.

MR. G. F. EASTON, whose portrait on our frontispiece represents him in his Chinese costume, is one of the missionaries sent out under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. It may be here remarked that Mr. Taylor, recognizing the objection the Chinese entertain for foreigners, makes the stipulation with all who offer themselves for the work of the mission, both men and women, that

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1882.

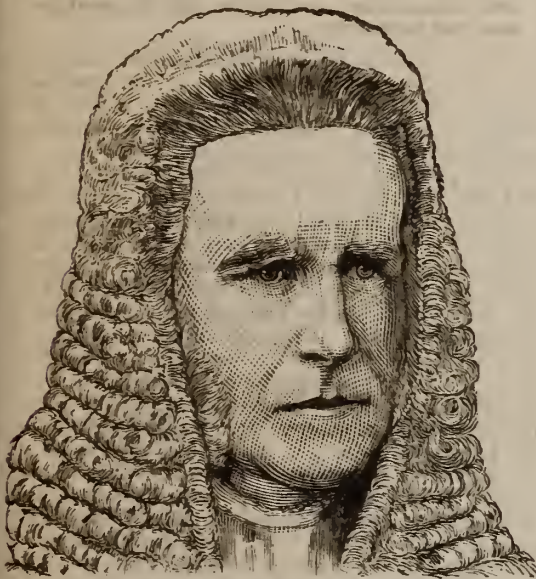
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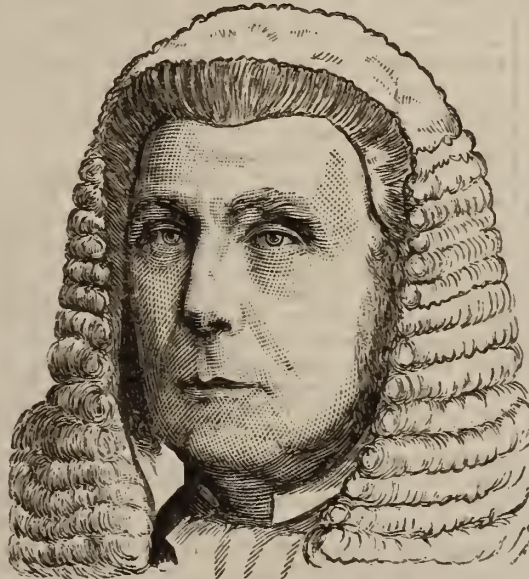
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THE LATE LORD HATHERLEY.



LORD SELBORNE.



THE LATE JUSTICE LUSH.



THREE CHRISTIAN JUDGES:—Lord Selborne and His Bible Class—Justice Lush Addressing a Prisoner Convicted of Murder in the First Degree.

THREE EMINENT CHRISTIAN JUDGES.

It has long been the fashion to speak of members of the legal profession as irreligious men. There have been many unprincipled wicked lawyers, as there have been bad men in other professions; but in no other case has public opinion been so ready to condemn a whole class on account of the wrong-doing of a few, as it has in the case of the legal profession. Few people know how many conscientious, upright lawyers there are, so well as those who have had much to do with them. In every country there are men who have made the law their study, who have led consistent Christian lives and have scrupulously abstained, even under fierce temptation, from wrong-doing, even when such abstinence involved loss of money and reputation.

We hope that we may in some measure assist in correcting the prevalent misapprehension by publishing the portraits and lives of three English lawyers. One of them was a most distinguished and philanthropic Christian gentleman, highly honored by his colleagues, and justly held in high esteem in the Christian community, and the other two, while active Sunday-school teachers and energetic workers for Christ, yet were honored by having confided to their charge the highest judicial office in Great Britain—that of Lord High Chancellor.

Their portraits appear on our frontispiece in *the horsehair wigs*, which, according to ancient custom, the English judges still wear when sitting in court. It is only necessary to add in explanation that in England judges *are not elected*. When a vacancy on the bench occurs, the Cabinet select from among the barristers one whom it appoints to the vacant place. The judge so appointed receives \$25,000 a year salary and holds his position for life. With the Lord High Chancellor the arrangement is different. He is *ex-officio* a member of the Cabinet, and it is necessary that he should belong to the same political party as the one in office. He receives \$50,000 a year salary, and when his colleagues in the administration resign he resigns too. The Lord High Chancellor must be a member of the House of Lords, and therefore when he is appointed he is at the same time made a peer. When he resigns he retains his seat in the House of Lords and receives for life a pension of \$25,000 a year; in return for which he is expected to sit with other ex-Chancellors and adjudicate in cases sent to the House of Lords, which is the ultimate court of appeal in Great Britain.

THE RT. HON. LORD SELBORNE.

Lord High Chancellor of England.

His Birth at Mixbury Rectory in 1812—Obtains a Scholarship at Oxford in 1830—Graduates as "a First Class" in 1834—Becomes a Barrister in 1837 and a Q.C. in 1849—His Marriage in 1848—Elected as Liberal-Conservative Member for Plymouth in 1847—Knighthood in 1861, and made Solicitor-General—Becomes Attorney-General in 1863—Poetry of Selborne—His Efforts at Law Reform—The Geneva Arbitration—His "Notes on the Liturgy" and "Book of Praise."

LORD SELBORNE, the *present Lord High Chancellor* of England, whose portrait we present this week, as a companion picture to those of the late Lord Justice Lush and Lord Hatherley, is a man of pre-eminent mental acquisitions and sterling moral worth.

The noble lord is the *second son* of the late Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, who for many years was rector of the small rural parish of Mixbury, Oxfordshire. It was as Roundell Palmer that he fought his earliest and severest battles, and gained his greatest laurels. He is now in the full maturity of his ripened powers and varied experience, having been *born* on the 27th of November, 1812, at Mixbury Rectory, and is consequently in his sixty-ninth year.

After study at Rugby and Winchester Schools, he gained, in the year 1830, when only seventeen years of age, an *open scholarship* at Trinity College, Oxford. But this was only the early dawn which heralded the brilliant day. Prize after prize was won, and in the Easter Term of 1834 he grad-

uated as a "first-class" in classics. Among his trophies up to this point were the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse in 1831; the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1832; and the prize for the best Latin essay in 1835. He secured the Eldon Law Scholarship in 1834, and in the same year was elected to a Fellowship at Magdalene College, Oxford. In 1837 he graduated Master of Arts, with distinction, and on the 9th of June in the same year was *called to the Bar* at Lincoln's Inn, London.

The Chancery Bar being determined upon as the theatre for the exercise of his talents, his career was rapid and distinguished, and in April, 1849, he was created a *Queen's Counsel*, and elected a Bencher of his Inn. In 1848 he married Lady Laura, the second daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave, and in her companionship has enjoyed the rich fruits of domestic felicity.

Parliamentary life now began to exercise its natural attractions upon his sanguine mind, and at the general election of July, 1847, he was returned as *Member for Plymouth*, in company with Viscount Ebrington. His political programme was that of a *Liberal Conservative*. He was favorable to free trade, but friendly also to the restrictive navigation laws, and was conscientiously opposed to the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy. He continued to represent Plymouth until July, 1852, when he was beaten by his opponent, and lost his seat. In June, 1853, he regained it, and retained it until March, 1857, when he did not re-offer himself as a candidate.

In 1861 Mr. Palmer received the honor of *knighthood*. In July of the same year, though without a parliamentary status, he was appointed, successor to Sir W. Atherton, as *Solicitor-General*, in Lord Palmerston's administration. He was almost immediately elected M. P., for Richmond, a borough in which the Earl of Zetland's paramount influence secured his return. In October, 1863, on the death of Sir W. Atherton, he became *Attorney-General*. When in 1868 the Liberal party again acceded to office, under the leadership of the present Premier (Mr. Gladstone), he was offered the Lord Chancellorship, but he knew that Mr. Gladstone had pledged himself to disendow and disestablish the Irish Church, and he regarded such a proposal as sacrilegious spoliation, and though the prize offered him is the summit of an English lawyer's ambition, he preferred to obey his conscience, and declined the honor. He continued, however, to be an independent supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet on some of the public questions of the time.

In consequence of this difference of opinion Mr. Gladstone conferred the Lord Chancellorship on Sir William Page Wood (subsequently Lord Hatherley), instead of Sir Roundell Palmer, who, however, succeeded to the office when Lord Hatherley retired owing to a failure of sight. It was upon this occasion that he was raised to the peerage and received the name of Baron Selborne, of Selborne, in the County of Hants. In 1874 he necessarily vacated the Woolsack upon the displacement of the Liberal Government by the Conservative. Lord Selborne has proved himself to be the very genius of law reform, and in that respect has rendered services of very high value.

In the Geneva Arbitration between England and America, regarding the claims by the latter for compensation for the ravages committed upon the high seas by the Alabama, which was constructed by Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, for the Southern Confederacy, he acted as counsel for the British Government.

His labors have not been confined to mere official routine. He has gone through a considerable amount of work as a public man, more especially in his efforts, hitherto unsuccessful, to establish a "Legal University," which shall be an examining body, exclusively for law students, and for the conferring of Legal Degrees. After Lord Selborne was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University in 1877, he gave to the world in the following year his thoughts in a book, entitled "Notes on some Passages in the Liturgical History of the Reformed English Church." This work indicates his strong attachment to the Established Church.

In 1862 he edited, with taste and judgment,

"The Book of Praise," which contains some of *the finest hymns* in the language, and fittingly followed his previous works on "The Connection of Poetry with History," and "English Church Hymnody."

Like the late Lord Hatherley, Lord Selborne has long been distinguished by his deep and practical interest in Sunday-schools. Not only has he aided them by wise counsels and able addresses, but even in the busiest portions of his distinguished career has been himself an indefatigable and exemplary Sunday-school teacher. *In one of the illustrations of our frontispiece he is represented acting in that capacity, surrounded by his class*. His lordship has recently passed through a painful and prolonged illness, but is now reported to be convalescent.

THE LATE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD JUSTICE LUSH.

Birth in 1807—Marriage in 1839—Called to the Bar in 1840—Made Q.C. in 1857—Queen's Bench Judge in 1865—His Great Popularity—A Member and Elder of Dr. Landels' Church—Kindness to Ministers—Missionary Zeal—A Memorable Scene—His Last Words—His Funeral Sermon and Interment.

AMONG the English worthies called to their rest and reward during last year, one of the best and noblest was the distinguished judge, whose removal has so recently cast a gloom over the extensive circle to which he was known.

Lord Justice Lush was *born* October 25th, 1807, and died on Tuesday, December 27th, 1881. He was the son of Robert Lush, Esq., of Shaftesbury, England. He received his early education in his native place, and having spent some time in preparing to enter the legal profession he was *called to the Bar* in 1840. In the previous year he had married Elizabeth Ann, the daughter of the Rev. C. Wollacott, of London, a well-known Baptist minister. He practised with considerable success, his power as a special pleader being recognized by the profession generally. He was not only a fluent but an able speaker; and sound knowledge of law was always the basis of his most eloquent appeals. The books that he has published are deemed of great value by the legal profession, and are frequently referred to as authorities on the subjects of which they treat.

In 1857 he was made Queen's Counsel, and having subsequently become Serjeant-at-Law, he was, in 1865, appointed Puisne Judge of the Queens Bench at a salary of \$25,000 per annum. On this occasion he had the distinction of knighthood bestowed on him. He was one of the three judges before whom the Tichborne "claimant" was tried in 1873, the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Justice Mellor being the other two.

He was in 1880 elevated to the Court of Appeal, the Supreme Court of Judicature next to the House of Lords, and the satisfaction with which the appointment was regarded was as widespread as it was unalloyed.

Among the qualities which led to Lord Justice Lush's elevation and popularity, the one which underlay all the others, was the thorough and *conscientious* manner in which he ever did the work which came to his hand. He had the reputation of having been diligent, painstaking, conscientious, and thorough during his career as a student as well as at the Bar, and on the Bench. His clients often tell how completely he made himself acquainted with the details of the cases intrusted to him; and when he was in the full swing of his practice at the bar, to do this must have involved an amount of attention and labor of which few are capable. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

Such are the leading facts in the *professional* history of Sir Robert Lush, but for many years his *religious history* bore witness to the truth that while a man may be diligent in business he can be fervent in spirit, and bear his part in the varied work of the Christian Church. He was, for some years a member of the Baptist Church, Regent's Park, London, under the pastoral care of Dr. Landels, and he continued his connection with that

dition to this, Sylph was gone from the city; but whither Doctor Bolus could not say, only he had heard to some relatives of Doctor Gilbert's in Ireland.

Thither Miles immediately went, determined to trace Sylph if possible.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST'S FOES AND FRIENDS.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 12, Mark 3 : 20-35. Golden Text, Matt. 12: 30. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN relation to Christ, neutrality is impossible. A man may maintain a position of utter indifference with regard to a stranger of whom he knows nothing; but it is otherwise with regard to his own father, his own wife, his own child. A man who is not *for* his own wife is unfaithful to her; a father who is not *for* his own child is an unnatural father, a child who is not *for* his own parents has no sense of his filial responsibilities. And a sinner who is not *for* the Saviour who died for him, who was made sin for him, who was even made a curse for him, is not maintaining neutral ground, he is altogether against Him. "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." Hence we see that if we are not so actively with Jesus as to gather with Him, we are absolutely scattering from Him.

WHAT DID JESUS GATHER

when on earth? Riches? When a question arose about the tribute money and He sought to teach a lesson from the image and superscription which it bore, He had to ask for somebody else's penny, for He had not one of His own. Did He seek after honor? Listen to Him: "I receive not honor from men" (John 5 : 41). Look at Him; they seek Him by force to make Him a king, what does He do? He departs again "into a mountain Himself alone" (John 6 : 15). Did He seek houses? "The Son of man hath not where to lay His head" (Luke 9 : 58). What then did He seek? Precious immortal, but lost souls; and he that gathereth not souls with Him is an active agent of the enemy in scattering souls away from Him. O it is not enough to be *with* the doctrines of grace, to be *with* a Christian church. He that is not with Him in person, with Him in spirit, with Him in word, with Him in action, with Him in business, with Him in family life, with Him everywhere—scattereth souls from Jesus. Converted people if they are not out and out for God, do more to drive away souls from Christ than any of the ungodly do.

Reader, are you a child of God, and are you with Jesus to the extent of accepting His forgiveness for your past sins? have you made use of Him to obtain your soul's salvation, and are you nevertheless living for yourself, carrying out your own plans, doing your own will, consulting your tastes as though you were your own property, and as though He had never bought you for His own? Then whatever may be your doctrine, your life is against Him. He died for us "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them, and rose again." "If any man will come after me," He says, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. 16 : 24). To be with Him is to deny every claim of self; in fact to have

NO SELF BUT JESUS;

to resign ourselves away with every member of our body, every detail of our business, every movement of our will, and to believe, until it becomes a conscious experience, that He has accepted, and is in possession of the self which we have renounced. Thus, and thus only, can we be filled with the Holy Ghost, become His agent, and gather, both consciously and unconsciously, with Jesus.

There is a gathering with Jesus by testifying of Him: "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand;" "They overcame him by . . . the word of their testimony" (Ez. 3 : 18; Rev. 12 : 11). It is a terrible thing to bear no witness for Christ, but it is even more terrible to be like Lot, who

was "as one that mocked unto his sons in law" (Gen. 19 : 14). The unhappy man had no holy life, no witness of unworldliness and unselfishness to back up his words, and thus they fell powerless. When the seven sons of Sceva "took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus, whom Paul preacheth, . . . the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded" (Acts 19 : 13-16). The Spirit of God would not witness to the name of Jesus on such lips; these were not with Jesus, and therefore could only scatter from Him. It is an awful fact that every living man is actively engaged in furthering either the salvation or the damnation of immortal souls.

Our subject treats of the friends and the foes of Jesus; we read, "The multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when His friends (or kinsmen) heard of it, they went out to lay hold on Him: for they said, He is beside Himself." O how many of their friends think God's children are mad when they let God's work take the first place in their lives, and give business, health, food, clothing and social status a secondary place! How little Jesus was understood, how little those are understood who follow Him now: "the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not" (1 John 3 : 1). A young man is told not to carry his fanatical ideas so far as to injure his business prospects. A young lady is warned that if she seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness in her whole life and conversation, her prospects of being well settled in life are ruined: so little do men in general believe in the reality of things eternal that all is sacrificed by them for the seeming advantages of things present. And they who profess to be our friends say to us, like Peter to the Lord, "Pity Thyself" (Matt. 16 : 22, margin), are often the worst enemies of those who set out to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14 : 4).

THE ENEMIES OF JESUS,

the scribes which came down from Jerusalem went yet farther and said, "He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth He out devils." The representatives of the religion of the day were always among the Lord's greatest foes. Possessing, as they did, a form of godliness but denying the power thereof; drawing nigh to God with their lips while their hearts were far from Him, the might of Christ's words and works revealed what an empty sham their religion was, and they saw before them only one of two alternatives: either they must acknowledge and abandon their unreality, and become disciples of the despised Nazarene, or they must establish proofs of His imposture, and put down the movement. They chose the latter. It is even so in our own day; in all denominations there are a number whose whole life seems to be an attempt to serve God and mammon; and these are they who are the bitterest enemies of those who live in the power of God; they hate the reality which shows up their unreality, they hold up their hands in horror at the idea of any man saying that God has given him a clean heart, they "compass sea and land" to prove some unholy thing against those who witness for God's holiness in His people, try to disprove cases of healing where the hand of the Lord alone has been at work, or try to hinder those who have been healed from telling that which the Lord has done for them; such are acting in the spirit of Christ's enemies.

The Lord Jesus was above any personal feeling, there was none of the smallness of self-justification about Him. He entered upon the subject as though it had been altogether apart from, and outside Himself. He said, "How can Satan cast out Satan?" and went on to prove that a kingdom or a house divided against itself cannot stand. "And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end." He showed them how foolish and untenable were their arguments, without anything of strife or debate in His own spirit. How small they must have felt when this Man, who stood alone in His mighty power over the souls and bodies of men, who read,

as they had proved, their very thoughts, could afford to reason with them quietly as One utterly untouched by personal pique, even when they accused Him of being in league with the devil, so little did He esteem the opinion of men.

But He applied His argument to them, "If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out? therefore shall they be your judges. But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you" (Luke 11 : 19, 20). There were exorcists among the Jews, as we see in the case of the sons of Sceva; if Christ cast out devils by Beelzebub, it was the strongest proof possible that the Jewish exorcists were doing the same; if He was using supernatural power which was of God, they, the scribes, were brought face to face with the kingdom of God, and were rejecting it; they could not get away from the responsibility. He added, "When a strong man armed (*i.e.*, Satan) keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he (*i.e.*, Jesus) shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils" (Luke 11 : 21, 22). The only real method of expelling Satan is to let the blessed Master come in.

Our Lord then uttered those words which the enemy has made the means of troubling many souls, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies whithersoever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation; *because they said* He hath an unclean spirit." From these last words it is clear that the sin against the Holy Ghost is to speak of the work of God's anointed, anointed with the Holy Ghost, as though that anointing were possession of the devil.

Again the kinsmen of the Lord Jesus stood without, calling Him; the multitude told Him they were there. But Jesus had another, a nearer, an eternal kindred; and He answered them, "Who is my mother, or my brethren? And He looked round about on them which sat about Him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother." The world's

FAMILY LIKENESS

consists in men doing their own will, "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind" (Eph. 2 : 3). God's family likeness consists in men living with a self denied, a will renounced, their centre out of themselves in God. "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (1 John 2 : 17). The principle of self is corrupt; all which it touches tends to ruin; it decays friendships, it destroys love, it pollutes truth, it spreads a blighting influence wherever it is. Christ in us, His nature, which seeks not its own, which denies itself, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" is just the contrary. It establishes truth, brings love with it, renders friendships immortal, because it is the very divine nature of which we are made partakers if we escape the corruption which is in the world through lust (2 Pet. 1 : 4). But let us not deceive ourselves; it is not simply the acceptance of Christ as our Saviour which makes Him claim relationship with us, it is not the possession of much knowledge of God, but the doing of His will.

A Juvenile Temperance Union in Japan

under Mrs. A. Viele is composed of both girls and boys, who wear as badges *little five-pointed stars* very neatly covered with blue canton crape. In a letter to Miss Colman, of the *Our Union* office, New York, Mrs. Viele sends specimens, and suggests that similar ones be adopted by the boys and girls of our temperance unions. Any one can make them by cutting a five-pointed star out of cardboard a little over two inches in diameter. Cover this with soft blue silk, paste a white paper lining on the wrong side and insert a little loop of narrow blue ribbon, to pin it on by, in one of the interior angles between the lining and the pasteboard. Our contemporary says that in these "high art" days it is quite the thing to take our fashions from Japan.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER, BY B. AITKEN.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Bill for the Suppression of Polygamy in Utah was agreed upon by the Senate Judiciary Committee on January 23d. It embodies the main features of the plans advocated respectively by Senator Edmunds and Senator Logan. It provides for the more expeditious conviction of polygamists by making the fact of bigamous relations sufficient evidence of a violation of the statute against polygamy, and thus relieves the prosecution of the necessity of producing proof of the marriages. Hitherto, owing to the secrecy in which these ceremonies have been performed, actual proof of guilt has been difficult to obtain, and many criminals have in consequence escaped conviction. The bill also provides for the exclusion of polygamists from juries, and debars them from the privileges of voting and holding office. Should such a bill become law it will arm the executive with sufficient power to deal effectively with the shameful sin, and the responsibility for the continuance of the scandal will rest with the government.

Still Another Investigation of Financial scandal is reported from Washington. Certain members of the Senate Military Committee are engaged in an examination of the affairs of the Soldiers' Home. Among the allegations made against the Board are the following: That certain officers of the army have received regular supplies of vegetables, milk, etc., from the Home without paying therefor; that portions of the funds of the institution have been invested in securities which yield no income and are virtually worthless; that through extravagance or mismanagement, or both, the income of the Home has been inadequate to its maintenance, and that the managers have been obliged to pledge a large amount of the securities belonging to it in order to procure funds to meet current expenses; and charges of a personal character against a relative of the President of the Board of Commissioners. As an instance of extravagance, it is alleged that to cultivate forty acres of ground during the last season there were employed a farmer, an assistant farmer, and a number of laborers, who absorbed in wages over three hundred dollars per month.

The Question of Apportionment is now squarely before the House. On Friday the House Committee on the Census directed its chairman to report the McCoid bill in its amended form to the House. This bill gives the House 320 members, which would make the ratio of representation 154,285. As the bill now stands one extra member would be given to each of the following States: Arkansas, California, Georgia, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia. Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minne-

sota, Nebraska, and Pennsylvania gain two members each; Kansas gains three members; Texas gains four members; Florida, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont lose one member each. This calculation is based on the supposition that the old system of apportionment will be adopted. Under that system a division of the populations of the States by the number 154,285 would result in the assignment of 302 members. One member each would be then assigned to Delaware and Nevada, neither of which have sufficient population to secure them a representative. There would then be sixteen representatives still to be assigned according to the largest remainders. A new system for apportioning the sixteen members has, however, been devised by Colonel C. W. Seaton, the Superintendent of the Census, which it is expected will supersede the old method and avoid some glaring anomalies that system is liable to produce.

The Publication Recently of a Private Despatch sent last March by the editor of a New York journal for communication to President Garfield has caused a sensation in the Republican Party, and has widened the breach between the Stalwarts and the Half Breeds. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the writer of the despatch, urged the President to remain firm on the question of the Robertson nomination, and informed him that Democratic Senators could be secured "to offset Conkling." He also advised the President to be on his guard against Mr. James's soft insinuating way, and recommended "stern sharp admonition," to be administered to the Postmaster-General to "bring him to his bearings." He also said, "Whenever pressure on Platt or James is wanted, let us know." It is plain that President Garfield's short term of office could not have been a happy one, and that between the stalwarts on the one hand, and the half breeds on the other, he must have had some difficulty in determining his proper course.

The Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the case of the Spuyten Duyvil disaster rendered January 25th, censures the brakeman, the conductor, and the two enginemen of the Chicago train; the engineman of the Tarrytown express; and the superintendent, officers, and managers of the Hudson River Railway Company. To these seven findings the jury added the following emphatic expression of opinion: "The jury further find that each and every one of the persons named is responsible in his own individuality, no one sharing the responsibility with another. And, as a further expression of their opinion, the jury affirm that, with the experience of fifty years of railroad management, and with the appliances in general use for the prevention of like disasters, there appears to be no palliation whatever for the criminal carelessness and disregard for human life exhibited by the employés of the company. The conduct of these employés removed this calamity from the chapter of accidents, making the result of destructive agencies at work as much a certainty as the discharge of a piece of artillery. The only surprise is that the slaughter was not greater. It could not well have been less." The jury also condemned the system of giving free railroad passes during the session of the Legislature. To the surprise of the public, the jury made no remark as to the conduct of the idiotic joker who applied the brake to the Chicago train.

The Conclusion of the Trial of the Assassin of President Garfield will render last week one long memorable in our national history. The unanimous verdict of the jury rendered on the evening of Wednesday, January 26th, commands the general approval of the country. Judge Porter commenced his speech to the jury on Monday, January 23d, and concluded it on Wednesday amid the abusive interruptions of the prisoner. Then Justice Cox delivered a charge strictly impartial and lucid, and at 4.40 P.M. the jury retired to consider their verdict. In half an hour they had decided, and on the court reassembling they pronounced the prisoner guilty as indicted. A bill of exceptions has been filed by Mr. Scoville which may have the effect of delaying the execution until after July, but it can scarcely be expected to reverse the verdict of the jury. Thus, exasperating

as was the crime, the criminal has had a fair trial. The forms of law have all been complied with, unusual liberty has been accorded to the prisoner, and his counsel have been heard in his defence. This mode of procedure has brought upon us the animadversion of ignorant foreign critics, who would have been still more ready to blame had the course of justice been more summary; but it has served a noble purpose. It has proved that even a criminal so universally abhorred as Guiteau is, and a crime that bowed the nation in sorrow so poignant as did the suffering and death of President Garfield, could not overcome the national respect for the majesty of the law. If there has been any deviation from the ordinary methods, it has been in favor of the prisoner, and the patience with which he has been allowed to urge in his own defence and in his own despicable manner every plea he could devise, shows that passion and vindictiveness have not the hold over the American people they are popularly believed to have.

The Statistics of Immigration for the Past year are unprecedented in the history of the United States. The figures for New York alone are as follows: 188,255 immigrants from Germany, 62,406 from Ireland, 36,552 from England, 35,335 from Sweden, 13,895 from Norway, 13,208 from Italy, 11,068 from Switzerland, 10,507 from Scotland, 9226 from Bohemia, 9147 from Russia, 8721 from Denmark, 8035 from the Netherlands, 5964 from Hungary, 4029 from Austria, 4000 from Wales, 3908 from France, 1965 from Belgium, 1556 from Spain, 507 from Luxembourg, 339 from China, 78 from Portugal, 58 from Turkey, 49 from Japan, 26 from Roumania, 21 from the British East Indies, 14 from Greece, 9 from Malta, and 495 from other countries. Making a total of 432,635. Beside these large numbers landed at Boston and Philadelphia.

An Anti-Mormon Movement has been commenced by the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. The clergymen of the city have taken up the question with vigor, and petitions are being prepared asking Congress to take immediate and energetic means to blot out Mormonism. These petitions will be circulated for signature by committees of ladies who have already been selected, and who expect to make thorough work of it. It would be well if other denominations would follow this example. If Congress became satisfied that the churches of the country were in earnest in this matter, decisive steps would soon be taken to wipe out the plague spot.

A Munificent Gift to the City of Baltimore was presented last week. A letter was received by the mayor and city council from Mr. Enoch Pratt, the President of the National Farmers' and Planters' Bank, in which Mr. Pratt offered to establish and endow a free library for the benefit of the whole city at a cost of one million dollars, providing the city will grant a perpetual annuity of \$50,000 toward its support. Mr. Pratt, in his letter to the mayor, says he has already, in pursuance of his plan, contracted for the erection of a fire-proof building, on his own property, capable of holding 200,000 volumes, which will be completed in the summer of 1883, at a cost of \$225,000. This he will transfer by deed to the city, and he will give in money the additional sum of \$833,000 on the condition mentioned. He proposes that a board of nine trustees be incorporated for the management of the Pratt Free Library. No trustee or officer, he stipulates, is to be appointed or removed on religious or political grounds.

Attorney General Brewster's Scarred Face does not occasion remark in Pennsylvania where he is well known, and where the cause of the scars is understood. When President Arthur nominated Mr. Brewster for the Attorney-Generalship, however, his portrait appeared in the illustrated journals and then inquiry was made by strangers as to his remarkable appearance. The following explanation was then given. "Those are honorable scars he wears, since they were got when he was a child in saving the life of his little sister. Her apron caught fire on the nursery hearth, and the boy, hardly more than a baby himself, rushed at her and pressed out the fire, saving her at a fearful cost to himself."

An Unbroken Wall of Rum Could be Formed around the city of New York, says the annual report, just issued, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, if the liquor places in the city were iced in a line with a frontage of only twenty feet each. This fact shows the appalling extent to which the death-dealing traffic has extended. It is gratifying to learn from the same report that a long effort is to be made in the coming summer to free passengers on excursion boats from the joyance of rum-selling and its attendant dangers.

A Farewell Meeting was held at the Calvary Baptist Church on Friday last, on the occasion of the setting out of Rev. George N. Thomssen, his wife, and Mr. F. D. Phinney, who were to sail the following day for India, where they hope to engage in missionary work. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Thomssen will go to Angole to work among the heathen people, while Mr. Phinney will take charge of the mission press at Rangoon, Burmah. The Rev. Mr. Thomssen is a German by birth, and was lately pastor of a church in Hoboken. Mr. Phinney is a recent graduate of Rochester University.

The Revival Services in Cincinnati, conducted by Mr. Thomas Harrison, "the boy preacher," are thus described by a local journal: "At the opening of the meetings in St. Paul's church, although aisles and lobbies are thronged with those who remain standing all evening, there is no jostle, no talking, no noise; but a deathlike stillness. When the meetings are drawing to a close, no persons leave the seats. The audience seems transfixed. Not a stir is seen. Not a sound is heard among the people, but all intently gaze on the youthful evangelist and the crowded altar."

Penurious Man's Trick to Save the Post-office his letters is described in a Kentucky journal.

A wealthy farmer in that State noted for his early habits, whenever he had a letter to write, would drop in at the bank where he kept his account and borrow a sheet of paper. Having finished the letter he would ask the cashier to put it in an envelope and direct it for him, and then give it to the post office himself. This occurred often that, although the matter seemed of a trifling character, the cashier grew tired of it and complained, but he was still more annoyed when he learned that the farmer never stamped his letters, knowing that the postmaster, recognizing the farmer's handwriting and the bank's name in the letter, would courteously prepay them and send the bill to the bank. A trick of this character would certainly be discovered some time and exposed. It is like the plan adopted by some unscrupulous men who join a church in order to gain respectable references and a reputation for integrity. When exposure comes, the church suffers, and the man cannot serve at the last when God demands something more than the indorsement of a church when it has not been fraudulently obtained.

Touching Story of a Little Girl's Dream comes from San Francisco. In one of the stores in the city there is a bakery, grocery, and liquor store. Into this store entered a poorly dressed child of ten years. "How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Wful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon a man who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. Wearing out she fell asleep holding her head in her hand. One of the men saw her as she came to the bar, and after asking who she was, said: "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor girl and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And give another." They made up a purse of an five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew it away, and whispered to his comrades: "Look at that—the child's dreaming!" So she awoke. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyes, but the face was covered with a smile. She then tiptoed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with

a laugh, and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet *where an angel touched it!*" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and give me all this."

A Farmer's Sentence on Four Students of a Wisconsin college, caused some amusement in the neighborhood. The *Youth's Companion* says that a certain farmer had one of his gates stolen, and found that it had been removed as a practical joke by four college students. He made his complaint to the faculty, and the four students being proved guilty were given the alternative of leaving the college or undergoing such punishment as the farmer might inflict. They chose the latter, and the farmer condemned them to chop four cords of his wood, and carry it themselves to a poor widow. The affair was the subject of public talk, and on the appointed day when the students slunk off to do their punishment they found a large gathering of spectators assembled. A band of music also had been brought along and played appropriate melodies while the chopping and carrying was done. If the farmer's principle were adopted by our legislators the jails would be compelled to support the poor houses, which in some States would involve a striking change in the prison life of criminals.

A Novel Account Book was Eaten by Pigs at Newburyport, Mass., recently. A firm of masons in that city employed a hod-carrier, whose novel method of keeping account of his time was brought to light by a droll circumstance. He went one evening to his employer's home with the sad intelligence that he had lost his account-book. He said the pigs had got in and eaten it up. "What sort of an account did you keep?" asked the employer. "I had a keg, and when I worked a whole day I put in a potato, and when half a day a half potato, and the pigs ate 'em intirely." Happily for the man his employers kept his account in a more business-like way, and were able to furnish him with the missing figures from their books; but there are many who having given their lives to the pursuit of wealth and having kept their own account of their labors in their own way, will find after death that account swept away and in the book of life, kept in heaven, no record of their names (Rev. 20: 15).

A Cunning Scheme to Evade the Licensing laws is described by the *Springfield Republican*. There is a spot in New England where there is a junction of the boundary lines of the States of New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont. The peculiarity of the location suggested to the mind of a crafty liquor dealer the thought that he might use it to defraud the revenue. He carefully studied the exact boundary, and then erected a shanty placed so that an equal space should be in each of the three States. His bar followed the same plan, and in the centre was a large flat stone which covered the precise point of junction. Then he commenced selling without a license. The Bay State constable was the first to visit him, but the liquor dealer conversed with him safely from the Vermont corner of the bar. The next time the Massachusetts man called he was accompanied by a Vermont constable. Then the dealer took his stand in the Empire State. At last a New York constable was found, and the three moved on the store together. So cornered, the dealer stood upon the stone, and invited each man at his peril to take his third. But he happened to be partially intoxicated, and his footing being unsteady he fell off into the State of Massachusetts, and was duly captured by the Bay State officer. It was a crafty scheme, but like most of such schemes it failed at last. There are many men trying by regular attendance at church and by liberal gifts to charities to atone for evil practices who might advantageously ponder this event. Their fellow-citizens are puzzled to know whether they belong to the church or the world; but a day is coming when all such devices will fail, and every man will be stripped of his disguises. (Job 5: 12).

MEN WITHOUT HEART, SIGHT, OR HEARING.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Yet the Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day."—DEUTERONOMY 29: 4.

A Dreary Existence—No True Life Without the Natural Senses—The Spiritual Senses—Wealthy Paupers—Learned Ignorance—I. A Mournful Fact—The Blind Nation One Specially Favored—One that had Witnessed God's Wonders—Passed Through Remarkable Experience—Received Remarkable Instruction—Associated with Remarkable Characters—II. Mournful Reasons for the Fact—They Did not Know They were Blind—Never Asked for Sight—Resisted Light—III. Mournful Result—They Missed a Happy Portion—A Glorious Destiny—They Went on Sinning—Often Suffered—Ended Terribly—A Day of Revelation.

FEELING, sight, hearing! What wonderful things these are. If we could exist without them what a wretched condition ours would be. The outer world would be unknown to us if the gates of the senses were shut, and the soul would be famished, like Samaria when it was straitly shut up, and there was no going in nor coming out. Take away from us the power of perception by touch, smell, taste, sight, and hearing, and it would be of small account to us that the world was beautiful, for to our consciousness there would scarcely be a world at all. The dreariest dungeon of the Bastille would be liberty compared with such a state.

Perhaps the mind might exist, but certainly it could not live; it would be a misuse of language to call it life. When any one of the senses is gone it involves great deprivation, and subjects the person enduring it to the pity of his fellows, but if *all* were absent what wretchedness must ensue. Loss of sight or hearing creates among us a large number of sufferers who deserve our sympathy, but what mourning would suffice for those, if there were indeed any such, who physically had neither heart to perceive, nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear!

Transfer your thoughts now from these external senses by which we become conscious of the external world to those

SPIRITUAL SENSES

by which we perceive the spiritual world, the kingdom of heaven, the Lord of that kingdom, and all the powers of the world to come. There is a heart which should be tender, by which we perceive the presence of God and feel His operations, and even behold the Lord Himself, as it is written, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." There is a spiritual eye by which the things invisible are discerned, blessed are they to whom the Lord has given to see the things of His kingdom, which to the unrenowned remain hidden in parables. There is a spiritual ear by which we hear the gentle whispers of the Spirit, which frequently come to us internally, without the medium of sounds that can affect the ear.

Blessed are those who have the ear which the Lord has purged, and cleansed, and opened, so that it listens to the divine call. But there is no blessedness in the case of men devoid of spiritual feeling, sight, and hearing. There is a miserable plight. Just what the blind man, and the deaf man, and the man who is destitute of feeling would be in the outer world, that many men are as to the spiritual world. Alas, there are among us in this congregation this day, and all around us in myriads, poor souls of whom this text is true, "The Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day."

What a sad thing it is that so many are rich in all things except the one thing needful. God has given them abundance of earthly possessions, but he hath not given them eyes to see His bounty, nor ears to hear His voice of love, nor a heart to perceive His presence in the mercies which they enjoy. Such see the harvest, but not the Great Husbandman; they enjoy the fruitful seasons, but take no delight in the giver of the rain and the sender of the sunshine. What a sad condition to be in! *Alas, poor rich man!* He has so much and yet so little!

And what a lamentable sight is *the educated man* of this world who is learned in all the lore of the ancients, and versed in all the science of the moderns; who has pried into the secret chambers of knowledge, and has observed the skill of the Eternal in the starry heavens and in microscopic life; and yet with all his attainments has no knowledge of his Maker, and will not accept the evidence of His presence. How sad that we should have to say to such. "Yes, you know all the facts, and yet cannot see beneath their surface; you allow prejudice to blind your eyes to the plain teaching of creation and Providence. You walk through the studio and admire the pictures, and deny the artist's existence, whereas if you were candid you would believe in him from his works, and then go on to spell out his character from them. Alas, you have not a 'heart to perceive, nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear unto this day.'" Well spake the apostle when he said, "Not many great men after the flesh, not many learned are called."

I. First, we shall think upon

A MOURNFUL FACT.

Here was a whole nation, with but very few exceptions, of whom their leader, who knew them best and loved them best, was obliged to say, "The Lord hath not given you a heart to perceive unto this day." The mournful part of it was, that this was *the nation that had been specially favored of God above all others*. Almost all the light then given was focussed upon Israel, and yet they had not eyes to see. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not for want of ears which can hear." Is not this a dreadful thing? I can understand the other nations being blind and senseless, for they were in the dark, and "the times of their ignorance God winked at;" but for this nation, upon whom the sun of righteousness had risen, to choose darkness and abhor the light is a horrible thing. By the preciousness of the privilege the sin of its rejection was greatly enhanced.

This is sad, sad to the uttermost degree of sadness; but is it not the case with some of you? Are there not among you those who have the clearest light, and yet choose the ways of darkness? My dear hearers, be honest with yourselves and answer. Born of godly parents, singled out to be carefully instructed in the things of God, attending a faithful ministry from your youth up, reading your Bible, and being thoroughly versed in its contents, and yet, after all, without godly feeling and gracious perception. I grieve that you should have such privileges, and yet remain strangers to salvation. Will it be so for ever? Shall it always be said of you, "The Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day?"

Note again, that not only were they a highly favored people, but *they had seen very wonderful acts performed by the Lord Himself*. Moses says, "Ye have seen all that the Lord did before your eyes in the land of Egypt unto Pharaoh, and unto all his servants, and unto all his land, the great temptations which thine eyes have seen, the signs and those great miracles." Does it not seem deplorable that they could see God lifting His hand against Pharaoh with plague after plague, and yet not acknowledge Him to be the only living and true God?

And that Red Sea! Was not that marvel enough? Could men stand there and see that, and yet not perceive that the gods of the heathen are idols, and that only Jehovah is the living and true God; and could they shake off the fear and dread of this mighty God from their souls, and turn to worship a golden calf which their own hands have made? Yes, such is the deplorable wickedness of man that if God were to work over again all the miracles of Egypt in the sight of those of you who are unbelievers you would not thereby be converted to His fear. You would be staggered by the wonder, but you would not be converted by the witness.

Something else is wanted over and above all miracles or ever the blinded eye will care to see, or the hardened heart will begin to feel. You also have witnessed great deeds of grace in our midst, and yet you are not convinced. You even believe

in all the miracles of Scripture, and in the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus, and yet you do not trust in Him. Ah me, what can I say? What can I do but mourn over you?

In addition to this, *these people had passed through a very remarkable experience*. They had been brought out of Egypt by miracle, and by the same power they had passed through the depths of the sea as on dry land. Moses thus describes their wilderness history. "And I have led you forty years in the wilderness: your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot. Ye have not eaten bread, neither have ye drunk wine or strong drink: that ye might know that I am the Lord your God." All these forty years they lived by miracles, and yet they neither feared, nor loved, nor trusted Jehovah their God who wrought all these signs among them. As a nation they did not receive the spiritual teachings which the Lord set before them.

Do you blame them? *Look at home*. Are they the only people who have thus offended? May I not be addressing some to-day whose experience has been singularly full of mercy and love? God has been strangely gracious to you, my friend. He has led you by a way that you knew not, and, if you could but see it, His hand has been conspicuously with you from the time when you left your father's house unto this day.

I know not to whom I may be speaking, but I am persuaded that there are some here whose career has been specially marked by the providence of God. Yours has been no common journey of life. You have been preserved in accident and restored from sickness. The stars in their courses have seemed to fight for you, and the stones of the field have leagued to defend you, and yet you do not observe the hand of the Lord in all this. The Lord has girded you though you have not known Him; He has guided you, restrained you, delivered you, instructed you, even though you have not deigned to think of Him. Yea, He has saved you from the consequences of your own folly, or you would long ere this have been a beggar, or a mass of sores, or a prisoner in the last dread dungeon.

He has interposed to save you from your own folly; and here you are where mercy pleads, and grace holds out her silver sceptre. Alas, even to this day you have not a heart to perceive the long-suffering of God, nor eyes to see your obligations, nor ears to hear the wooings of His love; but you are going on still in rebellion against God. Shall it always be so? It is grievous that it has been thus so long; is there no turning? Is there no relenting? Must you die in your sins?

In addition to all this sight and experience the Israelites *had received*

REMARKABLE INSTRUCTION.

In the wilderness the Lord taught them by Moses and Aaron. The tabernacle was pitched in their midst, according to the pattern which Moses had seen on the mount, and there a worship was instituted, every part of which was singularly rich in instruction, as we all know to this day. There was not a lamb slaughtered, nor a lamp kindled, nor a handful of incense burned on the altar, nor a curtain folded up, nor a silver socket set in its place without some moral and spiritual significance; but they had no heart to perceive, nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear; and so the whole apparatus of teaching was lost upon them.

Ah, dear hearer, you may enjoy the most lucid instruction, you may have line upon line, precept upon precept, you may read God's Book itself, and you may observe the experience of Christians, and you may have all their love and affection to help you to understand the things of God, and yet for all that you may remain without spiritual perception. All the external processes of holy teaching may spend themselves in vain upon you for forty, or fifty, or sixty, or even seventy years, and you may remain still blind and unfeeling. Does your present condition prove this assertion? Are ye also without understanding? Are ye still untaught in the things of God? O that the Holy Spirit may now create in you a new heart, and bestow both spiritual eyes and ears upon you.

One thing else is worth notice, that these people

had been associated with remarkable characters. They were not all blinded, there were a few among them who were gracious, and so were made to perceive. Caleb and Joshua were there, and Aaron and Miriam; but chiefly there was Moses grandest of men, true father of the nation. It was something to have lived in a camp where you could speak with such a man as Moses, who had seen God face to face, so that upon his brow there rested the glow of Deity when he came down from the mount.

You, too, my friends, have met with those whose conversation has been in heaven, and whose lives are bright with communion with the Lord. If we do not see and will not see where another sees so clearly, we stand condemned. A man who counts himself highly intelligent stands with me upon the hill and looks abroad upon a fair landscape, over which hangs a wonderful sky bedecked with fleecy clouds, while at our feet blooms a wealth of lovely flowers; he tells me that in all this he sees no evidence of God. Is he not blind? As for me, I feel myself surrounded by the all-embracing Deity, and His presence is the greatest fact of my consciousness:

"God hath a presence, and that ye may see

In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountains of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?"

Now, either I am a liar or else my neighbor is sadly dull of perception; and as I know that I speak the truth I know also that he is blind.

Ah me! This is sad, most sad; but I fear that in this congregation we have a number who are in like case. Years have not brought them grace nor has a lifetime yielded them wisdom. They have seen God's wonders of grace upon their friends and relatives, they have also tasted of the Lord's goodness in their own lives, and they have heard His voice in the preaching of the Gospel, for Jesus Christ has been set forth evidently crucified among them, and yet they have not seen the Lord and do not hear Him even unto this day. This is no new thing, but it is none the less a grief of heart to those of us who fear the Lord and feel love for souls.

Brethren, remember that these Jews in subsequent generations had great prophets among them and what was the success of their labor? Did they not cry, "Who hath believed our report?" At length they saw the Son of God among them, and how did *He* speed? Jesus Himself, with all His miracles of grace and words of love, came unto His own people and they received Him not, but cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." How true it is that nothing can bless men till almighty grace renews them. If one should rise from the dead he would not repent unless they were renewed. There is no miracle that God can do, there is no marvel that omnipotence itself can perform, which can make men see who have no spiritual eyes. The Gospels represent our Lord Himself as baffled by man's refusal to believe, as is written, "He could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Oh the wretchedness of this state of things; who shall deliver men from it? Who can attempt the task but God only?

II. We will now hasten to spend a few minutes in descending into a still lower depth. Let us note

THE MOURNFUL REASONS

for all this. The reasons for their incapacity to see and perceive lay, first, in *the fact that these people never believed in their own blindness*. They had no heart to perceive, and they did not perceive their absence of perception; they had no eye wherewith to detect their own dimness of vision. They were such fools as to dote on their own wisdom, so poor as to think themselves rich, so hypocritical as to profess to be sincere. They were wise in their own conceits, and hence it was that they could not see. Pride is the great creator of darkness, like Nahash, the Ammonite, it puts out the right eye. Men seek not the light, because

they boast that they are the children of the day and need no light from above.

More than this, *these men never asked for a heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear.* No man hath ever asked for these things and been refused; no soul has cried in its blindness and darkness, "Open thou mine eyes," but what a gracious answer has always come. It is the prerogative of the Lord Jesus to open the blind eyes; but this He is ever ready to do whenever men call upon His name. Rightly are those left in darkness who will not ask God to give them light, or to open their eyes. Is not this the case with some of you? O my hearers, I must be plain and personal with you—is it not true that some of you are prayerless, Christless, graceless? What will become of you? Your case is all the more to be lamented because you are without excuse.

Then, moreover, *what little light they did have they resisted.* When they were forced to see, it was only for a moment that they would be instructed, and then they shut their eyes again. "When He slew them, then they sought Him: and they returned and inquired early after God. And they remembered that God was their rock, and the high God their redeemer. Nevertheless they did flatter Him with their mouth, and they lied unto Him with their tongues." When He sent fiery serpents among them, or otherwise smote them, then they perceived His presence for a while, but anon they turned back and dealt deceitfully. Oh sinners that love not God, is it not because you love that which is evil? Oh, you that never see Him or seek after Him, is not the cause of your blindness to be found in your love of sin? "He that doeth evil hateth the light." This wilfulness of yours, this desperate bent of your hearts towards evil, how will you answer for it? Our fear for you is great; we are afraid that you will perish through your hardness of heart.

Jesus stands here this morning, and He cries, "How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." He waits to be gracious. Do you doubt this? He has given you all manner of good things; do you think He would have refused you eyes to see, and a heart to feel, if those had been sought? "He giveth liberally and upbraideth not." If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more will our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him? But no; men choose their own delusions; they abide in their darling sins; they perish by suicide. Like Saul, every unbeliever falls upon his own sword.

Blessed be the Lord, many of you have eyes to see and ears to hear. Let all such adore the sovereign grace which has given these boons to them. Let them worship the love which has sweetly conquered their stubborn will, leading their captivity captive, and giving them to feel and know and taste of spiritual things. Not to you be the glory, but to the Lord alone. To those who know not the Lord there is shame and confusion; but to those who have known Him there is no self-glorification; for, as the wise man saith, "The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them." To be blind of heart is our sin; but to be made to see is the gift of grace. Our misery is our own work, but our salvation is of the Lord.

III. I conclude by noticing what was THE MOURNFUL RESULT of these people being so highly favored and privileged, and yet not seeing nor discerning their God. The result was, first, *that they missed a happy portion.* I can hardly imagine how happy the children of Israel might have been. They left Egypt with a high hand and an outstretched arm, their ears were hung with jewels, and their purses were filled with riches, while around them inanna dropped from heaven, and cool streams flowed at their side. They might have made a quick march to the promised land, and at once entered their rest, for their God who had sent the hornet before them would soon have driven out their adversaries. In the land of promise they would have dwelt securely, and God would have given them rest. They would have known no invading enemy, and

felt neither blast, nor blight, nor mildew; in fact, they would have been the happiest nation under heaven. They flung all this on one side; they would not have God, and so they could not have prosperity. They walked contrary to Him, and He walked contrary to them; they would not obey Him, and therefore His anger smoked against them.

Think, moreover, *what a glorious destiny they threw aside.* Had they been equal to the occasion, by God's grace they might have been a nation of kings and priests, they might have been the Lord's missionaries to all lands, the light-bearers to all peoples. Every arrangement was made to enable them to live a godly, holy, joyous, sanctified life. They ate angels' food, and they might have lived angels' lives, acting as heralds, to tell out to others what wonders God had wrought for them. Alas, they could not see the moral grandeur of so high a calling, and they thought more of eating flesh than of honoring the Lord and teaching His law.

I would like to say to some of you that God has been setting before you an open door, and yet you have not perceived Him, nor loved Him. He would make saints of you and you are content to be money-grubbers. You have judged yourselves unworthy of the prize which He has set before you. You do not know what a happy lot you have declined. So lately you were a young man—you are getting to middle life now—and you do now know what golden opportunities you have wasted. As Cleopatra melted pearls and swallowed them at a draught, so have you drunk down the possibilities of glory as if they were common things. What might not God have done with some of you if your hearts had been given to Him years ago. By this time you might have achieved a lifework, glorious to God, honorable to yourself, and happy to your friends.

Nor does the waste end with yourself, you are causing damage to many others.

YOUR CHILDREN.

are growing up to follow your follies, wasting their lives as you have squandered years! Oh, had you yielded to Jesus years ago your sons might have been your honor and comfort, and your daughters your joy and delight. You have flung away such opportunities as could not be bought for gold. Happy are God's people, but wretched are they who, being placed where they could see God's hand yet will not see it, where they could hear God's voice yet will not hear it, but refuse the kingdom of heaven which hath come so near unto them.

Another result was that while they missed so high a position, *they went on sinning.* As they did not learn the lesson God was teaching them, namely, that He was God, and that to serve Him was their joy and their prosperity, they went from one evil to another, provoking the Lord to jealousy. From repining and murmuring they went on to rebelling. "Let us make a captain," said they, "and let us return into Egypt." So they went from one sin to another because they had not a heart to perceive, nor ears to hear their God.

Hence *they frequently suffered.* A plague broke out at one time, and a burning at another; at one time they were visited with fever, and anon the earth opened beneath them; one day the Amalekites smote them, another day fiery serpents leaped up from the sand, and they died by thousands, being poisoned by their bites. They suffered much and often, and in all their trials they did but reap what they had sown. A man does not know what he is doing when he sins. We tell our naughty children that we have rods in pickle for them; and this is assuredly the case with the great Father, who hath chastisement laid up for the people who wilfully revolt from Him. Ah, my hearers, how many of you are this day reaping what your own hands have sown.

At last *this evil ended terribly.* The Lord lifted His hand to heaven, and swore that the rebellious generation should not enter into His rest, and they began to die by wholesale till Moses cried, "We are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled." Not one of the men that came out of Egypt, save only Joshua and Caleb, reached the promised land. Whenever they pitched their tents at eventide the first thing was

to celebrate the funerals of the day. The tribes marched on, and on the march they stumbled into their graves, till the whole of that peninsula in which they had to wander up and down for forty years became one vast cemetery, wherein the thousands of Israel were all buried. Who slew all these? Not by the sword of the enemy nor by the arrow of the foe were they destroyed; but sin laid them in heaps as in the day of battle.

They could not enter in because of their unbelief. The land that flowed with milk and honey lay smiling in the calm sunlight, on the other side of Jordan, but they could not enter in because they had no heart to perceive, nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear the Lord and His Word. And this is the main misery of your condition, O ye careless ones, that you will not be able to enter into God's rest either here or hereafter. This is the misery of it to me, that I must set Christ before some of you and you will never have Him; that I must extol His atoning blood, but you will refuse to be washed in it; that I must go on declaring my Lord's message as long as this tongue can move, and bidding you believe in Jesus Christ and find eternal life, but still of some of you I shall have always to say, "The Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day." Alas,

YOUR EYES WILL BE OPENED

one day, in another sense. "The rich man seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." Who was that? That was a Jew of the kind I have described, who had everything in this life, being clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day, but he had no heart to perceive nor eyes to see. "In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." Oh, my hearers, hell's torments will open your eyes. Will you wait till then? O ye ungodly ones, you will think then. I pray God you may have sense enough to think now, while thinking will be of use to you. If there be a heaven, seek it; if there be a hell, escape it; if there be a God, love Him; if there be a Christ, trust Him; if there be sin, seek to be washed from it; if there be pardon, rest not till you have it.

O do not mock your Saviour! Do not make game of eternal realities! Be in earnest about this, and in earnest at once. If you must play the fool, trifle with something less precious than your souls. Procure toys less expensive than your own immortal destinies. Oh, that God would bless this word to you careless ones, that you may feel at once that you do not feel as you should, and begin to cry to God to give you feeling; that you may see that you do not see, and begin to cry, "Lord, open my eyes;" that you may hear this morning a voice which shall make you feel that you do not hear as you ought to hear, and therefore must never cry to God to give you hearing.

Remember that spiritual life is from God only. It is His gift, and it is not bestowed according to merit, but is given by pure grace to the unworthy. Seek it, and you shall have it, for so it is written, "He that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Will your ears again refuse the language of His grace? Will you still go to your farm and to your merchandise, to your labor and to your amusement, and reject the voice that calls you to glory and immortality? Will you trample upon the bleeding love of Jesus? Oh, then, what shall I do, and to whom shall I turn? I must go back to my Master, mourning with Isaiah, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Lord, reveal Thine arm, and then they will believe the report. Amen and Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Deuteronomy 29.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



John Bunyan Preaching in the Open Air.

JOHN BUNYAN PREACHING IN THE OPEN-AIR.

THE world-wide fame of Bunyan as a writer has somewhat thrown into the shade his character as a preacher, but it is not less true that in the latter capacity he was distinguished by rare gifts and extraordinary success. When Charles II. once asked Dr. Owen (one of the greatest divines of that age), "How a learned man, such as he, could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker?" Dr. Owen replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's gift for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

Bunyan often preached in the open air, for the very good reason that the only available buildings were much too small to accommodate the crowds that flocked to hear him. His friend, Charles Doe, says: "When Mr. Bunyan preached in London, if there were but one day's notice given, there would be more people come together to hear him than the meeting-house would hold. I have seen, to hear him preach, by my computation, about twelve hundred at a morning lecture by seven o'clock on a working day, in the dark winter time. I also computed about three thousand that came to hear him one Lord's day in London, at a town's end meeting-house, so that half were fain to go back again for want of room, and then himself was fain, at a back door, to be pulled almost over people to get upstairs to his pulpit."

Even during his twelve years' imprisonment in Bedford jail he was not altogether debarred from preaching. By the favor of the jailer he was allowed to leave the prison, not merely to visit his family, but to undertake longer journeys to London, Reading, or elsewhere. It is said that during this period he visited the latter town and preached, disguised as a carter with a whip in his hand. Once when absent from jail he became so uneasy, that though the time had not arrived at which he had promised the jailer to return, he resolved to do so at once. As the hour was late, the jailer

was surprised to see him and complained of being called out of his bed to re-admit him. But one of his enemies, suspecting the lenity with which Bunyan was treated, arrived shortly after, and demanded to know whether the prisoners were all safe. Being assured that they were, he went on to ask whether Bunyan was in custody. "Yes," was the reply. "Let me see him." Bunyan was called and appeared in reply to the summons. When the inquisitor had departed, the jailer said to his prisoner: "You may go out when you will, for you know better when to return than I can tell you."

Scenes such as that depicted in our illustration were by no means uncommon after Bunyan's release from his long imprisonment in 1672. On such occasions he held his large audiences spell-bound. His vigorous Anglo-Saxon words, his intense earnestness, his command of Scripture illustration, his graphic descriptions of the terrible consequences of sin, and his eloquent setting forth of the peerless glories and attractions of the Saviour of sinners, gave him, under God, ready entrance to the hearts of his hearers. "Whoso can speak well is a *Man*," said Martin Luther, and seldom has the saying been more finely exemplified than in the case of Bunyan.

WALTER BURN'S STEADFASTNESS.

(See Illustration.)

"THERE'S so much on hand to-morrow, Walter, that I'm afraid you must give up your place of worship just for once, to help me with these few sheep." These words were addressed by a stout energetic cattle-dealer to Walter Burn one Saturday after a morning of bustling work.

After carefully considering the request, Walter answered quietly but firmly: "I am sorry I cannot give you the help you want to-morrow, sir."

"Do you think I'm going to have a psalm-singing, canting hypocrite, standing up to face me like this?" he burst out, "Obey my order to-morrow,

or you will leave my service, and your house as soon as I have the power to bundle you out of it."

The color left Walter's face, for before his mind's eye rose the picture of the neat, pretty cottage and garden where he had so long dwelt; of a well-loved wife and child who had never known hardship, and the thought of the change was indeed a trial.

After a few moments of silence, Walter said: "Master, have you ever found me neglecting your interests during all the years I have served you?" Appeased by this tone and manner, Mr. S— answered promptly: "I am bound to say you have not neglected my interests, Walter; no man could have acquitted himself better, and I have not been backward to show my sense of your worth." "Indeed, you have not, sir," said Walter; "and my desire has been to remain with you while you needed any one. To please you, I am willing to do the utmost my conscience will allow, and I have shown this by giving extra time to my work all this week. What you ask for to-morrow is a different thing, and I should feel I was bringing God's curse on me for the rest of the week if I were to do it." "Please yourself, and take the consequences," was the brief but decided answer. With a heavy heart Walter went home, but was unable to reply to the kindly greeting he received on reaching it. God's word was preached the next day at the service he attended with more than ordinary power, but poor Walter could not give his attention to it, and thus it proved quite insufficient to remove the weight from his spirit.

That same evening as the little family sat round the fire, Walter's wife said, "What a blessed and instructive sermon we had this afternoon." "It was thoroughly so," he answered, "but I was a little wearied with my long hours on Saturday, and had not as much enjoyment as usual. I just remember that the subject related to the three Jews who were cast into the fiery furnace for not worshipping the golden image." "And did you not follow our minister," said the wife, pleased to speak about

a discourse she had enjoyed, "when he dwelt so strongly upon the words, 'but if not?' The captives had no doubt God would deliver them, but were fully resolved, even if their hopes should be disappointed, not to do violence to their consciences."

Looking round the bright and comfortable cottage, Walter said, "Suppose we knew that perseverance in a course which we felt to be right would lead to the loss of these blessings which have given us such comfort, how should we feel then?" By this time his wife, with woman's quick perception, had reached the conclusion that Walter had some secret of which he had not told her, so she at once said, "Tell me, dear, just what is wrong, for I know something is. I am one of the weakest of women, but am confident that the grace which has long been in my heart will sustain me through whatever comes." Walter then told her the worst, and had the deep joy of finding that she entirely approved of the course he had taken. Kneeling down together they told their trouble to Him for whose sake they were willing to bear it, and rose strengthened and refreshed.

They did not leave their house after all. Mr. S., though a stubborn man, who hardly ever went back from his word, said no more about Walter's refusal to work.

He knew that he had an active, industrious employe, and he was too good a judge of his own interests to discharge him because he would not violate his conscience to save his situation. Beside this he, a blunt, rough man, had an instinctive admiration for the man he could not overawe. He "admired his pluck," he said, and Walter and he had no quarrel afterward. Not only this, but the cattle-dealer was heard to say among his boon companions afterward, when silly jests about religion were made, that "there was something in it that nerved a man," and then he would tell the story of Walter Burn's refusal to work on Sunday.

LINA'S MITE.

By the Rev. John Dooly.

OUR Lina was born December 19th, 1875. Although she was the seventh child born in the family, like all other parents we considered this the sweetest babe of all. She was slow in learning to talk; at four years of age she could speak but few words plainly, among these were "Ma-ma," "Papa," "Jesus." But she had a vocabulary of her own by means of which she expressed herself. A few of these words were as follows: "Woo-da," for look at; "Pe-da," for lump of sugar; "La-hay," for upstairs; "Da-hay," for downstairs.

Young as she was, she went in fair weather to the Sunday-School of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, and when she returned from the school, she would sit and hum over the tunes she had heard, and try very hard to tell us what she knew of the school. It was at this most interesting period in child-life, when, for the second time in our family history, that dread disease, *diphtheria*, visited us.

Six years before, in one week, we laid to rest Kittie aged four, and Eddie aged five years. The stroke fell heavily on our hearts; it was the first



A Question of Conscience.

great sorrow that had come to cast a shadow over the joy of our home life. But the precious sympathy of friends, and the firm assurance of God's loving purpose, now hidden, to be revealed in the future of His glory, when He shall make all things plain to His children, were to us means of comfort, yea, even holy joy, in the time of our bereavement.

Our boy Johnnie came in from his play, saying, "Mamma, I do believe I am going to be sick, for I feel cold." Well-defined symptoms of diphtheria soon followed. We feared the worst, but it pleased God to spare him. Just as he was pronounced safe, our Lina earnestly pleaded "Lahay" (upstairs), repeating it quickly, as she caught in her mother's eye the look of consent.

Before going upstairs she carefully collected all her playthings, she put them in her little trunk, and then eagerly hastened up to see Johnnie. She never opened her little trunk again. The infection of the disease was already in her system, from previous exposure. She had been upstairs but a few hours when she began to complain, and the disease rapidly prostrated her. From the first there was no symptom favorable to recovery. She spoke frequently of Jesus, and of going to be with Jesus.

A few hours before her death she was trying to amuse herself with a little savings bank, given by a friend, and in which she had deposited her pennies. It was a box covered with shells, the variety of which greatly pleased her. She called her mother to her side, and, handing her the box, told her, in her own child-language, that she was soon going to be with Jesus, and would give the box and the pennies to the Sunday-School. Soon after, uttering the words, "I want to see Jesus," she died.

Lina's father had been away from home in a distant State engaged in an effort with a view to the

good of others. Being notified of her dangerous condition, he had started homeward, and a few hours after her death he stood by her side, a sorrow-stricken yet comforted mourner. The same day, November 29th, 1879, we laid her little body to rest in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

The little box and her savings were given to the pastor she so greatly loved, the Rev. Thomas H. Burch, who presented it to the Sunday-School at a missionary meeting, and told its history. Those present were so much impressed that they resolved, in response to a motion, to make this the basis of a fund to be called "Lina's Mite." Immediately a collection was taken to increase this fund and \$32 was realized. Early steps were taken for the disposition of this fund, and it was decided it should be used for the support and education of a youth in India, with a view to his entering the missionary field. The business was conducted through the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 805 Broadway, New York.

What shall be the outgrowth of Lina's gift of a few pennies, who can tell?

The friends having the business in charge desire to increase the interest in Lina's Mite so that it may be a means of blessing to the missionary cause.

COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 62.)

A Rejected Suitor.

THE next few days were a strange and bewildering time to Phebe. Neighbors were coming and going, and taking the arrangements for the funeral into their own hands, with little reference to her. The clergyman of the parish, who lived three miles off, rode over the hills to hold a solemn interview with her. Mrs. Nixey would not leave her alone, and if she could have had her way would have carried her off to her own house. But this Phebe would not submit to.

But Mrs. Nixey walked beside her, next the coffin, when the small funeral procession wound its way slowly over the uplands to the country churchyard, where the deaf-and-dumb old wood-carver was laid in a grave beside his wife. It was almost impossible to shake her off on their return, but Phebe could bear companionship no longer. She must walk back alone along the familiar fields, where the green corn was springing among the furrows, and under the brown hedgerows where all the buds were swelling, to the open moor lying clear and barren in an unbroken plain before her. Their homestead lay like an island in a sea of heather and fern, with no other dwelling in sight; but, oh, how empty and desolate it seemed!

It was late in February, and though the fern and heather and gorse were not yet in bud, there was a purple tinge upon the moor foretelling the quickly coming spring. The soft west wind, blowing over many miles of moor and meadows and kissing her cheek, seemed like the touch of a dear old friend, and the thin, gray cloud overhead appeared only as a slight veil scarcely hiding a beloved face. It would not have startled her if she had seen her father come to the door, beckoning to her with his quiet smile, or if she had caught sight of Roland Sefton cross-

ing the moor, with his swift, strong stride, and his face all aglow with the delight of his mountain ramble.

"But they are both dead," she said to herself. "If only Mr. Roland had been living in Riversborough he would have told me what to do."

She was too young to connect her father's death in any way with Roland Sefton's crime. They two were the dearest persons in the world to her; and both were now gone into the mysterious darkness of the next world, meeting there, perhaps, with all earthly discords forgiven and forgotten more perfectly than they could have been here. She remembered how her father's dull, joyless face used to brighten when Roland was talking to him; talking with slow, unaccustomed fingers, which the dumb man would watch intently, and catch the meaning of the phrase before it was half finished, flashing back an eager answer by signs and changeable expressions of his features. There would be no need of signs and gestures where they had gone. Her father, perhaps, was speaking to him now.

Phebe had passed into a reverie, as full of pleasure as of pain, and she fancied she heard her father's voice, that voice which she had never heard. She started and awoke herself. It was growing dusk, and she was faint with hunger and fatigue. The wintry sun had sunk some time since behind the brow of the hill, leaving only a few faint lines of clouds running across a clear amber light. She stepped down from the horse-block reluctantly, and with slow steps loitered up the garden-path to the deserted cottage.

It might have been better, she thought, if she had let Mrs. Nixey come home with her; but, oh! how tired she was of her aimless chatter, which seemed to din the ear and drive away all quiet thought from the heart. She had been very weary of all the fuss that had made a Babel of the little homestead since her father's death. But now that she was absolutely alone, the loneliness seemed awful.

It was quite dark before the fire burned up and threw its flickering light over her old home. She sat down on the hearth opposite her father's empty chair, in her own place, the place which had been hers, ever since she could remember. How long would it be hers? She knew that one volume of her life was ended and closed; the new volume was all hidden from her. She was not afraid of opening it for there was a fund of courage and hope in her nature, of which she did not know all the wealth. There was also the simple trust of a child in the goodness of God.

She had finished her tea and was sitting, apparently idle, with her hands lying on her lap, when a sudden knock at the door startled and almost frightened her. Until this moment she had never thought of the loneliness of the house as possessing any element of danger; but now she turned her eyes to the uncurtained window, through which she had been so plainly visible, and wished that she had taken the precaution of putting the bar on the door. It was too late, for the latch was already lifted, and she had scarcely time to say with a tremulous voice, "Come in."

"It's me—Simon Nixey," said a loud, familiar voice, as the door opened and the tall ungainly figure of the farmer filled up the doorway. He had been at her father's funeral, and was still in his Sunday suit, standing sheepishly within the door, and stroking the mourning-band round his hat, as he gazed at her with a shamefaced expression, altogether unlike the bluntness of his usual manner.

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Nixey?" asked Phebe. "Have you time to take a seat?"

"Oh, ay! I'll sit down," he answered, stepping forward readily and settling himself down in her father's chair, in spite of her hasty movement to prevent it. "Mother thought as you'd be lonesome," he continued; "her and me've been talking of nothing else but you all evening. And mother said your heart 'ud be sore and tender to-night, and more likely to take to comfort. And I'd my best clothes on, and couldn't go to fodder up, so I said I'd step up here and see if you was as lonesome as we thought. You looked pretty lonesome

through the window. You wouldn't mind me staying a half-hour or so?"

"Oh, no," said Phebe simply; "you're kindly welcome."

"That's what I'd like to be always," he went on; "and there's a deal about me to make me welcome, come to think on it. Our house is a good one, and the buildings they're all good; and I got the first prize for my pigs at the last show, and the second prize for my bull the show before that. Nobody can call me a poor farmer. You recollect painting my prize bull for me, don't you, Phebe?"

"To be sure I do," she answered.

"Ay! and mother shook like a leaf when I told her you'd gone into his shed, and him not tied up. 'Never you mind, mother,' I says, 'there's neither man nor beast 'ud hurt little Phebe.' You'd enjoy painting my prize pigs, I know; and there'd be plenty o' time. Wouldn't you now?"

"Very much," she said, "if I have time."

"That's something to look forward to," he continued. "I'm always thinking what you'd like to paint, and make a picture of. I should like to be painted myself, and mother; and there'll be plenty o' time. For I'm not a man to see you overdone with work, Phebe. I've been thinking about it for the last five years, ever since you were a pretty young lass of fifteen. 'She'll be a good girl,' mother said, 'and if old Marlowe dies before you'r wed, Simon, you'd best marry Phebe.' I've put it off, Phebe, over and over again when there's been girls only waiting the asking; and now I'm glad I can bring you comfort. There's a home all ready for you, with cows and poultry for you to manage, and get the good of, for mother always has the butter money and the egg money, and you'll have it now. And there's stores of linen, mother says, and everything that any farmer's wife could desire."

Phebe laughed, a low, gentle, musical laugh, which had surprise in it, but no derision. The sight of the gaunt embarrassed man opposite to her, his face burning red, and his clumsy hands twisting and untwisting as he uttered his persuasive sentences, drove her sadness away for the moment. Her pleasant, surprised laugh made him laugh too.

"Ay! mother was right; she always is," said Nixey, rubbing his great hands gleefully. "There'll be scores of lads after her," says mother, 'for old Marlowe has piles o' money in Sefton's Old Bank, everybody knows that.' But, Phebe, there aren't a many houses like mine for you to step right into. I'm glad I came to bring you comfort to-night."

"But father lost all his money in the Old Bank nine months ago," answered Phebe.

"Lost all his money!" repeated Nixey slowly and emphatically. There was a deep silence in the little house, while he gazed at her with open mouth and astonished eyes. Phebe had covered her face with her hands, forgetting him and everything else in the recollection of that bitter sorrow of hers nine months ago; worse than her sorrow now. Nixey spoke again after a few minutes in a husky and melancholy voice.

"It shan't make no difference, Phebe," he said; "I came to bring you comfort, and I'll not take it away again. There they all are for you, linen and pigs, and cows and poultry. I don't mind a straw what mother'll say. Only you wipe away those tears and laugh again, my pretty dear. Look up at Simon and laugh again."

"It's very good of you," she answered, looking up into his face with her blue eyes simply and frankly, "and I shall never forget it. But I could not marry you. I could not marry anybody."

"But you must," he said imperiously; "a pretty young girl like you can't live alone here in this lonesome place. Mother says it wouldn't be decent or safe. You'll want a home, and it had best be mine. Come now, you'll never have a better offer if you've lost all your money. But your land lies highest to my farm, and it's worth more to me than anybody else. It wouldn't be a bad bargain for me, Phebe; and I've waited five years for you besides. If you'll only say yes, I'll go down and face mother, and have it out with her at once."

But Phebe could not be brought to say yes, though Nixey used every argument and persuasion

he could think. He went away at last, in dudgeon, leaving her alone, but not so sad as before. The new volume of her life had already been opened.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 63.)

The Five Results of the Russo-Turkish War of 1876-7—The Third Wonder—Nebuchadnezzar's Image—Meaning of the Seven Times—The Four Parts of the Image—Our Present Position—The Ten Toes—The Western Five Kingdoms—Changes Required for their Formation.

THE victorious war of Russia against Turkey in 1876-7 resulted in five distinct fulfilments of prophecy.

1. It advanced by several stages *the drying up of the mystic Euphrates* or Turkish Empire, which thereby lost Kars and adjacent territory in Asia to Russia, and had to surrender Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria, and was stripped of all authority over Bulgaria and Servia.

2. The resulting *formation of Bulgaria into an independent kingdom* was an extraordinary fulfilment of prophecy, because it is the very event that was virtually predicted by Dr. Tregelles and Dr. Kelsall in 1846 and B. W. Newton in 1849, in their respective treatises. Their predictions are quoted in our Fourth Appendix. They distinctly showed that according to Daniel 8:8, 9, 22-3, the four ancient horn kingdoms of Alexander's successors, viz., *Greece*, including Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia, and *Egypt* and *Syria*, and *Thrace-with-Bithynia*, must be *revived* as separate and independent kingdoms before the final crisis, and before the personal Antichrist *arises out of one of them* as the Little Horn. And as they also mentioned that the whole of the Eastern Roman Empire must before the final crisis become exactly divided into *Five Kingdoms*, of which these revived kingdoms would be *four*, therefore it necessarily follows that *Bulgaria* with part of Servia must form the fifth kingdom, because it constitutes all that remains of the territory of the Eastern Roman Empire after Greece, Egypt, Syria and Thrace-with-Bithynia are divided off from that Eastern half.

3. The *reproduction of the Balkan Mountains as the northern boundary line of Thrace*, which has thus begun to reappear, is another result of the separation of Bulgaria from Turkey. The Balkan Mountains were originally the northern boundary of Thrace, and in 1877 they were made the boundary line between Bulgaria and European Turkey, which therefore now is practically the same as ancient Thrace as far as its northern limits are concerned. It only remains for Macedonia to be taken from Turkey on the west and added to Greece, and then European Turkey will be the same size as ancient Thrace.

4. The predicted *enlargement of Greece to its ancient dimensions*, so as to include Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia, has been promoted by the Russo-Turkish War of 1876-7 to this extent, that the Berlin Congress, which adjusted matters after the war, strongly recommended Turkey to cede Thessaly and Epirus to Greece; and now in 1880 Greece is threatening to carry this recommendation into effect. Prophecy shows that it cannot be much longer delayed.

It is remarkable that in Britain the Beaconsfield administration, which steadily opposed the fulfilment of God's prophecies regarding the drying-up of the Turkish Empire, and the cession of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece, was to the surprise of every one signally overthrown and superseded in 1880 by the Gladstone Government, the "bag and baggage" policy of which decisively favors the overthrow of the Turkish despotism and the enlargement of Greece, and would view with satisfaction the predestined separation of Syria from Turkey.

5. The Russo-Turkish War of 1876-7 issued in a *European Congress* held at Berlin. This is the first approach for many years to any European

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders." By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, 5s.

Concert of the Powers, and is a beginning of successive Congresses which will be rendered inevitable by momentous events in Europe until they issue in the predicted Ten-kingdomed Congress and Confederacy, as prefigured by the Ten-horned Wild beast in Daniel 7.

THE THIRD WONDER.

(Now advancing toward its fulfilment, which will be completed shortly before the Jewish seven-years' Covenant.)

Daniel's, or rather Nebuchadnezzar's, Prophetic Image of a Man in Daniel's second chapter is universally admitted to be the Sacred Calendar of Prophecy. It represents the history of the four successive *Gentile* Empires, to which sovereign supremacy in the earth was to be transferred from the *Jewish* Nation when the latter became unfaithful. The consecutive duration of these four empires is revealed to be 2520 years, after which sovereign supremacy in this earth will once again be delegated to the Jewish Nation under the personal government of Christ the Son of David during the millennium of 1000 years.

The predicted 2520 years of the whole length of this Image, from its golden scalp to its clay-iron feet—in other words, of the four empires symbolized by it—commenced at King Nebuchadnezzar's era about 625 to 630 before Christ, and therefore ends about A.D. 1890 to 1895, when the ten kings and their kingdoms denoted by the Ten Toes of the Image will be shattered by Christ, "the Stone cut out without hands," descending upon them in judgment. The 2520 years is the double of the notable period 1260 years, *i.e.*, the *time, times, and half-time* in its year-day fulfilment (Rev. 12 : 14). It is indicated in Daniel 4 : 16, 23, 32, by the *seven times* or seven years of Nebuchadnezzar's derangement when "a *beast's* heart was given to him."

This typified the derangement and heathen aberration from God of the four successive Gentile Empires represented by the four wild beasts of Daniel 7 and by the four parts of Nebuchadnezzar's Prophetic Image for a period of *seven prophetic years*, which is 2520 years, *i.e.*, 7 multiplied by 360 years, as each day signifies a year in the year-day fulfilment. The same *seven times* is also mentioned in Leviticus 26 : 18, 28, as the period of the Jewish chastisement by the Gentile Empires.

The four parts of the Prophetic Image—1. the golden head; 2. the silver breast; 3. the brass loins; 4. the iron legs—were explained to mean the four universally supreme empires of 1. *Babylon*, 2. *Medo-Persia*, 3. *Greece*, and 4. *Rome*, which in turn succeeded each other, so that we are now living at the close of the history of the Roman Empire. Nebuchadnezzar saw these empires prefigured by the Image of a stately man, but Daniel saw them in a truer aspect under the vision of four destructive, irrational *wild beasts*, namely, 1. a *lion*, corresponding with the *golden head* of the Image; 2. a *bear*, tallying with the *silver breast*; 3. a *leopard*, coinciding with the *brass loins*; and 4. a *ten-horned wild beast*, answering to the

TEN-TOED IRON LEGS.

The two iron legs of this Prophetic Image are universally admitted to mean the Eastern and Western halves of Cæsar's Roman Empire, which was bisected into an Eastern Empire and a Western Empire in the reign of the conjoint Roman Emperors Valentinian and Valens in A.D. 394—the dividing line being near Belgrade and Tunis. And the five toes on each foot show that each half is to be divided toward the close of the history of the Image into five kingdoms. This will involve quite a reconstruction of the Map of Europe, and it is most remarkable that whereas in the Eastern half there are in 1866 (at the date of the first edition of this book) only *three* toes or horns, which of course will have to be *increased* to the number of *five*, yet in the Western half there are *sixteen* toes or horns, and they will have to be *diminished* to become only five.

Our present chronological position is near the middle of the feet of the Prophetic Image. The history of the four empires in its onward course has passed through all the periods of the Babylonian Empire from B.C. 625-30 to 538—the Medo-Persian Empire from B.C. 538, when Darius con-

quered and slew Belshazzar (Dan. 5 : 31) to 331—the Grecian Empire from B.C. 331, when Alexander the Great conquered the Persians, to A.D. 31—the Roman Empire, when Augustus Cæsar conquered Greece in A.D. 31, to the present time, and now we have arrived at the period of the clay-iron or democratic monarchic feet just before the development of the ten clay-iron toes.

We are living, in fact, close to the terminating extremity of the Great Image, the Calendar of Prophecy, and on the very borders of the terrible collision between the Metallic Image and the gigantic Stone representing Christ descending to judge the nations. The Stone is to smite the Image *upon its Ten Toes*, for they will be Antichrist's ten last confederate kings then found in active antagonism to Christ at the battle of Armageddon, "These shall make war with the Lamb; but the Lamb shall overcome them." "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed" (Rev. 17 : 14 ; Dan. 2 : 34, 44).

These will be *Antichrist's* ten kings, and not the *earlier* ten kings who will be reigning before Antichrist first arises as a Little Horn. The Stone, after destroying the Image, will "become a great mountain and fill the whole earth" (Dan. 2 : 35), for the Son of man will then reign personally over this entire globe for 1000 years, and there shall be "given to Him dominion and glory, and a kingdom that all people, nations and languages should serve Him" (Dan. 7 : 14 ; Rev. 20).

The same division of the ten kingdoms into two clusters or branches of five kingdoms, is zoologically discoverable in their representation as the *ten horns* of the Wild Beast, because however many antlers or horns a horned animal like a stag may have, there are generally two main branches or stems, one springing out of the left side, and the other from the right side of its head, and each of these two main branches afterwards forms itself into several smaller branches or horns. Thus presumably the wild beast would appear with five horns springing out of each side of its head, representing the five Western kingdoms and the five Eastern kingdoms.

THE TEN KINGDOMS.

There appears scarcely any doubt but that the five kingdoms in the Western half of the Roman Empire will be, in the main, *Great Britain, France, Spain with Portugal, Italy, Sub-Danubian Austria*; and the five in the Eastern half will be *Bulgaria* and the four kingdoms of the successors of Alexander the Great, namely, *Egypt, Greece, Syria, and Thrace-with-Bithynia*.

But some of these ten kingdoms must have their boundaries considerably altered in order to include all the other countries that fall *within* the Roman Empire; and also to *exclude* all countries that fall *outside* that empire. The boundaries of Cæsar's Roman Empire comprised nearly all the northern coast of Africa as far south as the Desert of Sahara, and it was bounded on the East by the river Euphrates—on the North by the Danube and Rhine, and a Roman wall running from Ratisbon on the Danube to Bingen on the Rhine—on the west by the Atlantic, and it included Great Britain, as far north as the Highlands. The boundary line between the Western and Eastern halves of the Roman Empire was near the city of Belgrade in Servia.

As long ago as the year 1800 the expositor J. Witherby remarked, "Respecting the division of the Roman Empire into ten kingdoms, as signified by the *ten toes* and the *ten horns*, was not the division of the Roman Empire into its Eastern and Western parts signified by the *two legs*; and in this case are we not to look for five of the toes in the East and five in the West?" And so far back as A.D. 1240, Eberhard, Bishop of Salisbury, gave his opinion at the Council of Ratisbon that the Ten Horns were England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria-with-Germany, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, North Africa, and Sicily, which practically approximates closely to the tenfold division marked out by the best modern expositors.

The following marvellous changes may be expected in order to form the whole of the geographical area of the Roman Empire into exactly ten

kingdoms, five in the West and five in the East. And after their ten kings are united in a confederacy, a Napoleon will arise as a little sovereign over some small State in or near Greece, and subsequently make a seven years' covenant with the Jews.

(1.) Great Britain will be governmentally separated from Ireland, on account of the latter being *outside* the Roman Empire—at least to the extent of a separate legislature being granted to Ireland, so that it will be practically governed by an Irish Parliament, even if a nominal connection with Britain is still maintained. The Fenian organization, which is a far more serious matter than shallow journalists imagine, has discovered and developed a state of feeling which shows what inflammable elements are at hand for a Celtic revolution. It is difficult to conceive how this predestined secession of Ireland from England can take place without scenes of bloodshed and grave disaster to Great Britain. The fact that one-third of the British standing army consists of Irish Romanists may then be found to be a very serious one, as well as the presence of vast bodies of Irish Catholics in all the leading cities of Britain.

All the colonies included at present within the British Empire, such as India, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, etc., may similarly be expected to become practically governed by legislative assemblies of their own, if they are not so already, or else annexed to other countries. The union between them and Great Britain must become merely nominal, because they are geographically *outside* the limits of Roman earth. It is noticeable that *Hanover* in Germany, which is *outside* the Roman Empire, was separated from Britain in 1837. Dr. Tregelles and Dr. Kellsall in 1846, and B. W. Newton in 1849, pointed out in their prophetic treatises that Ireland never having belonged to the Cæsars' Roman Empire, would have to be separated from England before the ten kingdoms are formed. These predictions are quoted in our fifth appendix. All these considerations show that even several years before the Final Great Tribulation, Britain may have to experience great political troubles, just as the United States had to pass through severe internal troubles in 1860-64.*

(2.) France will push her frontier to the Rhine, and consequently swallow up within her enlarged boundaries Belgium, part of Holland, Rhenish Prussia west of the Rhine, Luxembourg, Switzerland and such parts of Baden, Wurtemberg, and the lower part of Bavaria as may not be united to Austria. It is difficult to see how these events can happen except by a great victorious war of France against Germany, or else by tremendous revolutions in Germany, leading to the surrender of these countries to France. Moreover there must be a moving *cause* for France and the rest of the ten kingdoms *inside* the Roman Empire allying themselves together in a confederacy. Must not their alliance be for mutual protection against a common foe? And that foe must necessarily be in the main some powerful neighboring nation *outside* the Roman Empire, like Prussia and North German States or Russia. The most probable causes leading to the ten-kingdomed confederacy will therefore be a gigantic conflict between France and Prussia, or a great war in connection with the Eastern Question.† Even the Crimean war of 1855 had the effect of producing a temporary alliance between Britain, France, and Italy.

(3.) Spain must have Portugal annexed to it, so as conjointly to form but one kingdom; otherwise there would be more than five kingdoms in the Western Roman Empire. It is this same reason which necessitates the addition of so much territory to France, as above mentioned.

(To be continued.)

* These remarks, published in the first edition of this book in 1866, have been confirmed by the subsequent Afghan and Zulu wars, and the disturbances caused in Ireland by Parnell and the Land League, which are paving the way for an Irish Parliament to sit in Dublin. [Note added in 1880.]

† The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 seemed of course to contradict these expectations, as France was defeated by Prussia and had to surrender to Prussia both Alsace and Lorraine. Nevertheless France before long will reverse that defeat and regain these provinces. [Note added in 1880.]

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Recent Election of a Member of the British Parliament for one of the Yorkshire districts, which caused so much excitement owing to Mr. Gladstone's indorsement of one of the candidates, has issued in a victory for the conservatives. This does not reduce Mr. Gladstone's majority in the House of Commons, as the late member was also a conservative. The result is important chiefly because the new member advocates the imposition of a duty on all grain imported from any countries except the British colonies, and also on account of his decided personal antipathy to Mr. Gladstone. In his election speech he said he was animated by an intense objection to Mr. Gladstone's government and *personal dictatorship* and to his measures of despoliation, and by a thorough detestation of the communistic and *atheistic tendencies of the age*. He had the support of the conservative party, also of many whigs who had been driven from under the liberal banner by Mr. Gladstone's generalship. He contrasted the state of Europe now with its condition when Lord Beaconsfield returned from Berlin. Referring to Ireland he said that Mr. Gladstone was throwing to revolutionists the sop of the wholesale confiscation of the property of the only loyal class in that country.

Two of the Thirty Men Arrested on Information supplied by Connell, alias Captain Moonlight, the Irish Land League leader who has turned informer, were tried on January 23d, at Cork, Ireland, and sentenced each to seven years' penal servitude. Connell, during the cross-examination gave startling evidence as to the system of terrorism and outrage in force in Ireland. He kept an order book which was produced at the trial. One of the entries is as follows: "On the 30th of December James Sullivan to be shot in the legs, his mother and daughter clipped for dealing with the Hagartys. John Linehan, story telling, to be clipped. Denis Coakley, for turning out his laborer, to be shot in the legs. Maurice O'Brien to be shot in the legs for paying rent." Judge Fitzgerald, who tried the case, said that he hoped that the sentence would have a good effect on the community, though from his experience he thought the trouble would not end.

The Movement Inaugurated by the English archbishops, bishops, and eminent philanthropists, to render aid to the persecuted Jews of Russia, has aroused the indignation of the Russian authorities and the newspapers. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* angrily comments on the movement. It says that though the agitation is carried on under the mask of philanthropy it has its mainspring in a feeling of hatred toward Russia, and in the displeasure with which political factions view the excellent relations between Russia and England which have existed since the accession of Mr. Gladstone. It declares that the accounts of riots are malevolently exaggerated. As the government is considering legislative measures in regard to the Jews the *Journal* begs the foreign press not to inflame a question already bristling with difficulties. We have heard what are the kind of measures the government is considering, and it is well known that they are grossly unjust. In saying the accounts of the riots are exaggerated the *Journal de St. Petersburg* propagates a wicked untruth, one half the cruelties perpetrated have not been published.

The Gambetta Ministry Tendered their Resignations to the President of the French Republic on January 26th. Their scheme of electoral reform was rejected in a full chamber by a majority of fifty-five. This sudden termination of a short reign is owing chiefly to M. Gambetta's advocacy of the scheme known as *Scrutin de Liste*, which we described at its first introduction. The members of the French chambers and a large portion of the public believe that it is a device to concentrate in the hands of Gambetta a power dangerous to the maintenance of republican institutions. The constitution of Gambetta's cabinet was also a disappointment to the nation. Gambetta surrounded himself with third-rate men almost unknown to the public, and seemed jealous lest even these should divide with him the public esteem. M. Freycinet, who was recently premier of France, succeeds Gambetta. *He is a Protestant*, and his wife and family are distinguished by their active work in charitable and philanthropic enterprises.

The French Capital was Last Week the scene of intense excitement in financial circles. In Paris, in common with other large cities in Europe and America, there has, for some time, been reckless speculation in stocks, and when on Thursday last a prominent speculator threw a large block of shares in the Suez Canal on the market, a general movement was made to realize and all stocks were offered at a heavy reduction in prices. Some alarm was manifested lest the panic should spread throughout the world.

The Elections to the French Senate have resulted in a Republican triumph. Of the seventy-seven elections for which the returns are complete, the republican party have carried fifty-five, winning so far thirty-one seats. The chief features of the struggle are the election of M. de Freycinet in three places—and the return of Colonel Labordère in the Department of the Seine. Both these events, but especially the latter, are significant as showing that the personal popularity of Gambetta with the people is waning.

The German Emperor's Rescript is Still Agitating political circles in that country. The uneasiness has not been allayed by a speech delivered by Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag on January 24th, in which he said the rescript did not aim to create a new constitution; the maxim "the king reigns but does not govern" did not apply in Germany; the expression "ministerial responsibility" was equally absurd. He declared that the rescript remained unshaken by the attacks upon it. He was fully aware of his responsibility in signing it, and that he was answerable for all the acts of the sovereign. It was to the sovereign, he said, and not to Parliament that Germany owed the position she enjoyed. Prince Bismarck then asked whether any one could reproach him with cowardice? The question produced great uproar and had the effect which Bismarck probably designed of diverting the debate to a personal issue. A prominent German newspaper says "the imperial rescript imperils the very existence of constitutional monarchy."

The Revolt of the Slavs of Austria, Mentioned last week, is attaining formidable proportions. A telegram from the commander at Sarajovo gives the details of numerous small skirmishes. The results were invariably unimportant, but the places mentioned show that the insurrection extends over a very large district, both of Herzegovina and Bosnia.

A Newspaper Scrap.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon relates in the *Sword and Trowel* for the current month an interesting incident. Mr. Spurgeon's son Thomas, in a letter recently written his mother from Auckland, New Zealand, incloses a portion torn off an old Australian paper, concerning which he says: "This scrap of newspaper I have given to me by a town missionary here, who regards it as a very precious relic. It came to him from a man who died in the hospital; he left it to his visitor as a great treasure. It is a portion of the *Melbourne Argus*, and contains a portion of father's sermon 'Loving Advice to Anxious Seekers.' The man found it on the floor of a hut in Australia, and was brought by its removal to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He kept it carefully while he lived; it was discolored and torn when he found it, and on his death-bed he gave it to the missionary as the only treasure he had to leave behind him."

The Rev. William Taylor, the World's Evangelist, is doing in the Roman Catholic States of South America what we Protestants are unable to do in a considerable number of the public schools of our own United States. That is to say, in the articles of agreement by which he establishes his schools there, he inserts a clause requiring that daily sessions to be opened with the reading of the Holy Scriptures and with *extemporaneous prayer*. The patrons and pupils of these schools are Roman Catholics, and they pay the expenses of the schools, including the salaries of the teachers while the teachers are converted and consecrated Methodists, graduates from the colleges of the United States. In a letter to the *Christian Standard* Mr. Taylor writes: "In Concepcion, Chile, Lelia H. Waterhouse, besides her pianoforte teaching, has taught the students to sing with such effectiveness as to crowd her monthly concerts sacred song with upper-class Roman Catholics hear their children sing, 'Rock of Ages,' 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' and a hundred of our grand old hymns, so full of theology and Christian experience. With every hymn Lelia clinches the truth by her testimony for Jesus."

Among Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Hearers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday evening, January 8th, were Mr. Gladstone and his eldest son. The prime minister of Great Britain was not only an attentive listener, but at the close of the service sought and obtained a private interview with Mr. Spurgeon. It may be hoped that Mr. Spurgeon's earnest evangelical preaching made an impression on Mr. Gladstone, and that the Holy Spirit will apply it to his heart. This would be a happy result not only for Mr. Gladstone personally, but for the Church of England, as he has the power to appoint the bishops of the Church, and his selections have not hitherto been such as evangelic Christians regarded with approval.

The Garfield is the Name Given to a New vessel launched at Belfast, Ireland, on January 9th. She is the largest steel sailing ship afloat, registering 2220 tons, and has just been built for Ismail Imrie & Co., managers of the White Star line. She will be employed in the Australian and Californian trades.

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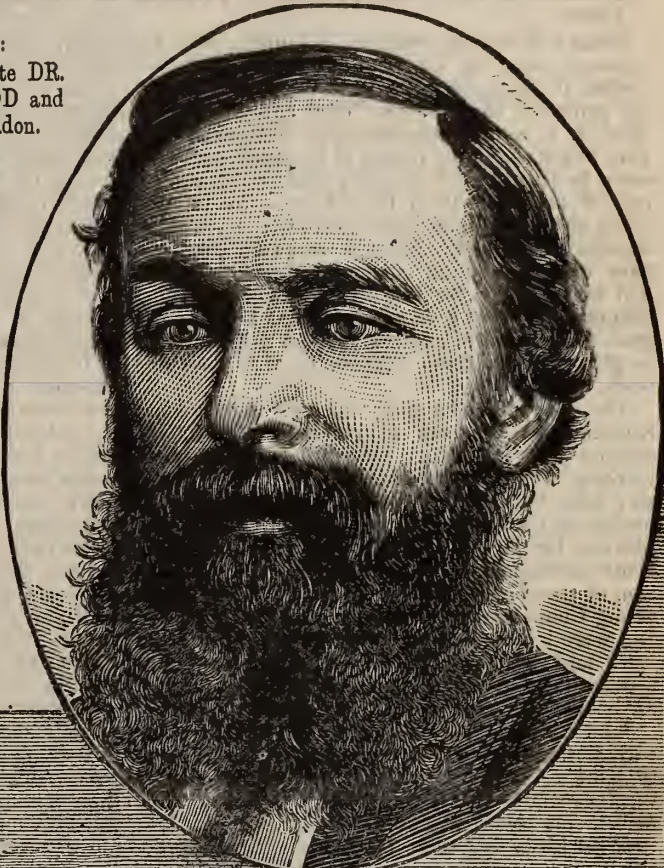
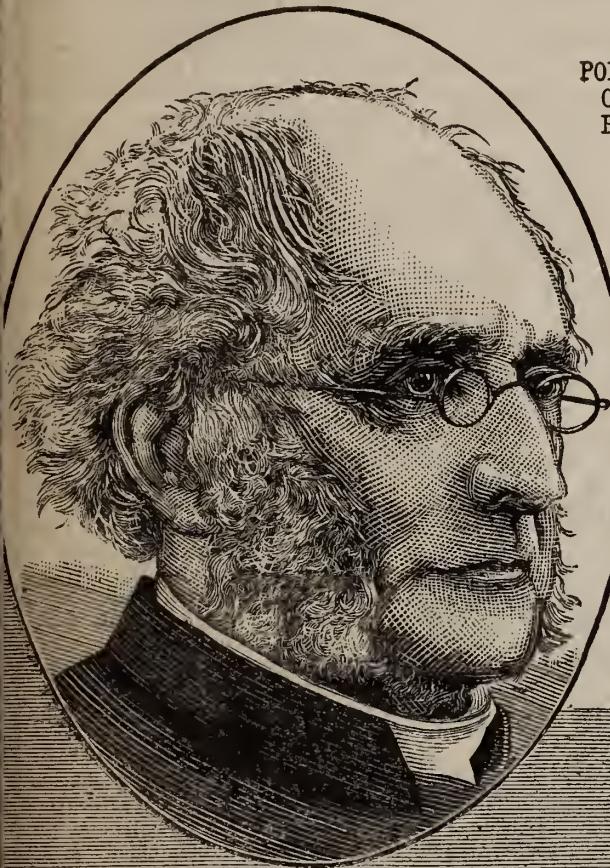
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16th Year. No. 6.—New Series.

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The Late DR. CUMMING and his Successor, REV. DONALD MACLEOD—Crown Court Church, London.

THE LATE DR. CUMMING,

The Eminent Expositor of Prophecy.

Birth in 1810—Educational Advantages—Graduates M.A. in 1827—Appointed Minister of Crown Court Church, London, in 1833—His Great and Growing Popularity—Advocacy of Protestantism—Discussion with Mr. French—Opposes Cardinal Wiseman—Valuable Testimonial—His Prophetic Expositions—Views on the Second Advent—His Sermons Before Queen Victoria—Retires from the Pastorate—Death at Chiswick in 1881—His Services to Prophetic Truth.

EVERY student of prophecy is familiar with the honored name of Dr. Cumming. He carefully studied the inspired word, believing that the blessing promised to those that read and understand (Rev. 1: 3) would undoubtedly be bestowed. He gave to the world the results of his study, and even when he failed to convince his readers of the accuracy of his expositions he did good by inciting them, and encouraging them to study the Word for themselves. Dr. Cumming's works on prophecy have made his name universally known, but he had other claims on the loving recollection and gratitude of Christ's people. He has but recently gone to his reward, and our readers will doubtless be glad to learn some particulars of his life and work.

The late John Cumming was born at Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 10th of November, 1810, and died on July 5th, 1881. His father was a hard-working stonemason resident in Windmill Brae; and John Cumming might have had to labor all his life as a stonemason, too, had not God singled him out for His service and endowed him with acute intelligence and brilliant gifts. The possession of these was evident to those with whom young Cumming came in contact in his boyhood, and were joined with industry and a disposition to learn, and they especially attracted the attention of a benevolent gentleman, who provided the funds for his collegiate expenses.

John Cumming, therefore, was sent, at a very early period, to the Grammar School, and thence to King's College, Aberdeen, where he studied theology under Dr. Mearns, and was alike prominent in his classical and theological career. He took his M.A. degree in 1827, and left the university as a successful student of brilliant promise.

After the completion of his theological and general studies, he removed to the neighborhood of London, to discharge educational functions of importance. He made his appearance in London in the year 1833, just at the time when the meteoric career of his still more celebrated countryman, *Edward Irving*, the most intimate friend of the late Thomas Carlyle, was closing in disappointment.

MINISTER OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

He was ordained by the London Presbytery as the successor of Edward Irving to the pastorate of the Scotch Church in Crown-court, opposite Drury-lane Theatre, one of the busiest scenes in London, in the immediate vicinity of Covent Garden Market and the Central Police Court. This church—a picture of which in its altered and modernized form appears on our frontispiece—was built about the beginning of the present century, for the accommodation of the grossly unjust and unchristian riots are exaggerated the wretched and filthy localities propagated a wicked untruth.

Mr. Cumming at once became a powerful preacher in the pulpit, while he soon became a vigorous champion of the Protestant Reformation Society, in antagonism to Popery, as well as a staunch defender of the principle of National Church Establishments. At one time his congregations were so numerous that it was impossible for an occasional hearer to find accommodation, and even the aisles of the church were crowded with eager listeners.

In the celebrated Wardlaw-Chalmers controversy, on the State Church question, he took a decided part against the advocates of the "Voluntary Principle," and specially distinguished himself in that direction at a public meeting held in the Freemasons' Tavern, in 1837, presided over by Lord Ashley, now the Earl of Shaftesbury. For

his exertions in this department of politico-theological controversy, Dr. Cumming received formal letters of thanks from the chief dignitaries of the Church of England, such as the then Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.

HIS ADVOCACY OF PROTESTANTISM.

He was for some years connected with the British Reformation Society, and perhaps it was as the eloquent advocate of its claims that he became best known to a far wider circle than his own congregation. His lectures all over England were always hailed with delight, and, whatever stir Romish advocates might have made in a neighborhood, the friends of Protestantism had no reason to be afraid of their principles being either ridiculed or misrepresented if John Cumming could attend as their exponent. In those days some did not see any great danger to be apprehended from the spread of Romanism, and the earnest warnings which Dr. Cumming proclaimed, not only on the platforms of the British Reformation Society, but wherever his voice was heard, were deemed improbable if not visionary. The events of late years, however, have amply proved that he was not a moment too soon in bidding his countrymen beware of the devices of the subtle foe, to the treacherous advances of which many were so blind.

In the year 1839 Dr. Cumming's anti-Romanist polemics had excited so much attention that he was induced to engage in an oral discussion on the subject at Hammersmith, a suburb of London, with a learned barrister, *Mr. David French*. It was a most brilliant illustration of Dr. Cumming's power and equipment as an advocate of Protestant principles. Some can remember the intense interest excited by it. There were selected for discussion five great subjects; and there were two chairmen at each meeting, *George Finch, Esq., M.P.*, on the Protestant side, and *C. Weld, Esq.*, on the Romanist side. The audiences, half Protestant and half Roman Catholic, were admitted by tickets.

The discussion lasted eleven nights, and it is universally allowed to be the most masterly examination of the whole subject in modern times. Mr. French displayed greater learning and acuteness than any controversialist on the same side for upwards of a century; but nothing could have been more powerful and complete than the replies of his opponent, whose perfect command of himself and his language contrasted most favorably with Mr. French, who occasionally displayed a lamentable want of temper, and would even condescend to the use of the coarsest personalities in argument.

After the close of the discussion his congregation presented him with a complete edition of "The Fathers," and a service of plate worth \$1250; while from the Protestants of Hammersmith he received, as an acknowledgment of his services in the cause of Protestantism, a Bible in nine languages, most elegantly bound, as an expressive recognition of his polyglot knowledge.

HIS ANTI-PAPAL CONTROVERSIES.

Some time after the Hammersmith discussion, Dr. Cumming met Mr. French on a public platform, where the latter was contending for what he termed the literal interpretation of Scripture. Dr. Cumming of course maintained that some of the words of the Bible are to be read figuratively, and as an instance quoted the well-known verse, "All flesh is grass." He asked whether Mr. French would take these words literally? The reply of the barrister was, "If I were a bundle of grass I should be very sorry to be in the vicinity of a hungry Scotchman," a rough pleasantry which Dr. Cumming received with perfect equanimity.

Dr. Cumming, in reply, was careful to show that the prevalence of Popery taught the divine nature of the Gospel, for nothing but the Gospel could have survived the pressure and persecutions to which it had been subjected. It was struck at, he said, by the heresy of Arius in the 4th century, and it was long crushed and smothered by the ever-eclipsing superstition of the Roman heresy. But it heard, even in its captivity, the voice of Him who summoned Lazarus from the grave, as that voice poured through the organs of the Reformation, and came fresh from its retreats, casting off the incrustations of corruption and the cerecloths and

trappings of its tomb, and looked once more abroad upon the wide world unshorn of its splendor, in the beauty of holiness, with the dew of its own bright and holy morn.

OPPOSES CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Some eleven years later, the Papal controversy again emerged, and this time on a colossal scale, and Dr. Cumming was again prominent in the lists of champions of Protestant truth. In October 1850, Cardinal Wiseman fulminated his celebrated Pastoral, and Protestant Great Britain rose en masse to oppose the "Papal Aggression." Dr. Cumming was now a recognized leader in the Protestant Church, and his fearlessness and zeal were admired by every lover of the truth in Great Britain. He even visited the head-quarters of Cardinal Wiseman in Golden Square, where he inspected the oath of the *soi-disant* Archbishop of Westminster; and when he delivered his anti-Papal lecture in Hanover Square Rooms, London, in November, 1850, the room was filled three hours before the commencement of the discourse, and during its delivery the square and surrounding streets were crowded by thousands of enthusiastic admirers of the Protestant champion who were unable to obtain admission.

Dr. Cumming was much the ablest and most persistent antagonist of Cardinal Wiseman. Early in 1852 a public meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, Sir Peter Laurie presiding, to take preliminary steps for arranging a testimonial to be presented to Dr. Cumming on the part of the Protestant public of Great Britain, and in recognition of his anti-Papal exertions. The committee of noblemen and gentlemen appointed to carry out the object of the meeting included the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Dr. Baring, now Bishop of Bristol, Lord Cavan, Lord Ducie, Sir James Duke, M.P., Mr. George Moffatt, M.P., and Principal Macfarlane, of Glasgow.

The testimonial subsequently presented to Dr. Cumming, in accordance with the feeling manifested at this and a second public meeting, consisted of a service of chased silver plate of the value of \$1575, and a sum of money equivalent to \$5250. Among the subscribers was the Premier Duke of England, the late Duke of Norfolk, whose conversion to Protestantism, so much talked of at the time, was due, it is now well-known, chiefly to the influence and preaching of the late Dr. Cumming.

Both this present of plate and the one given Dr. Cumming at Hammersmith, were somewhat inappropriate in the case of an earnest, active, but not aristocratic preacher of the Gospel. Many Christians thought so at the time, and urged that the testimonial should take some other form, but the majority of the committee being peers, who from their associations regarded silver vessels for the table as a necessity, they overruled the objection, and the testimonial was consequently presented in a shape that Dr. Cumming himself would not have selected. It was, however, an evidence that his efforts in the cause of Protestantism were appreciated and as such was highly esteemed.

HIS PROPHETIC EXPOSITIONS.

Besides his conflict with Rome, Dr. Cumming gave much attention to the interpretation of prophecy. He was a voluminous writer, his works numbering considerably over a hundred.

His "Apocalyptic Sketches," which are perhaps as well known as any of his works, were lectures given in Exeter Hall, London, in 1848, where the congregation worshipped during the enlargement of Crown Court Church. Mr. James Grant, who was at the time editor of the London *Morning Advertiser*, wrote shortly afterwards that not a few were then afraid that Dr. Cumming would be led into rash and questionable theories in investigating a subject confessedly beset with difficulties; but by the blessing of God and the exercise of caution all ended more than satisfactorily. The spacious hall in which they were delivered overflowed with unprecedentedly large masses of people of every denomination, and the growing attention excited in the minds of these audiences, and the saving and striking impressions made on unconverted minds by the solemn truths they heard, were all signs and tokens that called for humble gratitude to God.

In 1852 he published his "Apocalyptic Sketches," which were followed, in 1859, by his "Great Tribulation Coming Upon the Earth" in a volume of upwards of 500 pages, in which he treated of the Second Coming of our Lord and the end of the present dispensation. Subsequently he published, "The Great Preparation," "Redemption Draweth Nigh," "The Destiny of the Nations," "The Lost Woe," etc. He always mentioned that the 1260 years (Rev. 11 : 2, 3) of the temporal power of the Papal witchcraft would end about 1866-8, and it is remarkable that the war of Prussia against Austria, in 1866, destroyed the old Austro-German Empire, on which, as Metternich said, the temporal power of Papal Rome rested; and then, in 1870, the temporal power of the Pope over Rome was completely destroyed by the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, seizing that city.

HIS VIEWS ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

His book, the "Signs of the Times," had an immense circulation, and it will be interesting by a single extract to point out what his views really were upon this solemn subject. He thus sums up what he had shown in the course of three lectures which he delivered on special occasions :

"I have shown, first, that Christ's Advent is the prominent hope of the Church of God; secondly, that His Advent is a personal one; and, thirdly, that the millennial day *succeeds*, and does not *precede*, the Advent of Christ, just as the light follows the sun and does not precede it; and, lastly, I have shown from the signs of the times that this Advent is *near at hand*, and that it becomes all to make ready for the coming of our blessed Lord. Let us now look more earnestly for the appearing of the Son of God and cease to quarrel. When our Lord comes, there will instantly take place a resurrection of the dead in Christ. I hold that when Christ comes at the commencement of the Millennium, all brethren that have died in Christ, from Adam down to the babe that perished yesterday from its mother's bosom—the dead in Christ will instantly rise to welcome their coming Lord.

"All believers then living will moreover be gathered together with them, and both the dead in Christ who rise from the earth, and the living in Christ who do not die, but are *changed*, shall be caught up in the air, and shall there remain until the earth has undergone its fiery ordeal, just as the family of Noah was kept in the Ark. The rest of the dead will not rise till the thousand years are finished. That the resurrection of the dead in Christ—that is, of all true believers—takes place at the commencement of the Millennium, and Christ's Advent is pre-millennial, and not post-millennial (Rev. 20 : 4-6)."

For many years the church in Crown Court was frequented by some of the most famous as well as the most fashionable of the Presbyterian nobility, including the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess Russell, and other notables. Dr. Cumming published a volume of sermons which he had on various occasions preached before the Queen at Balmoral; and so lately as 1872, when the Queen was the guest of the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin, he preached another sermon on "Communion between Heaven and Earth," for which, at its conclusion, he received the personal thanks of her Majesty.

Among the most successful of his discourses may be cited his, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," delivered and published in the revolutionary days of 1848; his "Great Exhibition;" his "Wellington Lecture" (after the death of the Iron Duke), along with several sermons on the Russian war, especially in its relation to the fulfilment of prophecy. Dr. Cumming took a decided stand in the advocacy of perfect and entire *Sabbath observance*.

He received the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1844. He retired from the charge of Crown Court Church in 1880, when his admirers raised a substantial testimonial, and presented it to him in recognition of his long and faithful services. The congregation elected the Rev. Donald MacLeod (*whose portrait appears on our front page*) as his successor in the pastorate. During the latter part of his life he found a com-

fortable asylum at Chiswick when his mental powers almost completely faded away. He died there on July 5th, 1881.

DEATH AND EULOGY.

The death of Dr. Cumming was the subject of editorial articles in most of the London daily papers. In its article, the London *Times*, to which at one time Dr. Cumming was a frequent contributor, spoke of him as "A luminary that less than twenty years ago was blazing in the mid heavens, and outshining the light of day!"

At the morning service on July 10th, 1881, in the Scotch National Church, Crown Court, where Dr. Cumming had preached during so many years, an unusually numerous congregation, many of whom were attired in deep mourning, assembled, and the recently-elected pastor, the Rev. Donald MacLeod, at the close of his sermon alluded in feeling terms to the death of one whom, since they last worshipped in that place, it had pleased the Mighty Disposer of all things to take away to Himself. He said: "The deceased was one who for a lengthened period had made Crown Court, humble as were its surroundings, one of the most widely-known and most eagerly resorted-to churches in that vast city. The name of Dr. John Cumming is a household word to Scotchmen at home and abroad. He was an earnest, faithful, and gifted minister of whom all Scotchmen and the Church of Scotland might well be proud."

No writer has ever done so much as Dr. Cumming, by his eloquently written books on prophecy, to disseminate throughout the world the doctrine of the personal pre-millennial Second Advent of Christ. His books have been as widely circulated in this country as in Great Britain, and are to be found scattered all over the villages, towns, and cities of America. His great fame, reputation, and ability as a writer, secured a circulation for his pre-millennial views which otherwise they would not have attained. He was, unquestionably, the greatest modern advocate of the soul-inspiring doctrine of Christ's speedy Second Advent.

THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD.

Successor of Dr. Cumming in the Pastorate of Crown Court Church, London.

Birth in 1839—Licensed as a Preacher in 1861—First Pastoral Charge at Fort Augustus—Subsequent Appointments to Dornoch, Dumfries, Montrose and Dundee—Removes to Jedburgh in 1877, and Succeeds Dr. Cumming in London in 1881.

THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD, *whose portrait accompanies that of the late Rev. Dr. Cumming on our frontispiece* this week, is a true son of the Scottish manse. It has been supposed that he is the same Rev. Donald MacLeod who is the editor of the English magazine *Good Words*, but though the names of both gentlemen are alike they are not even related to each other. The editor of *Good Words* is a son of the late Dr. Norman MacLeod.

Rev. Donald MacLeod, who succeeded Dr. Cumming, is, as his name suggests, of Scottish birth. He was born at Fort William, Invernessshire, on July 21st, 1839, and is therefore now in the forty-third year of his age. His father was successively minister of the parishes of Ballachulish and Laggan, in the same bold and rugged county.

After the usual preliminary education, Mr. MacLeod proceeded to the University of Aberdeen, where he studied both in Arts and in Divinity, and having graduated in the year 1860, he was licensed by the Presbytery as a preacher of the Gospel in 1861, and in the same year was appointed, with the happiest results, to the pastoral charge of the parish of Fort Augustus, not far from his father's home.

The fame of the young minister grew, and he was speedily solicited to transfer his able services to a wider and more influential sphere of Christian activity. In the early part of 1863 the parish of Dornoch, one of the best livings in the North of Scotland, becoming vacant, the public-spirited and magnanimous patron, the present Duke of Sutherland, generously delegated to the people themselves the unqualified privilege of choosing their own minister, and their choice unanimously

fell upon the successful and enthusiastic pastor of Fort Augustus, Mr. Donald MacLeod.

After a brief period of happy and most useful work for Christ in the parish, Mr. MacLeod was called, in 1866, to succeed the Rev. Malcolm Taylor (now Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh) in assuming the pastoral supervision of the parish of Greyfriars, Dumfries, and on the appointment of Dr. Taylor, in 1869, to be Chaplain to Her Majesty, and minister of the parish of Crathie, Mr. MacLeod was a second time asked to succeed him in the First Church of Montrose, his "call" being signed by seventeen hundred communicants and adherents.

Four years of successful ministry passed rapidly away, leaving results of the most gratifying character, in the building-up of believers in the faith, and the in-gathering of lost sinners to the fold of Christ. But the need arose for an active and zealous preacher in Dundee. Circumstances had occurred rendering it most important in the interest of the Scottish National Church that a wise choice should be made, and in 1873, Mr. MacLeod was prevailed upon by some of the leading men in his church to give up his position, which was one of the foremost in the Established Church of Scotland, in order that he might settle at Dundee.

Though singularly successful, because abundantly blessed by God, during all his previous ministry of the Gospel, it was in Dundee that he undertook his greatest, as it was certainly his most arduous work. It was a work of delicate and difficult character, and it required a man of faith and prayer as well as a man of courage and tact. It is no small evidence of Mr. MacLeod's excellences that his success at Dundee was conspicuous and assured.

In the year 1877, Mr. MacLeod was invited to two new charges at the same time, viz.—those of Jedburgh, and Maxwell parish, Glasgow. He preferred the former, and it was from the midst of its attached people that, on the 10th of June, 1881, he was transferred to the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, London, *the picture of which is given in our frontispiece*. We understand that Mr. MacLeod was twice called before he could bring himself to consent to succeed the late Dr. Cumming. His work is very naturally one of considerable responsibility, but the success that has attended Mr. MacLeod's labors in other spheres and his manifest dependence solely on the blessing of God encourages the hope that Crown Court Church may still exercise on the aristocracy and the poor of London the beneficial influence it exercised during the ministry of Dr. Cumming.

Why a Sermon was Discarded is Explained

in a biographical notice of Rev. J. Phillips, an English Baptist minister who died in 1880. "One Saturday night, after Mr. Phillips had prayerfully studied his sermon, he felt a strange sense of oppression and heart-weariness. In the morning he said, 'I cannot preach this; I do not feel the Lord present with me.' His wife said, 'Pray, Get thee behind me, Satan.' He did, but entered the pulpit with a heavy heart. Service commenced. The time came for the text. He said, 'My friends, I cannot tell what oppresses me, but I cannot preach the sermon I prepared. Let us pray!' At the close he opened the Bible at Zech. 2 : 4, and read, 'Run, speak to that young man,' and without preparation spoke earnestly as God gave him utterance. It was many years before he understood the cause of his being prompted to lay aside one sermon and preach another on that particular Sunday. The explanation came when long afterward he went to a meeting at a neighboring parish. A young man sought him, and said: 'I am a stranger to you; you are not to me.' He replied, 'You are mistaken; I have not to my knowledge ever spoken to you.' 'Oh, yes, you have, sir. Do you not remember preaching some years ago from the words, 'Run, speak to that young man?' I am that young man! I entered the chapel to annoy you and others, but the hand of God arrested me. The arrow sped home, and here I am, a living monument of God's mercy, and a minister of that same Gospel.'"

THE MEANNESS OF INFIDELITY.

FOURTH REPLY TO MR. INGERSOLL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Morning, February 5, 1882.

"When Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the penknife."—JEREMIAH 36: 23.

The Jehoiakim of our Day—What Penknives Cannot Do—Healthful Merriment—Ghastly Joking—The Joker at Spuyten Duyvil—Mr. Ingersoll's Jokes—I. Satirizing His Early Home—Mr. Ingersoll's Father—His Godly Mother—Questions from "Talmage's Catechism"—II. His Worthless Substitute for Consolation—The Anodyne of Trouble—III. His Substitute for the Hope of Heaven—The Don't Know Religion—A Conspiracy to Extinguish Light-houses—The Lights on the Eternal Coast—What Beneficial Institutions has Infidelity Founded?—The Complete Mission of Infidelity—The Pauper of the Universe—The Glorious Roll of Christian Worthies.

ON a former occasion I employed this text for a different purpose from that for which I shall employ it this morning. There sits Jehoiakim in the winter house, his feet to the fire which is blazing and crackling on the hearth. His private secretary, Jehudi, is reading to him from a scroll containing God's words to Jeremiah. Jehoiakim is displeased at the message, gets very red in the face, jumps up and snatches the scroll from the hand of his private secretary, takes out his penknife, and cuts and slashes it all to pieces.

Jehoiakim was under the impression that if he destroyed the scroll he would destroy the prophecy. Ah! no. Jeremiah immediately takes another scroll and the prophecy is redictated. The fact is that all the penknives ever made at Sheffield and in all the cutleries of the world cannot successfully destroy the Scriptures. We have a *Jehoiakim in our day*, Mr. Ingersoll, the representative of the infidelity of the hour, who proposes with his penknife to hack the Word of God to pieces. With that penknife he tries to stab Moses, and to stab Joshua, and to stab all the prophets and apostles, and evangelists, and to stab Christ, and to stab the God of the Bible; but while he is cutting to pieces his own copy of the Bible—for I suppose he has only one copy of this dangerous book in his house, and that carefully guarded and locked up so none of his friends may be poisoned by it—there are innumerable copies of the Bible being distributed.

No book, secular or religious, ever multiplied with such speed and into such vastness as the Word of God. Disraeli's, "Endymion," Macaulay's "History of England," Shakespeare's tragedies, having very small and limited reading and very small and limited sale and distribution as compared with this Book; which, after for centuries being bombarded by thousands of Ingersolls, to day has abroad over three hundred millions of copies. Where one Bible dies, ten thousand Bibles are born. Cut away, then, with your infidel penknives.

Mr. Ingersoll proposes—and when I mention his name I only mention him as the representative of thousands of people; of course we could not spend an hour or five minutes in the discussion of what one man says, but he is the exponent of thousands of people antagonistic to the Scriptures, and therefore I call him by name—Mr. Ingersoll with his knife-blade proposes to cut the Bible to pieces in ridicule. Now,

I LIKE FUN;

no man was ever built with a keener appreciation of it. There is health in laughter instead of harm—physical health, mental health, moral health, spiritual health—*provided you laugh at the right thing.*

The morning is jocund. The Indian with its own mist baptizes the cataract Minnehaha, or laughing water. You have not kept your eyes open, or your ears alert, if you have not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests clap their hands, or the orchards in blossom-week agree with redolence. But there is a laughter which is deathful, there is a laughter which has the rebound of despair. It is not healthy to giggle about God, or chuckle about eternity, or smirk about the things of the immortal soul.

You know what caused the accident a few weeks

ago on the Hudson River Railroad. It was an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the string of the air brake and stopped the train at the most dangerous point of the journey. But the lightning train, not knowing there was any impediment in the way, came down crushing out of the mangled victims the immortal souls that went speeding instantly to God and judgment. *It was only a joke.* He thought it would be such fun to stop the train. He stopped it!

And so Mr. Ingersoll is chiefly anxious to stop the long train of the Bible, and the long train of the churches, and the long train of Christian influences, while coming down upon us are death, judgment, and eternity, coming a thousand miles a minute, coming with more force than all the avalanches that ever slipped from the Alps, coming with more strength than all the lightning express trains than ever whistled, or shrieked, or thundered across the continent. Stop! says Mr. Ingersoll, it is only a joke. It is a spectacle which almost splits him with laughter. It is a subject which, though agonizing the nations, throws him into uproars of laughter; and the theme of his funniest lecture, as you see it advertized, is the most stupendous question that was ever asked: "What must I do to be saved?" It is only a joke.

In my reply to the champion of infidelity, I have shown you in other discourses the untruth of infidelity, the blasphemy of it, the unfairness of it, the outrage of it. This morning, I show you the meanness of it, a subject upon which no one has yet dwelt—the meanness of infidelity.

I. Mr. Ingersoll in many of his lectures satirizes his early home. He demonstrates the meanness of infidelity by

SATIRIZING HIS EARLY HOME,

and leaving the people of this country under the impression that his father at least was a bigot, and a tyrant, and a fool. Now, can you imagine anything meaner than the assailing of a parent's reputation after he is dead and gone? I had a Christian ancestry of elevated type, but suppose my father or mother had been hypocritical and tyrannical, and bigoted, and bad, would it not have been debasing in me to have hooked up the horses to the ploughshare of contempt, and turned up the mound of their graves? It is a demonstration of the unutterable, the unnatural meanness of infidelity that assails a parent's reputation.

We have *two accounts* of Mr. Ingersoll's parentage. One is, that he was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, a good man; on one occasion preaching a sermon under which over a hundred souls were converted to God, liberal in fraternization with all other denominations of Christians, indulgent to a fault with his children.

But I received during this last week a letter from one of the places of his residence which gives just the opposite account. It says of Mr. Ingersoll's father: "He was abstemious to a fault, and the family suffered accordingly. The children were commanded to eat, drink, and dress sparingly. He never spoke a kind word to his wife, who was a noble Christian woman, neither to his children, within the knowledge of persons now living here who were familiar with the family. At last the mother died. She was cared for by friends in her sickness, and on the day of interment gentle hands carried her form and rested it for a time on the catafalque. Mr. Ingersoll's father, to the astonishment of all present, deliberately removed his cravat and gloves, stepped on the rostrum and delivered a eulogy over the body. He attempted to extol her virtues and panegyricize her conduct. It was the first time he had ever been known publicly to speak well of her."

I know not which account is accurate. I prefer the former, because I prefer to think well of any man, living or dead. But that is not the question. It seems to me most mean, most insufferably mean, that a man should assail a parent gone. Far better the conduct of Shem and Japhet, who at their father's inebriation took a mantle and walked backward, and with averted eyes threw it over him to hide the shame.

While Mr. Ingersoll leads his audiences to believe that his father was a tyrant and a bigot, why does he not say something about his mother? All

the accounts agree in saying she was a grandly good Christian woman. Why does he not tell us the source of her goodness? Where is the Bible she used to read? Is it still in the family? Why does he not extol her Christian graces? Has his father's frigidity made more impression upon him than his mother's tenderness? Where has she gone to? Has she gone to the same place with his dead father? He does not like the Westminster Assembly Catechism, or the Shorter Catechism. Perhaps he will answer a few questions of

TALMAGE'S CATECHISM!

How did religion seem to agree with her? Did the Christian religion make her cross and sour, and queer, and crabbed, or did it make her kind, and genial, and loving, and patient? Did it give her comfort in the days of trouble? Was she deluded with it to the last? In her dying hour was it a pest or an encouragement? He has left us to believe that his father was a tyrant and a bigot. Why does he not say something about his mother, his Christian mother, his sainted mother, at whose side, I warrant you, he used to kneel and say his evening prayers. Amid all the flowers of rhetoric can he not twist one garland for her memory?

He is said to be a very brave man. *I dare him to do one thing.* I dare him to take his mother's Bible and some Sunday afternoon go into his room, and locking the door, kneel down and while kneeling read the fourteenth chapter of John. Nothing there about Jonah and the whale; nothing there about the sun and moon stopping. Nothing there about the manner in which Eve was made. Certainly a man so brave that he defies the God of the Universe and scoffs at the army of martyrs, and apostles, and prophets, and bullies perdition—certainly, a man as brave as that ought to be brave enough on a Sabbath afternoon to go into his room and kneel down, if the door is locked, and read the fourteenth chapter of John.

O! it is insufferably mean, it is accursedly mean, that a man should throw a cloud of obloquy on his early home when there was at least one parent who loved God, kept His commandments, and lived a grandly beautiful and useful life. I stand at the door of the sepulchre of that Christian mother and I cry out for justice from the infidel lecturer. O! ungrateful man, you are nothing to the bosom that nursed you and the arm that encircled you, and the lips that prayed for you, and the hands that were blistered for you, and the shoulders that stooped to carry your burdens. You do not believe in the Bible, you do not believe in the God of the Bible. Do you believe in your mother?

I do not implead you by John Calvin's God, for you say he is a fiend; I do not implead you by John Wesley's God, for you say he is a fanatic; I do not implead you by the God of the Westminster Catechism; I do not implead you by your father's God; but I implead you by your mother's God. By the birth pang that launched you, by the Christian cradle that rocked you, by the solemn hour in which you were held up in the old country meeting house while the minister of religion said: "Robert, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—by that God I implead you to reconsider, and turn and live.

I hold before you that bombardment of the early home and that maligning of the Christian consecration and devotion—I hold all that before you as specimens of the meanness of infidelity. I know nothing to equal it in all the day. I do not know another man on the American Continent who would do it, who would stoop to do it.

II. Mr. Ingersoll also shows the meanness of infidelity, demonstrates the meanness of infidelity, by trying to

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CHIEF CONSOLATION of the world absolutely nothing. You have only to hear him at the edge of the grave, or at the edge of the coffin, discoursing, to find out that there is no comfort in infidelity. There is more good cheer in the hooting of an owl at midnight than in his discourses at the verge of the grave. You might as well ask the spirit of eternal darkness to discourse on the brightness of everlasting day. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this Holy Book. Now, Mr. Ingersoll proposes to take away that consolation. What do

you think of it? What would you think of a crusade of this sort? Suppose a man should resolve that he would organize a conspiracy to destroy all the medicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is done. The medicines are taken and they are thrown into the river, or the lake, or the sea. A patient wakes up at midnight in a paroxysm of distress and wants an anodyne. "O," says the nurse, "the anodynes are all destroyed; we have no drops to give you, but instead of that I'll read you a lecture on the absurdities of morphine, and on the absurdities of all remedies." But the man continues to writhe in pain, and the nurse says: "I'll continue to read you some discourses on anodynes, the cruelties of anodynes, the indecencies of anodynes, the absurdities of anodynes. For your groan, I'll give you a laugh."

Here in the hospital is a patient having a gangrened limb amputated. He says, "O! for ether. O! for chloroform." The doctors say, "Why, they are all destroyed; we don't have any more chloroform, or ether; but I have got something a great deal better. I'll read you a lecture on the mistakes of James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and upon the mistakes of Doctors Agnew, and Hamilton, and Hosack, and Mott, and Harvey, and Abernethy." "But," says the man, "I must have some anæsthetics." "No," say the doctors, "they are all destroyed, but we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun." Fun about medicines.

Lie down, all ye patients in Bellevue Hospital and stop your groaning—all ye broken hearted of all the cities, and quit your crying; we have the catholicon at last! Here is a *dose of wit*, here is a strengthening plaster of sarcasm, here is a bottle of ribaldry that you are to keep well shaken up and take a spoonful of after each meal, and if that does not cure you, here is a solution of blasphemy in which you may bathe, and here is a tincture of derision. Tickle the skeleton of death with a repartee! Make the King of Terrors cackle! For all the agonies of all the ages, a joke!

Millions of people willing with uplifted hand toward heaven to affirm that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is full of consolation for them, and yet, Mr. Ingersoll proposes to take it away, giving nothing, absolutely nothing, except fun. Is there any greater height, or depth, or length, or breadth, or immensity of meanness in all God's universe!

III. Mr. Ingersoll still further demonstrates the meanness of infidelity by trying to substitute for the Bible explanation of the future world

A RELIGION OF "DON'T KNOW."

Is there a God? Don't know! Is the soul immortal? Don't know! If we should meet each other in the future world will we recognize each other? Don't know! This man proposes to substitute the religion of "don't know" for the religion of "I know." I know in whom I have believed. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Infidelity proposes to substitute a religion of awful negatives for our religion of glorious positives showing right before us a world of reunion and ecstasy, and high companionship, and glorious worship, and stupendous victory; the mightiest joy of earth not high enough to reach to the base of the Himalaya of uplifted splendor awaiting all those who on wing of Christian faith will soar toward it.

Have you heard of the *conspiracy to put out all the lighthouses* on the coast? Do you know that on a certain night of next month, Eddystone Lighthouse, Bell Rock Lighthouse, Sherryvore Lighthouse, Montauk Lighthouse, Hatteras Lighthouse, New London Lighthouse, Barnegat Lighthouse, and the 640 lighthouses on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are to be extinguished? "O!" you say, "what will become of the ships on that night? What will be the fate of the one million sailors following the sea? What will be the doom of the millions of passengers? Who will arise to put down such a conspiracy?" Every man, woman, and child in America, and the world.

But that is only a fable. That is what infidelity is trying to do, put out all the lighthouses on the coast of eternity, letting the soul go up the "Narrows" of death with no light, no comfort, no peace

—all that coast covered with the blackness of darkness. Instead of the great lighthouse, a glow-worm of wit, a firefly of jocosity. Which do you like the better, O! voyager for eternity—the firefly or the lighthouse? What a mission infidelity has started on! The extinguishment of lighthouses, the breaking up of lifeboats, the dismissal of all the pilots, the turning of the inscription on your child's grave into a farce and a lie.

Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," chisel in hand, went through the land to cut out into plainer letters the half obliterated inscriptions on the tombstones, and it was a beautiful mission. But Mr. Ingersoll is spending his life, and the men who are like him are spending their lives, with hammer and chisel trying to cut out from the tombstones of your dead all the story of resurrection and Heaven. He is the iconoclast of every village graveyard, and of every city cemetery, and of Westminster Abbey. Instead of Christian consolation for the dying, a freezing sneer.

INSTEAD OF PRAYER, A GRIMACE.

Instead of Paul's triumphant defiance of death, a going out you know not where, to stop you know not when, to do you know not what. That is Infidelity.

To show that Infidelity can provide no substitute for what it proposes to destroy, I ask you to mention the names of the merciful and the educational institutions which Infidelity founded and is supporting, and has supported all the way through; institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion and yet pronounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian Commission, or the Sanitary Commission; for Christian George H. Stuart was the president of the one, and Christian Henry W. Bellows was the president of the other. Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by Infidelity and supported by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Infidelity is so very loud in its braggadocio it must have some to mention.

Certainly if you come to speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as exceptions? I have to tell you that all the German universities today are under positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelberg, where the ruffianly students cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy. The duello is the chief characteristic of that institution.

There stands Christianity. There stands Infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath schools bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is Infidelity; no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business,

THE COMPLETE MISSION, OF INFIDELITY, to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by Infidelity and supported alone by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion and yet in favor of marking the world better. "O," you say, "a ream of paper is too much for the names of those institutions." Well then, I throw you a *quire* of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait

until you get all the names down. "O," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a *sheet* of letter paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter, with the names of the merciful institutions and the educational institutions founded by Infidelity and supported all along by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor of humanity. "O!" you say, "that is too much room; we don't want a whole sheet of paper to write down the names."

Perhaps I had better tear out *one leaf* from my hymn book and ask you to fill up both sides of it with the names of such institutions. "O!" you say, "that would be too much room; you wouldn't want so much room as that." Well, then, suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "O," you say, "not quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "O," you say, "we don't want quite so much room as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institution founded by Infidelity, supported entirely by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet toiling to make the world better. Not one! Not one!

Is infidelity so poor, so starveling, so mean, so useless? Get out,

YOU MISERABLE PAUPER OF THE UNIVERSE!

Crawl into some rat hole of everlasting nothingness. Infidelity standing to-day amid the suffering, groaning, dying nations and yet doing absolutely nothing save trying to impede those who are toiling until they fall exhausted into their graves in trying to make the world better. Gather up all the work, all the merciful work, that Infidelity has ever done, add it all together, and there is not so much nobility in it as in the smallest bead of that sister of charity who last night went up the dark alley of the town, put a jar of jelly for an invalid appetite on a broken stand, and then knelt on the bare floor, praying the mercy of Christ upon the dying soul.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, gilds no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of this old-fashioned Bible—blessed be His glorious name forever!—our Christ stands this morning pointing to the hospital, or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a couch, I was lame and ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicked my eyesight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountains and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me."

O! what a magnificent array of men and women have been made by the religion of the Bible. I cannot call

THE ROLL;

it would take me all of this day and to-night, and to-morrow to call the roll. I call the roll only of a part of one company of a regiment of a battalion of an army of magnificent men and women innumerable: John Howard, John Milton, David Brainard, George Whitefield, Martin Luther, Adoniram Judson, Alexander Duff, Henry Martyn, William Wilberforce, Richard Cobden, Bishop McIlvaine, James A. Garfield, George Washington, Victoria the Queen; Hannah More, Charlotte Elizabeth, Harriet Newell, Mrs. Sigourney, Florence Nightingale, Lucretia Mott, and ten thousand other men and women, living and dead, standing in the present and in the past, aflame with the transpicuous glories of the Christian religion!

Thirty-three Homeless Boys were Sent to Culpeper Co., Va., by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, on January 31st. This is the twelfth party Mr. Reid has assisted to emigrate from New York. Of the eleven parties previously sent out under Mr. Reid's direction, numbering nearly 500 persons, only two boys are known to have returned to New York. This was the second party sent to Virginia, and was despatched in response to requests from farmers who knew that the former party had turned out creditably. Most of the boys were orphans, and all were homeless and friendless.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 70.)

Miles in Ireland—Arrest of Conspirators—Lord Edward Fitzgerald's Capture—Miles Visits his Parents—Recognized by his Retriever—His Secession from the Romish Communion Confessed to his Mother—The Priest's said Requested.

WHEN Miles Rossiter reached Dublin, he found the city in agitation. A man named Reynolds, a silk merchant, had turned government informer; and the chief members of the General Republican Committee, with the exception of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had been surprised in a house in Bridge Street and placed under arrest by a Major Swan; who had also secured a large number of most compromising documents. The committee when surprised had tried to burn these papers in the room, but Swan, drawing a pistol, promptly stopped even the show of such endeavor.

It was generally supposed that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had hastened north to a brother's estate there, and that from thence he would escape the country; but Miles, who had by secret signs made himself known to trusted confederates, knew better. This unfortunate nobleman, who from his rank, boldness, and social position, was the acknowledged head of the whole conspiracy, never left the city; and was now ensconced in the house of a Mr. Francis Magan, a barrister, Usher's Island, who had been once a member of the Society of United Irishmen. There Miles obtained an interview with Lord Edward; and conveyed to him the message he had been commissioned to bear from Paris, namely, that another French invasion would be attempted, early in the year; giving him the intended place of landing—the coast of Wexford—and urging the Irish confederates to be courageous and ready.

Miles was much struck with the appearance and manner of the rebel nobleman. He was tall, of a well-knit frame and handsome features; and as Lord Holland declared in after days, "of a sweet and gentle disposition;" that is, when not aroused. "Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked," is a phrase which, it is said, exactly describes Ireland; and the same words would as correctly describe this, her ill-fated son; the impulsive, fiery-souled, and chivalrous Geraldine.

"You see," said Lord Edward to Miles, "that it must be feared there are traitors in our camp, Rossiter. Never would the authorities have been able to surprise our committee as they have done, unless some Judas were among us. But, no matter, we shall dare the worst. Others have taken the place of those captured; our Republican Council is again complete; and if you can return word to our friends in France, tell them, that at the hour they name we shall be ready. Ho! then for the days of English disaster, but of Irish freedom; and the return of her ancient happiness and glory!"

Miles declared that he was not to go back at once to France, since he had been commissioned by Hoche to proceed to his native barony of Firth, there to advance Republican doctrines and make arrangements, as far as possible, for the approaching French landing; but added that he would secure some means of conveying his lordship's message.

With mutual expressions of good-will and hope, Miles parted from Lord Edward, but never to see him again; for, as is well-known, a party of armed officials, some days after, led by a foresworn fellow-conspirator, tracked the betrayed nobleman to his place of concealment—the feather store of a Michael Murphy, Thomas Street; and came upon him suddenly, when reclining half dressed upon a bed.

The surprised Lord Edward, though warned it was vain to resist, grasping a wave-bladed dagger, sprang upon the intruders, Major Swan and Captain Ryan, like an infuriated tiger startled from its lair; and, nerved by the courage of despair, inflicted several stabs upon his captors.

Wounded in the shoulder, however, by a pistol-shot, fired by a Major Sirr, who came to their aid—which hurt in a few days proved fatal—he was,

after a most desperate resistance, overpowered, made prisoner, and borne, bleeding and faint, to a jail cell; and only escaped the hangman's rope by death from his wound before his day for trial.

This is the brief record of a dreadful and sorrowful episode in Irish history; one which, however, it is well to be reminded of.

* * * * *

When Miles entered his father's home in Barony Firth he was not recognized. Wishing to test the completeness of his disguise, he resolved, though with great violence and restraint upon his feelings, to preserve for a little his incognito, even to his mother. Max, his retriever dog, now grown old, was the first to discover him. When Miles entered the house, Max growled and showed his teeth, and gave signs of his displeasure. At the sound of Miles's voice, however, though much changed, the large, black, noble-looking animal pricked up his ears, and with head erect stared into Miles's face; then moving close to him, for a moment or two he sniffed around his young master's legs and feet, and soon solved the mystery which had for awhile perplexed him. He who stood in the room, hat in hand, was no intrusive and hostile stranger, but was his long-lost human companion and friend. With a cry of joy, half bark and half excited whine, that startled the whole household, he bounded upon Miles, almost overthrowing him, and licked his hands and face, wagging his tail all the while most furiously.

"Down, Max! down, sir!" cried Miles. The words, said in his accustomed tones, were an instantaneous revelation. In an instant the returned exile was folded in the arms of his mother, weeping in her gladness; and was clasped in the embrace of his overjoyed father.

Miles had a long and exciting story to pour into the ears of his astonished parents. They had heard, indeed, indistinct and disjointed reports of the events which had lately convulsed the civilized world—but had no true conception of what had taken place until they heard, from the lips of their own son, a connected and authentic narrative. Old Mrs. Rossiter wept over the sorrows and miserable fate of the French monarch and his queen, and of their household, as recited by Miles; and mourned over the ruthless massacre of priests and nobles and gentlemen, in Paris and over the whole French provinces; but Miles's father, while deeply stirred by the tale of disaster which had befallen the upper classes on the continent, felt a deeper interest in the news he heard of men of his own order rising up, in their might, to the assertion of the common rights of humanity.

"But, Miles dear, where is your priest's dress?" said his mother to him, two or three days after his arrival. "I have been longin' to see you in it, Alannah, to feast a mother's pride, you know. Of course it was well to thravel here in disguise, for the times is dangerous—but here, among friends, you can show your colors, my son, and appear what you are; and besides, Father John, you know, will be wantin' you wan o' these days to be sayin' mass for him."

Miles's face colored at the words of his mother. The discovery which he now must make was one which he had desired to put off to the last moment; for he knew that his abandonment of the priesthood would excite both the horror and indignation of his parents—both of whom were most devoted adherents of their church—and not only this, if the news of his religious defection were to spread abroad in the district, it would go far to hinder the whole success of his mission. The Barony of Firth he knew would refuse to accept the lead of one who, it would be supposed, had become a religious renegade.

"Oh, mother," said Miles, after a pause, "I am sorry to tell you I have no priest's garments to put on; and, indeed, if I had, mother—if I had—to tell you the truth—I could not honestly wear them."

At these last words his mother gave him a pained and penetrating look. "You see, the fact is, mother," he added, with a laugh, "priests have become superseded articles in the land I come from, and soldiers are the rage. It is true, I assure you." But observing the flash of anger which

this saying excited, he changed his phrase. "I mean, mother, that, for months and months, to be a priest in Paris would have been to court death; and I did not wish to die without seeing you again, and so I dropped being a student for Holy Church; and turned soldier."

"A curious calling to take up to preserve your life," was the acute response of the old lady; "but of course, Miles, since now you have come to a land where priests are not threatened, but loved and honored, you will return to the holy calling to which, from your very cradle, I have consecrated you."

Miles felt himself getting still deeper into a sore difficulty. He did not wish to deceive his mother; and yet he knew that if he were to disclose his real sentiments, and tell her the whole truth about his change of ideas and practice, he would shock her firmly-seated and most sacred beliefs; and would even run great risk of turning her affection into hatred, and of making her disown him.

After a few moments' reflection, however, he concluded to trust a mother's instinctive and unchanging love; he, therefore, softening matters as far as possible, gave her a full and true account of the steps by which he had been led to see that the sacerdotal office was both a superstition and a tyranny; that the powers it claimed were at once a usurpation and a cheat; for that no man could convey, by virtue of his office, supernatural, or, for the matter of that, even natural grace; and that to exercise dominion over human consciences was a despotism the most degrading to man and dishonoring to God; that Christ alone, who died for men, was the only true Priest, as He is the all-sufficient sacrifice; and, that they who believe in Him for their soul's salvation, are alone His free-men, and "all are slaves besides."

The words chosen by Miles to convey his thoughts and feelings were, of course, much more mild and measured than those which we have employed; but, state the matter as he would, it was news altogether too dreadful for his mother to hear patiently. Listening in breathless astonishment and terror, after a while she raised her hands and waved them protestingly; and then burst into a flood of tears.

The fond expectation she had cherished for years was dashed miserably to the ground; and her son—her only and long-absent son—had returned to her worse even than a heretic; for Miles, first forsaking and then denouncing the priesthood, seemed, to her shuddering thoughts, an utter apostate.

She did not, however, load him with accusing words or passionate reproaches; her heart felt too broken and awe-stricken for the energy of anger. She buried her face in her hands, as she sat upon the old arm-chair in the room, and swaying her body to and fro, she wept and sobbed piteously.

Miles gazed in sadness, as with half-bent head he stood before her. "Oh, Truth, Truth!" he said, within himself, "thou art more precious than gold, and thy light is more blessed than the sunshine; and yet there is sorrow to those who embrace thee. Our best loved idols at thy bidding must be banished from our hearts and be shaken to the dust. And not only so, to be faithful to thee is often, alas! to forfeit the love and honor of those dearest to us, who blindly cling to the delusions which we are forced to abandon. But hold to thee we must, for the soul that once has seen thy beauteous light, can never again go back to its former phantom-haunted darkness."

His mother still kept weeping, and Miles still kept silently gazing. He was searching into his thoughts for words to mitigate her grief; but after a long and anxious quest he could discover none. None would satisfy her that did not express a return to his early credulity, but that was a thing impossible; it would be to speak falsehood, or to annihilate his own mind's history.

Despairing of comforting his mother by anything he could say he quietly withdrew; and believing in the power of the open air to soothe his perturbed feelings, he left his father's cottage for a stroll into the fields, now beautiful in their early summer verdure. He had another motive likewise for his retired walk, he was to attend a meeting of

confederates in the evening, and he wished to ponder over the matter and the method of his statements.

His mother heard his hand upon the latch and saw him go out; and, like a thorough-going devotee, she resolved to bear her sorrow to him whom she deemed the best consoler; she would go, without the delay of an hour, to her priest, Father John; would make known to him her bitter grief, and ask what had best be done to reclaim her son, lost in unbelief. She knew not the voice of Him who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

(To be continued.)

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 19. Mark 4: 1-20. Golden Text, Luke 8: 18; Rev. 2: 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE same day of which we were speaking in our last lesson (Matt 13: 1) the Lord Jesus went out from the house and continued His teaching by the sea-side. "Much people were gathered together, and were come to Him out of every city" (Luke 8: 4), "and He taught them many things by parables." The first of these was the parable of the sower, and we may judge of its importance from the fact that it is related by the first three evangelists. It gives a clue to understanding both His teaching and what we see in our daily life and work for God. He says with regard to it, "Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?" "Behold there went out a sower to sow, and the sower, whoever he may be, 'soweth the word.'" "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man" (Matt. 13: 37), but there are other sowers of the word also. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters" (Isa. 32: 20); "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Ps. 126: 5, 6).

The seed, good in itself, is sown on diverse soils. The first mentioned is "the wayside." What an apt picture of the unconverted! open to every influence, bad and good; any foot may tread there, religious impressions may come, but they must go again; there all passes on, nothing gets in, it is hard, unyielding, unfruitful. Such are brought in contact with the word, and "Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts." They are not moved enough by the truth of God to be against it, they have no objection to attend religious meetings, but

NOTHING TOUCHES THEM.

Satan takes good care that when anything is said which is calculated to arouse them, the flower in a neighbor's bonnet, the cut of a gentleman's coat, some peculiarity in the speaker's manner, or tone of voice, or something in the construction of the building, shall be occupying them, and if you ask them, "Did they hear such and such parts of the discourse?" you will find they have never heard it at all. Thousands upon thousands, the majority of those who are around us, are in this condition. The active opponents of God's truth are a much smaller company; there must be some personal interest at stake in order that a man should be stirred up to oppose the Gospel; many of the priests who had opposed the Lord Jesus were afterwards obedient to the faith, Saul the persecutor became the giant evangelist of his day.

Some seed "fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth: but when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away." Our Lord does not leave us in ignorance as to the meaning of this: these are they "who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness;" there is a fair promise of fruit; signs of life are there, joy in the sense of God's pardon, delight in the company of Christians, in Bible reading, in the singing of hymns, are found in these, so long as their pleasure is increased thereby. But a time comes when it is a question of following Christ; if they follow Jesus, some attachment to a worldly man or a worldly girl must be renounced, some

long-cherished pleasure (it may be light reading or perhaps some darling ambition) is seen to be inconsistent, they are unwilling to decide for Him against themselves. They are willing to take all they can get from Him which ministers to *their* pleasure, but have never had the least intention of themselves becoming living sacrifices for *His* pleasure; they are living still unto themselves and not unto Him which died for them and rose again.

The Lord does not reckon it to be a proof of the badness of the sowing that some fell away. He has shown us that it will and must be so. It is these unsatisfactory cases which drive or ought to drive His working children to prayer, that the rain and the sun may wear down the rock of these hard hearts into soil, which shall eventually bring forth fruit. In all our work for God we must remember that He has His eye not only on the work, but the workers. If all soils were good, the success of our labor might be such that we should run the risk of losing our dependence upon Him, and the balance of prayer and effort might not be so effectually kept up. "But," ask some, "are we to look upon these souls as converted at all? if we must wait till the harvest, how can we be sure of any?" If we put personal feeling out of the question, if we are content to be misjudged when others attribute the falling away of our converts to some want in us, or even if we are willing to be thought deceived, all becomes simple; it is self-vindication which complicates matters; this parable is explanation enough for any real seeker after truth.

"Some fell among thorns; and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit." "That which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned" (Heb. 6: 8).

PREOCCUPIED HEARTS,

divided hearts, attempting to solve the problem which God never intended to be solved, how to serve God and mammon! O the wretchedness of these divided hearts which have tasted and seen "that the Lord is gracious," and yet the "cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." Where God comes by His word into a heart He wants all the room, there is none for anything else, and this miserable attempt to harmonize what is so totally distinct is a wrong to our beloved Lord. When He saves a man, He is ready to save him entirely, and to make him as free from care as from sin. O how few understand that God means what He says when He directs us, "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4: 6, 7, Rev. Ver.)

God purposely brings us into difficulties and perplexities, that we may be exercised in trusting Him to bring us through them. If He set us no exercise but that which we could master without Him, we should be independent of our God, but He puts us into positions in which we cannot see before us, because He wants to be eyes to us; where we cannot judge, because He would be our Judge and Counsellor; where we have no power, because He wills to be strength for us. The exercise of faith is to refer everything as it arises to Him, yielding up to Him both our opinions and our will, that He may be all in all. And this is every detail about rent, clothing, plans, children's education, health, reputation, everything which Satan has tried to make an anxiety to us.

Besides the cares of this world, there is the deceitfulness of riches, which chokes the word and render it unfruitful. There is

NO HARDER MASTER THAN RICHES, it brings such slavery with it. The rich man thinks that he must keep up his position, it is expected of him, he must have a large house, and therefore a great many servants, and then a butler is needed to oversee the men, and a housekeeper to oversee the women. And rich people, sometimes even religious people, look upon this slavery as a necessity, and they do not know the luxury of waiting upon one's self, and the privilege of saving for

God's work the money which goes in this burdensome state, this bondage to what people expect of one. "But," says one, "if I were to alter my style of life, I should lose my position." Then such a position is not worth retaining. Truly if a large house and grounds, servants and carriages are pressed into the service of God, well; if not, they are part of the deceitfulness of riches which choke the word and it becometh unfruitful.

Then "the lusts of other things entering in." Whatever distracts from the one main aim of a Christian's life, however innocent in itself, chokes the word. Many a Christian man of refined taste is living as though immortal souls were not perishing all round him; his tastes are innocent in themselves, but where is the fruit of the word in his life, where is the self-denial, where is the unworldliness, where are the precious souls won? The lusts of other things choke the word, he is taking advantage of Christ's death to save him from hell, and trying hard to make the best of both worlds, to the entire disregard of the claims of that crucified Saviour. Is this a life worthy of Him who sought not His own?

But we come to the good ground. "These are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit with patience" (Luke 8: 15). It is not specified here whether "the word" signifies simply the message of salvation from the condemnation and power of sin, or whether all the teachings of the Word of God, as they are sown from time in our hearts, are here meant; we incline to the latter. The characteristics of the good ground are hearing, receiving, and fruit-bearing. They hear, they possess a teachable spirit, a willingness to learn, and they also *receive* it—take it right in, give it room in the heart, in the will, in the life: give themselves up to be transformed by it, humbled by it, turned inside out by it, used by it, offered as a sacrifice by it. These bring forth fruit, but not all in the same measure, "some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred." In some soils there is more of moisture, more of the living water, and an hundred-fold is brought forth for God; in others, where there is less fertility, a lesser harvest is to be found; but always when the fallow ground of the heart has been broken up, and the plough of God's loving discipline has come through it; always where there has been no flinching from the winter frost of misunderstanding or the burning sun of persecution, there always is and there always must be fruit to the glory of God.

A Hand was Saved by Faith and Prayer

some time ago. The incident was described recently by a minister of the Gospel. He said: "I once knew a little boy who had a very bad sore on his right hand. It got worse, in spite of all that was done for it. At last it began to mortify, and the doctor said it would have to be taken off in order to save his life. The day was fixed for the operation. The little boy was a Christian. When he heard the doctor say that his hand must be cut off, he felt very sad; he did not want to lose his right hand. So he went to a quiet, shady spot in the garden, and there kneeled down and prayed that God would *make his hand better*, and let it get well again without having to be cut off. The next day, when the doctor came to look at his hand, he was very much surprised to find it looking *a great deal better*. The next day it was better still; and the third day, he said he thought it was going to get well, and that it would not be necessary to have it taken off. The little boy grew up to be a man. He became a minister; and this," said the speaker, holding up his hand, "is the right hand that was saved by prayer from being cut off. And I hold up this hand before you as a proof of the blessings that may be obtained in answer to prayer." "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4: 6).

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER, BY B. AITKEN.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Senator Sherman's Refunding Bill in its amended form was carried in the Senate on Friday, February 3d, by a vote of 38 to 18. The affirmative vote was composed of twenty Republicans, sixteen Democrats, and two Independents. In the negative there were five Republicans and thirteen Democrats. Among the Republicans who voted against the Bill was ex-Secretary of the Treasury Windom, who urged that the debt was already in good shape, and that it was unwise to disturb it. In the course of the debate a resolution was passed declaring valid the bonds issued by Mr. Windom. The alterations effected in the bill during its progress through the Senate affect its arrangement for the redemption of the new bonds. Instead of their being irredeemable for five years, as Mr. Sherman proposed, they may be called in at the option of the Government, with the proviso that they shall not be paid while other bonds bearing a higher rate of interest and payable at the option of the Government are unpaid. A compromise was effected on the amendment affecting the national banks. As the Bill now stands any bank deciding to withdraw its circulation must give thirty days' notice, and not more than \$5,000,000 must be withdrawn in any one month. The Bill has now to pass the ordeal of criticism in the House, where it is likely to meet with considerable opposition.

The Subject of the Electoral Count is Under the consideration of the House Committee on the law respecting the election of President and Vice-President. A Washington correspondent of a New York journal who is generally well informed, telegraphs that the members of the committee "are substantially agreed that all disputed questions arising in any State as to who are the Presidential Electors properly chosen at any election shall be referred to the Supreme Court or some other designated judicial tribunal of the State, and that its decision thereon shall be final, so far as the counting and declaration of the Electoral vote of that State by the Vice-President or President of the Senate of the United States is concerned." He also states that the committee expect to have settled all details of their bill and be "ready to report before the end of the month. It is the intention then to consider and, if practicable, to agree upon a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing in detail for the counting of the electoral votes and the decision of all disputed questions arising therein."

An Exciting Controversy has been Carried on during the past two weeks respecting Mr. Blaine's policy while he held the office of Secretary of State. Important instructions issued by the ex-secretary before he quitted office have been revoked

by Mr. Frelinghuysen. This implies either that the President did not know of the instructions Mr. Blaine issued, or that he has altered his mind since Mr. Frelinghuysen accepted office. The question is one of some importance, and has not yet been authoritatively answered. The despatches, about which the dispute rages most hotly, are those Mr. Blaine sent to Mr. Hurlburt and Mr. Trescott on the settlement of the war between Chili and Peru, in which the United States appeared as the friend of Peru. Mr. Frelinghuysen now represents the President as disclaiming any right to dictate in the matters at issue, and as merely offering his good offices impartially to both republics in the interests of peace. Other despatches, too, beside those to Chili and Peru have been revoked, and a marked change of policy is observed. It is expected that a thorough investigation of Mr. Blaine's conduct while in office will be made by Congress with the view of ascertaining whether he acted on his own responsibility or with the approval of President Arthur.

The Assassin of President Garfield was on Saturday last sentenced by Judge Cox to be hanged on Friday, June 30th. Mr. Scoville's argument in application for a new trial was heard on February 3d. Guiteau was present and occasionally interrupted the proceedings. The District Attorney and Mr. Davidge replied, and on the following day Judge Cox pronounced his decision overruling the motion. In passing sentence the judge said to the prisoner: "It would have been a comfort to many people if the verdict of the jury had established the fact that your act was that of an irresponsible man. It would have left the people the satisfying belief that the crime of political assassination was something entirely foreign to the institutions and civilization of our country; but the result has denied them that comfort. * * * Your own testimony seems to controvert the theories of your counsel. They have maintained and thought honestly, I believe, that you were driven against your will by an insane impulse to commit the act; but your testimony showed that you deliberately resolved to do it, and that a deliberate and misguided will was the sole impulse. This may seem insanity to some persons, but the law looks upon it as a wilful crime." Guiteau listened to the solemn words of the dread sentence, and then broke out in a torrent of abuse on judge, counsel, and jury. He defended his crime, claimed that nothing but good had come to the nation from President Garfield's death, and reiterated his blasphemous declaration that God had inspired him to commit the deed. He continued shouting his anathemas on all concerned until he was led out of court to the prison van.

One of the Most Disastrous Fires New York has witnessed in a quarter of a century occurred on Tuesday, January 31st. The Potter building, at the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street and extending through the block to Nassau Street, was wholly destroyed, and it was thought for some time that the fire would extend to adjoining premises occupied by the New York Times, and that other large edifices in the neighborhood would suffer. Happily the Times building was firmly built, and a thick party wall protected it until the deluge of water poured on its roof and walls by the firemen stemmed the progress of the fire. The burned building was an old one, and the flames, which originated in a defective flue, were carried by the elevator shaft to the roof, so that passers-by describe the outburst of smoke and flame from the basement and the fourth story as simultaneous. The offices of the New York World were formerly in the building, but they had been removed within a few weeks, and it was mainly devoted to small offices, in which a large number of persons were employed. So rapid was the progress of the fire that by the time the alarm was given, those in the upper stories found the staircases and the walls of the corridors on fire and had no way of escape but by the windows. Some jumped from these to the street below and were killed, or suffered serious injuries; others crawled along the stone ledge on the outside to the Times building, while others—it is not yet known how many—fell back into the flames and were burned

to death. In little over an hour from the time when the first alarm was given, the building was completely gutted, and nothing remained but the four walls, which threatened to topple over and bury the firemen at any moment. The walls were at length overturned by the hook and ladder companies, but the ruins continued to smoulder for several days, and it was not until Saturday that the work of removal of debris and the search for the dead bodies could be commenced.

One Hundred and Fifty Persons are Supposed to have been in the Potter building when the fire broke out. Among these were Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, his brother, Dr. E. D. G. Prime, and Dr. C. A. Stoddard, the editors of the Observer, the offices of which were in the building. Dr. E. D. G. Prime thus described his escape to a reporter: "I was writing at my desk in an inner room on the third floor of the Park Row side, when some one in the outer office gave an alarm of fire. It was followed almost immediately by a puff of smoke, and I judged there was no time to be lost in getting out. I had expected a fire for a long time, and as the building was a perfect tinder-box, I knew that when one occurred it would be advisable to move quickly. I put on my coat, and ran after the clerks in the outer office. They had just taken time to close the safes, and then ran for their lives. My brother ran out without his hat. Dr. Stoddard and I, on reaching the hallway, found the smoke so thick and the heat so intense that we were afraid to venture down the stairs. We opened a window and crawled along a broad stone ledge to the Times building, holding on by the Observer sign. We descended at once from the Times building to the street, and yet so rapid had been the spread of the flames that when I reached the street I could see that the desk at which I had been seated was in flames."

An Influential Meeting was Held in Chickering Hall, New York, on Wednesday, February 1st, to express the indignation evoked by the outrages perpetrated on the Jews of Russia. Mayor Grace presided, and after appropriate resolutions had been passed, Hon. William M. Evarts, ex-Secretary of State, delivered an address. He said the persecutions had taken almost every awful form. Men had been cruelly murdered, women violently outraged, and children dashed to death on the ground. Houses had been burned, property destroyed, and even whole communities had been banished from their native places. One hundred and sixty towns had felt the scourge, which had continued from last April until Christmas. And while this atrocity was going on 120,000 Russian soldiers were kept closely in their garrisons, not allowed to prevent the horrible outrages. Hon. John W. Foster, formerly United States Minister to Russia, wrote from Washington expressing his sympathy with the movement and speaking highly from personal knowledge of the character of the Russian Jews. Chief-Justice Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court, spoke with horror of the authentic reports received of the persecution, and stated his conviction that if it continued the world would regard "Nihilism as the accepted vengeance of an offended Jehovah." Rev. John Hall, D.D., and Dr. Howard Crosby also delivered eloquent speeches expressing sympathy with the suffering people.

A Shocking Mining Disaster Occurred at the Midlothian Mine, Coal Field, Va., on February 3d. About one o'clock on that day, while thirty-two men were at work in the mine, an explosion was heard in the Grove shaft, which is six hundred feet deep and runs for three quarters of a mile in a lateral direction. All the men were entombed by the explosion, which also destroyed the apparatus, including that used for ventilation, and it is feared that it will have to be replaced before the work of rescue can be effectually performed. Several descents of the shaft have been made, but the rescuing party were driven back by the foul air. But faint hopes are entertained that the entombed men will be found alive. Among the anxious crowd at the mouth of the shaft on Saturday were twenty-seven women whose husbands were imprisoned in the shaft, and there are 108 children who will be fatherless if the men are found dead.

An Unheeded Warning was Twice Given to the owner of the building destroyed by fire in New York last week. The *New York Times*, whose offices adjoin the Potter building, says: "On the day before the fire a portion of the work near the flue caught fire from the intense heat. The tenants, made uneasy by the prevailing odor of 'roasted wood,' explored the building, hunting for the cause. They remonstrated with the owner of the property, but to no effect. A slight fire broke out on Monday, January 30th, and they suggested, after they had put it out, that the Fire Department should be called in quietly and hose laid on ready for instant use. But 'the idea didn't strike him as a wise one,' and nothing was done." On a previous occasion also a deputation waited on him and called his attention to the danger of fire, but without avail. On Tuesday, January 31st, when the fatal fire seized the building it was completely destroyed in two hours. The owner is much blamed for neglecting these repeated warnings, but many even of those who condemn such conduct in worldly matters are, in spiritual affairs, acting in a precisely similar way and running a more fearful risk (Prov. 29 : 1).

A Crafty Business Firm was Outwitted a few days ago by the agent of an express company. The company carry parcels of money from the West for several houses, charging a rate in proportion to the value of the package. One firm has for some time been sending \$2000 parcels, the size of which excited the suspicion of the agent, who at length had one of the parcels opened, and its contents counted. It was found to contain \$5000. He removed \$3000 to the company's safe, sent on the balance and took a receipt for the amount. Then the senders sent in a claim for the money abstracted, but as they had stamped the parcel \$2000 and held the express company's receipt for that amount only, the agent demurred. Then with shame the firm produced their books and showed that for some time past they had misrepresented the contents of their parcels, to save in the cost of expressage. They were glad to refund the amount they had so saved, and the \$3000 was then returned to them. Eagerness to make and save money is in these days leading many men to misrepresentation and lying. Sin is lightly considered when the realization of money is in question. Ananias and Sapphira had the same idea.

A Surprise was Occasioned in a Revival meeting at New Carlisle, Ind., by the statement made by a man who came forward for prayer. He was deeply affected by a consciousness of his sinfulness, and as he begged the prayers of those who were present, he said *he was a burglar* and had gone to New Carlisle from Chicago. He said that he was on his way to commit a burglary when he passed the church where the revival meeting was held, and having time on his hands turned in. He had his housebreaking tools then in his pocket and showed them to the congregation. Among them was a complete set of tools for working an iron safe, and when he left home he intended robbing two safes which he knew of. But in the meeting his heart was touched by the Holy Spirit and when he went out of the meeting he surrendered himself to the sheriff for trial.

An Engineer's Daring Act, by which he saved many lives at the peril of his own, is described in Virginian journals. On January 18th several trains were waiting for the passing of the extras near Waynesboro. The first train released was No. 14, which commenced ascending the heavy grade to the tunnel. "Rain and sleet were falling and the engine being unable to draw its cars the engineer of the train immediately following it, Mr. R. P. Irving, detached his engine from his own train, and coupling on to the rear car of No. 14, aided the ascent. After pushing the first train nearly a half mile and giving it a good start, Mr. Irving reversed his engine and started to return to his own train, but ere he had reached it he saw a detachment of the train he had left, coming down the mountain at a rapid rate, it having become uncoupled from the engine. In an instant the intrepid engineer realized the peril of the situation. He ran to within a short distance of the cars, and then reversing, to lighten the shock, clutched the

lever in his firm grasp and bracing every nerve in his body awaited the catastrophe. A moment and the crash came. The shock of an avalanche could scarcely have been greater. One of the cars climbed up on the boiler of the engine and another was wrecked. But the brave man had accomplished his purpose. The wild train was stopped, and the engineer had saved many precious lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property." In trying to realize the situation when that crushing destruction was descending upon the devoted man, we obtain a faint conception of the meaning of the awful scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary (1. Pet. 2 : 24).

A Miser and his Wife Died at Troy, N. Y., in circumstances of abject misery on January 29th. During the recent bitter weather, when the mercury fell below zero, they had refused to buy coal and had lived for weeks without a fire. Their deaths are attributed to the effects of the cold weather. They admitted that they had dispensed with fuel, preferring the money it would have cost to the comfort it would have given. The man and woman carried on their persons two thousand dollars, and the man had thus borne his portion for more than twenty years, and when removed from between the linings of his garments the gold was found black and greasy. When asked why he had not spent some of it for necessary comforts, he said, "*money is a good thing to have.*" He was right, but he learned when he came to die and leave it all behind him, that it was *not the best thing* to have (Prov. 8 : 19).

The Safety Netting which Acrobatic Performers spread under them when performing their dangerous feats is but a poor protection if they fall into it. On January 19th the Zorella Brothers were performing in San Francisco, when one of them, whose real name was Fox, fell and lost his life. At the coroner's inquest Zorella, his companion, testified that they were rehearsing an act on a ladder which hung from the roof of the pavilion, and some eight or nine feet under it was swung "*the safety netting.*" The two were hanging, head down, Zorella from the short and Fox from the long trapeze. Fox let go his hold, turned a somersault in the air, and instead of catching the hands of Zorella only touched his elbows with his fingers and fell to the netting, striking his forehead on the piece of carpet. While doubled up Fox said: "Oh, George! I'm dead this time. I'll never do anything in the air again." He was put to bed, and a physician called in, but, after suffering terribly all night, he died at about five o'clock the next morning. The terrible event should be a warning to men who so risk their lives trusting to the safety netting. There is no safety in it, any more than there is in the hopes to which impenitent sinners cling, such as death-bed repentance, the final salvation of the lost, and other doctrines, instead of embracing the one and only way of salvation through Jesus (John 14 : 6).

An Unexpected Reward for a Kindness Rendered long ago, was received last week by a hairdresser named Eugene Mergendahl, who lives at Kingston, N. Y. Mergendahl formerly kept the old Clinton Hotel, and during the war had as a guest one Leander Decker, who fell sick while in the house. Mergendahl was advised to send his sick guest to the poor-house, as he was without means and his illness promised to be a prolonged one. Mergendahl, however, decided on the more generous course of keeping him, and he paid for a doctor and a nurse to attend him. Decker recovered, and on leaving the Clinton promised that if he prospered Mergendahl should be reimbursed. But changes came, and Mergendahl left the hotel and fell into adversity. On Saturday, January 28th, he received notice that Decker had died in a Western city leaving a will in which he constituted his former benefactor his sole heir. Mergendahl visited the lawyers who had notified him and received from them \$1450 and the information that beside that sum he was the owner of real estate worth over \$20,000. Such instances of grateful reward are very rare, but we are assured by our Lord that kindness to His poor will in no case lose its reward, though it may not, as in this case, come in this world (Luke 6 : 35).

THE TOUCH.

An Exposition and Sermon, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

EXPOSITION.

Mark 5 : 21 to 33.

Verses 21, 22.—"And when Jesus was passed over again by ship unto the other side, much people gathered unto Him: and He was nigh unto the sea. And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name, and when he saw Him, he fell at His feet."

Paying our Lord respect and deference, as was His due. See here an instructive sight: the law at the feet of the Gospel. This is the place for the law; the best work the law can do is to bring us to the feet of Jesus. The elder had an earnest request to make, and therefore he put himself into a lowly, suppliant position: we too shall succeed in prayer when we plead with all humility, bowing in the dust before the Lord.

Verses 23, 24.—"And besought Him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray Thee, come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live. And Jesus went with him; and much people followed Him, and thronged Him."

We are told elsewhere that this was his only daughter, and twelve years of age. All the father's heart was set upon her; his life was wrapped up in the child's life. She was now *in extremis*. She must die unless the great Teacher will come and raise her up to health again. There was faith in this ruler, and hence we read; "And Jesus went with him." Faith insures the aid of Jesus without delay, and if you and I can trust Him He will go with us. Friend, canst thou rely on Jesus? Then shall it be written of thee also, "And Jesus went with him."

Verse 25.—"And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years."

In this passage of our Lord's life He blesses two women—the damsel sick unto death, and the matron sorely diseased. A large portion of the cures that Jesus wrought were upon men, but those wrought upon women are nearly all specially noteworthy. Surely of miracles of a spiritual kind the women have a double share. This poor woman had been a sufferer for twelve years, that is to say, just as long as the damsel had lived. How many only live to suffer, their existence being little better than a protracted wasting away.

Verses 26, 27.—"And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind and touched His garment."

"When she had heard of Jesus." "Faith cometh by hearing." My dear hearers, whatever you do not hear, take care that you hear much of Jesus. Some preach the church; it were better by far if they preached the church's Head. Some preach up a creed; it were wiser to proclaim Him who is the essence of the creed. Attend those places where most is said of Christ, for it is by hearing of Him that you will be blest as this poor woman was. That which she heard brought her to Jesus; and coming to Jesus is the great thing to be desired. When she had heard of Jesus she determined to obtain for herself the healing which He was able to bestow. Have you no such resolve?

Verse 28.—"For she said, If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole."

Not "If I may but touch His clothes," as if she meant to lay stress on the mere touch. The translators were wise to place the "but" after the "touch," for there the emphasis rests; the woman believed that everywhere Jesus was full of healing energy even to His garments, and therefore she felt—"If I may touch but His clothes, I shall thus come into contact with Him, and I shall be whole." Nor did she rest content with theory, she carried it out into act; she pressed through the throng, and touched the border of His garment, as Luke informs us. O that all good intentions were as promptly turned into actions!

Verse 29.—"And straightway the fountain of

her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague."

"Straightway." Mark is very fond of that word "straightway" or "immediately;" and truly the instantaneous action of our Lord at the call of faith is so remarkable that we do not wonder that the evangelist should record it. Are there not sick souls here who would gladly obtain an immediate salvation? A touch of Jesus will win it.

Verses 30, 31.—"And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue [or power] had gone out of Him, turned Him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And His disciples said unto Him, Thou seest the multitude thronging Thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched me?"

Peter led the way in this remark, acting as the spokesman for the rest. Jesus is always right, even when to the eye of sense He appears to be wrong. We ought never to suspect Him of making a mistake; indeed, for us to question Him would be great presumption.

Verses 32.—"And He looked roundabout to see her that had done this thing."

He knew who it was; evidently He looked for "her." He looked round, not to make a discovery of what was unknown, but to look on one whom He would gently bring out of her hiding place. Taking a long and steady gaze around the multitude He at last singled her out.

Verses 33.—"But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before Him and told Him all the truth."

Here is another instructive sight. Just now we saw the law at Christ's feet, and here we have a needy sufferer at Christ's feet. What a picture! If the ruler of the synagogue had a right to be at Jesus's feet, much more this poor healed one who owed everything to Him. Oh, you that have been saved by Jesus, worship Him; fall at His feet with reverence; sit there with attention; and abide there in obedience.

SERMON.

"And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of Him, turned Him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And His disciples said unto Him, Thou seest the multitude thronging Thee, and sayest thou Who touched me?"—Mark 5: 30, 31.

Jesus Still a Healer—Mental Leprosies Cured—I. The Wonderful Person—Charged with Virtue—His Power Lay in His Deity—In His Becoming Man—In His Unmeasurable Spiritual Endowment—The Spiritually Sick in Dire Need—II. The Remarkable Touch—An Intentional Contact—Faith the Only Way—The Point of Contact—The Philosophy of the Plan—III. The Remarkable Question—One that Brought Her to the Front—It Brought a Blessing—Peace following Confession—The Faith a Grandfather Raised from the Dead Would Need—Faith Needed by Strangers to Spiritual Things.

WE just now read the story of this woman who was immediately healed. Spiritual persons know that the miracles recorded by the evangelist are true, because they have seen them reproduced. That is to say, we have not seen an issue of blood stanching by the touch of Christ's garments, but we have seen the spiritual counterpart of it. We have seen men and women healed of all kinds of spiritual and moral diseases by coming into contact with our Lord Jesus. They have touched Jesus, and they have been made whole; for Jesus lives still, and His healing work is not ended, but has only entered on another phase.

Jesus has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" and, being with us, He is not here inactive or ineffectually, but He is here, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, to work the same miracles, only not on men's bodies, but on their souls. Jesus is present to heal *leprosy of the mind*, and to open the eyes of the understanding. Yea, He is still among us to raise those who are dead in trespasses and sins. Though we live in a great leprosy house, yet are we comforted because we see that Jesus walks the hospitals, and still heals on the right hand and on the left all those who come into contact with Him. At the sight of His wonders of grace we cry out as they

did in the days of His flesh, "He hath done all things well."

I. First, then, I have the blessed work, far beyond my power, but, oh! how sweet to my soul, of speaking upon

THIS WONDERFUL PERSON.

The Lord Jesus Christ as He stood in the midst of the crowd was charged with a power which is called by our translators "virtue." An efficacious healing force was in Him. Sometimes He emitted it by words, frequently by the touch of His hand, and, in this case, it seemed to stream even from His garments when He was but fitly and properly touched. He was charged with omnipotent blessing, and those who came into contact with Him were made whole. Do not think, dear friends, that He is less full of benedictions for the sons of men now. Nay, if I may venture to say as much, He is fuller still of healing power, for He has bowed His head to death and worn the thorn-crown, and He has risen from the tomb and gone up into the glory leading captivity captive. In our midst at this moment He is, if it be possible, more charged with energy to bless than even when He walked the fields of Palestine, and healed the feeble men and women of His time.

Observe that Christ's power to bless lay mainly in the *fact of His Deity*. That humble, weary, way-worn man was the Son of the Highest. Because He was still very God of very God His will was omnipotent. He did but speak to fever or leprosy, and they went at His bidding; even as the centurion put it, "I am a man under authority, and I say unto this man, Go, and he goeth, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it," even so the divine Christ did but will it, and diseases fled at His bidding. He is not less divine to-day. At this hour He cries, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."

But His power to bless us lay also in the *fact that He had become man* for our sake. I speak with lowly reverence, but "it behoved Christ to suffer." He found it needful to be compassed with infirmities that He might save us from our infirmities. He was able to heal not only because He was God, but because He was Emmanuel, God with us. Oh, the blessed mystery of the incarnation! What a fount of mercy it is to us miserable sinners! Oh, see, my brethren, God incarnate present among us, "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him."

In addition to this, it is never to be forgotten that our blessed Master, being both divine and human, was also *endowed with the Holy Spirit without measure*. Often are we told in Scripture that He was able to do these mighty signs and wonders, because the Holy Ghost was with Him. Even now that same Holy Spirit is with Him in plenitude of power. Jesus, whom I preach to you, the man of Nazareth, the mighty God, has the residue of the Spirit, by which power He can remove from us all the guilt and power of sin, and can make us perfectly whole, that is, holy.

Is not this a thing to be delighted in—that there should be such a Saviour, and such a Saviour accessible to-day? Every sort of spiritual malady the blessed physician of souls can heal. I am able to say that I have seen Him heal such maladies. I think I have been witness to the cure of every sort of sin. At any rate, He is healing me of my own maladies, and I am under His tender care, persuaded that He will make even me perfectly whole ere He has done with me. I have seen the proud man, who could not else have been cured of his haughtiness, come and sit at Jesus' feet and learn of Him, until he has been made meek and lowly.

I have seen the obstinate man come to Jesus and gladly take Christ's yoke upon him, and become willingly and joyfully obedient to the supreme will of Him who bought him with His blood. Often have I seen the unclean and the lascivious enticed to Jesus by His gentleness, and they have been made pure. How, often have these eyes seen the despairing that have been on the verge of madness cheered and comforted till they had sung for joy of heart! How frequently have I seen the coward made brave, the morose made gentle, the revenge-

ful made forgiving, by coming into contact with Jesus! You cannot love my Lord and love sin. You cannot trust my Lord and yet delight yourselves in iniquity. Only get near to Him, and He will begin a cure upon your character, and, ere long, will perfect it.

If your malady should be a delight in the pleasures and the pursuits of the world, He will teach you not to love the world, nor the things of it. Do you suffer from selfishness? He shall teach you to deny yourselves. His lance and nails and cross shall crucify you with Himself till self-seeking shall die. Are you afflicted with a sloth that will not let you be active? My Master's zeal shall fire your soul till, like Him, you shall be consumed with energy. I do not mind what your fault is, my brother or my sister; but this I know, there is power in my divine Lord and Master to redeem you from that fault. He can destroy evil and create good. Behold, He makes all things new!

Ah, now, if I were addressing myself to a number of persons that were blind, or deaf, or sick, and I told them that Christ was here to heal them of their bodily infirmities, what a rush there would be. *Set Jesus up in Trafalgar square* to be touched by all manner of sick folk, and I warrant you the crowd would press one another to death in their eagerness to get at Him. But surely, spiritual maladies are worse. It is worse to have a blind spiritual eye than a blind bodily eye. But men do not think so, and consequently they are not anxious for spiritual health. I may praise up my Master, as I fain would, even to the skies, and yet men will care nothing for Him, for they would just as soon be morally and spiritually sick as not; and some of them are even proud of their sicknesses.

Well, what shall become of you? In that day when God shuts out the spiritually-sick folk—the diseased, the pestilential, the putrid, the corrupt—when He casts them into Tophet, because they cannot be permitted to stand among His saints in His holy house in heaven, whose fault shall it be that ye were not healed? Who shall bear the blame that ye died in your sins? Not the Lord Jesus Christ; but yourselves, because you chose your own delusions, and would have none of Him.

Thus have I feebly tried to set Him forth; and oh, how I would that ye desired Him and longed for Him, for He is here, and a touch of Him will save you! Poor souls, must He pass you by?

II. And now, secondly, I want to say a little, by God's help, about

THE REMARKABLE TOUCH

of this woman.

Such a touch as hers may be given to Jesus at this good hour. We cannot by our finger literally touch His mantle; but there is a spiritual touch that can still be given to Christ, which will draw virtue out of Him, so that all our spiritual diseases shall straightway be healed. This contact is not always described in Scripture as a touch; sometimes it is represented as hearing. "Incline your ear and come unto me. Hear and your soul shall live." There is a link between you and me to-day in the fact that I speak and you hear. Well, a spiritual connection, of which this is the analogy, if it be set up between Christ and you, will cure you of your sin.

Sometimes this contact is described as being formed by a look. This is the favorite symbol. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." It is apparently a very meagre connection which is set up by a glance; and yet if you have such a contact between you and Christ as the eye made between the dying Israelite and the brazen serpent, it will save you. Here in this narrative the contact is symbolized by a touch. The patient by her touch was linked with Jesus, and felt in her body that she was healed of her plague.

Now, do you not wish to touch Jesus and to be made whole, that is, holy? If you do, remember that the touch must be a voluntary one. If any of you were brought into a supposed connection with Christ when you were children, without consciousness of what was done, I charge you, do not put any confidence in the ceremony. Religion performed for you, when you were unconscious and gave no consent to it, cannot possibly save you.

Whatever there might be in it, there is nothing saving in it. You must come into a voluntary union with Jesus if you would be made whole.

It must be an intentional contact. Some were pressed against the Saviour as they pushed against each other, and as the crowd surged to and fro; but this woman was not driven against Christ without her consent. Oh no, she was eager to get at Him. She pushed; she strove; and at last she reached the fringe of His mantle, and a contact was established intentionally by her finger. She wished to be made whole, and she touched Christ with that view. You, too, must come to Jesus with the view of being delivered from the guilt, penalty, and power of sin; and you must get into contact with Christ with the intent that He should be your Saviour. I entreat you to see to this, and may the Holy Spirit lead you to do it at once.

"Oh," say you, "but I do not know how to get into contact with the Saviour." *The best way, the only way, is by believing in Him.* If you, tonight, say in your heart, "I trust Christ to save me," there is immediately a contact between you and Christ of the right kind; you are the trusting one, and He is the person trusted in. There is a point of union between you and Christ, and this will save you; for there never was one yet that did wholly trust the blood and righteousness of Jesus without finding himself fully justified in so trusting. The rule of the kingdom is—"According to thy faith so be it unto thee." If your faith be only as a grain of mustard seed, if it is genuine faith, it shall work in you the cure of your soul's disease, and you shall live unto righteousness.

The point of contact is a main consideration, and I pray you look to it. Do you not see that when the woman's finger touched Christ's garment there was established at once a connection between the two, along which the divine virtue flashed? I will not illustrate this by electricity, for such a figure will suggest itself to you all; but the fact is that faith sets up a contact between the sinner and Christ, and thus the healing virtue comes to us.

"Oh, well," says one, "I have often heard you preach about being saved from sinning by Christ, but I do not feel that I can do anything." Just so. That is why I want you to get Christ to work in you, and for you. "Oh, but I am nobody." That is the very sort of person I delight to find out, that Jesus Christ may make you into somebody; and say, "Somebody has touched me." Nobody is made into somebody when he once touches Jesus Christ. "Oh, but I am—" There will be no end to these objections, and therefore let me say plainly,

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU ARE.

The question is, What is the Lord Jesus Christ? If He is able to save you, trust Him, rely upon Him, rest your soul with Him.

Did I hear one reply, "I do not see how that will make me better?" My speedy answer is that faith, simple as it seems, is the one thing which, by God's grace, shall make you a new man. Here is the philosophy of it—If you trust Jesus you will love Him; if you love Him, you will serve Him. Believing that Jesus has saved you, gratitude springs up in your heart and becomes the motive power by which a new life is begun and continued.

I remember years ago when I tried the power of faith in Jesus. It was a poor, feeble, trembling touch that I gave to Christ, but by it from sadness and despair I rose to gladness and hope. I had something to live for, and I had the expectation of being able to accomplish it, too, when I had touched Him. And at this hour, when I am sick and sad and sorry and sinful, I to go Him, and I am blest. If I want washing, He must wash me; if I want clothing, He must clothe me; if I want strength, He must invigorate me. He is all in all to my soul; and so I do but tell you what I know myself, and persuade you by my own experience to trust Him.

III. Lastly, the poor woman, having touched the hem of Christ's garment, and being made whole, was about to slink away, when the Master asked

THE REMARKABLE QUESTION

which brought her to the front, so that she was obliged to confess what Christ had done for her,

I would to God that all of you who have felt the power of Christ would bear testimony to the fact. As a rule those who have been converted in this place have not been backward to confess Christ, but still some among you who love my Lord have never yet avowed your attachment to Him. You are on Christ's side, but you do not wear His uniform, and own His cause. You do not confess Him, though He has promised that those who do so He will confess at the last. We are all too fond of ease, and so it happens in this world of ours that much of the force of goodness remains unused because men are inactive and retiring.

Who covets the front of the battle? Only a bold, brave man whose heart God has touched. He comes to the front, and remains the butt of opposition when prudence might dictate that he should shelter himself from the conflict. Oh, my dear friend, if you love Jesus Christ, my Master, I ask you never to be ashamed to be on His side, and on the side of the right and the true, the just, and the kind.

TAKE YOUR PLACE LIKE A MAN, avow yourself a soldier of the cross. Too many are like the timid woman of our text, they receive benefits from Jesus, and then try to lose themselves in the crowd. I will tell you a little about that.

Listen to me, you who are trembling. Let not your fears rob your Lord of His honor. You must confess your faith, for Jesus loves that those whom He heals should own it. That is why He turned round and said, "Who touched My clothes?" He delights in that tender avowal, wet with many tears. If you have done good to one of your neighbors, you think it hard if no word of thanks is spoken. I have known benevolence almost shrivelled up for lack of gratitude. My Master is not of such a temper, but still He welcomes words of humble acknowledgment. He loves that much love which comes of having much forgiven. Do not, then, hold your tongue. If Jesus has indeed healed you, tell Him of it, and tell His people of it to His praise. Such grace ought to be known. Is there anything to be ashamed of? For my part I glory in being saved by Christ. If he that is a Christian is a fool, write me down among the fools. Say you not so, poor working brother? When you go into the workshop and they say, "These Christian people are a set of hypocritical Presbyterians," will you not answer, "Then put me down among them."

If your Lord and Master did not grudge to stand in the pillory for you till they did spit in His face, what a coward you must be if you ever draw back from avowing your faith in Him from the fear of ridicule. If He owned your cause even unto death, never blush to be regarded as His follower. Let every craven thought be banished from your spirit. If Jesus saved you from going down into the pit and made you a new creature, never be ashamed in any company to say, "The Christ has made me whole, and henceforth I am His."

To this woman Christ said,

"GO IN PEACE."

What a blessing she gained by being fetched out of her hiding-place; for had she gone away without an open confession, she might often have been disturbed in mind by the fear that a stolen cure would not be permanent. The Master said, "Go in peace," and a profound calm fell upon her spirit as when the sea-birds sit on the waves and all the winds have fallen into a deep sleep.

Now, it may be that some of you who love Christ will go to heaven safely enough; but you will miss a mint of comfort on the road because you have never openly confessed that you belong to Christ. Peradventure certain of you will never get peace till you avow your discipleship, and link your whole life with Jesus. When you do that, and take up His cross with all its shame, and are known to be a Christian in every society into which you enter, then shall your peace be like a river.

I have done, only I would put to the whole congregation the question, "Who has touched Christ to-day?" O that some would answer in their hearts, "I have touched Him to-day by faith." Why should you not all trust the appointed Saviour? Do you tell me that you do not understand what faith is? It is trusting—trusting wholly

upon the person, work, merit, and power of the Son of God. Some think this trusting to be a strange business, but indeed it is the simplest thing that can possibly be. To some of us truths which were once hard to believe are now matters of fact. If

ONE OF OUR GRANDFATHERS

were to rise from the dead, and come into the present state of things, what a deal of trusting he would have to do. He would say to-morrow morning, "*Where are the flint and steel?*" I want a light;" and we should give him a little box with tiny pieces of wood in it, and tell him to strike one of them on the box. He would have to trust a good deal before he would believe that fire would thus be produced. We should next say to him, "Now that you have a light, turn that tap and light the gas." He sees nothing but is annoyed with an offensive smell. How can he believe that light will come of that invisible vapor? And yet it does. "Now come with us, grandfather. Sit in that chair. Look at that box in front of you. You shall have your likeness directly." "No, child," he would say, "it is ridiculous. The sun take my portrait? I cannot believe it." "Yes, and you shall ride fifty miles in an hour without horses." "I do not believe it," says he. "What is more, you shall speak to your son in New York, and he shall answer you in a few minutes." Should we not astonish the old gentleman? Would he not want all his faith? And yet these things are believed by us without effort, because experience has made us familiar with them.

Faith is greatly needed by you who are strangers to spiritual things; you seem lost while we are talking about them, and our very words puzzle you. But oh, how simple it is to us who have the new life and have communion with spiritual realities. We have a Father to whom we speak and He hears us, and a blessed Saviour who hears our heart's longings, and helps us in our struggles against sin. It is all plain to him that understandeth. May the Spirit of God bring every one of you to understand it! What a joy it would be if we all touched the Saviour, should all be healed of sin, and all be admitted to stand at His right hand for ever. Then, whoever we may be, and however much we may differ in rank and talent, we shall all heartily join to sing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honor and glory for ever and ever, Amen."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND JOHN KNOX, THE REFORMER.

(See Illustration.)

THE youthful Queen Mary assumed the sovereignty of Scotland in 1561, just as the Reformation had convulsed the nation, and the Protestant party had gained the ascendancy. Being a devoted Roman Catholic, as well as a shrewd and artful woman, she immediately set about to restore her own religion by gradual and disguised measures; and she might have succeeded had it not been for the stern resistance of the man of God, John Knox.

Froude, the historian, has described more than one interview between the Queen and the Reformer, she perhaps the most remarkable woman and he the most remarkable man of the day; and we give the following narrative nearly in his words. *Our illustration* shows one of the interviews, the other persons present being Queen Mary's brother, Lord James Stuart, and two ladies in waiting. Mary herself arranged the interview. With clear collected presence of mind she desired to comprehend her situation exactly, and the resistance, for which she had to look, and she took the opportunity of a sermon which Knox preached at St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh, against the mass, the Sunday after her arrival, to measure her strength with her most dangerous enemy.

After some preliminary conversation, the Queen said inquiringly, "My subjects, then, are to obey you and not me? I am subject to them, not they to me?"

"Nay," he replied, "let prince and subject both obey God. Kings should be foster-fathers of the Kirk, and queens its nursing mothers." (Isa. 49:23.)



Interview between Mary Queen of Scots and John Knox, the Reformer.

"You are not the Kirk that I will nurse," she said. "I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for that I think is the Kirk of God."

"Your will, madam," Knox answered, "is no reason; neither does your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Jesus Christ."

So the two parted for the time, each with some insight into the other's nature. "If there be not in her," said Knox afterwards, "a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and his truth, my judgment faileth me."

"He made her weep," Thomas Randolph, the English ambassador, wrote to the Secretary in London, "as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as well as grief. The voice of that one man is able to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets blustering in our ears."

Some time afterwards Mary accepted proposals of marriage with Don Carlos, the son of the Spanish King. Many of the Scottish lords were so elated at the prospect of insuring the succession to the throne, and so overcome with the Queen's artful flatteries, that they desisted from opposition even to such an enormity as a Romish king in Puritan Scotland. But Knox rose in his pulpit and told them all that "whenever they, professing the Lord Jesus, consented that a Papist should be head of their sovereign they did as far as in them lay to banish Christ from the realm; they would bring God's vengeance on their country, a plague on themselves, and perchance small comfort to their sovereign."

Mary recognized her enemy, whom alone she had failed to work upon. She sent for him, and her voice choking between tears and passion, said, "Never has prince been handled as I have; I have borne your bitterness, admitted you to my presence, endured to be reprimanded, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I vow to God I will be avenged."

Quiet, collected, seeing through and through her, yet with a sound Scotch courtesy, the Reformer answered that when it pleased God to open her

eyes, she would see that he had done nothing to offend her; in private he had been silent, but in "the preaching place" he must obey God Almighty.

"But what," the Queen said, "have you to do with my marriage? What are you within this commonwealth?"

"A subject born within the same, Madam," he replied, "and one whose vocation and conscience demand plainness of speech. And therefore, Madam," he went on, "I say to yourself what I spake in yonder public place—whenever the nobility shall consent that you be subject to an unfaithful husband, they renounce Christ and betray the realm."

The Queen again sobbed violently. Knox stood silent till she had collected herself, and then continued:

"Madam, in God's presence I speak; I never delighted in the distress of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects. But seeing I have but spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain your Majesty's tears rather than hurt my conscience."

WILLIAM HUNTER, THE HEROIC MARTYR.

(See Illustration.)

OUR illustration depicts a scene in the history of William Hunter, who in the reign of Queen Mary of England, commonly called "Bloody Mary," had the honor of being enrolled in the noble army of martyrs when only nineteen years of age. He had been trained in the doctrines of the Reformation from his earliest youth, being descended from religious parents, who had carefully instructed him in the truths of the Bible.

When Queen Mary succeeded to the crown, orders were issued to the priests of every parish to summon their parishioners to receive the communion at mass the Easter after her accession; and Hunter, refusing to obey the command, was

threatened with a summons to appear before the bishop.

He was taken and kept in the stocks four-and-twenty hours, and then brought before the justice. He was then interrogated as to his doctrines. The point of difference between Protestants and Romanists which was most fiercely disputed was the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Protestants contended that the bread and wine used at the Lord's Supper were emblems merely, while the Romanists claimed that the priest in uttering the words of consecration worked a miracle and transformed the bread and wine into the actual body and blood of the Saviour.

The justice, therefore, in order to find out whether the accused young man was a heretic called for a Bible, and turning to the sixth chapter of St. John, desired his opinion as to the meaning of it, as it related to the sacrament of the altar. He fearlessly denied the corporeal presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper. The justice then wrote to the Bishop of London, to whom this valiant young martyr was soon conducted.

Said the bishop, "How sayest thou to the blessed sacrament of the altar? Wilt thou not recant thy saying that Christ's body is not in the sacrament of the altar, the same that was born of the Virgin Mary?" No way daunted, William said, "My lord, I will not recant, by God's help."

After further questioning he was sent to Newgate. About a month after, Hunter was sent to Brentwood, on the Saturday before the Feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, which fell on the Monday after; he therefore remained till the Tuesday, because they would not put him to death then, for the holiness of the day. In the meantime William's father and mother came to him and desired heartily of God that he might continue as he had begun.

In the morning he was commanded by the sheriff to prepare for his fate. At the same time the sheriff's son came to him, and embraced him saying, "William, be not afraid of these men with bows and

weapons prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." "I thank God I am not afraid," said the undaunted youth, "for I have reckoned what it will cost me already." Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping. He then went to the place where the stake stood, where, all things being not ready, he kneeled and read the 51st Psalm, till he came to these words: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." As one was attempting to dispute the translation of his words, the sheriff brought a letter from the Queen, and said, "If thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned." "I will not recant, God willing," answered the noble youth.

Immediately after the fire was made. Then William cast his psalter to his brother, who said, "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." William answered, "I am not afraid." Then he lifted up his hands to heaven, and said, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit;" and casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood.

THE SHOCKING OUTRAGES ON THE JEWS OF RUSSIA.

Their Extent and Prophetic Significance.

TOWARDS the close of the present dispensation, according to the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel, the Jews will be restored in large numbers to Palestine, and an attack will be made upon them there by the people of *Rosh, Meshch, and Tubal*, generally understood by expositors to signify *Russia proper, Moscow, and Tobolsk*, three lands which, though now under the one government of the *Czar of all the Russias*, were at the time Ezekiel wrote separate and independent. Ezekiel mentions another assailant of the Jews under the title of Gomer and the house of Togarmah of the north quarters (Ezek. 38:6), which names expositors have long believed signify the countries now included in the great German Empire.

It is a remarkable sign of the near approach of the end that during 1880 and 1881 a bitter feeling of hostility against the Jews has spread all through Russia and Germany, which will have the twofold result of (1) causing many Jews to emigrate to Palestine as an asylum, and (2), the passions of the people being inflamed, to bring on ultimately the anticipated hostile invasion of Palestine by Russia and Germany.

The Russian authorities quail before the torrent of indignation poured upon them from all parts of Europe and this country, and are ashamed of the barbarities reported by the expelled Jews. They ventured to deny that outrages so shameful as were narrated had ever occurred, and charged the fugitive Jews with exaggeration. The London *Times*, however, has a correspondent in Russia who has sent to that journal an authentic narrative of the disturbances. This account, constituting as it does



William Hunter, the Heroic Martyr.

a crushing indictment of the Russian government, is all the more reliable because the *Times* has lately given uniform support to Mr. Gladstone's policy, which, while it is quick to notice the wrongdoings of Turkey, regards everything reprehensible in Russia with indulgence. The following facts are vouched for in the narrative of the *Times* correspondent:

Early last April it was well known in the town of Elizabethgrad that certain disorderly people meditated raising a riot, the object of which was to pillage the Jewish quarter. There were 10,000 Jews in the town, and they appealed to the Governor for protection, but no notice was taken of the appeal. On April 27th, the outbreak occurred, and a mob of brutal men well plied with wine attacked the Jews, carrying off their property and tearing down their houses and stores to the number of six hundred. The *Times* correspondent writes:

"Amid the horrors that ensued a Jew named Zolowenski lost his life, and no fewer than thirty Jewesses were outraged. At one place two young girls, in dread of violation, threw themselves from the windows. Meanwhile the military had been called out, but only to act at first as spectators and afterward as *active participants*. One section of the mob, formed of rioters and soldiers, broke into the dwelling of an old man named Pelikoff, and on his attempting to save his daughter from a fate worse than death they threw him down from the roof, while twenty soldiers proceeded to work their will on his unfortunate daughter. When seen by the correspondent who narrates this fact, Pelikoff was in a state of *hopeless madness* and his daughter completely ruined in mind and body. The whole Jewish quarter was at the mercy of the mob for two days and nights."

On Sunday, May 8th, a similar riot broke out at Kieff, once the capital of Russia, which now has a population of 140,000, of whom 20,000 are Jews. "The police and the soldiers again acted the same part that they had at Elizabethgrad.

17 deaths caused by violation, and no fewer than 225 cases of outrages on Jewesses." Meanwhile, the municipalities, with the connivance of the local governments, have taken every means in their power to add to the misery of the situation. With rough logic they argued that, as these riots were directed against the Jews, if there had been no Jews there would have been no riots. They accordingly petitioned the Governors of their provinces to issue orders for the expulsion of the Jews from towns in which they had no legal right of domicile. The result has been that many thousands of Jews despoiled of all they possessed have been driven from Russia.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 78.)

Another Offer.

THE next day Phebe locked up her house and rode down to Riversborough. As she descended into the valley and the open plain beyond her sorrowfulness fell away from her. Her social instincts were strong, and she delighted in companionship and in the help she could render to any fellow-creature. If she overtook a boy trudging reluctantly to school she would dismount from her rough pony and give him a ride; or if she met with a woman carrying a heavy load, she took the burden from her, and let her pony saunter slowly along, while she listened to the homely gossip of the neighborhood.

Phebe was a great favorite along these roads, which she had traversed every week during summer to attend Riversborough market for the last eight years. Her spirits rose as she rode along, receiving many a kindly word, and more invitations to spend a little while in different houses than she could have accepted if she had been willing to give twelve months to visiting. It was market-day at Riversborough, and the greetings there were still

"Ever since last April the feeling of fear and insecurity has ruled the lives of all Russian Jews. Not a month, scarcely a week, has passed since then without some outbreak or other occurring to confirm these fears and render them the more acute. At Borispol, on July 21st, scenes occurred during the riots worthy of the worst days of the Commune. Women, for almost the first time, made their appearance on the scene as assailants and added to its horrors. During the rioting they encouraged their friends on to the fight, and were seen to assist them to violate the Jewesses of the village by holding down the unfortunate creatures."

"These cases are not exceptional, horrible as they are, they have been selected from a list of over 100 towns and villages in which cases of riot, rapine, murder, and spoliation have been known to occur during the last nine months of 1881. Out of these information was collected from about 45 towns and villages in Southern Russia. In these alone are reported 23 murders of men, women, and children,

more numerous, and, if possible, more kindly. Everybody had a word for Phebe Marlowe, especially to-day, when her pretty black dress told of the loss she had suffered.

She made her way to Whitefriars Road. The Old Bank was not so full as it had formerly been, for immediately after the panic last May a new bank had been opened more in the centre of the town, and a good many of the tradesmen and farmers had transferred their accounts to it. The outer office was fairly busy, but Phebe had not long to wait before being summoned to see Mr. Clifford. The muscles of his stern and careworn features relaxed into something approaching a smile as she entered, and he caught sight of her sweet and frank young face.

"Sit down, Phebe," he said. "I did not hear of your loss before yesterday; and I was just about to send for you to see your father's will. It is in our strong-room. You are not one-and-twenty yet?"

"Not till next December, sir," she replied.

"Roland Sefton is the only executor appointed," he continued, his face contracting for an instant, as if some painful memory flashed across him; "and, since he is dead, I succeed to the charge as his executor. You will be my ward, Phebe, till you are of age."

"Will it be much trouble, sir?" she asked anxiously.

"None at all," he answered; "I hope it will be a pleasure; for, Phebe, it will not be fit for you to live alone at Upfold Farm; and I wish you to come here—to make your home with me till you are of age. It would be a great pleasure to me, and I would take care you should have every opportunity for self-improvement. I know you are not a fine young lady, my dear, but you are sensible, modest, and sweet-tempered, and we should get on well together. If you were happy with me I should regard you as my adopted daughter, and provide accordingly for you. Think of it for a few minutes while I look over these letters. Perhaps I seem a grim and surly old man to you; but I am not naturally so. You would never disappoint me."

He turned away to his desk, and appeared to occupy himself with his letters, but he did not take in a single line of them. He had set his heart once more on the hope of winning love and gratitude from some young wayfarer on life's rough road, whose path he could make smooth and bright. He had been bitterly disappointed in his own son and his friend's son. But if this simple, unspoiled little country maiden would leave her future life in his keeping, how easy and how happy it should be!

"It's very good of you," said Phebe in a trembling voice; "and I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Clifford, not in the least; but I could not keep from fretting in this house. Oh, I loved them so, every one of them; but Mr. Roland most of all. No one was ever so good to me as he was. If it hadn't been for him I should have learned nothing and father himself would have been a dull, ignorant man. Mr. Roland learnt to talk to father, and nobody else could talk with him but me. I used to think it was as much like our Lord Jesus Christ as anything any one could do. Mr. Roland could not open father's ears, but he learned how to talk to him, to make him less lonely. That was the kindest thing any one on earth could do."

"Do you believe Mr. Roland was innocent?" asked Mr. Clifford.

"I know he was guilty," answered Phebe sadly. "He told me all about it himself, and I saw his sorrow. Before that he always seemed to me more like what I think Jesus Christ was than any one else. He could never think of himself while there were other people to care for. And I know," she went on, with simple sagacity, "that it was not Mr. Roland's sin that fretted father, but the loss of the money. If he had made six hundred pounds by using it without his consent, and said, 'Here, Marlowe, are twelve hundred pounds for you instead of six; I did not put your money up as you wanted, but used it instead; why, father would have praised him up to the skies, and could never have been grateful enough,'"

Mr. Clifford's conscience smote him as he listened to Phebe's unworldly comment on Roland Sefton's conduct. If Roland had met him with the announcement of a gain of ten thousand pounds by a lucky though unauthorized speculation, he knew very well his own feeling would have been utterly different from that with which he had heard of the loss of ten thousand pounds. The world itself would have cried out against him if he had prosecuted a man by whose disregard of the laws he had gained so large a profit. Was it, then, a simple love of justice that had actuated him? Yet the breach of trust would have been the same.

"But if you will not come to live with me, my dear," he said, "what do you propose to do? You cannot live alone in your old home."

"May I tell you what I should like to do?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered. "I am bound to know it."

"Those two who are dead," she said, "thought so much of my painting. Mr. Roland was always wishing I could go to a school of art, and father said when he was gone he should wish it too. But now we have lost our money, the next best thing will be for me to go to live as servant to some great artist, where I could see something of painting till I've saved enough money to go to school. I can let Upfold Farm for fifteen pounds a year to Simon Nixey, so I shall soon have money enough. I promised father I would never sell our farm, that has belonged to Marlowes ever since it was inclosed from the common. And if I go to London, I shall be near Madame and the children, and Mrs. Roland Sefton."

The color had come back to Phebe's face, and her voice was steady and musical again. There was a clear, frank shining in her blue eyes, looking so pleasantly into his, that Mr. Clifford sighed regretfully as he thought of his solitary and friendless life—self-chosen partly, but growing more dreary as old age, with its infirmities, crept on.

"No, no; you need not go into service," he said; "there is money enough of your own to do what you wish with. Mrs. Roland refuses to receive the income from her marriage settlement till every claim against her husband is paid off. I shall pay your claim off at the rate of one hundred a year, or more, if you like. You may have a sum sufficient to keep you at an art school as long as you need be there."

"Why, I shall be very rich!" exclaimed Phebe; "and father dreaded I should be poor."

"I will run up to London and see what arrangements I can make for you," he continued. "Perhaps Mrs. Roland Sefton could find a corner for you in her own house, small as it is, and Madame would make you as welcome as a daughter. You are more of a daughter to her than Felicità. Only I must make a bargain, that you and the children come down often to see me here in the old house. I should have grown very fond of you, Phebe; and then you would have married some man whom I detested, and disappointed me bitterly again. It is best as it is, I suppose. But if you will change your mind now, and stay with me as my adopted daughter, I'll run the risk."

"If it was anywhere else!" she answered with a wistful look into his face, "but not here. If Mrs. Roland Sefton could find room for me I'd rather live with them than anywhere else in the world. Only don't think I'm ungrateful because I can't stay here."

"No, no, Phebe," he replied, "it was for my own sake I asked it. As you grow older, child, you'll find out that the secret root of nine-tenths of the benevolence you see is selfishness."

Six weeks later all the arrangements for Phebe leaving her old home and entering upon an utterly new life were completed. Simon Nixey, after vainly urging her to accept himself, and to give herself and her little farm and her restored fortune to him, offered to become her tenant at £10 a year for the land, leaving the cottage uninhabited; for Phebe could not bear the idea of any farm laborer and his family dwelling in it and destroying or injuring the curious carvings with which her father had lined its walls. The spot was far out of the

way of tramps and wandering vagabonds, and there was no danger of damage being done to it by the neighbors. Mrs. Nixey undertook to see that it was kept from damp and dirt, promising to have a fire lighted there occasionally, and Simon would see to the thatch being kept in repair, on condition that Phebe would come herself once a year to receive her rent, and see how the place was cared for. There was but a forlorn hope in Mrs. Nixey's heart that Phebe would ever have Simon now she was going to London; but it might possibly come about in the long run if he met with no girl to accept him with as much fortune.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 79.)

The Territorial Changes to Precede the Reconstitution of the Roman Empire—Italy Recovering Venetia—Austria Divided—Changes in Greece—Egypt to be Severed from Turkish Control—Syria Independent—The New Thracian Kingdom—Bulgaria the Fifth Kingdom—Remarks of Dr. Tregelles.

(4.) Italy will undoubtedly recover possession of Venetia.† Already a most important step towards the requisite reduction of the excessive number of kingdoms and States in the Western Roman Empire has been effected in 1861, when, as the result of Garibaldi's revolutions, the seven separate Italian States or Kingdoms were fused into one United Italy.

(5.) Austria must be completely split asunder—the line of division being the river Danube. Bohemia, Moravia, and Galicia above the Danube have to be altogether governmentally detached from Austrian territory below the Danube, which necessarily falls within the Western Roman Empire. Hungary, although north of the Danube, is said to have belonged to the Roman Empire under the name of *Dacia*. But even thus it would seem more likely to belong to the Eastern rather than to the Western half to which Austria belongs. Belgrade, the capital of Servia, is said to have been the point of division between the Western and Eastern Halves of the Roman Empire. If so, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and part of Servia will be annexed to Austria, and the rest of Servia added to Bulgaria.

(6.) Greece, as well as *Egypt*, *Syria*, and *Thrace-with-Bithynia*, must be one of the ten kingdoms, because these four kingdoms were the four horns which came up in the place of the notable horn, Alexander the Great, in Daniel 8; and, in fact, were the four kingdoms into which his Macedonian Empire was subdivided after his death. Although for many centuries they have been swallowed up in the huge Turkish Empire, yet they are predicted to become re-existent at the time of the End, for Daniel saw them all four existing in separate distinctness at the final crisis.

Hence it is a fulfilment of prophecy that Greece completely separated from Turkey and became an independent kingdom in 1827, and Egypt in 1841. Greece, however, must yet be considerably enlarged northward, by the addition of Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia, and probably Albania, in order to attain its ancient dimensions.

(7.) Egypt is still nominally a feudatory appendage of Turkey. It must, therefore, be made formally and legally independent, although it has been practically so ever since 1841. If this is the case, the sovereign of Egypt will, of course, possess supreme power over Palestine and Jerusalem; and hence the question arises, How will the Napoleonic Little Horn, who is to arise *after* the Egyptian sovereign and the other nine horns have arisen (Dan. 7: 24) come to possess any authority or *locus standi* in Palestine so as to make a seven years' covenant with the Jews to guarantee them a peaceable settlement in Jerusalem?

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders," By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, \$1.

† This prediction, which has since come to pass, was also published in April, 1865, in the author's treatise on menacing perils, in these words, "*Venetia may be expected to be re-united to Italy.*" [Note added in 1880.]

It seems as if before making the covenant he will have risen from his embryo *littleness* to a very commanding position among the ten horns, according to the prediction that "he is to wax exceeding great toward the South and toward the East and toward the pleasant land" (Palestine), Dan. 8 : 9, and is to "subdue three kings." He is certainly predicted to wage a victorious war against the King of Egypt under the title of the "King of the South," in Daniel 11 : 25, but the war predicted in this passage seems to be *after* and not *before* his covenant or league with the Jews.

(8.) Syria has not yet achieved its predestined secession from the Turkish Empire, and become an independent kingdom. But it must do so, and thus become one of the ten horns, before the final seven years of this dispensation. Its territories formerly consisted of Armenia and nearly all Asia Minor, and all the countries lying between Palestine and the Euphrates, and even beyond that as far as the river Indus. If Palestine is not annexed to Egypt, it will belong to Syria.

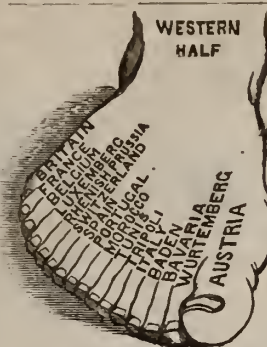
(9.) Thrace with Bithynia, and perhaps a little more of the territory in Asia Minor, must re-exist within its ancient boundaries as one of the four-horn kingdoms of Alexander the Great's Empire, according to Daniel 8 : 8, 23, and will then form one of the future ten kingdoms. Its boundary on the north was the *Balkan Mountains*, and on the west was *Macedonia*, so that it corresponded with modern Turkey in Europe adjacent to Constantinople. Hence before Thrace can reappear as a kingdom, *Macedonia* must be separated from it, *i.e.*, from Central Turkey; and also *Bulgaria* lying north of the *Balkan Mountains* must likewise be separated from it, and become the fifth kingdom in the Eastern Roman Empire; and still further, Syria and nearly all Asia Minor must be divided off from it. Then all that remains of the Turkish Empire, with Constantinople as its capital, will be virtually equivalent to ancient *Thrace-with-Bithynia*. Mahomedan Turkey will have dwindled down to the size of *Lysimachus' Thrace*.

(10.) Bulgaria, with parts of Serbia and perhaps Roumania, and possibly even part of Hungary, must necessarily be the *Fifth Kingdom* in the Eastern Half of the Roman Empire, which is to be divided into *Five Kingdoms*, corresponding with the *Five Toes* on one Foot of Daniel's Prophetic Image. The matter resolves itself into a simple sum of subtraction, as follows :

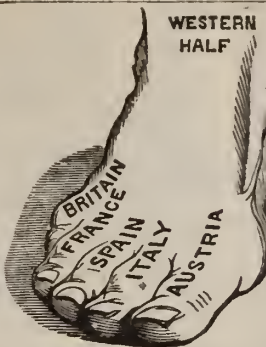
The Eastern Roman Empire is to be divided into five kingdoms. But Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Thrace are to be four of those kingdoms, according to Daniel 8 : 9, 23. Therefore the remainder of the Eastern Empire must be the fifth kingdom. And that remainder consists of Bulgaria and whatever part of Serbia lies East of Belgrade, which divided the Eastern from the Western Roman Empire. Also if *Roumania* (*i.e.*, Moldavia and Wallachia), which lies above the river Danube, and part of Hungary (ancient Dacia) are correctly specified to have belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire, they may be added to the Bulgarian Kingdom.

Dr. Tregelles, Dr. Kelsall, and B. W. Newton, in 1846-9 showed in their books that Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Thrace must be four of the ten kingdoms, and inferentially therefore according to their view Bulgaria must be separated from Turkey and become the fifth kingdom in the Eastern Roman Empire, as it, with part of Serbia, is all that remains after those kingdoms are divided off.*

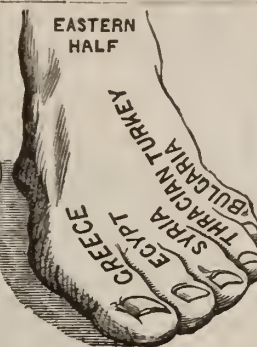
THE ROMAN EMPIRE AS SYMBOLIZED BY THE FEET OF DANIEL'S IMAGE.—Dan. 2 : 41-45.



Countries of the Roman Empire as they were in 1866.



The Future Ten Kingdoms of the Roman Empire.



As to the Roman Empire territory in the North of Africa, Algeria belongs to France, and Tunis and Tripoli may be annexed to France or Italy.

DR. TREGELLES,

in his "Remarks on the Prophecies of Daniel," published in 1846-7, says in his exposition of Daniel 8 :

"The roughgoat is the King of Greece, and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first king," etc. After the rise of the empire of Alexander and his personal rule have been spoken of in the vision (verses 5-8), we find, "the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven." In the interpretation, this is stated (verse 22), "Now that being broken, whereas four stood up for it, *four kingdoms* shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power." This *fourfold division* had been intimated in Daniel 7 : 6, by the *four heads* of the third beast.

"We know simply as a matter of historical fact, that after the death of Alexander, his dominions were parcelled out among his generals, and that after a few years (subsequently to the battle of Ipsus, B.C. 301) *four kingdoms* were formed.

"1. *Ptolemy* possessed Egypt, Cyrene, Cœle-Syria, and some of the southern parts of Asia Minor. 2. *Cassander* had Macedon and Greece. 3. *Lysimachus* obtained Thrace, Western Bithynia, Lesser Phrygia, Mysia, and Lydia, and—4. *Seleucus* had Syria and all the rest.

"Daniel's vision, after speaking of the formation of the four horns, proceeds thus : 'And out of one of them came forth a *little horn*, which waxed exceedingly great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land.' This is explained thus in the interpretation—'And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a *king of fierce countenance*, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up,' etc. The history of this horn or king is then given and it reaches to the *end of the vision*; everything concerning this person and his actions must therefore belong to the period called 'the last end of the indignation.'

"To this period, then, the issue of this vision belongs; a king rises from one of the four parts of that dominion which once was in the power of Alexander; his power extends in various directions; among others 'toward the pleasant land'; this, of course, means the land of Israel. Violent oppression and blasphemy appear to characterize this king, both from the statement of the vision and the explanation given by Gabriel.

"It is scarcely possible for us to have examined this eighth chapter of Daniel without being struck with many points of resemblance between this little horn and the little horn which has been spoken of in the seventh chapter; that in the seventh chapter continues to act till Christ takes the kingdom—the one before us acts up to 'the last end of the indignation.' These two periods are synchronous. Thus the horn in this chapter and that in chapter 7 coincide as to period of time.

"Further, the four divided kingdoms which formed themselves out of the empire of Alexander, were one by one incorporated with the Roman

Empire; but it is out of one of these four kingdoms that the little horn in this eighth chapter springs, hence it is clear that he will belong to the *Roman earth*. Thus the persons spoken of in the two chapters are found within the *same territorial limits*. The moral features of the two are also alike.

"The conclusion

appears to be that the horn of chapter 7 and that of chapter 8 are one and the same person.

"But it may be asked—How can these two little horns be identical; for that in chapter 7 springs out of one of the *ten parts of Cæsar's Roman earth*, that in chapter 8 from one of the *four parts of Alexander's Grecian Empire*? The answer to this is simple, and, I believe, satisfactory: In chapter 7 we see that the *whole of the Roman earth* is to be divided into *ten kingdoms*; these ten being found in its whole extent, the *East* as well as the *West*. The four parts of Alexander's empire formed a considerable portion of the *Eastern* half of the Roman territory; and as we see here these four existent as kingdoms at the time of the end, it follows that four kingdoms out of the ten will be identical with the four parts into which the Grecian Empire was long ago divided, *viz.*, *Egypt, Greece, Thrace, and Syria*.

"A horn springs out of one of these parts; it may be described in a general manner, as in chapter 7, as rising from one of the *ten kingdoms*, or else in a much more definite way, as in chapter 8, as rising from one of the *four kingdoms*, so that we see even what part or direction of the Roman earth will give Antichrist his origin (as a sovereign power or horn).

"The whole extent of the Roman Empire is marked out in prophecy as that which shall be divided into *ten kingdoms*, just as the Grecian Empire of Alexander the Great was separated into *four*.

"We have, in accordance with Scripture, to look at all the present period as one in which *changes and divisions take place* in the Roman earth prior to that *tenfold development* into kingdoms which shall precede the rise of the terrible but transient horn of blasphemy. 'The ten horns are ten kings that shall arise, and another shall rise after them' (Dan. 7 : 24).

"*Britain*, which had been invaded by Julius Cæsar in B.C. 55, and which for many subsequent years maintained only a commercial connection with Rome, was made part of the *Roman Empire* by the successors of Augustus Cæsar about a century after Julius Cæsar's invasion—so far, at least, as the lines of forts carried from the Clyde to the Forth in Scotland. Even farther north there were Roman towns. . . . It seems to me we should include Southern Britain (*i.e.*, below the Clyde and Forth) in the Roman Empire, and take as its boundary-line in Europe the Rivers Rhine and Danube in the general sense."

Thus Dr. Tregelles does not include Ireland among the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire which he maintains are to be formed into ten kingdoms, and therefore in his view *Ireland must be separated from England*, which is to be one of those ten kingdoms. Dr. Tregelles gives in his book the same map of the Roman Empire which is given in Bagsters' and many other Reference Bibles, and which *excludes* Ireland but *includes* all Britain and most of Scotland, and the same territories as we have described as belonging to the Roman Empire, *viz.*, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Thracian Turkey, and Bulgaria with Hungary; and in a chapter on "The Roman Empire and its Divisions," he designates those countries and the North of Africa as constituting the territories of the Roman Empire.

(To be continued.)

* [Note added in 1880.] The separation of Bulgaria from the Turkish Empire in 1877 and its formation into a distinct kingdom was a remarkable fulfilment of Prophecy. It and Austria may be expected soon to divide Serbia between them. The outline of Thrace is now re-appearing, because its ancient frontier, the Balkan mountains, has been made the boundary line between Central Turkey (ancient Thrace) and Bulgaria. The agitation in Greece for the annexation of Thessaly and Epirus is a noticeable movement toward that prophetic fulfilment. Macedonia and Albania are also before long to be added to Greece.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Telegram from Lieut. Danenhower, of the Jeannette Expedition, received on February 2d, gives rise to grave apprehensions as to the fate of De Long and his companions. The two sailors who were with De Long and who made their way to Bolonenga, were sent forward on October 9th, and reported the severe straits in which the party were placed. In searching for them Lieutenant Danenhower discovered some records buried by De Long which confirmed the statement of the sailors. One of these, dated October 1st, found near a deserted hut, said: "Fourteen of the officers and men of the Jeannette reached this hut on Wednesday, September 28th, and, having been forced to wait for the river to freeze over, are proceeding to cross to the west side this morning on their journey to reach some settlement on the Lena River. *I have two days' provisions*, but having been fortunate enough thus far to get game in our pressing needs we have no fear for the future. Our party are all well except Hans Eriksen, whose toes have been amputated in consequence of frost bite. Other records will be found in several huts on the east side of the river, along which we have come from the north." Other records were found of a later date, from which it was learned that Eriksen died on October 7th. The party have been traced to a wilderness on the west bank of the Lena, into which the natives refused to follow them, and a return to Bolonenga was necessary to get Russian assistance on November 28th. A large force is now searching, having to dig out everything, as the ground is deeply covered with snow. *The wilderness is devoid of game.* Thus it seems that early in October De Long, with only two days' provisions, which he hoped to eke out by supplies of game, entered a wilderness devoid of game, and a month was lost in searching for him. Lieutenant Danenhower has lost the sight of one eye and the sight of the other is impaired, and one member of the party is suffering from softening of the brain. The Secretary of the Navy despatched two officers of the navy from New York on Saturday last to assist in the search.

Another Political Crisis has been Developed in Egypt, and the chief minister, Cherif Pacha, whom the Khédive appointed at the instance of the army, has been forced to resign. The Notables, the legislative assembly of Egypt, sent a deputation to Cherif Pacha, and formally requested him to sign the draft of a proposed law. Cherif Pacha referred them to the Khédive, and they thereupon proceeded to the palace. The Khédive deferred his reply to their request, and summoned the English and French consuls to a consultation, in the course of which Cherif Pacha arrived at the palace and tendered his resignation. The correspondent of the London Times says that public opinion at Cairo strongly favors Turkish intervention under the English and French Commissioners. "The Notables" are the mere creatures of the army, and Araby Bey, the leader of the troops, is reported to have had a stormy interview with the President of that body, during which he pointed to his sword and spoke threateningly in regard to what the Chamber might expect if it swerved an inch from the path prescribed by the military. The state of Egypt is now but little removed from anarchy. The event derives its chief importance from the fact that England and France decided recently to use active measures if Cherif Pacha was ousted or the Khédive's authority menaced.

The Commissioners under the Irish Land Law still continue to make enormous reductions in the rental of farms. At a sitting of one of the courts on January 31st, the rent of a farm on Lord Egmont's property was reduced from \$420 to \$165, and the rents of several others were reduced forty-five per cent. The imprisoned Land Leaguers will be made the subject of debate when Parliament meets. An agitation has been made with the view of inducing Mr. Gladstone to release those of them who are Members of Parliament in time to take their seats, but in a letter the premier wrote to a correspondent he appears to indicate that he has resolved to keep them in prison. Mr. Gladstone said: "The Government cannot consistently release these individuals until they have lost their power or have renounced their intention of pursuing a course of disturbance. Neither of these conditions is so far apparently fulfilled. The Government thus has no alternative but to persevere with a most painful duty."

A Meeting Summoned by the Lord Mayor of London to protest against the outrages on the Russian Jews was held at the Mansion House on February 1st. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was invited but was unable to be present, wrote to the Lord Mayor "protesting as a nonconformist and a liberal against the outrages upon the Jews." Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, was also prevented attending, but a letter was received from him in which he said: "I am dismayed at the madness of the hatred evinced against the Jews. If the unspeakable barbarities being committed are not universally denounced it is only because they are so alien to the spirit of the age as to be almost incredible." The Earl of Shaftesbury, Cardinal Manning, and Canon Farrar spoke in support of the resolutions. The Lord Mayor was requested to forward a copy of the resolutions to Mr. Gladstone, "in the hope that the government, when an opportunity arises, shall exercise a friendly influence in behalf of the persecuted Jews." A relief fund was opened, and subscriptions to the amount of \$95,000 were received. Other meetings with the same object have been held in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other cities.

The Mormon Preachers in England have been roughly handled by a London mob. Encouraged by Mr. Gladstone's refusal to protect the ignorant classes of society from their wiles, they extended their operations and preached boldly in the London streets. On Friday, January 27th, six Mormon elders endeavored to hold an open-air meeting at Kings Cross, London. They were accompanied by a procession of Mormon men and women singing hymns. One of the elders delivered an address and urged upon his hearers the advantages of emigration to Utah. The meeting was broken up by a large crowd, who attacked the Mormons. Several persons were hurt.

The King of Greece is said to Have Received a most chilling reception from his subjects when he opened the Chamber of Deputies on January 31st. The Athens correspondent of the London Times says: "The reception of the king's address at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies was absolutely unsympathetic. The silence was unbroken at his entry and departure. The people in the streets were equally cold. So decided an expression of public disfavor was never before seen since the king's accession to the throne." There is something ominous in such news, Greece being notoriously prone to change and revolution.

The Failure of the Union Générale, a great financial institution in Paris, was announced on January 30th. The news produced a painful sensation in business circles, as it was thought certain that many smaller concerns were so deeply involved in the failure that they could not survive. The Union Générale was an institution started in the interests of the Roman Catholic religion, and of the Monarchical party in politics. The Compté de Chambord, the head of the Bourbon line, contributed \$500,000 to its capital. It carried on the business of a bank, but it also conducted other operations of a speculative character. No statement of affairs has been issued, but it is reported that the liabilities of the institution amount to \$28,000,000. M. Bontoux, the president, and M. Feder, one of the directors of the Union Générale, have been arrested, and it is expected that other members of the board will also be placed on trial. The last statement issued represented the institution to be in a prosperous condition.

Monsignor Justin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Besancon, in eastern France, some time ago received from a wine merchant a present of a cask of truly excellent red wine, described as suitable to be used at mass. Being struck by the quality of the wine, and by its low price, he recommended it without scruple to his clergy. The vendor consequently received many orders; but the wine which he distributed among the lesser clergy was of a very different quality from that which he had presented to the archbishop. Yet it was a wine that tasted well, and the majority of country curés who used it had no suspicion that it was anything but pure unadulterated juice of the grape, such as the rubric enjoins shall be drunk by priests when saying mass. One priest, however, more experienced than the rest, went to the expense of having the wine analyzed, and then it was found that this extraordinary beverage did not contain a single drop of grape juice. Great was the scandal which resulted upon this discovery, and the archbishop was obliged to order that *all the masses* in which the spurious wine had been used should be annulled. This decision was announced in the pulpits of about a hundred churches.

Mr. Thomas E. Murphy has been Conducting another remarkably successful Gospel Temperance campaign, in the busy Lancashire town of Rawtenstall. The huge Co-operative Hall has been crowded at every meeting, and nearly 4,000 have signed the pledge. The prayer-meetings are well attended, and the whole religious community has been stirred up, not only to endeavor to save drunkards from the curse of drink, but also to lead them to Christ.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, one of the Twin Sons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has just accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Auckland, New Zealand.

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Obtainable through all Booksellers.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1882.

16th Year. No. 7.—New Series.

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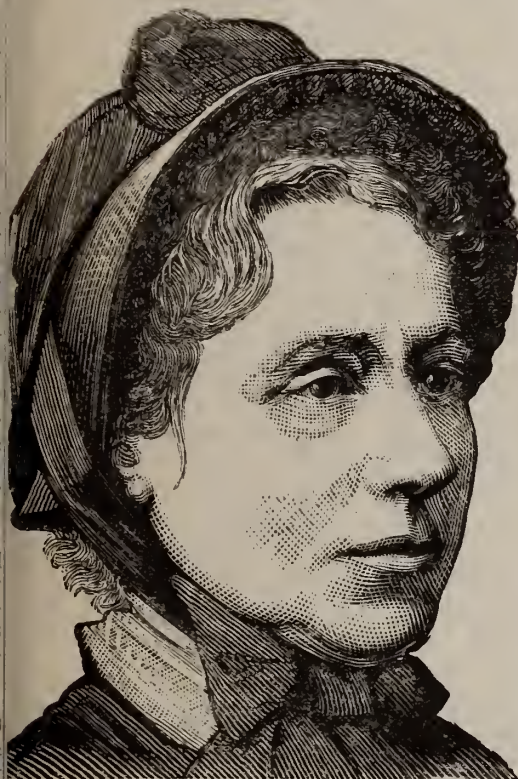
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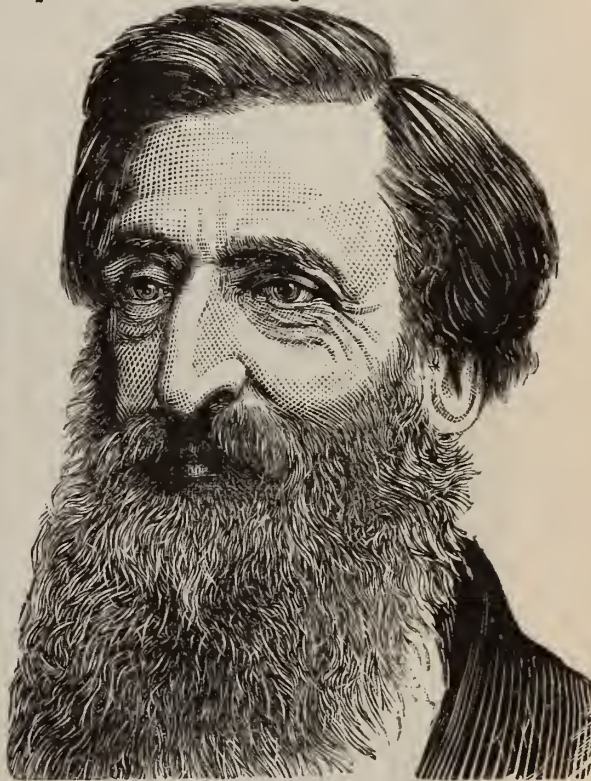
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MRS. BOOTH.



SALVATION ARMY STANDARD.



GENERAL BOOTH.



HOLINESS MEETING OF THE SALVATION ARMY AT HEADQUARTERS.

GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH, AND A SALVATION ARMY MEETING.

GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

General Booth's Conversion to Christ—Early Evangelistic Work—Appointed Lay Preacher—Enters the Methodist Ministry—Memorable Visit to Guernsey—Invitations from Large Towns—Set Apart as an Evangelist—Officially Requested to Abandon Evangelistic Work—Successful Mission in Cornwall—The Character and Results of Mrs. Booth's Preaching—Service in a Tent at Whitechapel—Mr. Booth Consecrates his Life to the Salvation of the Masses—The First Headquarters—Organization of the "Salvation Army"—A Great Holiness Meeting.

THERE have appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at various times references to the work the Salvation Army is accomplishing here and in England. We this week give with the portraits of Mr. Booth and his wife, who originated the movement, a sketch of its earliest conception and its progress.

The Rev. W. Booth, the well-known originator and general of the Salvation Army, is now about fifty-three years of age, having been born at Nottingham, England, in the year 1829. He was brought up by his parents to attend the services of the Episcopal Church; but when about fourteen years of age he manifested a decided preference for the Methodist Chapel, where, about a year later, the preaching of the Gospel was blessed by the Holy Spirit to his soul, and he was

CONVERTED TO GOD.

About this time, two or three youths, recently converted, and in the abounding enthusiasm of their "first love" to Christ, had commenced meetings in the lower parts of the town, and into this work, almost immediately after his conversion, Mr. Booth threw himself, with all his characteristic ardor of soul, preaching constantly in the open-air, in all weathers. At the early age of seventeen, so greatly had he commended himself to the responsible officials of his denomination, that he became an *accredited lay preacher*. Two years later he was urged by the superintendent of the circuit to enter the ministry, but the physicians who examined him, reported that his physical strength was not sufficient for the work, saying that if he entered upon the requisite course of training, associated with regular and exhausting ministerial labor, twelve months would probably end his career. Under these circumstances, he resolved to wait, and in the meantime devoted himself, as far as was possible, to Christian work.

For eighteen months he was wholly engaged preaching in London and in Lincolnshire, and in 1843, at the age of twenty-four, he

ENTERED THE MINISTRY

of the Methodist New Connection, by whose Conference he was stationed in London. But he had not been thus happily and successfully employed many weeks when the officials of the Guernsey Society, having heard of *his great success in winning souls*, urgently invited him to that island on a preaching excursion. He thought it right to respond to the invitation, and commenced his labors. It was on a certain Wednesday that his first sermon in Guernsey was preached. Nothing remarkable occurred for the first few days, beyond increasing congregations and deepening convictions; but on the Sunday following, thirty persons professed to have found Christ, and, in a stay of ten days, it was estimated that no less than *three hundred persons* decided for God.

The Guernsey people were naturally most urgent for Mr. Booth's visit to be prolonged; but he was compelled to return to his circuit. The report of this wonderful movement, however, which he was instrumental in initiating, had preceded him on his return to England, and rapidly spread in all directions. The consequence was that he received most pressing invitations to visit nine large towns in various parts of Great Britain for similar enterprises. So successful was Mr. Booth in these places, and so evidently adapted for this particular kind of labor, that the Conference of the following year, 1844, set him apart for

THE WORK OF AN EVANGELIST,

and in that capacity he visited Guernsey a second time, where the divine blessing again fell upon the

immense congregations to which he preached the Gospel of salvation. A short time afterwards he went to the English towns of York, Sheffield, Dewsbury, Hunslet, Leeds, Halifax, and Macclesfield, upon the same glorious errand and realized the same enriching benediction.

The Methodist New Connection Magazine and other denominational journals of the year 1845, show that the following results attended his untiring and prayerful efforts to bring men to Christ. At Hanley, "upwards of four hundred persons, of all ages," were registered as converts. At Newcastle-under-Lyme, in "one week, two hundred and ninety." In Sheffield, during "four weeks six hundred and sixty-three." At Halifax, "in four weeks, between four and five hundred." At Chester, a congregation of a thousand was gathered every night, and "hundreds" sought salvation. Fifteen persons converted in connection with these labors are known to have *entered the regular ministry of different denominations*. This evangelistic work was continued by him for about ten years.

Some ministers, however, felt that the special services were not an unalloyed good, and when they saw that at the conclusion of those services many of the converts, like the hearers of the stony ground order, fell away, they were averse to the continuance of the special services. In deference to their wishes, Mr. Booth consented to return in 1856-7 to

ORDINARY PASTORAL WORK;

accordingly he spent the next four years in the work of the ministry in two spheres of labor. At one place—Gateshead—a large congregation was established, and the members of the Church trebled in numbers during his ministry there. But so deep were his convictions, and those of his equally devoted wife, that he could more effectually serve God and his generation as an evangelist, that *he offered himself again for this work*; and when the Conference of 1861 deliberately *refused* to allow him to return to that sphere, for which he had been proved so peculiarly adapted, and *insisted* upon his settling down permanently to the routine of a circuit,

HE RESIGNED HIS POSITION

in the ministry, and went forth, trusting in the guidance of God, to hold services whenever and wherever a door might open.

The next two years (1862-3) were mostly spent in Cornwall, where the services which he held among the warm-hearted miners and fishermen, were blessed to the salvation of *thousands of souls*. Whole neighborhoods were stirred to their centre, the claims of religion and of Christ became the all-absorbing topic of the hour, and the principal theme of common conversation.

MRS. BOOTH COMMENCED PREACHING

twelve months before Mr. Booth left the regular denominational ministry, holding evangelistic services during that year in Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, East Hartlepool, and in Sunderland, in addition to regular preaching engagements at Gateshead. In all Mr. Booth's evangelistic tours also Mrs. Booth shared her husband's exhausting labors, her ministry, both then and ever since, being marvellously popular, everywhere attracting crowded audiences, and her pointed, personal pathetic appeals to the souls and consciences of men and women, leading large numbers to decision for Christ and His service and glory. From Cornwall Mr. and Mrs. Booth proceeded to Cardiff, Newport, Walsall, Birmingham, Leeds, and various other places.

Between two engagements, Mr. Booth went to London in June, 1865, and held a week's

SERVICES IN A TENT IN WHITECHAPEL,

at the east end of London. Here he saw the enormous population of utterly godless people which swarmed on every side, and feeling his heart powerfully drawn out for their salvation, he resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to turn aside from those who, in all directions throughout the country would have invited him to continue the work of an evangelist in their midst, and to spend the remainder of his life in endeavoring to Christianize the millions of his perishing countrymen of the most depraved and most neglected classes.

He began by preaching in the open-air upon a

piece of land by the side of the Mile End Road, called "The Waste," where vagrant curiosity exhibitions, shooting ranges, petty dealers, and patent medicine men rival each other in attracting the attention of the poor. In those days it was somewhat of a novelty for any one to stand there stately and regularly in all weathers to preach to the ever-moving masses of the people. And this tall, dark stranger who came to talk to them all familiarly about their souls, using every passing event and every common proverb, to illustrate and point the mighty truths which he was preaching, who used the plainest and simplest language to express divine truth, was a new wonder—an attraction equal at any rate to punch-and-judy or the giant baby, exhibited close at hand.

ENLISTING THE FIRST RECRUITS.

From the very opening of his marvellous campaign in this locality, dense crowds surrounded Mr. Booth, and while he spoke, the unseen but invincible power of God sent into the depths of many a dark and despairing soul, the burning arrow of conviction. Men and women long burdened with sins accompanied the preacher to a tent, and one after another fell down at the feet of Jesus, and sought and found mercy. These, rallying around their spiritual father in the open-air, soon began by their singing, and their simple relation of God's pardoning love to them, to increase and deepen the general interest, and many who, perhaps, would have taken but little notice of a mere preacher, now stood speechless and astonished to hear men who had been notorious for their iniquity but a little while before, tell of the peace and joy and love which they had newly found.

The autumn winds and rains soon demolished the tent; but the work went on in the open air. While a ring of devoted men and women prayed to God for blessing as they stood on the ground, the power of the Holy Spirit repeatedly fell upon those around, so that they were constrained to step out before the staring and astonished crowd, and then and there to join in prayer to God and seek His forgiving mercy.

AN OLD DANCING SALOON

was, however, soon secured for indoor services, and then a *low gin-mill* was purchased entire and converted into a mission hall. Both these places were small, but as the people inconveniently crowded together on floors, and stairs, and passages, and listened with eager ears and hearts to catch every sound, often from lips they could not see, the truth of God smote great and small together, and many were daily freed from the thralldom of Satan, and stepped new born into the glad enfranchisement of the redeemed.

The time had evidently come for a great advance to be made, and God plainly showed the way. In 1866

A LARGE THEATRE,

near at hand, was taken for Sunday afternoons and evenings, and there, by thousands, came old and young, nearly all of them utterly unaccustomed to the sound of the Gospel. Here on the stage awakened sinners sought and found salvation. As the fame of the work spread, hearers came, not merely from the immediate neighborhood, but from every part of London, and especially from its eastern districts. Saved themselves, the converts naturally looked around among their circle of daily associates and friends with longing hearts, and from other parts of London soon came pouring in upon Mr. Booth earnest undeniable entreaties for the commencement of similar work among the masses there.

The invariable answer was, "Well, see if you can get any room suitable for services, and let me know what it will cost, and I will come and see about it." To working people, who were determined to get *something*, this opened a pretty clear course. A club-room, a cellar, a shed, a back room behind a pigeon-fancier's store, an old factory, a schoolroom, a cottage, were just as eagerly sought after where nothing larger could be secured, though a variety theatre was preferred where they could hire one.

Everywhere, however, the mighty power of God to save the *most abandoned sinners* was constantly exemplified, in the most marvellous manner, by the

instrumentality of converted navvies, and thieves, and infidels, and drunkards, and gipsies, and sailors, and butchers and dog-fanciers—in short, the roughest, most ignorant, and wildest men and women who could well have been got together, were set up as witnesses for Christ, who had plucked them as

BRANDS FROM THE BURNING.

Twos and threes of such men were soon multiplied in each locality to strong bands of trained and indefatigable laborers. Thus the work grew and prospered during 1866-8.

In 1869 Mrs. Booth held services at Croydon, Hastings, and Brighton, and in each of these places Christians were stirred up to seek the salvation of souls with a diligence hitherto unknown to them. They asked for the establishment of the mission in each case, and the request was complied with. Some of the Croydon converts, at the request of one of their number who had removed to Bromley, rode over in a wagon to that place, and commenced services, which resulted in the establishment of a branch of the mission there. And, in rapid succession, openings were secured or made in every precinct of eastern London. The holy fire was spreading, and no human agency could restrain or extinguish it. The

PEOPLE'S MARKET AT WHITECHAPEL

was acquired in 1870. It is a building which has been arranged so as to furnish sitting accommodation for two thousand persons, and until 1881, when new central premises were secured in Queen Victoria Street, in the City of London, served well as the headquarters first of "the Christian Mission" and subsequently of the Salvation Army. Each successive year witnessed some *new departure* in the name of the Lord, the achievement of yet more brilliant exploits, and the conversion of thousands to the Saviour. But the year 1873 will always be memorable in the history of the Army, or it witnessed a marvellous advance of the whole movement.

A year previously Mr. Booth had, through serious illness, been laid aside from the work for several months, and the various agencies associated with the mission had consequently suffered very considerably, and materially affected the entire success of the movement. Evangelists, recruited from various religious denominations, had come, bringing, with all their piety and devotion, an amount of inclination towards the settled and methodical church life which they had left. The mission was, therefore, being diverted from the primary object Mr. Booth had in view toward the regular system of the churches. But with the recovery of Mr. Booth came the return of the old ideas, away from the edification of those already brought to Christ, to the training of them to further onslaughts upon the kingdom of darkness. The year 1873, therefore, was commenced with a stronger determination than ever to keep the mission true to its original aim—the spread of

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE MASSES.

With this object in view, both Mr. and Mrs. Booth labored with unceasing assiduity. Branches were established and consolidated at Portsmouth,atham, and Wellingborough; while in London itself the spirit of holy aggression continued to break through the barriers of the past, and carried the work into new localities with a speed that was surprising, and everywhere being crowned with ever multiplying tokens of the divine approval.

The distinguishing feature of the year 1874 was the inauguration of the work at Hammersmith. A lady in the locality, who had long been aiming at the evangelization of the poor, had been persuaded by her Bible-woman, one of the fruits of the Christian Mission, to invite Mr. Booth's co-operation by sending preachers for Sunday services. In less than twelve months some hundreds of men and women had yielded to the power of the Gospel, and a great body of working people were helping to spread the glad tidings yet farther and farther. This year, also,

A CONVERTED TINKER

Stockton-on-Tees, a converted railway guard at Middlesbrough, and a converted navy at Cardiff, commenced what have since become powerful missions in each of those hives of industry.

And now each successive year in the history and operations of the organization produced results which read almost like a repetition of the rapid conquests of apostolic days. Men and women of vicious habits leading depraved lives have heard the Gospel preached, not in elegant language and polite phrase, but in words such as they were accustomed to use; they have been overcome, and, abandoning their sinful ways, have submitted to God and have in turn preached the Gospel to their associates.

"THE SALVATION ARMY"

won the right to its new name in 1878, when it sprang out of comparative weakness and obscurity into strength, and attacked and obtained a footing in *fifty towns* where it had no representative at the commencement of the year. This sudden outburst, whereby the number of stations occupied was raised from thirty to more than eighty, and the number of evangelists or officers from thirty to one hundred and twenty-seven, attracted public attention to the movement, and many Christians who had at first looked askance at it, realized that it enjoyed the favor of God.

The East London Christian Revival Society had developed into the East London Christian Mission, and by another stage into the Salvation Army. It had been enabled to achieve a magnificent work in London among a class the churches had never been able to reach. It had gone into localities which even city missionaries had not penetrated, and its efforts had been blest. Its power, instrumentally, consisted in the fact that those who went to preach in the slums were men well known there. They had but a short time before been denizens of those wretched haunts, and they stood up to tell their old companions, in their old way, of their having *found a good thing* which they pressed them to come and share. So it came about that burglars, drunkards, and criminals of all sorts went to hear Tom or Bill talk, who could not have been induced to listen to a trained and cultured preacher. "Religion is all very well for gentlefolks," they would have said, "but it would not suit such as we are," but when one of their own circle had tried it, and came to tell them *it did suit him*, then they went to hear his testimony and were converted.

The organizing brain of the leader soon saw that in the army he had a pattern he could utilize. Detachments were thrown out to do for other places what had been done in London, and at length America, France, and Ireland were invaded. But the work was being done by raw recruits; men who were converted, *straightway* gave God thanks and began to preach. It was necessary, as Mr. Booth saw, that this zeal and enthusiasm should be, not repressed, but wisely directed, and catching the idea most familiar to the minds of the people with whom he had to deal, he organized the army. The roughs had seen one of themselves, filthy, untidy, unwashed, uncombed, enlist in the army and in a few weeks becoming clean, orderly, neat in person, and prompt to obey. They understood discipline and had seen its effects, and Mr. Booth took advantage of this influence fashioned ready to his hand.

Thus the Salvation Army has become a power in the war between the Prince of Peace and the prince of this world. Its soldiers and officers are fighting under the same flag as are the churches, but they have a field and a method of their own. Criticism has been lavished upon them, but as the churches have seen hardened criminals won from the power of Satan they have nearly ceased to carp at the power God uses to advance His purposes, and have begun to welcome them as allies, rough, it may be, and uncultured, but honest, sincere, faithful, earnest, and well adapted to do the rough work which urgently needs doing.

A HOLINESS MEETING

was held held in Exeter Hall, London, on December 26th, 1881, which was placed at the disposal of the Salvation Army for the day by the Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting continued all day, and a large body of members of the army remained at Exeter Hall from morning to night, dinner and tea being provided in the restaurant and reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose commodious premises

were wholly occupied by the army. Many of the general public were present at the meeting, and of these a large proportion were evidently such as had come to see and judge the army for themselves. Several clergymen of the Episcopal Church and Nonconformist ministers were among the multitude. On the platform, near the General, were several gentlemen prominent in philanthropic circles.

THE WORK OF THE ARMY IN 1881.

In the course of the day an account was given of the year's work of the army, from which it appeared that the movement was developing in England, and branches had been established in America, Australia, and notably in France. At the present time the army has 251 stations in Great Britain, under 533 officers and cadets, holding over 4200 services every week. Lately, 6986 children have joined the army as little soldiers. At the seven o'clock Sunday morning "*knee-drills*" at 182 stations, 8331 were reported as attending on the morning of December 5th; and a sum equivalent to \$4455 was contributed in local offerings for that week at 187 stations, on which estimate the amount received in 1881 is said to be not less than \$285,000. General Booth has just purchased the Orphan Asylum, at Clapton, near London, as a Congress Hall and Institution for training cadets. We gave a picture and full description of this commodious building on December 22, 1881. Its cost is \$100,000, and toward this amount General Booth has already received the sum of \$50,000.

THE RIOT AT SHEFFIELD

on January 16th was one of the most painful experiences the Salvation Army has yet been called upon to bear. Sheffield has long been notorious for the desperate character of its roughs, and in no place on earth has trade unionism been disgraced by outrages so diabolical as have occurred in that town. They were cruel and inhuman, showing that the perpetrators were men over whom Satan exerted unbounded influence. It was to be expected that when the Salvation Army attempted to preach the Gospel to such men, Satan would stir up some to resist it. Men who thrive on the vices of others would dread the approach of any movement likely to endanger the profits of their vile trade, and they were at no loss to find instruments to execute their wicked designs.

On Sunday, January 15th, the army marched through the town, amid the jeers of a hostile mob, but without being molested. The attempt, however, on the following day to march to the Albert Hall led to a most serious riot. Three carriages, containing the officers of the army, a brass band, and a *converted wrestler*, who rode a gray horse and wore a scarlet uniform, presented to him at Newcastle on the occasion of the Stephenson centenary, when he carried the banner, took part in the procession. The latter had not advanced far on its way when it became apparent that the crowds, with which the streets were thronged, meant mischief. Mud and brickbats were freely thrown, and with cut and bleeding faces, and half covered in mire, the Salvationists pressed on.

Even the females were attacked in this brutal fashion. Eventually it was thought wise to divide the procession into two parts, which should make for the hall by different routes. One division was led by the converted wrestler, and this seems to have suffered most. The poor fellow was struck by a stick on the back of the head, and was carried to the hospital suffering from concussion of the brain. The hall was reached at last, and meetings—the evening one being, it is said, a great success—were held within the building, while the mob roared and yelled without.

It appears that the animosity against the wrestler arose from the fact that, when converted, he was engaged to wrestle with a noted champion of the ring, and a large sum of money was pending in bets on the issue of the struggle. When the great change in the man's soul occurred, he declined the contest, and he persisted in his refusal in spite of many efforts made to overcome his resolution, in one of which a reward of \$150 was offered to the man who should cause the wrestler to become intoxicated. All the attempts failed, and as a result he was the best hated man in the procession.

FIFTH REPLY TO MR. INGERSOLL.
Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday
Morning, February 12, 1882.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?"—MATT. 7 : 16.
What Thorns do—Good Results Argue a Good Cause—Mr. Ingersoll's Charges against the Bible—I. A Cruel Book—Its Philanthropic Students—Where does the Cruelty crop out?—II. An Impure Book—Where are the Victims?—III. A Mass of Contradictions—IV. An Unscientific Book—V. An Imposition on Human Credulity—Fulfilled Prophecies—The Prophecies in Good Company—The Secret of the Influence of the Bible Writers—Uneducated Men—The Assaults of Centuries—The Bible Unmoved—When we can Afford to do without the Bible—The Bible in Heaven—Question of a Dying Hindoo.

NOT in this country. Not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns put together never yielded one cluster of Catawba or Isabella grapes. Christ, who was the master of apt and potent illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, that you cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you find a round, large, beautiful cluster of grapes you know that it was produced by a good grape-vine, and not from a tangle of Canada thistle. Now, if I can show you that this Holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, grand fruit, splendid fruit, you will come to the conclusion it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of Mr. Ingersoll against it when he tries to show it is a bad book, will go overboard.

I. "Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Can a bad book yield good results? Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors—for there is no personality in this matter, I only mention one name as a representative of a class—Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors with great vehemence declare that the Bible is a *cruel book*. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites, and of all the ancient wars, and of the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Now, a bad book will produce a bad result, a cruel book will produce a cruel result.

You have friends who have been in the habit of reading the Bible a great many years. Have you noticed a tendency to cruelty on their part? Have you ever heard any of them come out and practically say, "I have been reading the story about the extermination of the Canaanites and I am seized upon with a disposition to cut and slash and maul and pinch and murder and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on?" Have you friends who in proportion as they became diligent Bible students and disciples of the Christ of the Bible, have shown a tendency toward massacre and murder and manslaughter? Has that been your observation?

What has been the effect upon your children of this cruel book? or, if you do not allow the book to be read in your household, what has been the effect upon the children of other households where the Word of God is honored? Have they as a result of reading this cruel book gone forth with a cruel spirit to pull the wings off flies and to pinion grasshoppers and to rob bird's nests? A cruel book ought to make cruel people; if they diligently read it and get absorbed with its principles, that cause must produce that effect. At what time did you notice that the teachings of this Holy Bible created cruelty in the heart and the life of George Peabody, of Miss Dix, of Florence Nightingale, of John Howard, of John Frederick Oberlin, of Abbot Laurence? Have you noticed in reading the biography of these people that in proportion as they became friends of the Bible they became enemies to humanity? Have you not, on the contrary, noticed that all the institutions of mercy were established, or, being established, were chiefly supported by the friends of this Book? There is the hospital in war time. There are twenty Christian women. They are binding up wounds, they are offering cordials, they are kneeling down by the dying praying for their departing spirits.

WHERE DOES THE CRUELTY CROP OUT?

They have been reading the Bible all their lives. They read it every morning; they read it every

night; they carry it under their arm when they go into the hospital.

Where does the cruelty of the Book crop out? Is it in the gentleness of their step? Is it in the cadence of their voice? Is it in the sympathetic prayer they offer at the bedside of the dying? Your common sense tells you that a cruel book must produce cruel results. When you can make a rose leaf stab like a bayonet, and when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, and when you can poison your tongue with honey gotten from blossoming buckwheat, then you can get cruelty out of the Bible. That charge of Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

II. Again: Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors go on and most vehemently charge that this Bible is
AN IMPURE BOOK.

You all know that an impure book produces impure results. No amount of money could hire you to allow your child to read an unclean book. Now, if this Bible be an impure book, where are the victims? Your father read it—did it make him a bad man? Your mother read it—did it make her a bad woman? Your sister fifteen years in Heaven died in the faith of this Gospel—did it despoil her nature? Some say there are two million copies of the Bible in existence, some say there are three million copies of the Bible. It is impossible to get the accurate statistic, but suppose there are two million copies of the Bible abroad, this one book read more than any twenty books that the world ever printed, this book abroad for ages, for centuries—

WHERE ARE THE VICTIMS?

Show me a thousand. Show me five hundred victims of an impure book. Show me a hundred despoiled of the Bible. Show me fifty. Show me ten. Show me two. Show me one! Two hundred million copies of an impure book, and not one victim of the impurity! On the contrary, you know very well that it is where the Bible has the most power that the family institution is most respected.

III. But Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors go on still further and they say the Bible is

A MASS OF CONTRADICTIONS,

and they put prophet against prophet, evangelist against evangelist, apostle against apostle, and they say if this be true, how then can that be true. Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, said he had discovered thirty thousand different readings of the Scriptures, and yet, *not one important difference*—not one important difference out of thirty thousand—only the difference that you might expect from the fact that the book came down from generation to generation and was copied by a great many hands. And yet I put before you this fact to-day, that all the Bible writers agree in the *four great doctrines* of the Bible.

What are those four great doctrines? God—good, kind, patient, just, loving, omnipotent. Man—a lost sinner. Two destinies—one for believers, the other for unbelievers; all who accept Christ reaching that home and only those destroyed who destroy themselves; only those who turn their back upon Christ and come to the precipice and jump off, for God never pushes a man off, he jumps off. Now, in these four great doctrines all the Bible writers agree. Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn never wrote more harmonious music than you will find in this perfect harmony of the Word of God, the harmony in providence and in grace.

You must remember also that the authors of the Bible came from different lands, from different ages, and from different centuries. They had no communication with each other, they did not have an idea as to what was the chief design of the Bible, and yet their writings, gotten up from all these different lands, and from all these different ages, and all these different centuries, coming together make a perfect harmony in the opinion of the very best scholars of this country and of England. Is not that a most remarkable fact?

IV. Again: Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors vehemently charge that the Bible is an unscientific Book. In a former discourse I showed you that there was no collision between science and revelation, and I went from point to point in the discussion; but now let us have authority in this matter. You and I cannot give forty, or fifty, or sixty years ex-

clusively to the study of science that some give. Let us have authority in this matter.

Who says there is a collision between science and revelation? Well, Herbert Spencer, Tyndal, Darwin, Ingersoll. They say there is a discord between science and revelation; but I will bring you names of men who have found a perfect accord between science and revelation—men as much higher in intellectual character above those whom I have mentioned as the Alps and Mount Washington and the Himalayas are higher than Rimbey Wood Water Works. Herschel, Kepler, Leibniz, Ross, Isaac Newton. My friends, we are in a respectable company when we believe in the Word of God—very respectable company.

In the temple of nature there are *two orchestras*, the orchestra of revelation, and the orchestra of science. The orchestra of revelation has all musical instruments full strung, and it is ready for the burst of eternal accord. The orchestra of science is only just stringing the instruments. If will only wait long enough you will find that as in the old German cathedrals where they had an organ at one end of the building, and an organ at the other end of the building, both responding to each other and making mighty music. So it will be in the temple of the universe—the orchestra of revelation and the orchestra of science will respond to each other after a while, and it be found that the roar of the ocean is only magnificent bass of the temple voices and that earth is only the pedals of a great organ of which the Heavens are the keyboard.

V. Now, I might, as Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors have failed to prove that the Bible is a cruel book, that the Bible is an impure book, that the Bible is a contradictory book, that the Bible is an unscientific book—I might *move a nonsuit* in this case of Infidelity, the plaintiff, against Christianity, the defendant; but I will not take advantage of the circumstances, for when Mr. Ingersoll and his coadjutors go on to say that we are a gullible people, when he goes on to say, as he often does in his lectures, that the greater the improbability the more we like to believe it; when, he goes on to say that the Bible is made up of a lot of manuscripts, one picked up here and another there, and another from some other place, and that the whole thing is

AN IMPOSITION

on the credulity of the human race, I must reply to that charge.

The Bible is made up of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Let us take the New Testament first. Why do I believe it? Why do I take it to my heart? It is because it can be traced back to the divine heart just as easily as that aisle can be traced to that door, and that aisle to that door.

Jerome and Eusebius in the first century, Origen in the second century, and other writers of the third and fourth centuries, gave a list of New Testament writers just exactly correspond with our list, showing that the same New Testament which we have they had in the fourth century and the third century, and the second century, and the first century. But where did they get the New Testament? They got it from Irenæus. Where did Irenæus get it? He got it from Polycarp. Where did Polycarp get it? He got it from John, who was the personal associate of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandfather gave a book to his father, my father gave it to me, I give it to my child. Is there any difficulty in tracing the line?

On communion day I will start the chalice at the end of the aisle, and the chalice will pass along the other end of this aisle. Will it be difficult to trace the line of that holy chalice? No difficulty at all. This one will say, "I gave it to that one and this one will say, 'I gave it to that one.' But it will not be so long a line as this to trace the New Testament. It is easier to get at the fact. But you say, 'Although this was handed right down in that way, who knows but they were lying impostors? How can you take their testimony?' They died for the truth of that book. Men never die for a lie cheerfully and triumphantly. They were not lying impostors. They died in triumph for the truth of that New Testament.

"Well," says some one, "now I am ready to lieve that the New Testament is from the heart Christ, but

HOW ABOUT THE OLD TESTAMENT?

hy do you believe that?" I believe the Old stament because the prophecies foretold events ndreds and thousands of years ahead, events ich afterward took place. How far can you see ead? Two thousand years? Can you see ead a hundred years? Can you see ahead five nutes? No, no. Human prophecy amounts to hing. Here these old prophets stood thou- ds of years back and they foretold events which ne accurately true far on in the future centuries. ppose I should stand here this morning and say ou, twenty-five hundred and sixty years from w, three miles and a half from the city of Mos- w there will be an advent, and it will be in a cer- n family, and it will be amid certain surround- s. It would make no impression upon you, ause you know I cannot foresee a thousand rs, or one year, or one minute, and I cannot what is going to transpire in a land that I have ver looked at. But that is what these old pro- ets did.

You must remember that Tyre and Babylon and neveh were in full pomp and splendor when these phecies, these old prophecies, said they would e destroyed. Those cities had architecture that ke the houses on Madison Square and Fifth enue perfectly insignificant. Yet these old pphets walked right through those magnificent eets and said: "This has all got to come down, s is all going to be levelled."

Suppose a man should stand up in these cities ay, and say, "The East River will overflow and oklyn will be destroyed, and the Hudson River l overflow and New York will be destroyed, and n there will be a great earthquake and the two rs will forsake their beds, and there will be har- sts of wheat and corn where these cities now nd, and Fulton Street and Broadway will be sture for cattle." Such a man would be sent to omingdale Insane Asylum. Yet the old proph- id that very thing. Where is Babylon to- y? You go and walk over the ruins of Baby- and you will not find a leaf or a grass-blade of se splendid hanging gardens, and in the sum- r time the ground actually blisters the feet of e traveller. Babylon destroyed according to the phecy.

Where is Tyre? In the day of its pomp, the phet said: "The fishermen will dry their nets ere this city stands." If you should go to that ce to-day, you would find that literally. The rmen are drying their nets on the rocks where e city of Tyre once stood. Tartar, and Turk, and racen, drying their nets on the rocks.

Go up Chatham Street to-morrow and find the filment of a prophecy made thousands of years o. Why is it

THE JEW

always distinguishable, whether you see him in w York, or Brooklyn, or Madras, or Peking, or enna, or Stockholm, or London, or Paris? The glishman comes to America and after a while loses his nationality. The American goes to gland and after a while he loses his nationality. e Norwegian his, the Russian his, the Italian e, the Spaniard his, the Jew never. Why? Be- use this book provided thousands of years ago t the Jews should be scattered in all lands and t they should be kept *separate, separate* until e Lord took them back to Jerusalem. And ye o persecute the Jews had better look out. They e God's people yet, and *worse calamities than e assassination of a Czar will come upon Russia* he does not take her foot off of the Jews. They e God's people, and according to the prophecy de thousands of years ago they are distinguish- le, they are kept *separate* until the Lord takes m to their native land.

How could those old prophets foretell that? ow could they know that thousands of years ago? as it mere human skill? Could you have seen far ahead? Could you have predicted anything e it? Those old prophets stood looking down the great future, and said a Messiah would be rn, in a certain nation, in a certain tribe, in a

certain family, in a certain place, at a certain time, thousands of years ahead. Ages rolled on, ages on ages, and after a while Christ, the only One who has been called Messiah by any great number of people—Christ was born, in that very nation predicted, in that very tribe, in that very family, in that very place, at that very time. Could human skill have predicted it? Does not that prove be- yond all controversion and beyond all doubt that those prophets were inspired of the Lord Almighty, looking down in the future and seeing thousands of years ahead occurrences to take place, just as plainly as I see your faces this morning.

"Well," says some one, "now I am ready to take the New Testament as from the heart of Christ, and I am ready to believe the prophecies. The evidence is beyond all dispute. But you must remember," says my friend, "that the prophecies are only a small part of the old book; you don't expect us to believe all the old book." If you found one of your good, honest letters in an envelope with ten or twenty obscene, cruel, lying, filthy let- ters, how long would you allow that honest letter to stay there. In a half minute you would either snatch it out of the envelope, or you destroy the whole envelope. Now, do you suppose the Lord God would allow these pure prophecies, these prophecies which you admit must have come from the hand of God, from divine inspiration—do you suppose God would allow these pure prophecies to be bound up and put in the same envelope with the Book of Job, and the Book of Psalms, and the Book of Deuteronomy and the other books, if those books were not good books?

Beside all this, you must remember that the most of the writers of this book were

UNEDUCATED MEN.

How can you account for the fact that when Thomas Babington Macaulay, standing in the House of Parliament in London, wants to finish off a magnificent sentence, he quotes from the fisher- men of Galilee? or, sitting in his house, wanting to finish one of his great paragraphs of history, he quotes the words of the fishermen of Galilee? Why is it that those uneducated men have more influence on modern times than all the scholars of antiquity? Because they were divinely inspired, because God stood back of them. They were not educated and scholarly. It was not by force of rhetoric that they triumphed; but to-day those humble fishermen, those uneducated fishermen, wield more influence in all our modern cities than any twenty-five men living in this generation and day. They must have been inspired; there must have been a divine influence behind them and before them and above them and within them.

Beside that, you must remember that this book has been

UNDER FIRE FOR CENTURIES,

and after all the bombardment of the Ingersolls of all the centuries, they have not knocked out of this Bible a piece as large as the small end of a sharp needle. O! how the old book sticks together. Unsantified logicians try to pull away the Book of Genesis. They say they do not believe it; it cannot be there was light before the sun shone; it cannot be all this story about Adam and Eve; and they pull at the Book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great while, yet where is the Book of Genesis? Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever erased it from his Bible.

Then all the undevout astronomers went to work to pull away the Book of Joshua. They say, "that cannot be true, the sun's halting above Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Ajalon; it cannot be possible, we must pull that book of Joshua away." And they pull away at it, and they pull away at it, and yet what has become of the Book of Joshua? Like the sun above Gibeon and like the moon over the valley of Ajalon, it stands still. All the unde- vout anatomists and physiologists get hold of the Book of Jonah, and they pull away and they say, "that story about Jonah and the whale can't be true." Every infidel carries a harpoon especially for that whale, and they pull away at the Book of Jonah, but where is the Book of Jonah to-day? Just where it has been all the time—the grandest thing that was ever written to prove that when

God sends a man to Nineveh, he cannot get to Tarshish, if God to stop him has to upset the Mediterranean Sea with a cyclone.

And so the infidels have been trying to pull away the miracles, pulling away at the blasted fig tree, at the turning of the water into wine, at the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Can you show me a Bible from which one of these miracles has been erased?

HOW MARVELLOUSLY THE OLD BOOK STICKS TOGETHER.

All the striking at these chapters only driving them in deeper until they are clinched on the other side with the hammers of eternity. And the book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed by the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be THE FIRST TIME WE CAN AFFORD TO DO WITH- OUT THE BIBLE.

What will be the use of the Book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see Him face to face? What will be the use of His photograph when we have met Him in glory? What will be the use of the Book of Revelation, standing, as you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing harp, and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation amid the amethystine and twelve-gated glories of heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl, and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throw- ing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dash- ing its fire against the chrysoprase, and you and I standing in the chorus of ten thousand sunsets.

But I do not think we will give up the Bible even at that time. I think *we will want the Bible in heaven*. I really think the fires of the last day will not consume the last copy, for when you and I get our dead children out of the dust, we want to show them just the passages, just the promises, which comforted us here in the dark day of interment, and we will want to talk over with Christians who have had trials and struggles, and we will want to show them the promises that especially refreshed us. I think we shall have the Bible in heaven.

O! I want to hear David with his own voice read: "The Lord is my shepherd." I want to hear Paul with his own voice read: "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's march of the resur- rection with the same trumpet with which he awoke the dead. O! blessed book, good enough for earth, good enough for heaven.

DEAR OLD BOOK

—book bespattered with the blood of martyrs who died for its defence—book sprinkled all over with the tears of those who by it were comforted. Put it in the hand of your children on their birthday. Put it on the-table in the sitting room when you begin to keep house. Put it under your head when you die. Dear old book! I press it to my heart, I press it to my lips.

"Where shall I go?" said

A DYING HINDOO

to the Brahmitic priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation. "Where shall I go after I die?" The Brahmitic priest said: "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where shall I go then?" "Then you shall go into a singing bird." "But," said the dying Hindoo, "where then shall I go?" "Then," said the Brahmitic priest, "you will go into a beautiful flower." The dying Hindoo threw up his arms in an agony of solicitation as he said; "But *where shall I go last of all?*" Thank God this Bible tells the Hindoo, tells you, tells me, not where shall I go to-day, not where shall I go to-morrow, not where shall I go next year, but where shall I go last of all!

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 87.)

The Character of Father Murphy—His Horror at Rossiter's Abjuration—The Conspirators' Meeting—The Priest Denounces Rossiter as a Traitor—The Meeting Ends in Confusion.

FATHER John Murphy was the son of a peasant at Ferns, and had been educated for the priesthood at Ferns Seville. He was at this time a large, coarse-featured and powerful man of forty—a bigot in his own faith, and, therefore, a good hater of all who differed from him—but a man made to be a leader and a born general.

Into his ear, all unconscious of the sanguinary part he was soon to play in his country's history, Mrs. Rossiter poured her sad complaint, and sought for direction. Father John was startled at the tidings communicated about Miles. He himself was one of those who had arranged to assemble in secret to learn from this young man what he was sent to disclose by the French Directory. "Ah," he said within himself, "Is this the renegade Miles Rossiter has turned out? and is this the messenger of France to Ireland? They think, the fools, that this struggle, surely coming on, will result in the triumph of their infidel and revolutionary principles. But I know a trick worth two of that. We good Catholics are not to be *their* tools, but they shall be *ours*! We'll use them to trample out Protestantism in this land, and then, we'll crush them afterwards. Neither Luther nor his coadjutor, Voltaire, shall reign in Ireland. We'll have no master in this ancient land of Saint Patrick, but our Holy Father the Pope."

Father John, however, gave Mrs. Rossiter no inkling of the thoughts that were passing in his mind. With the astuteness of his order, he kept his own counsel. To her he only expressed his sorrow at Miles's departure from the faith, and promised to have a serious talk with him. "Do, and may the blessing of Heaven and the Holy Virgin attend your endeavors, Father John," she said.

The meeting of the principal Wexford leaders of the coming insurrection, which Miles had, before his mind, was held in the house of a respectable farmer in the barony. Not only was it attended by men from the barony itself, but also by several north and south of the county. To avoid exciting suspicion they came singly, each taking a different route, along field-paths and byways, and, as has been stated, the hour for assembling was late in the evening. Even one or two of the gentry of the county were present, for the disaffected were to be found in all ranks, in this memorable revolutionary year of ninety-eight. The most remarkable of the conspirators, however, were some Roman Catholic priests, and foremost among these were Fathers John and Michael Murphy and Father Roche.

When the meeting was duly constituted watchers were posted at proper intervals around the farmhouse to guard against an unpleasant surprise. Miles was requested to make known his message from the French Directory. We need not give his address, the reader being already in possession of the main substance of it—namely, that a French landing was to be undertaken, and upon the Wexford Coast, as had been suggested to the Directory—a year before—in a letter from the rebel, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, himself.

Most of those who listened to Miles approved and applauded him but in suppressed tones, since it was a secret meeting. A resolution was about to be passed that a manifesto be drawn up in accordance with the spirit of his address, when Father John, rose, and haughtily claimed the right to say a few words.

"Our young friend's language," he said, "sounds to me rather foreign and outlandish; but, no doubt, if I could only understand him, it's exceedingly philosophic and sublime. But, for all that, let me tell him, he hasn't the smallest comprehension of the real condition of affairs in Ireland. He talks about no pillage and no massacre. Is he aware that the most outrageous pillage and torture is being perpetrated this hour, no farther off than in the north of this county? If he doesn't

know this, let him go to the town of Gory and its immediate neighborhood, and he'll soon get enlightened upon the subject. He will there see houses by the dozen sacked and burned; and the pitch-cap, the picket, and the lash in full and vigorous operation in the hands of the vile militia and yeomanry, under English pay. And what for, my friends? Why, to make us discover the hiding places of our weapons of defence. Our enemies, then, have resorted to violence, and I hold that it is both wise and just to pay them back in their own coin; and if we find it needful to give them a taste—and a sharp one—of the pike and the fagot."

"No, no!" cried out Miles. "No, Father John; such words are not becoming a teacher of the religion of love, whose Founder has laid it upon us to return good for evil."

"Don't Father John me, young man," was the reply, with a flash of anger. "And, pray what right have you to quote Scripture to an ordained priest, unless you have taken upon you holy orders; and, indeed, you left your native land, we all know, for that purpose; I therefore ask you, sir, are you a priest? though your looks plainly tell us that you are not."

Father John was fully cognizant of the fact that Miles had long given up all thoughts of the priesthood, and we are aware he had information of this from the young man's own mother; but he wished to force from Miles a public confession of what he deemed his apostasy, to prejudice him in the minds of his early friends and acquaintances.

Miles colored deeply at the indirect charge of the priest and sat in some confusion. To evade, however, the crafty inquiry pressed upon him, he ignored it, and simply said "that he quoted the Scripture which had given umbrage to Father John from an idea which he believed was correct: 'That truth was truth, no matter who expressed it.'" But his words, as savouring of disrespect for Church authority, in place of appeasing Father John, served only to fan his displeasure into anger—he started from his seat, and with closed fist and outstretched arm, denounced Miles before them all as a traitor to his parents' creed, and a French infidel, adding, that "a man who had betrayed his Church could not be trusted to be faithful to his country," and proposed that they should expel him from the meeting.

Miles felt that he must defend himself, and ignorant of his mother's visit to the priest, he supposed Father John must have had his knowledge about him through some secret ecclesiastical agency; he therefore looked upon the denunciation he had received as only another proof of the organized conspiracy, in many lands, to prove that the whole Church of Rome was against individual liberty. His indignation rose at the thought, and words long suppressed rushed to his lips for utterance.

Rising to his feet, he said, "I am sorry, friends, that matters of a personal character have been introduced to this gathering, and at a time of pressing public exigency. And I regret, besides this, to have to contradict the words of one whom you revere as your religious teacher, but I cannot help it. Let me then, distinctly and emphatically tell you, friends, that I am no infidel, either French or Irish. He who can deny God, is, to my mind, both wretched and guilty. I do not deny Him—but delight to confess Him—as the source of duty and the object of love. He is to me dearer than fame, or life itself."

Father John here broke in impatient of Miles. Considering his words as either seductive or irrelevant, he said, in a bullying tone, "What has all this you have now said to do with the matter before us? The question, Miles Rossiter, is this, 'Can you honestly say you are a priest, or have you broken the vow of your early manhood?' Answer that, young man."

"Yes, answer that," cried out several who sympathized with Father John's views of the inviolable sacredness of the priestly life—"Yes, answer that! We want nothing about your belief in a God, and the rest of it. What we want to know is, are you still a good Catholic? and you had better keep to the point," was fiercely and menacingly added.

"Ah, friends," said Miles, "I can plainly see

that days of anguish are before our beloved country. Religious hatred and intolerance will never conquer a day of civil freedom. Nothing but united Ireland can win the crown of legislative independence, but how can union be between Irish men, who, from differences of creed would clut at each other's throat. No; it cannot be; and much dread that the insurrection now at hand, will sink ere long, into a religious war, and will end violence and massacre."

"You see, friends," said Father John, catching at Miles's last words, "that our young friend here, though not a priest, has, save the martyr turned prophet; and a roar of laughter greeted Father John's sally. "I would recommend him however," he added, "to drop the seer's mantle—it doesn't at all become him—and to return his early vows." This exhortation, though given in a rather sarcastic tone, was spoken, in fulfilment of the promise which Father John had given, earlier in the day, to Miles's mother. He felt that he had relieved his conscience, at all events.

"Yes, Miles, like a good fellow, do as Father John says," said two or three. "The Church is merciful mother, you know, and, though you have insulted her in what you have done, in the regard of holy orders, she will, upon your penitence, receive you."

"Yes, a merciful mother to those who smother their convictions, and blindly bow to her decree; but, let me tell you, cruel as the grave to the man that will assert his intellectual freedom, as the sands and tens of thousands, racked, strangled, gibbeted, burnt, broken on the wheel, in various lands of Europe and elsewhere, testify. I thought to keep within myself the reasons of my conduct—but, friends, you force me to disclose them. Let me inform you, then, that in France was not long until I came to know that what you proudly call Catholicism had for half a century been slowly strangling all civilization; and that priestism, while inexorably insisting upon abstruse and dreary metaphysical dogmas and mystic ceremonies, was, at bottom, a systematic compromise with moral corruption."

"You start, friends, at my words," he said, he observed upon the countenances of those around him the inward commotion which his bold assertion caused, "but you do not start half as much as I did when I awoke in France to the vision of spiritual tyranny, hypocrisy, and superstition rampant around me. Faith! It was a sodden mass of black rottenness, with which I could not endure to be identified. God forgive me, it drove me into scepticism, until I discovered that true Christianity was a very different thing from that compound subtle jargon, of stupid and degrading legend, false miracles, and distorted corruptions of God as His Christ which priests had foisted upon their flocks as the true Gospel of Heaven."

"You charge me, sir, with quoting Scripture," he said to Father John, in a voice that rang with an intrepid and vehement clearness—"You charge me, sir, with trespassing upon your domain I grant it. I was intruding upon your vested interest in darkness, but I shall do it no more. I have delivered my soul—you have compelled me but I now close my lips upon thoughts like these for peace sake, and for my country's sake, forever. Let us, I entreat you, friends, bend our attention to the pressing business which has called us together."

Miles's closing exhortation, however, went for nothing. One or two, perhaps, were slightly influenced by his words, but the great majority of the present were excited almost to madness again. His testimony against the Church and the priesthood of that day, unsupported by their own prejudiced, narrow-minded, and unlettered conception of mind, was utterly discredited, and all that he could urge, however truly and eloquently, in place of justifying his conduct in their eyes, or served the more to condemn him.

Father John, at a glance, saw this. With an air of highly offended dignity he rose from his seat and moved towards the door of the room. The turning round, he said, "This is plainly no place for Christian men, and I command all here, who are my parishioners, to fly this moment from this

presence of this blasphemer. Let him know, however, that a portion of his words are true. This *will be* a religious war; we'll tolerate in this land of old, the 'Island of Saints,' neither heretics nor sceptics. Next Sunday will be Whitsuntide, and ere it dawns, the signal of a holy war shall flame on Corrigra Hill, and by the thousands of our Israel will be joyfully answered. I myself will lead the Sacramental hosts of true Catholics to victory. Come with me, I say, my friends, and leave this wretched man to his tormenting reflections. May they tend to save him ere it be too late. To doubt the Church's doctrine is to be damned, and this wretched young man more than doubts, his soul is poisoned with a very devil's thoughts.

"None but the faithful must wield—on our side—the sword of battle. Thus followed, and seconded I am as sure as that I am a living man, of triumph, for I go forth in this sublime enterprise as a champion of the Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

With these closing words he hastened from the room, and, as his parishioners had been enjoined, they rose to a man from the Council table and left with him; blind followers of a blind guide.

None remained behind save a few delegates from a distance, and the two or three gentlemen of the county who had been present. These could not transact any business, nor make arrangement for future contingencies. They could see, however, that desperate designs were brooding in the air, and that appalling deeds were imminent—that the shrieks of old men and women and children, flying from the red hand of murder, would soon ring out over the land. They felt, too, that matters had now gone so far they could not prevent the consequences. With downcast looks and burdened hearts they bade each other farewell, conscious that if ever they should be spared to meet again, it would be in the remembrance of unutterable horrors.

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 26. Mark 4 : 21-34. Golden Text, Ps. 72 : 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The kingdom of God has different aspects. There is the kingdom of God in the world, *i.e.*, outward Christianity, which our Lord likens to a field where wheat and tares grow up together, and to a net cast into the sea which gathered of every kind, and He teaches us that the time of separation will be at the end of the age. Then "the Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Again "the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. 13 : 41, 42, 49, 50). There is also the kingdom of God which is within us (Luke 17 : 21) which the Lord Jesus teaches us to seek first: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6 : 33); and of which the Apostle Paul says, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 14 : 17).

Our subject for to-day commences with our Lord's words, "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed? and not to be set on a candlestick? For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested; neither was any thing kept secret, but that it should come abroad." God intends His church and His people to be lights in the world, and He wills that their light should shine. Whoever there may be among the children of God hiding his light under the bushel or measure of his own self, his own life; whoever makes his own safety to be his great concern, and yet sheds none of the light and heat of God's favor on those around him, is not answering the purpose for which that light was committed to him. We are called to be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding

forth the word of life" (Phil. 2 : 15, 16), *i.e.* exhibiting it both in life and by word of mouth.

Our Lord assigns as His reason for this, the ultimate disclosure of every hidden thing. All that is bad and all that is good must some time be revealed. The life of some men is like that of

BURROWING ANIMALS,

all lived underground, hidden away and carefully concealed from their fellow-men. But while they manifest considerable ingenuity in concealing things from their fellow-creatures, they have not taken into account that "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. 4 : 13). Sometimes even Christians get into a habit of concealment which makes their lives untrue, even if they do not say what is absolutely false. Now whatever cannot bear the light is sinful. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God" (John 3 : 21).

And it is the law of God that all things shall be made known and come abroad. When Ananias and Sapphira had agreed together to sell their land, and to bring part of the price and lay at the apostles' feet, with the purpose of deceiving them, God was looking on, and it needed but a whisper on His part to apprise Peter of the matter. In neither of these cases was God take into the secret, and these attempts at deception were a terrible, fatal failure. There is a wonderful liberty in hiding nothing, and having nothing to hide.

Our Lord speaks next of hearing. "If any man have ears to hear" *i.e.*, consecrated ears, "let him hear. And He saith unto them. Take heed what ye hear," or, Practise what you hear, receive it, live in the power of it. "For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you: and unto you that hear shall more be given." In Matthew's Gospel very similar words are spoken about judging: "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" (Matt. 7 : 1). If we yield ourselves fully to the power and the claims of God through His word, then God yields Himself fully to us; He measures Himself out to us, so to speak, in the measure in which we lay ourselves out for Him. "To them that have," the receptive soul, "shall more be given." God gives "grace for grace" (John 1 : 16); grace received prepares the soul for farther grace, the grace of pardon prepares for that of consecration, consecration prepares for nothingness and nothingness prepares for power, power leads to greater nothingness, and this again prepares for a deeper and truer union with God. God is infinite in Himself, but He fills us in measure as we yield ourselves to Him. "For he that hath, to him shall be given." For instance, if a man has faith, and learns to walk by faith, not by sight, then our heavenly Father puts him to tests of faith of which others know nothing, and as he accepts them without flinching, a renewed measure of faith is granted him. So with love; as a man of God yields himself to the claims of God's love, the power of love increases, he finds no difficulty in loving those who injure him, all feeling of bearing grudges against those who have wronged him disappears, and God gives him that mighty love, "strong as death" (Cant. 8 : 6), which loves its enemies, which "seeketh not her own," which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" (1 Cor. 13 : 5, 7).

BUT "HE THAT HATH NOT,"

he that hath heard without possessing and being possessed by the word, "from him shall be taken away even that which he thinketh he hath" (Luke 8 : 18, Rev. Ver.) Head knowledge of God's truth, powerful rhetoric in preaching, may make the man who possesses it think that he has the truth of God, which he knows and preaches. But the real thing is not a thing of words. Christ Himself is in His word, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words," He classes Himself and His words together, and whoever receiveth His words most surely receives Him; it is the solid substance and no shadow, the living Person of Christ and no mere doctrine, the working power of His presence and no mere opinion; and he that hath heard the word and closed his heart against

its rightful Lord, from him shall be taken away even that which he thinketh he hath.

Our Lord proceeds to liken the kingdom of God to a man who "should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." Many have taken this for a picture of conversion. We thank God that this idea is becoming obsolete. The seed must first be received into the soil before there can be growth in grace, a man must be born before he can grow up; life first, then growth. But this is a precious picture of the growth of Christ in the soul; first the blade, life without either flowers or fruit, then the ear in blossom. The blade is very near the earth, and so is a soul in its first joy, full of its own hopes and aspirations, doings and sayings; but by and by there is a sign of fruit, a long stalk separates the ear from the earth, and bears it up into the air and sunlight, and thus faith raises a soul into a purer and higher atmosphere; the rain and the sunshine, the vicissitudes of life received from God's hand nourish and ripen the fruit. "But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately He putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." Our God never willingly afflicts (Lam. 3 : 33). He has a purpose in view in every trial which He sends or permits, but when the object is attained, then He says "It is enough."

It is just the same with His outward kingdom. The terrible deadness and unspirituality of the many, exercises the zeal and faith, the love and the patience of the few. While hundreds of thousands deny that conversion is necessary, while of those who are converted thousands do not believe that it is possible to lead a life of victory over sin, while many of those who are leading this life of power yet shrink from trusting to God alone for guidance, for the means to support their work for Him, for physical health according to His word (Ex. 15 : 26; James 5 : 14; Ps. 103 : 3), the few who are seeking to trust Him through and through become increasingly unpopular, increasingly small both in their own eyes and the eyes of others, the fair green of their first spiritual life has faded, now there is hard dried chaff to be seen by the outer world; but the eye of the Owner is gladdened, the golden grain rejoices His heart, and He will come with His welcome sickle, to gather in His firstfruits (Rev. 14 : 4) unto Himself. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly! But when He comes, what is to become of those who have some life; where the blade has appeared, but the fruit is not ripe? "Many shall be purified and made white and tried" (Dan. 12 : 10). Surely these words apply to the time of the great tribulation. Unripe grain cannot be harvested, unholy souls cannot enter heaven, and it may be that many who are now lukewarm will be driven by dire necessity at that time to live lives of real faith in God.

One more picture is given us of the external kingdom. "It is like a grain of mustard seed." This is certainly not a type of Christ's life, the mustard seed is not the bread of life, it cannot feed, but only season; and this is just what outward Christianity does, it civilizes, but it does not change the heart. The mustard seed, when sown in the earth is very small, and so was Christianity when its great Founder went back to heaven, and left some hundred and twenty representatives, and they were despised, but "it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." Outward Christianity is not greater in the number of its adherents than heathenism, only one-third of the world's population is nominally Christian, though it is greater in the influence possessed by the peoples who profess it. But alas "the fowls of the air," Satan's emissaries (comp. ver. 4, 15, 32), lodge under the shadow of it. It is a fearful truth that under the name of Christianity, hypocrisy, superstition, and rationalism find room; the Lord has said it would be so. Jesus went on to speak many parables to the people, probably those which are contained in Matt. 13; He spoke "as they were able to bear it," and when He was alone, He expounded all unto His disciples. Lord, give us the hearing ear, to learn also from Thee!

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER, BY B. AITKEN.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

per annum, payable in advance. Money orders and cheques should be made payable to THE MANAGER, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

Special terms to Ministers, Clubs, and Agents.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives admitted Mr. George Q. Cannon, who claims to be delegate-elect from Utah, to a hearing on February 8th, in connection with its consideration of the bill introduced by Mr. Shallenberger depriving polygamists of the privilege of voting. Mr. Cannon made an address, in which he intimated that immorality in Washington needed attention more urgently than polygamy in Utah. Being interrogated as to the principles and practices of Mormons Mr. Cannon answered frankly. Some of the replies were wholly unfit for publication, but among the points elicited was one that spiritual marriage meant that no woman could secure exaltation in heaven unless united in marriage to a member of the Mormon Church on earth. In reply to further questions as to whether the rising generation of Utah was not growing up in strong opposition to polygamy, he said there were many cases where *young married couples were opposed to it*, sometimes because the first wife objected and sometimes because the husband did not feel himself equal to the pecuniary support of two wives. But he believed the general tendency of the present outcry was to solidify the sentiment in Utah in favor of polygamy. The general disgust produced by Mr. Cannon's statement is likely to cause the committee to report the bill favorably.

The Protracted Debate on Apportionment was continued in the House last week without reaching a vote. The feature on which opinion differs most decidedly is the *representation of the remainders*. According to the old method the total population of the United States was divided by the number of members of which the next House would consist. The quotient was the unit of representation. Then it was ascertained how many times the population of each State contained that unit, which gave the number of members to which that State was entitled. Every State would thus in all probability show a remainder not equal to the unit, and the total number of members provided would be, of course, less than the whole number fixed upon for the House of Representatives. The unassigned members were then given to the States having the large remainders, in the order of size of those remainders, until the limit of the membership of the House was reached. The Seaton method recommended by the committee works on a different principle and is somewhat intricate. Instead of giving an extra member to a particular State on the ground that it had a large remainder, it proposes to assign the additional members to those States which would, when the population was divided by the number of members it would then have, render a quotient the nearest to the unit for the

country. The system will be best understood by an example. The number of the new House is fixed by the committee at 320. Dividing the population by this number, it is found that it allows a member to every 154,285 persons. But in distributing them to the respective States only 304 members are assigned; the other sixteen represent the *aggregate of the remainders* in each State. By the new plan it is found that if an additional member were given to Tennessee she would have a member for every 154,235 of her population, and she is therefore entitled to ten members. But if the unassigned sixteen members were distributed according to the largest remainders there would be States in which there would be a member for every 100,000 or less of population. The effect of the Seaton method would be to give one Representative less to Rhode Island, Florida, and California, and one more to New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois than would be accorded them by the old plan.

The Inter-Oceanic Canal Project, though not formally before Congress, is a prominent subject of debate among members of both branches. There is according to reports received an absence of party feeling on the subject, except so far as Mr. Blaine's action is concerned. The prevalent opinion is that a canal should be cut or controlled by our government, so that in time of war it may be used for the passage of our war ships, that no other government should have power over the canal, and that the route by Nicaragua is the more advantageous line. It appears probable that during the present session the project of constructing such a canal will be definitely introduced. An American company already holds a charter which it is considered will protect the rights of the United States in the matter.

The Proposal of Senator Miller, of New York, that the proceedings of Congress be printed in such a form and in sufficient quantity to supply every family in the United States with a copy free of cost was adversely reported by the Senate Committee on Printing on January 31st. The committee found by a computation that the cost of this publication would be not less than \$70,000,000 a year. The committee also thought that the publication was not needed by the people, as copious reports appear in all the daily journals, and that it was unwise to increase the annual expenditure by \$70,000,000 a year unless there were serious need therefor. Senator Anthony, through whom the committee reported, suggested that the demand for the bill emanated from paper makers and dealers, who with their connections would profit largely by its enactment. This suggestion reflected on Senator Miller, whose business connections are with the paper trade.

The Degrading Spectacle of a Prize Fight was witnessed at Mississippi City on February 7th, by thousands of people from all parts of the Union. So long ago as September 25th arrangements were made for a fight between an Irishman named Ryan, and Sullivan, who is a native of Boston. It was arranged that the encounter should take place near New Orleans, but prompt action was taken by the Governor of Louisiana, and a change of place was agreed upon. The details of the fight, in which nine rounds were fought in eleven minutes, are of the most sickening character. Yet as Ryan, the defeated champion, received blows which broke his jaw in two places, and the two men with their left arms thrown around each other's necks pounded away with their right fists on each other's faces, loud shouts of delight and approval were raised. The shameful exhibition disgraces those who witnessed it as much as those who participated in it.

A Visit to a New York Opium Den was made on February 11th, by a reporter, who thus describes what he witnessed. "The haunt is at No. 48 First Street. The smoking-room, admission to which is twenty-five cents, is a small place in the centre of the basement. In it are two beds, on which lay six men and one woman. In the centre of each bed was a small oil lamp, used for preparing the drug for smoking. The occupants of the room were all well-dressed Americans. Their glassy eyes and hoarse voices, however,

showed that they were habitual smokers. One of them said *he had not left the place in three weeks*, and that he had spent in that time about two dollars per day for opium. The woman said she was a Californian, and that she came to this city because the laws in California prohibited opium smoking. Bowls of strong tea without milk or sugar were occasionally brought to the smokers, and they drank copiously of it. One of the attendants said that most of the patrons of the place were *actors and actresses*, some of whom were well known and very popular." Few people have any idea how rapidly the use of opium is spreading among the citizens of this and other cities. Opium smoking establishments are springing up everywhere, and besides the patrons of these places there are thousands of intelligent and cultured men and women who use the drug hypodermically, injecting it by means of a syringe under the skin. Cases of emancipation from the habit are rare, but there have been lately several well authenticated instances where the only remedies used were faith and prayer.

The Advocates of Civil Service Reform are encouraged by the report that General N. M. Curtis' connection with the Treasury Department as expert in charge of the examination of commission charges in the Southern district of New York will cease on February 28th. Complaints against General Curtis were recently filed in the Treasury Department by the Civil Service Reform Association, charging him with using his position to *collect political assessments* in defiance of the statutes on that subject. These complaints have been referred to the District Attorney of New York for such action as he may deem proper. General Curtis held the position of treasurer of the Republican Campaign Committee in the last election in New York. It appears certain that General Curtis will cease to hold his position, but whether the charges made by the Association are those that have weighed with Mr. Folger in taking that step is disputed. There is no doubt that the most urgent need exists for relieving civil service employees of these oppressive exactions.

The Effort to Rescue the Entombed Men in the Midlothian Mine at Coalfield, Va., has been abandoned. On Tuesday, February 7th, the heroic party of miners who descended the pit at the risk of their lives to attempt the rescue of the imprisoned men, found that the pit was on fire. They had proceeded sixteen hundred and fifty feet from the shaft when they saw what seemed a solid bank of smoke. They were so near to it that they almost entered it. Immediately there was a run for life, for flames might burst from the smoke at any moment and devour them. The leader of the party was an old man with a wooden leg, and it speaks well for the courage and humanity of the party that two of the men, seeing that the old man was falling behind in the race, stayed with him and actually carried him between them to the foot of the shaft, and the entire party escaped. The mine, with its sleeping fire and twenty-seven unrecovered victims, was then closely shut in, so as to prevent the admission of atmospheric air and give the pit time to cool off. It is admitted that it would be dangerous to reopen the mine within two months. A subscription has been opened for the families of the men whose lives are now hopelessly lost.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society at its meeting in the Bible House last week presented a report, in which the work of the society had been enabled to accomplish since 1861, when it was organized, was described. The following is a brief summary of the facts: The society has received in America and disbursed, including the \$6000 of reserve fund, \$584,107.55. In foreign lands, principally from Government grant in Calcutta, \$80,000; total, \$664,107.55. It has sustained 101 missionaries in 12 different stations, of whom 43 went from this country and 58 were supported in the field. It has sustained or aided 84 schools, and has supported 174 Bible readers and 278 children. Contributions have been given to aid the work in 62 outside stations, namely: 15 in India, 6 in Burmah, 13 in China, 1 in Siam, 6 in Syria, 7 in Turkey, 2 in Japan, 6 in Africa, 4 in Mexico, 1 in California, and 1 in Paris, France.

A Free Railroad Ride for Five Hundred miles is a privilege generally reserved for politicians and office-holders whose friendship and favor the railroad companies find it to their interest to secure. But the Chicago papers say that a little boy about eleven years of age recently had such a gratuitous ride, and he is not anxious to repeat the adventure under the same circumstances. He and his companions were playing hide and seek near the depot at Beaver Falls, Pa. He made his hiding place in an empty freight car, but he was no sooner hidden, than to his horror the doors were closed, the car coupled on to a train going West, and in a few minutes he was carried off an unwilling passenger. Whenever the train stopped he shouted his loudest, but his cries were not heard. It was not until he had travelled five hundred miles and the doors of the car were opened to admit freight, that the boy was released. He was then in a strange city, friendless and alone, and was glad when a remittance from his father enabled him to return home. In after life he may witness scenes that may remind him of his boyish escapade. He may then reflect that his journey from his father's house was occasioned by thoughtless fun, was continued involuntarily, and that he was unable to return until his father answered his appeal for assistance (Ezek. 34 : 12).

A Family has been Reunited through a dream, after a separation of over sixteen years. In Akron, O., lived a freedman who had fought in the war and had lost all traces of his family since peace was declared, and had even forgotten the name of his last owner. A few weeks ago he had a dream in which the name "Alcorn" returned to him. He straightway wrote to ex-Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, and through his assistance has rejoined his mother, brothers, and sisters. The long interval that elapsed before the needed clue was obtained must have forced the freedman to fear that he would die in loneliness and separation from his family, but the one name led him back to family affection. Other men have had a still more happy experience. Lonely and desolate, the name of Christ has revealed to them not only a Saviour but the fact that they have in people hitherto strangers, brethren and sisters, united in one common bond of love (1 Pet. 3 : 8).

An Owl in a Tomb caused an Alarm at a funeral recently at Ottawa, Canada. The funeral took place at Beechwood Cemetery. The casket containing the body was deposited in a vault, and the mourners were about to ascend to the open air when they were startled by a sound like a moan proceeding from the recess where the casket had been placed. A general fright and some distress was the result, and it was some time before any one would venture into the darkness to ascertain the cause. An investigation was made at length by a deputation of the most courageous of the number, and it was found the moan proceeded from a large owl which had gained access to the vault. The dolorous note of the bird, uttered at that solemn time, recalled, after the terror of the moment had subsided, the illustration employed by the prophet mourning over the sin and woe of his people (Micah 1 : 8).

A Tragic Story Revealed by a Trunk is Related in a Boston journal. It appears that at the customary sale of unclaimed baggage on the trunk railroad of one of the Middle States a battered old trunk was disposed of. The purchaser found in it a package of letters from a lady of education and refinement. They were all dated from one place, but their addresses were to various cities in this country and in Europe. The early letters were playful, and their writer was evidently a loving wife and a devoted mother. Those dated 1874 indicate the approach of trouble, for the husband, who seems to have been a commercial traveller, was affectionately warned of his growing enslavement to some unnamed vice. From that time the letters indicate increasing distress and anxiety, and bills also in the trunk show that large sums were being squandered by the man in late suppers and presents of jewelry. The last letter of the package, dated 1876, contains only a warning that the police were searching for him for some crime he had committed, and urging him to fly to America, and

begging him passionately, should he reach the States, to go to church, to think of God and his children, and "to come back to his dear old self." She was then reduced to extreme poverty. A few pawn tickets were in the trunk, showing that the man had pawned his clothes in New York and other cities. All that was known of the owner of the trunk was that he was dead. It is a sad story and shows how weak and helpless are men who do not put their trust in God. It is probable that ten years ago had any one told the owner of the trunk of his own fall and his wife's broken heart, he would have answered as Hazael did (2 Kings 8 : 13).

A Lucky Boy is the Title Accorded by his schoolfellows to one of their number, a native of Lewiston, Me. While travelling in New Hampshire a short time ago, he happened to engage in conversation with a wealthy old bachelor from New York, a member of an importing house doing a large business. The New Yorker took an unusual amount of interest in the young Lewistonian. He has sent him his photograph, written him several long letters, and sent him valuable presents. He now wants the young man to go to New York and make his home with him, promising to adopt him as his son and give him a start in life. The youth is much envied, yet had the boy become a Christian, and thus a son of God, he would probably have been despised and scoffed at.

A Man Narrowly Escaped Death Last Week at Allentown, Pa., while endeavoring to enter his own house. He had been absent all day and did not return until after midnight. During his absence, snow had fallen heavily, and a deep drift blocked his garden gate. He had no implement with him to remove it, and his family had retired to rest. He therefore climbed the gate and attempted to jump over the drift, but his feet caught in the top of the gate and he fell head downward into the drift. His struggles to extricate himself failed, and he became senseless from suffocation. A neighbor happened to pass by soon afterward, and startled at the sight of a pair of boots projecting from the drift turned to ascertain the cause, and found and rescued the man from his dangerous position, only just in time to save his life. The situation of the man head-downward in the drift at his own door, has its ludicrous side, but that it was very serious is evident when we consider that his own strength, however great, would avail nothing in such a case, and he could only be rescued by the help of another. In our moral and spiritual troubles we are often similarly situated, and but for the help of our Almighty Saviour would be lost (Rom. 7 : 24).

An Indian Dandy's Costume is thus Described by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press who saw him recently, and who says that he is considered by the Indian girls very elegantly and tastefully attired. "A red blanket hung over a rope and tied about his neck. Above this is a long scarf of pink calico, tied in a huge bow under his chin. On his head is a much battered plug hat, in the band of which are stuck two or three broken rooster's feathers and a tattered ostrich plume. At the side, pinned with a large steel brooch, floats a blue veil, about two yards in length. Around his dirty, bare ankles are knotted some strips of red calico, but his feet have no ornament but mud. The crowning glory of his attire is his ear-rings. His ears have slits in them over an inch in length. In one, tied with a buckskin string, is the handle of a table-caster and two brass door-keys; in the other an ornamented top of a meerschau pipe, a broken teaspoon and the tin cover from a box of baking-powder. His face is painted with stripes of red mixed with some ill-smelling oil, which diffuses its odor far as well as near, being the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostrils." Such a costume is not in accord with civilized notions of good taste in dress, but the Indian's object in so attiring himself is probably the same as that sought by many white people who are at great pains to wear the latest fashions; and there is this in his favor, that while they are often despised, the Indian seems to have succeeded in winning admiration. A very contemptible object, when so pursued.

ACCEPTABLE SERVICE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire."—Hebrews 12 : 28, 29.

A Good Work Done—The King's Approval the Main Thing—What is Essential to Acceptable Service—The Offerer Must Himself be Accepted—The Service Directly Rendered to God—Done with Faith—The Conditions Specified—I. Immeasurable Obligation must be Realized—First Grace then Service—The Gift of a Kingdom—Already Received in Promise—In Principle—In its Power—In Provision and Protection—Incident of Two Brothers—A Permanent Kingdom—II. Divine Grace must be the Power—III. Must be Rendered with Reverence—IV. With Cheerfulness—V. Remembering the Divine Holiness—The God of the Old and New Testament.

As a congregation you have of late been diligently engaged in the service of God by endeavoring to provide a home for fatherless children. I have been astonished and delighted at the liberality which has been shown by all sorts of persons in this good work. I felt sometimes like the king of old, who said, "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort?" I am sure you have well earned all the commendation that your fellow Christians can give to you; for the work has been so well and so heartily done that we all rejoice together. But, now that it is all over, careful thoughts arise in my mind.

It is but a small thing that you and I should be accepted of one another; the great matter is that we should be accepted of the Lord. I, who am but as the doorkeeper of my Master's house, not only approve, but abundantly commend my fellow servants; but what of that? The great point is that the King himself should say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We do but see the fair externals of things, but the great Father of spirits searches the hearts and tries the reins of the children of men, and judges after a higher standard. Therefore, with holy anxiety have I looked at this text and turned it over, hoping that the Holy Spirit may cause each one who has engaged in our benevolent work to examine himself, and to judge his part in this labor of love, that he may amend any fault which may hinder his work from being a sacrifice of sweet savor unto the Most High.

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL.

Many things are absolutely needful for the acceptance of any service rendered unto God; of these some are not stated in the text, but they are so important that I commence with mentioning them. The first is that the person who attempts to serve God should himself be accepted. The offerer must himself be accepted in the Beloved, or his offering will be tainted by his condition and be inevitably unacceptable. The uncleanness of the person pollutes his sacrifice. He that hath an impenitent heart, an unrenewed will, a disobedient mind, an unholy life, may perform outward acts of devotion, but the Lord saith, to such, "Who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations unto me."

The next essential is that, the act being performed by a person accepted, it should be distinctly done as unto God. Our text speaks of serving God. Alas, much is done which is in itself externally commendable, but it is not acceptable to God, because it is not rendered unto Him. Some, like the Pharisees of old, give alms out of ostentation; they sound a trumpet before them that they may have praise of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward, and a poor reward it is.

Some are energetic in holy work out of emulation, that they may surpass others, and may have credit for superior ability and goodness. Like Jehu they cry, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts!" Now, inasmuch as in this they seek their own honor, and not the glory of God, they cannot be accepted of Him. Better far the two mites dropped into the treasury unobserved of all but the great Master Himself, than all the wealth that we could possibly bring if we made the offer-

ing with divided intent. If we would serve God we must *forget self*. There must be the distinct desire to obey and honor the Lord, and we must not act as men-pleasers, or as laboring for our own exaltation; otherwise the Lord will abhor our offering.

And we must take care that all this is *done with faith* in Christ Jesus; for it is a law of universal observation in the kingdom of heaven that "without faith it is impossible to please God." "Though I give my body to be burned and have not charity," saith Paul, "it profiteth me nothing;" and the same may be said concerning faith. He who does not believe in God, and yet pretends to be religious, is manifestly either a deceiver or deceived; as the unbeliever is condemned already, his service can only be that of a condemned man, and how can it give pleasure to the Lord? We must bring our offering to Jesus, our great High Priest, and He must present it for us, for it can only be acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

These things being mentioned, I now confine myself to the text itself, which has in it a world of solemn, heart-searching thought with regard to the acceptable service of God.

I. And, first, according to the apostle, if we are to serve God acceptably it must be under a sense of

OUR IMMEASURABLE OBLIGATION to Him. Look, "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear." See, brethren, whatever service we may render to God, we must begin by being receivers. Our first dealing with the most High must not be our bringing anything to Him, but our accepting of everything from Him. We receive, that is our first stage; and I trow it is our last; for if ever we are able to serve the Lord by our gifts, we shall have to confess, "Of Thine own have we given unto Thee."

We must, then, in approaching to God, remember what we have received of Him; and is it not wonderful that it should be written, "We receiving a kingdom?" *What a gift to receive!* This is a divine gift; we have received, not a pauper's pension, but a kingdom—"a kingdom which cannot be moved." The old dispensation or kingdom has passed away; its ceremonial laws are abrogated, and its very spirit is superseded by a higher spirit, and we have entered upon another kingdom, in which the ruling principle is not law, but love. We are not under the yoke of Moses, but we are the subjects of King Jesus, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. The kingdom of Jesus will never end while time shall last, for He is the King Eternal, and immortal; neither will His laws be changed, nor shall His subjects die. Till that day when He shall deliver up the kingdom unto God, even the Father, and God shall be all in all, Jesus must reign; and even when the earthly mediatorial reign is consummated, the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven, shall be continued unto us, and we shall still be members and citizens of it.

"But," say you, "we have not *received* this kingdom yet." I answer that we have received it in a certain sense; we have received it first in the *promise*. Our Lord said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me." "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Now, with a man's word, if he be a man of honor, we are content; we count his promissory note as the equivalent of the gold which he promises to pay. Let him set his hand to a promise, and we pass it from hand to hand, regarding it as the thing itself which it promises. Shall we not think as much of the word of God? The promise of God is so firm, so sure, so true, that inasmuch as He hath promised a kingdom *unto all them that wait for the appearing of His Son*, that kingdom is ours, and by faith we grasp it this morning.

More than this, we have received it in the *principles* of it, for it is written, "*The kingdom of God is within you.*" As the fairest flower lies packed away within the little shrivelled seed, and wants but time and sun to develop all its beauty, so perfection, glory, immortality and bliss unspeakable lie slumbering and hidden away within

the grace which God hath given unto all His people. "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." The life of heaven is begun within the believer, it is germinating, it is daily developing, it shall in God's good time come to its absolute perfection. We have the kingdom within us; it is not meat and drink but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Moreover, in a measure we have received this kingdom in the *power* of it. Brethren, in the grace which God has given you you received a measure of kingly power; you who have believed in Jesus have power over yourselves, power over your passions, power over the powers of evil, power in measure over your fellow-men for their good. You have also power in prayer; and what a real power is that, when a man can ask what he wills and it shall be done unto him. God hath endowed you with power from on high by giving you the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Thus you have received a kingdom in promise, in principle, and in power.

Moreover, you have received much of the *provision and protection* of that kingdom. You that are children of God are not left in the power of the enemy, but being redeemed the Lord is a wall of fire round about you. You are garrisoned by angelic strength, you are led by unfailing wisdom. The all-sufficiency of God is your treasure-house. The Lord hath said, "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." This is a *royal charter* of boundless liberality. "For all things are yours. Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

What royal provision is thus set apart for you! "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose." Everything is arranged for our benefit. There were

TWO BROTHERS,

one of whom had been diligently attentive to his worldly business, to the neglect of true religion. He succeeded in accumulating considerable wealth. The other brother was diligent in the service of the Master, and had learned both to distribute to the poor and for conscience' sake to forego many an opportunity of gain, so that when he lay sick and dying he was in straitened circumstances. His brother somewhat upbraided him, remarking that if it had not been for his religion he would not have been dependent upon others. With great calmness the saintly man replied, "Quiet! quiet! O Tam, I have a *kingdom no begun upon*, and an inheritance I have *na yet seen*." Speak of laying up for a rainy day; we have infinite goodness laid up for them that fear the Lord, and none can rob us of it.

This kingdom which we have received has come to us by grace alone. We could not have earned it, or merited it, or won it by our own strength, but the Lord has given it to us in Christ Jesus. Gratitude is the only fountain of acceptable service, without it the streams are far too defiled to flow in the paradise of God.

A large measure of the splendor of our kingdom lies in this that it is a "kingdom that cannot be moved." *Other kingdoms go to pieces* sooner or later. You and I who are in middle life can remember kingdoms that have been blown down by the wind, or toppled over at the blow of one brave man's sword. Empires that have rivalled Cæsar's in apparent strength have been swept down like cobwebs. As houses made of a pack of cards, so have dynasties fallen never to rise again. There was one year in which our great caricaturist pictured kings and princes out at sea in little cock-boats, tossed up and down by the wild waves of revolution. So frail was their tenure of power at that moment.

Even to-day, I warrant you, the last office I should choose would be that of an emperor in any country; a man might wisely prefer to take the post of a common crossing-sweeper rather than be a king, or even a president. As for the *Empire of Russia*, who would court its deadly honors? If those who deserve the severest imaginable punishment for horrible crimes were compelled to be

autocrats, it would be a punishment too heavy. What must be the strain upon the mind, the constant fear, the awful unrest of a man who has the sole control of millions, and has deadly foes upon his track? Glory be to God, our kingdom cannot be moved! With Jesus as our monarch we fear *no revolution and no anarchy*; for the Lord hath established this kingdom upon a rock, and it cannot be moved or removed.

Receiving such a kingdom, what are we bound to do? I would fain cast silver chains about you to hold you fast to your Lord. I would fasten anew these silken bonds upon you to bind you to your God. You have received a kingdom. You can never pay back the millionth part of what you owe. To-day, however, let the sweet love of Christ constrain you to judge that if He made you kings it is for you to crown Him King with all your hearts, and if He has given you a kingdom that cannot be moved by you, it is for you to be "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Is it not a splendid thought that when we do any thing for God, though it be but the simple offering of a prayer, or the helping of a fatherless child, we may do it with the holy dignity of princely priests. A certain set of men arrogate to themselves exclusively the title of priests, and so deny the priesthood of every believer. In this they act like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, thrusting themselves into an office which belongs not to them, and intruding out the true priests of the living God. Has not the Lord said to all His people, "Ye are a royal priesthood?" As for any who receive a supposed priesthood by laying on of hands of bishops we know nothing of them, except that they do err, not knowing the

TRUE DIGNITY

of every believer; they intrude into this priesthood so far as they pretend to possess priestly power beyond the meanest child of God, for all that believe in Jesus are this day made priests unto Him.

With what sacred orderliness, and saintly carefulness ought we to serve God, because we serve Him not as common persons, if we are indeed in Christ, but we worship Him as priests and kings. One of our *early Saxon kings* was rowed down the river Dee by Kenneth of Scotland, and seven other vassal kings, who each one tugged an oar while their lord reclined in state. The King of kings this day is served by kings; each man, each woman among us is made royal by the very fact of holy service.

Brethren, your high dignity should make you joyful, and you should perform the Lord's service with intense delight because of what He has done for you. It should be heaven upon earth to be allowed to do anything for Jesus. "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably."

II. There is much to dwell upon in the first clause, but I must now turn to my second point. Acceptable service must be rendered to God

IN THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.

What saith the apostle? "Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably."

Note then that acceptable service to God is not offered in the power of nature, not even of nature at its best, when we call it good nature and philanthropy; but in the service of God everything must be the fruit of grace. You are to serve the Lord, not in the strength of your own wit or experience, or talent, but in the energy of the new life which God has given you, and in the power of the grace which is continually bestowed upon you moment by moment as you seek it of the Lord. "Let us have grace," says the apostle.

I know sometimes you say, and say truly, "What a poor creature I am, how can I serve God? I have not this and that gift." Just so, do not attempt to serve Him in the power of gift. Ask for grace, and then worship Him in the power of grace. It is wonderful how grace can make use of very slender gifts, and turn them to abundant account. It is great grace that greatly honors God; and great grace is always to be had by the least among us. You may never be an orator but you may have great grace. You may never be an

organizer and take the lead among your fellow Christians, but you may have much grace. You may never attain to ample wealth so as to be able to distribute largely of your substance to the poor, but you may have great grace. Therefore, let us have grace that we may serve God acceptably.

I should like to take these words out of their connection, and hang it up for our motto as a church—"Let us have grace." Be this our prayer—whatever else we do not have, Lord, let us have grace. If this or that means of usefulness shall be denied us, yet let us have grace, grace in our hearts, grace in our speech, grace in our lives, grace in our every breath. Now, dear friends, have you been trying to serve God in the power of grace, or in the power of nature? Look ye well to it. Only grace can God accept; can He accept your labor?

In the margin of our Testaments—I mean those of the authorized version, *which will never be parted with for the so-called revised version*—in the margin of the authorized version we read, "Let us hold fast grace." That is another motto I would like to give to this church, "Let us hold fast grace." To find grace is an act, to have grace is a state; to hold it fast is to make the act perpetual and the state continual. "Let us hold fast grace." Now you may look at the new version if you like, and in the margin you will find another reading which is allowable though it has no great certainty about it. There we read—"Let us have thankfulness." That grand word *charis* or "grace," may be rendered "thankfulness," and it is in a thankful spirit that we should serve God. You have received a kingdom, therefore serve God in the spirit of gratitude. This is the true spirit of service. God keep us always filled with it! Let us have grace! Let us hold fast grace! And in the power of these three sentences we shall be helped to "serve God acceptably, with reverence, and godly fear."

III. But now, thirdly, we must advance another step. To "serve God acceptably" we must do it

WITH REVERENCE.

These two words in the text are much mixed up in the various readings, and it is almost impossible to divide the sense between them with accuracy; but yet I think I shall give the whole sense even if I do not allot a due proportion of meaning to each separate word. Acceptable serving or worshiping of God must be done with "reverence." The word, according to Bishop Hopkins, signifies a holy shamefacedness. Let each one feel "the Lord has made me a king; but what a marvel that this deed should be wrought on me! Oh that I ever should be called to such a noble estate as this!"

This reverence, this shamefacedness, should come upon us when we recollect what we were. When you stand up in a prayer-meeting and pray, dear friends, some of you cannot help recollecting the time when you could swear or sing a questionable song. You are accepted among your brethren and honored by them, but the time was when you kept very different company; do you not blush as you think of it? Moreover bashfulness should be created not only by the thought of what you might be, but by a sight of your service itself. Perhaps your fellow creatures are saying, "That is well done;" but you will go home and lament to yourself, saying, "Ah, they do not know my faults. They little know what mean motives cropped up even when I was trying to glorify my God."

"That was a fine sermon," said one to Mr. Bunyan. The good man answered, "You are too late, the devil told me that before I left the pulpit." The arch-fiend soon suggests to God's servants some lofty notion, and they are tempted to appropriate to themselves the honor which belongs to God only. Ah, what a fool I am that, even when I seek to be lowest at the feet of my Lord, I find myself satisfied with my humility!

IV. The other word is, "with godly fear" and this suggests that we should serve God in the spirit of holy

CHEERFULNESS.

What sort of fear is this? for "perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." Observe that it is the fear that hath torment which

perfect love casts out, but not this godly fear, which is quite consistent with our joy in receiving a kingdom. The more we have of this godly fear the better for us. We ought to fear lest we should offend the Lord even while we are serving Him; fear lest the sacrifice should be a blemished one, and so be rejected at the altar; fear lest there should be something about our spirit and temper which would grieve the Lord. He is a jealous God, and must be served with holy carefulness. O for more of it!

I do not know how my brethren feel *who say they are perfect*, but I am obliged to confess that when I would do good evil is present with me, and that though I would serve God like a seraph without one stray thought, or one selfish desire, yet I have by no means reached this attainment. I press forward toward the mark, and hope to reach it, but it is at present far beyond me. Oh, brethren and sisters, much of holy fear should be upon us, because we may so easily offend the Lord when we think we are pleasing Him. Beware of presumptuous boldness before God. Let us not be rash with our speech, much less rude and coarse.

I know that modes of worship which offend *my* taste may, nevertheless, be accepted with God, because He sees through the rough shell, and judges according to the sweet kernel; yet I fear that thoughtless, bragging, noisy service must offend the Lord, for it is so unlike that which was offered by His gentle, tender, well-beloved Son. If Christ be the model which He sets before us, some are far away from the mark. At any rate, let us never wantonly go into a wild, boisterous mannerism; for though we be the Lord's children, and very near to Him, yet He is in heaven and we are upon the earth; He is the thrice holy, and we are sinners. The psalmist says, "Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling."

Knowing that God is to be served in His own way, and in that alone, there ought to be a godly fear as to whether we are walking in His ordinances or are following the traditions of men. God does not care for worship which He has never required at our hands. If a man invents a ceremony, he may think it helpful and instructive; but he has no right to practise it if God has not appointed it. If any of you are practising rites and ceremonies which are not according to God's word, I charge you cease from such will-worship, for the spirit which leads you to practise these things is the spirit of Rome, and of antichrist. If God has not commanded it, God cannot accept it.

V. Now, lastly, there is another thing to be remembered in acceptable services. We must cultivate a profound

SENSE OF THE DIVINE HOLINESS

and of the wrath of God against sin, "For our God is a consuming fire." Observe, then, from this most solemn sentence that the God of the Old Testament is the God of the New Testament. Read Deuteronomy 4, at the twenty-fourth verse, and you will find these words, "For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God." The same words describe the God of the New Testament. I know the boasted wisdom of the age tells us that we have made a great advance upon Old Testament revelation. It is not so. We may understand the Book somewhat better, but the revelation is the same. God wears the same character as in the days of Moses, and David, and the prophets.

The Lord God who is to be served by us, even as our covenant God, is a "consuming fire." In love He is severely holy, sternly just. We hear people say—"God out of Christ is a consuming fire," but that is an unwarrantable alteration of the text. The text is "Our God," that is God in Christ is a consuming fire. "Our God" means God in covenant with us; it means our Father God, our God to whom we are reconciled. He, even our God, is still a "consuming fire." A large proportion of nominal Christians do not believe in this God. They profess to reverence a merciful God, but the moment you preach His justice they are indignant; the God who is a consuming fire is not accepted by this proud "nineteenth century."

I do this day most solemnly declare my faith in

the God of the Hebrews, who will by no means spare the guilty. The God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob is the one and only God; and I avouch Him this day to be my God. Jehovah is the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall He be called. He that smote Pharaoh at the Red Sea, He that smote kings and slew mighty kings, is my God, and I believe in Him as the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I know no God but Abraham's God, Jehovah, the I AM. Under the New Testament God is not an atom less severe than under the old; and under the covenant of grace the Lord is not a particle less righteous than under the law.

We are so saved by mercy that no sin goes unpunished; the law is as much honored under the Gospel as under the law. The substitution of Jesus as much displays the wrath of God against sin as even the flames of hell would do. While the Lord is merciful, infinitely so, and His name is love; yet still our God is a consuming fire, and sin shall not live in His sight. If your offering and mine be evil, it will be an abomination unto Him.

You will be rather surprised when I say that this dreadful sentence is my hope; it is a joy to me that our God is a consuming fire. Behold two altars upon Carmel. The Baalites have laid their victim upon one of them. Do you see them as they prance about the altar, and even leap upon it? Do you hear them as they cry and cut themselves with knives and lancets? "O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us!" There lies the sacrifice; there is no trace of Baal's hearing them, for their god is not a consuming fire. Now comes Elijah. "Pour water," says he, "on the bullock. Do it a second time; do it a third time;" and they fetch up from the sea huge buckets, and pour the water over everything until the trenches are filled with it. And now the prophet lifts up his prayer to heaven. Down comes the fire! It is God's sacrifice, and God accepts it.

It may be, some of you who have been working this week will think to yourselves, "We did very well, we hope to be honored for it." So you shall be; but if you take credit to yourselves, you will be robbing the altar of God. If God accepts your sacrifice, it will all be consumed by His fire. See

THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE IS ALL GONE, it is utterly consumed. When God enables us to serve Him, and takes away from us all self-congratulation, we ought to be very thankful. This proves that it is all burned with fire. If God had not accepted it, then we might have reserved portions of it for ourselves, whereon to feed our vanity, but if the Lord has taken every morsel from the mouth of self we have great cause for rejoicing.

When we go home to the Lord above, we dread not His presence, though He be a consuming fire. Those whom He has purified and made white are not afraid of the flames of His holiness. Remember that blessed text, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that dispieth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high." It shall be the glory of the gracious and the true that God is their element; it shall be their bliss to live in the full splendor of His perfect holiness. They shall be like their Lord, for they shall see Him as He is. Everything that is holy will endure the fire, and as for all within us that is impure, let it be consumed speedily. So let us serve the Lord with fear, but not with terror, and let this service be continued all our days. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON
—Hebrews 12.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Dr. Livingstone in the Grasp of a Lion.

DR. LIVINGSTONE ATTACKED BY A LION.

(See Illustration.)

OUR illustration represents a scene in the life of the distinguished missionary Dr. Livingstone. In the narrative of his life it is stated that at one of the missionary stations he founded, the people suffered much loss of cattle by the depredations of lions. Their footprints had been observed near the places from which the cattle had been stolen, and there were many indications besides of the near haunts of the dreaded beasts.

The lions were wary, and though they succeeded in seizing their prey no one had been near enough to slay or even wound the marauders. At length the losses became so serious that the natives resolved on undertaking the hazardous enterprise of tracking the lions to their lair, and killing them. The day was fixed for the expedition, and Livingstone went with the people to assist in the dangerous hunt. The lions were traced to a small wooded hill, which the people surrounded, and proceeded to beat through the underwood with the view of driving the prey into a position where the shooters could fire at them.

Livingstone, having fired at one of the animals, was in the act of reloading, when he heard a shout of warning from the people near. What followed is thus described in Livingstone's Diary.

"Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. *Growling horribly close to my ear*, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. . . . The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast.

"Turning round to relieve myself of the weight (as he had one paw on the back of my head) I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster, who was trying to shoot him, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in my arm."

The false joint in the crushed arm was the mark

by which the body of Livingstone was identified, when carried home to England, in 1874.

THE LAST REQUEST.

(See Illustration on page 109.)

It was at the close of a hard-fought day when death from the cannon ball, death from the rifle bullet, and death from the bayonet thrust had laid low many a brave man, that a stalwart soldier, rifle in hand, knelt on one knee beside a dying comrade. Hand clasped in hand the two men held their last interview. It was very brief and the crack of the rifle and the boom of the distant gun mingled with the solemn words that passed.

"George," said the dying man, "you will see the folks at home though I shall not. Will you take them a message for me?" "I will faithfully, Fred," said his friend. "I feel my time is short," said Fred, as he pressed his arm on a wound from which the life blood was slowly but surely flowing; "but I should like to send some consolation to the home where they will weep for me." "You may trust me, Fred," said the kneeling soldier, who, strong and manly as he was, could scarcely repress his tears. "If I live to see the dear old village again I will surely take your message."

"Thank you, old boy, I am sure you will. You know what I was when I left home, a wild careless boy without a serious thought in my head. Well, my mother gave me a Bible when I came away and made me promise to read it. You know we had to go to church and Sunday-school when we were boys, but afterward I did not go when I could avoid it. Mother grieved, I know; and she was afraid that when I was away I should come to harm. But I read the book every day, George—tell her that—I was among a wild lot and I was careless, but I always found a chance to keep my promise. And the dreadful scenes we have seen have sobered me. I always thought I should get knocked over in some of our fights, as I have, and the thought, though it did not unman me, made me serious. At times I have heard the hymns we used to sing at school, 'Around the throne of God in Heaven,' and 'I think when I read'—you remember them, George?—well I fancied I could hear them above the music of the drum and fife. Odd scraps of sermons too have come into my mind at times, and though I did not care for them when I heard them, they have had a new light with the boys dying around us.

"Well, George, I prayed too, and I have had some talk with the chaplain and—my dear old boy I am dying fast, I cannot see your face now, it is growing dark all around—don't loose my hand, George—I cannot say all I wanted to, but go to my

mother and tell her I am a Christian. Tell her I died trusting in Jesus and sure that He will receive me on the shining shore we used to sing about. Tell her I could see—"

But George never told Fred's mother what her boy could see as he lay dying. He told her all beside, but when he had told her that, he had to tell her that a bright flash of joy shot across his face, and he fell back speechless in the arms of death. The old Christian lady shed many tears over her son's death, but the message his friend carried to her was the best consolation she could have had, and it was with a happy face that she said, as the sorrowing king said in the hour of his bereavement: "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me" (2 Sam. 12 : 23).

THIRSTY.

JOB SMALL had just made a discovery. True, it was not a famous one, nor one likely to get into the newspapers. Neither was it one at all likely to be of great public benefit. But though personal in the strictest possible sense, it was nevertheless a discovery as real as will be the discovery of the North Pole, if such should ever be made.

What was Job Small's discovery? That he was thirsty.

Job was on an errand for his master, an urgent errand, an errand, therefore, which required a "quick march" step. His course lay past several public-houses. Some of them supplied a good article. Job had proved the quality more than once, and therefore was a good judge.

It was when abreast of one of these public-houses that he made his discovery. It came upon him suddenly, impetuously, and with a rush.

Having made the discovery, Job made a pause, and looked thoughtfully upon the ground. He then put his hand into his pocket. After this, he moved on a few steps further. Then he paused again. Having at length made up his mind, his face brightened up, and he darted with exceeding quickness into the public-house, from whence, after a short time, he emerged, wiping his mouth with his sleeve. Undoubtedly, Job Small had quenched his thirst.

I say, Job, now that you are in such a good temper, you won't mind a little chat, I know. So, with your permission, I'll just attach myself to your side for a while, and tell you my mind about this thirst of yours.

What an unnatural thirst yours is! That a man should be thirsty now and then is natural enough. Everybody is. And there is no blame attached to it. But to be thirsty often, to be thirsty at odd times, to be thirsty at all hours in

the day, surely that is not natural at all. Surely that is plainly unnatural. Don't you think so yourself, Job? One thing I am quite sure of, if your master's dog were to lap, lap, lap as often as you drink, drink, drink, you would think there was something wrong with him. And so there would be.

You are getting worse too, Job. Time was when you were but rarely thirsty, when you used only to drink with your meals. But now, your thirst is always cropping up at the oddest places and times imaginable. I have an idea that it would be possible to draw a scale, in which your thirst could be shown rising and rising, until it reached its present height. And you know this as well as I do, if you would only stop and think a bit. Why in the world don't you give the matter a sober thought or two, instead of going on in the dark like this? I am sure you are making a tremendous mistake.

And, don't you think that it is better to have your thirst really quenched while you are about it? Beer and strong drink do not really quench it. These things only aggravate your thirst. Come now, you don't need to be told this. He is the wisest man, I think, who goes in for long satisfactions, instead of short ones. You wouldn't be so often thirsty if you drank the right sort of stuff.

And just think of what your thirst will lead you to. By and by you will be so thirsty that you will be obliged to get drunk before you can satisfy it, and perhaps not then. Yes, Job, it's a fact that you are fast drifting on to drunkenness. Your thirst is growing, you yourself say. What can it grow to but the drunkard's craving?

Try something else. Cold water is much better. Try tea, or coffee, or chocolate, or lemonade, or ginger beer. There are plenty of other things besides. Give them a fair trial. They will cost you less, satisfy you more, and save you from drunkenness.

And, don't you see how you are playing fast and loose with your constitution? If you become weak, what a useless fellow you will be. Your master will turn you off. You will be a burden to yourself. Your wife and children will suffer. I have an idea that you are not the man you used to be, even now. Your drinking habits have told upon you already, I strongly suspect. Ah! you must be a thirsty man indeed if, for the sake of quenching your thirst with strong drink, you will cripple yourself for life.

And, one more truth before I say good-bye. *There's a worse thirst in the next world,* and a thirst too which you will never have the means of quenching. Don't you remember how the once rich man pleaded in hell for one drop of water to cool his parched tongue?

Oh! Job, Job, I wish you were thirsty in the best of all senses—thirsty for pardon, thirsty for peace, thirsty for God. For then I could point to One, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who invites you to quench your thirst in Him. Listen to His own



The Last Request.

words: "Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

At Home in London.

BEFORE leaving Upfold Farm, Phebe received the following letter from Felicita:

"DEAR PHEBE: I shall be very glad to have you under my roof. I believe I see in you a freshness and truthfulness of nature on which I can rely for sympathy. I have always felt a sincere regard for you, but of late I have learned to love you, and to think of you as my friend. I love you next to my children. Let me be a friend to you.

"But one favor I must ask. Never mention my husband's name to me. Madame will feel solace in talking of him, but the very sound of his name is intolerable to me. It is my fault; but spare me. You are the dearer to me because you love him, and because he prized your affections so highly; but he must never be mentioned, if possible not thought of, in my presence. I say this before you come that you may spare me as much pain as you can.

"This is the only thing I dread. Otherwise your coming to us would be the happiest thing that has befallen me for the last year. Yours faithfully, "FELICITA."

If Felicita was glad to have her, Phebe knew that Madame and the children would be enraptured. Nor had she judged wrongly. Madame received her as if she had been a favorite child, whose presence was the very comfort and help she stood most in need of. Though she devoted herself to Felicita, there was a distance between them, an impenetrable reserve, that chilled her spirits and threw her love back upon herself. But to Phebe she could pour out her heart unrestrainedly, dwelling upon the memory of her lost son, and mourning openly for him. And Phebe never spoke a word that could lead Roland's mother to think that she believed him to be guilty. With a loving tact she avoided all discussion on that point;

and, though again and again the pang of her own loss made itself poignantly felt, she knew how to pour consolation into the heart of Roland's mother.

But to Felix and Hilda, Phebe's companionship was an endless delight. She came from her lonely homestead on the hills into the full stream of London life, and it had a ceaseless interest for her. She could not grow weary of the streets with their crowd of passers-by; and the shop windows filled with wealth and curiosities fascinated her. All the stir and tumult were joyous to her, and the faces she met as she walked along the pavement possessed an unceasing influence over her. The love of humanity, scarcely called into existence before, developed rapidly in her. Felix and Hilda shared in her childish pleasure without understanding the deep springs from which it came.

It was an education in itself for the children. A drive in an omnibus, with its frequent stoppages and its constant change of passengers, was delightful to Phebe, and never lost its charm for her. She and the children explored London, seeing all its sights, which Phebe, in her rustic curiosity, wished to see. From west to east, from north to south, they became acquainted with the great capital as few children, rich or poor, have a chance of doing.

They sought out all its public buildings, every museum and picture gallery, the birthplaces of its famous men, the places where they died, and their tombs if they were within London. Westminster Abbey was as familiar to them as their own home. It seemed as if Phebe was compensating herself for her lonely girlhood on the barren and solitary uplands. Yet it was not simply sight-seeing, but the outcome of an intelligent and genuine curiosity, which was only satisfied by understanding all she could about the things and places she saw.

To the children, as well as to Madame, she often talked of Roland Sefton. Felix loved nothing more than to listen to her recollections of his lost father, who had so strangely disappeared out of his life. On a Sunday evening when, of course, their wanderings were over, she would sit with them in summer by the attic window, which overlooked the river, and in winter by the fireside, recounting again and again all she knew of him, especially of how good he always was to her.

There was a vividness and vivacity in all she said of him which charmed their imagination and kept the memory of him alive in their hearts. Phebe gave dramatic effect to her stories of him. Hilda could scarcely remember him, though she believed she did; but to Felix he remained the tall, handsome, kindly father, who was his ideal of all a man should be; while Phebe, perhaps unconsciously, portrayed him as all that was great and good.

For neither Madame nor Phebe could find it in their hearts to tell the boy, so proud and fond of his father's memory, that any suspicion had ever

been attached to his name. Madame, who had mourned so bitterly over his premature death in her native land, but so far from his own, had never believed in his guilt; and Phebe, who knew him to be guilty, had forgiven him with that forgiveness which possesses an almost sacred forgetfulness. If she had been urged to look back and down into that dark abyss in which he had been lost to her, she must have owned reluctantly that he had once done wrong. But it was hard to remember anything against the dead.

Every summer Phebe went down to her own home on the uplands, according to her promise to the Nixey. Felix and Hilda always accompanied her, for a change was necessary for the children, and Felicita seldom cared to go far from London, and then only to some seaside resort near at hand, when Madame always went with her. Every summer Simon Nixey repeated his offer the first evening of Phebe's residence under her own roof; for, as Mrs. Nixey said, as long as she was wed to nobody else there was a chance for him. Though they could see with sharp and envious eyes the change that was coming over her, transforming her from the simple, untaught country girl into an educated and self-possessed woman, marking out her own path in life, yet the sweetness and the frankness of Phebe's nature remained unchanged.

"She's growing a notch or two higher every time she comes down," said Mrs. Nixey regretfully; "she'll be far above thee, lad, next summer."

"She's only old Dummy's daughter after all," answered Simon; "I'll never give her up."

To Phebe they were always old friends, whom she must care for as long as she lived, however far she might travel from them or rise above them. The free, homely life on the hills was as dear to her and the children as their life in London. The little house, with its beautiful and curious decorations; the small fields and twisted trees surrounding it; the wide, purple moor, and all the associations Phebe conjured up for them connected with their father, made the dumb old wood-carver's place a second home to them.

The happiest season of the year to Mr. Clifford was that when Phebe and Roland Sefton's children were in his neighborhood. Felicita remained firm to her resolution that Felix should have nothing to do with his father's business, and the boy himself had decided in his very childhood that he would follow in the footsteps of his ancestor, Felix Merle, the brave pastor of the Jura. There was no hope of having him to train up for the Old Bank. But every summer they spent a few days with him, in the very house where their father had lived, and where Felix could still associate him with the wainscoted rooms and the terraced garden. When Felix talked of his father and asked questions about him, Mr. Clifford always spoke of him in a regretful and affectionate tone. No hint reached the boy that his father's memory was not revered in his native town.

"There is no stone to my father in the church," he said, one Sunday, after he had been looking again and again at a tablet to his grandfather on the church walls.

"No; but I had a granite cross put over his grave in Engelberg," answered Mr. Clifford; "when you can go to Switzerland you'll have no trouble in finding it. Perhaps you and I may go there together some day. I have thoughts of it."

"But my mother will not hear a word of any of us ever going to Switzerland," said Felix. "I've asked her how soon she would think us old enough to go, and she said never! Of course we don't expect she would ever bear to go to the place where he was killed; but Phebe would love to go, and so would I. We've saved enough money, Phebe and I; and my mother will not let me say one word about it. She says I am never, never to think of such a thing."

"She's afraid of losing you as well as him," replied Mr. Clifford; "but when you are more of a man she will let you go. You are all she has."

"Except Hilda," said the boy fondly, "and I know she loves me most of all. I do not wonder she cannot bear to hear about my father. My mother is not like other women."

"You mother is a famous woman," rejoined Mr. Clifford; "you ought to be proud of her."

For as years passed on Felicita had attained some portion of her ambition. In Riversborough it seemed as if she was the first writer of the age; and though in London she had not won one of those extraordinary successes which place an author suddenly at the top of the ladder, she was steadily climbing upward, and was well known for her good and conscientious work. The books she wrote were clever, though cynical and captious; yet here and there they contained passages of pathos and beauty which insured a fair amount of favor. Her work was always welcome and well paid, so well that she could live comfortably on the income she made for herself, without falling back on her marriage settlement. Without an undue strain upon her mental powers she could earn a thousand pounds a year, which was sufficient for her small household.

Though Roland Sefton had lavished upon his high-born wife all the pomp and luxury he considered fitting to the position she had left for him, Felicita's own tastes and habits were simple. Her father, Lord Riversdale, had been but a poor baron with an encumbered estate, and his only child had been brought up in no extravagant ways. Now that she had to earn most of the income of the household, for herself she had very few personal expenses to curtail. Thanks to Madame and Phebe, the house was kept in exquisite order, saving Felicita the shock of seeing the rooms she dwelt in dingy and shabby. Excepting the use of a carriage, there was no luxury that she greatly missed.

As she became more widely known, Felicita was almost compelled to inter into society, though she did it reluctantly. Old friends of her father's, himself a literary man, sought her out; and her cousins from Riversdale insisted upon visiting her and being visited as her relations. She could not altogether resist their overtures, partly on account of her children, who, as they grew up, ought not to find themselves without friends. But she went from home with unwillingness, and returned to the refuge of her quiet study with alacrity.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 95.)

Character of the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy—Limbs of One Body—Its First Form—More Compact in its Second Form—An European United States—A Napoleonic Koran—The Little Horn a Subsequent Production—Where He may Arise—Why the Napoleonic Dynasty is Indicated—The Seventh-Eighth Head—The Seven Years' League with the Jews—The Three Kings to be Subjugated—The Bonapartes a Royal Greek Family.

THE FOURTH WONDER.

ON November 5th, 1863, the French Emperor issued a proposal for a European Congress to meet at Paris, to adjust international difficulties, but his overture was rejected by England. It is certain, however, that a series of European Congresses will be held in the course of a few years in connection with the formation of the predicted ten-kingdomed confederacy.

The emblematic representation of Cæsar's Roman Empire in the last days as a *wild beast*—one corporate body—with *ten horns*, which are stated to signify *ten kings*, plainly implies that those future ten rulers of its entire territorial area will be *allied together in one confederacy*, forming a diversity in unity. Ten horns on *one body* cannot be otherwise than organically and federally united, and must move concurrently in the same direction. Where one horn goes the others must go. One will not be able to act independently of another, as is the case at the present time, when almost all those kingdoms are standing apart from each other; and as regards Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Turkey, etc., there is no formal alliance between any two of them.

The same federal union of the ten kings as com-

ponent parts of one political corporation is symbolized by their being represented as the *Ten Toes of a Human Image* in Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic dream. They are all like branches on one trunk—limbs of one body.

Some extraordinary events must ere long come to pass in order to produce such an astounding result as an offensive and defensive alliance and confederacy of the ten nations of the Roman Empire. It is puzzling to conceive *why* they should ever resort to such a step, unless it be for *mutual defence against some common foe*, and where can there be found an antagonist sufficiently formidable to provoke the uprising against itself of such a ten-kingdomed confederacy, unless it be either North Germany or Russia, or both powers combined, as they are the only great powers in Europe that are *outside* the Roman Empire, and which therefore will not form part of the confederacy.

The transformation of all the existing *nineteen* countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into exactly *ten* kingdoms does not necessarily involve an alliance or confederacy being made between even any two of them. This transformation might be effected, and yet each of the ten might stand aloof from the others in isolated independence, just as at present, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, etc., are independent of each other.

Hence the prediction that the latter-day ten kingdoms are to be compactly allied together so as to form a ten-kingdomed Confederacy, is a further and distinct fact in addition to the prediction that their number is to be exactly *ten*. As the thirty-eight States of the American Union under their thirty-eight separate Governors form *one United States*, so in much the same manner the future ten kingdoms under their separate ten kings will form *one United Confederacy*.

But the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy in its *first form* as represented in Daniel 7: 24, just at the first rise of Antichrist as a little horn *after* and among the Ten Horns, and *before* he makes the seven years' covenant with the Jews, will not be nearly so compactly united a confederacy as it will be in its *second form* in Revelation 17, where it appears as a scarlet Red-republican Confederacy carrying aloft the Scarlet Woman, the then Communistic Church of Rome, and under the headship of the Napoleonic Antichrist as a President of its ten Republican Presidents. This will actually be a *European United States*.

Then the *third* and last form of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy in Revelation 13 during Antichrist's three and a half years' world-wide reign as a universal monarch, mighty man of war, and false god, and as Imperial Cæsar over the ten kings, will be a very closely knit confederacy with one religion, that of *Napoleonism*, enjoining the worship of himself as the only deity, and accompanied probably with a Napoleonic Koran—one Code of Laws, the *Napoleon Code*—one uniform currency with Napoleon's image and superscription stamped on every coin, and buying and selling permitted only to those who shall have Napoleon's name or its number 666 stamped on their forehead or right hand (Rev. 13: 18), and one common Calendar dating from some marked epoch in Antichrist's life, like the Mahomedan Calendar is dated from Mahomet's Hegira, and abolishing the Christian and Mahomedan Calendars, and probably substituting for weeks decimal periods of ten days as the French Revolutionists did in 1793. Thus will he "think to change times and laws" (Dan. 7: 25).

THIS FIRST FORM OF THE TEN-KINGDOMED CONFEDERACY,

whatever may be the peculiar course of events which leads to its development, seems to be a *monarchical* confederacy, if we are to understand its *ten kings* to be all crowned *monarchical* and not uncrowned *Republican* rulers. It is thus described in Daniel 7: 24, *The Ten Horns are Ten Kings that shall arise, and another (Little Horn) shall arise after them*.

This suggests the inference that in France, at least, Popish Ultramontanism, which has hitherto always been associated with the idea of a monarchy, either of the Bourbons or Orleanists, may be at that time more in the ascendant than Democratic Republicanism, which would place a *Presi*

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders." By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, 5s.

dent rather than a *King* upon the throne. Or it may be that a Napoleonic *Emperor* would sufficiently correspond with the prophetic title of *King*. But, if so, he, as one of the Ten Horns, cannot be the Antichrist, who is to arise as a Little Horn after them.

The probability already mentioned that France's predestined reacquirement of the Rhine frontier may be the result of its engaging in a victorious war against Prussia, suggests a further probability that as France lost the Rhine frontier when its Napoleon headship was "wounded to death" at Waterloo in 1815, so it may regain the Rhine frontier under the Napoleon headship, which thus will begin to be healed of its deadly wound.

But still any Napoleon who might be the sovereign of France would thereby be in the position of the Ten Horns and could not at the same time be the eleventh Little Horn. If, however, he should abdicate or be driven from his sovereignty over France, he might at a subsequent period arise as a Little Horn ruling over some State or principality in or near Greece, somewhat after the fashion of Napoleon I., who, after abdicating the throne of France in 1814, was made the Sovereign of Elba. The Little Horn is to arise out of one of the four Grecian horns according to Daniel 8 : 9, 23, and then is to "wax exceeding great toward the South, and toward the East, and toward the pleasant land (Palestine) : " and is to "subdue three of the ten kings" :—probably the Kings of Greece, Egypt, Thrace, or Syria. Apparently he will not have attained sufficient power to make the seven years' covenant with the Jews until he shall have achieved part or the whole of these exploits.

The Napoleonic *Little Horn's* first sphere of sovereignty in the East as an Eleventh *Little Sovereign* in or near Greece will probably be as Sovereign of Macedonia, or Albania, or Montenegro. He comes up on the head of

THE SYMBOLIC GOAT

in the very place in which formerly Alexander the Great and Mahomet sprang up as Horns in Daniel 8, and therefore the career of this coming Napoleon will be to a great extent a repetition of the career of Alexander the Great and of Mahomet. Other Scripture types show that his career will also greatly resemble that of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Julius and Augustus Cæsar, Charlemagne, and the first Napoleon in all the circumstances of his rise to the position of monarch of the world (Rev. 13 : 5, 7).

The Little Horn in Daniel 7 and 8 is identical with the seventh-eighth head of the Wild Beast in Revelation and must therefore be a *Napoleon*.

The history of the Little Horn under that designation in Daniel 7 and 8 and also under the title of the "Vile Person," or "King who shall do according to his own will," in Daniel 11 : 21, 36, shows that although he is to arise at first as only a Diminutive *Horn* on the corporate body of the Roman Empire—a mere protuberance or pustular eruption on the body politic—yet he is to grow to such dimensions and to "wax so exceeding great toward the south and the east and the pleasant land," as to become *King of Syria* and eventually the guiding *Head* of the gigantic ten-horned Roman Empire.

And thus in Revelation 13 and 17 he no longer appears as a Little Horn or as a *horn* at all, but appears as the ten-horned wild beast's seventh-eighth head, "wounded to death by a sword but healed of his deadly wound," who then "makes war with the saints for forty and two months and overcomes them." This precisely agrees with what is predicted of him as the Little Horn in Daniel 7 : 21, 25, "He shall make war with the saints and prevail against them and wear them out and they shall be given into his hand for a time, and times and half a time," i.e., three and a half years, the same period as the forty-two months. Thus it is obvious that the Little Horn on the Ten-horned Wild Beast in Daniel, where his rise and earlier actings are more fully recited, is identical with the Seventh-Eighth or Septimo-Octave Head of the same wild beast in Revelation, where his later achievements are especially described.

But this *Seventh-Eighth Head*, who is so manifestly identical with the *Little Horn*, must be a *Na-*

oleon, because the Napoleon dynasty is historically the seventh-eighth governmental headship of Cæsar's Roman Empire, as shown by more than sixty expositors.

One of the strangest peculiarities of the coming Napoleonic Antichrist is that his earlier career for two or three years as a conquering sovereign is to be in the *East* of Europe, and in *Asia*, and not at all in the *West* of Europe or France, as we should naturally have supposed : and we cannot find any intimation in Daniel or Revelation that he will acquire his predestined dominion over France and the west of Europe, until he shall become *Presidential Head of the Red Republican Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy*—as prefigured by the scarlet ten-horned wild beast (Revelation 17)—two and a half years or three years after his covenant with the Jews.

His first rise as a Little Horn or Sovereign will probably not be until a few months after the confederated Ten Horns or Kings shall have arisen allied together in a ten-kingdomed confederacy as predicted in Daniel 7 : 24, but the exact interval of time is not stated. Then there will be a further interval of at least several months, or perhaps a year or more from his first rise until he makes the seven years' covenant with the Jews, so that altogether nearly two years, if not more, may elapse between the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy and the making of

THE SEVEN YEARS' JEWISH COVENANT.

For at his first rise as a little horn or sovereign over a little province in Greece, Thrace, or Syria, he will apparently not have the requisite power to make a covenant with the Jews to guarantee them protection in Judea. We may reasonably infer that such a covenant would be worthless until he has attained the position of being practically the territorial ruler of Judea. The Rev. R. A. Purdon, who held that this Little Horn will be a Napoleon, justly remarked in his *Last Vials* magazine in March, 1856 :

"It is absolutely certain from Daniel 9 : 27, that the man who ultimately becomes the eighth head of the Roman Empire will form a seven years' league with the Jewish nation, and consequently he must be a man of eminence and power from the very beginning of these seven years, since otherwise he would not be in a position to form a league with the Jews, nor would the Jews think it worth their while to form a league with him. His reign as Antichrist is to be for 3½ years ; that is to say, for the second half of the week of seven years. But the first half of the week will be occupied by him in establishing his empire and extending his influence before he ventures to set up his Antichristian apostacy."

"Antichrist, the Prince that shall come, shall make a treaty or covenant with the Jews for one *seven* or *hebdomad*, the last of the seventy weeks (Daniel 9 : 27), but after making this seven years' covenant he will break it in the midst of the seven years, and cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, after which the period of the exercise of his open blasphemy exactly corresponds with the *time, times and a half* of Dan. 7, at the commencement of which the abomination of desolation will be set up, and the worship of him and his image continue until the consummation. The abomination of desolation is probably the image endowed by Satan with the power of speech and breath or life. (Rev. 13 : 15.) That the Gentiles should worship the image of Antichrist is not difficult to conceive, seeing that idols and crucifixes, etc., are even now adored by the nations of European Christendom."

We may therefore conclude that before he makes the covenant he will to a great extent fulfil the prophecy in Daniel 8 : 9, that he "shall wax exceeding great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land," (Judea). If he first arises as Sovereign of a little province in northern Greece, he will wax great toward the south by gaining power over southern Greece, and toward the east by subduing Thracian Turkey and Asia Minor and Syria ; but if the first arises as ruler of some part of Syria, he will wax great toward the south in the direction of Arabia, and toward the east by gaining dominion in the direction of Persia.

As regards the three of the ten Kings, whom he is foretold in Daniel 7 : 24 to subdue, we may infer that they will probably be the kings of Greece, Thrace and Bulgaria or Egypt, for in reference to the King of Syria he is predicted in Daniel 11 : 21 to "stand up in the place of the King of the North (Syria), and to come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom of Syria by flatteries," without military force. It seems strange that the other seven of the other Ten Allied Kings will stand by quietly and allow him to pluck up and subdue three of those ten Kings without intervening for their protection.

The position of *King of Syria* appears from Daniel 11 : 21 to 40 to be acquired by him about the period that he makes the covenant with the Jews and retained until about two and a half years after the covenant. Then he will proceed to gain power over the other seven of the Ten Kingdoms in a great Red Republican revolution, when he will be elected military dictator over ten new Red Republican Governors of those ten kingdoms. And several months afterwards they will become ten crowned kings, with this Napoleonic Antichrist as their crowned emperor ; and they will all be elected apparently by universal suffrage or plebiscites to reign for the specific term of 3½ years, which will in fact be the final 3½ years of the seven years of the Jewish covenant week.*

THE BONAPARTES A ROYAL FAMILY.

The coming Napoleonic Antichrist will have no difficulty in basing his claim to a position of sovereignty in the countries of the old Græco-Macedonian Empire upon a title of undoubted antiquity. One of the ancestors of the Napoleon Bonaparte family was David II., Emperor of Trebisonde, who was the rightful heir to the throne of Constantinople, but was put to death by Mahomed II. His only surviving son, George Nicephor Comnène, fled to Mania in Peloponnesus in 1476, and was made Protogeras over the community settled there. This official dignity was held by ten members of the Comnène family, in succession, until 1675, when Constantine Comnène, the tenth protogeras, was induced from fear of being subjugated by the Turks to emigrate from Mania to Italy with 3000 of his fellow countrymen. Arriving in Genoa on January 1st, 1676, he obtained from the Genoese Senate a grant of some tracts of land in Corsica, which were thenceforth colonized by him and his descendants.

One of his sons, Calomeros Comnène, subsequently settled in Florence in Tuscany, and as the Greek word *Calomeros* (καλὸς μερὸς) signifies in Italian *buona parte*, he therefore adopted the name of Buonaparte. In 1719 Antonio Buonaparte, a member of this Buonaparte branch of the Comnène family, emigrated from Tuscany to Corsica ; and Napoleon Buonaparte, who was born at Ajaccio in Corsica on August 15th, 1769, was his grandson. Corsica was ceded by the Genoese to France in 1768. The descent of the Comnène family from David II., last Emperor of Trebisonde, was attested by letters patent of Louis XVI., issued on September 1st, 1783. This account of Napoleon's family is given in the *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes*, published at Paris in 1835.

This Greek origin of the Napoleon family is further corroborated by a book written by Alfred Addis, B.A., published in London in 1829, which says, "Zopf, in his 'Summary of Universal History,' 20th edition, states that a scion of the Comnena family, who had claims to the throne of Constantinople, retired into Corsica, and that several members of that family bore the name of Calomeros, which is perfectly identical with that of Buonaparte (in Greek, *Calos Meros*). It may hence be concluded that this name has been Italianized. We do not believe this circumstance was ever known to Napoleon. This is stated in Mountholon and Gourgand's 'Memoirs of Napoleon,' vol. iii. p. 8. If this be true, Napoleon might be *Emperor of the Romans* by right of birth, as well as of arms."

(To be continued.)

* This new plan of electing a *Republican King*, like a *Republican President*, only for a term of years, instead of for life, may possibly be acted upon even in regard to some of the Ten Kings of the first Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy before the Napoleonic Little Horn arises at all.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Search for Lieutenant De Long and the other survivors of the Jeannette expedition is now being conducted by Engineer Melville, who has organized three parties so as to thoroughly cover the ground in the shortest time. The three parties are directed respectively by Mellville, Ninderman, and Bartlett, the last two being the two sailors who were saved in De Long's boat, and sent on by him to Bolonenga for succor. Accompanying each party is a Russian officer. A letter received at Irkutsk from Melville stated that the search parties would start from Yakutsk immediately, and would be in "the Wilderness" by March 1st. Lieutenant Danenhower applied for permission to remain and join in the search for De Long and the crew of the missing boat commanded by Lieutenant Chipp, but Secretary Hunt thought it best that Lieutenant Danenhower and his crew should return to America immediately, as their health is so seriously impaired, and they are accordingly ordered to start without delay.

The Story of the Voyage of the Jeannette is being gradually unfolded. On February 4th the most circumstantial account yet received was telegraphed from Irkutsk by Lieutenant Danenhower. During that weary period of twenty-one months when the Jeannette was drifting in the ice, Danenhower says that, "all possible observations were made, the result showing a northwest course. The ship was *keeled over* and heavily pressed by the ice most of the time. *The mental strain* was heavy on some of the ship's company. The result of the drift for the first five months was forty miles. There was a cycloidal movement of the ice. The drift during the last six months was very rapid. The surface water had a temperature of 20 degrees above zero. The extremes of temperature of the air were—*greatest cold*, 58 below zero, and *greatest heat*, 44 above zero. The first winter the mean temperature was 33 below zero. The second winter it was 39 below zero. The first summer the mean temperature was 40 degrees above zero. The winter's growth of ice was *eight feet*. The heaviest ice seen was *twenty-three feet*." Lieutenant Danenhower also says, "The general health of the crew during the twenty-one months' drift was excellent. No scurvy appeared. We used distilled water and bear and seal meat twice a week. *No rum was served out*. *Divine service was regularly held*."

An Acrimonious Debate is Expected on the new rules which Mr. Gladstone proposes shall in future govern the procedure of Parliament. The obstructive policy of the Irish members has rendered some change necessary; but the Conservatives, who are in a minority in the House of Commons, are opposed to giving the majority the power to summarily close a debate by a vote, and there are many Liberals who are reluctant to support any proposal tending to restrict the rights and privileges of Parliament, although they admit that those privileges have been abused. That Mr. Gladstone is resolved on pressing the question is apparent from a cablegram sent on Saturday by the correspondent of the New York Tribune, who says: "The ministers are hopeless of transacting any important business whatever without thorough reform of the rules, especially without cloture, and they have accordingly resolved to make the adoption of cloture, substantially as proposed, a cabinet question. If beaten they will resign or dissolve Parliament, probably the latter."

The British Parliament Assembled for the session on February 7th, when the proceedings were opened by the reading of *the Queen's speech*. Her Majesty did not attend in person, and the document was read by the Lord Chancellor. The speech is never understood as being the production of the Queen; it is prepared by the cabinet, but is submitted to the Queen for her approval before it is delivered. Its importance consists in the fact that the cabinet generally make it the medium of informing Parliament what measures will be introduced by the government. On this occasion a wide field is mapped out, including reforms of county government, and the administration of the city of London, a new bankruptcy bill, and a bill to prevent bribery and corruption at elections. An education bill for Scotland and Wales is also promised, and a bill to amend the law of entail, which at present requires that all the landed property of a deceased peer should be inherited by his eldest son to the exclusion of the other children. An announcement is also made, at the commencement of the speech, of the approaching marriage of the Queen's youngest son, an intimation which may be understood as a hint that Parliament will be expected to use some of the people's money to endow the young couple.

A Severe Attack on the Liberal Ministry was made in the House of Lords on the first night of the session by the Marquis of Salisbury, who was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Conservative cabinet. A report of his speech by cable says that he denounced the government policy toward Turkey, Egypt, and Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's utterances in 1880 and the recent conduct of the government with regard to Turkish affairs, he said, tended to separate England from Germany. He hoped the government would co-operate with the Sultan and with France so long as their lines of policy were parallel, but would reserve the liberty to diverge when the interests of the East prompted them to act differently. He deprecated a policy of neutralization. Referring to Ireland he declared that the unexampled state of affairs there would not have been allowed to exist in France or America six months. He considered the royal speech an exhortation to persevere in the course previously pursued, "which is," he said, "*let anarchy have its way*, and offer a sop to those whom we hope to conciliate, because we are unable to conquer them." He concluded his speech with these words: "The country expects the government to meet the calamity of which the doctrines they have preached have been the cause." A speech of the same tenor was delivered in the House of Commons by the Conservative leader, to which Mr. Gladstone made an eloquent reply.

The Hopes of the Irish Members of Parliament who advocate Home Rule have been encouraged by a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone which they think indicates that the government are prepared to take the question of Home Rule into consideration. Mr. Gladstone described the Home Rule programme as impracticable *so long as the Irish are unable to define clearly where local affairs end and imperial affairs begin*. The remark has caused a sensation, because the English people supposed that Mr. Gladstone regarded the scheme as impracticable altogether and not to a certain degree only. The Times considers this manner of meeting the demand of the home rulers showed an unfortunate departure from the settled practices of responsible politicians.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist Member of Parliament, presented himself on February 7th at the table of the House of Commons with the new members to be sworn. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservatives, then moved that he should not be allowed to take the oath. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion, and Mr. Bradlaugh, with the permission of the Speaker, made an address in his own behalf from the bar of the House, in which he declared solemnly that the Parliamentary oath would be binding upon his honor and conscience. But as he had, previous to his election, ridiculed the oath as a farce, his declaration had but little influence on the House. When the question was put to the vote eighty Liberals abstained from voting, while others voted with the Conservatives. Mr. Bradlaugh's application was consequently rejected, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's support, by a vote of 286 to 227. A ministerial defeat on the first night of the session was regarded as ominous by the politicians.

An Explosive Letter has been Sent to Mr. Forster, the British Secretary of State, for Ireland. It contained a scruple and a half of iodide of nitrogen, which is a fearfully dangerous explosive, and very seldom used, being difficult to obtain. It was addressed to Mr. Forster at Dublin Castle; but happily the secretary had left when the letter arrived. In a speech in the House of Commons he said if he had opened it, as the senders desired, he would certainly have lost his hands, and he might have been killed.

The Outrages on the Jews of Russia still continue. A Jewish refugee who arrived in Liverpool from Kief on February 10th, says he recently saw a number of Jewish maidens stripped naked and *flogged through the town*. The police refused to interfere. A soldier from Nikolaief says his regiment was not allowed to suppress riots against the Jews. Many women with infants appear to have suffered acutely.

A Champion of the Russian Government has written to the London Daily News excusing the recent outrages on the Jews. He urges that it is no wonder the Russian peasant is willing to join in the riots, because, having borrowed money of Jewish pawnbrokers at a high rate of interest he is anxious to recover some of it. Seldom has such a plea been urged in defence of inhuman barbarities. It is contrary to every principle of morality. There is no defence for usury, but when a man makes a bargain that he will pay a certain specified rate of interest for the use of money which he could get in no other way, he has no right to squander the money, and then, when the time for payment comes, murder his creditor to release himself from his obligation. The writer further says that "Russia is earnestly seeking to do her best for all classes of her subjects." There is plenty of evidence to prove that the police and the soldiers have aided rather than hindered the outrages, and the Russian Governors in their proclamations have encouraged the anti-Jewish spirit; facts which show that if Russia is earnestly seeking to do her best, her effort so far has been a miserable failure.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1882.

16th Year. No. 8.—New Series.

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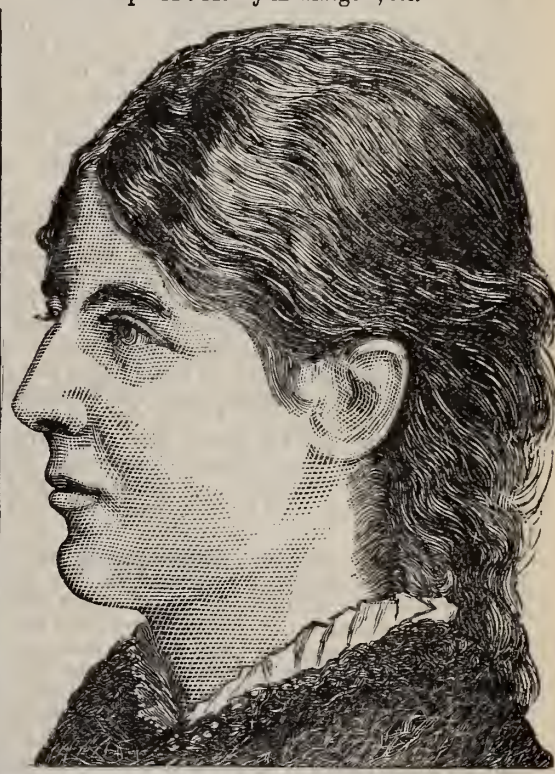
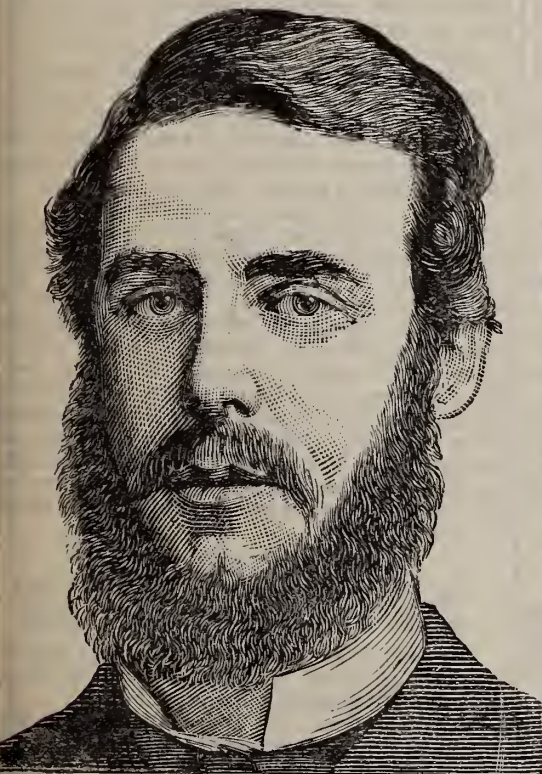
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MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH AND MISS CATHERINE BOOTH—The Attack on the Salvation Army.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH,

Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army.

Birth in 1856—His Early Conversion—First Open-air Address at the Age of 15—Visits Sweden and Preaches the Gospel there in 1878—Experience of "Roughs"—Office Duties at Headquarters—Holiness Meetings.

THE portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Booth and the sketches of their lives presented in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we supplement this week with those of their son and daughter, who have from the commencement of the work of the Salvation Army taken an active and enthusiastic interest in its promotion.

Mr. Bramwell Booth is now twenty-six years of age, having been born in the year 1856, at Halifax, Yorkshire, England. His father, closely adhering to the plan of organization he selected, which has its type in the army, has nominated him "chief of the staff," as indicating his close relation to his leader and father.

He was surrounded from his birth by Christian influences, and prayerful believing efforts being untiringly made to lead him to give his young heart to Christ, parental solicitude was abundantly and early gratified; for at a service which his devoted mother was conducting while he was quite a child, the Holy Spirit led him to see and feel his immediate need of Christ as his Saviour, and he there and then resolved to consecrate his youthful life to Christ.

Growing intelligence brought with it only a deeper and stronger attachment to the religion which he professed, and with almost precocious intensity he sought the glory of the Redeemer in the salvation of the lost around him. When his father, General Booth, initiated in 1866 the evangelistic services which subsequently crystallized into the Christian Mission, Bramwell stood by his side; and when he was only fifteen years old he began to speak, and impressively, too, in the open air. In fact, both he and his sister, Miss Catherine Booth, evinced a most decided preference for open-air meetings, in conducting and speaking at which they felt even more interest than at meetings held indoors.

When the multiplied and ever-increasing agencies called into existence by General Booth's unflagging industry and ardent zeal assumed the form and name of the Salvation Army, a very large portion of the work was assigned to Mr. Bramwell Booth, and cheerfully accepted by him; but until its business demanded his almost continual presence in London, he visited, at frequent intervals, the stations connected with the movement, which had been established in all parts of Great Britain.

VISIT TO SWEDEN IN 1878.

Though characterized by marked energy and an unwearied industry, Mr. Bramwell Booth has long suffered from very delicate health, and in the year 1878 was taken by a friend of the family to Sweden, in the hope that complete change and rest might materially strengthen him. He was soon at work, however, his irrepressible love for souls constraining him to make an effort, though in a foreign land, to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, and point dying sinners to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

Availing himself of the kindly services of an interpreter, he spoke every night to immense congregations, besides holding three meetings daily during the last three weeks of his visit. Large numbers professed to have been converted to Christ, and the interest was so widespread that the people came for many miles from all the surrounding district to the Mission House at Wernamo to hear him.

In open-air meetings in England Mr. Bramwell Booth has had considerable experience of opposition from "roughs." One among many instances of this nature was the outrageous conduct of a tumultuous crowd at Salisbury, in 1878, when he had his hat knocked off his head by the hand of an infuriated ruffian, and narrowly escaped serious injury.

DUTIES AT HEADQUARTERS.

Being almost incessantly engaged in office duties at headquarters, in London, Mr. Booth has been unable to attend many services away from the

British Metropolis during the past two years; but every Friday evening he has led a Holiness Meeting in one of the eastern districts of the city, which is highly appreciated and has proved beneficial to many. The attendance, which used to number one hundred persons, has increased to many hundreds; and, in addition to this important duty, he has from time to time organized and led whole nights of prayer in different parts of the country.

As a speaker, Mr. Bramwell Booth is distinguished by several valuable qualities, not the least important being his extraordinary power to condense into a few crisp, ringing sentences, the most profound and powerful spiritual truth, which he presents in a popular form, and which seems to go home to the heart of every listener with great power. This gift has made the Holiness Meetings he has conducted a life-long blessing to very many visitors who have attended them only on one occasion.

The weight and number of his cares as Chief of the Staff of The Salvation Army can hardly be imagined by any one not acquainted with the multifarious departments of business at headquarters. The general being constantly engaged in holding meetings for consultation and advice, which, true, to his plan of army discipline, he calls councils of war, and large meetings throughout Great Britain, the management of all the details of the work, the movements of 554 officers, the whole correspondence with 256 stations, the preparation of the Army's publications and literature, together with innumerable matters of business of every description, make demands which it is wonderful that any man should be able to meet.

The average number of letters sent out daily is 200; and the chief is generally engaged in the Army's business from 9 A.M. until 10 P.M., with scarcely a break, and this he is enabled to do all the year round. Yet he is to be found at all times calm and cheerful, and ready to speak a kind word to any inquiring sinner whose heart has been pierced with an arrow of divine truth, and is longing for a consciousness of pardon and peace; and many seekers have, in this manner, been led by him to Christ.

MISS CATHERINE BOOTH,

Leader of the Salvation Army in Paris.

Early Conversion—Commences to Preach the Gospel when 15—An Early Accident and Consequent Weakness—Evangelistic Successes—Introduces the Army into France.

MISS CATHERINE BOOTH, whose portrait accompanies that of her brother on our frontispiece, is the eldest daughter of General and Mrs. Booth, and is about twenty-one years of age. Like her brother, from earliest infancy she had the unspeakable advantage of being "trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and like him, also, when she was still a child she was led to give her heart to Christ.

The memorable scene of this all-important event was one of the weekly prayer-meetings of the evangelists of "The Christian Mission." Six years afterward she spoke for the first time in public, in one of the lowest and most squalid streets in the borough of Hackney, a suburb of London, and has continued to preach the Gospel ever since whenever she had the opportunity, and her efforts have resulted in richest blessing to hundreds of souls.

The after-effect of an accident in early childhood produced a spinal disease, which at one time compelled her to remain in a reclining position for months, and seriously endangered her life. Yet, in spite of weakness and pain, such that she often fainted at the conclusion of meetings, Miss Booth has visited the stations of the Army in all parts of the country, and has conducted thousands of services; God everywhere and always making His grace to triumph in her, and many lost ones being led to Christ for pardon.

HER POWER AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

Miss Booth possesses very unusual ability as a speaker, having a clear voice, which she modulates with much skill, and whose tones are frequently most tender and pathetic. She has developed also a fine musical taste, and has been able, by her ad-

resses and solo-singing, to hold, in the most enthralled attention, large miscellaneous audiences, whose attention was difficult to secure.

In Whitby, Leeds, Stockton-on-Tees, Sheffield, King's Lynn, and other commercial centres and rural market towns of Great Britain especially, where she held, for a more lengthened period than usual, Gospel services in large public buildings, she was enabled to deal successfully with immense masses of people in a truly marvellous manner. And in all cases the subduing and converting power of the Holy Spirit accompanied her efforts to such an extent that in each town she visited, hundreds of sinners—some of them of a very depraved and dangerous type indeed—responded to her call to yield themselves to Christ, who "came to seek and to save" them.

In the month of March, 1881, Miss Booth went to Paris to inaugurate and establish the work of

THE SALVATION ARMY IN FRANCE;

and amid bodily weakness and pain so intense that she had repeatedly to be carried from the meetings to her room, she fought one of the most desperate battles against infidelity, irreligion, prejudice, and ignorance in which the Army, headed by its most stalwart champions, has ever been engaged.

In spite of her necessarily imperfect knowledge of the language, hundreds of men and women in Paris, who were previously regarded as the lowest, most reckless, and abandoned, have listened to her with the greatest attention as she enunciated to them, syllable by syllable, and word by word,

"THE OLD, OLD STORY,

of Jesus and His love;" and at the present hour there are more than a hundred converted French witnesses to the fact that "God is with her of a truth." A second station has been opened in Paris—that centre of continental fascination, gayety, and godlessness—and Miss Booth is longing to send out the officers she has brought into the work, and trained, to extend the beneficial operations of the Salvation Army to the provincial towns of France. Much prayer is being offered for her mission by Christians who know what she is doing, and how devotedly she is consecrating her energies in spite of her physical ailments to the work of the Lord.

THE ATTACK ON THE SALVATION ARMY AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

THE following graphic account of the attack on the Salvation Army, at Sheffield, which we briefly described last week, has been received.

A most extraordinary and alarming scene was witnessed on Monday, January 16th, at Sheffield. The Salvation Army, which has four distinct "barracks" in that town, held "a grand council of war" in the Albert Hall, on January 15th, and on Sunday there was a "parade of the Army" at 9.30, "ammunition," according to the programme having been laid in at 6.30. At half past ten another meeting took place at the barracks, and at 1.30 there was held "a grand inspection and march from the barracks."

The Albert Hall was reached at half-past two, and a service was held with a crowded audience. Six thousand tickets had been distributed. The General and Mrs. Booth were announced "to preach." The procession through the town was followed by a shouting crowd, but no interference with the Army was attempted, except as 150 of the army left the Albert Hall they were pelted with stones and mud. Emerson Davison, "Lieutenant of No. 3 Corps," who is better known as "the converted wrestler," was struck on the mouth with a stone, but was able to continue the journey and take part in the after proceedings at night. Or Sunday evening there was a second meeting at the Albert Hall, devoted to "signs and wonders."

On Monday, the Army left the barracks in Thomas Street at half past ten in the morning, when the procession consisted of three carriages containing the General and officers of the Army and a brass band. In the procession was "Lieutenant" Emerson Davison, the converted Northumbrian wrestler, who carried the banner at the Stephenson Centenary at Newcastle. On that occasion he was presented with a scarlet uniform

and this he wore on Monday. He was mounted on a gray horse, and rode just before General Booth's carriage.

As soon as he appeared in Thomas Street, a crowd of cutlers in their white aprons, laborers, and women, which had gathered in the hope of seeing the procession, began to yell at him, and when the other officers of the Army took their places in the carriages the roar was very great, and the street almost blocked with people. The two police officers on duty near, did what they could to preserve order, but the uproar increased, and as the Salvation Army started on their triumphal march, as they called it in their programme, they were

PELTED WITH MUD AND BRICKBATS.

At the top of Brook Hill the roughs became so daring, throwing stones and mud at the females as well as the male officers of the Army, that "Major" Cadman, who had control of the procession, called a halt, hoping that the crowd, which numbered nearly 2000 persons, would sweep by. Finding they did not, he divided the procession, one party, headed by the Northumbrian wrestler, going down St. Philip's and West Bar towards the centre of the town, and the other making its way to the Albert Hall by a nearer route. That portion of the procession headed by the wrestler had a fearful time of it. On arriving in West Bar the crowd of roughs increased greatly, numbering at least 4000, who ridiculed and jeered at the procession, spat upon the officers, and shouted, "Give it them!" "They want their heads splitting!" and threw mud and stones, seriously injuring the wrestler and many members of the band.

Some of the members of the Army were blinded and almost choked with mud, and their faces cruelly cut and bruised with stones. Major Cadman's nose was hit, and bled profusely. Before the Army got out of West Bar the four standard bearers were attacked by the mob and dragged about by the hair, while an attempt was made to wrest the banners from them. The fight was fierce for some minutes, but ultimately the officers managed to drag the banners safely into one of the vehicles.

At the bottom of Snig Hill, a comparatively narrow and steep thoroughfare, there was a dense crowd, and the temper of the mob became more and more threatening. No stones or mud were thrown; but, instead,

A YOUNG MAN THREW A SHORT STICK with great force at "Lieutenant" Davison. The stick struck him violently on the back of the head, and, rendered almost unconscious, he would have fallen off his horse had not two men held him up. In this way, and every now and then putting his hand in a half-dazed manner to his head, he performed the rest of the journey to the Albert Hall.

Outside of this building there was an immense crowd, who received the Salvation Army with roars, yells, and several volleys of stones. Davison, still almost unconscious, was lifted from his horse, and was carried or dragged into the hall. The band and carriages containing General and Mrs. Booth and other prominent members of the Salvation Army, were driven to a side door, but this, unhappily, was not open. To wait till the all-keeper could open it was impossible, for stones and mud were flying in all directions. The carriage, consequently, had to be driven round the building to reach the door, through which Davison passed, and amid a scene of considerable excitement, a hasty scramble had to be made to reach the friendly shelter of the interior.

Blood was flowing from the heads of several bandmen, and the faces and the dresses of almost all of them were covered with mud. For Davison, who was now lying unconscious in one of the ante-rooms, medical assistance was summoned, and on the arrival of Mr. Hallam, surgeon to the Central Police Division, he discovered that the man was suffering from concussion of the brain, and from shock to the system. His head and face were also covered with mud. His upper lip was cut open while in a procession the previous day. He was moved to the Public Hospital in West Street, here, at the close of the week, he lay in a very dangerous condition,

Undeterred by what had happened in the streets, the Salvation Army held the Holiness Convention at the Albert Hall, and had very large and orderly congregations on Monday, and also on Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Booth delivered a lecture on the aims and measures of the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Booth expressed her thanks and those of the whole Army for the kind expressions of sympathy which had been expressed towards them. She hoped that what occurred on Monday would be instrumental in rousing to a greater extent than had hitherto been the case the attention of the Christian portion of the inhabitants of Sheffield to the real conduct of the working classes. The members of the Salvation Army were quite willing to be the sufferers; they expected it, and had made up their minds to a great deal more than they had experienced.

In giving an account of *Davison's history*, Mrs. Booth said that he was originally one of the better class of wrestlers in Newcastle, and at the time of his conversion was under heavy bets to win a wrestling match which was to come off. When he gave up his engagements in a most honorable way, as much as \$150 in one bet was laid that he would fall through drink at Easter, but by the grace of God he still stood. Mrs. Booth then went on to expound the aims, objects, and working of the Army, and concluded her eloquent and earnest address.

An influential deputation waited upon the Mayor of Sheffield on Tuesday, calling his attention to the attack which had been made upon the Salvation Army, when he characterized it as a "disgraceful riot," and deplored its occurrence.

Bills have been issued by the Chief Constable offering a reward of \$50 for the detection and conviction of the person who threw the stick which struck Davison upon the head.

Nor has Sheffield been the only town in Great Britain in which this incomprehensible hostility towards the Salvation Army has been manifested during the past month. On Tuesday night, January 17th, a series of riots in connection with the Salvation Army reached a climax in *Arbroath*, in Scotland. Every window in the place of meeting was smashed with stones and other missiles, and Captain Tomlins, one of the leaders, was so seriously injured that it is feared he will not leave the infirmary for three weeks, and grave fears are expressed as to his recovery. The Army was routed, and chased through several streets till shelter was found. The police were quite powerless to interfere.

A remarkable demonstration in connection with the Salvation Army took place on January 18th, at *Bridgewater*. At the early hour of six o'clock a crowded meeting was held in the Skating Rink, followed, an hour afterwards, by a monster procession, headed by a brass band belonging to the local contingent of the "Army," to the railway station, whither the two captains who had been stationed in the town for several months past were accompanied on their departure for another sphere of labor. An open-air meeting was then held outside the railway station, at which fully two thousand persons were present.

JOHN BUNYAN IN BEDFORD JAIL.

(See Illustration on page 124.)

ON November 13th, 1660, John Bunyan was committed to prison on the charge of "going about to conventicles in the country, to the great disparagement of the government of the Church of England." Efforts were made to keep him out of jail, but in vain. A Mr. Forbes, among others, endeavored to persuade him to give up his "unseemly ecclesiastical practices," kindly and earnestly telling him that he had no right to preach; but honest John was not to be moved. At the next sessions he was charged with having "devilishly and perniciously abstained from going to church, and with being a common upholder of conventicles, contrary to the laws."

He was required to plead, but refused. He declared that he was one of the old-fashioned persons who coveted to fear God and honor the king; and as He had commanded that every man should minister according to the gift which had been given him, he, the prisoner, must needs minister

in the preaching of the Word. He was as ready as any justice on the bench to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's; but he could not render unto Cæsar the things which were God's. Thereupon he was convicted, and his sentence was as follows: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end if you do not submit, and go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you are found in this realm, you must stretch by the neck for it."

His prison is described as one of the worst in the kingdom, and was fittingly called by himself "a den." It had accommodation for only thirty persons, but sixty were often confined there day and night. Bunyan was then only thirty-two, and to a man of his active habits and religious feeling, confinement in such a place as the companion of felons, must have been peculiarly galling.

When the sessions came, Bunyan firmly refused to violate his conscience by promising not to do that which he felt to be his bounden duty, and stoutly declared his readiness to suffer, if need be, for Christ's sake.

Soon the coronation of the king came, and a free pardon was offered to all prisoners, except the worst; but there was no pardon for John Bunyan. At times his spirit almost sank within him. To be separated from his wife and children was a sore trial. "Poor child!" said he of his blind daughter, "what sorrow thou art like to have for thy portion in this world. Thou must be beaten, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure that the wind should blow upon thee."

The imprisonment continued, as is well known, for twelve years. Some privileges were occasionally extended to him, which he turned to the best account. The great distinction of the imprisonment was, as all the world has long been aware, that Bunyan, while undergoing it, wrote his immortal allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress," which has passed through innumerable editions, and has had an unparalleled popularity. There cannot be the least doubt that the book has been the means, under God, of leading thousands of souls into the way everlasting.

Ten Thousand Tablets Bearing Ancient Inscriptions have been discovered in a buried city near Bagdad by Mr. Rassam, the eminent Assyrian explorer. In a lecture delivered at the Victoria Institute, London, Mr. Rassam thus described his discovery: "Guided by an Arab I came to an interesting ruin about twelve miles from Bagdad and commenced a thorough search there. The result was that after digging for four days we came upon the top of some walls. This induced us to persevere with increased ardor, and we soon found that we had come upon an enormous building, in which we began to find inscriptions. We first of all discovered four rooms, and then came upon a fifth. They were paved with bricks or stones; but the fifth room was paved with asphalt, the discovery of which brought to my mind Solomon's saying: 'There is nothing new under the sun.' Previous to this I had always thought that asphalt was a modern invention. Singular as this discovery was, we dug through the asphalt, and in a short time we were rewarded by coming upon a coffer in which we found inscriptions. From this coffer we took two cylinders. These were covered with inscriptions which are supposed to be the most important records of the oldest city in the world, founded, as historians tell us, by Noah after the deluge, and where, according to tradition, Noah buried the antediluvian records. After a few days' more digging, in one of the rooms there was a channel, and inside that channel there were records inscribed on 10,000 tablets. These tablets are all coming to England, but we cannot as yet say what they contain. They may contain something of even greater value than anything that has hitherto been discovered in the course of our Eastern researches. It may be, indeed, that we shall really find on them the antediluvian records of which I have spoken."

GRATITUDE AND HOPEFULNESS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"He thanked God and took courage."—ACTS 28:15.

Paul's Reception on the Way to Rome—Inspired with Gratitude and Hopefulness—A Sentiment for the New Year—A Mingled Garland for 1881—Personal Associations—I. Church Associations—A Centenarian Saved by a Sermon after Eighty-five Years—Churches Like Arctic Seas—The Heroism of the Survivors of a Wreck—II. The Church Should be a Great Home Circle—The Pulpit the Fireplace—III. Religion a Practical Matter—A Gospel that will Cure—Ingratitude to a Benefactor of 1857—A Ruined Merchant's Happiness—Do Not Interfere with the Pilot—IV. Comfort for the Bereft—V. Jesus the Only Hope for Life and Death—A Dying Woman's Cry—A Great General's Reply to a Message.

PAUL had just landed at Puteoli and was getting off him the sea dizziness, and was about to cross the country to Rome. Grand Christian people at Rome heard he was coming and went out to greet him and escort him up to the city, and if any man ever deserved a triumphal entrance it was Paul. No sooner had he looked upon these people than two sentiments took possession of his soul:

GRATITUDE AND HOPEFULNESS.

"He thanked God and took courage." Standing here in the first morning of the new year, these two sentiments are dominant in my own soul, and in yours. Gratitude to God for the past—hopefulness for the future.

It is only a few hours ago, at the midnight, that the door of eternity opened and let in amid the great throng of departed centuries the old dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer on the city clock, *the old patriarch fell dead*, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. Three hundred and sixty-five times hath the clock struck twelve for the noon, twelve for the night. During that time, how many marriage garlands have been woven, how many graves dug, how many fortunes won, how many victories achieved, how many defeats suffered, how many souls lost, how many immortals blessed! *Year of assassination* and of triumph, of conflagration and of harvest, of joy and of sorrow, I twist a garland half of amaranth and half of cypress—the amaranth for the joy and the cypress for the grief—and I put the garland on the brow of the old dead year. And right beside the grave of the dead is the cradle of the new year.

This season of year to me is very suggestive. It is more than an anniversary to me. If I live until next Saturday, I shall be fifty years of age. If I live until next Friday I shall keep the first anniversary of my son's death. So that this season of the year is full of suggestiveness and full of solemnity, and full of gratitude, and full of hopefulness—all kinds of emotion commingling in my soul. I thank God and I take courage.

In our church, it has been a year of great prosperity. We have blown the Gospel trumpet and the people have come in by hundreds and hundreds and yielded their hearts to God, and these altars again and again have been thronged with people who stood up in the presence of three worlds and acknowledged the Lord who bought them, and it has been a perpetual harvest home, and there is a great multitude this morning in the house of God, children of life, who only a year ago were the children of darkness. I have thought this morning it might be well to talk with you in rehearsal of some things we have been trying to do during the past year, and to state some things we hope to do during this coming year.

I. And in the first place, in this church I have during the last year tried to be worthy of your confidence and love—not by sycophancy or by consultation of your prejudices, but by preaching a straightforward Gospel whoever it might hit. When a minister stands in the presence of a congregation who do not believe in him, his usefulness

is done. When a congregation comes to believe that a pastor has in his soul the principles of selfishness and worldliness dominant, he had better be away. When a congregation wish that their pastor might be called to some other field of usefulness he really is called to go. A minister has no more right to kill a church than a church has a right to kill a minister. There is a time to come and there is a time to go. I know a minister of religion who had his fourth settlement. His first two churches became extinct as a result of his ministry, the third church was hopelessly crippled, and the fourth was saved simply by the fact that he departed this life.

Well, my friends, on the other hand, I have seen men, I have seen pastorates, which continued year after year, all the time strengthening, and I have heard of instances where the pastoral relation continued twenty years, thirty years, forty years, and all the time the confidence and the love were on the increase. So it was with the pastorate of old Doctor Spencer, so it was with the pastorate of old Doctor Gardiner Spring, so it was with the pastorate of a great multitude of those old ministers of Jesus Christ of whom the world was not worthy.

Many years ago, in England, a lad heard Mr. Flaville preach from the text: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." Years passed on. The lad became a man. He came to this country. He lived to be a hundred years old and yet had not found the Lord. Standing at that age in the field one day, he bethought himself of a sermon which he had heard eighty-five years before, and of the fact that when Mr. Flaville had finished the discourse and came to the close of the service, he said, "I shall not pronounce the benediction. I cannot pronounce it when there may be in this audience those who love not the Lord Jesus Christ and are anathema maran-atha." The memory of that old scene came over him, and then and there he gave his heart to God—the old sermon eighty-five years before preached coming to resurrection in the man's salvation. Would God that those of us who now preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ might utter some word that will resound in helpfulness and in redemption long after we are dead!

Standing in your midst during the past year you have seen in me many imperfections, but you could not have had such consciousness of them as I have had consciousness of them, and I verily believe that the relation between us is strengthening, and that the friendship that began on earth will be resumed in Heaven.

"'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
It filled a Savior's hands.

They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did Heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In raptures or in woe."

II. Again: we have during the past year tried to culture in this congregation, and we shall try to do the same in the years to come, the spirit of Christian sociality. There are *churches which are Arctic seas*, iceberg grinding against iceberg. People come into such a church and sit down as they sit in a ferryboat, side by side, no nod of recognition, no grasp of the hand, no throb of brotherly or sisterly affection. From Saturday to Monday, they are simply ferried over by Christian ordinances. Now, my brother, if you have a hard nature, if you have a malicious nature, if you have a bad nature, the higher the wall you build around yourselves the better; but if there be in you anything loving, anything kind, anything genial, anything sympathetic, anything useful, let it shine out.

There is a *vessel crashing into the rocks*. One man crawls up on the beach from the shipwreck. He walks right up the beach, goes into the fisherman's hut and sits down to warm himself, utterly reckless of the fact that there are fifty men struggling in the surf. O! how selfish and how mean, you say that is. How much better the spirit of *the survivors of the Atlantic steamer* who, having

escaped to land themselves, went out as far as they could toward the breakers, and the water were cold, and they tried to bring the suffering and the drowning to the shore, and pulled away until the left arm gave out in the cold water, and then the right arm gave out, and then with their teeth they caught the garments of the suffering and the drowning and pulled them shoreward. Alas! my friends, if you and I having escaped from the wreck, from the dark wave of sin and death and got fairly ashore, we sit down to warm our Christian graces by the fires of the Christian church, utterly reckless of the fact that there are thousands of Christians in the surf.

My friends, the church ought to be

A GREAT HOME CIRCLE

of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. That would be a very strange home circle where the brothers and sisters did not know each other, and where the parents were characterized by frigidity and heartlessness. The church must be a great home circle—the *pulpit the fireplace*, the people all gathered around it. Who is that sitting before you? "I don't know," you say. Who is that sitting behind you? You say, "I don't know." Who is that sitting at the right and left of you? You say, "I don't know." You ought to know.

I declare that you have the privilege of giving the right hand of fellowship to every fellow-shipper. Many a time when the Gospel sermon may have failed, and the Christian song may have failed, and the Scripture lesson may have failed one good, hearty shake of the hand on the way to the door and an expression of personal interest in the man's salvation have done that which all the other services of the day could not accomplish. O! let there be sociality in the church of Jesus Christ. If fish go in shoals, if sheep go in flocks, if flowers go in tribes, if stars swing in galaxies then let all those who worship in the same church move in loving and shining bands. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one glassy sea, one doxology, one Heaven.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toil, and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity."

III. But I have also to remark that, during the past year I have tried, as I shall this coming year try, to preach to you

A VERY PRACTICAL RELIGION.

I know, as you know, the vast majority of the people who attend this church are business men and business women. There is no need of me dealing in abstractions. I know what your troubles are, what your annoyances are, what your perplexities are, what your exasperations are. I care very little about the Hittites, and the Hivites and the Jebuzites. I would rather look after your annoyances and your perplexities and your enemies that want to keep you out of the Promise Land. So I only preach a Gospel that is not only appropriate to the home circle but is appropriate to Wall Street, to Broadway, to Fulton Street, to Montague Street, to Atlantic Street, to every street—not only a religion that is good for half past ten o'clock Sunday morning, but good for half past ten o'clock any morning; or good for half past seven o'clock Sabbath night, but good for half past seven o'clock of any night.

Now, suppose here were a case of diphtheria and a physician came in; would he give medicines appropriate to the yellow fever, or to cholera, or to marasmus! O! no. He gives a specific for diphtheria. And there is a large company of promise here, a great collection of promises, and there is one just adapted to your case. It is a specific *It will cure, it will cure!*

The fact is that a vast multitude of business men get no practical use from their religion. I you are sick, or if a member of your family dies you say, "We must have religious consolation

*Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday; we therefore publish a sermon delivered by him last New Year's day which we were unable to publish in the number of the CHRISTIAN HERALD of the following Thursday, owing to an unexpected change that week in Dr. Talmage's arrangements.

and for the minister." But suppose you are in a business corner, suppose the sheriff is after you, suppose your partner has played you a mean trick, suppose there are half a dozen men in the front office with duns for debts you cannot pay, suppose you can no more sleep at night than you could sleep on the top of a mast in a Mediterranean hurricane, suppose at midnight you walk the floor with flushed cheek and your head aching as though it would split open—do you take practical advantage of your holy religion? O! no. You wait until the morning and then you send for some skinflint and try to borrow a thousand dollars from him at two per cent a month, and he will not do it. Or you go to some friend that you helped the day of trouble. You say he will surely help you. He will not.

I knew a man who in the panic of 1857 helped many through their troubles. He loaned a thousand dollars to this man, and five thousand to that man, and ten thousand to another man. He took other men into his own bank and said, "Give this man all the accommodation he wants," and he went many through their financial troubles. They said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you." Five years passed along and his day of trial came. Where were his friends he had helped? All gone. Most of them out of town, or if they met him it was to say, "God bless you;" knowing quite well that one ounce of financial help would have been worth fifty tons of God bless you! Nothing makes a man so mad as to say God bless you when you ought to bless him.

Well, now, what have you done in the midst of your trial? Not at all what you ought to have done, my dear brother. You ought to have gone to the private office and locked the door, and then knelt down and said: "O! God, Thou hast said, 'call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee,' and this is a day of trouble; fulfill thy promise. There is that note in the bank and I cannot pay it, and my credit is due, and I cannot meet it. Lord God, fulfill Thy promise." Could He have done it? Just as certainly as there is a God on the throne. Ah! no. So many of you, my dear friends, instead of making your religion a robe in which to wrap yourself warm from the chill of this world, make it a sort of ring of beads around the neck, that looks very beautiful but nothing more.

In the panic of 1873, there was a business man and in his back office on Wall Street, with a loaded pistol on the table, and he was writing a farewell letter to his family. A friend came in and mistrusted what was going on. He said: "This is my pistol." What did that frenzied merchant want? Did he need advice of the brothers? Did he want help from the note shavers? Not so much as he wanted God.

I saw a man go right through all the perturbations of business life. He was faithful to God. I saw him one day worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. I saw him the next day and he was not worth a farthing. I said: "Mr. Stevens, they

YOU HAVE BEEN UNFORTUNATE." "Yes," said he, "it is all gone." "O, no," I said, "it is not all gone." "Yes," said he, "it is all gone. I put my name where I ought never have signed. It is all gone." I said, "William Stevens, I am your pastor, and I have a right to talk to you plainly. You say it is all gone. It is not all gone. Who put the iron fence around the village church?" Said he, "I did." Said I, "Who gave three thousand dollars toward the building of this village church?" Said he, "I did." Said I, "Do you suppose God has forgotten that? It is not all gone. You have made an investment for eternity." All the rest of his life he was a clerk in the great establishment, the great manufacturing establishment over which he had presided. He was all that time happier than Henry VIII. on the day when Anne Boleyn came to the palace, happier than Napoleon III. at the time of his coronation, happier than any man who trusts his trust in this world when he ought to put his trust in God.

O! how I should like to take the lamp of this Gospel and put it right down in your counting

room, right down on your carpenter's table, right down in your importing establishment, right down amid your commercial interests. I cannot help but see that the same trouble that makes one man ruin another. I stood at Long Branch and I looked off on the ocean, and there was a very strong wind blowing, and I saw one vessel going this way, and another vessel going that way. "Why," I said, "that is very strange—vessels going in opposite directions, propelled by the same wind;" but I looked again and I saw it was the way they had the sails up. And I see people under the strong tempest of disaster, one man driven on the rocks, the other man driven into the harbor of God's mercy. It is the way you have the sails up. One man has the sail of pride up, the other man has the sail of faith in God up.

But I see some among you business men trying to put your trust in God; but my brother, you make the dreadful mistake; you put your trust in God and then you take it away. A vessel comes across the sea. It is nearing the "Narrows."

A PILOT COMES on board. "Now," he says, "captain, you have had a very rough time, go and rest; I will take you up to the wharf in safety." The captain goes to rest, but he feels nervous. He says, "Now, how if that pilot doesn't understand his business; how if he should run us on the rocks?" He goes up and says to the pilot: "Here is a very peculiar current and there are headlands, now be very careful. I think I had better help you in this charge." "No," says the pilot; "I will take all the charge of this vessel, or I will take none." We put our confidence in God. We say, "O! Lord, take possession of our heart, our life. We will trust Thee for the future." We get nervous and say: "We are going on this religious rock and that rock, this misfortune and that misfortune." God will take entire charge, or He will take none.

"Only trust Him, only trust Him, just now."

IV. Again: I have during the past year tried, as I shall try this year, to preach

A GOSPEL OF COMFORT.

During this past year how many of my flock have been touched, and during my pastorate of nearly thirteen years there is hardly a family in my congregation but has been sorely touched. Where is Father Voorhees? Where is Father Griffin? Where are those grand old men, those glorious Christian women who used to worship with us? Why, they went away into the next world so gradually that they had concluded the second stanza or the third stanza in Heaven before you knew they were gone. They had on the crown before you thought they had dropped the staff of the earthly pilgrimage.

And then the dear children. O! how many have gone out of this church. You could not keep them. You folded them in your arms and said: "O! God, I cannot, I cannot give them up. Take all else, take my property, take my reputation, but let me keep this treasure. Lord God, I cannot bear this."

O! if we could all die together, if we could keep all the sheep and the lambs of the family folded together until some bright spring day, the birds achant and the waters aglitter, and then we could all together hear the voice of the good Shepherd and hand in hand pass through the flood. No, no, no, no! O! if we only had notice that we are all to depart together, and we could say to our families: "The time has come. The Lord bids us away." And then we could take our little children to their beds, and straighten out their limbs, and say: "Now, sleep the last sleep. Good night, until it is good morning." And then we could go to our own couches and say: "Now, altogether we are ready to go. Our children are gone, now let us depart." No, no! It is one by one. It may be in the midnight. It may be in the winter and in the snow coming down twenty inches deep over our grave. It may be in the strange hotel, and our arm too weak to pull the bell for help. It may be so suddenly we have not time even to say good by. Death is a bitter, crushing, tremendous curse.

I play you three tunes on the Gospel harp of comfort. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is one. "All things work together for good to those who love God." That is the second. "And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." That is the third.

V. Once more, I remark that I have during the past year tried, as I shall this coming year try, to present Jesus Christ as

THE ONLY HOPE IN LIFE AND DEATH

—the only escape from sin and darkness and death. I have tried to show that if a man is not born again he cannot get to Heaven. If the Bible is plain on anything, it is plain on that point. If there is anything about God, or Christ, or the judgment, or Heaven, or hell that I have not presented, I wish you would tell me that I might preach that truth. Believe and live. Refuse and die. That is the Gospel.

I have tried as far as I could, by argument, by illustration, and by caricature to fill you with disgust with much of this modern religion which people are trying now to substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ and the religion of the apostles. I have tried to persuade you that the worst of all cant is the cant of scepticism, and instead of your apologizing for Christianity, it was high time that those who do not believe in Christianity should apologize to you; and I have tried to show that the biggest villains in the universe are those who would try to rob us of this Bible, and that the grandest mission of the Church of Jesus Christ is that of bringing souls to the Lord—a soul saving church.

There will be during this coming year, I suppose, 200,000 strangers in this church. The vast multitude of them perhaps we will meet only once. Will you by your prayer, and shall I by my exhortation, meet the case of any of these. How many will you save? A thousand? five hundred? one hundred? twenty? ten? one? or none? All other work seems stale and insipid compared with the work of soul-saving. Now the year is gone. If you have neglected your duty, if I have neglected my duty, it is neglected forever. Each year has its work. If the work is performed within the twelve months, it is done forever. If neglected, it is neglected forever. We cannot call that year 1881 back again.

When a woman was dying, she said, "Call them back." They did not know what she meant. She had been a disciple of the world. She said, "Oh, call them back!" They said, "Who do you want us to call back?" "Oh," she said, "call them back, the days, the months, the years I have wasted. Call them back!" But you cannot call them back; you cannot call a year back, or a month back, or a week back, or an hour back, or a second back. Gone once, it is gone forever.

When a great battle was raging, a messenger came up and said to the general, who was talking with an officer, "General, we have taken

A STANDARD FROM THE ENEMY."

The general kept right on conversing with his fellow-officer, and the messenger said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." Still the general kept right on, and the messenger lost his patience, not having his message seemingly appreciated, and said again, "General, we have taken a standard from the enemy." The general then looked at him and said, "Take another." Ah! forgetting the things that are behind, let us look to those that are before. Win another castle, take another standard, gain another victory.

Roll on, sweet day of the world's emancipation, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier will come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that cannot be cut off."

"The song of love, now low now far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined apocalypse."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 103.)

Corny and Hugh Report the Rising—Captain Vaughan and Sylph Alarmed—The Captain Investigates the Report—Flight from the Farm—The Captain Joins in the Affray—The Fight on the Banks—The Soldiers Retreat to the Market-Place—Sylph's Life Saved by Mr. Denzille.

WHEN we took up anew the story of Miles Rossiter's life, bringing it up to the present period, we parted from Sylph and Captain Vaughan, in the roseate atmosphere and dreamland of engaged lovers. Captain Vaughan's wound, though it rendered his left arm comparatively useless, was not painful, and was rapidly healing. He could sit and talk with Sylph, and revel in the music of her voice and the charm of her society. The blissful consummation of marriage was put off for a little, until the Captain's complete convalescence, and until the existing disturbances in Ireland having been quelled, there would be leisure from a soldier's pressing and incumbent call of duty.

The Captain and Sylph were speaking one day—and it was the Sabbath—about the desirableness of recovering the missing half of the letter of Sylph's long-dead mother, and of their surprise at the delay in its coming, when Corny Fagan, Sylph's serving man, with hair on end, and blanched cheek, and in wild excitement, burst unceremoniously into the room where they were sitting.

"Don't be angry with me Captain, jewel, nor you, Miss Sylph, alannah," he gasped out, "for comin' in upon yees in this way without as much as 'be yer leave,' for I have the awfulest news to tell yee. The whole country, north o'this, is up, and there's murder and pillage on all hands. A big, powerful priest—wan Father John Murphy be name—is headin' the rebels, and is sparing no wan. I'm tould he and all his men attacked Parson Burrows' house in Kilmuckridge this mornin', where the parson and most of his congregation had fled for refuge, and barrin' the women, massacred ev'ry mother's soul o' thim. Wan, luckily not in the house, who escaped, has run for miles here with the news. Before he left, looking from a little clump o' trees that helped to hide him, he saw the lawn in front o' the house covered with the dead and still bleeding bodies of piked men—wan o' thim, the parson's own son, only sixteen years of age, and there too—God help us—in the midst o' thim, weeping and tearing her hair, was poor Mrs. Burrows, with her niece and four childer. Oh! isn't it awful? He daren't show his face to help thim, he said. It wud ha' been at the cost of his own life. So he posted off here full speed, where some of his friends live, to rouse the whole neighborhood and git thim to haste fur the dear life into Enniscorthy."

Corny's intelligence was startling, but, was it true? Any doubt upon this matter was soon ended by the confirmation it received from Hugh, the Captain's orderly, who at this moment returned from his mission to Dunannon fort, and entered the room to report his arrival. On the road, as he drew near his journey's end, he declared that he had met several who were flying to Wexford—men, women, and children—and who had come from Ferns. They, too, had news of the cruel murders at Kilmuckridge, and could add to this an account of similar atrocities which had been effected elsewhere.

In addition to the murders, he was told the Protestant bishop's palace in Ferns had been sacked and burned. Father John had aimed at the lives of Dr. Cleaver, the bishop, and his wife, but, happily, warned in time, they had escaped his fury. The bishop's library, however, was all consumed—the vellum bindings of the grand folios having first been torn off them, to serve the rebels for covers to their saddles.

"It's a holy war in the eyes of the rebels," declared Hugh. "I am told for certain that on their way to Ferns they knelt, thousands on thousands o' thim, on the road, and that Father John, and a Father Michael Murphy, a namesake of his,

said Mass, to inflame still more their zeal, and sanctify their murders.

"Captain," he added, "the whole crew o' them, screechin' like demons, are on their way, pell-mell, here. And, believe me there isn't a moment to lose, for the gettin' of yourself and Miss Sylph, and Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, and all the lot of us out o' this, and into Enniscorthy."

Captain Vaughan was conscious that he had no good reason to question the main substance of Corny and Hugh's intelligence—it was too well sustained by accumulated facts. Without doubt the hour of widespread insurrection had struck, initiated by wholesale horrors, and that to remain in a house isolated in the country would be to the last degree perilous.

To abandon a well-furnished house, however, and leave it a prey to marauders, was a serious matter, and he felt that before he could counsel Mr. Somerville to flight he must be absolutely sure that it was necessary. He, therefore, although against the remonstrances of Sylph, ordered his charger to be saddled, purposing to ride towards Ferns for direct news of what was occurring. Hugh accompanied his master, who kept his seat with difficulty, from weakness; and Sylph, with an anxious, beating heart, saw them both pass through the gate at the end of the lawn, and disappear upon the highway.

Before an hour passed they were back again. They had found the road for miles alive with fugitives, and the whole district wild with mad excitement. Every Protestant was hurrying with his family, and all the valuables he could carry, into Enniscorthy. "It would have been impossible," he said, "for either Corny or Hugh to exaggerate the danger. And, though it would be to sacrifice much, he feared there was nothing for it but to follow the example of their neighbors, and to hasten, as soon as possible, to the common rendezvous for safety.

"Hurry, Sylph, and you, Mrs. Somerville," he continued. "Pack up in the handiest form you can all that you consider necessary. Meantime, we of the male sex will get a vehicle ready for you, and will attend to some other needful matters. You know, ladies," he said cheerfully, "I am, as a soldier, used to this sort of thing; and with your permission, Mr. Somerville," he added, addressing his host, "I will take the command in our retreat, and in the previous measures connected with it."

"Certainly, Captain," was the response; "and regard me, if you please, as a zealous volunteer in your army."

In a few minutes Mrs. Somerville and Sylph were ready for departure, the latter having in her valise, among other things, her mother's half letter and her trinkets. The gentlemen, who had found the place deserted of all the Roman Catholic servants, with the help of one Protestant domestic and Corny and Hugh, buried in the ground behind the house, in a hole, rapidly dug, a few articles of value, not convenient to carry away; and then barricaded and bolted the windows and doors of the dwelling as securely as haste rendered possible. Mr. Somerville himself pulled to and locked the front door. Then all set off, he, and the Captain, and Hugh on horseback, forming an escort for the carriage driven by Corny, and which contained the two ladies and the servant-maid. Having reached the road, at the word of their appointed leader they placed themselves in due order, and with anxious hearts and sad forebodings hastened away, and speedily entered Enniscorthy. The town was crowded to excess, even the very streets were filled with panic-stricken fugitives, and of all ages; but a good Christian tradesman, well known to Sylph, managed to give her and her party a shelter on his premises.

It is neither our province nor intention to describe fully the desperate assault of the rebels upon the town, which took place next day, nor the brave resistance of its defenders—namely, of the North Cork Militia and some gentlemen and tradesmen volunteers, who were posted on the bridge over the river Slaney, and also of some yeomanry and other volunteers stationed at the back of the town, where the roads entered from the north and west,

From a window in the upper part of the house where she and her friend had found shelter Sylph witnessed a great part of the prolonged and sanguinary conflict. To look on was, indeed, to expose herself to great risk; but she could not bring herself to forego the unwonted spectacle, especially since Captain Vaughan, his blood up at the sound of battle, could not be persuaded, weak as he was, to remain in the house, and had gone out to join the loyalists and give his professional assistance. "Sylph," he said, "you cannot mean me to think only of myself in this dreadful crisis. Every man is wanted for the combat. True, I cannot fight with my wonted vigor, but I can cheer with my presence those who are in the battle; and, above all, as my head is all right, my experience of war will enable me to give our friends good counsel. Let us trust the Lord's goodness." Thus saying, he forced himself from her embrace, and followed by Hugh, hastened to the scene of conflict.

Sylph, with breathless interest, listened to the musketry of the rebel skirmishers swarming behind the garden walls outside the town and along the river bank, whom Father John had sent forward east and west, in two bodies, to drive in the militia and the yeomanry.

After a little, however, another sound caught her ear—the dull heavy trampling of hoofs, mingled with the loud shouts of men. It came from a herd of wild cattle, which, according to ancient Irish custom, the main body of Father John's army was driving before it, and goading into frenzy to make them rush upon the yeomanry line and force it back in disorder. On and on the great animals came, pricked by pikes behind and scared by the flashing of guns before. They tossed their heads madly in the air and bellowed forth their rage and agony and terror. The soldiers, outnumbered by twenty to one, and falling fast under the fire of the rebel sharpshooters, could not stand their ground, especially since the thatched houses on each side of the street, on the outskirts of the town, had been set in flames by the rebels. Pressed back by the plunging cattle, and assailed on three sides by a shower of bullets, the soldiers fell back upon the market-place, but stubbornly and slowly, literally retreating under an arch of fire. And here it was that Sylph first caught sight of the actual combat. Oh! the sight of infuriated men falling in death by the score, for the loyalists and soldiers poured in a destructive fire upon the rebel mass within ten paces of their guns, and soon the ground was covered with the slain and the dying.

Sylph, trembling with emotion, leaned forth from the upper window where she stood, irresistibly impelled to seek a good view of the dreadful spectacle, and her eyes riveted upon the unwonted sight before her, she did not observe that her own life was marked out for destruction. A rebel, armed with a long fowling-piece, a man of unerring aim as a Barony Forth duck shooter—of whom there were many in the rebel army—seeing her gloating as he supposed, over the slaughter of his comrades, with a curse upon his lips for the fearful heretic, levelled his piece to slay her. The weapon was steadied for its deadly deed, and the barrel was truly sighted, his finger was on the very trigger—another moment, and Sylph would have been numbered with the dead—and that in spite of Captain Vaughan, too—for, thrilled with horror, he had noticed the action of the rebel chieftain, and as he thought, the coming doom of his betrothed. But, in the merciful arrangements of God, her day of departure had not yet come. At the last instant the rebel chief wildly leaped into the air, and fell dead, pierced to the heart, and the long fowling piece, dropping from his hands to the ground harmlessly discharged itself in the air.

Sylph never knew it, but the strange fact is that in the providence of God—using a sinful man as the instrument of His goodness—her intending slayer fell beneath the hand of Mr. Denzille, under whose roof she had once lived, and who was the father of the youth who tried to force her to become his wife. In the fight, some distance from where Captain Vaughan stood, Mr. Denzille had also noticed the deadly purpose of the rebel, barbarously meaning to shoot a woman. Who the woman was the elder

Denzille could not distinctly see, nor did he care to inquire, but to save her life was his instant endeavor. Skillful as the rebel's aim was, the old fire-eating duellist could more than match him. Never did human life escape his weapon; and so it proved that Sylph's intending slayer became himself the slain. And her lover, witnessing her miraculous escape, though not recognizing the agent of it—in the heat and fury of the battle still raging—raised to heaven the homage of a grateful soul that the dearest earthly object of his heart had been spared to him.

The battle had commenced at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and now, at two o'clock in the afternoon, it was not decided. Soon after this hour, however, Father John, seeing that his men could make no progress either at the bridge or at the market place, and that he was throwing brave lives uselessly away, called them back to the fields outside the town, prepared, however to try conclusions again at nightfall.

What a scene of woe they left behind them. Half the town was in flames; five hundred rebels lay upon the streets, dead or dying. Of the scanty garrison a third had been killed, and many more were wounded, and death had also reaped a dreadful harvest among the Protestant gentlemen and tradesmen who had given their services. "The prisons were crowded with desperate men whom there was no force to guard," and the Catholic inhabitants—their partisans—baffled and slaughtered—were furious. Outside the town was a fast increasing insurgent army "savage for revenge," and within it were hundreds of unfortunate refugees, young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple, clergymen and laymen, magistrates, tradesmen and artisans, ladies and serving-women—"all now on a common level of misery."

(To be continued.)

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

S.S. Lesson for March 5, Mark 4 : 35-41. Golden Text, Ps. 107 : 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

It had been a long day's work. Jesus had been teaching in the house, and afterwards by the seashore, "and the same day when the even was come, He saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took Him even as He was in the ship." It is not quite clear whether He had been all the previous night in prayer to God before that day of labor, or whether any time had intervened between the choosing of His disciples and His conversation with the scribes about the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; in any case, we may well believe the Master was exhausted. This was not the weariness of an overstrained brain, for as the Father gave Him commandment even so He did (John 14 : 31); just the work of the day in the day. It was not the weariness of a digestion which stimulants, tobacco, or tonics, or sedentary habits had injured. There was no disease about the Lord's fatigue, the time for rest had come, and He fell asleep.

And so sound was His sleep, so undisturbed by fear or by nervous wakefulness, that when the wind began to rise and howl, He slept on; when the little bark was tossed like a nutshell, and even when the waves grew high and dashed in full force into the ship, wetting all the crew to the skin, the Sleeper did not wake. This was healthy sleep; well earned sleep; but it was soon to be broken. There were others in the ship who were not so calm as He was; their hearts beat with terror, a watery grave seemed to open beneath them, and every lurch of their little vessel threatened to capsize her. The disciples awoke Him. That sleep which no fury of the elements could interrupt, yielded at the first cry of His disciples for help, their need had a louder voice for Him than the howling tempest; so deeply Jesus loved His own.

In their cry of terror they made no appeal to Him, but only said, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They wondered that He should be so insensible to their danger, and sought at least some sign of sympathy. "And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still." The deafening roar ceased in an instant, and the high waves sank to their normal level.

The disciples looked round; where was the storm? had they been dreaming? No, the ship was still full of water, everything within was saturated, but the vessel was becalmed, and the storm had yielded to its Ruler. "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." "Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them" (Ps. 89 : 9). Only when the cause of their terror was removed, He turned to His disciples and said, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" They had been present when Jesus had turned the water into wine, they had witnessed many marvellous cases of healing, and yet they were far from believing that Jesus was able and willing to exercise His power at all times on their behalf. Instead of believing that He was the Son of God, they feared exceedingly, and instead of speaking to Him they said one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"

God has never led us to expect a life of uninterrupted calm. The trial of our faith is more precious than of gold which perisheth (1 Pet. 1 : 7), and it is only when He hath tried us that we shall come forth as gold (Job 23 : 10). His fatherly eye alone can see the trial which His children individually need. Perhaps when the storm arose in the tent of Jacob, and raged with all its force against the young Joseph, he felt at first that there was no sorrow like unto his sorrow, but he stood the test and his faith was strengthened for the harder and fiercer storm when at Dothan his brethren sought his life; and finally sold him for a slave. The work of God was going on, he did not sink under it, and the witness remains to this day, "the Lord was with Joseph." Even when the heaviest trial fell upon him which an upright man can know on earth, when he, a child of God, lay under the imputation of grievous sin, and it seemed as though all things were against him, we see his faith did not fail, and in the midst of all, the Lord was with him. And when at the last, God brought forth His gold from the furnace, and His vessel was called unto honor, we may well believe that the infamous woman who had accused him was put to shame, and humbled in his presence, just as his brethren were later on; and the storms having served their purpose, there was a great calm.

God must try us, "If ye be without chastisement [or education] whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons" (Heb. 12 : 8). Now, as God has pledged Himself that with the temptation (or trial) He will make a way for us to escape, that we may be able to bear it (1 Cor. 10 : 13) fear becomes thorough unbelief. For instance: the head of a family is taken ill, his affairs are in a bad state, he is in fact insolvent. What is to be done? If he gives up his establishment, and sends his children to cheaper schools, if his daughters do the housework, and all which is possible is sold to pay the debts, the world will look down upon him as a man who has lost his position. The storm is severe, the winds of adversity seem to be trying faith and patience to the utmost; but they are not almighty, God has sent them for a purpose, and if His tried child takes them from His hand the trial will either be removed or cease to be a trial. That which He is aiming at is the entire conquest of His child's will, and the full exercise of His child's trust. It may be that He sees it needful that the position which he formerly held shall be renounced. He is measuring all things in the light of eternity, and He sees His child needs to learn by stern necessity the blessedness of God's deliverances. But Jesus, although while we look at the winds and the waves He appears to be asleep, yet is sensitive to the first cry of need: "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He shall answer thee" (Is. 30 : 19).

Another child of God has embarked in a large work of Christian usefulness, for the maintenance of orphans or the rescue of the lost; for a time all goes well, and while He is little in his own eyes he experiences wonderful tokens of God's favor and support; money flows in, souls are blest, and he is in the heyday of prosperity. But God will prove to himself and others what stuff he is made of, and whether he knows how to be abased as well

as to be exalted, how to suffer much as well as to abound (Phil. 4 : 12). The donations fall off, strife and bitterness arise in his institution, perhaps also his character is maligned; the winds are strong, the waves beat upon his little ship, so frail now that the wind is boisterous, although it seemed so strong before the storm arose. What is it? is Jesus asleep? Alas! too often a Christian worker in such circumstances puts forth strong appeals to man for help, couched in such terms as to show that he is afraid, he redoubles his own efforts to maintain order in his institution, and seeks to vindicate himself from the charges brought against him. But doing thus, the Master's end is not attained, and He is forced to let the wind still blow, the waves still beat; that precious gold must be refined; perhaps sickness comes or bereavement. What does it all mean? It is the voice of God saying, "Let go, give up the reins to Me, reduce your work, give up this or that." "But then the poor girls, or the poor children?" you say. God loves them better than you do, and He will take care that they are well cared for and that every real prayer on their behalf shall be answered. Don't go on tugging at the ropes or handling the oars or bailing out the water; wake Jesus, put it into His hands, He will make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Another child of God is full of zeal, enjoys winning souls, has been much blest, and feels that they will perish if he does not work might and main to win them; he has gone beyond his measure, and is relying more than he knows upon his own efforts. The watchful eye of his heavenly Father detects it, and he is laid low with sickness, an overworked brain, loss of voice or something similar. It is easy to one who has been graduating in the school of God to read His purpose; but too often the dear earnest child of God, who is unconscious of the training to which he is being subjected, thinks only of the work, and gives himself credit for still greater devotion when he sedulously obeys the discipline imposed upon him by his doctors, in the hope of returning soon to his loved work. He will submit to any régime, travel any distance, if he can afford it; but the Lord has the worker as well as the work in His eye, and He is seeking to take a primary place in His child's heart and to exercise that child in implicit confidence in His wisdom. Very often in such cases the doctors, even dear conscientious Christian men, are baffled; the regimen which has succeeded in the restoration of men of the world, fails entirely when applied to one who is in the school of God; there is a lesson which must be learned, there is a conquest which God must make, before He can say to the wind and waves, "Peace, be still," and then that soul enters into a rest undreamed of before; then there is "a great calm," "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," and the power of it is felt in his subsequent work.

"Why are ye fearful; how is it that ye have no faith?" this is our Lord's question to us under all circumstances. We know that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose;" if so, how distrust His love and wisdom in anything which happens? "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without My Father," said our Lord, "and even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." How then be fearful? It is just when our eyes are off Him when we are awake and we let Him sleep on, when we are considering persons and things instead of "looking [off] unto Jesus" (Heb. 12 : 2), that we fall into fear. If we do practically commit into His hand everything as it arises, renouncing all will and choice, He cannot but undertake the steerage of our vessel, and exercise His control upon the winds and waves which toss us about. He asks but to be trusted and to be obeyed. O how foolish are we to have a care, when He careth for us; how sinful are we to fear when He has said, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isa. 43 : 1, 2).



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER, BY B. AITKEN.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President has Sent to the Senate the correspondence between Mr. Blaine and Lord Granville, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Granville's replies to the instructions of Mr. Blaine are couched in courteous and respectful terms, and present the views of the British Government on the question of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in a forcible manner. Their tenor is that when the treaty was arranged the rapid development of the Western States was foreseen, and that Mr. Blaine's plea that such development changed the conditions of the question so materially as to demand the abrogation of the treaty is therefore not sustained. In arguing on the merits of the question Lord Granville contends that the whole world is concerned in the canal, and that the interests of every maritime nation, and especially of the nations contiguous to the canal, would be promoted by an agreement guaranteeing its neutrality. Mr. Frelinghuysen, who will have the advantage of approaching the subject untrammelled by the acerbities which were imported into the discussion at the outset, may possibly be able to remove the misapprehensions under which Lord Granville appears to labor as to the meaning and scope of the Monroe doctrine.

The Senate Passed the Anti-Polygamy Bill on Thursday, in the shape reported by the Judiciary Committee. Senator Sherman, though voting for the bill, expressed his fears that it would be inoperative, as would any measure depending for its success on the will of a majority of the people of Utah, and he predicted that in spite of the bill polygamists would still fill the legislature and the elective offices. Mr. Sherman stated his conviction that a remedy for existing evils could not be found except in the entire abolition of elective government and the temporary substitution of a government of commissioners with full executive powers. Senator Edmunds admitted that Senator Sherman was right in inferring that the bill would not accomplish all that was desirable, but said the committee had decided to try the mildest measures first.

The House of Representatives Finally Rejected the McCoid Apportionment Bill on Friday last. In its stead a bill was passed adhering to the old method of distribution of unassigned members, and fixing the number of the new House at 325. Under this arrangement Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont will lose one member each. One member each will be gained by Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin; two each will be gained by California,

Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, and South Carolina; four will be gained by Kansas, and five by Texas. Thus the number of the House is increased by thirty-two, of which the South gains fifteen representatives, while the North gains twenty and loses three, making a net gain of seventeen. Should the bill in its present shape become law the electoral college will consist of 401 members, of which 153 will be chosen by the South, including West Virginia. Classifying the States according to their votes in 1880, the Democrats would gain seventeen electoral votes and the Republicans fifteen.

A Bill to Make Idiots is the Title Suggested by a prominent daily journal as appropriate for a legislative proposal introduced into Congress by a territorial delegate. The introducer calls it "A bill to reduce the internal revenue tax on cigarettes." The suggested change of title is accompanied by the following weighty remarks on the evil of cigarette smoking. "It would have been difficult to hit upon a more certain method of killing off a large portion of the rising generation and of making idiots of the one that is to follow it. The cigarette annually kills thousands and thousands of children and young men, and those whom it does not destroy physically it mentally ruins. The tax on it should be increased, not reduced. It would be well to place it so high as to put these poisonous packages beyond the reach of the small boy."

The Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the case of the victims burned in the death-trap called the Potter building on January 31st, was rendered on February 15th. The jury said in its verdict: "We find that the fire originated from an overtaxed flue, which was improperly constructed and defective from age. We censure the owner of the building, O. B. Potter, his agents or employes, for neglecting to apply to the Department of Buildings for the proper permit for repairs or alterations, which would have caused an inspection of the premises by an officer of the department, and might have led to the discovery of the imperfections in question causing this disaster and the deplorable loss of life." The jury also deprecated the employment of the firemen by the Building Department in distributing notices, in which occupation one fourth of the force were engaged when the fire occurred. It is not surprising that the owner of the building should be censured, but the omission on his part which the jury assigns as ground for censure seems singularly inappropriate under the circumstances. The employment of the firemen, which the jury mildly deprecates, is a practice to which a much stronger word might be justly applied.

The Report that Mrs. Scoville had made an appeal to Mrs. Garfield on behalf of her brother, Guiteau, has occasioned a feeling of indignation in which disgust is largely mingled. Mrs. Scoville applied to the stricken widow asking her to intercede for mercy to the murderer of her husband. There was something singularly shameless in this intrusion on the sorrow of the desolated home. A moment's consideration ought to have convinced any friend of Guiteau's that his unseemly jokes during his trial and his boast after his sentence was pronounced that he had done a good deed in murdering the President, were such evidence of his lack of contrition as to shut him out from hope of mercy. Least of all would one who loved the murdered man and watched his eighty days of patient suffering be likely to commiserate the brutal wretch who caused the affliction. Mrs. Garfield protested against the outrage on her feelings, and very properly declined to interfere.

An Appalling Catastrophe Occurred at Chester, Pa., on Friday last. There had been a fire in the city the previous night, in which the military academy had been destroyed, and the firemen had only just returned to their homes when the alarm on the City Hall bell announced another conflagration. The city has no paid fire department, and it is customary for the more energetic of the inhabitants when an alarm is given to go to the aid of the volunteer firemen. The news quickly spread that the second alarm was caused by a fire in the old family mansion of the Porter

family on the bank of the Delaware, which since Admiral Porter ceased to reside in it has been used as a firework manufactory. A large crowd assembled around the burning pile and watched with interest the ascent of rockets and stars, which as the fire reached them rose in the air and burst into beautiful designs. The firemen did their utmost to get the fire under control, and some of them climbed on to the roof of an extension of the building the more readily to throw an effective stream on the main block. In the upper room of the extension, right under the feet of these men, were stored about a hundred bombs, and directly the fire reached them the whole building seemed to lift bodily, a loud explosion was heard, and the roof was blown up. The spectators were thrown to the ground by the violence of the shock, and many of them were severely injured by the falling debris. The firemen on the roof were all killed, some of them were blown to the height of 140 feet, and their bodies descended into the burning ruin. Eighteen lives were instantly lost, and several spectators were so seriously hurt that their lives are despaired of.

The Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the State of New York assembled at Auburn, N. Y., on February 16th. The following encouraging facts were contained in the report of the Executive Committee. There are now ninety-five associations in the State. Fourteen associations were formed during the year and five disbanded. Fifty-six general secretaries are employed. The nine association buildings in the State are valued at \$672,000. Twelve other branches have buildings funds amounting to \$133,000. Brooklyn has an offer of \$100,000, on condition that \$200,000 more be secured. Eighty associations report a membership of 15,068.

Bishop William M. Wightman, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Charleston, S. C., on Wednesday, February 15th. Dr. Wightman has been actively engaged in the work of the ministry for over fifty-five years, and his abilities and acquirements, as well as his energetic labors, have made his name widely known beyond the limits of his own denomination. As a preacher, an editor, a professor, and as a bishop, Dr. Wightman performed a varied succession of duties, and it was often remarked of him that, wherever he might be placed and whatever work he undertook, his thoroughness and conscientious faithfulness would be proved. Licensed to preach in 1827, he has ever since been prominently before the public, and his death at the ripe age of seventy-four is deeply mourned by a large circle of friends. He was elected to the bishopric in 1866.

A Fire which Broke out at Haverhill, Mass., on Friday night last completely destroyed the business portion of the town and consumed property worth two million dollars. The fire was first noticed a little before midnight, and is believed to have originated in an overheated stove in a manufactory on Washington Street. A strong northwest wind was blowing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and the fire soon consumed the inside of the building. Then the walls fell outwards, blocking the street and setting fire to the surrounding buildings. A telegram says the Haverhill Fire Department fought the flames manfully, but in less than an hour it became apparent that outside help must be secured. Dispatches were sent to six towns in the vicinity, and met with prompt responses. The fire burned two squares from Wingate Street to the river, including the principal business thoroughfare of the city. The efforts of the firemen failed to check the flames, and wooden, stone, and brick structures rapidly fell before its resistless march. It was not until noon on Saturday, when little was left to feed the flames, that they were finally brought under control. It was then found that seventy-three blocks were destroyed. About 2500 persons are thrown out of employment at a season of the year when they are least able to bear the loss of wages. Three hundred firms and business men were burned out. One fireman was killed, and as several persons are missing it is feared that other lives must have been sacrificed.

The Venerable Peter Cooper, of New York, whose philanthropic efforts for the elevation of the masses are well known throughout the Union, celebrated his ninety-first birthday on February 12th. In conversation with a reporter who congratulated him, Mr. Cooper referred to some of the guiding principles to which he attributed his success in life. Among other weighty observations were the following remarks on the burden of debt, which are worthy the attention of all, especially of young men. Mr. Cooper said: "When I was twenty-one years old my employer offered to build me a shop and set me up in business, but as I always had a horror of being burdened with debt, and having no capital of my own, I declined his kind offer. He himself became a bankrupt. *I have made it a rule to pay everything as I go.* If, in the course of business, anything is due from me to any one, and the money is not called for, I make it my business on the last Saturday before Christmas to take it to his business place."

Letters Received at Northampton, Mass., from the Chinese students recently recalled from America state that the boys are placed in confinement at Shanghai and so ill-treated as to excite the indignation of resident foreigners and missionaries. The primary cause of this treatment was the adverse reports of the Chinese officials in this country, which were aggravated by the avarice of subordinate officers in Shanghai, who sought their own personal gain at the boys' expense, and in one case ran off with their money. The boys would be glad to return to America. One of them writes "I wish I could return to dear philanthropic New England, where teachers are better than mothers, where friends are better than sisters, and classmates more agreeable than brothers." It is, however, some relief to learn that the report circulated of one of them having been beheaded because he had formed an attachment to an American young lady is contradicted.

A Murder and Suicide which Startled the citizens of Grafton, N. Y., on Friday, February 3d, give a warning very much needed by a large class in society. Many years ago two sisters were married respectively to Adam Loux and William Jacobs, who settled at Grafton, near Troy, N. Y. A guilty passion sprang up between William Jacobs and Mrs. Loux and was concealed for some time from their respective partners. It was, however, discovered recently by Adam Loux, but he was averse to instituting legal proceedings, and his wife expressing no contrition for her sin he left his home. Last year Mrs. Jacobs died and then Mrs. Loux entreated the widowed man to leave his family and elope with her. Wicked as he was, he loved his children, of whom he had six, and could not bear to leave them. His friends, however, say that he was so infatuated with his sister-in-law that her temptation and the struggle in his mind between that and his natural affection unsettled his reason. On Friday he visited the woman, and in a fit of frenzy killed her and then shot himself. The thought of those two souls appearing thus before God is too appalling to be realized. There is a growing tendency to disregard the sanctity of the marriage bond, by people who, if they are deaf to the voice of God and the Bible, may well be solemnized by this awful crime which is the outcome of such sins (James I : 15).

An American Traveller's Life was Saved last spring by the possession of a token of friendship. It appears that Mr. E. A. Small, a Chicago lawyer, and his son, were travelling in the East last year when Mr. Small, Jr., was taken ill with typhoid fever. The party were at that time on board the Vesta, a steamer of the Austrian Lloyds' line. The captain and officers of the steamer were much alarmed, believing the illness to be typhus fever of a contagious type. They were so apprehensive that they notified Mr. Small that they should be compelled to put his son ashore at Athens. All appeals and protests were in vain, and Mr. Small felt that to put his son ashore at the place indicated, where care and medical skill could not be obtained, was equivalent to sacrificing his life, and took his stand at the door of his sick boy's room, declaring they must overpower him by force before they could remove his

son in that condition from the ship. This would have soon been done had not Mr. Small recollected that he had in his possession a friendly letter from General Grant. This letter, on the suggestion of an English friend, was exhibited to the captain. The letter had a remarkable effect; the captain had a profound reverence for the successful general, and with many bows and apologies declared that the friends of General Grant should at any risk be accommodated. The party remained on board, and the invalid recovered. Proof of a friendship with a famous man was thus of vital service in a time of need. So in the dread time of need that closes the life of all men neither wealth, influence, nor all that is generally held precious, will avail like the possession of the assurance Jesus gives (John 15 : 15).

A Significant Trophy is in the Possession of a gentleman at Elmira, N. Y., who received it a few days ago from a friend in the West. It consists of two pairs of interlocked deer horns so firmly joined that considerable force must be employed even to stir them. It is supposed the two animals became engaged in a fight, and getting their horns inextricably locked together, starved to death. The fate of these two stags reminds us of cases lawyers often describe, in which a dispute over the possession of an estate has been so obstinately contested that the law costs have absorbed the whole, and neither plaintiff nor defendant has been benefited. Many a suitor who has thus contended for property not for a principle has afterward regretted he did not obey the divine precept (Matt. 5 : 40.)

A Long and Futile Journey to Procure liquor was taken recently in Arkansas. The crusade against the liquor traffic has been waged so persistently and successfully that in many localities no liquor can now be purchased in a circuit many miles in extent. This result has been accomplished in great part by the persistent determination of women in various localities that the law should be enforced which forbids the sale of liquor outside of towns within three miles of a place of education. They started petitions, crowded into the court-rooms and eventually beat the dealers. Arkansas papers publish details of the temperance movement, lists of the places where the sale of liquor has been stopped, and amusing instances of the confusion and dismay caused among habitual drinkers. An Osceola official walked all the way to Hearn's Landing and waited there an hour for the steamboat, expecting to get what he wanted at her bar. But the barkeeper, having in mind the applicant's official position, suspected that it was a device to ensnare him, and refused to supply him, and he had to return to his home without the desired stimulant.

A Challenge Accepted.—The Cincinnati Gazette, having been challenged by a liquor dealer for asserting that three fourths of the crime in that city is attributable to liquor, has made a careful investigation, and finds from the public records that *it fell short in its charge*, as 1938 of 2376 crimes committed in the last three months of 1881, or 81 per cent, were caused by liquor.

A Sick Mare Showed Remarkable Intelligence at Lancaster, Pa., a few days ago. She belonged to Mr. B. J. McGrann and was very valuable. She was stabled at night as usual, but during the night was attacked by colic. She kicked open the stable door, broke her halter, and made her way to the house of Mr. Reilly, her groom. Here she stamped and pawed at the porch until Mr. Reilly got up to see what was the matter. His practised eye at once told him the mare was suffering from colic. He hastened to a veterinary surgeon, and Dr. Tracy was soon in attendance, but too late to be of any service. He said the mare must die, and soon afterward she was dead. She had once or twice before suffered greatly from colic and had been cured, and there is little doubt she broke out of the stable that night and called at Mr. Reilly's hoping to obtain the relief he had procured for her before. Awakened sinners and Christians who are in trouble might follow with advantage the example of this poor dumb creature. If they would give up trying to help themselves and go to the great Helper, relief and salvation would be certain (Matt. 11 : 28).

GREAT SPOIL.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I rejoice at thy word, as one that findeth great spoil."—Psalm 119 : 162.

A Mixed Emotion—A Soldierly Verse—An Expression of Intense Joy—What Arouses the Believer's Joy—I. The Fact that there is a Word of God—A Revealing of God—A Guide of Life—A Sure Pledge of Mercy—God's Side of Conversation—An Instrument of Usefulness—II. The Battle to Obtain a Grasp of It—The Sure Way to Learn a Doctrine—The Root of Dogmatic Teaching—T and P Marks for Bibles—Ministerial Pumice-Stones—III. Peaceful Possession—Spoil Sometimes Found, not Fought for—Who Did Fight for It—IV. Scripture a Spoil—The End of Uncertainty—Weakening of the Adversary—In its Division a Sense of Victory—Gives Profit, Pleasure, and Honor—A Prophecy of Rest.

IN the preceding verse David had avowed his reverence for God's word in the following language: "My heart standeth in awe of thy word." It is clear that holy awe is perfectly consistent with intense delight. Fear seems to stand far apart from joy, and yet in the experience of the child of God they are next of kin. We are familiar with combinations such as this: "They returned from the sepulchre with fear and great joy." "Happy is the man that feareth always." "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling." These two emotions are like two notes which are widely different apart, but yet sound harmoniously together; the one is far down and the other is high up in the scale, but they melt into one with sweet accord in the experience of God's people. It is a blessed thing both to reverence the word and to have an intense joy in it. May we all know what the *mixed emotion* means.

The more we think of the Scriptures, the greater will be our delight in them if we see that they relate to us. "Thy word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it." If they become to us the infallible voice of truth, that pure light which never misleads, that metal which is entirely free from alloy, then will our joy in Holy Writ overflow as we read in it the mind and will of our Father in heaven; and then shall we borrow the language of the Psalmist, saying first, "My heart standeth in awe of Thy word," and next, "I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil."

Observe, dear friends, concerning this joy of David in the word which he revered, that he expresses it with a *martial figure*. My text is quite a soldierly verse: "I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil." It is a figure taken from men of war, who after they have overcome their enemy divide the plunder among them. This expression is most natural as coming from David. David had been a soldier from his youth up, and he knew personally and literally what it was to divide the spoil; hence he did not go far to find his metaphor, but plucked it from the garden of his own life.

How I like to hear men both in prayer and praise speak like themselves! I notice that if a sailor has been converted to God, he can in cool blood utter proper sentences, such as one might borrow from collects and forms of prayer; but if his soul grows warm within him, he ceases to speak according to the books, and begins to pray like an "ancient mariner." When he breaks through the bonds of restraint and gets quite free, he takes you among the rolling billows, and many of his expressions have a salt spray upon them, possibly also a suspicion of yarn and pitch. You soon find that you have fallen in with a shipmate whose soul has done business on the great waters. So must it be with the soldier; if cold, dead propriety rules him you will not know whether he is a soldier or a citizen; but let him grow enthusiastic, let his very heart speak out, and his speech betrayeth him; wars and rumors of wars are in his utterances; he sings and prays to martial music. Hence I like to hear David saying that his heart rejoices at God's word as one that findeth great spoil, for it is his own manner of speech, and sounds fitly from a warrior.

Having thus prefaced my discourse I come to look into this joy of David over God's word, which

he compares to the joy of a warrior when he finds great spoil. To such overflowing joy we are not strangers; we feel quite at home with the text.

I. Let me first observe that this great joy is sometimes aroused by the fact that

THERE IS A WORD OF GOD.

This is true if we regard the Scriptures as a *revealing of God*. After going up and down in the world searching after deity it is a great delight to come upon a book in which the one only living and true God has unveiled Himself to those who care to behold Him. It is a great "*find*" for a man to discover that after all he is not left in a fog to grope his way, but that God has kindled a sun that honest hearts may walk in the light of it, and in that light see all things clearly. I say that a revelation of God is a great discovery, over which a man rejoices "as one that findeth great spoil."

For, dear friends, there can be no revealing of God except by God Himself. The apostle Paul tells us very truly that the things of a man knoweth no man, but the spirit of a man that is in him. You cannot read a man until that man brings out somewhat from within, and thus reveals himself. A man must speak, or act, or we cannot know his mind. The chief means of a man's revealing himself is by his word; language is the gate of the soul. If the man be true and honest, his word will be a window through which you may see his mind. Even so, saith the apostle, as the heart of a man is only known to the man himself, so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God.

Nor does our valuation of Holy Scripture depend upon this one view of it, for we also prize it as

THE GUIDE OF OUR LIFE.

Often we come to positions in which we know not which way to take. It is a great discomfort to have to be questioning, questioning, and for ever questioning. To hear within the soul the inquiries, "How?" "What?" "Which?" "When?" and to be confused by dubious voices is a great affliction; suspense is killing. How delightful to turn over the sacred page and find therein a guidance like that of the Urim and Thummim of old. This book tells us the right and bids us follow it; it teaches us the way of wisdom, and the path of understanding, and supplies motives for walking therein.

Submitting ourselves to the Spirit of God we hear Him speak in this volume and say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." As a bewildered wanderer in a wood hails the light in a cottage window, hoping there to find a guide to set him his homeward path, so do we hail the light of holy writ which shineth in a dark place. As the mariner prizes his chart and compass, so do we welcome the law of the Lord. Tossed on the changing sea of life our eye is gladdened by the clear ray of this pole-star of heaven, the fixed light of God.

More than this, if you think of it, dear friends, a word from God apprehended in the soul is a *sure pledge of mercy*. Consider what words those words of God are; how full of love, and grace, and tenderness. I will not stay to quote the exceeding great and precious promises, for they are, I hope, your daily food. You know what great things the Lord has spoken concerning you. But here is a thought worth pondering—these promises are backed by the word of God; nay, they are each one the word of God. When a man has given his word, if he be an upright, honorable man, there is an end to further question; he has pledged his word, and that is enough. Now the Lord hath given to His people His word, His honorable word that cannot be broken, which must stand fast for ever and ever.

Happy are those who are willing to take God at His word, and accept His promise as the equivalent for the thing promised; for what the Lord hath promised He will surely perform. When a man grasps a promise of forgiveness, of acceptance in prayer, of sanctifying grace, of daily providence, of divine anointing, of comfort in death or of eternal glory, he may well rejoice "as one that findeth great spoil." Within the word of promise there lieth the blessing itself; the word is to the apprehension of faith the substance of the thing hoped

for. That which is guaranteed by God—that cannot lie—is already ours. Well may he rejoice that findeth it.

Notice still further, that Holy Scripture, when it comes to us with power as the word of God, is *the beginning of communion with God*. It will strike you in a moment that when the Lord speaks to a man communion has in a measure begun. It may be that God speaketh to a deaf ear, but even then it sheweth great goodness and condescension on God's part that He should speak to men at all, and especially to those who refuse to hear Him; but oh, if you actually hear the voice of God in His word, if it sinks into your soul by the accompanying power of the Holy Ghost, what remaineth then but for you to answer the Lord, and to let Him speak again?

This Bible talks: "When thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." This is God's side of a heavenly conversation, which ought to be kept up throughout all the days of our pilgrimage. God saith this and that in the word, and we in prayer, in faith, in holy action reply to Him; and then He speaks again, and we again answer Him. When you are alone, and wish to have communion with God, you probably begin with prayer. Do so. But sometimes you feel that you cannot pray. Very well; do not try. Say, "I desire to converse with God, and if I cannot speak I will hear Him speak." Get down the Bible; read a Psalm, or some portion of Holy Writ, and after God has thus spoken to you the conversation has begun. God's words will suggest heart-words with which you can speak to the Most High. If it does not do so, read again, till at last within your spirit there is communion with the Eternal One.

Personally I can sometimes realize my text in a peculiar sense, when the word of God becomes to me *the instrument of usefulness*. How often do I look around me anxiously for the next theme of discourse! My mind inquires, What shall I preach to the people? What shall be my message? Wherewith shall I feed my church? This is a trying question after *twenty-eight years preaching to one congregation*. At last a passage comes home to my soul with power. I have found it. What joys fills the preacher's heart! No warrior was ever gladder when he heaped up the mountains of prey.

You meet with a person who is anxious; you want to say the right word to him, and therefore you look all around prayerfully, until a text suggests itself, which proves to be the exact word for the person whose good you are seeking. Have you not felt great joy in handling such a passage as the instrument of usefulness? Have you not been ready to cry, like the old Greek philosopher, "I have found it; I have found it?" Have you not wanted to be off to tell it not only to the one person you are anxious about, but to fifty thousand more? Ah, yes, you have rejoiced as one that findeth great spoil.

II. Secondly, let us remark that frequently the joy of the believer in the word arises out of his

BATTLE TO OBTAIN A GRASP OF IT.

Read the text again: "I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil." Covered with sweat, begrimed with dust, bleeding from many a wound, wearied and faint, the fighting man has smitten the enemy, and now he staggers forward to seize his portion of the prey, finding new strength in the joy of victory. Did you ever have to do that with God's word, for I have had to do so many times, and I will try to describe the battling as I know it. "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

We have had to fight over certain *doctrines* before we could really come at them. Learning doctrines out of books, or merely learning them as matters of catechism, is never enough. Such teaching is all very useful and helpful, but *the sure way to learn a doctrine* is to have it burned into your soul as with a hot iron. "Oh," they say of me, "*that man speaks so dogmatically*." I cannot help it. Why should I speak with bated breath when I feel absolutely certain of what I say? If I were not certain *I would hold my tongue* until I was. I could not dare to come here to talk of matters which may or may not be true; I dare not thus waste your time and thought.

I have not only found the doctrines of the Gospel in God's word, but I have tested and tried them in my own experience, and they have been so powerfully operative upon my own soul that I must speak as I find. To me the things I preach are as assured as my existence; in fact they are a part of my existence, since they are my life, my hope, my joy, and strength. I am positive in speech because I am assured in mind. Nor can I see the gain which would accrue from the opposite style of speech. Of what avail is this cloudy doubt? Unless a man speaks up to the best of his knowledge and belief, most positively, who is likely to believe him? Wise men will bid the speaker make up his own mind before he can hope to influence other minds.

I have no doubt about the existence of a God. Have you? If you have, do not set up to be a minister for God by any manner of means. I have no doubt about the mediatorial power of His precious blood. Have you? If you have, do not pretend to be a Christian teacher, for your whole weight will be on the wrong side. Faith receives more stabs from waverers than from avowed sceptics. Sowers of doubt are no friends to the Gospel, for men are saved by faith, but nobody was ever saved by unbelief. "We know and have believed the love which God hath towards us." "I believed, therefore have I spoken."

But how do we get to this assurance? Why, by fighting our way to it. A doctrine of God's word comes before us; our heart exclaims, "Yes, this seems to be the teaching of Scripture, and therefore I must believe it." But carnal reason rebels, and conjures up a phalanx of difficulties, while our proud human nature revolts from a truth which is so little to its taste. These things have to be battled with. Faith has to bring all the faculties of the child of God upon their knees, and to say to them, "Be quiet; listen while God speaks; let God be true and every man a liar, and every faculty in the man a liar too, sooner than God be distrusted."

What a fight there is sometimes over a *promise*. Have you never entered into such a contest? O gracious promise, most suitable to my case! How it would comfort my soul! But may I appropriate it? The devil says, "Certainly not." He pushes us back from it. Our feeble hope assures us that it is too good to be true to us. A thousand doubtful suggestions assail us, till at last the soul, by a desperate effort, seizes the portion and holds it against all comers.

It is a good thing to mark your Bibles when you have received a promise.

MARK THE MARGIN WITH T AND P, and let it stand for "tried and proved." Mark the passage which the Lord fulfils to you with some private seal, bearing witness to its truth. David set his own hand to the margin in many places; as, for instance, when he exhorted us to wait on the Lord, and then added, "Wait, *I say*, on the Lord." May that which is written with ink in the Bible be written with grace in our hearts. May the public promise become a private promise to each one of us by the living experience of our own soul.

Sometimes the hardest fight is round a *precept*. God has bidden us do this and that, but carnal ease cries, "Let the precept alone," and love of self says, "That command is too humbling; pass it by." But oh, when you can battle with yourself and win the victory till your heart cries, "I will delight myself in Thy commandments, which I have loved," then your rejoicing will be great indeed! What a joy to conquer yourself! What bliss to master your surroundings, and all the peculiarities of your disposition and temperament, so as to come to love the selfsame precept which a little while ago was irksome. How the believer loves the law when he has fought down his rebellious will, vanquished his obstinacy, crushed his pride, fettered his levity, and yielded himself wholly to the word of the Lord. Holy Spirit, vouchsafe us this joy!

A sharp warfare often goes on over *the threatenings*. I have had many a *wrestling match* over them. A voice whispers in my ear, "That threatening of God is too severe; that sentence of Scripture is too harsh." Certain of my brethren carry

a bit of pumice stone with them, and rub down the rough texts. Whenever they find God speaking in wrathful indignation against sinners, they meet His terrors with a "larger hope." Things that are revealed belong to me, but things that are not revealed seem to belong to them. They have many learned ways of softening down disagreeable truth.

It is hazardous to take the soul out of texts of Scripture, and to attempt to give them souls of our own invention. Let us learn God's meaning, and then become friends with it. Grow accustomed to the terrible texts till like Daniel you feel safe even in the lions' den. The doctrine of eternal punishment is no longer difficult of belief to me since I am confident that it is taught in the Scriptures; the difficulties of it are for God to solve, and there I leave them, being well assured that in some way or other all that He does will be consistent with His justice and His love. Not without a battle does one consent unto the darker side of sacred writ, but that once fought there is rest.

Yet, once more, this is true about the word which reveals Christ. We know not Christ aright till we are conformed to what we know of Him. If Christ be lovely we shall not understand that loveliness till we are in a measure lovely ourselves. The pure in heart see the pure and holy God because every man sees what he is. When the lady said to Mr. Turner, "Sir, I have seen that spot many times, but I never saw that which you have pictured." "No, ma'am," he replied, "I dare say you have not; but don't you wish you could?" Just so, the artist's eye sees what another eye cannot, and the pure in heart see in God what nobody else can see, because they are like to God.

III. We shall now tarry a moment upon a third thought, which is altogether different from that which has gone before. At times the joy of the believer lies in enjoying God's word

WITHOUT ANY FIGHTING AT ALL.

In the text I am not sure that fighting is certainly mentioned or necessarily implied, though it is highly probable. David says, "I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil," as if he fell upon it all on a sudden, like the lepers at the gate of Samaria, who to their surprise found all the way they traversed covered with garments, and gold and silver vessels. They had not lifted a finger in war, yet they found great spoil; like the man in the parable who, when he was ploughing, found a treasure hid in the field. He had never looked for it, but he had great joy in discovering it. In infinite mercy the Lord makes His word open up before His people when they are not seeking it, according to the promise, "I am found of them that sought me not." Have you never experienced what this means, and have you not rejoiced as one that suddenly finds a spoil?

This spoil, however, must have cost somebody else most dear, though it has cost us nothing. If we did not fight for it somebody else fought for it once. Ah, what a fight was that! Let Gethsemane and Calvary tell. What joy there is in seizing the spoil which Jesus has left us as the result of His life's warfare! We have not trodden the wine-press, but yet we drink the wine. The blessing is free to us, but it cost Him groans and tears, and bloody sweat, and death. "This is David's spoil." Look down and see the mark of the victor's feet! See you not where the nails went in? The Crucified One has been here and smitten all our adversaries, and left this spoil for us poor creatures to divide among ourselves.

What a joy there is in our heart when we recollect what foes our Lord overcame to gain for us all this spoil; sin has been routed, death has been slain, and hell has been stripped of its prey; our direst enemies are broken in pieces, and the crown of their head is crushed by Him who is the seed of the woman, the Messiah of God.

HOW SCRIPTURE IS A SPOIL.

IV. My fourth head is the principal one, and I want all your attention while I dwell on it for a short time. There is a joy arising out of the very fact that Holy Scripture may be considered to be a spoil. I will show you that in five particulars.

First, a spoil is the end of the uncertainty. Whenever a fight begins it is questionable who will win; while it rages the result still hangs quiv-

ering in the balances; but we know who has won the battle when the victor begins to divide the spoil. No question now remains; the debate is ended. Blessed is that man who has found in Scripture a spoil in the sense that he has come to the end of uncertainty, and arrived at something like certitude. All men that think crave after certainty, and gradually settle down to one standard or another.

I have heard of two brothers, equally honest and thoughtful men, who commenced life at the same point, but parted in their search after a foundation firm and strong. One of them at last gravitated to the Church of Rome, for he thought he discovered certainty in an historical church, and in one at the head of it whose utterances are regarded as infallible. I do not envy him his ideal certainty; it seems to me to be a mass of fraud, a great historical imposture. The other brother found his resting-place in his own reason, or in the fact that he could not be sure of anything. There is a certainty in being certain that you are not certain of anything; but certainly it is not a certainty which would afford comfort to me; for my reason would be to me a sorry guide for eternal things, since even in every-day concerns it has misled me. We must find certainty somewhere, or believe that we have found it, or else we shall be of all men most miserable.

If a man has no standard of infallibility outside, he tries to find it in himself, and becomes his own pope; and depend upon it a pope in England is as likely to err as a pope in Rome. I would not give twopence for the two of you, and if I threw myself in it would not add an extra farthing to the value. When a man has in experience fought up to confidence in the word of the Lord, or has had it effectually laid home by the Holy Spirit to his own soul, then he reaches

THE END OF THE CONTROVERSY

so far as he is concerned; he is dividing the spoil, for he says, "We have known and believed the love which God hath toward us."

Of course, people come round and say, "You are mistaken." Our answer is, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. It may not be certainty to you, but it is to me." If a man should assert, "Oh, that medicine is all quackery," he has a right to speak his mind; but his decision is not final. Not so," cries another, "I have been ill half a dozen times, and on each occasion I have speedily recovered through its use; call it quackery if you like, it is no quackery to me, at any rate, for I am certain about its good effects." So is it when a man has at last, by the application of the Spirit of God, felt the power of God's word over his soul, he says, "I am not going to fight that battle over again. I am sure of the truth of that Scripture." Such a man is restful about that matter.

The next idea that comes out of the figure of spoil is this. It is the weakening of the adversary for any future attacks; for when they divide the spoil they say to one another, "The invaders will be here again, no doubt, before long; but they will not have this great gun to turn upon us; we have spiked it. Their stock of ammunition will be somewhat diminished by the capture of their magazine, and they will not have this huge chest of gold with which to purchase more martial store; for we have taken it from them. We have weakened the adversary. Have we not entered their strongholds? They may again take up arms; but their force is broken." Every doubt a man conquers by resting on the infallible word has weakened the power of unbelief within him, and strengthened his faith.

Next, in dividing the spoil, there is always a sense of victory, and so there is in believing God's word. In getting firm hold upon the faithful testimony of our God, we achieve a conquest over doubts, fears, disquietudes, and all our proud judgments of God. There is a sense of conquest when we overcome our passions and propensities, and do the Lord's bidding according to His precepts and statutes. When that which at one time was difficult, if not impossible, becomes easy and delightful, then we wave the palm-branch over a defeated enemy. When the mind is brought into subjection to all and every revealed truth, then

have we done more than if we had taken a strong city. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." May we have more of it, and go from strength to strength, doing valiantly in the name of the Lord.

Again, in dividing the spoil there is profit, pleasure, and honor. I am not about to justify the deeds of war, for these I hate; as to plunder and rapine, such as have been indulged in by the general run of conquerors, they are detestable crimes. Men have made themselves worse than devils to men. No calamities have ever befallen nations that are so much to be deplored as the atrocities of war. I use the warlike metaphor, but condemn the fact. Men conceive when they divide the spoil that there is honor in it. Look at the crowds that gathered along the *Via Sacra* when the Roman conquerors came down from the Appian Way, passed under the arch, and marched toward the Capitol. Then did the populace crowd the house roofs, and the chimney tops, that they might see a Scipio or a Cæsar expose his captives and display his spoils. Thus men judge of plunder in war.

See how Napoleon thought to glorify himself by placing in Paris the works of art which he had taken from the capitals of Europe. What are most trophies but stolen goods, or that which is purchased by them? But when you and I lay hold on Holy Scripture then have we grasped a prey more precious than royal treasures, a prey which we may hold with justice and honor. When we can say that the things which God has revealed are ours, then we are rich beyond a miser's dream; and when we can hold them against all comers, then that which we believe becomes our honor and gives glory to us, and glory to faith, and chief glory to Him who wrought our faith in us by His almighty Spirit.

Last of all, the spoil is

A PROPHECY OF REST,

and so is that delightful dividing up of the word of God, and the appropriation thereof by faith. "Ah," said the Romans when they spoiled old Carthage, "we shall never see another Hannibal at our gates, nor dread the ships of Carthage on our seas." They had overcome their most potent adversary when they utterly spoiled her, and then they looked for a long period of peace. And that is the joy of receiving the word. When we can believe that Jesus took our sins, and suffered for them on the tree, we are no more troubled as to the guilt of sin. When we believe that our heavenly Father overrules all things for the good of His people, then sorrow and sighing, fear and fretting, flee away. Well may he rest who sees even evil made to work his good. When we believe that Jesus died and rose again from the dead, then the fear of death which haunts so many receives its mortal wound. Knowing the meaning of the word, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live," the dread of death has no more dominion over us.

The appropriation of the divine promise, as the soldier appropriates his share of the booty, is to us the prophecy that the war is over. We may rest now, and be quiet. And oh, what joy, what blessedness is this! How I would that all those who are here present were believers, first in Jesus the great incarnate word, and then in this book, the written word; and that you did not only believe these things to be true, but took them to yourselves as warriors take the spoil. Happy and blessed would you be, and your rejoicing this day would be as the joy of harvest, or as the shouting of them that divide the spoil. God grant it may be so, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON
—Psalm 119: 145-168.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



John Bunyan in Bedford Jail.



Entombed Colliers at Prayer.

ENTOMBED COLLIERIES AT PRAYER.

(See Illustration.)

THE terrible mining disaster at the Grove shaft of the Midlothian coal pit on February 3d recalls to the memory a very similar calamity which occurred in the Rhondda Valley, Wales, on December 10th, 1880, in which 102 men lost their lives:

On the fatal morning the whole neighborhood for miles around was startled by a most *terrific report*, which echoed and re-echoed through the mountains, and was distinctly heard four miles distant. The whole country was astir, and thousands of workmen who had been awakened from their beds by the concussion were soon hurrying to the scene of the disaster, many carrying a lighted Davy lamp to guide them through the darkness of the night. The roads were also thronged with women whose relatives, either husbands or sons, had an hour or two before descended the shaft.

Preparations were immediately made for the purpose of penetrating, if possible, through the mass of *debris* lying at the bottom. At five o'clock two men, named T. W. Evans, and D. Davies volunteered to descend in a bucket attached to a wire rope. They went down 400 yards, when they came to an immense heap of boarding which had fallen from the top of the shaft and put a stop to their further progress. It was calculated that the heap was twenty yards in depth, but they shouted to any who might be alive below, and in a few seconds heard a *faint response* from the bottom of the shaft.

Meantime the most intense anxiety was evinced by the thousands waiting on the surface, for the return of the two explorers. The aspect of the vast throng, as they stood in the dark night on the sloping declivity above the shaft, those in front trying vainly by the light of their lamps to peer into the blackness below, was awfully imposing. As the returned bucket approached the surface, the most painful still prevailed, and when the two men stepped out and reported that voices had been heard in reply to their shouts, a sigh of relief and hope escaped from the multitude.

Another noble band of men then volunteered to go below. They, too, heard a responsive cry to their shouts, and instantly commenced cutting through the heap of broken timber and stones. By nine o'clock they reached the bottom, and made their way in the direction from which they had heard the shouts. Gropping in the darkness they

found four men, who were alive, but in a semi-delirious condition. These four, Morris, Rees, Maroney, and Jenkins, were assisted to the top of the wreckage, and were brought to the surface. It is impossible to describe the exciting scene on the pit bank as the wives and children of the rescued men recognized father and husband. To them it appeared verily as a return from the valley of the shadow of death, and their expressions of thankfulness were most affecting.

In the meantime another band of explorers had descended the upcast shaft, three-quarters of a mile distant, and the scene they witnessed by the pale glimmer of their lamps baffles all description. *Sixteen dead bodies were discovered in a kneeling position, death having come to them all while they were engaged in prayer.* One body, that of a lampman named Lloyd, was found also in the attitude of prayer, one of his arms encircling a young lad, as though to protect him from harm. The bodies, fearfully burned, were taken to the surface at once, but some of them were almost unrecognizable. The majority of the victims were found lying in the stalls where they were working. The pit in which the catastrophe occurred is situated near Penygraig. It is 450 yards in depth.

Rees, one of the men rescued gave the following account of the disaster: "Thomas Morris, David Jenkins, and myself were working together. David Maroney had just hitched the tram at our stall, and gone to the horse's head, when all at once we heard a loud report. We lost our lights, and felt something like little pins going through us. I thought of running away, and called upon the others to come to the parting, because if we could get to the water we should be better off. When we got out got out to the airway we felt a choking sensation, and I ripped off a piece of my shirt-sleeve and held it to my mouth. When we reached the sump-pit, a little pit about five yards deep, we recovered a little from the shock, and as there was a cold air we began to get cold. I told Maroney to stay there, and said I would go back to look for our clothes. Where we left the clothes there was also a box of tools, but when I got back the box was gone to pieces. However, I found the clothes and our water-can. These I took with me, as we felt thirsty, and we all had a drop. At the spot I named near the water we remained huddled together, as it was so cold, when we heard men on the fall, and Evan Jenkins and Thomas and another man came down to us. They placed a

plank across the water, and we got over and climbed the brattice with them for 15 or 20 yards, and so were saved."

A Christian gentleman resident in the locality said: "I am very thankful to say that a very large majority of those who died were good men; but there were some awful characters who went to their last destination, leaving behind a sure testimony of what their reward must be. I have been in some few of the homes of the people, and there was one wail going up; little children and great strong men weeping as they walked about the streets, and the scene at the pit bank quite indescribable. Such wringing of hands, such groans, as one after another was brought to bank. The most of them could not be identified but for their clothes or some trinket they wore; and when any one was known a murmur went all round like a wail.

"I have heard of two backsliders from God, who were brought to decision by the Salvation Army (one in Porth and the other at another station), who were always coming to our meetings at Trealow, but always said, when asked to come back, 'Not to-night.'"

A TRUST AND WHAT IT LED TO.

(See Illustration.)

MR. WILLIAM WESTON and his neighbor Mr. Trevelyan had long been on terms of friendship, and the former one evening called upon his friend to request him to be his executor. "I have had some warnings in the form of increasing weakness," said Mr. Weston, "that I am getting near to my journey's end, and now I want you to accept this little gift, and promise me that you'll attend to my request if spared." So saying, Mr. Weston handed to his neighbor a small bag of gold, adding the courteous remark that he hoped Mrs. Trevelyan, who was present, would consider the gift a mark of respect for her also.

"But it's very sad to hear you talk like that, about giving up the ghost," said Mr. Trevelyan. "I can't think how you can speak of it in that cheerful way." "Why should I not look forward to the change calmly and happily?" said Mr. Weston. "Death is solemn, but I am ready for it. Eternity is awful, but it has no terrors for me. He who inhabiteth eternity is my friend; the conqueror of death is my Saviour, and the future is lighted up with the glory of His presence."

Mr. Trevelyan, though not without many excellencies as a neighbor and a man of business, had

hitherto bestowed but little thought on the concerns of his soul, but as he listened to Mr. Weston he could not help contrasting the happy assurance and confidence of that gentleman with what he knew his own state of mind would be in the prospect of death. He became alarmed at the thought that, with all his prudence and worldly wisdom, he had lived for half a century without giving the greatest of all questions any serious consideration. His neighbor who now proposed to entrust him with the management of his affairs had often spoken to him about "the one thing needful," but he had generally dismissed the subject with the remark: "You see, Mr. Weston, you have a religious turn of mind. It's all very well, and I've nothing to say against it, but, really, I've got other things to think about just now, but I mean to attend to it soon."

Mr. Weston's presentiments turned out to be well founded. In a few weeks it became evident that his end was at hand. A chronic disease long latent in his system assumed an acute form and his physician warned him that he must die. He, therefore, sent for his executor, and in a few solemn words made one final appeal to him. "I have not the least doubt," said the dying man, "that you will act faithfully in the management of all I have left in your charge; but, my friend, he who has not, as a guilty sinner, fled to Christ as his Saviour, *robs God*, and there is no kind of dishonesty which in the sight of heaven is worse than that. Recollect that he who robs God robs himself of all that is most lasting and most precious. The interests of the creature and the glory of the Creator are so bound together that no power can separate them." Soon after these words were uttered, the final crisis came, and without a single groan or struggle, the spirit of the earnest Christian calmly passed away.

But the influence he had exerted on the mind of his neighbor did *not* pass away. The thought of being *dishonest* toward the great God appalled him, and he knew no rest until the Deliverer of his departed friend became *his* Deliverer, and he, too, was enabled to look forward to an eternity of happiness through the same all-sufficient atonement. One verse set him at liberty. He had been dwelling upon the last words of his friend about sin as robbery of God until his sense of guilt became well nigh intolerable. While in that state of mind, he happened to hear a street-preacher sing the verse:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day,
And there may I though vile as he
Wash all my sins away."

The precious thought that sin's *dishonesty* as well as its malignity and deep-dyed rebellion had been atoned for, dawned upon him and he realized that even in respect of all his robbery of God there was no condemnation in Christ Jesus. His doubts were dispelled, his fears given to the winds, and his soul filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The gold he had received from his friend he divided among three poor families as a thank-offering for that crowning mercy of his life—a new heart and a right spirit; nor did he fail to tell them of that heavenly wisdom of which it is declared that, "The merchandise of it is better than the



"I want you to accept this little gift."

merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."—Prov. 3: 14, 15.

ANECDOTES.

Related at the Meetings Held in Scotland by Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

A Ministerial Bon-vivant.—At a Prayer meeting on January 13th, on behalf of the intemperate, the Rev. Dr. Adamson referred to an incident that occurred recently at one of the meetings in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh. He said: "I was called to speak to a young gentleman of good social position, who was considerably under the influence of drink; and after talking a few minutes to him regarding his soul, I asked him to give himself to Christ. 'I cannot yield to Him to-night,' he answered, 'I must have another drink before I go to bed.' I said, 'Why cannot you give up the drink, and take Jesus as your Saviour at the same time?' He rejoined, 'You take a drink yourself, don't you?' 'No,' I replied, 'I have not touched it for forty years.' He then referred me to a minister in the city who, he said, took it, and I told him 'I have nothing to do with that minister.' I added, 'I know very well he takes it; but you would not want him to speak to you if you were on your deathbed?' 'No,' he said, 'certainly not; for I have seen too much of him at table.' I narrate this circumstance as a warning to those ministers who have not yet given up the use of intoxicants."

Sitting at the Golden Gate.—At the Children's service in the Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, on January 14th, the Rev. J. G. Cunningham said: "Johnny Stewart died on the 27th of May, 1879. He said to his father, shortly before his death, 'It is thirteen weeks, I think, since

I had on my clothes.' 'Yes,' said his father; 'it is a long while, but you have a robe laid up for you in heaven.' 'Yes,' answered Johnny; 'Jesus will give me a robe, a crown, a harp, and a mansion, for He said, 'I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to Myself.' Then they sang him the hymn, 'There is a happy land far, far away.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'not far away from me.' And the last words he said were, 'I am sitting at the gate of the new Jerusalem waiting to receive the crown and the harp,' and with his dying breath he sang the praises of the Lamb."

A Grand Sight.—At the Prayer Meeting on January 16th, the Rev. A. Keay said: "I have been at a good many after-meetings, both here and elsewhere, but I don't think I was ever at an after-meeting like that for the men held in the Free St. John's Church, High Street, last night. The floor of the sanctuary was literally filled. Two classes had been invited: those who had got blessing at the meetings, and those who were anxious to get blessing. Mr. Moody asked in the most solemn way those who had got good in the meetings to give their testimony to that fact by rising, and more than a hundred rose. Some of them were gray-haired men, others were young men; a number of them were little boys. The little boys were as decided as any of them. These young converts were then asked to come forward to a space cleared for them near the pulpit and kneel down that they might be prayed for. Their courage was quite equal to that also, and they nobly confessed Christ."

Taking his Stand.—"I Spoke to Another young man in the same meeting, and he told me that he was the *third* brother who had been brought to the Lord within a short time of their father's death. Their father's death had been the means of awakening them, and last night, after a conversation, I said to this young man, 'Now, will you take your stand for Christ to-night?' and, bringing down his foot, he said, 'I will take my stand to-night.'"

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 110.)

Dead to the World.

THERE was only one house Felicity visited voluntarily. A distant cousin of hers had married a country clergyman, whose parish was about thirty miles from London, in the flat, green meadows of Essex. The Pascals had children the same age as Felix and Hilda; and when they engaged a tutor for their own boys and girls they proposed to Felicity that her children should join them. In Mr. Pascal's quiet country parsonage were to be met some of the clearest and deepest thinkers of the day, who escaped from the conventionalities of London society to the simple and pleasant freedom they found there. Mr. Pascal himself was a leading spirit among them, with an intellect and a heart large and broad enough to find companionship in every human being who crossed his path. There was no pleasure in life to Felicity equal to

going down for a few days' rest to this country parsonage.

That she was still mourning bitterly for the husband, whose name could never be mentioned to her, all the world believed. It made those who loved her most feel very tenderly toward her. Though she never put on a widow's garb, she always wore black dresses. The jewels Roland had bought for her in profusion lay in their cases, and never saw the light. She could not bring herself to look at them; for she understood better now the temptation that had assailed and conquered him. She knew that it was for her chiefly, to gratify an ambition cherished on her account, that he had fallen into crime.

"I worship my mother still," said Felix one day to Phebe, "but I feel more and more awe of her every day. What is it that separates her from us? It would be different if my father had not died."

"Yes, it would have been different," answered Phebe, thinking of how terrible a change it must have made in their young lives if Roland Sefton had not died. She, too, understood better what his crime had been, and how the world regarded it; and she thanked God in her secret soul that Roland was dead, and his wife and children saved from sharing his punishment. It had all been for the best, sad as it was at the time. Madame also was comforted, though she had not forgotten her son. It was the will of God; it was God who had called him, as He would call her some day. There was no bitterness in her grief, and she did not perplex her soul with brooding over the impenetrable mystery of death.

In an hospital at Lucerne a peasant had been lying ill for many weeks of a brain fever, which left him so absolutely helpless that it was impossible to turn him out into the streets on his recovery from the fever, as he had no home or friends to go to. When his mind seemed clear enough to give some account of himself, he was incoherent and bewildered in the few statements he made. He did not answer to his own name, Jean Merle; and he appeared incapable of understanding even a simple question. That his brain had been, perhaps, permanently affected by the fever was highly probable.

When at length the authorities of the hospital were obliged to discharge him, a purse was made up for him, containing enough money to keep him in his own station for the next three months.

By this time Jean Merle was no longer confused and unintelligible when he opened his lips, but he very rarely uttered a word beyond what was absolutely necessary. He appeared to the physicians attending him to be bent on recollecting something that had occurred in the past before his brain gave way. His face was always pre-occupied and moody, and scarcely any sound would catch his ear and make him lift up his head. There must be mania somewhere, but it could not be discovered.

"Have you any plans for the future, Merle?" he was asked the day he was discharged as cured.

"Yes, Monsieur," he replied; "I am a wood-carver by trade."

"And where are you going to now?" was the next question.

"I must go to Engelberg," answered Merle, with a shudder.

"Ah! to Monsieur Nicodemus; then," said the doctor, "you must be a good hand at your work to please him, my good fellow."

"I am a good hand," replied Merle.

The valley of Engelberg lies high, and is little more than a cleft in the huge mass of mountains; a narrow gap where storms gather, and bring themselves into a focus. In the summer thunder-clouds draw together, and fill up the whole valley, while rain falls in torrents, and the streams war and rage along their stony channels. But when Jean Merle returned to it in March, after four months' absence, the valley was covered with snow stretching up to the summits of the mountains around it, save only where the rocks were precipitous.

He had come back to Engelberg because there was the grave of the friendless man who bore his former name. It had a fascination for him, this grave, where he was supposed to be at rest. The handsome granite cross, bearing only the name of

Roland Sefton and the date of his death, attracted him, and held him by an irresistible spell. At first, in the strange weakness of his mind, he could hardly believe but that he was dead, and this inexplicable second life as Jean Merle was an illusion. It would not have amazed him if he had been invisible and inaudible to those about him. That which filled him with astonishment and terror was the fact that the people took him to be what he said he was, a Swiss peasant, and a wood carver.

He had no difficulty in getting work as soon as he had done a piece as a specimen of his skill. Monsieur Nicodemus recognized a delicate and cultivated hand, and a faithful delineator of nature. As he acquired more skill with steady practice he surpassed the master's most dexterous helper, and bid fair to rival Monsieur Nicodemus himself. But Jean Merle had no ambition; there was no desire to make himself known, or put his productions forward. He was content with receiving liberal wages, such as the master, with the generosity of a true artist, paid to him. But for the unflagging care he expended upon his work, his fellow-craftsmen would have thought him indifferent to it.

For nine months in the year Jean Merle remained in Engelberg, giving himself no holiday, no leisure, no breathing time. He lived on the poorest fare, and in the meanest lodging. His clothing was often little better than rags. His wages brought him no relaxation from toil, or delivered him from self-chosen wretchedness. Silent and morose, he lived apart from all his fellows, who regarded him as a half-witted miser.

When the summer season brought flights of foreign tourists, Merle disappeared, and was seen no more till autumn. Nobody knew whither he went, but it was believed he acted as a guide to some of the highest and most perilous of the Alps. When he came back to his work at the end of the season, his blackened and swarthy face, from which the skin had peeled, and his hands wounded and torn as if from scaling jagged cliffs, bore testimony to these conjectures.

He never entered the church when mass was performed, or any congregation assembled; but at rare intervals he might be seen kneeling on the steps before the high altar, his shaggy head bent down, and his frame shaken with repressed sobs which no one could hear. The curé had tried to win his confidence, but had failed. Jean Merle was a heretic.

When he was spoken to he would speak, but he never addressed himself to any one. He was not a native-born Swiss, and he did not seek naturalization, or claim any right in the canton. He did not seek permission to marry or to build a house, but as he was skilful and industrious and thrifty, a man in the prime of life, the commune left him alone.

He seemed to have taken it as a self-imposed task that he should have the charge of the granite cross, erected over the man whose death he had witnessed. He was recognized in Engelberg as the man who had spent the last hours with the buried Englishman, but no suspicion attached to him. So careful was he of the monument that it was generally rumored he received a sum of money yearly for keeping it in order. No doubt the friends of the rich Englishman, who had erected so handsome a stone to his memory, made it worth the man's while to attend to it.

Besides this grave, which he could not keep himself from haunting, Engelberg attracted him by its double association with Felicita. Here he had seen her for the first and for the last time. There was no other spot in the world, except the home he had lost forever, so full of memories of her. He could live over again every instant of each interview with her, with all the happy interval that lay between them. The rest of his life was steeped in shadow; the earlier years before he knew Felicita were pale and dim; the time since he lost her was unreal and empty, like a confused dream.

After a while a dull despondency succeeded to the acute misery of his first winter and summer. His second fraud had been terribly successful; in

a certain measure he was duped by it himself. All the world believed him to be dead, and he lived as a shadow among shadows. The wild and solitary ice-peaks he sometimes scaled seemed to him the unsubstantial phantasmagoria of a troubled sleep. He wondered with a dull amazement if the crevasses which yawned before him would swallow him up, or the shuddering violence of an avalanche bury him beneath it. His life had been as a tale that is told, even to its last word, death.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 111.)

The Seven Years' Covenant—The Parties—The Napoleonic Prince and the Jews—The Last Week Cut off—The Time—Views of the Ancient Fathers—Archbishop Cyprian—Irenæus—Hippolytus, Bishop of Ostia—Origen—Appollinaris.

FIFTH WONDER.

(TAKING place seven years and two and a half months before the Battle of Armageddon, and descent of Christ upon Mount Olivet, and the commencement of the Millennium.)†

It will indeed be a wonder to behold the children of Israel, who have for many centuries been downtrodden and treated as outcasts among the nations, again flocking to their fatherland, and their nationality recognized by the European powers, whose governments in past ages have so grievously oppressed them. Yet, according to various Scripture predictions, this astonishing spectacle must ere long be witnessed.

And in connection with their national restoration there is to be a covenant for a week of seven years made between many of them and a certain "Prince that shall come" about seven years and seventy-five days before the consummation or end of this age, according to Daniel's prophecy of seventy weeks (9 : 27), so that when the covenant is made we shall know for certain that only seven years and seventy-five days remain before the descent of Christ on Mount Olivet to terminate this dispensation and to commence the Millennium (Rev. 19, 20).

"The Prince that shall come," who is described in the prophecy of the seventy weeks as making or confirming the covenant for seven years with the Jews, is further predicted in that prophecy to cause their sacrifices to cease "in the midst of the week" of seven years, and then "for the overspreading of abominations to make it desolate even until the consummation." This is justly understood by expositors to show that he is the same individual as the little horn or king of fierce countenance who is predicted in Daniel 8 to "take away the daily sacrifice," and to substitute for it "the transgression of desolation," and finally "to stand up against the Prince of Princes." In fact the prophecy of Daniel 9 was stated by the Angel Gabriel to be only a fuller explanation of "the vision" in Daniel 8 (see Daniel 9 : 23), and therefore relates to the acts of one and the same Antichrist. This little horn is further described in Daniel 7 and Revelation 13 and 17 as ultimately becoming supreme over the ten horns or ten kings of the symbolic wild beast or Roman Empire, and wearing out the saints for three and a half years, and then perishing at Christ's descent.

This "Prince that shall come," or little horn, who will eventually become the Great Antichrist and the last head of the Roman Empire, must be a Napoleon, who will, before the final three and a half years, completely re-establish over Europe the Napoleon dynasty as the wild beast's seventh and last political headship healed of its deadly Waterloo wound. Therefore a *Napoleon* will make a seven years' covenant with the Jews.

Apparently he must rise from his primary *littleness* as a horn or sovereign, to considerable power

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders," By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, \$1.

† The seven years is the period mentioned in Dan. 9 : 27, as reaching from the covenant to the consummation, and the extra two and a half months is the seventy-five additional days mentioned in Dan. 12 : 12, where 1335 days are mentioned—being 75 days more than the 1260 days, or later three and a half years of the seven years described in Dan. 12 : 7.

in the region of Syria and Judea before he can be in a position of sufficient influence to make this covenant.

The covenant is further mentioned no less than *five times* in Daniel 11 : 22, 23, 28, 30, 32, where a long history of this last great Antichrist is given under the title of the *Vile Person or King who shall do according to his own will* (verses 21, 36). This covenant is also mentioned in Isaiah 28 : 18 ; 33 : 8 ; Psalm 55 : 20. In the two latter passages Antichrist's *breaking of his covenant*, which is to take place in the midst of the seven years, is referred to.

The notable prophecy of the seventy weeks of years is in Daniel 9 : 24 to 27, and it is in its last paragraph regarding the final seventieth week that the prediction of Napoleon's coming covenant with the Jews is found.

In explanation of these

SEVENTY WEEKS OF YEARS,

or 490 years, which they are universally understood to mean in their year-day fulfilment, it has generally been admitted by expositors that the first seven and sixty-two weeks, or altogether *sixty-nine weeks*, amounting in fact to 483 years, were fulfilled before the first coming of Christ, and that they began with the going forth of a decree in Artaxerxes' reign, and reached unto Messiah the Prince's public presentation to Israel either by His public ministry or by His riding on an ass into Jerusalem as its predicted King (Zech. 9 : 9 ; Matt. 21 : 9). Thus were fulfilled the words, "from the going forth of the commandment (or decree in Artaxerxes' reign) to restore and build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks (*i.e.*, sixty-nine weeks, or 483 years) . . . and after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off (or in the Hebrew, *be made a covenant*), but not for himself (or as the Hebraist Dr. Tregelles translates it, *but there shall be nothing for him*)."

After this it is said in the twenty-sixth verse, "And the people (the Romans) of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary, and the end thereof shall be with a flood ; and unto the end of the war desolations are determined." Here is described the well-known destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, about forty years after Christ's ascension ; and the Romans its destroyers are called "the people of the *prince that shall come*," that is, the people of a coming future latter-day Roman Prince, who is here mentioned for the first time, and concerning whom it is immediately added, "And he shall confirm a covenant for many for one week, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease even until the consummation," etc.

Hence it is manifest that some future Roman prince "that shall come," is the person who shall confirm a covenant with the Jews for seven years ; and that such covenant could not have been made before the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, because, in the regular order of the prophecy, it is detailed as taking place after that destruction, and moreover is described as occurring seven years before the *consummation* or end of this dispensation.*

Hitherto, there has never been any record in history of such a covenant having been made, and in any case it would have to be followed by the abolition of the restored sacrifices in the midst of the week of seven years, and by the consummation at their termination. It is manifest, then, that it has yet to be made. And "the Prince that shall come" who shall confirm it, although only a *little horn*, or comparatively little sovereign at that commencing period of his career, will become the Great Antichrist and head of the whole Roman Empire by the midst of the seven years.

There are altogether more than *one hundred* expositors or anonymous expositions which maintain this view, that Daniel's seventieth week is the final seven years of this dispensation just before the descent of Christ and battle of Armageddon and Millennium, and that the latter half of the seven years will be the three and a half years of

the Antichrist's desolations. Among these hundred writers are Archbishop Cyprian, and five bishops—Irenæus, Hippolytus, Victorinus, Apollinaris, and Primasius—Fathers of the Early Church, in which this interpretation of the seventieth week appears to have been quite prevalent.

Archbishop Cyprian, in his "Computus de Pascha," explained this seventieth week in Daniel 9 : 27, as follows : "This is one week which the angel has divided off from the seventy weeks, and placed it at the latest period of this dispensation. And this hebdomad or week we recognize as containing seven years, in which Enoch and Elias are to come. And in the midst of the week, he says, the sacrifice and oblation shall be taken away. But half of the week is shown to be a time, times, and half a time, which is three years and six months ; which become a thousand, two hundred, and threescore days, according to the Apocalypse,* in which days that Antichrist shall commit great devastation, and will begin to sit in the temple of God, and to assert himself to the ignorant to be God ; whom Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, must destroy by the spirit of His mouth and by the brightness of His coming,† and bring the world to its consummation, as it is written, 'even unto the consummation, and that determined, shall be poured upon the desolate.'"

Irenæus, who was a bishop in the primitive church, and a disciple of Polycarp, who was a companion of the Apostle John, wrote in A.D. 180 a work "against the heresies." He considered the worship of Antichrist and his image in the Jewish temple just before the Second Advent, to be the threatened abomination of desolation, and expected Daniel's 70th week to be fulfilled by Antichrist, of whom he says, "Putting away idols to persuade man that he is God, he will set himself up as a sole idol, combining in himself the manifold errors of all the idols. He will sit in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. In the temple of Jerusalem the adversary will sit, striving to show himself to be the Christ : as also the Lord says (Matt. 24 : 15), 'When ye shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place,' etc. . . . They shall believe, it says, in the False one (the Man of Sin, 2 Thess. 2 : 12), that all may be condemned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.

"His coming John thus describes in the Apocalypse, 'The Beast which I saw was like unto a leopard,' etc. (Rev. 13). And afterwards of his armor-bearer, whom he calls also 'the false prophet,' 'He spake,' it says, 'like a dragon, and he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him,' etc. (Rev. 13 : 12 ; 19 : 20.) This is said that all may know his miracles to be done not by divine power, but by magic art ; and no wonder, if having demons and apostate spirits to help him, he through them performs miracles by which he deceives those that dwell on the earth. He will also command them to make an image to the Beast. (Cap. 28.)

"At the half of the hebdomad (or week) Daniel saith, the sacrifice and the libation shall be taken away, and in the temple shall be the abomination of desolation and until the consummation of the time, a consummation shall be appointed upon the desolation—but the half of the hebdomad is three years and six months. (Irenæus *adver. Heres.* ch. 25.) (Daniel 9 : 27.)

"And when this Antichrist shall have laid waste all things in the world, reigning three years and six months, and sitting in the temple of Jerusalem ; then the Lord shall come from heaven in clouds, in the glory of the Father : and casting him and those that obey him into the lake of fire, will bring about to the just the times of the kingdom ; that is, the rest, even the seventh day made holy. And He will restore to Abraham the promise of the inheritance ; in which kingdom, saith the Lord, many shall come from the East and from the

West, and shall sit down with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob." (Cap. 30.)

Hippolytus, Bishop of Ostia (A.D. 220), considered 69 of Daniel's 70 weeks to end with the first coming of Christ, and that then, after the Gospel had been universally preached, Antichrist's abomination of desolation would be set up during the last half week of the 70th week, which would terminate with Christ's Second Advent upon the earth. The following are extracts from his works : "When the sixty-two weeks have been fulfilled, and Christ has come, and the Gospel has been preached in every place, and the times have run out, there will remain one week—the last in which Enoch and Elias will come. And in the midst of that week there will appear the abomination of desolation, even Antichrist, who announces desolation to the world.

"And this the prophets Enoch and Elias will declare, saying, Believe not the coming enemy ; for he is an adversary and destroyer, and son of perdition, he will deceive you and bring you to ruin. But the sword shall smite them. And the dragon, it says (Rev. 12), beheld, and he persecuted the woman that brought forth the man-child. And there were given her the two wings of that great eagle, that she should flee to the desert, where she is nourished for a time, times and a half a time, from the face of the serpent. These are the 1260 days, even the half-week during which the tyrant will rule, persecuting the Church as she flees from city to city. . . . Blessed they who will then conquer the tyrant, they will take rank above former martyrs as more exalted and more glorious. With what praises and crowns will they not be adorned by Jesus Christ our King.

"The six thousand years must needs be fulfilled that the Sabbath may come—even the Rest, that holy day on which God rested from all His works. The Sabbath then is a type and image of the future kingdom of the saints when they shall reign with Christ after His coming down from heaven, as John declares in the Apocalypse. For a day of the Lord is as a thousand years."

The Celebrated Origen (A.D. 225) explained Dan. 9 : 27 to be fulfilled by

THE FUTURE ANTICHRIST,

as will be seen from the last paragraph of the following extract from his works : "Through the assistance of his father, the devil, that wicked one will perform miracles, and signs, and wonders for a lie. For as wonders were wrought by magicians, through the help of those demons who seduced man into wickedness, so this man will receive from the devil himself power to do yet greater wonders to deceive the human race. And concerning this Antichrist, Paul speaks of him as the Man of Sin : 'We beseech you, brethren, by the coming of the Lord,' etc., 2 Thess. 2.

"But there is in Daniel a prophecy about this same Antichrist which cannot but excite the admiration of any one who will read it with common sense and candor. For there, in words truly divine and prophetic, are described the kingdoms that were to come, beginning from the time of Daniel, down to the destruction of the world. And this prophecy may be read of all men. Now see if Antichrist is not spoken of there also in these words : 'In the end of their kingdom, when their transgressions are filled up, there shall rise a king impudent of face, and understanding problems,' etc. (Dan. 7 and 8 : 23).

"And that which I have already quoted from the words of Paul, that *he will sit in the temple of God*, showing himself that he is God—even this also is said by Daniel, and in this manner : 'In the temple shall be the abomination of desolations ; and until the end of the time shall a consummation be given against the desolation' (quoting from the Septuagint of Dan. 9 : 27).

Appollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea (A.D. 380), as quoted by Jerome on Dan. 9, explained Daniel's 70th week to be awaiting its fulfilment at the end of this age in the time of Antichrist, whose three and a half years' persecution will synchronize with its latter half, and whose statue, then set up in the Jewish temple, will be the abomination of desolation.

(To be continued.)

* Neither Christ nor His disciples ever made any seven years' covenant with the Jews. And if they had they certainly would not afterwards have faithlessly broken it.

* St. Cyprian here evidently refers to Revelation, *i.e.*, Apocalypse 11 : 3, and 12 : 6, 14, and Dan. 7 : 25 ; 12 : 7, where Antichrist's three and a half years, or latter half of the seventieth week, is described.

† St. Cyprian is here quoting 2 Thess. 2.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Struggle between Austria and the Insurgents in Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Dalmatia, is continued with vigor. The insurgents are worsted in every encounter, but they retreat to inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains, whither the Austrian soldiers cannot follow them, and from whence they descend at moments that seem to them opportune to renew the conflict. Very little is known here or in England of the causes of the trouble, but it is stated by travellers who visited the disturbed districts last summer, that signs of disaffection might then be observed among the people. They were hostile to Austrian rule, and were so galled and harassed by continued acts of petty tyranny that a very slight cause would incite them to revolt. The spark that started the conflagration appears to have been the determination on the part of Austria to enforce a conscription. The Slavs appear to have thought that if they were forced to become soldiers and fight, they might as well fight against Austria, whom they hate, as for her against other nations.

The Relations of Russia on the one Hand, and Austria and Germany on the other, have been disturbed by the struggle in the agitated provinces. Russia's sympathy with the Slavs is one of long standing, and it is probable that a war on their behalf would be intensely popular with the Russian people. A public avowal of this sympathy was recently made by the Russian General, Skobeloff, who, in an address to some Servian students, declared that a struggle between the Slavs and the Teutons was inevitable, and that it would be long, sanguinary, and terrible, but that the Slavs would triumph. General Skobeloff concluded as follows: "If any one attempts to molest States recognized by treaties, thank Heaven you will not be alone." It is reported that fifteen Russian officers have applied for, and readily obtained, a year's leave of absence and have joined the insurgents. This aid to the enemies of Austria on the part of Russia has not escaped notice, and Bismarck has sent an intimation to the Czar that Germany and Russia must be regarded as allies in this question. Meanwhile Russia is cultivating friendship with France, and had Gambetta remained in office it is not improbable that an anti-German alliance between France and Russia would have been formed.

Conflicting Accounts Continue to Arrive in reference to the outrages on the Jews of Russia. The London *Times* says it understands that the reports of the British consuls in regard to the outrages do not show that any cases of outrage upon women have been clearly proved. The evidence is clear regarding other serious outrages. On the other hand the correspondents of that journal and the *Daily Telegraph* reiterate their statements as to the brutalities they reported. The correspondent of the latter journal vouches "for the truth of the statement that at Elizbethgrad, Kieff, Odessa, Niezjin, Peczaer, Kona, and Prioslav over two hundred and fifty women were outraged by Jew baiters during the disturbances. At Kieff General Dreutel, when appealed to for protection, said it was not worth while risking the soldiers' lives. At Odessa petroleum was poured on a man's head and set on fire, and the man died in agony. Subsequently many children were mercilessly killed." The accounts also given by the fugitive Jews who have arrived in America confirm the latter statements, and there appears to be no reason to suspect collusion.

The Significant Remarks of Mr. Gladstone in reference to the Irish demand for home rule have caused so much agitation that he has found it necessary to define his position on the subject. In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on February 17th Mr. Gladstone said he considered that the decentralization of Parliament should be a cardinal rule of policy; that local institutions are a source of great strength, and that the only limit which, in principle, is necessary to them is adequate provision for the supremacy of the central authority. He believed that the wise and just way of meeting the demand for bringing Irish affairs more under Irish control is not to regard it as the first step toward separation, but rather to ask the promoters of the change to formulate the guarantees they proposed to give for the supremacy of Parliament. He had never yet received an adequate and satisfactory explanation on this point. In the absence of Mr. Parnell Mr. McCarthy proposes to state the demands of the Home Rule party, and to explain the guarantees they are prepared to offer that home rule, if granted, shall not lead to the disintegration of the empire. It is remarkable that at this juncture, when other indications of the approaching crisis are noticeable, the legislative separation of Ireland from England should be entertained by the British Premier. Students of prophecy have long believed that this separation will eventually take place.

A Prominent Social Topic in England is a reported coolness existing between the Queen and the Cabinet. It has long been observed that Queen Victoria did not honor the liberal ministry with the marks of favor she conferred on the cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield, and latterly rumors have been current that a serious estrangement has occurred. Probably many of the statements cabled across the Atlantic on the subject are mere gossip, but it was noteworthy that when the Queen went to London last week Mr. Gladstone did not call upon her Majesty, although it is the invariable custom for the premier to attend upon the sovereign on such occasions. It was said that the omission arose from illness, but as Mr. Gladstone went to the House of Commons the same night and made a long speech, the illness pleaded could not have been serious. It is also known that against three members of the Cabinet the Queen entertains feelings of personal dislike.

A Temperance Regulation has been Issued by the British naval authorities. The order is that no one entering the navy shall receive a spirit ration in kind until he is 21 years old; and all officers and men will be allowed in lieu of it to receive its value in money, or a ration of tea or chocolate and sugar.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey began Evangelistic work in Glasgow with a meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, on January 22d. Long before the hour announced for commencing, crowds surrounded the doors eager to obtain admission. Every available inch of room was occupied, and the scene presented was most impressive. The subject of Mr. Moody's address was "Faith," and the after-meeting testified to the accompanying power of the Holy Spirit. The subsequent meetings have been most enthusiastic, and great anticipations are being cherished that the present campaign of the evangelists in Glasgow, will be attended with many conversions, and much spiritual blessing to all, as was the case when the evangelists were in the same city about eight years ago.

A Deadlock in the Affairs of Egypt Exists. The Assembly of Notables insists on its demands to regulate the expenditure and to impose taxes, while the Khédive and his ministers claim that function as a part of their prerogative. The trouble is that the Khédive perceives the necessity of meeting the demands of the foreign bondholders, while the Notables and the army are hostile to all foreign claims, and would only impose sufficient taxes to defray actual internal expenditure. In this crisis both England and France are reluctant to interfere, partly because interference would be likely to provoke revolution, and partly because other European Powers, warned by the results of the French Tunisian intervention, would regard an Anglo-French occupation of Egypt with suspicion. A project is now being mooted to convene a conference of European Powers to consider the situation, in the hope that Europe may authorize England and France to jointly occupy Egypt, as the delegates of Europe, in order to ward off the intervention of Turkey and protect the Suez Canal.

The Czar of Russia has Received an Admonitory letter from the Archbishop of Moscow, who occupies a position of considerable influence in the political and social as well as in the religious world of Russia. The archbishop expostulates with his sovereign with a frankness and freedom unusual in despotic countries. He urges the Czar "to quit his seclusion, which," he says, "suggests poltroonery, and is injurious to the national traditions. The emperor's seclusion," he continues, "will lead to disunion between the emperor and the people, who will finally accustom themselves to dispense with their sovereign." The Czar received the warning with a bad grace, and hinted that it was not unlikely that the archbishop might be deposed for his temerity.

The Spiritual Deposition of the Sultan of Turkey is the object on which a large number of Mohammedans are concentrating their efforts. The conspiracy is at present confined to Arabia, but many of the followers of Mohammed in other lands sympathize with the movement. The Paris *Gaulois* publishes a detailed account of the insurrection, which it declares to be a much more important affair than people in general suspect or than the Porte is willing to confess. The originators of the movement are the Wahabis, the reformers of the Mohammedan world, who, in the eighteenth century, actually succeeded in driving the Turks for a time out of Arabia. Mecca is now full of the Wahabis, who have proclaimed as their leader a lineal descendant of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, and it is said that the tribes of Beni-Thaket and Beni-Arish have actually taken up arms in his behalf. For many years now the Mohammedans have been expecting a deliverer whom the so-called prophets have said would be a lineal descendant of the founder of their faith. Thus while the Sultan is threatened with the loss of his temporal kingdom his spiritual authority is also menaced.

A Fatal Colliery Explosion Occurred near Durham, England, on February 16th. One hundred and twenty men were entombed, and for some hours it was feared that they would all lose their lives. Almost superhuman efforts were made for their rescue, and eventually thirty of the imprisoned men were liberated. Thus encouraged the work was continued, but the only result was the discovery of forty dead bodies and the conviction from the quantity of gas in the mine that the other men must be dead.

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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, SOLE AGENTS.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1882.

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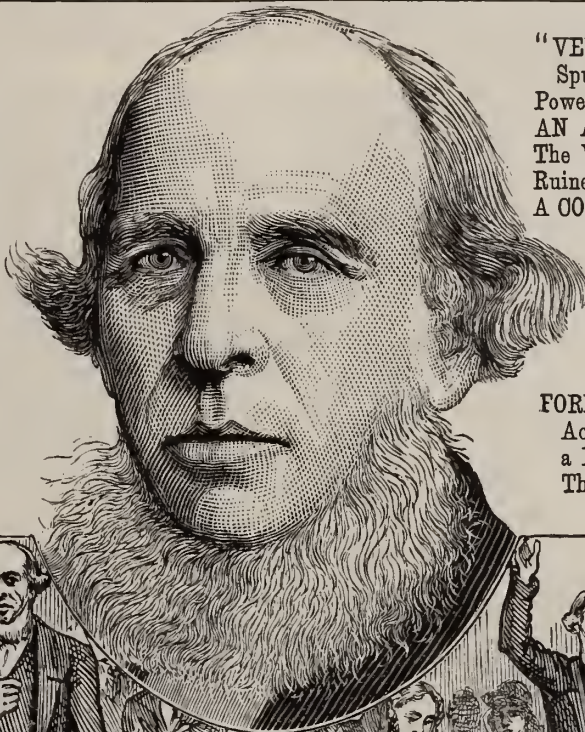
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THE FIRST RECEPTION.



A MIDNIGHT MEETING.



THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE



THE HOME CHAPEL.

MR. EDWARD W. THOMAS, the Missionary to the Friendless and Fallen: and Scenes in his Work.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE WORK OF EDWARD W. THOMAS.

The Friend of the Friendless and Fallen.

Four Notable Scenes, as Shown on the Frontispiece—I. The First Reception—II. Around the Coffin of an Unfortunate—III. A Midnight Meeting—IV. The Home Chapel—Among the Friendless and Fallen.

ONE of the most saddening spectacles to a Christian is the scene presented in certain well-known localities of all the great cities of the world between the hours of ten o'clock at night and two o'clock in the morning. In New York, Chicago, and other American cities, in London, in the French capital, and in the chief cities of Europe the same scene may be witnessed.

The Christian man detained away from home beyond his usual hour for retiring to rest by some errand of mercy or some extraordinary emergency is hastening through the deserted streets to his home. Scarcely a passer-by is to be seen, and the lights in the upper windows of the houses show that "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is holding her blissful sway. Suddenly he enters a street which in the daytime seems much like other streets, except that it has a faded, dull, and sleepy look as if the inhabitants were not so bright and alert as those of other streets. Entering this street at night it would seem as if some enchantment had been worked. The stores are all open and blazing with light, the storekeepers have discarded their listlessness and are as active and energetic as their fellow-tradesmen in other localities are in the early morning. Restaurants are crowded and the liquor saloons are doing a thriving business.

On the street are hundreds of men and women, the latter handsomely dressed, but with a showiness that is unusual in ladies on a pedestrian expedition. There is, too, a boldness in their gait and a freedom in their manner which indicate a lack of refinement and modesty instinctively recognized by the most careless observer as unwomanly. If he is near enough to hear their conversation, he often finds it garnished with words shameful on a man's lips, but doubly so on those of a woman. As he shrinks from contact with the throngs of these women he realizes that they are "the strange women" against whom the wise king so solemnly and earnestly warned young men. These women are plying a vile and shameful business, in which they and those who have dealings with them lose body and soul.

But the followers of Him who came to seek and to save those who are lost, cannot consistently neglect this class, abandoned as they are. They that are whole are not they who need the physician but they who are sick, and the Christian as he witnesses this fearful spectacle of sin, is impelled to tell the sinners of One who died to deliver them. This impulse is strengthened by what he learns of the circumstances which have brought many of them to ruin. He finds that in many cases they have been such as to excite pity and sympathy. One such case is typical of thousands. A father had among his children a daughter of rare beauty, who was gentle, loving, and trustful. She was sought in marriage by a young man of attractive appearance and brilliant conversational powers. But the father, anxious for his daughter's welfare, inquired into the young man's antecedents and habits, and found that both were such as deterred him from intrusting his daughter's future to his keeping. He refused his consent to the match, and then to his sorrow discovered that his daughter loved the worthless fellow. Then followed a struggle, the father was firm in his refusal, being convinced that he was acting for his daughter's good. But the girl, thinking her father misunderstood her lover and was prejudiced against him, rebelled against control she thought harsh.

The lover found means of communicating with her and suggested to her that if they were married her father would not withhold his blessing, and that a little boldness at first would insure them a life of happiness. He persuaded her to leave her father's house and go with him secretly to a distant city to be married. She went. But when she arrived there, he postponed under various pretexts the per-

formance of the marriage ceremony, and finally refused altogether to marry her. Then he deserted her, and the girl found herself penniless in a strange city with no means of earning her livelihood; and too much ashamed, even if she had the means, to return home. In that extremity she was met by a woman who, seeing her distress, pretended to pity her, offered her shelter, and then introduced her to a life of vice. That has been the story of thousands, and hearts full of Christian love as they have listened to the recital have been touched by the piteous appeal: "Oh, if you could find me some way of earning an honest living, however laborious, I would gladly quit this wretched life."

Any attempt to render aid in such cases was necessarily attended with difficulty, and it was certain that worldly people, and even many Christian people, would be likely to misconstrue the motives that prompted such an effort, but the love of souls and the recollection of the sympathy our great Example extended to repentant women of the same class (Luke 7: 37-48) triumphed over all other considerations. The attempt was made in London, and it was followed by a similar effort in New York and other great cities, and God has blessed the work. How formidable were the difficulties which attended the initiation of the movement, and how discouraging was the reception of the kindly and disinterested effort to rescue the fallen may be understood from the following narrative. It describes the labors of Mr. Thomas, the pioneer in this field of Christian work, who has consecrated his life and all his energies to its prosecution.

It is now more than thirty years since Mr. Thomas began his work on behalf of the fallen. In the summer of 1851 he heard of a strange resort in London, into which it was scarcely safe for the police, and much less for ordinary visitors, to enter. It was, in fact, a little colony of thieves, harlots, and lawless people of every description, and here, herded together like so many wild beasts, they were living in contempt of every law, human and divine. When he spoke of visiting this place, his friends who were well acquainted with its reputation, did all they could to dissuade him from going, as they would not answer for his life if he ventured into so dangerous a locality. But after some trouble he secured a room in which to hold his first meeting on the following Sunday afternoon. He paid a woman the price which was demanded for the use of it, and he prayed earnestly for the divine blessing to attend the enterprise, to which he looked forward with some anxiety.

On going at the appointed time to the room which he had hired, expecting to find things in readiness for the service, the scene which presented itself was enough to fill him with discouragement if not with dismay. He found the woman in a state of wretched intoxication. The news of the intended service had spread through the colony and measures were taken to turn it into ridicule and to show Mr. Thomas what he might expect if he began mission work in this unclean warren of iniquity. The woman had been plied with liquor, and the sight of her, as the only auditor, appeared to say,

"YOU WILL DO NO GOOD HERE."

Mr. Thomas immediately conferred with two or three friends, and they at length resolved to hold a service in the open air that evening in the foul court. At the appointed time he made his way alone to the filthy little colony. He advanced to the middle of the court, and in a loud, cheerful tone began singing,

"Salvation, O the joyful sound.

'Tis pleasure to our ears;

A sovereign balm for every wound;

A cordial for our fears."

He had not proceeded far before some of the people in the court came out to see what this new feature in the life of Sunday evening could mean. On their ears had often fallen the sounds of ribald songs, but they appeared never to have heard one of the songs of Zion. Some jeered and cracked jokes, but it was encouraging to find a few listening to the words of the hymn as if mentally struggling to find out what the words meant, and what this "Salvation" was, which the singer said was "a sovereign balm for every wound."

SCENE I.—A TROUBLESOME AUDITOR.

On the conclusion of the hymn, a short prayer was offered, after which Mr. Thomas began an address to as strange an audience, surely, as ever preacher talked to. He had not spoken long before a dissolute woman came reeling into the court half intoxicated, and holding in her hand a plate of meat and vegetables. Announcing that she was going to have her dinner, whatever the rest might be inclined to do, she squatted down on the ground, and began eating, but paused every minute or so to jeer at what the preacher was saying, greatly to the fun of the motley audience. It appeared to be some disappointment to her that he was not, visibly at least, affected by her interruptions, and this may have goaded her into taking more active measures. Having finished her meal she turned her plate over, and violently smashed it into fragments with the handle of the knife she was using. Her next step was to hurl, with all the strength she possessed, the broken pieces at the preacher's head.

Her aim, however, was so unsteady that every missile failed of its mark, and her failures appeared more and more to exasperate her. At length she suddenly sprang to her feet, and, with the knife in her hand, rushed towards the spot where the preacher was standing, with the evident intention of doing him some bodily injury. Upon this two women, who belonged to the same miserable class as herself, but who had been attentive listeners to Mr. Thomas's address, intercepted her and caught her in their arms. She was drawn from the spot a most unwilling captive, and was taken away yelling, and frantically brandishing the knife in her hand.

It was a stormy commencement of mission work, but afterwards, for the space of about three years and a half, Mr. Thomas was allowed to visit this locality without opposition, to preach the Gospel, and to visit the poor people in their times of sickness and trouble. Nor, happily, were signs wanting that this first effort had not been made in vain.

SCENE II.—A VICIOUS WOMAN'S DEATHBED.

It so happened that, among those who formed the group around him in the scene just described, was a beautiful girl of about seventeen years of age. Her history was a very painful one, but by no means singular. She had a conscience which was not wholly seared within her, and do what she would to stifle its reproaches, it still asserted its right to condemn, and to fill her heart with fear of the future. She had been frequently and faithfully urged to quit her life of sin and to turn to the Saviour, but entreaties were not of the slightest avail.

ANNIE'S SUDDEN DEATH.

On the Sunday afternoon that Mr. Thomas was speaking in the court above referred to, she was present with a female companion of the same class, and some time afterwards it was this companion, who, one Monday morning, rushed into Mr. Thomas's office, exclaiming, "Oh, Sir! pray come down to — street 'Annie' is dead! She died suddenly yesterday morning."

When the excitement under which the unfortunate woman gave this information had somewhat subsided, Mr. Thomas was able to ask her a few questions, but the only fact present to this poor woman's mind, who in her life of sin had not lost her compassionate woman's heart, was "Poor Annie is dead! Poor Annie!" Mr. Thomas found that the unhappy girl had pursued her vicious course down to the very dawn of the Sabbath. She had then retired to rest, apparently in her usual health. On the Sunday morning, however, just as the church bells were ringing out their invitation to the inhabitants of the city to attend the house of God, Annie had risen up in bed as if startled by the sound. What memories may have suddenly crowded upon her mind as she listened to the bells! What reproach and anguish may have filled her no one can tell, for in a moment she fell back on the bed a lifeless corpse. She had often disregarded the invitation of the Sunday bells, but on that day she had received a summons to a higher court, which she must perforce obey.

AROUND THE COFFIN OF A MAGDALENE.

Upon hearing that the unhappy girl was dead,

ness of sobriety, sickness has taken the place of health, and man has attempted to take the place of God. "An enemy hath done this," the adversary of God and man, and has brought ruin upon that work of God which was "very good." But praised be our Lord "for this cause the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

Therefore, blessed be God, we have no room to despair of any living man; Jesus was manifested that He might destroy the drunkenness of the drunkard, the slavery of the opium eater, the filthiness of the unclean, the worldliness of the worldly, the untruthfulness of the liar, the unrighteousness of the thief, the wickedness of the swearer and blasphemer, and all the power of sin. He came "to destroy the works of the devil," "that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6 : 6). It is true that "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us" (1 John 1 : 8). "Sin is the transgression of the law;" but the law of Mount Sinai and "the perfect law of liberty" (James 1 : 25) are very different. A man may be fully delivered from lying, stealing, committing adultery, from wanting in love to God, from dishonoring His name or His day, who yet may fail much as being "under the law to Christ" (1 Cor. 9 : 21); he may comprehend but little those principles of resisting not evil, of loving one's enemies, of losing one's own life, and denying one's self, which though not mentioned in the Old Testament, are the very essence of the divine life, Christ in us.

He who is the devil's Conqueror and nature's Lord had just reduced the winds and waves to perfect calmness when, with His disciples, He came to the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes. No rest for Jesus there; we are told there was one miserable creature who had seen Jesus afar off, and "he ran and worshipped Him." The poor unhappy being was possessed with an unclean spirit, he could find no rest and dwelt alone, not among living men, but "among the tombs." What a picture of an unconverted man! how he shuns those who are alive unto God, he knows not their language, cannot follow their pursuits, feels a stranger among them; away among the dead in trespasses and sins he goes. Amid the drunkards and the unclean, even though he be not so unclean as they, he has some common feeling, he is not so utterly alone there; he can bear with sinners, but he finds saints intolerable. No man could bind this poor creature, "no, not with chains," everything had been tried on him, all to no purpose; chains and fetters were easily broken by the irresistible power which governed him, and "neither could any man tame him."

He was not his own master, he was a conquered man, conquered by the power of darkness; his thoughts, words, and deeds were almost all involuntary, directed by the demons which inhabited the body first made in the image of God. Perhaps the question may be asked: "Are such beings to be found now?" Alas, yes, and more often than many think, and they are often, but not always, unconscious of their bondage. It has more than once been our experience that such have come to us, and said, "I am possessed with an evil spirit, in mercy pray for me." But we need not enter into details in this matter, only let such as know they are possessed, or those friends who know it of them, remember, that "for this purpose the Son of man was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

This poor unhappy man could not rest. This is always the case with those who are possessed, the spirit which dwelt in him took away all sleep by night and all tranquillity by day, and in its fiendish cruelty sought to hunt the poor victim to death and to hell. It seems as though an intense desire for deliverance had made him run as though away from himself to Jesus directly he saw Him; but no sooner had he begun to worship Him, than the tyrannical power which bound him forced him to cry with a loud voice, "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the most high God? I adjure Thee by God, that Thou torment me not." Awful contest, the poor human soul struggling to be free from its terrible oppressor; the evil spirit

holding firmly on to his victim, and dreading to be disembodied. And the theatre of such a conflict is man, created in God's image, redeemed by Christ's blood; how comes it that he can thus become the plaything of the devil? It is not easy to be absolute on such a subject, but sure we are that possession only comes through sin. Often concealed impurity gives the enemy an open door, very often spiritual pride, sometimes spiritualism or anything else which is of the nature of sorcery, prying into "the secret things" which "belong unto the Lord" (Deut. 29 : 29), and nothing can deliver except contact with Jesus, the Destroyer of the devil's works.

At once when he came in his despair to Jesus, even before the devil had made him cry, "What have I to do with Thee?" Jesus had said unto him, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit." The word of power was spoken, the enemy could hold his fortress no more, and the wretched lost spirit could only begin to supplicate, "I adjure Thee by God, that Thou torment me not." "And He asked him, What is thy name?" And he answered, saying, My name is Legion; for we are many." "My name" "we are many," a unity in plurality among these lost ones. They made no attempt at resistance, but only besought Him not to send them away out of the country. A herd of swine, ministering to the unlawful appetites of the inhabitants, swine's flesh being forbidden by the law, afforded some hope to these wretched spirits. At their request, Jesus gave them leave to enter into the swine, unclean spirits into unclean animals; but even then they had no mercy, "the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand;) and were choked in the sea."

Did the swineherds know what had taken place? We know not, but when they saw the swine with one consent rushing into the water, what must have been their amazement. "They fled and told it in the city and in the country."

Their account roused the curiosity of the inhabitants. And they went out to see what it was that was done. "And they come to Jesus;" but their eyes met with an unexpected sight, the well-known maniac of the country, the graveyard sojourner, was there, clothed; sitting still, the restless spirit had departed, and "in his right mind, and they were afraid." Afraid! of what? The power of the enemy was broken in their midst, the swine, the occasion of sin, were removed, the Deliverer was there; but instead of welcoming Him and rejoicing in His deliverance they went to the fearful length of beseeching Him to depart out of their coasts; and He went. He answered the prayer for His own departure, He would not force Himself upon them. Later on men desired a murderer rather than Him, now it was unclean spirits rather than Jesus the Son of God.

O how many things men choose rather than Jesus the Deliverer. The poor slaves of fashion sacrifice ease, comfort, health, everything in subjecting their bodies to exhibit the milliner's and dress-maker's wares. If it is the fashion, then dress must be worn which is not sufficient to preserve warmth, discomfort must be endured; and what has a fashionable woman gained by it all? Applause? Admiration? But from whom? Just those who speak the most bitterly and the most unkindly behind her back. And this is all she gains in the place of Jesus! Look at that poor girl who is about to marry a man because of his money or his position, whom she can neither love nor respect, her very earthly affections unsatisfied, her life of luxury a weary toil of fretfulness and dissatisfaction, and this instead of Jesus. Look at that man who has bent his mind on attaining a position through success in business. Well, he prospers, men say he deserves it, he adds house to house and field to field, but the unsatisfied heart urges him to go on always seeking more wealth, until he dies a beggar for eternity, and only this instead of Jesus. Look at that apparently earnest religious person, full of good works, but going about to establish her own righteousness; attending every service, reading her good books, fasting, anything rather than accepting Jesus. To take Jesus would make her fasting and assiduous devotions all useless, she would have no glory, it would interfere

with her religion; so she builds a house upon the sand, glories in her work and rejects Jesus. What unutterable madness it is for any child of man to think he can dispense with Jesus.

One there was, whose heart clung to Him; that man who was a trophy of His grace and mercy, who had been the habitation of demons. Seeing that the rejected Jesus, who had delivered him, went meekly back to His ship, "he prayed Him that he might be with Him." But the heart of Jesus contained no bitterness towards those who would not receive Him, and for their sakes "Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." This man was wholly saved, and he needed but to know the will of Jesus in order to do it: "he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him." It was personal testimony, every one had known the restless, raging maniac, and every one must see the incontrovertible change which had taken place in him. The result was "all men did marvel," the very men who would not suffer the presence of Jesus were thrilled with the story of the restored maniac. Let us not forget that if we are indeed delivered from the power of sin and Satan, we have a story of deliverance to tell, and if we are not telling it, we are guilty of the blood of souls who might be startled out of their sleep of sin if they heard it. O God, deliver us from blood-guiltiness!

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

In a little New England farmhouse a young girl lay dying. Though scarcely sixteen years of age her life had been one of great trial and suffering. Struck down at the age of eight with a malignant form of scarlet fever from which she had never recovered, she had gradually gone into a decline, and now after years of patient endurance her release is at hand. The bleak March wind howls without, piling the snow into huge drifts, and covering the brown earth with a canopy of spotless white. Within, the grief-stricken father watches beside his idolized child, striving to soothe her dying moments, his rough hands, hardened by toil, administering from time to time the necessary draughts.

Her little form wasted by disease is racked with pain, and that too such as none but a consumptive can ever know. Her quick breath and swollen limbs betoken that the end is near; the death-damp gathers upon her forehead, yet the struggle continues. In her agony she writhes upon the couch, grasps the coverlid with her nerveless hands and shrieks with pain. It is too much for her little frame to endure. She gasps: "O father! I can't stand it longer, I must have relief. Pray, O father! pray to the good God that this awful pain may leave me; He says, 'Ask whatsoever ye will in my name and ye shall receive'; ask Him, father, I know He will have pity on me, His servant." That father's faith wavered; 'twas too much to ask, yet to soothe her, he kneels by her bedside and pours out his whole soul in fervent prayer.

Scarcely had he begun to pray when instant relief came to her, all pain left her, and, exhausted by her struggles, she lay calm and mutely thanking God who had given her relief. Then, after a few moments, she continued: "Father, I want you to pray that I may once more arise from this sick bed; I believe your prayer will be answered."

Again that Christian parent wrestled with the angel of God, and although she was just sinking into the grave, God's hand arrested the fell destroyer, and under His guiding care she gradually gained strength and enjoyed better health than she had for some years previous.

But Mamie was only loaned to us for a short time. In about a year she gently passed away, and now robed in spotless white dwells in the paradise of God. Like the tender flower by the wayside, she cheered the hearts of friends by her gentleness and sweetness. Crushed also like the wayside flower, the sweet perfume of her character lingers with us as an unfailing influence for good and a priceless safeguard against sin. May we strive to imitate her virtues and meet her among the white-robed throng around the throne of God!



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER, BY B. AITKEN.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate on Thursday last Passed the bill introduced by Senator Logan to place General Grant on the retired list of the army. Four Southern senators voted with the Republicans in favor of the bill. They were Brown of Georgia, Call and Jones of Florida, and Ransom of North Carolina. Senator Davis, of West Virginia, also voted on the same side. The bill has now been agitated for above two years, and it has been opposed on the ground that General Grant is already wealthy, and that putting him on the retired list would keep back the order of promotion and retirement of officers now in the army. Senator Bayard pointed out this difficulty in the course of the debate, and advocated, as a less objectionable mode of providing for General Grant, a pension for him as an ex-president, but only four senators supported that proposition. Friends of the bill apprehended opposition from the anti-Stalwart section of the Republican party rather than from the Democrats; but after Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, had spoken in its favor, the fear of opposition from that quarter was allayed. He advised that the bill should pass, as it emanated from General Grant's intimate friend and might be taken to represent General Grant's wishes in the matter. The vote was 35 for, 17 against. Opposition to it is expected in the House.

The House Committee on Elections Agreed on a report in the Utah Delegate case on Friday. The report declares that Allen G. Campbell, the non-Mormon who holds the governor's certificate, was not elected because he did not receive a majority of the votes cast; that George Q. Cannon, the Mormon polygamist who did receive a majority, is not entitled to a seat: and that the seat of Delegate from Utah should be declared vacant. Chairman Calkins, expressing the views of a majority of the committee, said: "In the face of the admissions of Mr. Cannon, we feel compelled to say that a representative from that Territory should be free from the *taint and obloquy* of plural wives. Having admitted that he practises, teaches, and advises others to the commission of that offence, we feel it our duty to say to the people of that Territory that we will exclude such persons from representing them in this House."

The Nomination of Ex-Senator Conkling to be Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, in the place of Judge Hunt, resigned, was sent by the President to the Senate on Friday. It caused a genuine sensation, for not even the President's intimate friends or the nominee himself appears to have known of it until the name was sent to the Senate. Then, as might be expected, there arose a storm. Senators Edmunds, Ingalls, Vest, and Voorhees

spoke, and finally Senator Hoar formally objected to the immediate confirmation which is generally given when the nominee has once been a member of the Senate. The nomination was therefore referred to the usual committee. Much speculation was current as to whether Mr. Conkling would accept the office. It was remembered that ten years ago, when the offer of the Chief-Justiceship of the same court was offered him, he declined it, although there would have been less drudgery connected with that office than the one now tendered him. It is believed that the nomination will be confirmed by a large majority, as many opponents of Mr. Conkling will vote to confirm, in the hope that his acceptance of the office may remove a disturbing element from the Republican party in New York. The salary attached to the Associate Judgeship is \$10,000 a year.

Indictments were Voted by the Grand Jury at Washington last week against the Star Route men. Among the indicted men are ex-Senator Dorsey, John R. Dorsey, H. M. Vail, and ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Brady. Colonel George Bliss, who has displayed marked energy in collecting evidence, is reported to have brought the cases into an advanced stage of completeness, and fully expects to convict. Some of the witnesses come from the remote north-west, and in several cases it was found necessary in order to serve a subpoena to send men on foot a journey of over a hundred miles over the mountains. Some twenty routes will be the subject of investigation. On twelve of these routes the aggregate increase was \$274,586. They were originally let for \$30,552, and subsequently raised to \$305,138. Beside the charge of dishonesty to the Government, the contractors are accused of mulcting the sub-contractors. In one case it is alleged that "the contractor received from the Government for ten months \$6899 57. He paid the sub-contractor who furnished the capital and did the work \$825.94. The pay of the sub-contractors seldom ran above one half and often below one third the contractor's pay." It is expected that the cases will be tried in May next.

The Admission of Southern Dakota as a State has been under the consideration of a sub-committee of the House Committee on Territories. The sub-committee consists of Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, the chairman, who is a Republican, and four members, of whom two are Democrats and two Republicans. The sub-committee has now *unanimously agreed* upon a bill to provide for the admission, and the Republicans on the committee agreed to report it favorably. The bill makes the northern boundary of the proposed State the 46th parallel of latitude, and all parts of the Territory north of that parallel will continue to be governed as a Territory. The sub-committee's draft of the bill provides among other details for the election of a convention, to be composed of 120 delegates, to form a State Constitution. The Constitution so made must make "no distinction in civil or political rights on account of race or color, except Indians not taxed." The convention must provide that perfect toleration of religious sentiment and freedom of religious worship shall be secured; that lands of non-residents shall not be taxed higher than those of residents; and that the bonded debt heretofore incurred by the Territory of Dakota for the building of a penitentiary and insane asylum, shall be assumed and paid by the State of Dakota.

At the Last Session of the Connecticut Legislature, a commission was appointed to revise the liquor laws of the State. The commission reported on February 9th and submitted a bill which embodies the changes recommended. In the proposed bill, which it is expected will become law, the term spirituous or intoxicating liquors is defined to mean distilled and fermented beverages, except cider, containing only 3 per cent of alcohol. The license fee for the sale of "hard liquors," so called, is \$100; for lager beer, ale, and Rhine wine, \$50; for lager beer only, \$25; druggists, \$10, to sell for medicinal and mechanical purposes only. Where buildings are used as dwelling-houses, except taverns and places of public entertainment, access to the saloon from the dwelling-

house must be closed. No place shall be licensed which is within *two hundred feet of any public school or church*. The local option feature of the present law is practically retained. Upon a petition of 20 voters the Selectmen of a town must direct that a town meeting be held on the first Monday in April to decide whether sales shall be authorized. All recommendations for license must be signed by at least five jurors of the town.

Sad Distress Exists in the Mississippi Valley consequent on the breaking of the levees along the river from Memphis to Greenville. Travellers in that locality report the devastation and ruin as appalling. A telegram dated Memphis, February 22d, says: "Washington, Issaquena, Bolivar, Coahoma and Tunica Counties, Mississippi, in fact the whole shore line between Memphis and Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, and the whole eastern shore of Arkansas, are either under water or threatened with inundation. The inhabitants of a vast area of country are in great distress. Many have been forced from their houses and are on rafts, and some on knobs or parts of old levees. The destruction of live stock is beyond calculation. Navigation of the river itself is regarded by steamboat men as dangerous at its present stage on account of the great expanse of water in many localities and the billowy character of the waves when the surface is swept by heavy gusts of wind; also because of the great difficulty of getting to safe ports. The flood is eight inches higher than that of 1876." Governor Lowry, in a telegram of the same date, says "there is great loss of property and stock caused by the flood, and in many localities *starvation is imminent*."

The Revival Services in Cincinnati Conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison, the boy preacher, have been continued for more than a month, and the number of persons who have made confession of Christ, attributing their conversion to the meetings, is stated to be over four hundred, and about seven hundred have been brought under serious impressions and have solicited the prayers of the church. The Cincinnati correspondent of a contemporary says that "the jubilee service held on February 12th was characterized by a deep feeling of thanksgiving for such generous revival fruits. Though rain was falling, the throng was so great that the church doors had to be closed half an hour before the appointed time for the services, and great difficulty was experienced in keeping back the crowds on the sidewalk. Even officers of the church who were late in arriving were unable to work their way through the crowd, and were obliged to return to their homes. The greatest solemnity prevailed in the meeting."

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has issued its sixteenth annual report, from which it appears that the income of the society last year from all sources was \$25,480.25, and the expenditures 23,615.53, leaving a balance of \$1865.72. There have been 855 prosecutions in New York State during the year, and 1275 horses were stopped in New York and Brooklyn and sent to their stables as being unfit to perform their work. The report discusses the "hideous spectacle on Long Island last summer, which shocked public propriety, in the form of a pigeon shooting match," and "that grim monster vivisection that still remains master of the situation," and the "transportation of cattle," but congratulates the society that public opinion has been aroused against the wanton cruelties connected with these three subjects.

Revival Services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle commenced on Monday last. Major Cole, of Chicago, conducts the services. Dr. Talmage states that Major Cole has been holding meetings in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Chicago, Louisville and other cities, in which *thousands were converted*, and has the strong approval of Drs. Bonar and Cairns, of Scotland, D. L. Moody, Rev. Stuart Robinson and others. Prayers are desired that the blessing of God so abundantly given last year and the year before on these special efforts, when Mr. Philip Phillips and Mr. Harrison conducted them, may be enjoyed this year.

An Heir to Some Property near Guelph, in Canada, will have to wait a century for his inheritance under his father's will, if its provisions are carried out. He expected that his father's farm would have been left to him absolutely. But when the will was read it was found that the old farmer had directed that his son should pay the other members of the family for the farm by annual instalments of \$50, and when he had paid the whole value he should have possession. It will take one hundred years to pay the full amount, and the son is naturally disappointed by the will. There is a hopelessness about the arrangement reminding us of the burdens erroneous teachers of religion attempt to lay on the shoulders of anxious sinners who cannot be too often told that salvation is not of works (Eph. 2 : 8, 9.)

A Mountain is Reported to be Melting away in North Carolina. A telegram from Asheville, N. C., says that on February 13th a loud crash was heard there, but not until the next day was the cause discovered. It was then found that a large piece of rock forming part of Bald Mountain had suddenly disappeared in the fertile and beautiful valley below. A slice of a half mile square melted away. The cause of this remarkable tumble is unknown—whether it is to be attributed to the heavy snow and rain storms which have prevailed in this region for the past few weeks, or whether it is the result of the fissure in the mountains caused by the volcanic outbursts which a few years ago alarmed the inhabitants. The sight of that immense mass of rock lying in the valley is enough to make the most impassive people shudder at the thought of what must have been the fate of any one on whom it might have fallen. Yet we are told that a day is coming in which even that horrible end will be craved rather than the impending one which will be the doom of the impenitent (Rev. 6 : 16).

A Man Died in Georgia Recently of a wound he received nineteen years ago at the battle of Chancellorsville. The Columbus *Enquirer*, in chronicling the death of an ex-soldier which occurred February 9th, says that in the battle he received a wound in the hip, the ball lodging in the bone. Had an operation been performed at, or shortly after, that time, the ball could have been easily removed, but the wounded man, thinking it would never cause him any trouble, allowed it to remain. Some years after, he suffered severe pain, and an operation was performed in the hope of finding the ball, but without success. Two months ago he was seized with excruciating pains in his back, and in spite of all that his doctors could do, he died after lingering in agony five weeks. A post-mortem examination was made, and the ball was found in the small of the back, lodged against the back-bone. It had worked its way through the bone in the thigh, where it first lodged, to the point at which it was found. This was a case in which much suffering might have been avoided, and life prolonged, if the patient had braced himself up when the injury was first done to undergo an operation. It is of such cases in our spiritual life that our Saviour spoke (Matt. 5 : 29). The pain of overcoming a bad habit or severing a sinful connection is better endured than a life of bondage to sin ending in eternal death.

An Inconsistent Application to a Physician was made in Portland, Me., one night during the first week of last month. It was past midnight, and the physician had retired to rest, when the door bell rang violently. The doctor arose, and going down stairs opened the door and admitted a healthy-looking man and woman, who had come some distance in the bitter night air with the thermometer below zero to consult him. "What is the trouble?" asked the doctor, "you both look well." "The trouble!" replied the man. "Trouble enough! You see, Doctor, we own an old-fashioned clock that has stood on our mantel-piece for years. To-night after we had retired, all at once that old clock started up and struck the hour of 12. Of course, Doctor, that meant *my time had come*, or a warning that I must soon die. What shall I do, Doctor?" and the man moaned and rocked to and fro while the wife wept to see her husband so affected. The physician gave him

a prescription for bromide of potassium, with which man and wife departed. It seemed curious that a man so superstitious as to believe that he had thus received an intimation of approaching death should have applied to a physician for help. If he really believed that he was about to die, as his night journey would seem to prove, one would have expected that his concern would have been about his soul rather than his body. In the same way men who put off seeking God to a death-bed generally find that opportunity fail them, because, when confronted with death their minds are too much occupied with anxiety to get well to think of anything else (Isa. 9 : 13).

A Quaint First Name is thus Explained by a Maryland journal. In the record of the family to which General M. C. Meigs, late Quartermaster-General, belongs, there occurs in every generation since ante-revolutionary days the first name of "Return." It originated in a brief letter. It appears that early in the last century one Jonathan Meigs fell in love with a young lady, who rejected his addresses. Meigs was too proud and sensitive to offer himself a second time, but as he still loved her he determined never to marry any one else, and to live and die a bachelor unless she, of her own volition, relented. After a few years the lady did relent, and sent a letter to her former suitor. Meigs got the letter and found in it only the two words: "Return, Jonathan." It was enough; Jonathan did return and made her his wife. Their first child was baptized "Return Jonathan," to commemorate the brief letter that had made father and mother happy, and from that day to this there has been a Return J. Meigs in every generation. There is a sense in which the same word lives in the grateful memory of every converted sinner, who having turned again from his sins, finds in acceptance eternal joy (Ezek. 18 : 22, 23).

A Clergyman's Presentiment of Sudden death originated in a remarkable dream which he had on January 14th last. The dream was very vivid and impressive, and he described it to his family and to several members of his church at Bloomington, Ind. He spent much of his time on the following day, which was Sunday, in prayer, and on Monday morning started as he had previously arranged to do, on a journey in Ohio. He arrived safely at Greencastle, but in the evening, as he was returning to the depot, he had to cross the track, and while doing so in a blinding snow-storm, a train struck him and he was crushed to death beneath the cars. When the news of the calamity reached his family they remembered the presentiment his dream had caused him, and how on the morning he left home he told his wife he knew not where or how soon he should fall, but for her to be assured that he was ready. The calmness with which he started on his journey and his freedom from distress at the thought of death were also remembered as evidences of the courage religion imparts at a time when the majority of men quail.

Recalled to Life by a Kiss has been the strange experience of a child at Louisville, Ky. In that city a family was in deep distress on February 8th. The father and mother and their little son surrounded the bed of a little girl who was apparently dying, having been in convulsions all through the previous night. The child was barely breathing, and soon respiration stopped altogether. The doctor pronounced the child dead. It lay thus for fully ten minutes. The little boy, who was passionately fond of his sister, suddenly went to her, leaned over and imprinted a kiss upon the pallid lips. The child's mouth was slightly open, and in kissing her the boy, who was sobbing bitterly, blew his breath down her throat. The little lips suddenly moved, the child gave several sudden gasps, and then commenced to breathe—slowly at first, and then gradually stronger until respiration became natural. From that time the child was gradually nursed back to life. The scene was a very impressive one, and though the doctor explained it by natural causes, the parents cannot forget that the brother's embrace was the means of saving their child's life. How many a soul in danger of eternal death has been brought into everlasting life by the love of Him whom we are graciously permitted to call our "Elder brother!"

"VERILY, VERILY."

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."—John 5 : 24.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6 : 47.

A Double Nota Bene—The Ultimate Ground of Faith—I. The Person to whom the Blessing Comes—The Believing Hearer—The Silver Coated Pill—Believers in the Fulllest Sense—Believers in the Lord Jesus—In spite of Errors and Imperfections—The Only Sort of Man Saved—II. The Blessings which Belong to Believing—He hath Everlasting Life—Non-Condemnation—Passed from Death to Life—III. The Assurance in the Text—Christ's Knowledge—His Veracity—The Need of being Assured—What Is Presumption—A Minister's Avowal in a Coach—Mr. Hall's Seal.

THE words "Verily, verily," as they were solemnly used by our divine Lord, indicate an utterance of special importance. If Jesus says, "Verily, verily," there is something coming to which we should attend with all our hearts. The subject which He thus introduces is our possession of eternal life, and our being delivered from condemnation by faith in Himself. Can any theme be more important? Many questions may be asked, but they can all afford to wait till we get the answer to that first inquiry, "What I must do to be saved?" What shall it profit a man if he compass the whole world of knowledge and knows not the way of life? If he wins a world in this life, what will that avail him if he misses the life everlasting? It is very considerate on our Lord's part to call us with such great solemnity to think about our souls and eternal life. Let us attend to His appeal. Come hither, dear hearer, and bend over the words which Jesus commends to you with a *double Nota Bene*, saying, "Verily, verily."

Our Lord used this "Verily, verily" to denote a clear and certain revelation. There must be an end to all doubt when Jesus says, "Verily, verily." His ordinary word is true; for nothing but truth can come from Him who is "the Truth;" but when He uses His strongest asseveration, "Verily, verily," then we must regard the statement with special reverence if we be indeed His loyal subjects. When Jesus says, "Verily, verily," we see two armies of verities gathered around His royal standard. His declaration is to be accepted as indisputable, immutable, infallible, truth. Do you not agree to this?

Carefully notice where this certainty lies; it rests solely upon the word of Jesus—"I say unto you." In the matter of our salvation carnal reason never arrives at certainty. Mere argument can never bring a troubled heart to a sure anchorage. The certainty which Christ sets before us rests upon His own solemn assertion. Instead of proof the incarnate Son of God gives us—"Verily, verily, I say unto you." If you are His disciples indeed, and would enjoy the benefits of His salvation, you must accept your Lord's statement without question. Doubts and reasonings must lie down at His feet, and it must be enough that Jesus says it. The *ipse dixit* of a mere man is not enough; but those of us who adore the Lord Jesus as the Son of God desire no better assurance than the word of His lips. Here is our ultimate ground of faith, our main argument with mankind,

OUR FINAL ANSWER TO SATAN,
and the eternal quietus of every misgiving—*Jesus says it.*

We shall never arrive at certainty as to the life everlasting except by a conviction that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is infallible in everything that He says. I had rather have one word from Jesus than volumes of human reasonings, however conclusive they may appear. Our judgment has often deceived us, even our senses play us false, and our emotions are no more to be depended on than the winds and waves; but here is a rocky foundation, firm as the pillars of heaven—"Verily, verily, I say unto you."

I have heard some who call themselves Chris-

tians talk about the doctrine of salvation through faith in Christ as if it were a mere theory of what they are pleased to call the Evangelical School; but is it so? Is it not our Lord's own teaching? Our opponents have full liberty to canvass the peculiar tenets of a party, and the more they do so the better; but this teaching is none of ours, it is the teaching of Him whom these critics call Master and Lord. Is this their reverence for the Son of God? Do they challenge Him to His face, and question that which He asserts with a double verily, and certifies by the dignity of His person and the veracity of His character?

I am equally at issue with those who admit the doctrine of justification by faith and then add that it is to be guardedly stated and cautiously presented. Does Jesus teach dangerous doctrine? This truth is constantly assailed by the carnally wise; but is that a reason for mistrusting it when Jesus puts it forward in such a form? Understand clearly that if you reject the doctrine of life through believing you reject the authority of Jesus.

I feel this morning great restfulness of heart as to what I have to say. I shall not speak at haphazard upon a matter of opinion, speculation, or probability, nor shall I beg your consent and agreement thereto as a matter of favor; I stand fair and square before you, and I demand the assent of all who profess and call themselves Christians upon a point which Jesus has set at rest for ever by the solemn declaration, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me hath everlasting life." Such as are prepared to reject the authority of the Lord Jesus may do so, to them I have no word this morning; but to all such as own His Messiahship and Deity I present the doctrine of the text as worthy of all acceptance. May the Holy Spirit help me to set it out with clearness, and enable you to receive it into your inmost souls.

Our Saviour is speaking of a great blessing, and our first head is *the person to whom this blessing comes*—"He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life." We shall speak, secondly, upon *the blessing itself*—"He hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life;" and thirdly, and this will be the point I shall lay most stress upon, *the singular assurance with which it is stated*, the wonderful firmness and distinctness with which it is asserted by the Master, and backed up with, "Verily, verily, I say unto you."

I. First, then,

THE PERSON

to whom this blessing comes. Read the passage, and you notice, first, that the privileged individual is a *hearer who is also a believer*. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life." It does not appear from our text that everlasting life is communicated by drops of water, or in any other ceremonial manner; but the command is, "Hear, and your soul shall live." Men are not expected to believe that which they have never heard; they are not to take the articles of the church rolled up, as it were, into a *pill, silver-coated*, and to swallow them, be they what they may, without instruction. We are to act towards saving truth as we do in reference to other information; we are to hear it with attention, and so receive it.

But these people, while they are hearers to begin with, do not stop there; they become believers. They believe that Jesus is the appointed Saviour, and they accept Him as such for themselves. They believe that His blood cleanses men from sin, and therefore they trust in His blood to cleanse them, and are cleansed by it. I am talking to some of the best hearers in the world, and yet I fear that many of you come short, because you are hearers only, and not doers of that word which saith, "Believe and live."

Note again, these favored persons are *believers who remain hearers in the fullest sense*. These persons believe in God who hath sent the Lord Jesus into the world, and consequently they believe that what Jesus says must be true, and then they hear His voice with a discerning, spiritual ear. Our Lord uses the word "hear" in a special sense when He says, "My sheep hear my voice." They

hear their Shepherd, but they know not the voice of strangers. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance."

The quickened ones are described in our second text as *believers in the Lord Jesus*. "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life." They have a personal faith in a personal Saviour. They believe that God must punish sin, that God has punished sin in the person of Jesus, and that He has therefore set forth His Son Jesus Christ to be a propitiation for sin, that "whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This they believe, and on this they lean the full weight of their souls. Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and they come to Him for rest, and receive rest. This is the main point in the character of those who have everlasting life; they are not here said to do anything, or achieve anything, but they believe in Jesus the Christ.

But notice, that our Lord has spoken these words of *every such believer*: "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life." Whatever else he may have or may not have, this is the vital point. "But, Lord, he is full of fault and imperfection." There is no exception made on that ground; for "by Him all that believe are justified from all things." "But the believing man makes *many mistakes in points of theology*." Nothing is said in the text as to errors upon other points; but the text positively saith, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life."

If there be genuine faith in Jesus, there will be a sincere desire to understand all His teachings, and a readiness to believe them; but as for ignorances and mistakes, they are covered with all our other sins by the great atonement which is received by faith. "But, Lord, he is himself afraid that he has not attained to everlasting life. He trembles lest he should be found wanting when put into the balances." No exception is made on account of timidity and diffidence. If any man believeth in Christ Jesus, the statement is made absolutely of him and of every one like him, that he "hath everlasting life." Old or young, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, talented or obscure, there is no difference; all believers have everlasting life.

But, mark you, *there is no statement made as to the salvation of any other sort of person*. Nothing is said about the baptized person who is not a believer. Our text says nothing about the baptized, confirmed, and sacramented unbeliever having everlasting life; there is not a word like it from Genesis to Revelation. Other books may say what they will; but this Book of God makes no account of any man who is devoid of faith. Did you tell me that such a one has been a professor of religion for many years, and his outward life has been most commendable? So far, so good; but that is not all. Indeed, it is beside the mark as to the teaching now before us; for the text saith absolutely nothing about outward morality and correctness of conduct. These things are sure to be found where faith is found; but alone and by themselves they answer not to the qualification laid down by our Lord. If a man believe not on Christ there is no cheering word for him, be he what he may.

We now know the persons to whom the blessings of salvation have come; I hope that many of us are numbered with them.

II. Very briefly let us notice

THE BLESSINGS

which belong to believing.

First, our Lord asserts that the believer "*hath everlasting life*." He was condemned to die, and reckoned as a dead man; but he is now acquitted, and his life is granted him. He was spiritually dead; but the fact that he believes in Jesus is sufficient evidence that he has received spiritual life. John tells us in his epistle, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life." This spiritual life is not a thing of time only, it is expressly called "everlasting." Those who in these days make out that "everlasting" does not mean unending, will, I dare say,

squeeze the life-blood out of our text; but the most of us take the word to mean what it says, and to signify life which will never end.

If I have received life in Jesus Christ I have received a life which will endure as long as the everlasting covenant, as long as everlasting love, as long as the everlasting God. According to a certain theology a man may have life in Christ one day and lose it the next; how, then, is it everlasting life? If a man has lost his life that life could not have been everlasting; that is clear. That which comes to an end could not have been everlasting. But we teach with the authority of Christ that the man that believeth on Christ has at this moment within him a life that can never expire. The believer has this everlasting life now; for it is not said, "shall have," but "hath everlasting life." What a boon is this! To be born in the image of God; to be a partaker of His nature; to be placed beyond all reach of the second death. Glory be to God for this!

Notice next, that the believer is in a condition of *non-condemnation*. He "shall not come into condemnation." The translation would be more accurate if it were put, "and cometh not into judgment;" that is to say, as soon as a man has believed in Christ he receives the benefit of Christ's substitution, and is no longer under judgment, much less condemnation. In Christ the believer has been judged, condemned, and punished, and the believer is therefore clear of the law and all its penalties.

But will not the righteous be present in the judgment of the last day? Undoubtedly we shall all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; but the judgment of that day will not be a judgment to us in the dreadful sense of the term. When a man is perfectly clear, and called into court on purpose to be *publicly acquitted*, it is no judgment to him. "The Lord shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people;" and this is our joy, that "our God shall come, and shall not keep silence." It will be no penalty, but a great delight, to stand before the great King and hear Him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

JUDGMENT PASSED BY.

Our text has another sentence of privilege—*he has passed from death unto life*. Notice where judgment is. See, here is death! Yonder is life and resurrection! Judgment, as it were, stands between the two. We have passed from death to life, and so we have passed by the judgment. There is a doctrinal error which cannot be too much condemned, that the resurrection is past already; but there is a blessed spiritual truth that cannot be too firmly grasped, that believers are already the children of the resurrection by having received quickening as to their spirits. In regeneration lies the essence and major portion of resurrection. We have already passed from the kingdom of death into the kingdom of life, and so have passed by the judgment, since Jesus was judged for us, condemned for us, and made to die in our stead.

Did I hear some one object, "You make too much of so small a matter as believing. You make out that simply by trusting in Jesus Christ there is a difference made between one man and another of a most extraordinary kind, and that it is made at once?" Yes, I do say that, exactly that, and so far as I am concerned I do not care how much you quarrel with it, I shall not tone down the statement: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

"I hear you mutter, 'I think you are very uncharitable.'" Say so, if you please; I shall prove my charitableness by bearing it. But see! Here is a person standing right in the middle of a railway track, and I say to him, "My dear fellow, if you do not come out of that you will be smashed to atoms within the next five minutes, for an express train is thundering along the line." He laughs and answers, "Do you mean to say that my shifting the position of my body a couple of feet will make all that difference? Do you tell me that if I move I shall be safe, and that if I stand here I shall be cut to pieces?" "Yes, I do say it; and

say it with tears ; begging you to believe me, and come out of the track." "Then," he says, "you are very uncharitable." "Yes," I reply, "and you are very insane." What more can I say? It is never uncharitable to speak the truth for the good of the person concerned. A small matter may suffice to shape the destiny of an immortal soul.

I heard a grumbler say, "We do not want this doctrine. What we want is more morality and honesty." Just so. You remind me of a poor little child. His father planted bulbs to come up in the spring, and make the garden gay with golden flowers ; but the boy said, "We don't want bulbs ; we want crocus cups and daffodils." The child forgot that flowers never grow without roots. You, too, good sir, forget that holy lives cannot grow without a cause, and faith is the root of virtue. Flowers stuck into the ground without roots are babes' follies, and good works without faith are childish vanities. We preach faith in order that good works may follow, *and they do follow*, and are the fruits of that eternal life which men receive by faith. Are you not willing to get the flowers through the roots? Go, silly children, and grow wiser.

III. I close with my last head, which is

THE ASSURANCE

with which this doctrine is stated in my text. It was that which attracted me to it.

First, the doctrine of this text is certified to us by the terms in which our Lord utters it. I have already told you this, but I mean to go over it again. Our Lord Jesus, whose name is Faithful and True, here pledges His honor as God, His veracity as man, upon the certainty of this doctrine. He says, "Verily, verily." These two words sound to me like great guns levelled against unbelief. Like the two brazen pillars called Jachin and Boaz, these two verities stand in the porch of mercy's temple, and show us where there is establishment and strength in the word of the Son of man.

Our Lord then adds, "I say unto you." Then it must be so, or else the Lord speaks in error, and none think that for a moment, for He is Wisdom itself. Is He not the only wise God, our Saviour? Do you dream that these words may mean less than they say? That were to charge the Lord with insincerity, mocking poor souls with great words and small meanings? No, you would count it profane to imagine such a thing. "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life," must, then, mean what it says. Christ knows what is everlasting life and who has it ; for there is no eye like His that can discern life wherever it may be, and discriminate between the false and the true.

The question may be raised, Why does our Lord need to put it so very, very positively? Did I hear any one of you grumbling in your hearts just now at my going over the same ground? I did it on purpose, because it is with such great difficulty that you can get men to accept this humbling truth. Human nature revolts against it. As for the unconverted, even when they begin to feel their need of a Saviour they cannot think it true that by believing in Jesus Christ they will pass from death to life. Salvation must be by faith that it may be of grace, and it must be of grace or not at all ; but proud souls will not have it so. A man must be driven to self-despair before he will agree to be saved by faith in Christ.

You who deal much with souls know how they try to escape their own mercy and avoid the loving-kindness of the Lord. Even you that have believed and are saved are not half as sure as you ought to be. Are there not times with you when you say, "I do not feel as I wish, and therefore I am not saved?" What argument is there in that? Can your feelings make Christ untrue? Recollect the evidence of your being saved as a believer lies wholly in that "I say unto you." Perhaps you are not sure that you have everlasting life, and yet you are sure that you are a believer in Jesus. How is this? This is a questioning of Christ's veracity. His strongest affirmation is, "Verily, verily." Is He not to be believed on this? You, as His dear disciple, lover, and friend, would be very indignant if any one cast a suspicion upon His truthfulness—

why will you do it yourself? Accept the truth heartily. Never doubt it, but let it stand as a fact that your faith has saved you.

It is, then, if you are a believer, absolutely certain that you shall never be condemned, but have passed from death unto life ; the Lord puts it so positively that *we may be right positive* about it. Why are you not, as a believer, absolutely certain of your possession of eternal life? The Master, who knew our unbelief, has put the matter so straight and plain that nobody can get over it without rejecting His word. It is certain that he that believeth in Him hath everlasting life ; certain, then, that we are saved if believers. We need not be afraid to believe this with great confidence, and to rejoice because of it. Some one says, "Ah, but it might be presumption." Presumption to believe that Jesus speaks the truth! I tell you

WHAT IS PRESUMPTION,

and that is, to question anything that our Lord has said. Is He your Master and Lord? If He be not, say so ; but if He be so, will you venture to sit upon the throne and judge the sayings of your own Lord, and say, "This may be true, and that may be false?"

Another objector cries, "But I think a person may be too certain." A person may be a great deal too certain if the argument be based upon inference ; but if a statement be based upon the personal testimony of the Lord Jesus, we cannot be too certain of it. Circumstantial evidence is often very powerful, and to some minds irresistible ; yet the inference drawn from it may be false ; but the witness of a person who cannot err is worth all the circumstantial evidence in the world.

Jesus Christ cannot be suspected of falsehood or error, either in His divine character or in His perfect human character, and therefore the basis of our confidence cannot be shaken. Our rest must be found entirely in *that grand word*, "I say unto you." The weight of your doubt, if you have any, must fall upon His personal character, and there also the stress of your faith must be fixed. If Jesus speak the truth, then the believer has everlasting life ; if the believer questions whether he has life or not, he questions the veracity of Christ. We are bound by our discipleship to be at rest. Happiness becomes a duty, and peace a matter of obligation. Happy men, who are under bonds to be joyful!

One thing I want you to notice, and that is that our Lord does not desire us to keep this doctrine in the background. This doctrine that "whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life," is not for our own private comfort alone, it is to be proclaimed upon the housetops. Those Jews in Christ's day were a company of cross-grained fault-finders, who picked holes in Him about everything and nothing. Very harpies were they, full of spite at His excellence. They had just been finding fault with his healing a man on the Sabbath-day, and He had answered them out straight without reserve ; and when He had their ear, He told them a truth which would cut them to the quick. It was not a wanton casting of pearls before swine, and yet the men were not worthy to hear so divine a truth. Jesus tells it to them that we may tell it to all. Never let us conceal what Jesus thus unveiled.

One of our ministers years ago, travelling by coach, asked an erroneous preacher who was on the same coach this question : "How is a sinner justified in the sight of God?" This gentleman replied, "Ah, I know you ; if I were to let you know my views, you would put them in your sermon and spread them all over England." "Ah," cried our friend, "you are ashamed of your notions, are you? Well, I will give you the answer, and I will be glad if you will

PUT IT IN ALL YOUR LECTURES

and publish it all the world over—a man is justified in the sight of God by faith in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ."

Our doctrine is not special truth for the élite and initiated, to be dubiously taught in a back-room among a handful of students ; it is the everlasting Gospel, and we wish to have it proclaimed in market and street, before learned Brahmins and ignorant Hottentots ; we would have it told out in the back slums of London, and preached before

lords and ladies and royalty itself. It does not matter where ; salvation by faith is never out of place. This is a doctrine never to be covered up, nor veiled, nor qualified. "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life"—out with it and hesitate not.

A MOTTO ON A SEAL.

It is a *pretty thing* which is told of the father of Mr. Newman Hall, and the author of "The Sinner's Friend," that his common seal that he always delighted to use was a crown with an anchor fixed into it, with just these words, "Other refuge have I none." Well, if you do not use that seal, if you do not write the words over the door of your house, yet take care that you bear their meaning in your hearts. Have my text written in your hearts by the Spirit, so that you are sure and certain of it beyond all doubt upon the matter, and also do so glory over it that you never hesitate to confess that you are saved by faith in Christ Jesus.

Dear hearers, do you really know this truth in your own souls, "Have you believed in Jesus, or have you not?" Are any of you trying to establish a righteousness of your own? Are you laboring as in the very fire to get peace where you will never find it? Oh, come away from your ceremonies and your sacraments ; come away from your feelings, come away even from your prayers and your almsgivings ; come away from everything upon which you rely, and believe in Jesus, the appointed Saviour. Come away even from your own faith, for you must not rely upon it. Come and trust alone in Jesus, who, being very God of very God, made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and in that servant form bled even to the death in the sinner's room and place, that whosoever will trust Him may be justified in the sight of God. Rest there, one and all of you. Oh may God help you at this very moment so to do, and then we will meet in heaven all of us ; if there be no exception to the believing there shall be no exception in the salvation, for "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life."

THE WESLEYS ON UNFULFILLED PROPHECY

BOTH Samuel Wesley, the father of John Wesley, and John Wesley himself were firm believers in the pre-millennial advent of Christ, as is conclusively shown by Mr. Tyerman in his able and popular Lives of those two men.

Samuel Wesley in an article published in the *Athenian Gazette* of October 17th, 1691, uses the following language : "We believe, as all Christians of the purest ages did, that the saints shall reign with Christ on earth a thousand years ; that this reign shall be immediately before the general resurrection, and after the calling of the Jews, the fulness of the Gentiles, and the destruction of Antichrist, whom our Saviour shall destroy by the brightness of His coming and appearance in heaven ; that at the beginning of this thousand years shall be the first resurrection, wherein martyrs and holy men shall rise and reign here in spiritual delight in the New Jerusalem, in a new heaven and new earth, as foretold by the holy prophets."

John Wesley, on the receipt and perusal of Mr. Hartley's "Paradise Restored," in 1764, wrote to the author, "Your book on the millennium was lately put into my hands. I cannot but thank you for your strong and seasonable confirmation of that comfortable doctrine ; of which I cannot entertain the least doubt as long as I believe the Bible."

In a letter to Dr. Middleton, published in 1749, John Wesley refers to the millennial creed of Justin Martyr, namely, that at Christ's second coming the martyrs will be raised, and for a thousand years will reign with Christ in Jerusalem, which will be then rebuilt, enlarged, and richly adorned, according to the prophets (Isaiah 65) ; and that at the end of the thousand years there will be a universal resurrection, in order to the final judgment. These were the views of Justin Martyr, which Wesley says Justin deduced from the prophets and the apostles, and which were also adopted by the fathers of the second and third centuries. "In fact," Wesley adds, "to say that they believed this was neither more nor less than to say they believed the Bible."



Eliza Cairns in the Prison of the Spanish Inquisition.



A Ruined Man's Consoler.

A DANGEROUS HERETIC.

ON the wall of a dungeon in the Spanish Inquisition an inscription in the English language was found by the people who broke open that abode of cruelty. Inquiries were made about the prisoner who had scratched the words on the wall, and it was discovered that the only prisoner who spoke English that had been confined in the cell was a young lady of wealth, named Eliza Cairns. She had gone to the Peninsula in the early part of the present century to take charge of the two little children of her sister whose death had left them motherless. Their father, though educated by Protestants, having gone out to Spain without any real regard for religion, was soon led astray by the wiles of Popish priests, and gave up the faith of his forefathers for the creed of Rome.

Eliza Cairns, however, was determined that her young relations should not be brought up in the belief of degrading superstitions. She took every opportunity of inspiring the children with a wholesome dread of the priests and their doctrines, explaining to them in plain and simple language that sinners are saved by faith in Christ alone, and not by masses, or penance or purgatory, or the prayers of saints. It was not long before the watchful foes she was trying to defeat became aware of her efforts to counteract their poison, and bent all their ingenuity to the one object of gaining her over to the side of superstition.

To accomplish this object they left no artifice untried. Her beauty and gifts, as well as the wealth she inherited, made her, in their eyes, one of the most desirable of converts. The most plausible, subtle, and insinuating of their number, therefore, employed all their skill to accomplish her conversion; but she was firm as a rock, and it was not long before she was thrown into prison as a dangerous heretic. Here she was visited by Church dignitaries as well as by the ordinary clergy, and implored not to compel the Holy Church to resort to severer measures. But neither threats nor flatteries nor fears could move her. Strong in the strength of Christ, she repelled every temptation, and was "more than conqueror" over all her enemies.

Her deliverance was not long delayed. The dampness of that dreary dungeon struck its deadly chill into her frame, and soon the angel Death came and led her forth to eternal liberty. On one

of the walls of her prison she scratched with the point of a nail the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life"—words which she had written there, in her own sweet mother tongue, shortly before her hand forgot its cunning.

She fell a victim to the insatiable cruelty and fanaticism of Rome, but in death, as in life, she was the uncompromising foe of the Papacy. Her brother-in-law, roused from the sleep of superstition and sin by the heartless cruelty of the priests to one so fair, determined that at all hazards he would be free from the bondage of such monsters. Taking with him his children, he returned to the land of his birth, and for ever renounced the soul-destroying errors which he had, in an evil hour, accepted.

RUINED IN THE PANIC OF '57.

IT was in the dark days of the panic of 1857 that a tradesman was seen walking slowly and with an unsteady gait toward his home. Once or twice he reeled and almost fell, so that those who watched him thought he was intoxicated. But George Willoughby was perfectly sober. But he was in sore trouble. His spirit was crushed and in the agony of his mind his sight seemed to have failed and every muscle of his body relaxed. He stopped presently before a house which, though not imposing, had the appearance of unostentatious comfort. Looking at it one would have said the inmates were prosperous and refined people. The garden in front was carefully kept, and in a conservatory at the side were some rare and choice plants. Everything about the place betokened cultivated taste and a careful attention to order and neatness.

George Willoughby opened the door and went straight to the parlor, which at that hour of the day he found unoccupied. Gazing around for a moment with the dazed bewilderment of a man stupefied by an overwhelming sorrow he flung himself on a chair and hid his face in his hands. In that attitude his wife found him a few minutes afterwards. With womanly instinct she saw in the bowed form the signs of poignant suffering. Quietly she knelt down by her husband's side and gently, and with a caressing action rested her hands on his knee. The silent sympathy moved him more than words could have done. He would, in his nervous, ir-

ritated state, have resented questions, and though he loved his wife deeply, he would probably have answered her roughly. But this gentle, unobtrusive sympathy touched his heart, and with a sigh which was almost a groan he raised his head and putting an arm around her shoulders he drew her close to him, saying with heartfelt emotion, "Milly, dear, I am a ruined man."

The gentle affectionate woman did not faint or go into hysterics as George Willoughby expected she would under the shock. She did not, as wives too often do, upbraid him with carelessness or recklessness, or want of judgment, and remind him that when she left her father's house to share his fortunes he had promised to keep her in comfort. He had been dreading all day, since the knowledge of his misfortune had come to him, the task of breaking it to his wife, and now he had blurted it out with no preparation, and yet no reproach came from her lips. He was astonished. "Do you understand me, wife?" he said, "we are ruined, utterly ruined." "No, George," she said, "we are not utterly ruined, we cannot be that while we have our health, and our children are good and affectionate. All our money may be lost, but God has given us blessings better than money, and He has not suffered those to be taken from us."

"But, Milly," he said, "look around, your piano, my books and pictures, our beautiful home and our garden that we have watched and tended with so much pride and pleasure, they are ours no longer; and when they are sold they will barely pay our creditors a hundred cents on the dollar. The bank has suspended payment to-day, and every cent I have is there."

Even this crushing intelligence did not overwhelm the faithful wife. She was saying to herself as she listened: "This is the time for my husband to realize the worth of religion, and to see how it can sustain the heart in the day of trouble." George knew nothing of that blessed consolation. In his prosperity he had rejoiced in his own shrewdness, had regarded his success as the result of his own wisdom, and had taken from God's hand unthankfully all the good of life. He had often smiled contemptuously when his wife had spoken of God's kindness and had reminded her of Napoleon's saying that Providence was always on the side of the strongest battalions. She might trust in Providence, but he preferred to trust in his own

smartness and energy. Now that both failed she was anxious to let him see that her faith survived the shock. Gently and lovingly she spoke words of courage and of hope, and at length was pleased to see that he was cheered by her undaunted spirit.

It was heart-breaking work to go through the house selecting such articles to be kept as were not likely to realize much at auction, but were precious to them for the sake of old association. It was still worse to see strangers making an inventory of the dear familiar household treasures, but though George's heart quailed under the trial the sight of his wife's patient, hopeful bearing encouraged him. When all was over, the goods sold, the creditors paid, and husband and wife sat in their poor boarding-house looking at the little pile of notes that remained to them, George asked her how it was that she, who was the weaker of the two, she who had never known poverty nor hardship, was able to bear this trial so much better than he. Milly knew that question would come sooner or later, and therefore she had said not a word to her husband through the two weeks of suffering, about religion or the source of her strength. This was her opportunity, the one for which she had waited. She took from the shelf her Bible, and with no other word of explanation read to her husband: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose heart is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee" (Isaiah 26: 3).

"Do you mean to say," said George, "that your religion has kept you from fretting?" "God has kept me from it," said his wife. "It is not my religion. I put my trust in Him, and He has kept me in peace as He said He would." "You speak, Milly, as though you knew God, and as if you thought He knew all about this trouble." "I do think so, George, and I have proof of His knowledge in the peace He has given me, which even you have noticed. He has kept His promise, that is all, and He always does that."

No more was said at that time, but the stricken man, who had put his trust in many things and relied on many men, and had been deceived and disappointed, was impressed by the thought that God had kept His promise, and he had seen how He had done so. The thought sank deep into his heart, and as he commenced life again in a humble way and gradually won his way back to prosperity he never forgot that view of God's character. It is a quarter of a century since George was ruined, but now, when white hairs outnumber the black ones on his head, and his wife has a grandchild on her knee, George recalls that troubled time with no association of sadness, for the lesson he learned then has changed the current of his life, and he is confident in the face of death and eternity, feeling certain that God will keep His promise, "as He always does."

PREACHING AT PAUL'S CROSS IN LONDON.

(See Illustration.)

AMONG the ancient edifices which were once well known in London, but which the growth of the enormous city has swept away, was Paul's Cross. This ancient memorial used to stand near the spot where St. Paul's Cathedral now stands, and on its site a large wholesale dry goods warehouse has been built. In the stormy days of the sixteenth century the great St. Paul's Cross was often resorted to for public meeting and discussion. The accompanying engraving represents the crowd listening to a popular orator who had taken his stand at "Paul's Cross." We find the follow-



Preaching at Paul's Cross in London in 1521.

ing reference to it in Cassell's "Old and New London."

Kemp, who was the Yorkist bishop during all these troubled times, rebuilt St. Paul's Cross, which then became one of the chief ornaments of London. In 1521, Wolsey, 'Cardinal of St. Cecilia and Archbishop of York,' was welcomed by Dean Pace to St. Paul's. He had come to sit near Paul's Cross, to hear Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, by the Pope's command, denounce Martin Luther and his accursed works. At the first sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross, Dr. Bourne, a rash Essex clergyman, prayed for the dead, praised Bonner, and denounced Ridley. The mob, inflamed to madness, shouted, 'He preaches damnation! Pull him down! pull him down!' A dagger, thrown at the preacher, stuck quivering in a side-post of the pulpit. With difficulty two good men dragged the rash zealot safely into St. Paul's School. For this riot several persons were sent to the Tower, and a priest and a barber had their ears nailed to the Pillory at St. Paul's Cross. Yet not long after this, when a Dr. Pendleton preached Popish doctrines at St. Paul's Cross, a gun was fired at him.

The last event of Queen Mary's blood-stained reign was the celebration at St. Paul's of the victory over the French at the battle of St. Quintin by Philip and the Spaniards. A sermon was preached at Paul's Cross, and bonfires blazed in every street."

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 126.)

After Many Years.

THE busy, monotonous years ran through their course tranquilly, marked only by a change of residence from the narrow little house suited to Felicity's slender means, to a larger, more commodious, and more fashionable dwelling-place in a West End square. Both Felicity and Phebe had won their share of public favor and a fair measure of fame; and the new home was chosen partly on account of an artist's studio with a separate entrance, through which Phebe could go in and out, and admit her visitors and sitters, in independence of the rest of the household.

Never once had Felix wavered in his desire to take orders and become a clergyman, from the time his boyish imagination had been fired by the stories of his great-grandfather's perils and labors in the Jura. Felicity had looked coldly on his resolution, having a quiet contempt for English clergymen, in spite of her friendship for Mr. Pascal, if friendship it could be called. For each year as it passed over Felicity left her in a separation from her fellow-creatures, always growing more chill and dreary. It seemed to herself as if her tongue was losing even the use of language, and that only with her pen could she find vent in expression.

And these written thoughts of hers, printed and published for any eye to read, how unutterably empty of all but bitterness she found them. She almost marvelled at the popularity of her own books. How could it be that the cynical, scornful pictures she drew of human nature and human fellowship could be read so eagerly? She felt ashamed of her children seeing them, lest they should learn to distrust all men's truth and honor; and she would not suffer a word to be said about them in her own family.

But Madame Sefton, in her failing old age, was always ready to sympathize with Felix, and to help to keep him steady to her own simple faith; and Phebe was on the same side. These two women, with their quiet, unquestioning trust in God, and sweet charity toward their fellow-men, did more for Felix than all the opposing influences of college life could undo; and when his grandmother's peaceful and happy death set the last seal on her truthful life, Felix devoted himself with renewed earnestness to the career he had chosen. To enter the lists in the battle against darkness, and ignorance, and sin, wherever these foes were to be met in close quarters, was his ambition; and the enthusiasm with which he followed it made Felicity smile, yet sigh with unutterable bitterness, as she looked into the midnight gloom of her own soul.

It became quite plain to Felicity as the years passed by that her son was no genius. At present there was a freshness and singleness of purpose about him, which, with the charm of his handsome young face, and the genial simplicity of his manners, made him everywhere a favorite, and carried him into circles where a graver man and a deeper thinker could not find entrance; but let twenty years pass by, and Felix, she said to herself, would be nothing but a commonplace country clergyman, looking after his glebe lands and riding lazily about his parish, talking with old women and consulting farmers about his crops and cattle. She felt disappointed in him; and this disappointment removed him far away from her. The enchanted circle of her own isolation was complete.

The subtle influence of Felicity's dissatisfaction was vaguely felt by Felix. He had done well at Oxford, and had satisfied his friend and tutor, Mr. Pascal; but he knew that his mother wished him to make a great name there, and he had failed to do it. Every day, when he spent a few minutes in Felicity's library, lined with books which were her only companions, their conversation grew more and more vapid, unless his mother gave utterance to some of her sarcastic sayings, which he only half understood and altogether disliked.

But in Phebe's studio all was different; he was at home there. Though it was separate from the house it had from the first been the favorite haunt of all the other members of the family. Madame had been wont to bring her knitting and sit beside Phebe's easel, talking of old times, and of the dear son she had lost so sorrowfully. Felix had read

his schoolboy stories aloud to her while she was painting; and Hilda fitted in and out restlessly, carrying every bit of news she picked up from her girl friends to Phebe. Even Felicita was used to steal in silently in the dusk, when no one else was there, and talk in her low sad voice as she talked to no one else.

As soon as Felix was old enough, within a few months of Madame's death, he took orders, and accepted a curacy in a poor and densely populated London district. It was not much more than two miles from home, but it was considered advisable that he should take lodgings near his vicar's church, and dwell in the midst of the people with whom he had to do. The separation was not so complete as if he had gone into a country parish, but it brought another blank into the home, which had not yet ceased to miss the tranquil and quiet presence of the old grandmother.

"I shall not have to fight with wolves like Felix Merle, my great-grandfather," said Felix, the evening before he left home, as he and Phebe were sitting over her studio fire. "I think sometimes I ought to go out as a missionary to some wild country. Yet there are dangers to meet here in London, and risks to run; ay! and battles to fight. I shall have a good fist for drunken men beating helpless women in my parish. I couldn't stand by and see a woman ill-used without striking a blow, could I, Phebe?"

"I hope you'll strike as few blows as you can," she answered smiling.

"How could I help standing up for a woman when I think of my mother, and you, and little Hilda, and her who is gone?" asked Felix.

"Is there nobody else?" inquired Phebe, with a mischievous tone in her pleasant voice.

"When I think of the good women I have known," he answered evasively, "the sweet, true, noble women, I feel my blood boil at the thought of any man ill-using any woman. Phebe, I can just remember my father speaking of it with the utmost contempt and anger, with a fire in his eyes and a sternness in his voice which made me tremble with fear. He was in a righteous passion; it was the other side of his worship of my mother."

"He was always kind and tender towards all women," answered Phebe. "All the Seftons have been like that; they could never be harsh to any women. But your father almost worshipped the ground your mother trod upon; nothing on earth was good enough for her. Look here, my dear boy, I've been trying to paint a picture for you."

She lifted up a stretcher which had been turned with the canvas to the wall, and placed it on her easel in the full light of a shaded lamp. For a moment she stood between him and it, gazing at it with tears in her blue eyes. Then she fell back to his side to look at it with him, clasping his hand in hers, and holding it in a warm, fond grasp.

It was a portrait of Roland Sefton, painted from her faithful memory, which had been aided by a photograph taken when he was the same age Felix was now. Phebe could only see it dimly through her tears, and for a moment or two both of them were silent.

"My father!" said Felix, his face flushing and his voice faltering; "is it like him, Phebe? Yes, yes! I recollect him now, only he looked happier or merrier than he does there. There is something sad about his face that I do not remember. What a king he was among men! I'm not worthy to be the son of such a man and such a woman."

"No, no; don't say that," she answered eagerly; "you're not as handsome, or as strong, or as clever as he was; but you may be as good a man—yes a better man."

She spoke with a deep, low sigh that was almost a sob, as the memory of how she had seen him last—crushed under a weight of sin and flying from the penalty of crime—flashed across her brain. She knew now why there had lurked a subtle sadness in the face she had been painting, which she had not been able to overcome.

"I think," she said, as if speaking to herself, "that the sense of sin links us to God almost as closely as love does. I never understood Jesus Christ until I knew something of the wickedness of the world, and the frailty of our nature at its best.

It is when a good man has to cry, 'Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight,' that we feel something of the awful sinfulness of sin."

"And have you this sense of sin, Phebe?" asked Felix in a low voice. "I have thought sometimes that you, and my mother, and men like my father and Mr. Pascal, felt but little of the inward strength of sin. Your lives stand out so clear and true. If there is a stain upon them it is so slight, so plainly a defect of the physical nature, that it often seems to me you do not know what evil is."

"We all know it," she answered; "and that shadow of sorrow you see in your father's face must bear witness for him to you that he has passed through the same conflict you may be fighting. The sins of good men are greater than the sins of bad men. One lie from a truthful man is more hurtful than all the lies of a liar. The sins of the man after God's own heart have done more harm than all the crimes of all the Pagan emperors."

"It is true," he said thoughtfully.

"If I told you a falsehood, what would you think of me?"

"I believe it would almost break my heart if you or my mother told me a falsehood," he answered.

"I could not paint this portrait while your grandmother was living," said Phebe, after a short silence: "I tried it once or twice, but I could never succeed. See; here is the photograph your father gave me when I was quite a little girl, because I cried so bitterly at his going away for a few months on his wedding trip. There were only two taken, and your mother has the other. They were both very young; he was only your age, and your mother was not twenty. But Lord Riversford was dead, and she was not happy with her cousins; and your grandfather, who was living then, was eager for the match. Everybody said it was a great match for your father."

"They were very happy; they were not too young to be married," answered Felix, with a deep flush on his handsome face. "Why should not people marry young, if they love one another?"

"I would ask Canon Pascal that question if I were you," she said, smiling significantly.

"I have a good mind to ask him to-night," he replied, stooping down to kiss Phebe's cheek; "he is at Westminster, and Alice is there too. Bid me good-speed, Phebe."

"God bless you, my Felix," she whispered.

He turned abruptly away, though he lingered for a minute or two longer, gazing at his father's portrait. How like, and yet how unlike him, he was in Phebe's eyes! Then, with a gentle pressure of her hand, he went away in silence; while she took down the painting, and set it again with its face to the wall, lest Felicita coming in should catch a sight of it.

The massive pile of the old Abbey stood darkly against the sky, with not a glimmer of light shining through its many windows; while behind it the Houses of Parliament, now in full session, glittered from roof to basement with innumerable lamps. All about them there was the rush and rattle of busy life, but the Abbey seemed inclosed in a magic circle of solitude and stillness. Overhead a countless host of little clouds covered the sky, with fine threads and interspaces of dark blue lying between them. The moon, pale and bright, seemed to be drifting slowly among them, sometimes behind them, and faintly veiled by their light vapor; but more often the little clouds made way for her, and clustered round, in a circle of vaguely outlined cherub heads, golden brown in the halo she shed around her. These child-like angel-heads, floating over the greater part of the sky, seemed pressing forward, one behind the other, and hastening into the narrow ring of light, with a gentle eagerness; and fading softly away as the moon passed by.

Felix stood still for a minute or two looking up from the dark and silent front of the Abbey to the silent and swiftly moving clouds above it. Almost every stone of the venerable old walls was familiar and dear to him. For Phebe, when she came from the broad, grand solitude of her native moors, had fixed at once upon the Abbey as the one spot in London where she could find something of the re-

pose she had been accustomed to meet with in the sight of the far-stretching horizon, and the unbroken vault of heaven over-arching it. Felicita, too, had attended the cathedral service every Sunday morning, since she had been wealthy enough to set up a carriage, which was the first luxury she had allowed herself. The music, the chants, the dim light of the colored windows, the long aisle of lofty arches, and the many persistent and dominant associations taking possession of her memory and imagination, made the Abbey almost as dear to Felicita, as its mysterious and sacred repose to Phebe.

Felix had paced along the streets with rapid and headlong haste, but now he hesitated before turning into Dean's Yard. When he did so, he sauntered round the enclosure two or three times, wondering in what words he could best move the Canon, and framing half a dozen speeches in his mind, which seemed ridiculous to himself when he whispered them half aloud. At last, with a sudden determination to trust to the inspiration of the moment, he turned his steps hurriedly into the dark, low arches of the cloisters.

But he had not many steps to take. The tall, somewhat stooping figure of Canon Pascal, so familiar to him, was leaning through one of the archways, with head upturned to the little field of sky above the quadrangle, where the moon was to be seen with her attendant clouds. Felix could see every line in his strongly marked features, and the deep furrows which lay between his thick brows. The tinge of gray in his dark hair was visible in the moonlight, or rather the pale gleam caused all his hair to seem silvery. His eyes were glistening with delight, and as he heard steps pausing at his side, he turned, and at the sight of Felix his harsh face melted into almost a womanly smile of greeting.

"Welcome, my son," he said, in a pleasant and deep voice, "you are just in time to share this glorious sight with me. Pity 'tis it vanishes so soon!"

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 127.)

Exposition by the Early Fathers—Victorinus—Primasius—Modern Expositors—Dr. Burgh—Antichrist will Demand Sincere Worship—Bishop Horsley—The Pruning of the Vine—The Opinion of Revs. Bickersteth and Birks—The Reduplicated Year-Day Fulfillments—The Week Divided Off.

Victorinus, Bishop of Pettau, in Austria, and one of the Diocletian martyrs, wrote a commentary on the Apocalypse about A.D. 290. He is stated, in Elliott's "Appendix on the History of Prophetic Interpretation," and in Maitland's "Apostles' School of Prophecy" (p. 202), to have held the latter half of Daniel's 70th week to be identical with Antichrist's future three and a half years' persecution, and therefore all the 70th week to be yet unfulfilled. He says of this persecution, 'The black horse (under the 3d seal, Rev. 6: 5), means famine, for the Lord says, 'There shall be famine in divers places.' Now this saying properly extends to the time of Antichrist, when there will be a great famine, by which all men shall suffer.

In the trumpets and vials there are described the execution wrought by the plagues sent upon the world, the madness of Antichrist himself, the blasphemy of the people, the variety of their plagues, the hope in the kingdom of the saints, the fall of the cities, and the fall of that great city, Babylon, that is Rome. . . . The Lord says in the Gospel, 'Then let them which be in Judea flee to the mountains,' that is, let as many as are gathered together in Judea, go to that place which is prepared for them, and be nourished there for three years and six months from the face of the devil (Rev. 12: 14, 15). The water which the serpent casts out of his mouth, represents the army which he will send in pursuit of her. By the earth opening its mouth and swallowing the waters, is shown

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders," By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, \$1.

the vengeance that will be inflicted at the moment.

"The false prophet will cause a golden image to be set up to Antichrist in the temple of Jerusalem, and into this image the vagabond angel will enter, emitting voices and oracles. He will also cause both bond and free to receive a mark on their foreheads, or on their right hands, even, the name, that none may buy or sell without it. Now Daniel had foretold this abomination and provocation, saying, 'He will set up his temple upon the glorious and holy mountain; that is, he will then set up in Jerusalem an image, such as Nebuchadnezzar made. This the Lord explains, admonishing his churches against the last times and dangers, saying, 'When ye shall see the abomination spoken of by Daniel the prophet standing in the holy place,' etc. (Matt. 24 : 15; Dan. 11 : 45.)

Primasius, Bishop of the Carthaginian Province (A.D. 500), who published a treatise on the Apocalypse, similarly considered Daniel's 70th week to be the last seven years of the Christian era, ending with Christ's descent to destroy Antichrist, whose three and a half years' universal reign would be the latter half of the 70th week (as stated in Elliot's "Appendix on the History of Prophetic Interpretation"); this seems to have been the case also with other writers in the primitive Church, such as Barnabas, etc.

The Rev. Dr. Burgh, of the Church of England, published some able lectures on the Second Advent, in Dublin in 1830-32, and also subsequently a very useful literal-day Exposition of the Revelation, both giving the same interpretation of Dan. 9 : 27. In the former he says :

"That Antichrist sets up 'the abomination of desolation' in Matthew 24 : 15, is proved from the prophecies of Daniel, alluded to by the Lord Jesus. 'The abomination of desolation' is twice spoken of by Daniel in his continuous prophecy of chapters 10, 11, 12, but it is very important to observe that the two notices, though rather far asunder, are *one*; the first foretelling 'the setting up,' and the other, 'the duration' of the abomination, (Dan. 11 : 31; 12 : 11.) The whole prophecy of these chapters, it will be observed, respects what should befall Daniel's people in the latter days (Dan. 10 : 14).

"Another mention of

THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION

by Daniel is in connection with the prophecy of the *Seventy Weeks* (Dan. 9 : 24-27). Whatever difficulty there may be in forming a connected view of this prophecy, there is one thing about which I think there can be no doubt, viz., that it extends to the *Second Advent* of Christ, and includes *its* objects, as well as those of the *First*. For independent of the words 'unto Messiah the Prince,' perhaps 'the determination upon Daniel's people and holy city'—'the finishing of transgression, making an end of sins and reconciliation for iniquity,' are expressions which in their application to the Jewish nation must be referred to another time than the First Advent, which was a day of vengeance to them, and the infliction of a judgment under which they still remain. The whole period is *seventy weeks* (i.e. 'sevens,' or periods of seven years), and this period is divided into parts of 62 and 7 and 1. The 'sixty-two,' we are informed (verse 26), reach to the First Coming and death of Christ.

"There is yet one week to be accounted for, the last of the seventy, which we perceive is considered in the prophecy distinct from the 'sixty-two' and 'seven.' The events of this last week are stated in verses 26, 27. 'The prince that shall come,' I take to be the last enemy of the Jewish people, the last invader of the holy city, 'the Antichrist.' His confirming the covenant with many for one *seven* (seven years), I think is the same 'league' and 'deceitful working' and 'corruption by flattery' mentioned in Daniel 11 : 23, 32, by which it would appear he will impose himself on many of the Jews and delude them, as the event proves, to their destruction.

"For half of the week (three and a half years) he is true to this covenant; but he then breaks it, and for the last half, the remaining three and a half years, 'the time, times, and a half,' 42

months,' or '1260 days,' he causes the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the 'overspreading of abominations he makes desolate,' or as the words evidently imply and another prophecy has expressed it, 'he places the abomination that maketh desolate.' That this last 'half-week' applies to the times of Antichrist I find to have been the opinion of the ancient fathers, as, for instance, *Irenaeus, Julius Africanus, Hippolytus the martyr, and Apollinaris Bishop of Laodicea*" (pp. 140, 147, 152).

Dr. Burgh, like other literal-day expositors, understands "the temple of God" in which the Man of Sin is to sit (2 Thess. 2) to be the rebuilt temple at Jerusalem, in which the Jews will offer sacrifices soon after making the covenant. He also considers that the final Antichristian apostasy will be far worse and more terrible than Popery; and that Antichrist's persecution and slaughter of the saints, who will not worship his image during the last half-week, or three and a half years, will prevail not merely in the Roman earth, but throughout all Christendom, until Christ's descent at Armageddon" (pp. 117, 181).

He says: "No indecision of character or profession, no slackness of devotion or service, no merely nominal religion will be allowed; but his (Antichrist's) pretensions will be enforced by the alternative of life or death, and 'as many as will not worship him shall be killed.' In a word, he will realize his prophetic name of 'Antichrist'—denying Christ, by saying that he is the Christ; denying God, by saying he is the true God—owned by the unbelieving Jew as the Messiah, the Hope of Israel, and taking the wise of the Gentiles in their own craftiness, administering to their pride of reason, and desire for external evidence, 'deceiving them that dwell on the earth by means of the miracles which he doeth' (Rev. 13).

"That a monster of iniquity and blasphemy should accomplish the times of the Gentiles, and precede the establishment of Messiah's kingdom, was apprehended, more or less distinctly, even by the Jews of old, to whom the name 'Antichrist' (i.e. Anti-Messiah) was not unknown; but was fully acknowledged by the first believers in Christianity. Type and prophecy alike foreboded

A LAST STRUGGLE

with a wicked one, the fulfiller and consummator of transgression, and thence also of divine indignation—the rod of chastisement to 'the holy people,' and at the same time the scourge of the apostate nations.

"The character of this enemy, moreover, as gathered from the prophecies, was, in general, that he should rival all his types and predecessors in tyranny, blasphemy, and oppression; that he should be supported by a confederacy of the nations, while his fury should be principally directed (as was that of all his precursors) against Israel; and that he should ultimately fall before Messiah standing up to avenge His people 'on the mountains and in the land of Israel,' and by means altogether superhuman.

"The words of Bishop Horsley are well worthy of attention. 'The *Son of Perdition*, who is to rise out of an open, undisguised apostasy. That Son of Perdition, who shall be neither a Protestant nor a Papist; neither Christian, Jew, nor heathen; who shall worship neither God, angel, nor saint; who will neither supplicate the Invisible Majesty of heaven, nor fall down before an idol. He will magnify himself against everything that is called God, or is worshipped; and with a bold flight of impiety, soaring far above his precursors and types in the times of Paganism—the Sennacheribs, the Nebuchadnezzars, the Antiochuses, and the heathen emperors, *will claim divine honors to himself exclusively*, and consecrate an image of himself.' Bishop Horsley adds: 'I doubt not but this monster will be made an instrument of that pruning which the vine (Isa. 18 : 5) must undergo.'

The late Rev. Edward Bickersteth and Rev. T. R. Birks, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, and both of them leading evangelical clergymen of the Church of England, unitedly wrote the chapter on chronological prophecies in Bickersteth's *Guide to the Prophecies*, published in 1839. The eminent piety, profound research into prophecy, and

unsurpassed soundness of judgment of Bickersteth, give great weight to his views. They both affirmed their belief that Christ would come to remove the Philadelphian saints, or Wise Virgins, before the last three and a half years; for they remarked upon Rev. 13 : 18 :

"Just before Daniel's time of blessedness, there is left a period of half a week, mentioned in Dan. 9 : 27, for the infidel persecution, from which the Philadelphian church is saved (Rev. 3 : 10, 18-21); but the Laodicean part is left in it to be purified, and to be the last gathering of the Church to the marriage supper."

Bickersteth, although a staunch year-day expositor, admitted that there would probably be an ultimate reduplicated literal fulfilment of many parts of Daniel and Revelation in connection with the last infidel Antichrist, who, as Birks maintained from Dan. 11, will be worshipped, as God, in the rebuilt temple at Jerusalem. The following extract is from Bickersteth's "Guide to the Prophecies" (7th edition), by which it will be seen that he distinctly held the important interpretation that, according to the Hebrew, the 70 weeks are *cut off* from the 2300 days, i.e. from their commencing part, and therefore begin at the same starting point as the 2300 days.

"One of the most important

CHRONOLOGICAL PROPHECIES

is that of the 70 weeks of Daniel. The period from which this era is to be reckoned is to be gathered from 'the vision' of the previous eighth chapter of Daniel, of which it is stated to be the explanation. (See Daniel 9 : 23.) In that *vision* Daniel asks the question: (8 13, 14). *How long shall the vision concerning the daily sacrifice and the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot; and he is answered, Unto two thousand and three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.* The first renewing of the sacrifice, as we find (Ezra 7 : 12, 23), was under the decree of Artaxerxes, 457 years before Christ. That decree was directly connected with the building of the temple, and the restoration of worship and the sacrifices. Of the whole period of 2300 years, *seventy weeks of years were determined, or cut off*, from the restoration of the daily sacrifice to the completing of the perfect sacrifice of Christ, when the Most Holy was anointed; (Heb. 1 : 9, 9 : 24).

"The commencement of the *sixty-nine weeks* is stated to be from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem. There are three periods, (1) seven weeks, (2) sixty-two weeks, (3) one week. From Artaxerxes' decree unto Messiah was 483 years. For seven weeks, or forty-nine of those years, constituting a jubilee (a sacred measure of time), there are predicted *troubled times*, as we may judge by the history of Nehemiah there really were, till the Jewish polity was settled. This seems to be one reason mentioned for the separation of the first seven weeks from the sixty-two.

"Then follow the sixty-two weeks, which will reach to the time when the Messiah was to be cut off, and (as it is in the margin) the Jews were to be no more His people. We have, then, in verse 26, an indefinite period, the events of which are the destruction of the city and temple by the Romans, and the Jewish desolation. This desolation was to last, as we learn by other prophecies, till the times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled. (Matt. 23 : 38; Luke 21 : 24.)

"In verse 27 we have the additional week of seven years at the close of the times of the Gentiles, when the people of Israel are again taken into covenant. This week is divided into two parts. The character of the first half-week seems to be set out (Isa. 66 : 1, 3), where the Jews are represented as, in a self-righteous spirit, rebuilding the temple and offering sacrifices; and the character of the second half, or *dividing of the week*, answers to Isaiah 66 : 4-6, where they are represented as under the terror of the infidel Antichrist, who causes the sacrifice to cease; and at the close is the consummation, in the destruction of that Antichrist, as set before us Isaiah 10 : 23, 25; 2 Thess. 2 : 8."

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Two Houses of the British Parliament are in opposition. In the Hereditary Chamber the Liberals have seldom been in a majority, and at the present time they constitute but a comparatively small minority. It was therefore easy for the Conservatives, aided as they were by lords who own estates in Ireland, to pass a motion which was equivalent to a *vote of censure* on the Irish policy of the government. It was moved by the Earl of Donoughmore and was for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the working of the recent legislation in reference to land in Ireland. The implied expression of opinion that the Land act was not working satisfactorily irritated the government, and on February 20th Mr. Gladstone gave notice in the House of Commons of his intention to move that an inquiry into the working of the Land act would be injurious to the interests of good government in Ireland. This was denounced as "an attempt to gag the House of Lords." But the Lords were not to be so intimidated, and on February 23d a committee was appointed composed of Liberals and Conservatives. There is much excitement on the subject in the Radical section of the Liberal party and an agitation has been commenced, not for the abolition of the upper chamber, but for making it a purely deliberative body and depriving it of the power of interfering with the legislation of the lower house. The Radicals are the more earnest in this effort because they are anxious to introduce an act dealing with land in England in the same way as in Ireland, and they cannot hope to pass such a law while the House of Lords retains the power to veto the decision of the Commons.

Mr. Bradlaugh made Another Attempt Last week to take his seat in the British House of Commons. On February 21st he entered the House, walked up to the table and taking a Testament from his own pocket took the oath prescribed by the forms of the House; he then signed the roll and took his seat. The Speaker immediately ordered him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh obeyed, but in a short time returned and went to a seat. The Speaker then directed him again to retire, when he moved to another seat. The following day he again took a seat. This was regarded as an act of disobedience and a motion was made by Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservatives, that Mr. Bradlaugh should be expelled. The motion was carried by a vote of 291 to 83. Mr. Bradlaugh then withdrew and another election was ordered by the House.

The Election of Michael Davitt as Member of Parliament for Meath is an expression of the intense antipathy prevalent in Ireland to the English government. Mr. Davitt originated and organized the Land League, and he is therefore the chief of the agitators. His imprisonment, however, is considered by the constitutional lawyers as rendering him ineligible, and it is expected that when the papers of the election are presented, Mr. Gladstone will move that the election shall be declared void and a new writ be issued.

The Pope has Issued Instructions to the bishops of Italy which show that the policy of the Romish Church has not been altered by the events of modern times. In his circular letter the Pope commands the bishops, in view of the dangers surrounding the Church, to increase their activity, to encourage Catholic societies among the laity, to develop the Catholic press, and to advocate boldly the temporal independence of the Pope.

Some Uncharitable Criticisms on Lieut. Danenhower's conduct in staring homeward before his companions of the Jeannette expedition had been found, have elicited from him an explanation. He cables as follows: "Melville is in command with written orders which cover the case of separation. My eyes being disabled *the captain ordered me on the sick list against my will* and protest. I was retained in the boat to assist in navigation and seamanship. On reaching blue water my eyes became better. I took the boat safely through the gale to the Lena River *without chart, compass, or instrument*. I was the first man to start in search of my comrades and to spread the news among the natives before Noros or Neiderman was found. I accepted duty under Engineer Melville for the general welfare of the party and have done my utmost. I am here in obedience to positive orders. An oculist here says that my left eye is ruined, but the right one will be well in a few days. *I have not backed out* and would lose my right eye to find De Long." It is stated by other members of the party that Danenhower's mind suffered under the protracted strain, and that for a time he was delirious, but has now recovered the use of his faculties.

News of the Capture of a Fort by the Herzegovinians is published. The intelligence is given guardedly, as it was received from insurgent sources. The fort in question is Fort Ustikolina. It is not only a strong fortress but it has the additional advantage of commanding a defile of the Upper Drina. The interest excited by the struggle throughout Europe is noteworthy. The Sultan of Turkey, in order to prove his friendliness for Austria, has ordered the concentration of several battalions of troops at Mitrowitz to prevent the Albanians from aiding in the insurrection. While in Spain the sympathy of the government with Austria is also strongly manifested. A dispatch from Madrid says that Señor Emilio Castelar has published an article in which he expresses fears of a coming Slav invasion of Europe, and declares that it behooves the Latin races, in the interest of civilization, to enter into a close alliance with the German people. Thus the question of race has come prominently to the front and threatens to divide Europe in the way indicated in prophecy.

El Mehdi, the Mahommedan Leader who is at the head of the revolt against the Turkish Sultan, has achieved two important successes. A correspondent of the New York Herald telegraphs from Cairo under date of February 22d, the following details of the movement: "With the exception of a few fortified stations El Mehdi is *master of the whole country* of the Soudan, and is backed by all the Bagara tribes, numbering about ten thousand fighting men. They are armed with double-barrelled percussion guns, but their chief weapon is a remarkably long, heavy, and admirably made lance. They are excellent horsemen. Everything will remain at a standstill in the Soudan until the arrival of reinforcements from Cairo, which have been imperatively demanded." El Mehdi has, it appears, gained two important victories over the Egyptian troops sent against him. It is improbable that the main body of the Egyptian army will take the field, as the soldiers are too busy attending to the doings of their own Assembly of Notables and engaging in political agitation to undertake military duty. It is believed that should El Mehdi succeed in depriving the Sultan of his spiritual authority he would soon lose his imperial power also.

The Great Trial of Accused Nihilists commenced in St. Petersburg on February 22d. There are twenty-three prisoners, of whom ten are citizens and thirteen are "of gentle birth." Only twenty appeared at the tribunal, the other three having become demented under the ordeal of the Russian prisons. Several of the accused are under twenty years of age, and the oldest of them is only thirty-four. With two exceptions the prisoners all pleaded guilty. One of them, who had served in the navy and who is a man of education and refinement, gave his reasons for becoming a Nihilist. He said: "I met in Siberia numbers of innocent exiles whose undeserved sufferings had reduced them to second childhood. My sister," he added, "was transported to Siberia when *enccinte*, and was prematurely delivered of a still-born child. Then at last the stifling moral atmosphere I had to breathe became unbearable to me. Go where I would, both in the navy and in society, I found *falsehood, wrong, and tyranny* in their foulest and most odious forms. They drove me at length to turn terrorist. I was a terrorist in the extreme sense of the word, ready to serve any one, no matter whom, so long as he was a terrorist like myself." The public executioner, who is a prisoner in a jail at Moscow, has been sent for to St. Petersburg. The inference drawn from that step is that it is intended to pass sentence of death on at least some of the prisoners.

The Disaster at the Ring Theatre in Vienna is to be made the subject of a criminal trial. On February 25th copies of an indictment covering twenty-six folios were handed to eight persons charged with contributing, by their negligence, to the fire. Two hundred and twenty-six witnesses have been summoned. The trial will commence on the 2d of May. Among the accused are the ex-Burgomaster of Vienna, the manager of the Ring Theatre, and the Chief Commissary of the Police.

The Sale of the Mabilie Garden in Paris is announced. The place has long been notorious through Europe as the haunt of vice. Its habitues, its dances, and songs have been described as the most indecent in the world, and there is general gratification among the more reputable of Parisian citizens at the announcement of its sale. The purchasers intend using it for building purposes, and its demolition is to be commenced forthwith.

The Princess of Wales has Sent her Photograph to King Kalakaua, the king of the Sandwich Islands, together with those of her sons, to be sold at a bazaar which will be held in Honolulu, for the purpose of raising funds to build a cathedral in that city.

"Coming Wars," by the Rev. M. Baxter. Two Pamphlets; price five cents each by mail. *First Pamphlet* contains "Ten Signs of the End, and Description of Approaching Events;" with two maps of the territory to be under Antichrist's rule, and four large diagrams. *Second Pamphlet* contains valuable quotations from twenty-six Expositors on the same subject. Address, with price inclosed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

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BY THE REV. M. BAXTER, EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Price, \$1.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, SOLE AGENTS.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1882.

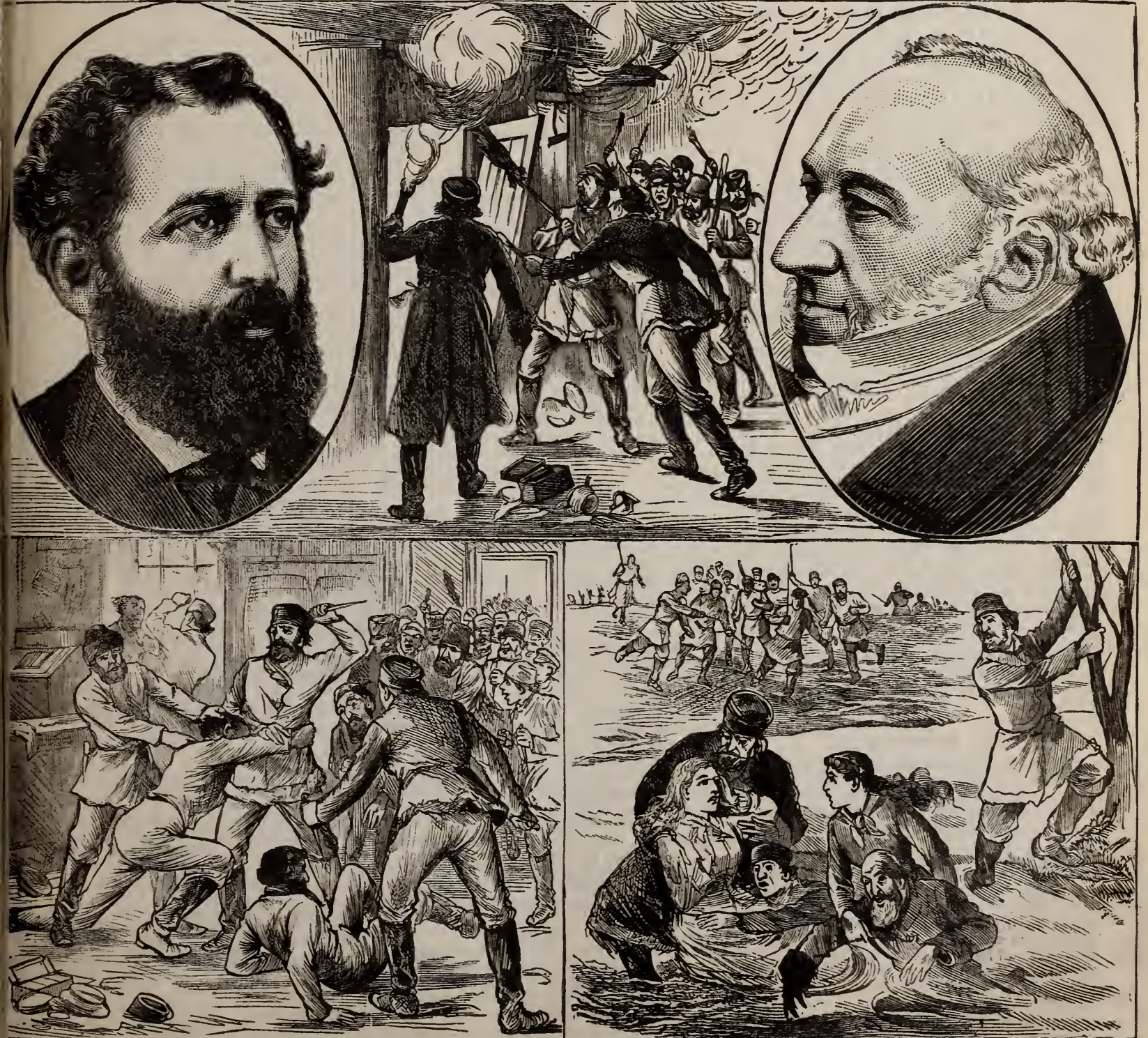
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Baron LIONEL ROTHSCHILD and Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE—Scenes in Russia During the Recent Persecution of the Jews.

TWO EMINENT JEWISH FAMILIES.

THE extraordinary revival of antipathy to the Jews which has been witnessed recently in Russia and Germany, has directed public attention anew to this remarkable race. In bygone times the Jew was persecuted wherever he was found. Plundered of his property, driven from his home, he had to fly from his persecutors to escape imprisonment, torture, and death. There is no country in Europe whose history is not stained by records of Jewish persecution, and no statute book that does not bear on its pages enactments framed to prevent Jews obtaining and exercising rights and privileges accorded to other citizens.

But it has been the custom of those who vaunt the progress of the world and boast of the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century to speak of these persecutions as the characteristics of a barbarous age, characteristics which disappeared before the light of knowledge and culture. It is a vain boast. Within a few months there has appeared in Germany an agitation led by a court preacher who actually calls himself a Christian minister, having for its object the deprivation of Jewish citizens of their social and commercial rights. But still worse than that is the outbreak in Russia, in which incendiarism, outrage, and murder ran riot with the connivance of the government officials. We have in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD given some account of these disgraceful scenes, and we now give on our first page a picture of some of the incidents that occurred. In connection with these we give portraits of two men very eminent and sincerely respected throughout the world. They are Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, the head of the famous banking house which is believed to have no equal for wealth in any nation, and of Sir Moses Montefiore, the patriotic and devoted benefactor of his people.

As we think of the past history of this chosen race as revealed in the Old Testament, and in their future as revealed in prophecy, we are irresistibly interested in all that concerns them. While we deplore the darkness which still envelopes them, and "the veil that whenever Moses is read, is still over their hearts," we cannot forget that the time is near at hand when they will "look upon Him whom they pierced and mourn," when they will see in Jesus the Messiah, "Great David's greater Son," and will accept Him as their Saviour and King. Our dearest associations are linked with them by many chains. We read their literature in our churches; the poetry most familiar to our ears was penned by their inspired poets; in one of their families appeared Him whom we love and worship; it was for them our Lord prayed in His last agonized moments, and it was of them He thought when, in the hour of parting from His disciples and ascending into heaven, He gave special command that the glorious Gospel should be first preached in Jerusalem. It is with them too that the glories of the millennial reign of Christ are most closely associated. Thus the past and the future unite in rendering the Jew an object of serious and prayerful interest to every intelligent Christian.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

BARON NATHANIEL DE ROTHSCHILD, whose portrait appears on our first page, is the present head of the great Rothschild family. He is a son of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who for many years represented the City of London in the British Parliament. He is the head of the great banking firm of Rothschild & Sons, in succession to his uncle, the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild, whose title he also inherits, and is well known as a most generous supporter of all philanthropic enterprises, having for their object the alleviation of poverty and suffering. While the members of his own race and faith have the first claim upon his attention, they do not monopolize it, for he is always ready to aid those who are in trouble whatever their race or faith.

He is at present the President of the Jews' Free School in London, where about 3000 children are being educated. He is also the President of the United Synagogue (a confederation of the princi-

pal London synagogues), and occupies a similar honorable and influential position in connection with the Great Synagogue, one of the synagogues comprised in the above-named confederation. He is highly esteemed in Aylesbury, where he resides, and he has for several years been its chosen representative in the Imperial Parliament. He is a Liberal in politics. As may be expected, he takes a deep interest in the sufferings of his outraged compatriots in Russia, and, with two other members of his family, has given a sum of no less than \$75,000 to the fund now being raised for the alleviation of their distress.

Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild is a great-grandson of THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE.

This was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, who was born in "The Jews' Alley," at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1743. Meyer was intended by his father for the ministry, and was sent when only thirteen years of age to Fürth, in Bavaria, to study the Talmud, preparatory to becoming a rabbi. But Meyer's genius was not suited to the study of Talmudical lore, and he soon abandoned the profession and devoted his attention to financial pursuits. Herr Oppenheim, a banker of Hanover, gave him a clerkship in his office, and thus, on the lowest round of the ladder, he commenced his career. He soon gave evidence of his abilities, and in a few years became associate manager of the bank. He afterward commenced business on his own account and laid the foundation of his enormous fortune. One of his most remarkable achievements was the skillful manner in which he took care of *forty million dollars*, the property of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. This sum he held when Napoleon confiscated the Landgrave's estates, and when, eight years afterward, the Landgrave applied for the money it was handed over to him with interest. Meyer Rothschild was dead by that time, but his eldest son, Anselm, faithfully accounted for every kreutzer of the amount.

Meyer Rothschild lived to be seventy years of age. He died in the old house in the Jews' Alley amid the lamentations of innumerable friends who owed to him more than was ever known. His long life had been one of unstinted kindness, and throughout the Jewish quarter especially, he had given money with a lavish hand to help whenever he was satisfied it would be wisely employed. He left ten children, five sons and five daughters. The five sons were Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James. Of these the most conspicuous was

NATHAN MEYER,

the third son, who was born in 1777. He was sent to England in the year 1800 to found an English branch of the house, as his brothers had respectively founded one in Vienna and another in Paris. An interesting story is related of Nathan having been at the battle of Waterloo and having hurried back to England to make investments; but it is not true. Carrier pigeons were used, there being no telegraphs to carry news of the battle, and Rothschild by that means learned how the English prospered. He bought government securities at low prices, from the terrified capitalists who believed that Napoleon would certainly conquer England, and when the news came of the victory and the funds rose, Rothschild was in possession of riches to a fabulous amount. A friend of the family who visited the house during some disturbances in London was admitted to Lady Rothschild's private sitting-room, and there saw temporarily placed for security under the carpet, on the floor of the room, solid bars of gold, so that she and her children literally trod on a *golden pavement*.

The next generation of the English branch of the Rothschilds consisted of Lionel, Anthony, and Meyer, the three sons of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who died in 1836.

LIONEL

was the head of the house, and was recognized indeed by the other branches as the head of the family. It was Lionel who fought the long battle for the admission of the Jews to the British Parliament. His fellow-citizens of London held him in so great respect that they elected him as their representative in 1847. He presented himself to be sworn, but as he could not, as a Jew, consistently take

the oath as it was then worded, he was not allowed to take his seat. The question of altering the oath so as to admit him and any of his co-religionists who might be elected, was hotly debated both the Lords and Commons. It was not, however, until 1858 that the cause triumphed and Rothschild took his seat, and during the whole of those eleven years the citizens of London regularly re-elected him, although they knew that in doing so they would lose one of the votes to which the city was entitled.

Baron Lionel died in June, 1879, leaving three sons, Nathaniel, whose portrait we give, Alfred, who is now one of the Governors of the Bank of England, and Leopold, who is a well-known leader of the English society. Through all the generations this remarkable family, not only in the branch have traced, but the branches settled in other European cities, the same characteristics of liberality and generosity have been displayed, and what they have distributed freely, the growth of their wealth has been unchecked, until now through they exercise an important influence on every government in Europe.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

HIGH as the name of Rothschild stands in the esteem of the Jewish community it does not occupy the first place. That is reserved for Sir Moses Montefiore, who is loved and venerated by Jews of every clime. Nor is this feeling undeserved. His life has been one of self-sacrifice; his money, time, and his energies, have been unreservedly consecrated to the welfare of his people, and their debt of gratitude to him is beyond computation. The cry of suffering has never failed to awaken a response in his breast, and though that cry might be uttered by men thousands of miles away, the grand old man, regardless of personal ease or comfort, undeterred by considerations of danger, has repeatedly risked his life that he might personally aid in alleviating their affliction. Not without reason does the Jew, whether he live under African tropical sun, among the snow and ice of Russia, in the genial climate of Asia Minor pronounce benediction at the mention of the name of Montefiore.

The Montefiores are of Italian descent and possess considerable wealth. The subject of our sketch is nearly a centenarian, having been born October 24th, 1784. He was united in marriage in the year 1812 to the daughter of Mr. L. Cohen, and for more than half a century that lady was his constant companion, sharing his anxieties, his journeys, his fatigues, and his triumphs. He loved her with a devotion rare in these days, and she gave him not only the ardent affection of a true wife, but cordially sympathized with him in the dominating principle of his life. To her he confided his hopes and plans, and from her he received wise counsel and encouragement, and when he died in 1862 he grieved as only great minds can grieve. He erected over her remains a monument the fac-simile of that erected in memory of Rachel "in the way of Ephrath which is Bethlehem;" and endowed a scholarship in her name at the Jews' Free School, and gave other generous testimony of his regret in the way she would herself have chosen.

Christians as well as Jews have testified to the noble qualities of this eminent philanthropist. In the year 1837 he held the high and honorable position of High Sheriff of London. It was during the term of office that Queen Victoria paid a visit to the city and was entertained at the Guildhall, and on that occasion the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him. A few years later, royal letters were issued permitting him to add to his coat of arms a distinction reserved for peers, and short time afterward he was made a baronet.

THE JEWS OF PALESTINE

have been the especial objects of Sir Moses Montefiore's solicitude. He heard many accounts of their miserable condition and had given liberally for their relief. But in 1827 he resolved to visit them and see for himself if anything could be done to ameliorate their lot. With his wife he journeyed to the Holy Land and remained there for seven

months. He found the Jewish colony little else than a collection of paupers spending their time in the study of the Talmud and subsisting on the bounty of their co-religionists in Europe. He exerted himself to arouse them from their apathy and induce them to enter upon some occupation that would render them independent. Six of the most intelligent boys he carried back with him to England, where he had them taught the art of cotton spinning, and then sent them back to Palestine with looms and machinery to introduce the manufacture. The effort failed, but Sir Moses though disappointed was not discouraged, and still continued in other channels his efforts on their behalf.

A MEMORABLE JOURNEY

was that Sir Moses undertook to Damascus in 1840. A Roman Catholic priest had suddenly disappeared from Damascus and the Jews were accused of having murdered him. Eight Jews were arrested and were subjected to torture of the most revolting character, to force a confession of guilt from them. One or two of them in their indescribable agony made a confession, but an investigation of their statements showed they were innocent, and had only accused themselves in the hope that they might be killed outright instead of enduring further suffering. Then sixty-four Jewish infants were seized, carried away from their mothers and kept on scanty fare, with the expectation that maternal love might wring from the distressed parents a confession. But it was useless, the Jews were innocent, and the authorities were devising other ingenious methods of torture when Sir Moses Montefiore arrived in company with the distinguished French Jew M. Crémieux, and by personal intercession induced the Pasha of Egypt to put an end to the horrible persecution. It was at the farewell meeting held in London before Sir Moses Montefiore's departure on this mission that the pious *Baptist Noel* delivered his famous speech on the Jewish question.

From Alexandria the philanthropist went to Constantinople, where he had an audience with the Sultan of Turkey, and secured for the Jews of that country many concessions previously denied them. Only two years afterward Montefiore was again in Palestine. A terrible epidemic had broken out and the death rate was appalling. Sir Moses Montefiore found his brethren in abject misery without hospital or medical attendance. He immediately established a dispensary in Jerusalem with a supply of medicines, employed a physician and nurses to attend to the sick, and defrayed the entire cost out of his own pocket for three years until the health of the community was restored.

The year 1846 found Sir Moses Montefiore and his wife enduring the rigor of a Russian winter in St. Petersburg. As usual, it was the sufferings of the people that caused the journey. The semi-barbarous Czar Nicholas was engaged in persecuting the Jews, and had issued an edict the effect of which would have been fatal to thousands of them, and would have consigned many thousands besides to abject poverty. Sir Moses interceded for them, and the charm of his manner, his disinterested sympathy, and his appeals to the Czar's leniency, procured a withdrawal of the edict. On his way back to England he visited the Jewish settlements in several countries, and cheered them by his sympathy and counsel.

In 1858 the Mortara case, which has become historic, agitated the Jewish community. The Mortaras were a Jewish family living at Bologna, then under the misgovernment of the Pope. They had a Roman Catholic nurse girl who, incited by the priests, surreptitiously baptized one of the children who was only one year old. When she gave the information to the priests they obtained a company of soldiers from the Pope and carried off the infant to a convent. The distress of the parents may be imagined, and Montefiore went to Rome to plead with the Pope for the restoration of the child. Pious men refused to see him, and his chief minister, Cardinal Antonelli, gave a curt refusal to his petition.

In October 1863, at the age of seventy-nine, Sir Moses Montefiore undertook a journey to Morocco. The Spanish collector of the Port of Saafi had died suddenly, and the authorities had made the fact of

his servant being a Jew a pretext for persecuting the Jews on the charge of having murdered him. Four Jews were arrested, two of them were hanged up by the feet, head downward, and beaten almost to death, then they were placed naked in casks, through the staves of which sharp nails projected, and the casks were rolled along the roads. Then they were taken out and their sufferings ended with a thrust from a dagger. The other two Jews remained in prison and it was for their release that the venerable man undertook to plead. He was so far successful as to obtain an order liberating them, but was unable to have the inhuman monsters punished who had committed the outrage. Still later, in 1870 and again in 1875, Sir Moses Montefiore visited the East on missions of mercy, the former on behalf of the Roumelian Jews and the latter for the benefit of the Jews in Palestine. In both cases he was able to render them substantial benefits.

THE HOPE OF A JEWISH EMPIRE

in Palestine has all through his life been ardently cherished by Sir Moses Montefiore. He firmly believes in the ultimate return of the Jews to their own land, and only a short time ago he said, with much emphasis, "Jerusalem is destined to become the seat of a Jewish empire. It is the dream of my life, which will be fulfilled when I am no more." He has purchased extensive plots of ground in Jerusalem, and last year it was announced that he had given orders to prepare for cultivation the land in the front of what are known as the Judah Touro houses in Jerusalem. The rocks will be removed, terraces built all along, as it used to be in the time of King Solomon, and divided into twenty-two partitions, so that every inmate of the Touro houses will have an opportunity of cultivating the land, which will produce the necessary vegetables, etc., for the maintenance of himself and family. Sir Moses has also caused a very large cistern to be constructed in the centre of the field, which will secure a full supply of water for all of them. In his little book which records his seventh visit to Palestine, in 1875, he pleaded with his co-religionists to assist their brethren in Palestine, beginning, "in the first instance, with the building of houses in Jerusalem," and shows his impatient earnestness by adding, "Commence at once, begin the work this day if you can."

We trust, at a no very distant period, that the Jews will be restored to the land of their fathers; when "the Lord shall comfort Zion, when He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." We believe, according to the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation, that the "Times of the Gentiles," during which the "treading down of Jerusalem" is to continue, are nearing their completion. They were to last for 2520 years, which, if they commenced, as is generally believed, in Nebuchadnezzar's era, will end about 1893; and that the political restoration of many Jews to Jerusalem and the rebuilding of their temple will commence about seven years before the end of those 2520 years, that is to say, about 1886.

Sir Moses has already promoted the return of many Jews to Palestine, and he may live to witness their completed restoration, and the Second Advent of Christ, who is, though they knew Him not at His first coming, the true Messiah for whose coming the Jews look according to the Old Testament.

Second only in Sir Moses Montefiore's mind to the re-establishment of the Jews at Jerusalem, and, indeed, forming part of that scheme, is the *Jewish College*, close to the baronet's residence, and attached to the synagogue. It provides for ten aged Hebrews proved and learned in Jewish laws and Talmudic literature.

So vigorous is Sir Moses Montefiore that even now his powers of conversation show no signs of falling off, and his political opinions are as clearly defined as ever. He now spends most of his time at East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate. Few men have borne the weight of years so well as Sir Moses Montefiore. Gifted by nature with a tall and

massive frame, he has preserved health and vigor far beyond the allotted term of human life. His kindly outward aspect reveals the inner man. So large-hearted is his charity toward the suffering of all races and all creeds that, it is said, no man ever sought help at East Cliff and was denied. Albeit the charity of Sir Moses is dispensed without regard to age, sex, religion, or country, he remains a Hebrew of the Hebrews. So powerful even over generous souls and highly cultivated intellects are the influences of association and early education that even this noble old man, whose life has been spent in going about doing good, fails to see in Jesus of Nazareth Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. It is also to be feared that the cruelty and injustice perpetrated by men calling themselves Christians may have had something to do with prejudicing him against the doctrines of Christianity, toward which, if he rightly understood them, his gentleness and charity would have been attracted.

THE RECENT RUSSIAN OUTRAGES ON THE JEWS.

IN connection with the portraits of Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore, which appear on our frontispiece, we give three pictures representing some of the attacks which have lately been made upon Jewish residents in towns and villages of the Russian Empire, the harrowing and repulsive details of which have been recorded by the daily press.

According to an official statement the number of Jewish families who suffered through the riots in Russia last year amounted to two thousand and eleven, and represented over ten thousand individuals; and the claims which have been made for losses and damage to property amount to 1,300,000 roubles, which is equivalent to nearly \$750,000.

REVOLTING SCENES.

The scenes which were witnessed were truly terrible, and have excited a deep and genuine feeling of indignation throughout Christendom. The newspaper reports have narrated how helpless aged fathers tried vainly to defend their unhappy daughters from insult and violence, strong men murdered, houses burned with their occupants, infants dashed against the stones or thrown into the flames, while pillage and slaughter reigned on every side. From the Baltic to the Black Sea a suffering people physically and intellectually incomparably superior to the Russians, were thus the victims of murder, spoliation, and brutal lust.

Our picture between the two portraits represents a scene which was only too frequently witnessed in the towns and villages of Berislaw, Borispol, Chodom, Garadish, Jagary, and many other places. The panel in the left-hand corner of the lower portion of the frontispiece, depicts what was often seen last year at Berislaw, Borzny, Elizabetgrad, and elsewhere; while the illustration in the right-hand corner represents what actually took place at Berezowka on May 21st, and at Znamenska four days earlier. Besides these there are instances of some being stoned to death; of one, the wife of an innkeeper, being first outraged, and then roasted; and of others, both men, women, and children, being thrown out of high windows.

John Bunyan's readiness to give an Answer to those who questioned his right to use his great gifts, is seen in the following anecdote related in the words of his friend Charles Doe: As Mr. Bunyan was upon the road near Cambridge, there overtakes him a scholar that had observed him preaching, and said to him, "How dare you preach, seeing you have not the original and are no scholar?" Then said Mr. Bunyan: "Have you the original?" "Yes," said the scholar. "Nay, but," said Mr. Bunyan, "have you the very self-same original copies that were written by the penmen of the Scriptures, the prophets and apostles themselves?" "No," said the scholar, "but we have the true copies." "How do you know that?" said Mr. Bunyan. "How?" said the scholar, "how? Why we believe that what we have is a true copy of the original." "Exactly," said Mr. Bunyan, "and so I believe that our English Bible is a true copy of the original." Then away went the scholar.

FORWARD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Delivered Last Sunday Morning, March 5, 1882.

"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."—JOSHUA 1:5.

A Magnificent Fighter—His Military Equipment—Five Great Victories—I. The Battle of the Freshet—No Provision made for Retreat—Victory at Long Odds—II. The Victory of Jericho—The Attack not Philosophic—Joshua's Stock Beared—The Falling Walls—One House Spared—III. The City of Ai—Self-Confidence Overthrown—The Stratagem—IV. Victory at Gibeon—The Miracle of the Sun and Moon—Its Counterpart in Life—John Summerfield's Day Prolonged—Robert McCheyne's Continued Usefulness—A Christian Woman's Influence—Five more Kings to be Slain—V. His Greatest Battle—Victory over Death—His Dying Testimony—Not a Word has Failed—His Granite Monument.

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one Person at the funeral, the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness but *He has some one ready*. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place.

Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero of my text, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text, he gets *his military equipment* and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "O!" you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua.

I mean, as God may help me this morning, to encourage the faith of all good people while I tell you that God fulfilled this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle, against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon around, around into his battalion, and the last, against the King of Terrors, Death—

FIVE GREAT VICTORIES.

I. For the most part, when a general starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the levelling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent.

So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? why there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a *glittering box* four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down,

and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet, than by an Almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles of distance they halted. On this side the waters roll off towards the salt sea.

But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune? Why could not those waters have stayed parted? because perhaps we may want to go back. O! Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through, and kept it parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell.

But you say: "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

II. But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the Heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is

THE GREAT METROPOLIS

that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be *only one weapon of war*, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon.

Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base. The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place.

"There!" say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that

way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; He thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brow knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing it was not possible that such a cause produced such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes.

JOSHUA'S STOCK WAS DOWN.

The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day and a failure. Fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, *the climacteric day*. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after.

Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry "Down Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move as if to rock. Stand from under. She falls. Crash go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces, the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua stands there in the *débris* of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Son of a great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw that red cord they knew it was the divine indication they should not disturb the premises; making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God who no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones of the ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

"When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;

Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

III. But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There

THE CITY OF AI;

it must be taken. How shall it be taken? scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell and the Israelites run like reeders. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such sorry figure as when they were on the retreat.

Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look

church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people—Fall back, O! Church of God. Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Randall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, O! Church of God. Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back." Geology plunges a crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of creation. Fall back!" Friends of the church have *never any right to fall back.*

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "O! Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before, it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man, *he is only a man.* Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down, and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear his cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does He rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai: let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered, or seemingly scattered, battalion, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

IV. But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word, "there are

FIVE KINGS

after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed

foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon.

"O!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See the sun is going down. O! for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate. What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. *Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally.* Joshua raises his face radiant with prayer and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day.

Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands Street church, in this city, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New York, pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? Did John Summerfield's day end? O! no. He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian church.

Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached, he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? O! no. His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say: "I cannot die now; I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the church that will never cease. I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

A long time ago there was

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN

very consecrated, and she had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She lost her children, and there came the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all these nights of trouble, and darkness, and sorrow, and sickness, were illumined by the grace of the Gospel; and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a Christian could be sick and how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon that illumined that night of trouble was a reflection from the Sun of righteousness. In the last hour of that night—that night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward heaven, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear the whisper—for *she wanted to live on* in the generations that were to follow consecrated to God, she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her hand was lifted and her lips were moving, those who stood

nearest her pillow could hear her say, "Thou moon stand still in the valley of Ajalon."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? what shall be the epitaph cut on the door of the tomb. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But before you fasten up the door, I want

FIVE MORE KINGS

beheaded and thrust in; *King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity.* Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the door forever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? Joshua 1:5: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

V. But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why he is to have

HIS GREATEST BATTLE

now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors.

But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be *Joshua's greatest victory.* He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or great grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept His promise all the way through—the promise of the text. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise: "I will be a God to Thee and Thy seed after thee."

DEAD,

the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently, that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the wall of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 134.)

Sylph's Interposition—The Insurgents Awed—Before the Court-Martial—Capt. Vaughan Allowed to Address the Court—The Indignation of the Insurgents—Sentenced to Death—He Requests to Die like a Soldier—Preparations to Hang Him—A Rescue.

THE act of Sylph Somers, in throwing herself between her lover and the angry rebels, proved a better safeguard to Captain Vaughan than all the effort and remonstrance of the rebel chiefs. Fronting the levelled pikes, her bosom was between the gleaming steel and the heart of her lover. Those who held the strong wooden shafts of the half dozen deadly weapons could not bring themselves to strike their victim through the body of a woman, and that too a woman of great beauty. The pikes were lowered to the ground and the bosom of Sylph, better than a shield of adamant, had served to guard the life of the man so dear to her.

Thus rescued a second time from death Captain Vaughan, in company with Corny and Sylph, was conducted, not for temporary imprisonment, to the mill at the hill top, like other prisoners, but to the Court Martial in session near the mill for sentence of death at once or acquittal. Of this latter alternative, as we may suppose, there was, however, little hope. Even if disposed to acquit Captain Vaughan his judges durst not. Pronounced guilty beforehand, in the vulgar mind, they must follow suit with their clients and deliver him up to the popular fury.

Captain Vaughan, Corny, and Sylph, were all three placed before the insurrectionary tribunal. Sylph, however, was soon told to stand aside and informed that the New Irish Republic, inaugurated by Father John Murphy, did not make war upon women. And the judges, though wielding despotic power, with the native gallantry of Irishmen, stood by this rule, although a fanatic in the surging crowd cried out that *she ought to die for her Methodism*. "She's a Swaddler," he shouted out, employing the usual scornful epithet, "a wretched Swaddler who has tried her best to make us good Catholics mane turncoats; and more betoken, there's the proof besider her, Corny Fagan; she has led him astray from the thrue faith, and undher her false tayching, he has become a vile heretic."

"That's thrue," urged another, "she bewitched him a twelvemonth ago in Bury's barn—got him into a sack be enchantment, no less—and between half smothering and whole frightenin' him, got him to promise, in the devil's name"—and he crossed himself—"to turn Protestant. She has killed his precious sowl, and she ought to pay with her life the penalty for her sin."

"That's all a falsehood," bravely spoke out Corny, "not a word o' thruth in it. I, myself, of me own accord, got into the sack, and I myself it was that changed me religion. No wan forced me; and I don't mind tellin yees that I did it because I found out that me early religion was but little of a religion at all; and was for the most part a delusion. God, glory be to His name, taught me the truth Himself, be bringing me into His own blessed light, and I've only followed it. Instead o' trustin now to the masses of the prastes, I trust my sowl to Christ alone, for He died to save it, and only His blood can wash it. That's the thruth of it."

There were fierce words and fiercer looks directed upon Corny at this bold avowal, but it served Sylph as exonerating her from the crime of Corny's so-called perversion. The insurgent tribunal was thus enabled to carry out in her case their rule of exempting women from execution.

Impatient of the delay in Captain Vaughan's case, from this interruption in the proceedings of the court-martial, there were loud cries on every hand for the instant trial of the English officer. "He doesn't deserve to live wan minit," it was declared; "and here yer abeen keepin' us nigh hand an hour, and we haven't yet seen the end of 'im." There was the usual exaggeration in this count of time, but it indicated the rebel thirst at the moment for the blood of a Saxon.

The form of trial laid-down by the insurgent court-martial was brief and facile. When a captive was placed before it, the President of the Court cried out, "Is there any one here that can give a good character of this man, and show that he is not a traitor to Ireland?" If any person came forward to give a favorable testimony, he was asked to support his statement by proof; but if no one volunteered to clear the accused he was sentenced immediately.

Captain Vaughan, aware of this, stepped before his judges without the smallest expectation of acquittal, and fully assured that his moments were numbered. It is a solemn thing for a man to feel that nothing but a short formality stands between him and the eternal world; but, as a soldier accustomed to face death, and as one who lived under a sense of acceptance with his God through Jesus Christ, he did not quail at the dread crisis so instant before him.

And yet, however one may be ready to die, it is an unspeakable moment when this mortal coil must be put off, and the soul must enter upon an untried and mysterious state of being. Nothing but unwavering faith, and that perfect love of the unseen Redeemer which casteth out fear, can sustain the naturally "shrinking and trembling" spirit. Thus, while Captain Vaughan was free from cowardly dread, every fibre of his frame was wound up to the highest pitch of tension.

"Is there any one here to give a good character to this man?" said the president aloud, in the prescribed form. "Though, indeed, I hardly need put the question," he added, "for the uniform he wears sufficiently condemns him." "Aye, that it does!" shouted out five hundred voices. "Shure, he's wan o' thim villains that hates us—the Irish—and has sowld himself, body and sowl, to murder us wholesale. Away with him—kill him at wanst. Our pikes is thrimblin in our very han's with the longin' that they have to do fur him." And fury was in their every look.

"May I say a word?" said the doomed prisoner. "Certainly not," cried out the multitude, assuming, as is usual in such cases, the province of the judge, "Sintinced min, as you ought to know, have no right to spake. Spake to yer God, me man, if ye have a mind, for yer jest on the way to Him; but none of us here will listen to wan word ye have to say."

Captain Vaughan cast a remonstrant look from the crowd to his judges to see if they would indorse this utterance. The meaning of his searching glance was understood. These men in brief authority, though cruel in their religious frenzy, and reckless in their revolutionary zeal, had yet some sense of right; and the calm demeanor of the prisoner before them appealed to it.

"I do not think, friends, we can say that this man is actually sentenced," said the president, "however certain such a fate may be before him. It is my decision, therefore, wishing to prove our clemency, that he be allowed to say a few words before he dies—mind only a few words, however," and he looked straight at the prisoner, "for our time is short and our task is heavy. And I hope that, convinced of the wicked part he has played against this land, he will have the grace to say that he is heartily sorry for it."

"I thank you, president," said Captain Vaughan. "Although the privilege you grant me is upon every ground my right, no one but an untutored savage would deny it." Then observing a flash of anger on the faces of his judges at this strong phrase, he added, "which conduct, of course, ought to be impossible here, for I see you practice among you the sacred rites of the Christian religion."

"What I wish to say to my accusers is this: I am not a hater, but a lover of the Irish race; and I have not sold myself to murder. I desire for this country prosperity and peace; and it was to secure these that I came into it. I abhor murder; and it is to keep you from its dreadful stain that I ask you to pause before you imbrue your hands in my blood."

"Don't believe a word he says," said a huge rebel chief that now pressed in front of the onlooking crowd, "Abhor murder, indeed! Why I

myself, with me own two eyes, seen him yesterday in Enniscorthy market-place doin' his very best to shoot us down without marcy—aye, and with too good success, too. Dermot Casy, and Jim Toole, and Mick O'Halaran, and a lot more min I cud name, undher me own command—shot through the head or through the heart—were laid low, welterin' in their blood, be the manes of him." And at the mention of these names a number of women present—the widows, or sisters, or sweethearts of these men—raised the Irish wail for the dead—that wail which tingles and quivers in the ears; and appals the hearts of those who hear it.

It sounded as the knell of doom in the ear of Captain Vaughan, yet he had self-mastery enough to urge "That to take life in the wage of battle was not murder. That no one the world over would so name it. I am a soldier," he added, "and am proud to say it; and the enemies of my sovereign it is my duty in fair fight to destroy. If the persons that have been named fell by my hand I deeply regret it, on account of those who have been thereby bereaved. Still, their sad fate is not due to me, but must be laid at their own door. They waged civil war, took up arms against their fellow-citizens, and they must take the consequences. Would to heaven, however, that this unholy strife had never been begun; and since it is unfortunately begun, my fervent prayer is, may it soon be ended."

"Aye, and we'll help soon to end it," cried out several, "by endin' you and the likes o' you; for it is the English soldiery that prolongs the contest. If it war only the polthroon militia and the yeomans we had to dale with, we'd soon finish thim off, but its yees that make long the battle. So prepare to die this minit, fur we can have no more arguin' over this business." The president, in due form, then passed the sentence of death, and called upon the executioners appointed for the day to do their duty.

Captain Vaughan, perceiving from those who stood forward for the grim task of death, that the instrument of execution was to be the pike, entreated to be shot, as a soldier.

It was a natural, but proved to be an unwise, request. It suggested to the minds of his enemies that there were degrees of disgrace and humiliation in the mode of a prisoner's execution, and excited to savage fury by the lamentations for their dead, still raised in piercing cries by the women mentioned, and caught up by other bereaved ones in the camp, they resolved to give this English officer—who confessed that he had slain their comrades, and who sought to justify his villainous act, as they deemed it—the most dishonorable death possible.

"Shoot you, indeed," they cried out. "Oh! not a bit of it. We're not such softs as ye take us fur, me man. We'll not even soil our dacent pikes with you; we'll just put a rope round yer neck 'as if ye war a dog. And, shure, hangin' itself is too good for ye!"

No sooner was this dreadful proposal made, than willing agents set about its accomplishment. A tent was struck, and its poles were taken down to be set up as a triangle.

Sylph having been removed some distance from where the rebel court sat, did not hear distinctly all that passed during Captain Vaughan's trial. She could see, indeed, the menacing looks of his accusers, and hear many of their impatient cries and threats; and yet that the proceedings were so much prolonged gave her, under the circumstances, considerable hope. She trusted that the delay in Captain Vaughan's sentence argued a disposition on the part of the rebel chiefs and judges to show him some clemency. Many had been her prayers to Him "who heareth the cry of the destitute."

The operation, however, now began, and soon the sight of the gallows and its dangling rope, and of two men holding her betrothed firmly by the arms, within half a dozen yards from where the noose hung, opened her eyes to the ghastly scene that was about to be enacted.

With a wild cry of despair and terror she sprang forward and sought to reach her lover, to share his fate or rescue him; but her attempt was abortive: her shriek drew the attention of the rebel crowd

wards her. Three or four powerful men laid hold of her, arrested her course and then violently forced her back to her previous standing place; and from this position she was forced to witness the remaining preliminaries of the dreadful tragedy the insurgents were about to perpetrate. She saw, with eyes preternaturally keen from horror, Captain Vaughan's coat stripped off, and neck laid bare, his feet and hands securely lashed, his head covered; and then beheld him stretched beneath the fatal cord, ready for strangling. The final act of the catastrophe had all but come, and the last ray of hope had vanished, when a young man, evidently a rebel officer, from his handsome suit of green edged with silver, and who was accompanied by a band of men, clad in dress showy uniform of the same color, dashed forward sword in hand, and peremptorily called for a pause in the proceedings.

(To be continued.)

POWER OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.

S. Lesson for March 19, Mark 5 : 21-23. Golden Text, verse 36 and Matt. 8 : 17.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE golden text chosen for the English Sunday-schools to-day contains the foundation ground on which all our blessed Lord's constant work of healing stands. There is no assumption here of merit on the part of those who were healed, healing is not spoken of as a reward nor yet as a right. "He healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." His healing is part of His redemption; not of works, but of grace, and therefore to be obtained not by effort but by faith. And here comes the golden text chosen by the American Committee, "Fear not, believe only." Why then do all sick people believe and be healed? We may ask a question which is still more sad to answer: Why do not all sinners believe and be saved; and why do not all God's children believe and be made pure and holy? "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life" (John 5 : 40), said our blessed Lord, and O how awfully, terribly true it is. Men *will not* come to

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH GOD

because they know it involves the giving up of sin, the bringing to light that which they have carefully hidden from the eyes of others, the making restitution for wrong done, and the appearing as they are in their own eyes in the eyes of others. It is an awful, a terrible fact that most men are content to seem good without being so, and if they only get credit for being religious they are content with the sham and they do not care to settle their accounts with God at all. To come to close quarters with God is what such would dread above all else, for His searching eye would burn up their disguise, and they must stand revealed in all their sin and their hypocrisy.

God has a right to our souls, for He has created and redeemed them, and those who hold themselves aloof from Him are sinning against Him as much as against their own souls. He has a right to our bodies too, for He bare not only our sins but our sicknesses; yet many have an absolute dread of letting their bodies come into close contact with God. Why? If it is God's voice which speaks in sickness, and if sickness is not a mere chance over which God has no control, then the one who is sick ought to listen to the voice of God, whatever He may have to say. But many a dyspeptic patient who has been told the truth by the doctor that he must not indulge in over-eating, would not on any account like to hear the same truth from God; the doctor will rack his brains to think of some pleasant food to take the place of that which is forbidden; God would say perhaps, "Leave off that debasing habit of studying your appetite, eat what comes with my blessing, and give more to the poor." And the sick man would have to see himself in all the disagreeable light in which Paul saw some "whose god is their belly," would have to humble himself under the mighty hand of God, and then the sickness would be removed.

Here we read of an almost despairing father, a

ruler of the synagogue, who pressing through the crowd found his way to Jesus, and then, regarding none other, he urged his plea, falling down at His feet and beseeching greatly, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death, I pray Thee come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live." It never seemed to strike Jairus that perhaps it might not be Jesus' will, for every day and hour He was healing the sick, and He never in any case sent one away unhealed. It did not strike him that perhaps she had not yet learned the lesson of her sickness; why should he? Jesus would be better able to know that than he, and the Healer was the Teacher too. "Jesus went with him; and much people followed Him, and thronged Him;" one of them caused an interruption. It was not a petition, for no voice was heard, there was no cry to attract His attention,

IT WAS BUT A TOUCH,

but it was a touch which Jesus recognized, for He had often felt it before. A poor sick woman had heard the news of His marvellous power and willingness to heal. Like many others she had tried every other way, "had suffered many things of many physicians;" all, all in vain, her money was spent, her last hopes of restoration had faded away, and after all her efforts to obtain health that she might again resume her earthly calling, she saw nothing before her but a lingering death from exhaustion and hunger. But now she would make one more desperate effort, so she came in the crowd behind Jesus; in her state of health she must have had marvellous courage to make her way through the throng. But she was not making an experiment, she knew this was worth while; "For she said, If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole," no hesitation, no perhaps "I shall be whole."

And she touched, and the Lord did not keep her waiting, it was instantaneous healing; "she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." Jesus was conscious, and so was the woman, of what had transpired, but no one else; and He "turned Him about in the press and said, Who touched my clothes?" The disciples thought it an unreasonable question; six or seven of those around must necessarily touch Him; "Thou seest the multitude thronging Thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched me?" The search of His eye among the throng was the only answer. The woman, who with all a woman's natural desire to be unobserved, had come in the press behind, now tremblingly stepped forward, "came and fell down before Him, and told Him all the truth." It was due to Jesus, it was wholesome for her, it was needful for those around, that she should bear testimony. Why should we not tell of what the Lord has done for us, body and soul? Surely He deserves it. If *we* had had anything to do with it it would become us to be silent, but when His grace has done it all, we may well sing with Isaiah "I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us" (Isaiah 64). "And He said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

Some are afraid of coming to close quarters with God in body or soul or both, because they

FEAR THEY WILL HAVE TO CONFESS HIM, and they don't know how they could do that. O poor doubter, do you think God is like man, do you think He would bring you into a position in which to obey Him is an impossibility? Would He exact from you what He would not give you grace to do? Let Him put His hand really upon you, give yourself up to be healed or cleansed of whatever soul or body is burdened with, and in the experience of His great salvation, praise will well up in your heart and it will be as natural surely to recount the cure which the Almighty God has effected upon you, as it would be if it had come about through some new method of doctoring. "But," you say, "they won't believe me." That would not disconcert you, and you would not be ashamed if your friends doubted the efficacy of a new remedy; you would say, "Well, I have experienced it, that's all I've got to say." Only don't refuse the healing of the great Healer, don't hug your evils, don't remain a slave to sin or to disease

while the Redeemer is waiting to be gracious. If He has any special lesson to teach you as He taught Job, He will tell you so if you listen; only don't keep away from Him.

The delay which the cure of this poor woman had caused seemed to bring with it a serious complication; "there came from the ruler of the synagogue's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further?" "He that believeth shall not make haste" (Isaiah 28 : 16), and Jesus believed in His Father's right ordering of times and circumstances, and therefore He did not push aside the poor woman and say, "You must wait, I am on My way to a dying girl, I have no time to lose." He created all time, and He is time's Master, and we, if we abide in Him, shall learn not to be in a hurry, but to trust our Father for the time to do all to which He calls us. One there was who might be tried at this juncture beyond human endurance, and to him the Master said, "Be not afraid, only believe." Here are the two essentials after we have put anything really into the hands of God: Is He able? Is He willing? Has He taken the matter in hand? If so, fear is heart blasphemy, for it says, "He is not to be depended upon," and we cannot believe—*i.e.* count upon God—while we continue fearing.

On this, the first occasion on which Jesus raised from the dead, few were permitted to be witnesses. Peter, James, John, and the child's parents, these were all. On arriving at the house there was every sign of manifest grief. What an incongruity. He whom they had sent for, "the Resurrection and the Life," stood there beside the dead; sense recognized the presence of death, and faith did not recognize the presence of Him who is the Life. "Why make ye this ado and weep?" He said, "the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Yes, truly, but only the voice of the Son of Man can rouse from such a sleep; and O how glorious will it be when they "that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth" (John 5 : 28, 29). The people who saw not with the eye of faith laughed Him to scorn. But He put them all out, and then in the presence of her parents and the chosen three, He took the dead child by the hand and said, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." "I say unto thee;" it needed no other authority, "straightway the damsel arose, and walked, for she was of the age of twelve years." Life had conquered death. By and by, when Jesus comes, physical death, "the last enemy," shall be overcome too, but while "it is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9 : 27) let us see that the death of sin around us is brought in contact with the mighty life-giving power of our crucified and risen Lord. O Lord Jesus, save us from ourselves, from indifference, from all which is not Thee; save by Thy death, and by Thy life those around us who are perishing!

A Pedestrian's Manly Chivalry.—At the meeting held on August 27th, to welcome Mr. Francis Murphy to England, one of the speakers was Edward Payson Weston, the famous pedestrian, who is a teetotaler and a most earnest worker in the cause. He related the following incident: "The other day I saw a man striking a woman outside a public house. I went up to him and said, 'Don't be such a coward as to strike a woman—strike me.' 'I will if you don't mind your own business.' 'Well, do it; but don't strike that woman. It's a manly thing to strike me, but it's cowardly to strike her.' He struck me, and was amazed that I didn't return it. 'What!' he said, 'you won't strike me back.' 'No; but if you and your wife will come and take a cup of tea with me, I shall be glad of your company.' We went into a coffee palace hard by, and we had some tea. He said, 'I don't know your name, but you've made me ashamed of myself; will you shake hands?' I said, 'You need not be ashamed of anything you've done except striking that woman. Ask her to forgive you, and go home quietly with her, sign the pledge, and you'll be twice the man you were before.' That man has taken my advice, and his wife told me that although he was out of a situation then, he has got one to-day, and all is going on well with him and his home."



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Foreign Policy of the United States formed the subject of discussion in the House on March 2d. Some regret was expressed by Mr. Blaine's friends that the energetic policy of the ex-secretary toward the South American Republics had been reversed by his successor. Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, however, made a significant speech in reply, in which he said that when Mr. Frelinghuysen came into the cabinet he found a policy in force which he feared if pressed might be the precursor of war between the United States and a sister American Republic. He was not familiar with the question in all its bearings, and desired time to study and weigh the subject and carefully to read the secret correspondence bearing upon it. A halt had, therefore, been called, but this did not necessarily imply that the policy initiated while Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State was to be reversed or that President Arthur had changed his mind. It had been deemed wise to stop and consider, and that was all there was of it. Opinion is divided on the important question as to whether this speech was inspired by Mr. Blaine or Mr. Frelinghuysen.

The Nomination of Ex-Senator Conkling to be Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court was confirmed on Thursday, March 2d, by the Senate. Thirty-nine senators voted for confirmation and twelve against. At least four Republicans are known to have voted in the negative, and it is supposed that the other eight votes were cast by Democrats. Several speeches were made with the object of explaining the reasons which induced senators to vote against confirmation. These were that Mr. Conkling lacked legal experience and did not possess the judicial temperament. Mr. Conkling's friends, on the other hand, reply that even if he should prove deficient in these respects, his honesty and incorruptibility may be relied on, and that no stain has ever been cast on his integrity, which is more than can be said of some men whose nomination to the Supreme Bench these same senators voted to confirm. It is matter for regret that on the question of the appointment of judges such charges and recriminations should be made.

Mr. Blaine Performed his Difficult and Delicate duty of pronouncing a eulogy on the late President with remarkable tact and skill. It is due to Mr. Blaine to appreciate the difficulties by which he was surrounded when on Monday, February 27th, he stood before the two houses of Congress with President Arthur on his right, to eulogize his late chief. Before him and around him were the men who had opposed the administration, and who charged the orator himself with having been the principal cause of the troubles which disturbed its short existence. To many men the temptation would have been irresistible to

denounce the Stalwarts, and in making a speech that would certainly, on account of the occasion, become historical, to place on record a condemnation of his opponents and their policy. But Mr. Blaine abstained from any such course, and in his allusion to the disputes which agitated the party and the nation last year, displayed good taste and discretion worthy of all praise. While he defended President Garfield and claimed for him freedom from selfish and vindictive motives, he made no assault on his opponents, nor discussed the merits of the struggle. It was no time for angry controversy or a resurrection of painful questions, and Mr. Blaine very wisely contented himself with indicating the excellences of President Garfield's character, and describing the services he had rendered to his country. In doing so Mr. Blaine set an example to his friends on the press who have lately seemed anxious to widen the breach by the violence and recklessness with which they have assailed the men who were once their allies, and whose services they were glad to secure.

The Anti-Chinese Immigration Bill Reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations was last week discussed in the Senate. It provides that for twenty years after its passage *no Chinese laborers* shall be allowed to enter the United States, and makes the bringing of Chinese laborers during that period by shipmasters a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. Chinese laborers who are already in this country or who may reach here before the act takes effect are permitted to remain, or, if they have departed, to return. Books of registration are to be opened at the Custom Houses in the several ports of entry where Chinamen, who are entitled either by the terms of the treaty or by reason of present residence within the United States, may be registered and receive certificates describing their persons. Severe penalties are provided for the procurement by one person of more than one certificate, or for forgery or alteration of certificates. Opponents of the bill allege that it is a violation of the spirit of the treaty recently negotiated with China.

Another Set of Star Route Indictments has been found by the Washington Grand Jury. On February 28th Samuel G. Cobell, John N. Miner, and Charles H. Dickson, were indicted for conspiracy to defraud the Government of the United States by means of *fraudulent bids* for 3109 post routes located in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, and corruptly combining to obtain contracts for the same by means of *bogus sureties*, Cobell being the principal and Miner and Dickson the bondsmen. They further indict Miner and Dickson for perjury in *falsely swearing* that each owned 275 acres of unimproved coal land in Morgan County, Ky., valued at \$100,000. On the following day seven other persons were indicted, among whom was John W. Dorsey. In these, as in the other cases, the charges relate to the straw-bond swindle and include the allegation of perjury. On March 4th another list of indictments was presented. The names of Thomas J. Brady and Stephen W. Dorsey were among those of accused persons.

A Few of the Results of Reading Corrupt literature were described by Anthony Comstock in a lecture delivered on February 28th, before the Young Men's Christian Association, New York. Among the facts detailed were the following: On January 12th two girls, one aged ten and the other eleven, *ran away from home to become gipsies*, the result of reading this pernicious literature. A few days ago Inspector Byrnes arrested a young man, aged nineteen, for murder, whose imagination had been fired by reading of his disreputable heroes. On February 7th a young girl crazed by this kind of reading *committed suicide*. In November last four boys, not over sixteen, were arrested in Wilkesbarre, Penn., who had formally organized themselves into a *band of robbers*, and prided themselves on being bandits. A young man arrested in South Framingham, Mass., for sending out the vilest kind of literature, said, pointing to a pile of periodical papers in his closet, "That's what brought me to this;" and from a similar cause a young man in Buffalo set about robbing

his employer's safe, meaning to seek *adventures in the West*. In Brooklyn I found that a boy, crazed by such reading, had led his younger brothers or till they had robbed their mother of over twenty-five articles. A few weeks ago a young man read the details of a railroad catastrophe. He thought he would like to see one, and tied a log on the track while he lay in wait; but he was arrested. In a Western State two boys, one aged thirteen and one fifteen, wrecked a train, killing the engineer. This literature transfers the knife and bludgeon from our hardened criminals to our boys and girls.

A Six Days Walking Match Caused Considerable excitement in New York last week. Thousands of spectators assembled daily in Madison Square Garden to witness the struggle, and around the bulletin boards in the city crowds of people might always be seen eagerly watching the figures as they were recorded. It is impossible to refrain from pitying the men who took part in the contest. Their backers and the men who had staked money on their success were remorseless in their clamor for more work to be done and urging them to greater efforts. The reporters describe the haggard faces of the walkers, their weary, painful steps, and the spasmodic contraction of their muscles as they dragged themselves around the track. One man, the winner of previous races, withdrew after making a score of 411 miles, utterly broken down with the exertions he had made. The exhibition was altogether painful and reprehensible in its character, and the opportunity it afforded to the betting fraternity for gambling was so eagerly seized as to render it a thoroughly scandalous affair, which should never be repeated.

The Floods Resulting from the Break of the Mississippi levees have caused an appalling loss of life, and the destruction of much valuable property. The break in the Bolivar County levee which occurred on March 1st will cost the district over \$150,000. Several persons were drowned there and at Riverton, and the accounts of the suffering and loss of life already reported exceed anything that has ever attended inundations of the Mississippi before. A despatch from New Orleans dated March 2d says: "News reaches here of terrible destruction of property, caused by the breaking of the levee at Carson's Landing. A gap of seventy-five feet was first made by the rushing water, and one hundred yards of the levee was soon swept away. *The noise of the roaring flood awoke the sleeping citizens*, and the utmost consternation ensued. On looking out of their homes they saw the river rapidly spreading over the surrounding country, and, without taking time to clothe themselves, fled for their lives. The keeper of the landing, and two negro children, on seeing the danger to which they were exposed, began their flight for safety, but the waters had rushed in so furiously that they were unable to escape and all three were drowned. A number of others had narrow escapes from watery graves." Congress by joint resolution has appropriated \$100,000 for the relief of urgent cases of destitution.

The Bill of Expenses Incurred for Medical attendance during President Garfield's illness has been under the consideration of the committee appointed by Congress. The following are the payments recommended by the committee: To Dr. Bliss, \$25,000; to Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, \$15,000 each; to Drs. Reyburn and Boynton, \$10,000 each; to Mrs. Dr. Edson, \$5000. Mr. Crumps, the steward, is allowed \$3000, and the other helpers of the Executive Mansion two months' extra pay. The committee recommends the appointment of Surgeon-General Barnes to the rank of Major-General, and his retirement at that grade, and the promotion of Dr. Woodward to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The committee also recommends the grant to Mrs. Garfield of the remainder of her husband's salary for the current year.

The Use of Non-Intoxicating Wines at the communion service is being energetically advocated by a branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the State of New York. Mrs. R. A. Esmond, of Syracuse, the Superintendent of the Department, has issued an address in which she specifies the reasons for using the unfermented wine, and furnishes directions for its manufacture.

A Daily Noon Prayer Meeting at Jacksonville, Fla., has been commenced. It is held in the rooms formerly occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 40 Bay Street, every day except Sunday. The inaugural meeting, held on February 23d, was well attended, and the hope is expressed that it will be a permanent means of usefulness. Mr. M. D. Hiscox, who has been instrumental in organizing the meetings, is well known at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting in New York. This meeting has been commenced on the same undenominational lines, and Mr. Hiscox, in issuing an invitation to his fellow-citizens of Jacksonville, describes the happy results that have attended the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, and hopes for a similar blessing there. The effort Mr. Hiscox is making deserves our hearty sympathy and earnest prayers that God may bless it and make it a blessing to the city.

A Fire Broke out in an Insane Asylum at Flatbush, L. I., on February 22d, which occasioned serious alarm. One thousand patients were in the building, but owing to the coolness and presence of mind of the attendants only one patient lost his life by burning. Heavy iron doors placed in the building as a protection in case of fire were closed as soon as the fire was discovered, and thus one wing of the building was saved. It was noticed that *three lunatics* observing that a fourth who was crippled could not save himself, picked him up and among them carried him down stairs to a place of safety.

An Account of an Invalid Cured through faith and prayer was telegraphed to the New York Herald on Friday from Steubenville, Ohio. It states that Mrs. W. E. Owens, of the Sixth ward of that city, who has been for several months a confirmed invalid, having heard of the recent remarkable cases of healing resulting from the exercise of faith, resolved to appeal to God in her own case. The telegram says: Yesterday afternoon, (March 2d), she read the Bible and then prayed that her health might be restored. Her prayer was answered, and *she arose and dressed herself*, and seemed to have entirely recovered from her sickness. *She has been helpless for months.*

Tired of Living, was the Explanation Given of his motive for committing suicide by a young man who shot himself last week in New York. He was the son of respectable parents who supplied him with plenty of money for his support. But he became melancholy and depressed in spirits and it was feared that his mind was affected. At last he wrote on a slip of paper, "I am going to die—I am tired of living," and forthwith committed the fatal act. There are many men weary with the fierce struggle for bread who can understand the young man's weariness of life, but the Christian who sees in his life the preparation for eternity and recognizes in all that befalls him his Father's hand never loses his cheerful acquiescence in the divine will. He is assured that all things work together for good to them that love God, and is content to await God's time for relief (Rom. 8 : 28).

Six Days Floating on an Ice box at Sea is the account a sailor brought to New York on Thursday last gives of his experience. He was one of the crew of the Bahama, which foundered off Cape Hatteras, on February 10th. A boat belonging to the ship, in which were thirteen sailors in great distress, had previously been picked up and brought into port on February 15th. They said that a man named Mathurin with two others had refused to quit the ship when they left, and must have been on her when she foundered. Mathurin was seen by the Pearl floating on an ice-box in mid ocean without food or water. When questioned, he said he refused to go in the boat with the others because it was already dangerously full and he thought his weight might imperil the lives of all. When the Bahama went down, Mathurin saw the large ice-box float, and swam to it, and climbed upon it. He found two ship biscuits, which he ate. His account of his life during the following six days is a thrilling narrative. Hungry, weak, drenched by the waves which every minute threatened to wash him off his precarious support, he was unable to sleep day or night, for he could see following him *sharks six to ten feet long* which rubbed them-

selves against the box on which he lay. He says he sang to keep himself company. But for a shower of rain, of which he caught as much as he could in his tarpaulin coat and assuaged his thirst, he must have lost his reason.

A Painful Suspicion which has Attached to an Ohio express messenger for nearly four years has been completely dispelled by a remarkable discovery. In 1878 a messenger at Painesville was entrusted with a parcel containing \$21,000, but when he arrived at his destination the parcel was not found among the other packages in his wagon, and he was suspected of having stolen it, though the detectives were never able to trace it satisfactorily. Recently a tradesman in Chardon, O., had occasion to borrow some money, and it was lent to him by a teamster. He noticed that the bills stuck together, and had a musty smell as if they had been hidden away in the earth for some time. He showed them to the police, who at once identified them as part of the money the expressman was suspected of stealing. A search of the teamster's premises was made, and resulted in the discovery of \$6500 more of the bills which were also known to have been in the packet. It is supposed that the package must have dropped from the wagon to the road, where it was found by the teamster and appropriated by him. The discovery must be very gratifying to the expressman who has been so long wrongly suspected. Such a case should make us careful of judging each other. When that day comes in which every secret thing will be brought to light, we shall find we have made many mistakes (Eccles. 12 : 14).

A Ludicrous Mistake which might have Affected two lives occurred at Toronto recently. The Toronto Globe of February 28th says: "A Mrs. Wilson came into the city by a late train one night last week from Belleville. She had several children with her, one of them a baby in arms, which was snugly wrapped up in a huge shawl. Another lady arrived from some point West, and was also the owner of a baby similarly protected from cold. The ladies placed their babies in the waiting-room while they went to look up their baggage. When they returned, each took the other's baby, and the lady from Belleville drove to Parkdale, and the lady from the West to the north end of Yonge Street. The babies were promptly put to bed and it was not until morning that the mistake was discovered. Both mothers were then in deep distress, but as both were eager to recover their own children it was not long before a proper exchange was made." It is easy to imagine circumstances in which it would have been impossible to have rectified the mistake so readily. Many Christians of weak faith or under the influence of severe suffering have feared lest they would lose their place in the family of God, but we are assured that even though the vigilance of maternal love may fail, God's love for His children never can (Isa. 49 : 15).

Relief Granted in Answer to Prayer Formed the subject of a communication to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting a few days ago. Poverty and sickness had fallen on a Christian home, and a number of believing men met there to pray for help. God heard their prayers, and the distressed man was offered a situation where he could earn a maintenance for himself and his family. But money to pay rent and other expenses was urgently needed, and none would be due him for the new work for some time. Again he and his friends appealed to God, and again an answer was received. A gentleman came to the house, wanting some French and Latin documents translated and made an arrangement for it, paying ten dollars in advance.

The New Five-Cent Postage Stamp, which bears a vignette of President Garfield, is soon to be issued to the public. The first proof of it will be presented to Queen Victoria by the American Bank Note Company. The stamp is set in a frame of ebony, containing a *mat of sterling silver*, upon which is engraved an exquisite border of fine geometric lathe work. This is surrounded by a rod of solid gold nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter. A French plate glass, with bevelled edges, covers the picture and matting, and the whole is enclosed in a fine cedar box lined with royal purple velvet.

OUR LORD'S TRIAL BEFORE THE SANHEDRIM.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death."—Mark 14 : 64.

The Balm from the Wounds of Jesus—The Facts of the Passion—I. The Preliminary Examination—Concerning His Disciples—His Doctrine—Triumphant Reply—A Brutal Answer—The Lesson of It—II. The Search for Witnesses—Difficulties of the Prosecution—The Worst Kind of Lie—Consolation in the Charge—It Contained a Reminder—Silence Difficult to Practice—III. The Personal Interrogation—Christ's Answer the Hinge of Salvation—Condemned for His Avowal—Blasphemy if not True—IV. The Condemnation—Unanimous—No Sects in the Anti-Christian Camp—V. The Abuse—What our Sin Deserved—Slander to be Borne Readily—Earnestly Honor Him—Safely Trust in Him.

THIS one sentence is selected because custom demands a text; but in reality we shall follow the entire narrative of our Lord's trial before the high priests. We shall see how the Sanhedrim arrived at their unrighteous sentence, and what they did afterwards, and so, in a sense, we shall be keeping to our text. We have just been reading three passages—John 23 : 12-24; Mark 14 : 53-65; and Luke 22 : 66-71. Please to carry these in your minds while I rehearse the mournful story.

The narrative of our Lord's grief, if it be carefully studied, is harrowing in the extreme. One cannot long think of it without tears; in fact, I have personally known what it is to be compelled to leave my meditations upon it from excess of emotion. It is enough to make one's heart break fully to realize the sufferings of such an One, so lovely in Himself and so loving toward us. Yet this harrowing of the feelings is exceedingly useful. After mourning for Jesus we are raised above our own mourning. There is no consolation under heaven at all like it; for the sorrows of Christ seem to take the sting out of our own sorrows, till they become harmless and endurable. The wounds of Jesus distil a balm which heals all mortal ills.

Nor is this all, though that were much in a world of woe like this; but there is a matchless stimulus about the passion of the Lord. Though you have been almost crushed by the sight of your Lord's agonies, you have risen therefrom strong, resolute, fervent, consecrated. Nothing stirs our hearts' depths like His heart's anguish. Nothing is too hard for us to attempt or to endure for One who sacrificed Himself for us. To be reviled for His dear sake who suffered such shame for us becomes no great affliction; even reproach itself when borne for Him becomes greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. To suffer in body and in mind, even unto death for Him, were rather a privilege than an exaction; such love so swells our hearts that we vehemently pant for some way of expressing our indebtedness. We are grieved to think that our best will be so little; but we are solemnly resolved to give nothing less than our best to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

1. We will begin our narrative this morning by first asking you to think of

THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION of our blessed Lord and Master by the high priest. They brought in our Lord from the garden bound; but they also kept fast hold upon Him, for we read of "the men that held Him." They were evidently afraid of their prisoner, even when they had Him entirely in their power. He was all gentleness and submission; but conscience made cowards of them all, and they therefore took all a coward's care to hold Him in their grasp. As the court had not yet gathered in sufficient numbers for a general examination, the high priest resolved that he would fill up the time by personally interrogating his prisoner.

He commenced his malicious exercise. The high priest asked Jesus *concerning His disciples*. We cannot tell what were the questions, but I suppose they were something like these: "How is it that Thou hast gathered about Thee a band of men? What did they with Thee? What was Thine ultimate intention to do by their means? Who were

they? Were they not a set of fanatics, or men discontented and ready for sedition?" I do not know how the crafty Caiaphas put his questions; but the Saviour gave no reply to this particular inquiry. What could He have said if He had attempted to answer? Ah, brothers, what good could He have said of His disciples? We may be sure He would say no ill.

He might have said, "Concerning my disciples, one of them has betrayed me; he has still *the blood-money in his hand* which you gave him as my price. Another of them, down in the hall there, before the cock crows will deny that he ever knew me, and add oaths and cursing to his denial; and as for the rest, they have all forsaken me and fled." Therefore our Lord said nothing concerning His disciples, for He will not turn the accuser of His own, whom He came, not to condemn, but to justify.

The high priest also asked him concerning *His doctrine*. I suppose he said to Him, "What new teaching is this of Thine? Are we not sufficient to teach the people—the Scribes so learned in the law, the Pharisees so attentive to ritual, the Sadducees so philosophical and speculative? Why needest Thou intrude into this domain? I suppose Thee to be little more than a peasant's son; what is this strange teaching of Thine?"

A BLAMELESS LIFE.

To this inquiry our Lord did answer, and what a *triumphant reply* it was! Oh that we could always speak, when it is right to speak, as meekly and as wisely as He! He said, "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret I have said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I have said." Oh, brethren, no reply to slander can be compared with a *blameless life*. Jesus had lived in the full blaze of day where all could see, and yet He was able to challenge accusation and say, "Ask them which heard me." Happy is the man who has no need to defend himself because his works and words are solid testimonials to his uprightness and goodness.

This overwhelming answer, however, brought the Saviour a *blow from one of the officers of the court* who stood by. Was not this a most shocking deed? Here was the first of a new order of assaults. Hitherto we have not heard of strokes and blows; but now it is fulfilled: "They shall smite the Judge of Israel with a rod upon His cheek." This was the first of a long series of assaults. I wonder who the man was that struck the Master so. I could wish that the Master's reply to him may have influenced his heart to repentance; but if not, it is certain that he led the van in personal assaults upon our Lord's person; his impious hand first struck Him. Surely if he died in impenitence the memory of that blow must remain as a never-dying worm within him.

Yet while He felt that blow, and was perhaps half staggered by it, the Master did not lose His composure, or exhibit the least resentment. His reply was everything it ought to be. There is not a word too much. He meekly said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" Enough, surely, if there remained any tenderness in the heart of the aggressor, to have made him turn his hand upon his own breast in penitential grief. One would not have wondered had he cried out, "Forgive me, O Thou divinely meek and gentle One, and let me henceforth be Thy disciple."

Thus have we seen the first part of our Lord's sufferings in the house of the high priest, and *the lesson from it* is just this: Let us be meek and lowly in heart as the Saviour was, for herein lay His strength and dignity. You tell me I have said that before. Yes, brethren, and I shall have to say it several more times before you and I have learned the lesson well. It is hard to be meek when falsely accused, meek when roughly interrogated, meek when a cunning adversary is on the catch, meek when smarting under a cruel blow which was a disgrace to a court of justice. You have heard of the patience of Job, but it pales before the patience of Jesus. Admire His forbear-

ance, but do not stop at admiration; copy His example, write under this head-line and follow every stroke.

The preliminary examination is therefore over, and it has ended in no success whatever for the high priest. He has questioned Jesus and he has smitten Him, but the ordeal brings nothing to content the adversary. The prisoner is supremely victorious, the assailant is baffled.

II. Now comes a second scene,

THE SEARCH FOR WITNESSES

against Him. "The chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put Him to death; and found none." A strange court that meets with the design to find the prisoner guilty, resolved in some way or other to compass his death. They must proceed according to the forms of justice, and so they summon witnesses, though all the while they violate the spirit of justice, for they ransack Jerusalem to find witnesses who will perjure themselves to accuse the Lord.

They scour Jerusalem to bring forth witnesses against Jesus; but they had great difficulty in accomplishing their design, because they were bound to examine the witnesses apart, and they could not make them agree. Lies cannot be easily made to pair with each other, whereas truths are cut to the same pattern. Moreover, many sorts of witnesses that they could readily find they did not dare to bring forward. Witnesses were forthcoming who could testify that Jesus had spoken against the tradition of the elders; but in that some who were in the council, namely, the Sadducees, were agreed with him to a large extent. It would never do to bring forward a charge about which they would not be unanimous.

His denunciations of the Pharisees could not be the charge, for these pleased the Sadducees; neither could they allege his outcry against the Sadducees, for in this the Pharisees were agreed with Him. You recollect how Paul, when brought before this Sanhedrim, took advantage of their division of opinion and cried, "I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee; of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question;" and in this manner created a dissension among the conclave, which for a time wrought in his favor. Our Lord took higher and nobler ground, and did not stoop to turn their folly to His own benefit; yet they, being conscious of their internal feuds, avoided those points upon which they were not in harmony.

But might they not have found some witnesses to swear that He had talked about a kingdom that He was setting up? Might not this readily have been made to mean sedition and rebellion? Yes, but then that was rather a charge to allege against Him before Pilate's civil court, whereas theirs was an ecclesiastical tribunal. Moreover, there were Herodians in the council who were very restive under the Roman yoke, and could not have had the face to condemn any one for being a patriot; and beside, the people outside would have sympathized with Jesus all the more if they had supposed that He would lead them on rebelling against Cæsar. Therefore they could not urge that point. They must have been greatly puzzled to know what to do; especially when even on those points which they decided to bring forward the witnesses no sooner opened their mouths than they contradicted each other.

At last they had it. There came two whose evidence was somewhat agreed; and they asserted that on a certain occasion Jesus Christ had said, "I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." Here was blasphemy against the holy and beautiful house of the Lord, and this would serve their turn. Now, the Saviour had said something which was a little like the testimony of these false witnesses, and a misunderstanding had made it more like it; but still their statement was a lie, and none the less a lie because a shadow of truth had fallen upon it, for

THE WORST KIND OF LIE

is that which is manufactured out of a truth; it does more mischief a great deal than if it were a falsehood from stem to stern.

The Saviour had not said, "I will destroy this temple;" He said, "Destroy this temple," that is

to say, "Ye will destroy it, and ye may destroy it." He had not referred to the Jerusalem temple at all; this spake He concerning the temple of His body which would be destroyed. Christ has never said, "Destroy this temple which is made with hands, and I will build another without hands;" in His language there is no allusion to hands at all. Yet even on that charge they did not agree. One said one thing upon it, and another said another, so that even this paltry accusation could not be brought against the Saviour. Their patched-up falsehood was made of such rotten stuff that the pieces would not hold together. They were ready to swear to anything that came into their perjured imaginations, but they could not be got to swear any two of them to the selfsame thing. Meanwhile

THE LORD STANDS SILENT;

as the sheep before her shearers, He is dumb, and openeth not His mouth; and I suppose the reason was partly that He might fulfil the prophecy, partly because the grandeur of His soul could not stoop to contend with liars, and most of all because His innocence needed no defence. He that is in some measure guilty is eager to apologize and to extenuate; His excuses usually suggest to men of experience the belief that there may be some ground for the accusation. He that is perfectly innocent is in no haste to answer his slanderers, for they soon answer one another.

We must not refrain from noticing *the comfort* which in some degree had been ministered to our Lord by the accusation which came most to the front. He stands there, and He knows they are about to put Him to death, but they themselves remind Him that their power over Him has no longer lease than three days, and at the end of that short time He will be raised up again, no more to be at their disposal. His enemies witnessed the resurrection to Him. I say not that His memory was weak, or that He would possibly have forgotten it amid His sorrows, but yet our Lord was human, and modes of comfort which are valuable to us were also useful to Him. When the mind is tortured with malicious falsehood, and the whole man is tossed about by pains and griefs, it is good for us to be reminded of the consolations of God.

Now, brethren, here again we learn the same lesson as before, namely, let us gain meekness, and prove it by our power to hold our tongues. *Eloquence* is difficult to acquire, but *silence* is far more hard to practise. A man may much sooner learn to speak well than learn not to speak at all. We are in such a hurry to vindicate our own cause that we damage it by rash speech; if we were calm, gentle, quiet, forbearing as the Saviour was, our pathway to victory would be much more easy.

Learn also this other lesson, that we must *expect to be misrepresented*; we may reckon that our words will have other meanings to ungracious ears than those which we intended; we may expect that when we teach one thing which is true they will make us out to have stated another which is false; but let us not be overwhelmed by this fiery trial as though it were some strange thing. Our Lord and Master has endured it, and the servants must not escape.

Amid the din of these lies and perjuries, I hear the still small voice of a truth most precious, for like as Jesus stood for us at the bar, and they could not cause an accusation to abide upon Him, so when we shall stand in Him at the last great day, washed in His blood and covered with His righteousness, we too shall be clear. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" If Satan should appear as the accuser of the brethren, He will be met by the voice, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?" Yes, beloved, we too shall be cleared of slander. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. The glorious righteousness of Him who was falsely accused shall deliver the saints and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

III. But I must not dwell too long even on such themes as these, and therefore I pass on to

THE PERSONAL INTERROGATION

which followed upon the failure to bring forward

witnesses. The high priest, too indignant to sit still, rises and stands over the prisoner like a lion roaring over his prey, and begins to question Him again. The trial had been a dead failure up to that point, and he knew it, and was red with rage. Now he attempts to bully the prisoner, that he may extract some declaration from Him which may save all further trouble of witnesses, and end the matter. The question was forced home by a solemn adjuration, and it effected its purpose, for the Lord Jesus did speak, though He knew that He was thereby furnishing a weapon against Himself. He felt under bond to answer the high priest of His people when he used such adjuration, bad man as that high priest was; and He could not draw back from a charge so solemn lest He should seem by His silence to deny the truth upon which the salvation of the world is made to hinge.

So when the high priest said to Him, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" how distinctly and outspoken was the Master's reply. "Though He knew that His death would thus be compassed, He witnessed a good confession. He plainly said, 'I am,' and then He added to that declaration, 'Ye shall see the Son of man,'—so He brings out His humanity as well as His deity, 'sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' What a majestic faith! It is wonderful to think that He should be so calm as to confront His mockers, and assert His glory while He was in the depths of shame.

I admire the meekness that could be silent, I admire the meekness that could speak gently, but I still more wonder at the meekness that could speak courageously, and still be meek. Somehow or other, when we rouse ourselves to courage, we let in harshness at the same door, or if we shut out our anger, we are very apt to forget our firmness. Jesus never slays one virtue to make room for another. His character is complete, full-orbed, perfect, whichever way we look at it.

Notice, ere we pass away from this point, that, practically, the trial and the interrogation ended in our Lord's being *condemned because of*

HIS AVOWAL

of His deity. They said, "Ye have heard the blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death." I cannot make out at all those people who call themselves Unitarians, and deny our Lord's deity. Unitarians we also are, for we believe in one God, and one God only; but they tell us that this blessed Christ our Master is not God, and yet they own that He was the most excellent of men, the most perfect of human beings. I cannot see it myself. He seems to me to be a blasphemer, and nothing else, if He be not God; and the Jews evidently held that opinion, and treated Him accordingly. If He had not said that God was His Father, they would not have been so enraged against Him. They put Him to death because of the assertion of His deity, and the declaration that He would sit at the right hand of power and judge the world.

To-day multitudes are willing to take Christ as a teacher, but they will not have Him as the Son of God. I do not doubt that the Christian religion might be received in many places if it were shorn of its strength; if, in fact, its very soul and bowels were torn out of it, by setting forth Jesus as one of the prophets and nothing more. Hear how our wise men talk of Him as one of a line of great reformers, such as Moses, Samuel, Elijah, and they often add Confucius and Mahomet. Do we give place to this? No, not for an instant. He is verily the Son of the Blessed. He is divine, or false. The accusation of blasphemy must lie against Him if He be not the Son of the Highest.

IV. We must now pass on and linger for a second or two over

THE CONDEMNATION.

They condemned Him out of His own mouth; but this, while it wore the semblance of justice, was really unjust. The prisoner at the bar has affirmed that He is the Son of God. What next? May He not speak the truth? If it be the truth He must not be condemned, but adored. Justice requires that an inquiry be made as to whether He be the Christ, the Son of the Blessed, or not. He has claimed to be the Messiah. Very well, all

those in the court are expecting the Messiah; some of them expect Him to appear very speedily. May not this be the sent one of the Lord? Let an inquiry be made into His claims. What is His lineage? Where was He born? Have any prophets attested Him? Has He wrought miracles? Some such inquiries are due to any man whose life is at stake. You cannot justly condemn a man to die without examining into the truth of his defence, for it may turn out that his statements are correct. But, no, they will not hear the man they hate, the mere claim condemns Him; it is blasphemy, and He must die.

Alas, how many there are who condemn Christ's doctrine without making due inquiries into it—condemn it on the most trivial grounds. They come to hear a sermon, and perhaps find fault with the mannerism of the preacher, as if that were sufficient reason for denying the truth which He preaches; or else they say, "This is so strange—we cannot believe it." Why not? Are not strange things sometimes true, and is not many a truth wondrously strange until you get familiar with it? These men will not condescend to hear Christ's proof of claim; they will make no inquiry. In this, like the Jewish priests, they practically cry, "Away with Him! Away with Him!"

A UNANIMOUS VERDICT.

Observe that they were all agreed; there were no dissentients; they had taken care, I have no doubt, not to let Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea know anything about this meeting of theirs. They held it in the night, and they only rehearsed it in the early morning, for the sake of keeping their old Rabbinical law that they must try prisoners by daylight. They hurried up the trial, and any that might have spoken against their bloodthirsty sentence were kept out of the way. The assembly was unanimous. Alas for the unanimity of ungodly hearts against Christ! It is wonderful that there should be such quarrels among Christ's friends, and such unity among His foes, when the point is to put Him to death. But here are we *split up into sections* and parties, and often at war with one another. O Lord of love, forgive us; King of concord, come and reign over us, and bring us into a perfect unity around Thyself!

The sentence was "death." I say nothing of it but this. Death was the sentence due to me, the sentence due to you, and they laid it upon our Substitute. "Worthy of death,"—they said—all of them. All hands were held up; all voices said "Yea, yea" to the verdict. Yet there was no fault in Him. Say rather, there was every excellence in Him. As I hear Jesus condemned to die my soul falls at His feet and cries, "Blessed Lord, now hast Thou taken my condemnation; there is, therefore, none for me. Now hast Thou taken my cup of death to drink, and henceforth it is dry to me. Glory be to Thy blessed name, henceforth and for ever."

V. I am almost glad that my time is so far advanced, for I must needs set before you the fifth and most painful scene. No sooner have these evil men of the Sanhedrim pronounced Him guilty of death, than the servants, the guards, and those that kept the high-priest's hall, eager to please their masters, and all touched with the same brute-like spirit which was in them, straightway began to *abuse* the infinite majesty of our Lord. Consider

THE ABUSE.

Let me read the words: "Some began to spit on Him." "Began to spit on Him!" Thus was contempt expressed more effectively than by words. Be astonished, O heavens, and be horribly afraid. His face is *the light of the universe*, His person is the glory of heaven, and they "began to spit on Him!" Alas, my God, that man should be so base!

Some went further, and they "covered His face." It is an Eastern custom to cover the face of the condemned, as if they were not fit to see the light, nor fit to behold their fellow-men. I know not whether for this reason, or in pure mockery, they covered His face, so that they could not see it, and He could not see them. How could they thus put out the sun and shut up bliss. Then when all was dark to Him we read that they began to say, "Prophecy, Who is he that smote Thee?" Then

another did the like, and many were the cruel cuffs they laid about His blessed face. The mediæval writers delighted to talk about the teeth that were broken, the bruises on the cheeks, the blood which flowed, the flesh that was bruised and blackened; but we dare not thus imagine. Scripture has cast a veil, and there let it abide. Yet it must have been an awful sight. Nothing was thought bad enough. They invented all they could of shame and scorn, and He stood patient there though a single flash of His eye would have consumed them in a moment.

Brothers, sisters, this is what our sin deserved. A shameful thing art thou, O sin! Thou dost deserve to be spit upon! This is what sin is constantly doing to Christ. Whenever you and I sin we do, as it were, spit in His face; we also hide His eyes by trying to forget that He sees us; and we also smite Him whenever we transgress and grieve His Spirit. Talk not of cruel Jews; let us think of ourselves, and let us be humbled by the thought. This is what the ungodly world is ever doing to our blessed Master. They also would hide His eyes which are the light of the world; they also despise His Gospel, and spit upon it as an utterly worn out and worthless thing; they also do despite to the members of His body through His poor afflicted saints who have to bear slander and abuse for His dear sake.

I leave this subject, hoping that you will pursue it in your meditations. Here are

THREE OBSERVATIONS.

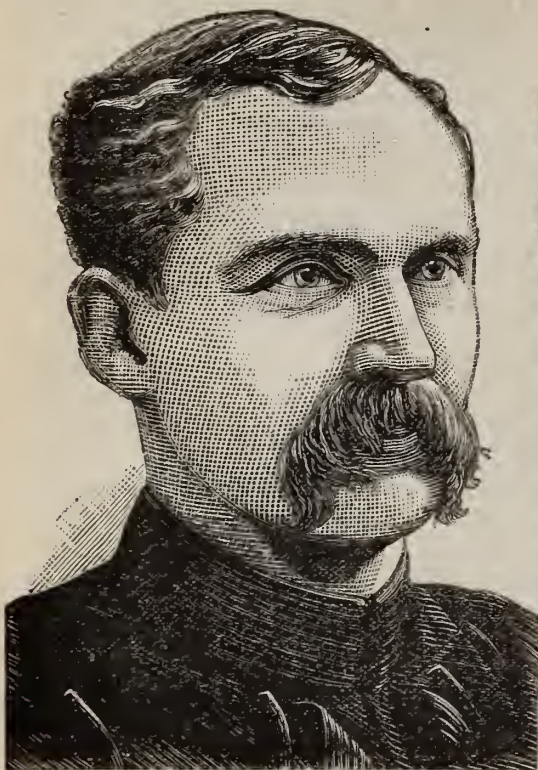
First, how ready should we be to bear slander and ridicule for Jesus' sake. Do not get into a huff, and think it a hard thing that people should mock at you. Who are you, dear sir? Who are you? What can you be if compared with Christ? If they spat upon Him, why should they not spit upon you? If they buffeted Him, why should they not buffet you? Shall your Master have all the rough of it? Shall He have all the bitter, and you all the sweet? A pretty soldier you, to demand better fare than your Captain!

How earnestly, next, ought we to honor our dear Lord. If men were so eager to put Him to shame, let us be ten times more earnest to bring Him glory. Is there anything we can do to-day by which He may be honored? Let us set about it. Can we make any sacrifice? can we perform any difficult task which would glorify Him? Let us not deliberate, but at once do it with our might. Let us be inventive in modes of glorifying Him, even as His adversaries were ingenious in the methods of His shame.

Lastly, how surely and how sweetly may all who believe in Him come and rest their souls in His hands. Surely I know that He who suffered this, since He was verily the Son of the Blessed, must have ability to save us. Such griefs must be a full atonement for our transgressions. Glory be to God, that spittle on His countenance means a clear, bright face for me. Those false accusations on His character mean no condemnation for me. That putting Him to death proves the certainty of our text last Sabbath morning, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Let us sweetly rest in Jesus, and if ever our faith is agitated, let us get away to the hall of Caiaphas, and see the Just standing for the unjust, the Faultless One bearing condemnation for sinners. Let us in the high-priest's hall judge and condemn every sin and every doubt, and come forth glorying that the Christ has conquered for us, and that we now wait for His appearing with delight. God bless you, brothers, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—John 23 : 12-24; Mark 14 : 53-65; Luke 22 : 66-71.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Captain Frank Graves.



The Connaught Institute for Soldiers.



Interior of Connaught Institute.

CAPTAIN GRAVES AND THE CON-NAUGHT INSTITUTE FOR SOLDIERS.

IF an illustration were needed of the reproductive and far-reaching influence of a good work it might be found in the above portrait and sketch of buildings. On July 14th, 1881, we published a portrait of Mrs. Daniell and a picture of the Soldiers' Mission Hall she has founded near the great camp of Aldershot, England. We also published an account of the branch mission established and managed by her daughter for the benefit of the soldiers. The illustration now given is of an officer converted at that mission, and of the institution he has been instrumental in organizing in another part of England.

In the year 1869 a young man, named Frank Graves, was appointed an officer in the British army. High hopes were entertained respecting him, for he came of a distinguished family, his father having held a responsible office in the law courts and his uncle being Bishop of Limerick, Ireland. These hopes were encouraged by the result of his military studies. He entered the Wellington College at Kingstown in 1867, and from there he proceeded to the chief military training establishment in Great Britain, Sandhurst. At his examination at the close of his curriculum he passed with honors so high that he was presented with a free commission, although at that time large sums of money were paid for the privilege of commanding in the army. He joined the regiment called the Twentieth Hussars, and not long afterward accompanied that regiment to India.

Not much has been related of the details of his life in that eastern dependency of the British Empire, but enough is known to prove that if not absolutely vicious and immoral it was a Godless life. When the regiment was recalled to England Captain Graves looked forward to a life of pleasure.

Young officers are popular in society, and invitations to balls and parties were plentiful, and were eagerly accepted. Beside these, when opportunity offered, he would attend the theatre, being an enthusiastic and ardent lover of the drama. Besides these amusements, in which many precious hours were frittered away, he gave close attention to racing matters. The chief racing events of the year formed the staple subject of conversation in the officers' mess-room, and none were more familiar with the state of the odds and betting quotations and the prospects of the favorites than Captain Frank Graves.

A blessed change, however, was at hand. His

regiment was sent to Aldershot, and there he was invited to the Soldiers' Mission Hall. He went and was cordially received by Miss Daniell. One visit led to others and Captain Graves was impressed with the importance of attending to the concerns of his soul. One service, especially, awoke within him intense anxiety. At that service one of speakers delivered an earnest address on "The Cities of Refuge," in which he dwelt on the imminence of the peril of the guilty man with the implacable avenger at his heels who delayed his flight to a place of safety. God blessed the warning to the young captain, and he was soon able to see in Jesus the Refuge of his soul.

The Mission Hall became very dear to him after this, for it had been his spiritual birthplace. He conceived the idea of multiplying and extending an agency which had been the means of so much good to himself. He, accordingly, both privately and publicly, advocated the building of other halls, and explained as he had opportunity the good they were capable of effecting. More than one person who heard him responded to the earnest young officer's appeals, and ultimately he received sufficient money to justify him in establishing one hall. With such money as he could give from his own pocket, and with the gifts confided to him, he went to work, and now the institute of which the above is a picture has been built at Brighton and fitted up. Its benefits are not confined exclusively to the soldier, but civilians, and especially mechanics, are encouraged to avail themselves of its privileges. It contains a reading-room, and class-rooms where instruction is given gratuitously and where Bible classes are held. There is besides, a large hall, in which religious services have been held and where some highly successful evangelistic meetings have lately closed.

THE PROPHETIC ASPECT OF THE JEWISH PERSECUTION.

By Mr. Charles Reade.

THE well-known novelist, whose remarkable conversion last year was described in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has written to an English daily paper a letter on the subject of the Jewish persecutions from which we extract the following remarks:

"The Jewish nation, though under a cloud, will eventually resume their ancient territory, which is so evidently kept waiting for them. The prophecies are clear as day on two points: That the Jews are to repossess Palestine, and, indeed, to rule from

Lebanon to Euphrates; and that this event is to be the first of a great series of changes, leading to a vast improvement in the condition of poor suffering mankind and of creation in general. Now we have here in prospect a glorious event as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow. The only difference is that the sun will rise at a certain hour, and the Jews will occupy Syria and resume their national glory at an uncertain day. No doubt it is the foible of mankind to assume that an *uncertain* date must be a *distant* one. But that is unreasonable. Surely it is the duty of wise and sober men to watch precursory signs and lend our humble co-operation, should so great a privilege be accorded to us.

"This sudden persecution of the Jews in the very nation where they are most numerous—may it not be a *precursory sign* and a reminder from Providence that their abiding city is not in European Tartary? I almost think some such reminder was needed; for when I was a boy the pious Jews still longed for the Holy Land. They prayed, like Daniel, with their windows open toward Jerusalem.

"Yet, now that the broken and impoverished Saracen would cede them territory at one-tenth of its agricultural and commercial value, a cold indifference seems to have come over them. I often wonder at this change of sentiment about so great a matter, and in so short a period, comparatively speaking, and puzzle myself as to the reason.

"Two solutions occur to me: 1. Dispersed in various nations, whose average inhabitants are inferior in intelligence and forethought to themselves, they thrive as individual aliens more than they may think so great a multitude of Jews could thrive in a land of their own, where blockheads would be scarce. 2. They have for centuries contracted their abilities to a limited number of peaceful arts and trades; they may distrust their power to diversify their abilities, and be suddenly a complete nation, with soldiers, sailors, merchants, husbandmen, as well as financiers and artists.

"But it is now proved that sojourning among inferior nations has more drawbacks than living at home. True, the Russian yoke has for years been selling to the Jews his summer labor in winter, and at a heavy discount. But the improvident Russians have turned like wild beasts upon them, and outwitted, lawfully, have massacred them contrary to law. Palestine can be colonized effectually from Russia alone, where there are 3,000,000 Jews trembling for life and property; and the rest would follow. As to the second objection, History

is a looking-glass at our backs. Whatever Jews *have* done Jews *may* do. They are a people of genius, and genius is not confined by nature, but by will, by habit, or by accident. What have these people tried and failed in? Warriors, writers, builders, merchants, lawgivers, husbands, and supreme in all! In this history repeats itself.

"They shall be great in the arts of peace and war, and their enemies melt away before them like snow off a dyke. Should they seem to require help at starting from any other nation, *blessed will be the nation that proffers it*; and the nation that persecutes them will be made an example of in some way or other. Therefore, if by any chance this recent outrage should decide the Jewish leaders to colonize Palestine from Russia, let us freely offer ships, seamen, money—whatever we are asked for. It will be a better national investment than Egyptian, Brazilian, or Peruvian bonds."

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A WEALTHY merchant was passing out of the gate of a village cemetery when he met a group of children. Their intelligent countenances and subdued manner, evidently the result of grief, impressed him deeply. He followed them at a distance, observing them without letting them perceive that he was doing so. He saw the children go to a particular grave, which, from the direct path they took, he inferred must have often been visited before by the same little feet. They stood by it for a few minutes looking down at it, while tears trickled down their childish faces. Then the eldest girl knelt down and lovingly deposited a wreath on the grave, her sister and little brother meanwhile thoughtfully looking on. The children remained nearly an hour and then left it with reluctance.

The merchant was a childless man, but he loved children, and he was drawn toward the little group by sympathy with their evident grief. Only two years before in that same cemetery he had buried, within a few weeks of each other, his only son and daughter, and his house had for him still a forlorn and bereaved association. Its silence seemed to him like the silence of the tomb, and the pattering of tiny feet with which its rooms had once been familiar he missed sorely. He followed the children as they left the cemetery, drawn toward them by a fellowship of suffering. They had not far to go. A boarding-school stood a short distance away and they entered its gates and were lost to his sight. He walked sadly to the depot, whence he was swiftly carried to the city. On arriving at home he told his wife of the interest evoked by the children, and a project was discussed and decided on.

The next day the merchant was in the village again and called at the boarding-school to learn the story of the children. He was told that they were orphans. Their mother was Catherine Howard, a lady of education and refinement, but with little pecuniary resources. She had been left a widow when still young. Her husband had been carried off in all the strength of a healthy and robust manhood, and in his last moments had committed the children to her care. His temperate and thrifty habits enabled him to leave a small property, barely sufficient for their maintenance and education while they were little ones, and as to the future, he always said he could confidently commit them to God if he and their mother did but rightly train them while they were young.



A Mother's Grave.

On the death of their father, this was the daily endeavor and constant aim of Catherine Howard. But after two years had passed, she was herself laid upon the bed of sickness, and unable to do anything but pray for her children and speak a few loving words to them as they returned from school. When, at length, the doctor announced that there was no hope whatever of her recovery, though greatly distressed at first on account of the children, her firm trust in God soon enabled her to say "Thy will be done," and calmly commit their temporal and spiritual interests to Him. Even before the time anticipated by the doctor, her feeble frame gave way to the rapid consumption which had seized it, and her remains were carried by sympathizing neighbors to the quiet little cemetery where the merchant had met the children.

The merchant inquired as to the disposition of the children, and learned that it was worthy of all praise. He made their acquaintance, and after a year's interval, during which they often visited at his house, he and his wife adopted them as their own, and so the confidence their father and mother had placed in God's protecting care was fulfilled.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 142.)

Felix Sefton's Proposal.

CANON PASCAL clasped Felix's hand with a hearty pressure, such as few hands know how to give; though it is one of the most tender and most refined expressions of friendship. Felix grasped his with an unconscious grip which made Canon Pascal wince, though he said nothing. For a few minutes the two men stood gazing upward in reverent silence, each brain busy with its own thoughts. "You were coming to see me!" said Canon Pascal at last.

"Yes," answered Felix, in a voice faltering with eager emotion.

"On some special errand?" pursued Canon Pascal. "Don't let us lose time in beating about the bush, then. You cannot say anything that will not be interesting to me, Felix; for I always find a lad like you, and at your age, has something in his mind worth listening to. What is it, my son?"

"I don't want to beat about the bush," stammered Felix, "but oh! if you only knew how I love Alice! More than words can tell. You've known me all my life, and Alice has known me. Will you let her be my wife?"

The smile was gone from Canon Pascal's face. A moment ago, and he, gazing up at the moon, had been recalling, with a boyish freshness of heart, the days of his own happy though protracted courtship of the dear wife, who might be gazing at the same scene from her window in his country rectory. His face grew almost harsh with its grave thoughtfulness as his eyes fastened upon the agitated features of the young man beside him. A fine-looking young fellow, he said to himself; with a frank, open nature, and a constitution and disposition unspoiled by the world. He needed nobody to tell him what his old pupil was, for he knew him as well as he knew his own boys, but he had never thought of him as any other than a boy. Alice too was a child still. This sudden demand struck him into a mood of silent and serious thought; he paced to and fro for a while along the corridor, with Felix equally silent and serious at his side.

"You've no idea how much I love her!" Felix at last ventured to say.

"Hush my boy!" he answered, with a sharp, imperative tone in his voice. "I loved Alice's mother before you were born; and I love her more every day of my life. You children don't know what love means."

Felix answered by a gesture of denial. Not know what love meant, when neither day nor night was the thought of Alice absent from his inmost heart! He had been almost afraid of the vehemence of his own passion, lest it should prove a hindrance to him in God's service. Canon Pascal drew his arm affectionately through his, and turned back to pace the cloister once more.

"I'm trying to think," he said, in a gentler voice, "that Alice is out of the nursery, and you out of the schoolroom. It is difficult to realize that Felix."

"You were present at my ordination last week," exclaimed Felix, in an aggrieved tone; "the Church, and the bishop, and you did not think me too young to take charge of souls. Surely you cannot urge that I am not old enough to take care of one whom I love better than my own life!"

Canon Pascal pressed Felix's arm closer to his side.

"Oh, my boy!" he said, "you will discover that it is easier to commit unknown souls to anybody's charge than to give away one's child, body, soul, and spirit. It is a solemn thing we are talking of; more solemn, in some respects, than my girl's death. I would rather follow Alice to the grave than see her enter into a marriage not made for her in heaven."

"So would I," answered Felix tremulously.

"And to make sure that any marriage is made in heaven!" mused the Canon, speaking as if to himself, with his head sunk in thought. "There's the grand difficulty! For oh! Felix, my son, it is not love only that is needed, but wisdom; yes! the highest wisdom, that which cometh down from above, and is first pure, and then peaceable. For how could Christ Himself be the Husband of the Church, if He was not both the wisdom of God and the love of God? How could God be the heavenly Father of us all, if He was not infinite in wisdom? Know you not what Bacon saith: 'To love and to be wise is not granted unto man?'"

"I dare not say I am wise," answered Felix; "but surely such love as I bear to Alice will bring wisdom."

"And does Alice love you?" asked Canon Pascal.

"I did not think it right to ask her," he replied.

"There there's some hope still," said the Canon, more joyously; "the child is scarcely twenty yet. Do not you be in a hurry, my boy. You do not know what woman is yet; how delicately and tenderly organized; how full of seeming contradictions and uncertainties, often with a blessed meaning in them, ah, a heavenly meaning, but hard to be understood and apprehended by the rougher portion of humanity. Study them a little longer, Felix, take another year or two before you fix on your life-mistress."

"You forget how many years I have lived under the same roof as Alice," replied Felix eagerly, "and how many women I have lived with; my mother, my grandmother, Phebe, and Hilda. Surely I know more about them than most men."

"All good women," he answered; "happy lad! blessed lad, I should rather say. They have been better to thee than angels. Phebe has been more than a guardian angel to thee, though thou knowest not all thou owest to her yet. But a wife, Felix, is different, God knows, from mother, or sister, or friend. God chooses our kinsfolk for us; but man chooses his own wife; having free will in that choice on which hangs his own life, and the lives of others. Yet the wisest of men said, 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.' Ay, a good wife is the token of such loving favor as we know not yet in this world."

The Canon's voice had fallen into a low and gentle tone, little louder than a whisper. The dim, obscure light in the cloisters scarcely gave Felix a chance of seeing the expression of his face; but the young man's heart beat high with hope.

"You don't say No to me?" he faltered.

"How can I say No or Yes?" asked Canon Pascal, almost with an accent of surprise. "I will talk it over with your mother and Alice's mother; but the Yes or No must come from Alice herself. What am I that I should stand between you two and God, if it is His will to bestow His sweetest boon upon you? Only do not disturb the child, Felix. Leave her fancy-free a little longer."

"And you are willing to take me as your son? You do not count me unworthy?" he exclaimed.

"I've boys of my own," he answered, "whose up-growing I've watched from the day of their birth, and who are precious to me as my own soul; and you, Felix, come next to them. You've been like another son to me. But I must see your mother. Who knows what thoughts she may not have for her only son?"

"None, none that can come between Alice and me," cried Felix rapturously. "Father! yes, I know what it is to have a father again."

A sob rose to his throat as he uttered the word father. He seemed to see his own father again, as he remembered him in his childhood, and as Phebe's portrait had recalled him vividly to his mind. If he had only lived till now to witness, and to share in this new happiness! It seemed as if his early death gathered an additional sadness about it, since he had left the world while so much joy and gladness had been enfolded in the future. Even in the first moment of ineffable happiness he promised himself that he would go and visit his father's foreign grave.

Now there was no longer a doubt weighing upon his spirit, Felix longed to tell his mother all. The slight cloud that had arisen of late years between them was so gossamer-like yet that the faintest breath could drive it away. Though her boy was not the brilliant genius she had secretly and fondly hoped he would prove, he was still dearer to Felicity than aught else on earth or, indeed, in heaven; and her love for him was deeper than she supposed. On his part he had never lost that chivalrous tenderness, blended with deferential awe, with which he had regarded her from his early boyhood. His love for Alice was so utterly different from his love for her, that he had never compared them, and they had not come into any kind of collision yet.

Felix sought his mother in her library. Felicity was alone, reading in the light of a lamp which shed a strong illumination over her. In his eyes

she was incomparably the loveliest woman he had ever seen, not even excepting Alice; and the stately magnificence of her velvet dress, and rich lace, and costly jewels, was utterly different from that of any other woman he knew. For Mrs. Pascal dressed simply, as became the wife of a country rector; and Phebe, in her studio, always wore a blouse or apron of brown holland, which suited her well, making her homely and domestic in appearance as she was in nature. Felicity looked like a queen in his eyes. When she heard his voice speaking to her, having not heard his step on the soft carpet, Felicity looked up with a smile in her dark eyes. To-morrow her son was about to leave her roof, and her heart felt very soft towards him. She had scarcely realized that he was a man, until she knew that he had decided to have a place and a dwelling of his own.

She stretched out both hands to him, with a gesture of tenderness peculiar to herself, and shown only to him. It was as if one hand could not link them closely enough; could not bring them so nearly heart to heart. Felix took them both into his own, and knelt down before her; his young face flushed with eagerness, and his eyes, so like her own, fastened upon hers.

"Your face speaks for you," she said, pressing one of her rare kisses upon it. "What is it my boy has to tell me?"

"Oh, mother," he cried, "you will never think I love you less than I have always done? See, I kiss your feet still as I used to do when I was a boy."

He bent his head to caress the little feet, and then laid it on his mother's lap, while she let her white fingers play with his hair.

"Why should you love me less than you have always done?" she asked, in a sweet, languid voice. "Have I ever changed towards you, Felix?"

"No, mother, no," he answered, "but to-night I feel how different I am from what I was but a year or two ago. I am a man now; I was a boy then."

"You will always be a boy to me," she said, with a tender smile.

"Yet I am as old as my father was when you were married," he replied.

Felicity's face grew white, and she leaned back in her chair with a sudden feeling of faintness. It was years since the boy had spoken of his father; why should he utter his name now? He had raised his head when he felt her move, and her dim and failing eyes saw his face in a mist, looking so like his father when she had known him first, that she shrank from him, with a terror and aversion too deep to be concealed.

"Roland!" she cried.

He did not speak or move, being too bewildered and wonderstruck at his mother's agitation. Felicity hid her face in her white hands, and sat still recovering herself. The pang had been sudden and poignant; it had smitten her so unawares that she had betrayed its anguish. But, she felt it in an instant, her boy had no thought of wounding her; and for her own sake, as well as his, she must conquer this painful excitement. There must be no scene to awaken observation or suspicion.

"Mother, forgive me," he exclaimed; "I did not mean to distress you."

"No," she breathed with difficulty; "I am sure of it. Go on, Felix."

"I came to tell you," he said gravely, "that as long as I can remember—at least as long as we have been in London and known the Pascals—I have loved Alice. Oh, mother, I've thought sometimes you seemed as fond of her as you are of Hilda. You will be glad to have her as your daughter?"

Felicity closed her eyes with a feeling of helpless misery. She could hardly give a thought to Felix and the words he uttered; yet it was those words which brought a flood of hidden memories and fears sweeping over her shrinking soul. It was so long since she had thought much of Roland! She had persuaded herself that as so many years had passed by bringing to her no hint or token of his existence, he must be dead; and as one dead

passes presently out of the active thoughts, busy only with the present, so had her husband passed away from her mind into some dim, hidden cell of memory, with which she had long ceased to trouble herself.

Suddenly he seemed to stand before her as she had seen him last, a haggard, wayworn, ruined man, beggared and stripped of all that makes life desirable. And this was only six months after he had lost all. What would he be after thirteen years, if he was living still?

But if it had appeared to her out of the question to face and bear the ignominy and disgrace he had brought upon her thirteen years ago, how utterly impossible it was now. She could never retrace her steps. To confess the deception she had herself consented to, and taken part in, would be to pull down with her own hands the fair edifice of her life. The very name she had made for herself and the broader light in which her fame had placed her, made any repentance impossible. "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Her hill was not as lofty as she had once fancied it would be; but still she was not on the low and safer level of the plain. She was honorably famous. She could not stain her honor by the acknowledgment of dishonor. The chief question, after all, was whether Roland was alive or dead.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 143.)

The Exposition of Dr. Purdon—His Description of Antichrist—His Napoleonic Origin—B. W. Newton on the Seventy Hebdomads—The Period of the Vials, Seals, and Trumpets—Dr. Tregelles on the Division of the Seventy Weeks—Andrew Bonar on the Development of Antichrist.

The Rev. R. A. Purdon, who published several volumes of prophetic expositions under the title of the "Last Vials," and who constantly maintained that the last great Antichrist would be a *Napoleon*, wrote as follows in 1852:

"When the Last Antichrist has attained to a certain degree of power we shall then—or perhaps before that—hear of a grand movement of the Jewish people towards the land of Israel. The Jews, wishing to strengthen their position in their own land, will look abroad for some powerful alliance, and finding will enter into a league with the Antichristian king for a period of seven years. (See Dan. 9: 27.) Encouraged by his patronage and alliance, they will next proceed to rebuild or complete the temple of Jerusalem. In the meantime the Jews will continue day by day to flock to Palestine, still under the auspices of the Antichristian king, and still confident as to the continuation of his friendship. But after the first three years and a half, a change will occur in the relations of the two parties toward each other. Antichrist having by this time arrived at the highest pitch of blasphemy and extravagance, will begin to claim divine honors for himself; and finding that 'all the world wonders after him,' he will demand of the Jews to permit the erection of his image or statue in the holiest place of their temple, and also the recognition of his divinity.

"But the Jews, or at least many of them, will resist this claim to the utmost. However willing they may be to adopt him as their Messiah, they will not be prepared to accept him as their *god*, or to admit his image to their temple. From that moment hostilities will break out between Antichrist and the Jews. The Infidel King will succeed in setting up his image, by main force, in the newly-finished temple. And this will be the exact fulfilment of our Lord's prophecy (Matt. 24), 'When ye shall see the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, then let those that are in Judea flee to the mountains.' From the time in which the rupture takes place between Antichrist and the Jews, the 1260 (literal) days of Rev. 13 will probably be reckoned. Beginning in the second half of the seven years' league, and contin-

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders." By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, 5s.

uing to the end of the seven years, and to the fall of the apostate king.

"There can no longer be a doubt but that some terrible lesson is preparing for the nations of Europe, and that *the Empire of Napoleon is to be revived—the actual Empire of Napoleon, in its full territorial extent.* In 1815 Napoleon I. fell, and not only was his empire broken up, but his name and family were annihilated in France. Napoleon seemed extinguished for ever! But, nevertheless, Napoleon is to be again as if he had never ceased to be. His name, his empire, his ideas, his principles, his very eagles, are all to be revived. It will regain all the provinces of the fallen empire from north to south; and will add to them (what Napoleon I. never could do) the Turkish provinces in the East.

"The eighth head is 'of the seven,' and as we believe that Napoleon I. was the seventh head, it appears that from his family the eighth head will take its rise. The 'deadly wound' (Rev. 13) of the seventh head was received when Napoleon I. was defeated in battle and sent to die at St. Helena; the healing of the deadly wound will be fully accomplished when his representative has assumed the dominion of the Empire of Napoleon. And then, indeed, 'all the world shall wonder' (Rev. 17)."

B. W. Newton, whose "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms," published in 1849, contains far the ablest exposition extant upon the future division of Cæsar's original Roman Empire into exactly ten kingdoms gives a full explanation of the seventy weeks. The following are a few of his remarks:

"The seventy hebdomads of years mentioned in Daniel 9 : 24-27, are distributed into three divisions:

"The first consists of *seven* hebdomads, *i.e.* 49 years.

"The second of *sixty-two* hebdomads, *i.e.* 434 years.

"The third of *one* hebdomad, *i.e.* 7 years.

"The first of these divisions, viz. of 49 years, commenced when the commandment went forth to restore, and to build Jerusalem, and ends by the street being built again, and the wall even in troublous times.

"The second division, viz., of 434 years, commenced from this completion of the wall, and extends to the 'cutting off' of the Messiah. After threescore and two hebdomads, *i.e.* 434 years, shall Messiah be cut off.

"The third division, *i.e.* seven years, will commence when 'the Prince that shall come,' *i.e.* Antichrist, 'shall make a covenant for seven years with the multitude,' and ends by wrath being sent upon the Desolator, and blessing upon Jerusalem. All the visions of the Revelation from the sixth to the nineteenth chapter inclusive, belong to this period of seven years, especially to the latter half. The latter half of this last hebdomad is the '1260 days,' or '42 months' or, 'time, times, and half a time,' so often spoken of in Daniel and Revelation (Dan. 7 : 25 ; 12 : 7 ; Rev. 11 : 2, 3 ; 12 : 6, 14 ; 13 : 5). The Jews will think to escape desolation by making a covenant with the coming Desolator, but it shall not stand. At the half of the hebdomad he causes the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and the pinnacle of Israel's temple becomes the pinnacle of his own idol during his persecuting reign for three and a half years.

"The hebdomads, therefore, do not commence as soon as the prophecy was given to Daniel. It was given in the first year after the conquest of Babylon by Cyprus, *i.e.* B.C. 537 ; but it did not commence to be fulfilled, until B.C. 454 or 455."

Dr. S. P. Tregelles, an eminent Greek scholar, in a work published in 1846 shows in a chapter on the Roman Empire and its divisions, that its entire territory, Eastern as well as Western, including England, will be formed into ten kingdoms, and become subject to the future Antichrist. He also gives an excellent exposition of the future actings of Antichrist as described in Daniel 11 : 21-45. With respect to the seventy weeks, he considers the first sixty-nine of them to commence with the decree of Artaxerxes about B.C. 454 or 455, and consequently to end in A.D. 28 or 29, which he believes to be the year of our Lord's crucifixion, as

he takes the date of the Nativity to be about four years before the common era. The last of the seventy weeks * he of course regards as yet to come at the end of this dispensation. The following is the chronological outline of his arrangement of the seventy weeks, as expounded by him at some length on pages 106 to 113 of his book :

"The seventy weeks when distributed into portions will stand thus :

"I. From the edict to the building of the wall, etc. 49 years.

"II. From the building unto Messiah the Prince, and his cutting off, 434 years.

"(Then an interval of unmarked length.)

"III. The period of the covenant of 'the prince that shall come' with the Jews for seven years, 7 years.

"The prince who shall come' is the last head of the Roman power, the person concerning whom Daniel had received so much previous instruction (in chapters 7 and 8). 'And he (the prince who shall come) shall confirm a covenant with the many for one week.' In 'Remarks on Daniel 7 and 8,' I sought to show that the horn spoken of in the two chapters is identical, and here he again appears to come before us ; in fact, the allusion seems to be made to known circumstances about him. He makes a covenant with the multitude ; that of course means the multitude of Daniel's people ;—they are leagued with him, and he with them. This takes place three years and a half before he causes sacrifice and oblation to cease ;—hence it is clear that they go on as under his patronage for some time. . . . And then follow three years and a half of distinct persecuting and blasphemous power. See Dan. 7 : 25 ; 12 : 7 ; Rev. 11 : 2, 3 ; 12 : 6, 14 ; 13 : 5."

The Rev. C. Maitland, in his "Apostolic School of Prophetic Interpretation" (1849), gives many valuable extracts from the Fathers of the primitive Church, and subsequent writers, showing that Antichrist was generally held to be an individual man, who would gain a universal empire, and be received by many Jews as their Messiah, and for three and a half years have himself and his image worshipped in the Jewish temple and throughout the earth, meanwhile being master of Rome and Jerusalem, and persecuting Christians to the death, but at last would be destroyed by Christ's personal descent at the battle of Armageddon. He also believes, in common with some of the Fathers,† that 69 of the 70 weeks were fulfilled before our Saviour's crucifixion, but that the 70th week is future, its latter half coinciding with Antichrist's three and a half years, at about the close of which Christ will descend on this earth. He gives a graphic description of Antichrist's future three and a half years persecution, and summarizes the exposition of the 70 weeks as follows :

"The majority of the primitive writers make the latter half of the seventieth week identical with the three years and a half of Antichrist. In their favor may be urged :

"First, the precise agreement of the time ; the weeks being *land* weeks, or weeks of years.

"Secondly, The identity of the events assigned to each : for everything said of the half week is repeated in the prophecies relating to Antichrist. These things are the cessation of the daily sacrifice, the setting up of the abomination, the desolation thereby occasioned, the consummation of God's mystery, and the pouring out of the vials upon the Desolator.

"Thirdly, The events of the half-week are continued till the consummation : apparently the sounding of the seventh trumpet, when the mystery of God shall be finished."

* Dr. Tregelles justly rejects the idea that the translation of the Gentile Church from the earth will precede the 70th week as being Jewish time. He says, "Some have thought from the Church having become a constituted body upon the earth just at the end of the 69th week, that it was no longer found on earth when the interval is past, and the 70th begins. Nothing about the matter can be found from the vision, the Church not being mentioned in it."—P. 116.

† Some of these writers have been incorrectly stated to have taught that God would confirm the seven years' Covenant with the Jews. But this cannot be the case, because they admit that Antichrist will cause the sacrifice to cease in the midst of the week, and therefore that Antichrist will previously have confirmed the covenant, for these two acts are performed by one and the same person.

ANDREW BONAR

in his book, "Development of Antichrist," published in 1853, expounds the seventy weeks at some length, and maintains the accepted view that *sixty-nine* of the seventy weeks of years were fulfilled as 483 years just before the First Advent of Christ when he was cut off at His crucifixion, and then after a long *break* or interval the seventieth week will be fulfilled as the *final seven* years of this dispensation. The following are a few of his remarks :

"Daniel, giving as he did, the future history of *his* people to the end and the promises which are yet to be made good to them, spoke of them as he was moved by the Holy Ghost *only as a nation*, which they ceased to be when their Messiah was 'cut off' at the end of the 69th week, and when they themselves were scattered and the Gospel sent to the Gentiles. As the '*Times of the Gentiles*' draw to a close, Scripture indicates the return of the Jews again as a nation, although in unbelief, (Ezek. 22 : 19-23), when the last week, the seventieth week, shown to be a week of years from the former portion of the prophecy, the sixty-nine weeks already fulfilled, will remain naturally still to be accomplished before the happy days of universal righteousness and the anointing of the Most Holy are seen, which, as we are told, 'seal up the vision and prophecy.' And here it may just be noticed, that the word 'week' is in the original simply a *hebdomad* or *seven*, and would have been better so rendered in our translation, for a week with us implies a week of days only. In this instance, by the measure observed in the other parts of the prophecy already fulfilled (Messiah having been cut off at the end of the sixty-ninth hebdomad of years), it must mean a seven of years also, or seven years. Jacob served Laban for Rachel seven years, and was said to have 'fulfilled her week' or hebdomad. (Gen. 29 : 28.)

"It is of this week accordingly that express mention is made immediately after (verse 27), the '*he*' there spoken of being manifestly the *destroying Prince that shall come*, and with whom Daniel's people will enter into a covenant, choosing, in the strong delusion sent them, the False Prince for the True. What strange and deep meaning is there in that declaration of our Lord when so viewed, 'I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not : if (or when) another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive !' (John 5 : 43). . . . Although it is only with the Jews that this Antichrist will 'confirm the covenant for one week,' yet ultimately the whole ten kings of the Roman earth will join together in giving their kingdom to him until the words of God shall be fulfilled' (Rev. 17 : 12, 13, 17). Finally Antichrist will plant the tabernacle of his palaces between the seas (the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean) in the glorious holy mountain (a name given alone to Mount Zion at Jerusalem), and there shall come to his end and none shall help him' (see Dan. 11 : 44, 45).

"His coming is declared to be with all 'deceivableness of unrighteousness.' He adapts himself, just as the first Napoleon did, to the prevailing system of the godless times he appears in, and especially to the prejudices of the Jewish people, who replaced by his help in their own land once more as a nation with their great wealth, will rise into importance there. In this 'deceivableness' also it is, that the covenant is made with them for the *whole remaining week*. All the world will (Rev. 13 : 3 to 8) wonder after him, and not only wonder after, but worship him, and the Dragon too, 'who gives him his power and great authority.' How fearful to think even of such an apostasy as this :—well may it be called '*The apostacy*,' connected as it is with this prince that shall then have come and shown himself to be that 'Man of sin,' for in the midst of the week (although his covenant, such as it was, had been made for the whole), he throws off the mask and shows himself 'that he is God,' with a false prophet, working miracles before him in the power of Satan himself—the mock Trinity of Hell, the Dragon, Beast, and False Prophet, then shown in opposition to the Trinity of heaven. (2 Thessalonians 2 ; Rev. 16 : 13.)"

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Attempt to Assassinate the Queen of England was made on Thursday, March 2d. A man named Roderick MacLean fired a revolver at her as she was riding in her carriage from the railroad depot at Windsor to Windsor Castle. The bullet struck the flagstones and glanced on to a luggage wagon. The Queen did not notice the report of the pistol, and was not aware of the attempt on her life until she was informed of it by the ladies in attendance upon her. It appears that the Queen had been paying one of her rare visits to London to hold a drawing-room, in honor of the German princess who is to marry Prince Leopold. She returned to Windsor on Thursday and a large crowd assembled to see her pass from the railroad cars to her carriage. In the front of the crowd were some of the boys from Eton College, but just as the train arrived, a shabby, ill-looking man elbowed his way through the press and soon after the Queen had entered her carriage the man was seen to raise a pistol and fire at her. The pressure of the crowd and the prompt action of one of the Eton boys, who struck at the man, caused him to aim wide, but he quickly brought the next chamber to the hammer and would probably have fired again had he not been seized by the crowd and disarmed. *An attempt was made to lynch him*, but he was rescued by the police. Mr. Lowell, our Minister at the English Court, went personally to Windsor to tender his congratulations to her Majesty on her providential escape, and Secretary Frelinghuysen on the part of the government also cabled a message of sympathy. The Sultan of Turkey, the King of Italy, the President of the French Republic, and other European governments sent similar messages.

The Assassin MacLean, Appears to be a criminal of the Guiteau type, except that he makes no pretence of having any political motive. When arrested he had fourteen ball cartridges on his person, and four still remained in his six-chambered revolver. He said at his examination before the magistrates his object was only to cause public alarm, with the object of having his grievances redressed. The prison doctors pronounce him sane, but it is stated that he was released from a lunatic asylum in September last, and that he had previously been an occupant of another asylum. The memoranda found in his pocket after his arrest indicate that he was not of sound mind. The general opinion in Great Britain is that he is a lunatic. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that no man of ordinary intelligence would entertain the idea that any good to the country, political party, or himself could accrue from removing Queen Victoria, who has in reality far less power than our President. It is supposed that being of unsound mind he was moved in the direction of regicide by what he had read of Guiteau's crime. The Irish journals repudiate and deplore the crime.

A Monument in Memory of the Late Lord Beaconsfield has been erected at Hughenden Church. The cost has been defrayed by Queen Victoria, who entertained for the deceased statesman feelings of unbounded confidence and respect. It bears the following epitaph inscribed by command of the Queen: "This memorial is placed here by a grateful and affectionate Sovereign and friend, VICTORIA, R. I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right.'" The quotation is from Proverbs 16:13 and evinces her Majesty's esteem for her trusted adviser.

The Officers Sent from America to take Part in the search for the survivors of the Jeannette have arrived at St. Petersburg, and on February 24th set out for Siberia to join the exploring parties at the mouth of the Lena River. General Ignatieff offered them every assistance. The Governor of Siberia telegraphed their approach to the different points along their route. Lieutenant Danenhower cables to his father the following serious account of his condition: "Left eye ruined; must come out. Oculists say right eye affected by sympathy. Health splendid. On my feet. Forbidden to read or write. Can travel when snow disappears. Don't worry. Right eye will be saved."

Sentence of Death has been Pronounced on ten of the Nihilists on trial in Russia. The trials ended at midnight of February 28th. The condemned prisoners are Mikhailoff, Soukmanoff, Frolenko, Emilianoff, and Barannikoff, *the three women*, Lebedeff, Terentiew, and Jakimoff, and also Teterka and Issaieff. The rest of the prisoners were sentenced to hard labor in the mines of Siberia for terms varying from fifteen years to life. The counsel of one of the prisoners fiercely attacked the conduct of the authorities who were trusted with the preliminary inquiry. "It was not straightforward," said he, "or merciful. Three of the prisoners have been driven to madness, and my client, Emilianoff, has been cajoled into pleading guilty by a promise that his life would be spared if he confessed complicity in offences of which he knew absolutely nothing."

The Cession of Thessaly to Greece was Celebrated in London on Saturday by a banquet at which a distinguished company of the Liberal Party assembled. It marked the termination of the labors of the organization known as the Greek Committee which was formed to further the claims of Greece for the possession of the territory which, under the Treaty of Berlin, Turkey was directed to cede to her. Mr. Lowell was invited to attend the banquet, but very properly declined, on the ground that it would be unbecoming on the part of the minister of a Power on friendly terms with Turkey to take part in a demonstration against her.

The Conquests of Russia in Central Asia form the subject of a government report just issued by the British Foreign Office. Even the journals which support Mr. Gladstone in all he does, whether it be wise or foolish, are constrained to admit that the report is not pleasant reading. Russia appears to have trifled with the Gladstone Cabinet as she never dared do with that of Lord Beaconsfield. Four years ago Mr. Gladstone in his eagerness to obtain office did not scruple to embarrass the British Government by espousing the cause of Russia, and protesting against the opposition Lord Beaconsfield made to her knavish schemes. When Mr. Gladstone became Premier Russia expressed her satisfaction and immediately proceeded to push her conquests still nearer to the British boundaries in India. She was so successful that the Gladstone government thought it prudent to inquire what would be the borders of the territory annexed on the side nearest India. The *Daily News*, the most abject of Mr. Gladstone's supporters in the press, characterizes the answers returned by the Russian Government as "meagre and misleading, when not evasive," and advised the British Government "to examine for themselves instead of trusting to plausible assurances from St. Petersburg." This is a mild reproof which must be a surprise to Mr. Gladstone when he considers its source.

The Conflict between the two Houses of the British Parliament has terminated in the virtual surrender of the Lords. It was rumored in the early part of last week that Mr. Gladstone contemplated resigning if his party in the Commons failed to support him, but he was saved from that position by the decision arrived at by his friends who were summoned to a meeting on Monday, February 27th, held at his official residence. Two hundred members of Parliament responded and passed a vote of confidence in him. In the House on Monday night a test vote was taken on a preliminary question, in which 300 members supported the government against an opposition vote of 167. Mr. Gladstone subsequently spoke on the subject of the inquiry proposed to be made in the House of Lords into the working of the Land act. He said that if the Lords did not intend to discuss the judicial acts of the Commissioners the inquiry would be virtually harmless. The Lords have informally notified the government that the judicial proceedings would be excluded from the investigation.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the English Atheist, was again elected Member of Parliament at Northampton on March 2d. This is the third time Mr. Bradlaugh has been elected by that borough within a few months. When he was unseated by a vote of the House two weeks ago, he went to Northampton as a candidate for re-election. His opponent was a Mr. Corbett. When the votes were counted it was found that Mr. Bradlaugh had received 3798 votes and Mr. Corbett 3687. At a meeting of the Conservative members of the House of Commons it was decided to resist any attempt on the part of Mr. Bradlaugh to take his seat. Sir Stafford Northcote will move the same resolution previously offered by him in regard to Mr. Bradlaugh.

The Resentment produced in Germany and Austria by the speech of General Skobelev in favor of the Slavs has alarmed Russia, and it has been found necessary to repudiate it. A despatch from St. Petersburg to the London *Times* says: "An emissary started for Berlin on Tuesday with an important letter from the Czar to the Emperor William. It is believed that the Czar wrote the letter immediately after his reception of General Skobelev."

A Living Life-buoy Recently Saved a Sailor from drowning. A seaman on board a British vessel sailing to Australia, fell overboard when the vessel was crossing the Southern Ocean, and although a boat was lowered immediately, a long pull was necessary before reaching the sailor. When the boat got near the man, he was seen to be supporting himself in the water by clinging to a large albatross which he had seized on coming to the surface after his plunge. Albatrosses in the Southern Seas are, as a rule, most fierce, and have in several cases killed men by blows from their terrible beaks. But in this case the sailor had evidently obtained a good grip of the bird's neck with both hands, preventing it from using its beak, while the bird's struggles to get free kept the sailor afloat and converted a would-be foe into an unwilling friend. Such a means of rescue is rare in the records of maritime life, but it has often happened that the designs of wicked men have been similarly overruled by God to the promotion of His purposes (Acts 11:19).

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H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Born in 1819—Her Early Training—Accession to the Throne in 1837—Her Reception of the State Messengers—Opens Her First Parliament—Her Coronation in 1838—Marriage to Prince Albert in 1840—First Visit to Scotland in 1842—Opening of the Hyde Park Exhibition in 1851—Her Majesty's Humanity During the Crimean War—Death of the Prince Consort in 1861—The Queen's Attachment to Religious Truth.

THE intelligence cabled across the Atlantic on March 2d that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Queen of England sent a thrill of horror through the community. The recent mournful experience through which we have passed, fitted us to join very heartily in the sentiment Mr. Frelinghuysen intended to express in his cable message of congratulation. Indignation at the attempt and deep thankfulness for the Queen's escape were universal. We have in this country but small respect for royalty, and no sympathy with the principle of government which gives to the head of one family the hereditary right to administer public affairs. But the English nation is under monarchical government; the great majority of the people are content with it and are enthusiastically loyal; it is therefore no concern of ours that the chief executive of the English Government occupies that position by right of birth and not by the suffrages of the people. We are bound by many ties of race, language, and community of interest to the English people, and we give respect and cordial recognition to the head of the nation as they give to our Presidents.

Queen Victoria has, however, other claims on our regard, and these are of a personal character. Her prompt and womanly sympathy with us in our recent bereavement only confirmed the good opinions we previously held respecting her. We remembered that twenty years ago her kindness, magnanimity, and suavity contributed in no slight degree to the maintenance of peace between the two countries, and that in all matters in which she has been brought into personal prominence with this country her expressions have been of the friendliest kind. It was therefore with detestation that we heard of the outrage upon her, and the expressions of sympathy which appeared in the press throughout the land were no mere formal words.

The interest excited by the cowardly attempt at murder in the intended victim will render welcome to our readers the following sketch of the Queen's life, and the portraits on our first page of her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of the Queen, who was with her mother at the time the attempt was made on her life.

Her Majesty *Victoria*, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, is the daughter of *Edward*, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. She is nearly *sixty-three years of age*, having been born at Kensington Palace, on the 24th May, 1819. Her mother, *Victoria Mary Louisa*, was the fourth daughter of *Francis*, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. The Duke of Kent died on January 23d, 1820, and the Duchess was thus left in charge of the princess when the latter was only eight months old. The training of the future Queen was, however, superintended with admirable wisdom and care. Her mother has often been blamed for the seclusion in which she kept her young charge. It was so close that even the King, her uncle, and her nearest relatives seldom saw her. But those who knew most of court life approved the course taken by the Duchess of Kent. No one could have seen without apprehension and regret the young princess a frequent visitor at the court over which her Uncle George IV., and subsequently his brother William IV. presided. Both men were vile, sensual, wicked men, without principle or sense, debased, depraved, and brutish. Their example was closely followed by those about the court, and it is stated by a contemporary historian that the ordinary manners of society about the royal palace were "worse than those of a decent tap-room of the present day." It was then with good reason that, remembering her responsibility, the Duchess of Kent kept her daughter, the future Queen, away from such a cesspool of vice.

The Duchess of Kent had a valuable coadjutor in the lady appointed governess to the future Queen, the Duchess of Northumberland, who selected the teachers under whom she studied and from whom she acquired many accomplishments, including drawing, music, and a knowledge of the continental languages. She also made proficiency in science, being distinguished in botany, for which she showed a marked taste.

The year 1837 was

A MOMENTOUS YEAR

in the life of Victoria. Her uncle *William IV.* expired on June 19th. He was the third son of King George III. The eldest son was George IV. who died in 1830; the second was Prince Frederick, who died in 1827. As not one of the three left any legitimate children the crown passed by law of succession to Victoria as heiress of the fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent, who died in 1820.

Victoria was residing at Kensington Palace with her mother, when early in the morning of the 20th the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain arrived from Windsor Castle. The circumstances under which the Princess Victoria was made aware of her accession to the throne may be recalled with interest. The Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain reached the palace at about five o'clock in the morning. They knocked and rang for some time before they could arouse the porter at the gate. Finally they were admitted into one of the lower rooms, but seemed forgotten by everybody.

They then rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the princess might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. The answer came that she was in such a sweet sleep that the attendant could not disturb her. The messengers then proclaimed that they were come on State business of so great importance that it was necessary to arouse her.

Shortly after she came into the room, dressed in a loose white dressing gown and shawl, her hair falling upon her shoulders, and her feet in slippers. She had guessed the significance of the message. Tears rose in her eyes, but she was perfectly collected and dignified. The princess was now *Queen of England*, and the news was received nobly. Though young in years, she showed that she felt the solemn responsibility, and was resolved to do her duty to the best of her ability.

On the 21st of June, her *accession* to the throne was proclaimed under circumstances of great interest. At St. James's Palace a brilliant reception awaited her. She was received most enthusiastically, and subsequently, in response to the cheers of the crowd, she appeared at a window to acknowledge the welcome of her subjects. Her unaffected manner and her charming simplicity won the hearts of all.

In virtue of the law excluding females from the throne of Hanover, the Duke of Cumberland became king, so that the connection between the crowns of England and Hanover was severed, after after having existed 123 years. This was not regarded as a misfortune by the English people, who were glad to be thus relieved of a connection with German politics, and also to be relieved of the presence of the Duke of Cumberland, who, like his elder brothers, was a most abandoned profligate who did fearful harm in English society. We may here notice parenthetically that this was a fulfilment of prophecy, which shows that Britain must be separated from its territory which, like Hanover, lies outside the Roman Empire.

On the 20th November, the Queen for the first time *opened Parliament*, declaring her confidence in the loyalty and wisdom of her people; and asking that, under divine Providence, she might, at so early an age, with such responsibilities, have their cordial co-operation in discharging her duties.

The next great event of the Queen's life was

HER CORONATION,

which took place at Westminster, on the 28th June, 1838. On the route from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey, her Majesty was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with crowds of spectators, all eager to gain even a passing glimpse of the

youthful sovereign. The scene at the ceremony was a most imposing one.

Her Majesty, profiting by the careful education she had received, took deep interest in all national events, and watched with a lively intelligence every phase of passing history. Her popularity grew day after day; and it was clear that, under her rule, loyalty in the national heart would grow deeper and interest in the Queen's future life increase.

The most prominent topic of national curiosity was as to the man who would be the husband of the Queen. It was to *Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel*, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, that the Queen gave her affections, and the result abundantly proved the wisdom of her choice. The

MARRIAGE

of the Queen and Prince Albert was celebrated with great splendor on the 10th of February, 1840. As on the occasion of the coronation, the people of London testified how much they revered their sovereign. The streets and thoroughfares were again lined with eager crowds, and before the sun had broken long over the metropolis large numbers were seen making their way to Buckingham Palace and the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where the service was performed.

There can be no doubt that the Queen's subjects evinced the highest interest in this union. Rejoicings throughout the country were universal. From the largest cities and towns down to the smallest hamlet the event was celebrated with enthusiasm. The marriage was a singularly happy one. Prince Albert won completely the Queen's affections, and she sought his advice with confidence on all occasions. This advice was, in the main, wise and prudent.

The issue of this union has been nine children. On November 21st, 1840, was born the *Princess Royal*, who was married in 1858 to the Prince Imperial of Germany. On November 9th, 1841, was born the *heir apparent* to the throne, *Albert Edward*, Prince of Wales. The dates of birth of the other children are as follows: *Princess Alice*, April 25th, 1843 who died December 14th, 1878, and whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 16th, 1879; *Prince Alfred*, now called the Duke of Edinburgh, August 6th, 1844; *Princess Helena*, May 25th, 1846; *Princess Louise*, March 18th, 1848; *Prince Arthur*, May 1st, 1850; *Prince Leopold*, April 7th, 1853; and *Princess Beatrice*, April 14th, 1857.

Some idea of the happiness existing in the royal family may be gleaned from a book written by the Queen entitled, "Our Life in the Highlands," which describes a series of visits she and her husband paid to Scotland, the first of which was taken in 1842.

But these years were not unfruitful in graver pursuits, and a striking evidence was given of Prince Albert's intellectual character in the proposal to hold a *Great Exhibition in Hyde Park*, London. He carried out this idea with great energy, and on the 1st of May, 1851, the successful enterprise was completed. After the report of the undertaking was presented to her Majesty at its opening, she read a reply stating that she hoped by God's blessing that the exhibition would conduce to the welfare of the people, and to the common interests of the human race, by encouraging the arts of peace and industry, strengthening the bonds of union among the nations of the earth, and promoting a friendly and honorable rivalry in the useful exercise of those faculties which have been conferred by a beneficent Providence for the good and the happiness of mankind.

This was only the *beginning of a series* of similar public acts. But meanwhile the Queen continued to take the deepest interest in all that related to the national welfare. In numerous ways she manifested her desire for the good of the people, and in cases of national loss, by reason of death, she was ever ready with words of consolation and sympathy.

The *rupture between England and Russia*, which resulted in the *Crimean War*, took place in 1855. With her humane instincts the Queen issued a commission for the purpose of raising a "Patriotic Fund" for relief of the orphans and widows of soldiers that might fall in the war.

at service was thus done to the armies suffering in Crimea from the inclemency of the season. It is a feature in her Majesty's character which has been displayed on all occasions of national string.

In the midst of all her splendor and prosperity Queen has not been without heavy bereavement. On the 14th of December, 1861, to the inexpressible grief of her Majesty, occurred the

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

News of his decease produced a national shock. As on a Saturday evening, shortly before eleven o'clock, that his royal highness expired. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and Princess Helena were present at the last moment. The people of London the event was made known at midnight by the tolling of the heavy bell of St. James's. On Sunday morning the news had reached every corner of the land, and there was a silent and spontaneous expression of sorrow. It felt that a busy life had been cut off prematurely, and in the midst of solemn responsibilities great usefulness. The Queen's grief was intense. She shut herself up in seclusion for several days, and though now twenty years have passed, she has never laid aside her mourning dress. Summed the prominent part she used to take in public and court festivities.

During the years immediately following the death of the Prince Consort the ceremonies and festivities of the court were suspended. The regular levees and receptions, which in court phrase are called drawing-rooms, were not held, and the Queen herself up to grief. But by degrees as the Prince of Wales grew to years of maturity, and especially after his marriage, he and the Princess took the Queen's wish took her Majesty's place as pillars of society. Latterly at long intervals she appeared in public, but it has always been content that her duties were distasteful to her, and has never seemed content except when staying at Balmoral, her favorite seat in Scotland, or in the Isle of Wight.

THE MARRIAGES OF HER CHILDREN

These have been the only occasions on which the Queen has come prominently before the people of late years, and reminded them of the existence of royalty. The most important of these was the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark. The Princess arrived in England on March 7th, 1863, her singular beauty, sweetness of manner, dignified graceful bearing, won the hearts of the people. They gave her their sincere affection, since her marriage, which took place on the 10th, 1863, have never wavered in their regard for her. It would not be too much to say her conduct as wife and mother has raised her to the public esteem so highly that she is now the popular lady in the three kingdoms.

The marriages of the other sons and daughters have also been celebrated with the utmost effluence. The one that caused the greatest attention was that of the Princess Louise. Her sisters and sisters had married foreigners, but Princess Louise was united to a British subject, the Marquis of Lorne, now Governor-General of Canada. It was hailed with pleasure by the people, but it has been productive of some little unpopularity to the parties concerned. The absurd and ridiculous prejudices of royalty have inflicted a wound on the husband of the Princess which must be hard to bear. He has been excluded from the privileges reserved for royalty, to which his wife was welcomed, and he has had the mortification of seeing petty German princelets, the bulk of whose income is extracted from the pockets of English taxpayers, greeted and entertained in a palace where his presence would have been resented as an intrusion.

That the Queen is not indifferent to the claims of the people may be inferred from several passages

HER PUBLISHED WORK

ly referred to. The "Leaves from our Journal: Highlands," is principally composed of what she kept during the earlier years of her marriage. The observations she makes, trite and commonplace as they are, indicate that she appre-

ciated the solemn truths presented to her by the ministers to whom she listened. In one passage, dated October 29th, 1854, she says, "Mr. Macleod's (late Dr. Norman Macleod) sermon was quite admirable. He showed how we all tried to please self, and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for the dying, the wounded, the widows, and the orphans. Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back with such feelings from church. The servants and the Highlanders all were equally delighted."

She showed, too, her capacity to understand a more profound preacher in the following year—Dr. John Caird, the most eloquent of all the Scotch divines. In reference to the celebrated sermon "Religion in Common Life," the Queen writes on the day on which it was delivered: "All present at the kirk were electrified by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but which kept our attention riveted. He explained how religion ought to pervade every action of our lives, not a thing only for Sundays or for our closet, not a thing to drive us from the world, not a perpetual moping over good books, but being and doing good, letting everything be done in a Christian spirit. He sent us home much edified."

It pleases the Queen also to make little charitable gifts of an inexpensive character to certain poor people who live in the neighborhood of her castle at Balmoral, and to listen to the expressions of gratitude and delight they give utterance to at receiving a gift from the Queen. In another part of her book she says: "I walked out with the two girls, stopped at a shop and made some purchases for poor people. After that Mrs. Farquharson walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. We met an old woman who was very poor, and eighty-eight years of age. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands and prayed God to bless me. It was very touching."

"I then went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat. She said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours here and hereafter, and may the Lord be a guide to ye and keep ye from all harm.' We went into three other cottages, then across a burn to another old woman's and afterwards peeped into Blair's the fiddler. We drove back and got out to visit old Mrs. Grant, who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me; ye give me more every year.' She had tears in her eyes. Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

HER REGAL POLICY

has been beneficial to the English people chiefly in its negative aspect. She has not attempted to encroach on the rights of Parliament. In the reigns of her uncles and of her grandfather, George III., there were many conflicts between the crown and the people. The King sometimes objected to the ministers in whom the people had confidence and in others he appointed and maintained in office unpopular ministers. But Queen Victoria has uniformly obeyed the wishes of her Parliament, and whenever the Cabinet has lost the confidence of the House of Commons and has resigned she has appointed in its place the men designated by the House as the most proper persons to conduct the business of the country. In following this course the Queen has strengthened the Constitution and has rendered herself popular in the country. The people have never seen her in antagonism to them, and when by their votes they have given expression to their wishes for a new and different policy they have seen in the Queen a prompt and ready acquiescence even when, as they were well aware, her own inclinations were opposed to the change. Thus during her reign England has made rapid

advance in self-government and in the direction of free republican principles.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Birth in 1857—Princess Beatrice's love of Painting and Music—Companionship to the Queen—Her Sympathy with the Sorrowing.

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE MARY VICTORIA FEODORE was born April 14th, 1857, and is the youngest child of Her Majesty the Queen. The Princess Beatrice was scarcely four years of age when, on December 14th, 1861, the Prince Consort died at Windsor of typhoid fever.

In the glimpses which the Queen in her writing and letters to relatives has given of the home life of herself and children, no one can fail to see how thoroughly healthy has been their mental and moral training. It was only natural that in the earlier years of the Princess Beatrice the world at large would have heard more of the elder members of the royal family than of herself. She was but a baby when her eldest sister became the wife of Prince Frederick William, and but a child six years of age when her brother the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

As the youngest, it is only natural to suppose the princess has received that special love which a mother is believed to cherish for her latest-born, without in the least robbing her other children of that affection to which they may fairly lay claim. Report describes her as being highly gifted intellectually, and her mind as more than ordinarily well cultivated. The Princess is said to excel not only in the usual feminine accomplishments, but in some of them to have marked out a path for herself, of which, perhaps, the world would have heard more had she filled a less exalted position.

This is believed to apply especially to music and painting, the Princess not only being an accomplished musician, but a good composer. Her late father's gift in this direction will not be forgotten by any who have heard some of the tunes composed by him, two or three of them being special favorites in many places of worship. It has been stated that the Princess herself is a composer of more than ordinary merit, and that the word "thoroughness" may fairly be applied not only to this branch of her education and accomplishments, but more or less to all the studies to which she has applied herself.

It has been noticed, especially of late years, that the place of the Princess Beatrice has seemed to be by her royal mother's side. Her Majesty's name is seldom mentioned as taking part in any ceremonial, or in quitting London for Windsor, or Osborne for Balmoral, without the words "The Queen was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice." She has long passed the age at which her brothers and sisters were married, but though gossip has often coupled her name with some one or other of the group of men considered suitable for a matrimonial union, she has not married, apparently preferring to be a companion to her mother and cheer her in her widowhood.

It should not be forgotten that the Princess is the only child of the sovereign who receives no income from the national purse. Her brothers and sisters are handsomely provided for by the State, but the Princess has no annual grant made in her favor; she thus occupies a position of independence contrasting very favorably with the other members of the royal family.

In the heavy sorrow which fell upon the Queen, in the year 1878, by the death of her beloved daughter, Princess Alice, while comforted and sustained by the love of all her children, it was the Princess Beatrice who was constantly with the Queen, doing her utmost to sustain her under the severe trial. When, during the same year, it was deemed advisable for Her Majesty to seek a temporary change of scene, and to travel abroad, the Queen was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice.

A spirit of tender compassion for the sufferings and sorrows of others is known to characterize the Princess Beatrice, and we may pray that she may ever be found helping onward works of benevolence and philanthropy, and may at last receive the crown of life and eternal glory.

THE CROSS! THE CROSS!

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
March 12, 1882.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—LUKE 14: 27.

The Shape of the Cross—A Forest of Crosses—One more Conspicuous than the Rest—Why Jesus Died so Quickly—Rubens' Picture of the Scourging—The Journey to the Cross—Not Five Wounds Only—The Bramble for the Crown of Thorns—The Aggravation of Absences—The Absence of Water—Of Light—Darkness on a Steamer in Mid-Atlantic—Absence of Nurses—The Last Sigh—What Substitution Means—How to Carry the Cross for Jesus—Three Crosses Offered—How Relatively Light they Are—Fall into Line—The Roman Emperor and the Greek Architect—Who has Scars to Show?—The Burning Cross of Scotland.

THE cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter X, sometimes in the shape of the letter I—a simple upright; sometimes two cross pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing.

When Darius conquered Babylon, he put two hundred captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre, he put two thousand captives to death on the cross. So it was just an ordinary mode of punishment. But in all the forest of crosses on the hills and in the valleys of the earth, there is one cross that attracts more attention than any other. It is not higher than the others, it is not made out of different wood, there is nothing peculiar in the notch at which the two pieces are joined, and as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks, so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and mishapen a head; and here is another skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying, "Who is He? was He a man? was He a God? was He man and God?"

Through the darkness of that gloomy day, I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did He come there? Had He come up on the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape, or upon a brilliant sunset? No. He came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty-eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when He came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping post, but those cruelties were mercy as compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

Two or three Sundays ago, I incidentally mentioned a picture which I saw at Antwerp, a picture made by Rubens—

RUBENS' PICTURE OF THE SCOURGING of Jesus Christ. I had only time to just mention the picture. I had not time to say much about it. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long-frocked official opened the door that hid the picture, there He was—Christ with back bent and bared. The flagellator stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were the *swollen shoulders of Christ*. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself. O! the *furious and hellish look* on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me; it seemed as if it would kill me. I do not think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived.

But that my friends, was before Christ had start-

ed for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for

YOUR JOURNEY TO THE CROSS?

The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually, first, to see whether He can stand it, and after they find He can stand it, they put the whole weight upon Him. Forward now, to Calvary. The hooting and the yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ being weary and sick, He stumbles and falls, and they jerk at His robe indignant that He should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, His mother, for sympathy; but they tell her to stand back, it is no place for a woman—"Stand back and stop this crying."

Christ moves on with His burden upon His shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with Him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for. Christ moves on until the burden is so great He staggers and falls flat into the dust and faints dead away, and a ruffian put his foot on Him and shakes Him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at Him wondering whether He has fainted away, or whether He is only pretending to faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable says: "Fainted, have you? fainted! get up, get on!"

Now, they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with His clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat, strip Him." The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying: "Who shall have the coat?" One ruffian says: "I have it, I have it—it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground, and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold Him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thump a groan, a groan! Alas! Alas! the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify Him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they came to the hole dug in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a Roman Catholic cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ.

They sometimes say *He had five wounds*, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the feet, one wound for the side, they say—five wounds. No, they have missed the worst and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the bramble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferryboat, in the hands of a gentleman who had just returned from Palestine, a bramble just like that out of which the crown of thorns was made. O! how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns. And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon Him, not five wounds, but ten, twenty, thirty—I cannot count them.

There were

THREE OR FOUR ABSENCES

that made that scene worse. First, there was *the absence of water*. The climate was hot, the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had seized upon Him, and He terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk, in the thirteenth century, was crucified on the banks of a river so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And O! how the thirst of Christ must

have tantalized as He thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and Heaven poured out of His own hand. They offered Him an intoxicating draught made out of wine and myrrh, but He declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water.

Then, my friends, there was *the absence of light*. Darkness always exasperates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1873, in the Steamer Greece, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin were blown out. The captain came crawling in on his hands and knees, for he could not stand upright, so violently was the vessel pitching, and he cried out: "Light up, light up!" The steward said: "We can't light up; the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that; light up!" The storm was awful when the lights were burning, worse when the lights went out.

Then there was *the absence of faithful nurses*. When you are ill, it is pleasant to have the head bathed and the hands and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and feet of Christ, look at the face of Christ. There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might come up near enough to help. There was Christ's mother, but she might not come up near enough to help. They said: "Stand back, stand back; this is no place for you." The high priests and the soldiers wanted it their own way; they had it their own way.

The hours pass on and it is twelve o'clock of the Saviour's suffering, and it is one o'clock, and it is two o'clock, and it is almost three o'clock. Take the last look at that suffering face; wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth, the eyes red with weeping and sunken as though grief had pushed them back, blackness under the lower lid, the whole body adroop and shivering with the last chill, the breath growing feebler and feebler and feebler until He gives one long, deep, last sigh.

HE IS DEAD!

O! my soul, He is dead. Can you tell why? Was He a fanatic dying for a principle that did not amount to anything? Was He a man infatuated? No; to save your soul from sin, and mine, and make eternal life possible He died. There had to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it be? "Let it be me," said Christ, "let it be me." You understand the meaning of

THAT WORD SUBSTITUTION.

You were drafted for the last war; some one took your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds and died at Gettysburgh. Christ comes to us while we are fighting our battle with sin and death and hell and He is our Substitute. He marches our march, fights our battle, suffers our wounds, and dies our death. Substitution! Substitution!

How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region around about the text? Are your sympathies aroused? or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned by reason of your transgressions that you can look upon all that tearful and unmoved. No, no; there are a thousand people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul, "No, no, no; if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love Him! I must love Him, I will love Him, I do love Him! Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee; 'tis all that can do."

But how are you going to test your love, and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ. "Well," you say, "I never could understand that. There are no crosses to be carried in this land; those persecutions have passed, and in this land there is no one to be crucified, and yet the pulpit and in the prayer meetings you all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir?" I mean this: that is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which is unpleasant and hard. "O!" you say, "after hearing the story of this Christ and all that He has endured for me I am ready to do anything for Him. Just tell me what I have to do, and I'll do it. I am

READY TO CARRY ANY CROSS."

Suppose I should ask you at the close of a religious service to rise up announcing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? "O! no," you say, "I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side." Just as I feared. You cannot stand that cross. The first one that is offered you, you reject. Christ carried a mountain, Christ carried a Himalaya, Christ carried a world for you, and you cannot lift an ounce for Him.

But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates to-morrow morning on Exchange, that he has begun a new life, that while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world, and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. Could you do that, my brother! "O! no," you say, "not just that. I think religion is religion, and business is business, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business." Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him.

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray, if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea-table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "O!" you say, "not exactly that. I couldn't quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!' So you are cowed down and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot, and my text, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other things in life who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by Thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man that arose the other night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek, he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad; but since I arose for prayers, I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

I tell you these things this morning because, my dear friends, I want to show you

HOW LIGHT THE CROSS IS

that we have to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross. He fainted dead away under His cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood. Under His there was a pool of carnage that plashed

the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the cross. Christ trod the winepress of Almighty God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

There has some one come here to-day whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; He did not come down any of these aisles; yet I know He is here. He is from the East, the far East. He comes with blistered foot, and with broken heart, and cheeks red not with health, but with blood from the temples. I take hold of His coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit Thee." "No," He says, "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to Him, "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes, the Son of man had not where to lay His head." And I touch the log on His back and I say: "Why carriest Thou this?" "Ah!" He says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with me in this procession, take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens, and join me in this march to Heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and He sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, He cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple."

O! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

A Roman Emperor said to

A GREEK ARCHITECT:

"You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the Greek architect.

The emperor rose amid the plaudits of a vast assembly and said: "We have gathered here to-day, to open this coliseum, and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman Empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. O! we must have a festival to-day. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were put into the centre of the amphitheatre. It was to be a great celebration in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheatre, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted, "Huzza, huzza! Long live the emperor!" Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries and shouted until in the vast assemblage all heard him: "I too am a Christian!" and they seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre.

Could you have done that for Christ? Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian," or, "I want to be a Christian?" Would you have had the ten thousandth part of the enthusiasm and the courage of the Greek architect? Nay, I ask you another question: would you in an assemblage where they are nearly all Christians—in an assemblage a vast multitude of whom love Christ and are willing to live, and if need be, to die for Him—would you dare to say, "I am a Christian," or, "I want to be a Christian?" Would you say in the presence

of the friends of Christ to-day, as much as the Greek architect said in the presence of the enemies of Christ? O! are there not multitudes here this morning who are ready to say: "Let the world look on, let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on, I take Christ this day. Come applause or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death, Christ now, Christ forever."

I wonder if at the close of the sermon I asked all those who wanted to be for Christ, to rise up—I wonder if there would be a great multitude to rise up, and yet I shall not put the test. Let each one in his own soul answer the test. Are you for Christ, or are you against Him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." What I say to the impenitent I say this morning to all Christians. What are you doing for Christ? What are you bearing for Christ?

O! Christian man, O! Christian woman?

HAVE YOU ANY SCARS

to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that resurrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand there and show the scars on His brow, the scars on His hands, and the scars on His feet, and He will pull aside the robe of His royalty and show the scar on His side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show?

There will be *Ignatius*, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the Coliseum. There will be *glorious John Huss* showing just where on his foot the flames began on that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from Constance. There will be *Hugh McNeil* ready to point to the mark on his neck where the axe struck him. There will be *McMillan* and *Campbell* and *Freeman*, the American missionaries who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the place where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be the *Waldenses* showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ?

When I ask for teachers will there not out of this Bible class come this afternoon, a hundred men and women who will say: "I can no longer be merely a recipient of truth; I must proclaim it. Woe is unto me if I preach not this Gospel somewhere to somebody. I can no longer stand here or sit here receiving from other teachers the truth of this Gospel when I must be a flaming evangel." O! that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ.

When

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFTAINS

wanted to raise an army, they would make a wooden cross, and then set it on fire and carry it with other crosses they had, through the mountains, through the highlands, and among the people, and as they waved the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. So to-day, I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross—flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the people. Who will be on the Lord's side. Who will gather to the standard of Emmanuel? A cross, a cross, a cross! "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot, cannot be my disciple."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 151.)

Corny's Appeal on Behalf of Capt. Vaughan—The Insurgent Officer's Order—A Soldier's Death Granted—Sylph's Petition—Miles Rossiter Revealed—Sylph Reminds him of a Promise—His Appeal to the Judges.

CORNY watched, as well as Sylph, and with intense interest, the proceedings in connection with Captain Vaughan's trial. He, too, for a while, was under the impression, from the delay of sentence, that "the Captain," had "a good chance for his life," as he worded it. Hence the erected triangle and the dangling noose became objects of dread omen to him as well as to his mistress.

He well knew, however, that his own direct personal protest would avail nothing. When, therefore, his mistress rushed to the rescue, he slipped away in the midst of the resulting confusion, with the design of looking out for some of his old connections and friends, peradventure in the camp, whom although he had fallen from out their good graces, he might, for his mistress's sake, persuade to put in a prevailing word for the Captain. He felt that his mission was pretty much a forlorn hope; but as it was the only thing possible to be done—looking to heaven for success—he would try it.

Providentially he fell in with the very man that would best serve his purpose, an old neighbor and once a boon companion of his, who, notwithstanding Corny's Methodism, still liked him; and who, less ignorant and fanatical than the great majority of the rebels, looked with disapproval upon the court-martial and its hasty and cold-blooded massacres. To him Corny hurriedly communicated his sad tale, and entreated his interference.

Owen Mullens, for this was his name, sorrowfully declared that he himself could do nothing. "My word, Corny," he said, "would not have the weight of a feather with the coves up near the ould mill, and, in fact, would, I know, only add to their murderin' determination. But, I tell you, me old friend, what I'll do. I'll take ye to our Captain at the foot o' the hill, who, I know, hates the goin's on at the mill as much and more nor I do. Tell him your story, Corny, and ask his aid. If anything can be done, he's the very man for you, fur he's as fine a fellow as breathes; and may heaven grant its aid."

The Captain listened to Corny's representation with sympathizing interest. "I am glad you have told me, my man, of those outrageous proceedings," he said. "They are opposed to all the principles of honorable warfare, and I will do my best to stop them. Follow me, my men," he said to his armed band around him. "I know we incur great risk, but we must put an end to those deeds which disgrace the national cause, and are fitted to bring upon us the execrations of the civilized world."

He and his followers promptly hastened up the hill, led by Corny; and, all but too late, reached, as has been stated, the place of intended execution.

"*I forbid that man to be hung,*" he said, in a ringing voice to the presiding judges, whose extemporized court was quite near the triangle. "He is a soldier, and I am a soldier; and if he is to die, I claim a soldier's death for him."

The words were a sweet relief to Captain Vaughan, but a sore defeat of hope to Corny; who had fully assured himself that the mediator whom he had so happily enlisted had in his intention a full reprieve for Captain Vaughan; and not a mere difference in the mode of his execution.

Many of the bystanders were disposed to resent the interference of the rebel officer; who was depriving them, as some of them thought, of an entertaining sight; and, as others felt, of a reprisal of vengeance. Some, indeed, shouted out their disapproval, and made a show of resorting to violence. The presence of the officer's men, however, who were well armed, acted as a wholesome deterrent; but, more than anything else, the answer of the presiding judge to the demand made of him served to propitiate and allay the general anger and excitement.

"Had any one but yourself, Captain, dared to arrest the sentence of death passed upon this man by this Court, he would have paid the penalty for his rashness, even a whole regiment of your men would not have saved him. The Court feels, however, that yours, Captain, is an exceptional case. In the battle of yesterday your valor was most conspicuous; and the universal verdict is—as all here I think will admit—that to you is very much due our great and glorious victory."

At these words loud huzzas burst forth from the surrounding throng. Every expression of resentment fiercely urged, a moment before, against the young rebel officer, was changed into noisy acclamation.

When silence was restored the president of the court-martial waved his hand in a deprecating manner, and said, "The Court, in acknowledgment of your valor, Captain Mullens, meets your request, and consents that this man, about to suffer, shall die, not by the rope, but by the bullet; and, as your men carry rifles, we hand him over to you, Captain, for execution."

The rebel officer bowed his thanks to the Court, and then set about fulfilling the grim task imposed upon him. He ordered his men to untie the arms and legs of the prisoner; and then, at Captain Vaughan's urgent request, removed from his head and from before his eyes the covering that had been drawn over them. "As a soldier, and as a Christian man," he had said, "I fear not death, and with open vision would face my executioners; and one request more I make," he added to the rebel chief. "Permit me to give the command to fire." "I grant it," replied the young chieftain, "for it is a request I would urge myself under your circumstances."

Captain Vaughan was led to the brow of the precipice down which the bodies of those killed earlier in the day had been flung. Placed upon his knees he was told that two minutes would be given him for prayer; and then the rebel officer left his side to arrange his men for firing, at the prisoner's own signal.

The given moments were speeding fast; one of the accorded minutes of reprieve had more than gone. The firing party had their rifles brought to the shoulder; the lips of the doomed man were seen to move in supplication, while he held one hand to his breast, and held in the other his watch to see the exact instant when it would be required of him to say the word "fire." The crowd looking on was breathless in dread suspense, all nature, the air being still, seemed itself to be struck with awe, when Sylph, having dexterously evaded resistance, ran to where her betrothed lover was kneeling and knelt beside him, imploring to die with him. Her face aglow with exalted passion, she was fervently urging her plea. Supplicating it as a special and great favor, she was weeping forth her prayer, when the rebel officer, after beating down the rifles of his men with a rapid motion of his arm, bounded towards her, and caught her in his arms. The rebel officer was Miles Rossiter.

This interruption in the dread programme confounded and amazed every beholder; and as much Sylph and Captain Vaughan as any one. Years produce a greater change in a man's appearance than in a woman's; Sylph, therefore, confused and trembling, did not know Miles until he named himself; and as for Captain Vaughan, he had never made the acquaintance of the young Irishman who once found shelter under the same roof as Sylph, at Chester.

"Thank God! thank God! I was in time to save you," he said to Sylph. "Another moment, and you had perished. I saw near me men who, willing to take you at your word, would have killed you. Come with me, Sylph. Yes, you must," he added, as he saw her reluctant to leave, "I will put you in safety. This is no place for you, beside this man, who must die."

"I will not leave this spot," she answered, "unless you save the life of my companion."

"That is impossible, Sylph," he replied, and quickly, "quite impossible. In a civil war, the military taken captive seldom get mercy; and I am certain that this man, at all events, will not be spared by those around us. The people yesterday

suffered dreadfully under the fire of the soldi and those who escaped are savage with rage, spite of all that I could do they will certainly avenge themselves."

"Mr. Rossiter," said Sylph, "your life once in sore peril, and I and Dr. Gilbert did best to save it. You solemnly promised that if opportunity were given you of making a return our kindness you would do it; and I call upon now to fulfil your pledge. Save the life of him side me, or be assured you cannot save mine, for he is to die I am resolved to die with him."

And yet, however difficult it might be, Rossiter love for Sylph, and the remembrance of his objection to her irresistibly forced him, after a moment's thought, to put the matter to the test. Leaving place near Sylph, he returned to where his stood, and who had grounded their rifles. They expected that he would again command them to appointed task, but, to their surprise, passing beyond them, he moved on to where the judges

"How was he to order his plea, and what should he say best fitted to move them?" Rapidly came over this difficult question in his thoughts, praying to God for guidance, he resolved to relate the story of his sojourn in Doctor Gilbert's dwelling in spite of the unmistakable signs of a violent impatience among the multitude.

The narrative related in tones full of tenderness and trembling pathos, deeply moved the pressional and impulsive throng around him. That a Protestant doctor—as Miles described him to have been—should give his best services to a young Irishman, and he a student for the Roman Catholic priesthood; and who was a perfect stranger to him and unbefriended, and that without reward, touched their warm natures and quickened sensibilities to the core. That Sylph had well kindly seconded this physician's endeavors, and that for many week, aroused their best sympathies in her favor. And Miles's further assertion "that Doctor Gilbert and his daughter" as Miles still supposed her to be, "were the enemies of oppression and tyranny, and the friends of all oppressed peoples, of which he was certain," he said "from many conversations with them during sojourn in their house," was a climax that served to disarm the wrathful emotions and prejudice the listening crowd most effectually.

Miles' most difficult task remained, however, any case the life of Sylph was not aimed at, either by the judges of the rebel court-martial or by the constituents. Their declared rule was "to honor woman's life sacred." The arduous point was that this sentiment of sacredness transferred, in thoughts of the insurgents, to the man already doomed to death by the insurgent tribunal. Ready Miles had obtained a concession in his favor, and hard it was to do so, although it only amounted to a change in the manner of his death. The likelihood was there at all that he could persuade either the presiding judges, or those who supported their authority, to forego their meed of vengeance altogether?

The words of Sylph however, "Save him, you cannot save me," rang again in Miles's ear, forced him at all hazards to beg for the life of still kneeling prisoner.

At the first inkling of Miles's request, and before he uttered a dozen words, there was noisy opposition. To the stern refusal of the judges, was added the clamor for blood by the people. "No, no," they cried out, "We've giv' in to ye wanst, Captain Rossiter, and we'll giv' in to ye no more. Back that fellas life, indeed, who yesterday shot down by the score widout mercy? We won't that ye have the face to ax it. You'll be wantin' next, maybe, to stand up before the hangdog militia and bow thim our thanks for shootin' uz—"

"But it's no use, Captin, yer thrying to get us in this way; we've made up our minds that English sojer shall die, and all ye can say to the contrary will be of no manner o' use." And wild huzzas were taken up over the whole rebel camp.

Miles, however, knew his countrymen and their fickleness of purpose too well to give up in the task he had undertaken. Turning round, a silence was restored, he pointed to Captain Vaughan

an still kneeling where he had been placed, and who, calm and self-possessed, was waiting—although without hope—the result of Miles's interposition.

"Look at him, my countrymen," he said. "See his unflinching courage and calm composure. How can you bear the thought of taking in cold blood the life of a man so noble in his bearing as that?" "Aye, but he tuk *our* lives," was the answer; "and we're only goin' to pay him off in his own coin."

"What?" cried Miles, indignantly. "Took the lives of your friends in cold blood, as you now propose to take his? Never! This man you wish to murder—for I will call it nothing else—did his work of death—and you know it—in fair battle, exposing, at the same time, his own life; and if he did not do this, his soldier's duty, and as a soldier should, there is not one of you but would look upon him as a perjured traitor and a coward."

"You look for the independence of your country one of these days—and I trust it will come soon—what would you say to an Irish soldier, officer or private, who in that day would not do as this man has done, and fight his best for the cause he was sworn to uphold? Would you not hate him?"

"Then I call upon you to honor in this English officer what you would honor in an Irish officer. As one who has put his life at your service, and who, you confess, has served you well, I ask for this brave man's life."

Giving a rapid glance at those who sat in judgment, and into the faces of the crowd around him, Miles could perceive that his words were not without their effect—that the sense of right and justice, was moved and quickened at his words. Embracing the good omen, he resolved to put it to instant use. Walking with a firm step to where Captain Vaughan knelt, he placed himself in front of him, and facing the rebel crowd, he stretched forth his arms, and cried out, "Spare this brave man, my countrymen; or reach his life through the heart of Miles Rossiter!"

The effect was electric. That an Irish soldier should thus be willing to jeopardize his life for an English soldier kindled the highest enthusiasm of an imaginative people. Nothing so touches the human breast as an act of self-sacrifice for another. It is the self-sacrifice of Christ, not for friends, but for foes, which constitutes the crowning glory of the Book of God and the power which exercises the mightiest force upon sinful and perishing men. It is felt to have in it something of a divine beauty and loveliness.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S.S. Lesson for March 26, Luke 24: 19. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 1: 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN reviewing our lessons for the past quarter we have seen the power of Jesus exemplified in four different ways: His power to forgive; to heal disease and to cast out devils; to work miracles; and to win men from a life of self-pleasing to one of heroic self-abnegation, a life of leaving all for His sake. Wherever Jesus was,

HIS PRESENCE WAS A POWER.

John the Baptist said of Him, "There cometh One mightier than I after me." In the time of the wilderness temptation Satan felt His power and retreated vanquished, and thus the mightiest power outside heaven was conquered. Walking by the sea of Galilee, there was power enough in the "Come" of Jesus to induce Simon and Andrew, James and John, to set aside all personal, all family, all business considerations, and to follow Him who had "not where to lay His head." Our devotion to the Lord Jesus will be in proportion to the power which His presence and His teaching have exercised over us. If we have been brought to a point in which the claims of business and the claims of Jesus clash, our decision just at that point will show whether Jesus is really the power of God to us. Let a Christian man be engaged in the drink traffic, or as a tobaccoist, or one who deals largely in opium and morphia; let the Spirit of God convict such a man that the business through which he gains his living is doing harm to the souls and bodies of his fellow-creatures, is strengthening

the world, the flesh, and the devil, and therefore is not hallowing God's name, nor bringing His kingdom, nor doing His will, and let him abandon it at any cost and seek any situation however humble, however much he may have to retrench, and men will see that Christ is the power of God to him. But let him flinch, and make excuses, say that he does things in a respectable way, meaning all the time, "I do not count Jesus worth the sacrifice of my comfort and my position," and it is very clear that to such an one Jesus is not made "the power of God."

We have seen that Jesus was the power of God to evil spirits, that they could not remain hidden, they must manifest themselves in His presence, and release their poor victims; that presence made darkness turn into light, and the demons were forced to testify that He was the Holy One of God. But O their sad cry, "What have we to do with Thee?" how awful it was! Knowing that the mighty Deliverer was there, but that they could not be delivered, that although the very beings which they had been oppressing were being wrested from their grasp, no hope was held out to them, well might they say, "What have I to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?" well might they say, "Let us alone . . . art Thou come to destroy us?" Destruction would have been a relief, but they *must* live, and without Him who alone is Life in the great eternity to come.

And Jesus was, as we have seen, the power of God in the presence of sickness; no fever could resist the touch of His hand, no sickness hold its own when He had commanded it to depart. Christ is the power of God against fever, dropsy, palsy, blindness, lameness, and divers diseases, leprosy not excluded; how comes it, then, that we do not see more of healing around us, why not more of deliverance from lunacy? Surely there is but one answer: We do not give "place enough to Jesus; we do not know fully His power over sin. O it is heartrending to hear one story after another of those who have known peace with God, or have professed to know it, who have talked about Jesus and sung hymns of praise and yet are guilty of adultery, theft, drunkenness, etc. Jesus is ready to do all His mighty works in soul and body; but while such sin is being perpetrated under the cloak of His name there needs a double devotedness on the part of His true disciples, that the chaff be separated from the wheat, in order that the power of Christ may be made manifest. The time is come when religion must be a thing of deeds, when Christ must be the power of God in our wills, our tempers, our affections, our home-life, or it will be manifest that we have believed in vain.

A RAG-PICKER

who had been a notorious drunkard and evil liver, found Christ in the Salvation Army meetings. One morning the wheel of his cart got entangled by accident with a clothes-prop which was holding some clothes-lines, and the prop was broken. Instead of cursing and swearing as formerly, he inquired in the neighborhood who was the owner of the clothes-prop, and he went and called upon the laundress, telling her of the accident and that he would buy her a new prop. His character was so well known that the woman opened her eyes and asked what had come to him. "I've got converted," he said, "at the Salvation Army meetings, and the Lord has given me a clean heart." The woman believed in a religion which would give her a new clothes-prop and she came to the meetings and God met with her too; she saw that Christ was the power of God to the poor rag picker, and she wanted this power too. Let there be more of this kind of religion, a religion which costs something, and which yet is not counted too dear a cost, and we shall soon find that faith in the Lord as the Healer will follow as a necessary consequence; bodies which are given to the Lord as a living sacrifice will be found to respond to His healing touch as to no other.

It is most striking that in the five chapters of Mark which we have been considering during the past three months only one of our Lord's miracles is recorded; that of stilling the tempest, while His healing is mentioned twelve times. Again in choosing His apostles His object was that He

"might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils," but He never authorized them to do miracles. Thus we gather that while preaching and healing is His ordinary work and that of His disciples, the working of miracles was, and is an exception; and we see also that healing cannot be classed among miracles, but is "a statute and an ordinance" (Ex. 15: 25), and is to be reckoned with the work of His redemption, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." "Behold I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth" (Ps. 103: 3; Isa. 33: 24; Jer. 33: 6).

We have seen Christ as

THE WISDOM OF GOD

in His answers to the Pharisees. He always took them to higher ground, never met them where they were; the question of fasting was really one of possession of the Bridegroom. John the Baptist knew something about this, but the Pharisees were all at sea about anything experimental, it was out of their horizon altogether; they could talk about doctrine with any one, and as to externals, the very ritualists do not beat them; but Christ in the heart, the presence of the Bridegroom, this was beyond their depth. And we saw Christ as the Wisdom of God in the question of the Sabbath. Very much sin was covered over by the Jews in their extreme scrupulousness in this matter. Hypocrisy, oppression of the poor, extreme usury, disobedience to parents, and much uncleanness were all covered over by their zealous regard for the Sabbath. It was so much easier to be strict on this point than to exercise love, self-denial, or even justice; and then there was the flattering balsam of self-righteousness to

SWEETEN THE PILL OF

Sabbath self denial. And the holy eye of Jesus saw through all this, and He said, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Again, when under accusation from the Jews of casting out devils through the prince of the devils, He takes them higher, explains the matter to them and then shows them the awful danger of thus condemning Him, the Son of God.

We learned also His Wisdom as the Teacher. The picture of the heart in the parable of the sower is indeed drawn from life—the Lord teach us to profit by it; and if for the sake of wearing down the hard resisting rock into fertile soil the Lord must sometimes blast the rock, and work at it with pickaxe and hammer, roll the little fragments of rock into a stream, where they will be well worn one against another, until they become fine sand or even mud, let us not flinch from the process, if only in the end we may bring forth thirty-fold, sixty-fold, and an hundred-fold. Again, in evangelistic work, if our hearts are sore for those who have received the word with joy, and yet in time of temptation fall away, let us not forget that the Lord has told us in this parable that it would be so, and let us not think ourselves wiser than our Master. Only let us not forget these young ones in the faith, let us seek to bring them in contact with Christ who is the power of God and the wisdom of God, to restore them and to keep them, and let us, above all, learn the lesson that if any do run well, it is never thanks to our earnestness or gifts, but it is purely of the grace of God; nothing else.

It is a marvel with such a Lord, the power of God to us and the wisdom of God to us, that we Christians are not a greater power in the world. There must be in us a good deal of self-dependence which is taking the place of His power, or we should be doing the works which He did, and greater works, as He tells us (John 14: 12); there must be a good deal of leaning to our own understanding, or we should be more thoroughly possessed with the wisdom of God. Whenever we are quite empty, He fills us. O how often have we said this! Now Lord undertake and turn out from me and from my brethren all which is of self, that no power and no wisdom may dwell in us, but Thyself alone!



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate, on Friday last, Passed the Bill providing for a commission on the subject of the *Liquor Traffic* and sent it to the House. The duty of the commission will be "to investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relations to revenue and taxation, and its general economic, criminal, moral, and scientific aspects in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health, and general welfare of the people." As passed, the bill provides for seven commissioners to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to be selected solely with reference to personal fitness and capacity for an honest, impartial, and thorough investigation. They are to hold office two years, and besides inquiring as to the various relations of the liquor traffic, are to take testimony as to the *practical results of license and prohibitory legislation*. The commissioners are to serve without salary, and \$10,000 is appropriated to pay incidental expenses. A report is to be made to the President for transmission to Congress. The bill was introduced by Senator Omar D. Conger, of Michigan, and supported by petitions from all the States. It was passed by 34 votes to 14. In the majority were 26 Republicans, 6 Democrats and 2 Independents. The minority was composed of 13 Democrats and one Republican. It is understood that the Democratic opponents of the bill based their opposition on the belief that the commission was a needless expenditure and that all the facts it could collect might be obtained without its intervention.

Mr. Conkling's Letter to the President Declining the Associate-Justiceship of the Supreme Court has not been published, but is understood to have been decisive. It is probably the wisest course Mr. Conkling could have taken in view of the fierce opposition the nomination called forth. In appointments to the bench, especially to that of the Supreme Court, it is important that the opinions and even the prejudices of the people should be respected, in order that the decisions of the highest court in the land should command the confidence of all. No one appears to have cast any imputation on Mr. Conkling's integrity, but there are many members of the Republican party who sympathized very strongly with President Garfield and Mr. Blaine in their contest with Mr. Conkling last year, and who therefore regarded Mr. Conkling's nomination in the light of a reflection on the memory of the late President. An active opposition to the appointment was also aroused in the Republican party by personal opponents of the ex-senator. One of these did not scruple to charge Mr. Conkling with being indirectly responsible for the assassination of President Garfield, a charge which came

with singularly bad grace from the hand which wrote the famous "midnight despatch."

An Appeal from the Women of Utah has been issued. On February 27th a mass meeting of women was held in Salt Lake City at which strong anti-polygamy resolutions were passed. The speakers had good reason to understand the evils of polygamy, and their utterances caused a profound sensation in the city. The following was one of the resolutions adopted. "We beseech Congress to rely no longer on half measures, but at once to take from the Mormons all political privileges until they accept as sovereign the laws of the United States; that we fear that Mr. Edmonds's bill will be found fatally defective, like the present anti-Polygamy law, because, while it disfranchises polygamists, it provides no machinery whatever for enforcing said disfranchisement; that we believe that a commission of sterling citizens of this Territory, given full legislative powers and working under the supervision of Congress, is the only real, prompt, and merciful remedy for Utah's wrongs."

The Aggregate Losses by the Michigan Fires are thus stated by Governor Jerome in his special message to the Legislature of Michigan. The Governor says that the losses of those who have asked and received aid, as shown by sworn appraisals, amounted to \$2,346,943, or an average of over \$726 for each family. The losses of those who have neither asked nor required assistance is known to have been of great magnitude. For relief, in addition to large amounts contributed by churches, societies, and individuals directly to the sufferers, of which there is no attainable record, but which is known to aggregate many thousands of dollars, there has been received by the State Fire Relief Commission, the Detroit and Port Huron committees, and committees of other localities, as reported to the Governor, the sum of \$623,436.89 in cash, together with donations in kind which, when added to the cash contribution, would equal the sum of \$1,000,000.

The Death of Dr. Henry Highland Garnet is announced in a brief telegram received at the State Department on March 10th. Dr. Garnet was well known as the leader of the colored race in New York State, and he for some time occupied a prominent position in Washington as pastor of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church. One of the first of the nominations made by President Garfield was that of Dr. Garnet to be United States Minister to the Republic of Liberia, and it is said that one of the last official acts of President Garfield was that of signing Dr. Garnet's commission. After President Garfield's death President Arthur sent Dr. Garnet's name again to the Senate. The nomination was promptly confirmed, and on the 12th of November, 1881, the first colored Minister and Consul-General of the United States sailed on his mission. His daughter, Mary Highland Garnet Barbosa, had already preceded him by about a year, having been sent out under the auspices of a ladies' society in New York to found in the African Republic a school for native girls. The telegram announcing Dr. Garnet's death came by way of Madeira and states that he died at Monrovia on February 13th. Dr. Garnet was sixty-seven years of age.

Another Extensive Defalcation was Announced last week. The officials of the Fourth National Bank of New York discovered that valuable securities had been removed from the bank and deposited elsewhere as security for loans. Thirty thousand dollars also had been abstracted from the funds of the bank, which, with the forty thousand required to redeem the securities, made the loss of the bank \$70,000. It is alleged that the culprit in the case is Mr. Richard H. Cornewell, the loan clerk of the bank, who has been in the establishment eleven years, and is sixty-five years of age. The charge caused much surprise in New York, where he was formerly a member of the Stock Exchange, and also at Plainfield, N. J., where he resides. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and an active Sunday-school teacher. Mr. Cornewell had speculated in stocks to a considerable extent, it appears, and to protect his margins with his brokers had from time to time deposited

one after another of the bonds in his care. He was unfortunate in his speculations, had been obliged to "cover" by more margins and had finally been sold out by his brokers. As is usual in such cases, the Christian church suffers reproach by the defaulter's prominence in religious work. These scandals are becoming alarmingly frequent, and suggest the fear that the sin of avarice is very prevalent in the church. We cannot be surprised at the fall of men under fierce temptation when we see people professing to be Christians plotting and deceiving and stooping to meanness for the sake of gain. It will be well for every Christian to examine his own heart lest the love of money, which is the root of all evil, should find a place there. A man who is greedy of money is on dangerous ground; when Satan assaults him, the citadel of the heart is weakened by the presence of a traitor within.

Sergeant John A. Mason, the Officer who fired at Guiteau through the window of the jail at Washington last September, has been tried before a military court for his breach of discipline. He has been found guilty, and the verdict and sentence having been submitted to General Hancock and approved, are now published. Mason has been condemned by the court-martial to be dishonorably discharged from the army, with loss of all pay and allowances, and to be confined at hard labor in a penitentiary for eight years, and the penitentiary at Albany is designated as the place, subject to the approval of the Secretary of War. The offence for which Mason was put on trial before the military tribunal was the same for which Guiteau himself would have been tried if President Garfield had recovered from his wound—assault with intent to kill; and the sentence of eight years in the penitentiary is all that could have been inflicted on Guiteau, had not the President's wound proved fatal.

The Loss and Misery caused by the Floods of the Mississippi are described as appalling by Captain J. M. Lee, the army officer appointed by the Secretary of War to ascertain the condition of affairs. On his return from Arkansas City, Captain Lee said no one who had not seen the country overflowed could form any idea of its true condition. From a point twenty miles below Memphis, where the first break on the levee occurred, the entire country is one vast sheet of water. The people all through this submerged region are *utterly destitute and in a starving condition*, their stock having been drowned. They are living in gin houses, stable lofts, and upper stories of cabins. Hundreds are subsisting on parched corn. Many have been temporarily relieved by the distribution of government rations, but others could not be reached, and their suffering is very great. The levee along the river front is *broken in forty different places* between Memphis and Arkansas City, and at some points *the river is fifty miles wide*. All published reports have fallen far short of giving an idea of the damage done, or of the destitution prevailing. Captain Lee's first estimate, made to the Secretary of War, that \$360,000 would be required to feed the 18,000 needy persons in the State of Mississippi will, he says fall short, as the destitute will probably be double the number first estimated.

Nearly Three Million Dollars have Become payable to religious and philanthropic societies by the death of an aged lady in New York. She was the survivor of three sisters, daughters of Mr. Isaac Burr, who died in 1857. Mr. Burr beside other property, owned a farm which is now covered by handsome residences. This farm extended from Fortieth Street, New York city, along Fifth Avenue to Forty-fourth Street, and east beyond Madison Avenue. It was the enormous increase in value of this farm that enriched the family. Each of the three sisters made a will leaving the interest of her respective share in the property to her sisters for their lives, and at the death of the survivor certain small legacies were to be paid, and the balance divided among the asylums, hospitals, and societies of the city. Prominent among those which receive the largest sums are the American Bible Society, the American Church Missionary Society, and the Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church for Africa and China.

The Services Held at Nashville, Tenn., by Rev. E. P. Hammond appear to have been of a very successful character. One of the indirect results is of an interesting character, and is thus described by Mr. Hammond: "Last Monday, two prominent physicians in town, who had been at the meeting the night before, stopped me in the street, and asked if I would address the medical students in their college. As they were not Christian men I was surprised at this, and asked 'What shall be the subject?' 'Anything you please,' was the reply. 'But if I accept your invitation I shall entreat them to become Christian men.' 'That's what we want,' they answered. At the appointed time I went, and I have never spoken to a more attentive audience. I found there representatives from fifteen different States." Mr. Hammond's friends will regret to learn that at Nashville he has not had the valuable assistance of *Mrs. Hammond*. She was thrown violently from a buggy and nearly run over by a railroad train three weeks ago and is still suffering from the effects of the accident.

No Light Shone from the Ship Shoal Lighthouse near Morgan City, La., on two consecutive nights last month. The unusual darkness at that point caused some surprise, but surprise was turned into indignation when the facts became known. One of the keepers had seen a man in a boat who needed assistance, his vessel being becalmed. The keeper kindly towed the boat to the lighthouse and treated the man hospitably. In the night the guest made a murderous attack on the two lighthouse-keepers, shooting both of them and inflicting dangerous wounds. He held possession of the lighthouse for forty-eight hours, during which he never lighted the lamps. Then, as he could not find food, he surrendered. A man more utterly depraved it is difficult to imagine. But there are many men trying to do a more disastrous thing. Reading in the Bible a condemnation of their lives they would be glad to quench, if they could, its warning light (Luke 11: 52).

The Glossograph is a New Invention Described in the scientific journal *Iron*, and appears to be, like the telephone and phonograph, a most wonderful and ingenious instrument. It consists of a combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. Attached to the levers are pencils, which register in signs the sounds uttered by the tongue and lips upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may fitly be termed glossography, is produced, based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants. If such a machine were in frequent use in society what a record of rapid and trifling conversation would be registered! We can imagine that even the most frivolous people would be ashamed to read the words they had spoken. People too often forget that an account will have to be rendered of their words (Matt. 12: 36).

A Remarkable Cure is in Progress in San Francisco. It appears that five months ago a teamster named John Coltery, who attempted to drive his team through a barn door, had his head forced down on his breast until his neck was broken. Police Surgeon Stambaugh made an examination of the injured man and found that the seventh vertebra was fractured, and that the spinal cord had been stretched nearly two inches. After his removal to his home Coltery states that he was laid flat on his back with a sort of fence about his neck and head which kept him immovable for over two months. The body of the vertebra was discovered to be broken, and the operation of joining it together without pinching the spinal cord where it had sagged between the ragged edges is described as one of the most difficult ever performed. For a month the patient lay on his back, completely paralyzed in one half of his body and with but little feeling in the other. If he moved in the slightest degree during the first fortnight he could plainly feel the jagged edges of the bone grate together, and for hours after such an attempt he was content to lie on his hard bed without attempting to move a muscle for fear that the spinal cord

should be crushed and his existence ended in a twinkling. The straightest position attainable was required, and to this end Dr. Stambaugh was compelled to refuse him a mattress, forcing him to lie on a wide plank. Coltery says that before his eight weeks of enforced quietness were ended he thought that board was made of adamant. The paralysis has now almost disappeared. Surgeons say that such injuries are nearly always fatal; only one patient in one thousand recorded cases recovered. But the great Healer cures cases of spiritual suffering of which this is a type without fail, and sometimes it is by the same process of making the sufferer remain perfectly still until he sees "the salvation of God."

A Curious Incident in a Texas Law Court is thus described in a local journal. "It was in Crosby County and a prisoner was convicted of shooting a bull that did not belong to him, and was fined \$75. 'Why, judge,' said the doomed man, 'I haven't got no \$75; I can't pay no sitch fine.' 'The State of Texas puts me in this office to find out a way to make men pay their fines. You will cut cedar poles until you have cut enough to satisfy the majesty of the law,' replied the justice. 'But, judge, what use has the State of Texas got for cedar poles?' 'The State of Texas hasn't got no use for cedar poles. It's this court who needs them cedar poles to build a fence. I'll take the poles, and settle with the State of Texas for them.' And the prisoner forthwith commenced his work." He probably supposed that as he was too poor to pay a heavy fine, and his imprisonment would entail the expense of his board on the State, he might escape altogether. The discovery that another alternative existed which solved both difficulties must have been a disagreeable surprise to him. It may be that a similar surprise awaits the men of liberal ideas who now console themselves with the notion that the doctrine of eternal punishment is false, and inconsistent with the character of a loving God (2 Thess. 1: 8).

A Bad Scare was Administered Recently to a man who boasted that he could easily check a panic in a crowded building. A Detroit paper says that six or eight men were gathered round the stove in a Grand River grocery when the subject of stampedes in churches, halls, and theatres caused by alarm of fire was introduced. One of the men said he would like to see such a panic that he might show how easy it would be for a level-headed man to stop it. "I would stand," he said, "upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket, and shout out that I'd shoot the first man who attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds." The grocer went quietly to the rear of the store and poured a little gunpowder on a board. In a minute or two there was a bright flash and a cry of "fire!" and every man made for the door. The boaster did not stay to threaten shooting, but would have been the first man out of the store had he not fallen over a rack of brooms in his eagerness to reach the sidewalk. It will be well to remember this instance of empty boasting when we hear atheists vaunt what bold things they will say when they come to die and if after death they find there is a judgment. These boasts win applause and admiration from thoughtless people who forget how little likely they are to be fulfilled (Ezek. 35: 13).

Held Fast While the Tide Rose, was the sad fate of a woman in Brooklyn who was found drowned last week in Bushwick Creek. There is only mud when the tide is out at that point of the coast, and it is supposed the unfortunate woman while drunk attempted to cross, and got fastened in the mud. She was unable to extricate herself before the tide, coming in, washed over her. Her husband is serving a term in prison for habitual drunkenness, and several of her children are being cared for at public institutions. The woman's situation when she saw the tide rising around her yet could not escape, is a fit illustration of the situation of thousands of men and women whose habits and associations hold them back from salvation, though they know that to stay in their sins must end in eternal death. If such sinners would but ask for the help God has promised to give, they might be saved (Ezek. 11: 19).

OUR LORD'S FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE PILATE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Pilate saith unto them, I find in Him no fault at all."—John 18: 38.

A Sad Procession—A Hypocritical Device—Two Accusations Against Jesus—I. That He was a Malefactor—A Novel Charge—Without Evidence—Not Denied by Jesus—Reasons for His Silence—II. That He Claimed Kingship—Who were the Informers—A Frivolous Charge—What Jesus Meant—His Kingdom a Very Real One—Every Inch a King—Who are His Subjects—Disciples who are not Subjects—III. The Acquittal—Pilate's Verdict a Right One—Found by all who have Examined Christ—By all who have Associated with Him—Eventually a Universal Verdict—Three Practical Words—Beware of External Religion—Shun Worldliness—Submit to Jesus as King.

I SHOULD like, if God spares us, to present to you on Sabbath mornings the full story of our Saviour's sufferings. We began last Lord's-day by going with Him to the hall of Caiaphas, and it was a sadly solemn time when we beheld the Prince of Peace a prisoner, heard Him falsely accused and unjustly condemned, and then saw Him abused, till servants and abjects did spit in His face and make a mockery of Him.

I hope that you will not be wearied with this subject. If so, it will be the fault of the preacher, for the subject is ever full and fresh; or if the preacher be not to blame, there will be something of censure due to his hearers. If we do grow tired of the story of the cross it will be a sad indication of secret soul-sickness, and it will be well to observe the symptom and hasten to the great Physician for healing. To true saints in a healthy condition there is no place more attractive than the place of our Lord's passion, where He accomplished the glorious work of our redemption. They love to linger along that *Via Dolorosa* which leads from Gethsemane to Golgotha; let us linger with them.

Our Lord was condemned by the chief priests for blasphemy, because He declared Himself to be the Son of God, and told them that they should hereafter see Him coming in the clouds of heaven to be their judge. Rending His garments, the high priest said, "What need have we of any further witness? Ye have heard His blasphemy." When the morning light had come, and they had gone through the formality of a set trial by daylight, having really condemned Him in the night, they led Jesus away to Pilate. According to tradition, He was led with a rope about His neck, and his hands bound; and I can fully believe in the tradition when I remember the words of Isaiah: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter." It was

A STRANGELY SAD PROCESSION

which moved through Jerusalem a little after six in the morning. Those men of the Sanhedrim in all their pomp and power surrounding this one poor victim, whom they were about to deliver to the Gentiles with the one design that He might be put to death!

When they came to the house of the Roman governor, they would not themselves enter within its doors. It is said to have been one of the many magnificent palaces which Herod the Great built for himself; the architecture was gorgeous, the floors were inlaid with choice marbles, and all the chambers were richly gilded and furnished with Oriental splendor. Into the great hall these scrupulous hypocrites would not enter, because they must by no means be defiled by the touch of a Gentile, for they had already commenced to keep the Passover. So they waited in the courtyard, and Pilate condescended to come out to them and learn the pressing business which brought them there so early in the morning.

The Roman governor was proud and cruel, and abhorred the Jews; but still, knowing their fanaticism and the readiness with which they broke loose at Passover times, he stood at his palace-gate and heard their demands. He soon ascertained that they had brought him a prisoner, evidently a poor man, and in personal appearance emaciated, weary, and suffering. About him there was at

mysterious dignity combined with singular gentleness, and Pilate for this and other reasons evidently took a singular interest in him. Fixing his gaze first upon the extraordinary prisoner, he turned to the angry priests and demanded, "What accusation bring ye against this man?"

The one object of the priests in bringing Jesus to Pilate was to get Him put to death; for when Pilate told them to go and judge Him according to their law, they replied that they would gladly do so, but that the power of life and death had been taken from them, implying that nothing but His death would content them. They were, however, very anxious at this stage to lay the responsibility of His death upon the Romans, for the fear of the people was still upon them, and if they could secure His death by Pilate, then they might in after days protest that they merely handed Him over to the Roman governor and could not foresee that He would be handled so roughly.

Humanly speaking, they could have put Him to death themselves, for He was entirely in their power, and they frequently forgot the Roman law and slew men in riotous fury, as when they stoned Stephen. They had frequently attempted to stone our Lord Himself, so that they were not always so mindful of Roman law. They might have taken His life on this occasion, but they were led by a mysterious impulse to desire that the *actual responsibility of the deed* should rest on Pilate. Further on they were willing to join with the fickle throng in sharing the guilt of His blood, but as yet they would fain throw it upon others. During their great festivals if they took innocent blood, their hypocrisy made them wish to do it by forms of law and by an alien hand. To do this they must bring an accusation, for no Roman ruler would condemn a man till an accusation had been made.

We shall, this morning, consider

THE TWO ACCUSATIONS

that they brought, and after that we shall hear *the verdict of acquittal* which Pilate gave in the language of the text: "I find in Him no fault at all."

I. The first accusation, if you will turn to the chapter and read the thirtieth verse, was that He was a *malefactor*. "They answered and said unto him, If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee." He was said to be a factor, or doer of that which is evil; a person of such a mischievous life that He ought not to live.

Upon which we remark, first, that *it was a novel charge*. It was hot from their mint; for when He stood before Caiaphas nothing was said of any evil that He had *done*, but only of evil that He had spoken. They charged Him with saying this and that, but not with doing any evil deed. The accusation of evil speaking had broken down, and they did not venture upon it a second time, because they knew very well that Pilate did not care what the man had said; all he would attend to would be some actual breach of law by act and deed.

The Romans were a practical people, and so when Pilate led our Lord into the audience chamber he said to Him, "What hast thou *done*?" He did not say to Him, "What has thou taught or preached?" but, "What hast thou *done*?" For this reason, the priests brought forward this newly-invented accusation and totally unfounded charge that He was a bad doer, which might mean little or much, as the hearer chose to interpret it—malice is seldom specific in its charges. The accusation of being a malefactor grew out of their malevolence, and not out of any action of our Lord's perfect life. One is surprised that even hate should be so blind as to assail His perfections. Whatever men may think of our Lord as a teacher, candor demands that they admire His example and award it the highest meed of honor.

Observe, the priests herein brought against our Lord a charge which they did not attempt to sustain. How craftily they evaded the task of supplying proof! They brought no witnesses, their suborned perjurers were left behind; they even forbore from specific charges, but the general statement that He was a malefactor, was supported only by their reputation. "If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee;" as

much as to say, "You must take it for granted that He is guilty, or we would not say so. Here is our high priest; can it be supposed that such a gem of an individual would bring a false accusation? We also are the chief priests and the scribes and teachers of Israel; can it be imagined that persons of our station and sanctity could by any possibility have brought an innocent person before you to be condemned!"

I think I see the scornful glance of Pilate as he bade them judge Him themselves if that was their style of justice; as for him, he must hear an accusation or dismiss them to do their own pleasure if they dare. He knew that through envy they had brought Jesus unto him, and he loathed the hypocrites as he heard the wretched syllables sibilating from their sanctimonious lips.

I want to call your attention to this remarkable fact, that although this charge of being a malefactor was a grievous one, a trumped-up one, and unsustained by any evidence, yet

IT WAS NEVER DENIED

by the Lord Jesus Christ. It was useless to deny it before the priests. He had already challenged them to find fault with His life, saying, "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said."

His appeal had been unavailing, for it was as useless to argue with them as for a lamb to enter into controversy with a pack of wolves eager to devour. But there might have been some use, one would think, in His answering to Pilate, for Pilate was evidently very favorably impressed with his prisoner; and if the Saviour had deigned to give a full account of His life, and to prove that instead of being a malefactor He had gone about doing good, might He not have escaped?

The question that Pilate put, "What hast Thou done?" was one which Jesus might have grandly answered: "What have I done? I have fed the hungry, I have healed the sick, I have raised the fallen, I have restored the dead. What have I done? I have lived a self-sacrificing life, caring nothing for myself or my own honor. I have been the vindicator of God and the friend of man. What have I done? Certainly nothing wherefore they could put me to death, but everything why they should accept me as their Leader and their Saviour." We hear not a word of this. The exculpation would have been complete, but it was not spoken.

Yet further, our Lord willed that by being counted as a transgressor by Pilate He might die the death appointed for malefactors by the Roman law. If the Jews had put our Lord to death for blasphemy, it would have been by stoning; but then, none of the prophecies that went before concerning the Messiah spoke of His being dashed to the ground by stones. The death ordained for Him was crucifixion. John says in the eighteenth chapter at the thirty-second verse, "That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which He spake, signifying what death He should die." What was that saying? Is it not the saying in the twelfth chapter of John's gospel at the thirty-second verse, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This He said, signifying what death He should die." Being lifted up from the earth on the cross was a death which could only come from the Romans; the Jews, as I have said before, executed men by stoning; therefore He must be condemned by the Romans that His own words may be fulfilled.

When I think of that word "malefactor," another word leaps to my lips directly. Call Him not *malefactor*, but *benefactor*. What a benefactor must He be who in order to benefit us allows Himself to be branded as a "malefactor!" Only think that He who at this moment sits in the centre of adoring angels should have been called "malefactor;" that He from whose inexhaustible store of goodness all the saints in heaven and on earth are fed should yet be called "malefactor;" that He who never thought of harm to men, but whose very soul is love, whose every word and

thought has been kindness towards this fallen race, should yet be called "malefactor." O earth, how couldst thou bear so grave a lie against the infinite goodness of the Son of God! And yet, forever blessed be His name, He does not hurl back the charge, for that would have been to ruin us. He meekly bears the scandal for our sakes.

Should not this sweeten every title of reproach that can ever fall upon us? What if they call us ill names! They called the Master of the house "malefactor," can they call us anything worse? Shall we look for honor where our Captain found nothing but shame? Wherefore let it be our glory to bear shame and reproach for Jesus's sake. So much for the first accusation.

II. Secondly, when the priests and scribes found that merely calling Him a malefactor was not sufficient, these wretched men changed their tactics, and, according to Luke, they charged Him with setting up to be

A KING.

They said that He wrought sedition, that He forbade to pay tribute unto Cæsar, and made Himself out to be a king. These were three great lies, for Jesus had preached peace, and not sedition; His example was submission, not rebellion; His spirit was that of a servant not that of a turbulent party leader. He had never said that men were not to pay tribute to Cæsar; on the contrary, He had said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and submitted Himself to every ordinance of authority. He had never in their sense set Himself up to be a king; if He had done so, many who were now His accusers might have been His partisans.

And please to notice that this charge of Christ being a king *did not come from the governing power*. When Pilate asked our Lord, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" our Saviour wisely replied, "Sayest thou this of thyself, or did another tell thee of me? Have you any reason to think that I am a leader of sedition? As the governor of this nation you have to watch carefully, for the people are seditious; have you ever seen or heard anything of me that looks like an attack on your authority? Have you anything of your own knowledge that would lead you to bring a charge against me?"

Pilate, knowing nothing whatever against Him, and indeed scorning the idea that he knew anything about the Jewish people, whom he detested, replied haughtily, "Am I a Jew? Your own nation and your own rulers have brought this charge against you, not I." A great point was gained when Pilate said this; the charge was shown to be a mere invention, since the eagle eye of the Roman procurator had never seen the slightest ground for it.

It was a frivolous charge on the very face of it. How could that harmless, forsaken man be a peril to Cæsar? What had the Roman legions to fear from that solitary sufferer? He was too meek and pure to threaten warfare and strife in the domain of Tiberius. Look at Him, and realize the absurdity of the situation. Moreover, it would seem a strange thing that the Jewish people should bring before the Roman governor their own king. Is this the way that subjects treat their monarchs? If He be a leader of sedition He does not seem to have succeeded with His countrymen, for the heads of the people are seeking His death. There could be upon the face of it no chance of danger whatever from rebellion which was so summarily put down by the Jews themselves. If they had not been besotted by their rage, they would themselves have shrunk from so absurd a position.

But yet I want you to note very carefully that *the Lord never denied this charge* in the sense in which He chose to understand it. He first explained what He meant by His being a king, and when He had explained it then He openly confessed that it was even so.

First, I say, *He explained what He meant by being a king*, and notice carefully that He did not explain it away. He said, "My kingdom," and also when Pilate said, "Art Thou a king then?" He said, "Thou sayest that I am a king." He was there and then a real king, and He avowed it without reserve. We are constantly told that the king-

dom of Christ is a spiritual kingdom, and this saying is true; but I would have you take heed that you do not spirit away.

HIS KINGDOM

as if it were only a pious dream. Spiritual or not, the kingdom of Christ on earth is real and powerful. It is real none the less, but all the more, because it may fitly be called spiritual.

You remember the remarkable saying which is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte in his later days at St. Helena: "I have founded a kingdom by force, and it has passed away; but Jesus founded His empire upon love, and therefore it will last forever." Verily, *Napoleon spoke the truth*—Jesus, the right royal Jesus, is Master of innumerable hearts to-day. The world knoweth Him not, but yet He has a kingdom in it which shall ere long *break in pieces all other kingdoms*. True and loyal hearts are to be found among the sons of men, and in them His name still wakes enthusiasm, so that for Him they are prepared to live and die.

Our Lord is *every inch a king*, He has His throne of grace, has His sceptre of truth, His officers who, like Himself, witness to the truth, and His armies of warriors who wrestle not with flesh and blood, and use no carnal weapons, but yet go forth conquering and to conquer. Our Lord has His palace wherein He dwells, His chariot in which He rides, His revenues, though they be not treasures of gold and silver, and His proclamations, which are law in His church. His reigning power affects the destiny of the world at this present moment far more than the counsels of the five great Powers: by the preaching of the truth His servants shape the ages, and set up and cast down the thrones of earth. There is no prince so powerful as Jesus, and no empire so mighty as the kingdom of heaven.

Our Lord also said that His kingdom came not from this world; for that, I take it, is the more correct translation of the passage: "My kingdom is not of this world." It came not from this world; it is a substantial kingdom, but it did not spring from the same sources as the kingdoms of the world, neither is it supported, maintained, or increased by the same power as that which the kingdoms of the world depend upon. Christ's kingdom does not depend upon the force of arms; He would have His followers lay these weapons all aside.

Christ's kingdom does not depend, as earthly kingdoms too often do, upon craft, policy, and duplicity. It used to be said that an ambassador was a gentleman who was *sent abroad to lie* for the good of His country, and I fear it might still describe full many an ambassador. What is the science of diplomacy but the art of deceit? When statesmen are thoroughly honest, and are guided by principle, they are generally suspected, and an outcry is raised that the interests of the country will be sacrificed. But there is *no diplomacy in Christ's rule*; everything like crooked policy is of the devil, and not of Christ. He comes to bear witness to the truth, and it is by the truth, not by force nor by craft, that His throne is established among the sons of men, and therefore it is not from this world.

To be a king is indeed so little wrong in the sight of Jesus that it is the ultimate purpose of His coming to earth. He came to save men, did He not? Yes, but still He says, "For this purpose was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth;" which is another way of saying, "that I might be a king." This is His ultimatum. Christ is a teacher that He may be a king; Christ is an exemplar that He may be a king; Christ is a Saviour that He may be a king; this is the great end and object that He hath in His life, His death, His resurrection, and His second coming—that He may set up a kingdom among the sons of men to the glory of God. Oh that this great object of His mission might be furthered in our time, and consummated speedily in the long-promised age of gold.

Dear hearers, let each one of us ask himself, "Do I belong to His kingdom? Will I have this Man to reign over me? Do I desire to get rid of everything in myself that is not true? Am I anxious to put down around me everything that is false

and wicked? Do I wish to uphold God's laws, for they are truth? Do I desire to spread the principles of love and kindness, for they are truth? Am I willing to learn, and so become the disciple of the greatest of all teachers; and then, am I willing to bear witness to what I have learned, and so spread the sway of truth? If so, then I am of His kingdom.

Poor Pilate, he did not understand our Lord, even as the men of this world understand not the kingdom of Christ. He said to Him, "What is truth?" and without waiting for a reply he went out to the Jews. Ah, brethren, let us never ourselves deny that Jesus is a king; but we shall deny it if we do not live according to His bidding. Oh, you that claim to be Christ's, but do not live according to Christ's laws, you practically deny that He is a king. I dread the men who say, "We believe, and therefore we are saved," and then do not live in holiness; for these divide our Lord's offices, setting up His priesthood and denying His kingship. Half a Christ is no Christ—a Christ who is a priest but never a king is not the Christ of God. Oh brethren, live as those who feel that every word of Jesus is law, and that you must do what He bids you, as He bids you, and because He bids you; and so let all men know that unto you Jesus is both Lord and God.

III. I conclude by noticing

THE ACQUITTAL

which Pilate gave to our Lord Jesus. He had heard the charge of being a malefactor, to which the prisoner pleaded nothing; he had heard the charge of His being a king, which the prisoner had most satisfactorily explained; and now Pilate coming out to the people said, "I find in Him no fault at all." Pilate, thou hast well spoken. Thy verdict is typical of the verdict of all who have ever *examined* Christ. Some have examined Him with an unfriendly eye, but in proportion as they have been candid in the observation of facts, they have been struck with His life and spirit. It is a very rare thing to hear even the infidel rail at the character of Jesus; in fact, some of the foremost sceptics as to our Lord's teaching have been remarkably impressed with admiration of His life.

Let me add that this verdict of Pilate is the verdict of all that have ever *associated* with Christ. One disciple who was with Christ betrayed Him, but He spoke nothing against Him. Nay, the last witness of Judas before he hanged himself was this: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." If there had been a fault in Jesus, the traitor would have spied it out; his unquiet conscience would have been glad enough to find therein a sedative, but even he was compelled to say, "I have betrayed the innocent blood."

Some of us have *lived with Christ spiritually*. In the course of His providence He has brought some of us very low by sickness, or by bereavement, or loss. Every one saved by our Lord has come under the discipline of His house, for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Now, what is the verdict of all here present who know Jesus, our king? For my part, I find no fault at all in Him. He is everything that is lovely. He is all my salvation and all my desire.

Do you not think that out of the millions of Christians who have lived hoping in Christ some one would have told us if it is His habit to disappoint His people? Out of so many believers who dwell with Him surely some one or other of them, when they came to die, would have told us if He is not all that He professes to be. Would not some one or other have confessed, "I trusted in Christ and He has not delivered me; it is all a delusion? He cannot save, He cannot help, He cannot deliver." But never one dying believer throughout the ages has spoken ill of Him, but all have said, "We find no fault at all in Him."

Mark you, that will be the verdict of every one among you all. If any of you reject Christ, when you shall stand at His judgment-seat to be condemned because you believe not on Him, and when that withering word, "Depart, ye cursed!" shall consign you to your everlasting portion, you shall then be obliged to say, "I find no fault at all in Him." There was no failure in His blood, the

failure was in my want of faith; no failure in His Spirit—the failure was in my obstinate will; no failure in His promise—the failure was that I would not receive Him; there was no fault at all in Him. He never spurned me. He never refused to hear my prayers. From all parts of creation shall go up one general attestation to His perfection. Heaven and earth and hell shall all join the common verdict, "We find no fault at all in Him."

I will send you away when I give you

THREE PRACTICAL WORDS

to think of. The first is this: *Beware of an external religion*, for the men that called Jesus malefactor and falsely accused Him were very religious people, and would not go into Pilate's hall for fear of polluting themselves. They were strong in rituals, but weak in morals. None are so inveterate against the principles of the Gospel as those whose religion consists in form and ceremony but does not affect their hearts. I charge you rend your hearts and not your garments. Follow Christ spiritually; follow Christ in your very souls, or else sacraments will be your ruin, and even in trying to keep yourselves from ceremonial defilement you will be defiling yourselves with hypocrisy.

The next thing is to charge you, dear friends, and to charge myself also, to *shun all proud worldliness* like that of Pilate. Pilate treats the whole matter cavalierly; he is a proud and haughty Roman; he hates the people whom he governs, and though he has a conscience, and at the first he shows a tenderness toward his prisoner, yet his chief end and aim was to keep his office and amass money, and therefore innocent blood must be spilt. He must please the Jews, even if he murder the "Just One." This selfish worldliness in which a man makes his gold and himself his god always treats religion with contempt. The man minds the main chance, and sneeringly cries, "What is truth?" He knows what money is and what power is, but what is truth? It is a dream, a folly to him, and he despises it.

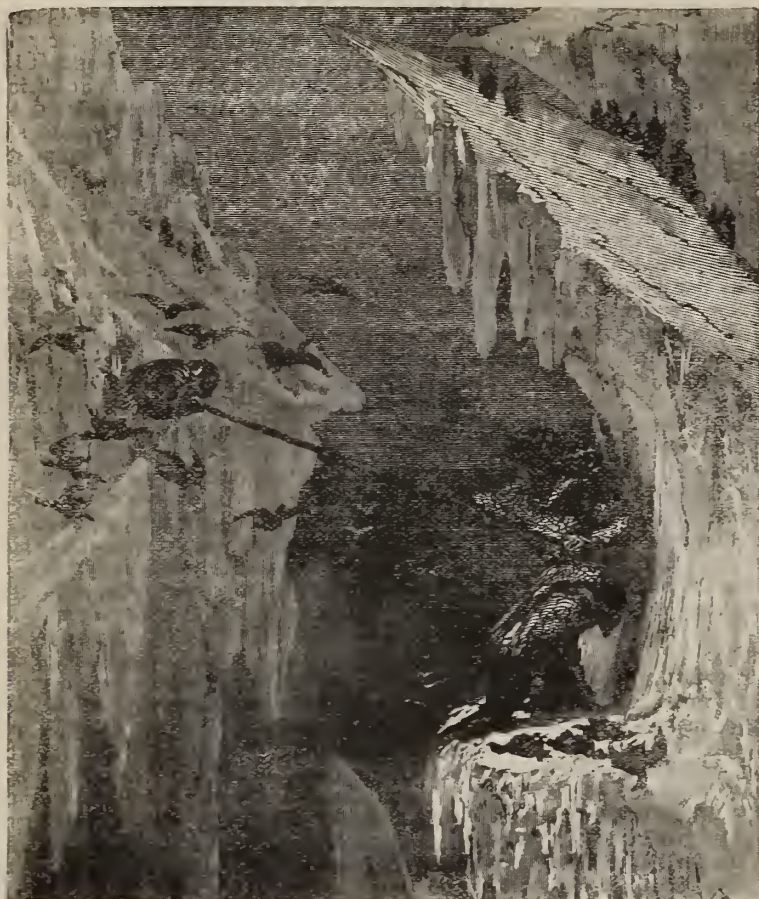
There are persons around us now, clever time-serving men, with grand notions of their own abilities, and to them Jesus and His Gospel are matters for old women, servant girls, and what they call a Puritan crew. Such topics are not for gentlemen of thought, culture, and understanding, like their high and mighty selves. "What is truth?" say they. They are rather favorably inclined to religion; that is to say, they do not persecute, but they despise, which in some respects is worse. They say, "*We are agnostics*"; we have no particular views; we are large-hearted, and let every man think as he chooses, but still there is nothing in it; it is all matter of opinion.

"For differing creeds let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

This is this great man's conclusion of the matter, and yet it so happens that this gentleman's life is not in the right at all, and therefore on his own showing he has not much joy of his pretty rhyme. I think I see him as he turns on his heel with, "What is truth?" Let him be a warning to you. Come not near to such arrogant trifling.

Last of all, let us all submit ourselves to Jesus our King. Wayworn and weary, emaciated and broken down, with His face more marred than that of any man, yet let us bow before Him and say, "All hail, Thou King of the Jews! Thou art our King forever and ever." If we are willing thus to acknowledge Him as our King in His shame and derision He will by-and-by honor us when He cometh in the glory of the Father, and all His holy angels with Him. Then shall He cause it to be seen that He hath made us who follow Him to be kings and priests unto God, and we shall reign with Him forever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Esquimaux Spearing Wild Ducks.



Ploughing with an Elephant in India.

ESQUIMAUX SPEARING WILD DUCKS.

TRAVELLERS in Greenland describe the hunting of the wild duck, conducted as it is after the ancient fashion depicted above, as one of the most exciting and interesting pursuits. The Esquimaux seem to have the agility of goats, and when in search of game they climb to places which appear to the unaccustomed eye of the traveller as wholly inaccessible. There standing on ledges covered with ice they poise themselves so securely that they can use the unwieldy spears with which they strike their game. These spears, or harpoons, are all constructed on a most ingenious plan. *One of them—the bird spear—used in such places as the one here depicted, has several supplementary points projecting from both sides, so that if they should miss the bird with the main point they have a chance of striking it by a supplementary one. An inflated bladder is sometimes attached to the end of the spear to relieve the weight of the spear and to assist them in their work.*

Greenland, with a climate cold and cheerless beyond measure, and a soil sterile almost as the flinty rock, was the last place where one would have thought European missionaries would have planted themselves. But to these dreary regions the devoted Hans Egede went in 1721, and labored with a moral heroism worthy of all honor. He was followed several years afterwards by the self-denying *Moravian* missionaries, whose praise is in all the churches. Unpromising as were the materials on which they had to operate, a pleasing measure of success has been achieved, over which all friends of missions rejoice. The "Brethren" will not be in much danger of competition in their arduous work, but other Christian communities who may not be able to send forth laborers to share in their toil and sufferings, may sustain them by their sympathy, prayers, and contributions.

The unevangelized Greenlanders are said to live in a perfect atmosphere of gods. In every wind that blows he hears spirits; in the darkness of the night their whispers reach him; every animal has its guardian angel; the aurora as it lights up the snow is supposed to be the spirits of the dead fighting in the air. Their heaven is "a something better than this world, a region where men revel in plenty of land-ice, with seals and reindeer in abundance,

where blubber never fails, and hunger is unknown."

How much, therefore, do these hardy dwellers in the icy regions of the north need the labors of zealous missionaries who will, despite the difficulties of the work, carry to them the good news of salvation through Christ.

A STRICKEN FATHER'S STRUGGLE.

"I CANNOT, will not spare you," said a father as he stood beside the dying bed of his only daughter. He was wealthy and had summoned the most eminent physicians he knew to prescribe for his beloved child. They had consulted and had done all they could for her, but without avail. The terrible words had been spoken, "We can do no more; she will die. *There is no hope.*"

To the patient herself the fiat was not so overwhelming as to her father. She would like to have lived, for life seemed very bright before her. Her father's love, and his riches had made her lot a pleasant one and it seemed hard to leave it. Beside that he was a widower, and she knew that when she was laid in the tomb his heart would be desolate. She had no fear of the future for herself. She had given her heart to the Saviour and trusted in Him for eternal life. The nurse who attended her in her illness had been her attendant from the day when a mother's death left her a helpless orphaned infant. She was a good Christian woman, and her prayers day and night had been for the conversion of her charge; and they had been answered. She stood now just outside the door, not wishing to disturb this sad interview between father and daughter.

Such an inward struggle as was going on in that man's breast was hard to witness, and it was the more acute because he rejected the only comfort that could have served him in his dire need. He rebelled against God and called this act of His Providence a cruel one. But after many days, during which he never left the sick room, his heart was softened. It seemed as if God granted to His dying child special power of intercession. Her one prayer was not for herself but for her father, and her constant petition that this heavy trouble might open his heart to the truth. Her prayer,

was answered. On the morning of the day on which she died she had the happiness of hearing from her father's lips the words: "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done;" "no sound could have been more welcome to her ears, for she knew that a heart so softened into acquiescence would surely be given to the Lord. It was so. Before his daughter's corpse was consigned to the tomb he had the assurance that he was accepted in the beloved, and rejoiced in hope of a reunion in the land beyond the grave.

ELEPHANTS AND THEIR WAYS.

OUR acquaintance with these unwieldy animals is confined to visits to menageries. In Northern India it is not uncommon to see them engaged in useful occupations and not as mere exhibitions. A missionary travelling in the outlying districts of India on the back of an elephant is not an unusual sight. For although the elephant is heavy and unwieldy, sometimes weighing six or seven thousand pounds, he is, nevertheless, as Bernier says, "sure-footed, feeling his way when the road is difficult and dangerous, taking a firm hold by one foot before moving another."

A native Rajah now and then comes into Calcutta upon some mission to the British authorities, riding in a magnificent howdah, with his elephant covered with brilliant trappings; but generally this stately animal is used for the conveyance of the manifold servants who wait upon the rich in India; or he is laden with tents and tent-poles, or with water-bottles, pots, saucepans, and every other paraphernalia of the kitchen, slung about his body in all directions. His appearance then is somewhat more ludicrous than dignified.

As seen in the accompanying picture, the elephant is often trained to agricultural purposes. Its great strength is of much value in ploughing, at which work it is able to accomplish more than a large team of oxen or horses.

An elephant's love for his home and his mate has within the last few days involved a lawsuit. *Mr. P. T. Barnum*, the well-known American showman, purchased from the Trustees of the Zoological Gardens in London about a month ago

"JUMBO," the great African elephant, for \$10,000. The New

York *Herald* thus describes what followed: "The agents arrived and constructed a large box in which to convey the elephant to Millwall Docks, his passage having been taken in the Persian Monarch. The trolley which carried the box had to be sunk into the ground so that the elephant could walk into it. This, however, he declined to do. Ultimately his fore legs were got to the front of the box, but he would not enter further. He was from time to time walked about and led and re-led to the box, but without any influence on his determination. This was on Saturday evening, and as the elephant had to be on board the Persian Monarch next morning the tactics were changed.

"At midnight eight horses were ordered to take the trolley and box to Millwall Docks, where they were to be left under the crane. The elephant was to be made to walk to the steamer, and then it was hoped, being tired after his march, he would enter the box for rest. As soon, however, as the elephant got into the road he refused to proceed, and lay down. Then came one of the most pathetic scenes in which a 'dumb' animal was ever the chief actor. The poor brute moaned sadly and *appealed in all but human words to his keeper, embracing the man with his trunk, and actually kneeling before him.* Jumbo's cries were soon heard in the elephant house, where poor Alice, his 'little wife,' as she is called, was seized with alarm and grief, so that every note of sorrow from the kneeling elephant in the road had its response within the gardens.

"At sound of Alice's increasing lamentations Jumbo became almost frantic and flung himself down on his side. All who knew the beast were by this time convinced that, even could he be persuaded to march a little distance, some new alarm would again arrest his progress, perhaps at a more inconvenient stage of the road. Jumbo, having risen from the roadway, accompanied his keeper willingly back to the elephant house, where on his return the joy of Alice knew no bounds, her delight being expressed by clumsy gambols round her compartment."

Many English visitors to the gardens begged that the elephant might be permitted to remain, and Mr. Barnum was asked by cable if he would forego his bargain. He, however, having bought the animal declined to give him up. So pertinacious was the opposition to the removal taking place that an application was made to Chancery, and an injunction delaying his removal was obtained.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.
A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 159.)

Taking Orders.

FELICITA's pale face and closed eyes, the expression of unutterable perplexity and anguish in her knitted brows and quivering lips, filled Felix with wonder and grief. He had risen from his kneeling posture at her feet, and now he drew her beloved



A Stricken Father's Agony.

head on to his breast, and held her in a firm and loving grasp.

"I would not grieve or pain you for worlds," he said falteringly, "nor would Alice. I love you better than myself; as much as I love her. We will talk of it another day, mother."

She pressed close to him, and he felt her arms strained about him as if she could not hold him near enough to her heart. It seemed to him as if she was striving to draw him into the very heart of her motherhood; but she knew how deep the gulf was between her and him, and shuddered at her own loneliness.

"It is losing you, my son," she whispered with her quivering lips.

"No, no," he said eagerly; "it is not losing me, but finding another child. Don't take a gloomy view of it, mother. I shall be as happy as my father was with you."

He could not keep himself from thinking of his father, or of speaking of him. He understood more perfectly now what his father's worship of his mother had been; the tenderness of a stronger being towards a weaker one, blended with the chivalrous homage of a generous nature to the one woman chosen to represent all womanhood. There was a keener trouble to him to-night, than before, in the thought that his mother was a widow.

"Leave me now, Felix," she said, loosing him from her close embrace, and shutting her eyes from the sight of him. "Do not let any one come to me again to-night. I must be alone."

But when she was alone it was only to let her thoughts whirl round and round in one monotonous circle. If Roland was dead her secret was safe, and Felix might be happy. If he was not dead, Felix must not marry Alice Pascal. There had been an unconscious and vague feeling in her heart that her son loved her too passionately to be easily pleased by any girl; and, almost unawares to herself, she had been in the habit of comparing her own attractions and loveliness with those of the younger women who crossed his path. There was no personal vanity in the calm conviction she possessed that Felix had never seen a woman more

beautiful and fascinating than the mother he had always admired with so much enthusiasm.

When the morning came, and Canon Pascal made his appearance, Felicitia received him in her library, apparently composed, but grave and almost stern in her manner. They were old friends; but the friendship on his side was warm and genial, while on hers it was cold and reserved. He lost no time in beginning on the subject which had brought him to her.

"My dear Felicitia," he said, "Felix tells me he had some talk with you last night. What do you think of our young people?"

"What does Alice say?" she asked.

"Oh, Alice!" he answered in an amused yet tender tone; "she would be of one mind with Felix. There is something beautiful in the innocent, unworldly love of children like these, who are ready to

built a nest under any eaves. Felicitia, you do not disapprove of it?"

"I cannot disapprove of Alice," she replied gloomily; "but I do disapprove of Felix marrying so young. A man should not marry under thirty."

"Thirty!" echoed Canon Pascal; "that would be in seven years. It is a long time; but if they do not object I should not. I'm in no hurry to lose my daughter. But they will not wait so long."

"Do not let them be engaged yet," she said in hurried and sad tones. "They may see others whom they would love more. Early marriages and long engagements are both bad. Tell them from me that it is better for them to be free a while longer, till they know themselves and the world better. I would rather Felix and Hilda never married. When I see Phebe so free from all the gnawing cares and anxieties of this life, and so joyous in her freedom, I wish to heaven I could have had a single life like hers."

"Why! Felicitia!" he exclaimed; "this is morbid. You have never forgiven God for taking away your husband. You have been keeping a grudge against Him all these years of your widowhood."

"No, no!" she interrupted; "it is not that. They married me too soon, my uncle and Mr. Sefton. I never loved Roland as I ought. Oh! if I had loved him, how different my life would have been, and his!"

Her voice faltered and broke into deep sobs, which cut off all further speech. For a few minutes Canon Pascal endeavored to reason with her and comfort her, but in vain. At length he quietly went away and sent Phebe to her. There could be no more discussion of the subject for the present.

The darkness that had dwelt so long in the heart of Felicitia began now to cast its gloom over the whole household. A sharp attack of illness, which followed immediately upon her great and inexplicable agitation, caused great consternation to her friends, and above all to Felix.

All further mention of his love for Alice was out of the question now for Felix. Bitter as silence was, it was imperative; for as long as his mother's objections and prejudices were not overcome, Canon Pascal would not hear of any closer tie than that which already existed being formed between the young people. He had, however, the comfort of believing that Alice had heard so much of what had passed from her mother, as that she knew he loved her, and had owned his love to her father. There was a subtle change in her manner towards him; she was more silent in his presence, and there was a tremulous tone in her voice at times when she spoke to him, yet she lingered beside him, and listened more closely to all he had to say; and when they left Westminster to return to their country rectory the tears glistened in her eyes as they had never done before when he bade her good-bye.

"Come and see us as soon as it will not vex your mother, my boy," said Canon Pascal; "you may always think of our home as your home."

The only person who was not perplexed by Felicita's inexplicable conduct and her illness, was Phebe Marlowe, who believed that she knew the cause, and was drawn closer to her in the deepest sympathy and pity. It seemed to Phebe that Felicita was creating the obstacle, which existed chiefly in her fancy; and with her usual frankness and directness she went to Canon Pascal's abode in the Cloisters at Westminster, to tell him simply what she thought.

"I want to ask you," she said, with her clear, honest gaze fastened on his face, "if you know why Mrs. Sefton left Riversborough thirteen years ago?"

"Partly," he answered; "my wife is a Riversford, you know, Felicita's second or third cousin. There was some painful suspicion attaching to Roland Sefton."

"Yes," answered Phebe sadly.

"Was it not quite cleared up?" asked Canon Pascal.

Phebe shook her head.

"We heard," he went on, "that it was believed Roland Sefton's confidential clerk was the actual culprit; and Sefton himself was only guilty of negligence. Mr. Clifford himself told Lord Riversford that Sefton was gone away on a long holiday, and might not be back for months; and something of the same kind was put forth in a circular issued from the Old Bank. I had one sent to me; for some little business of my wife's was in the hands of the firm. I recollect thinking it was an odd affair, but it passed out of my mind; and the poor fellow's death quite obliterated all accusing surmises against him."

"That is the scruple in Felicita's mind," said Phebe in a sorrowful tone; "she feels that you ought to know everything before you consent to Alice marrying Felix, and she cannot bring herself to speak of it."

"But how morbid that is!" he answered; "as if I did not know Felix, every thought of him, and every motion of his soul! His father was a careless, negligent man. He was nothing worse, was he, Phebe?"

"He was the best friend I ever had," she answered earnestly, though her face grew pale, and her eyelids drooped, "I owe all I am to him. But it was not Acton who was guilty. It was Felix and Hilda's father."

"And Felicita knew it?" he exclaimed.

"She knew nothing about it until I told her," answered Phebe. "Roland Sefton came to me when he was trying to escape out of the country, and my father and I helped him to get away. He told me all; and oh! he was not so much to blame as you might think. But he was guilty of the crime; and if he had been taken he would have been sent to jail. I would have died sooner than let him be taken to jail."

"If I had only known this from the beginning!" said Canon Pascal.

"What would you have done?" asked Phebe eagerly. "Would you have refused to take Felix into your home? He has done no wrong. Hilda has done no wrong. There would have been disgrace and shame for them if their father had been

sent to jail; but his death saved them from all danger of that. Nobody would ever speak a word against Roland Sefton now. Yet this is what is preying on Felicita's mind. If she was sure you knew all, and still consented to Felix marrying Alice, she would be at peace again. And I too think you ought to know all. But you will not visit the sins of the father upon the son—"

"Divine providence does so," he interrupted; "if the fathers eat sour grapes the teeth of the sons are set on edge. Phebe, Phebe, that is only too true."

"But Roland's death set the children free from the curse," answered Phebe, weeping. "If he had been arrested, they would have gone away to some foreign land where they were not known; or even if he had not died, we must have done differently from what we have done. But there is no one now to bring this condemnation against them. Even old Mr. Clifford has more than forgiven Roland; and if possible would have the time over again, that he might act so as to reinstate him in his position. No one in the world bears a grudge against Roland."

"I'm not hard-hearted, God knows," he answered, "but no man likes to give his child to the son of a felon, convicted or unconvicted."

"Then I have done harm by telling you," said Phebe.

"No, no; you have done rightly," he replied, "it was good for me to know the truth. We will let things be for awhile. And yet," he added, his grave, stern face softening a little, "if it would be good for Felicita, tell her that I know all, and that after a battle or two with myself, I am sure to yield. I could not see Alice unhappy; and that had holds her heart in his hands. After all she too must bear her part in the sins of the world."

But though Phebe watched for an opportunity for telling Felicita what she had done, no chance came. If Felicita had been reserved before, she enclosed herself in almost unbroken silence now. During her illness she had been on the verge of delirium; and then she had shut her lips with a stern determination, which even her weak and fevered brain could not betray. She had once begged Phebe, if she grew really delirious, to dismiss all other attendants, so that no ear but hers might hear her wanderings; but this emergency had not arisen. And since then she had sunk more and more into a stern silence.

Felix had left home, and entered into his lodgings, taking his father's portrait with him. He was not so far from home but that he either visited it, or received visitors from it, almost every day. His mother's illness troubled him; or otherwise the change in his life, his first step in independent manhood, would have been one of great happiness to him. He did not feel any deep misgivings as to Alice, and the blessedness of the future with her; and in the meantime, while he was waiting, there was his work to do.

He had taken orders, not from ambition or any hope of worldly gain, those lay quite apart from the part he had chosen, but from the simple desire of fighting as best he might against the growing vices and miseries of civilization. Step for step with the ever-increasing luxury of the rich he saw marching beside it the gaunt degradation of the poor. The life of refined self-indulgence in the one class was caricatured by a loathsome self-indulgence in the other. On the one hand he saw, young as he was, something of the languor and weariness of life of those who have nothing to do, and from satiety have little to hope or to fear; and on the other the ignorance and want which deprived both mind and body of all healthful activity, and in the pressure of utter need left but little scope for hope or fear. He fancied that such civilization sank its victims into deeper depths of misery than those of barbarism.

Before him seemed to lie a huge, weltering mass of slime, a very quagmire of foulness and miasma, in the depths and darkness of which he could dimly discern the innumerable coils of a deadly dragon, breathing forth poison and death into the air, which those beloved of God and himself must breathe, and crushing in its pestilential folds the bodies and souls of immortal men. He was one of the young

St. Michaels called by God to give combat to that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which was deceiving the whole world.

(To be continued.)

A COMING WONDER.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 159.)

Dr. Bonar's Exposition—The Time of Unequalled Tribulation—A French National Decree—Napoleon's Successor—The Division of the Roman Earth—The Legs of Daniel's Image—Dr. Brooks on the Elements of Interpretation—Napoleon and the Jews—Alison's Account of the Sanhedrim—Jewish Writers on the Event—Dr. Kellsall's Views.

DR. ANDREW BONAR thus continues his observations: "The last half of the seven years, when the covenant has been broken, are the times of the *unequalled tribulation*, of which so much is said in Scripture. God has mercifully shortened those days, and told His people in every different mode of expressing it what the limit is; viz. 'the midst of the week, or hebdomad of seven years, that is, *three years and a half*;' the '1260 days;' the '42 months;' the 'time, times, and half a time;'† all expressing exactly the same duration, and all, if taken with the context, pointing distinctly to the same dreadful period." "During it God will raise up Two Witnesses, doubtless individual men from what is said of them, whom he will miraculously protect during the three and a half years of their testimony, inasmuch as he has never left himself without a witness on the earth." (Daniel 7: 25; 9: 27; 12: 7; Rev. 11: 2, 3; 12: 6, 14; 13: 5; Acts 14: 17.)

"In France, before the revolution of 1793, a well-known 'falling away' or 'apostasy' occurred following upon the doctrines taught by Voltaire, when a *national decree* was passed that *death was a perpetual sleep*. The scenes of the Reign of Terror which followed, showed what man will dare to do if left to himself, and called forth Napoleon Bonaparte, who showed the features of the Antichrist, flattering at first the system he found prevailing, while using it all the while to establish himself in power. . . . So the Antichrist will not at his first appearance shock the prejudices of those whose faith he at last overthrows, for he is to come in 'by flatteries.' (Dan. 11: 21.)

"In France Napoleon Bonaparte was a Roman Catholic, and in Egypt a worshipper of Mahomet, till finding himself, *as by and by Antichrist will do*, fairly established in power, he dropped the deception under which he had entered, proclaiming himself the monarch and only source of authority. 'La France! c'est moi,' was the laconic way in which he announced it. What

THE SUCCESSOR TO HIS NAME

may be raised up to accomplish is yet to be seen, but already the tendency is clearly toward a still more *extensive development* of the clay-iron principle of government which is to prevail in both feet of the image, *before* the ten toes of it are developed. Such an instance as this, should cause us to ponder well, when we read of a still *future and more fearful 'falling away'*, which to distinguish it from others, in the original is styled emphatically 'the apostasy,' (ἡ ἀποστασία,) 2 Thess. 2: 3, with the revealing after or *out of it* of 'that man of sin, the son of perdition, who will oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.'

"We are told in Daniel 7: 24, that the ten horns out of this kingdom (the Roman Empire) are ten kings that shall arise, and another (the little horn) shall rise *after* them. The ten kingdoms must therefore appear *before* Antichrist, inasmuch as he rises *after* them. . . . The remarkable division of the Roman earth into ten kingdoms has *not yet taken place*, and the Antichrist, who rises *after* them, is of necessity future also. The limits of the Roman earth are sufficiently known to all; and no

* An extract from "Forty Coming Wonders," By Rev. M. Baxter. Obtainable from the American News Company and all Booksellers. Price, 7s.

† Rev. 11: 2, 3; 12: 6, 14, 13: 5; Dan. 7: 25; 12: 7.

division of it, which does not include the *whole*, can be said to have fulfilled its division into the ten *foes* or kingdoms predicted at the time of the end. The *iron legs* of Daniel's prophetic image (Dan. 2 : 31-45) mean the Eastern and Western divisions of the Roman Empire, and the Eastern embraces the portion most important in Bible history, namely, the Holy Land, Syria, Egypt, Turkey and Greece. . . . In Daniel 7 Antichrist is foreshown rising out of the ten kingdoms into which the Roman Empire will then have been divided, while in Daniel 8 he is shown as rising out of the four horns* or kingdoms into which the Grecian Empire was divided under Alexander the Great's generals (namely Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt). In this there is no discrepancy, for the Roman Empire received its most valuable additions from the territories which it wrested from those successors of Alexander; all therefore will be accomplished should Antichrist rise out of the *Grecian portion* of the Roman earth in the latter time of their kingdom when the transgressors are come to the full (Dan. 8 : 23)."

The Rev. J. Brooks, a learned expositor, states, in his Elements of Prophetic Interpretation, that "The Fathers of antiquity, who, at least, were acquainted with the earlier traditions of the church on the subject, thought that the Jews would be restored to Palestine in an unconverted state by means of human policy, and that they would be the first to declare for Antichrist, who would, in the first instance, rebuild the city and temple of Jerusalem, and then cajole them by flatteries, and impose upon them by spurious miracles, and that the Jews will deceive themselves with the hope that the kingdom of Israel will be restored by his means to its former splendor."

"In regard to the numerous promises of Scripture, which have given rise to the expectation that the posterity of Abraham, according to the flesh, shall be restored in their national character, as Jews or Israelites, to the land of their forefathers, *with scarcely any exception*, the eminent Fathers and expositors of the church have interpreted these prophecies as having respect to a literal or national restoration."

The prospect of some Napoleon taking the Jews under his patronage, and helping them to recover possession of their long-lost fatherland, is rendered the more probable from the example set by Napoleon I., who, in May, 1806, issued a decree for a Convention of Jewish Deputies to meet at Paris in the following July. It was decided at this Convention, at the emperor's suggestion, that a Grand Sanhedrim should assemble in Paris, on February 9th, 1807. The proposed Sanhedrim was held, and the Deputies left Paris in the following June, 1807, after 1800 francs—about \$360 sterling—had been paid to each of them for their expenses by the Minister of the Interior. The terms of their relief from many civil disabilities were settled, and important rights and privileges were granted to them, not only in France, but in other places as well, as, for instance, in Frankfurt, where, until August, 1806, they were confined to the most unhealthy and unclean quarter of the city, and a notice was fixed in the public gardens and walks of the city, "Jews and swine are not admitted here."

THE SANHEDRIM.

The historian Alison thus refers to this convention in his "History of Europe" (vol. vii. p. 494, and vol. x. p. 418):

"Early in March, 1807, a grand convocation of the Jews assembled in Paris, in pursuance of the commands of Napoleon, issued in the July preceding. Seventy-one doctors and chiefs of that ancient nation attended this great assembly, the first meeting of the kind which had occurred since the dispersion of the Israelites on the capture of Jerusalem. For 1700 years the children of Israel had sojourned as strangers in foreign realms; reviled, oppressed, persecuted, without a capital, without a government, without a home, far from the tombs of their forefathers, banished from the land of their ances-

tors; but preserving unimpaired amid all their calamities, their traditions, their usages, their faith; exhibiting in every nation of the earth a lasting miracle to attest the verity of the Christian prophecies."

"On this occasion, the great Sanhedrim, or assembly, published the results of their deliberations in a variety of statutes and declarations, calculated to remove from the Israelites a portion of that odium under which they had so long labored in all the nations of Christendom; and Napoleon, in return, took them under his protection, and, under certain modifications, admitted them to the privileges of his empire."

"This first approach to a reunion and settlement of the Jews, impossible under any other circumstances but the rule of so great a conqueror as Napoleon, is very remarkable. The immediate cause of it, doubtless, was the desire of the emperor to secure the support of so numerous and opulent a body as the Jews of Old Prussia, Poland, and the southern provinces of Russia, which was of great importance in the contest in which he was engaged; but it is impossible not to see in its result a step in the development of Christian prophecy. And thus, from the mysterious manner in which the wisdom of Providence makes the wickedness and passions of men to work out its great designs for the government of human affairs, did the French Revolution, which, nursed in infidelity and crime, set out with the abolition of Christian worship, and the open denial of God by a whole nation, in its secondary results lead to the first great step which had occurred in modern Europe to the reassembling of the Jews, so early foretold by our Saviour."

"And it will appear, in the sequel, that in its ultimate effects it is destined, to all human appearance, by the irresistible strength which it has given to the British navy, and the vast impulse which it has communicated to the Russian army, to lead to the wresting of Jerusalem from the hands of the infidels, and the spread of the Christian faith alike over the forests of the New and the deserts of the Old World."

"The Jews, that peculiar people, whose fate is bound up by supreme agency, alike with the last as the first ages of the world, have risen in the last times to extraordinary power and importance. Already their interests, as the great capitalists of nations, rule the internal policy of England, under the specious guise of free trade, and a safe currency; their influence, as the bankers of government, is felt in every capital of Europe; and their power, constantly increasing with the augmentation of wealth, is everywhere, in modern Europe, for good or for evil, substituting, as in ancient Rome, the influence of accumulated riches for the old aristocracy of the land."

In a book published in 1807, called "Causes and Consequences of the French Emperor's Conduct towards the Jews," full particulars are given of this Sanhedrim in Paris in 1807. Its writer states, "It cannot be concealed that the Jews of this Sanhedrim acknowledge the Head of the French Government as their *Deliverer* and the *Great Prince predicted in the sacred writings*, and they have shown a disposition to persuade themselves that he is the promised Messiah predicted by the ancient prophets." A noted Jewish writer, M. Jacobsohn, in his Letter to the French Emperor at that time, said, "I belong to that people who expected in you their Saviour, and who in you, Sire, have found him."

A. M. Crouzet wrote a metrical translation of the second Psalm, making it a panegyric upon the emperor. And in the Jewish festival, on August 15th, 1806, the cyphers of Napoleon and Josephine were blended with the letters expressing the name of Jehovah, and the imperial eagle was placed over the Sacred Ark, which is said to have given offence to some, as a profanation. At the same period a pamphlet appeared in Paris, and was advertised in the *Moniteur*, *Who is this* (meaning the emperor) *but an Israelitish Christian?* The speeches of some of the Deputies to the Sanhedrim were in the highest degree adulatory to Napoleon I., and foreshadowed the eulogies which will be expressed regarding the coming Napoleon when he shall enter

into a covenant with the Jews for seven years to promote their resettlement in Palestine.

DR. HENRY KELSALL,

in his book "The Antichrist," published in 1846, observed upon Daniel 8:

"Alexander the Great fulfilled the prophecy of the *notable horn* on the head of the He Goat—the Grecian Empire—in Daniel 8 : 5. 6. 7. 21, and four kingdoms arose out of his conquests, none of which were governed by his posterity; for 1. *Ptolemy* became King of *Egypt* and *Judea*; 2. *Seleucus* King of *Syria*; 3. *Lysimachus* King of *Thrace* and *Bithynia*; 4. *Cassander* King of *Macedonia* and *Greece*. This quadruple or fourfold division of Alexander's Grecian Empire, as predicted by the four horns on the goat in Daniel 8 : 8, 22, corresponds with the four-winged leopard of Daniel 7 : 6, and so far the two visions are parallel; but in chapter 8 Daniel, after describing the Grecian Empire, passes entirely over the fourth beast with ten horns of chapter 7, the Roman Empire, which succeeded the Grecian Empire; and abruptly proceeds to speak of the 'Time of the End.' Here therefore there is a *break or chasm* in the thread of the prophecy which has continued from the time of the fourfold division of the Grecian Empire up to the present year 1845."

"At verses 9 and 23 the thread of prophecy is resumed with the prediction of things which will occur in Jerusalem at the 'Time of the End' (verse 9). 'And out of one of them (the four horns) came forth a *little horn*, which waxed exceedingly great toward the South and toward the East and toward the pleasant land,' etc. (verses 22-3). Now the great horn being broken, whereas four horns stood up for it, four kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power. And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance and understanding such sentences (the little horn) shall stand up, etc."

"This 'little horn' is here described as *arising out of one of the four horns of the Grecian Empire*. This limits the place of his first appearance to the Eastern Limb of the Roman Empire. The quadruply divided Grecian Empire was included territorially in the Roman Empire, and when the final settlement of the latter into ten kingdoms takes place, the four ancient Grecian kingdoms, viz., 1. Egypt with Judea; 2. Syria; 3. Thrace and Bithynia; 4. Macedonia and Greece, will most likely be restored and make four of the ten. Out of one of these four kingdoms Antichrist will arise as a little horn, and not from any part of the Roman Empire, which extended beyond the limits of Alexander's Grecian Empire."

"This little horn in Daniel 8, where his connection with the Jews and Jerusalem is detailed, is the same as the little horn in Daniel 7, which describes his connection with the wide scope of the Gentile prophecies in these words: 'The ten horns are ten kings which shall arise, and another (the little horn) shall arise after them and shall subdue three kings' (Dan. 7 : 24). These are ten co-existing kingdoms. When the tenfold division of the Roman earth shall have been finally settled, then Antichrist shall make his appearance (as a *horn* or sovereign) among the ten kingdoms."

"Ireland was never brought within the limits of the Roman Empire and probably does not come within the scope of the prophecy. The present course of events in that Island indicates that its separation from England may hereafter take place."

"Belgium was within the limits of the Roman earth; the principal part of Holland was not, and in 1832 they were separated. The restoration of the kingdom of Greece in 1827 is also worthy of observation. It seems as if the ten kingdoms were gradually developing themselves. . . . The ten toes of the image seen in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which are partly of iron and partly of clay, signify that the Roman Empire will be divided into ten kingdoms; the clay-iron denotes a heterogeneous mixture of strength and weakness, i.e. kingly power combined with democratic opposition to that power—monarchs limited as to the exercise of their power by the will of the people."

* That "a horn" in the days of Babylon was used as the emblem of kingly rank may be witnessed in the Nineveh sculptures in the British Museum, where the "horns" on their head-dress or caps are seen distinctly denoting the monarch from his attendants.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

MacLean, the Man who Attempted to Assassinate the Queen of England, has been charged with high treason and remanded for trial. The solicitor of his family writes that he possesses certificates of eminent physicians of the existence of mental aberration in the prisoner of long standing, and that he has no hesitation in saying that there will be no difficulty in establishing the fact of his insanity. He adds that the prisoner is the same person who attempted to wreck a railway train in 1874, and that he was formerly confined in the Wells Asylum. He has also been identified as a man who, last summer, frequented the vicinity of Windsor Castle and acted in a suspicious manner. The Queen's private secretary has written the following note to our Minister in London in reply to the message Mr. Lowell forwarded her from Secretary Frelinghuysen: "Dear Mr. Lowell: I received your telegram to-day and gave it to the Queen, who was very much touched by the kind feeling shown. I felt that the expression of one nation to another was rather too important for me to answer, and therefore gave it to Lord Granville with the Queen's request that he would convey her most hearty thanks for this telegram." Lord Granville's letter was as follows: "My dear Mr. Lowell: I have just received a message from the Queen desiring me to convey Her Majesty's acknowledgments for the congratulations you offered on behalf of the President and people of the United States and to express her hearty thanks for the kind feeling manifested toward Her Majesty. Yours very sincerely, GRANVILLE."

A New King has been Added to the European family of monarchs. The principality of Servia, carved out of the territories of Turkey by the Berlin Congress, has been made into a kingdom, and its ruler, Prince Milan, proclaimed king under the title of Milan I. The elevation is looked upon in Europe as an omen of future trouble. The king is a protégé of Austria, while a large part of his subjects are the friends of Russia. This latter party was opposed to the proclamation of Milan as a king, and is deeply offended by it. If the mere change of title should precipitate a civil conflict the king may have cause to wish he had been content with his more modest title, especially if Austria and Russia take a hand in the fight. This is not improbable, as the great nations of Europe clearly understand the advantages of choosing the territory of some weak neighbor as a battlefield instead of having the struggle within their own borders.

The Condition of Ireland is Declared by those who have opportunities of knowing, to be as bad as at any time during the agitation, in spite of the statements incorporated in the Queen's speech. A gentleman writing from Ennis, Clare County, says that only a few days before, "a band of men, armed and disguised, paid a visit to a number of tenants in this district who were supposed to have sent in applications for judicial rents under the Land act, and forced them on their knees, while firing shots, to swear that they would withdraw the applications, never enter the Land Courts, nor pay their rents until Parnell and the other political prisoners were released. The terrified men and women took the oath, and they now say, without hesitation, that they will suffer eviction before disobeying the mandate of the Moonlighters. The terror of the Moonlighters is stronger than the terror of eviction."

Lieutenant Danenhower, of the Jeannette Expedition, in a second letter to his father, describes the trip up the river from Bolonenga to Yakutsk, which occupied thirty-six days and was made on sledges with dogs, reindeer, and horses. He says it was one full of severe hardships. There were stations at intervals on the way constructed of logs. The last one of these, seventeen miles from Yakutsk, and the best one of the lot, was a small log building, with a cow shed attached. It was composed of one room, in which were about twenty people when his party arrived. In the centre was *the body of a horse* that had been killed for food and brought into the room to thaw out. During the night that the party stopped at this hut Jack Cole, the boatswain, while laboring under aberration of mind, got up and started out *to walk to New York to see his wife.* The thermometer was 60 degrees below zero. It required all of Lieutenant Danenhower's persuasive powers to induce him to come back into the hut. In speaking of the terrible voyage of the party Lieutenant Danenhower says that they had to travel seven hundred miles over the ice from the ship to the mouth of the Lena. They landed in shoal water and were compelled to wade two miles to land. They were forced to travel one hundred miles further before they reached shelter, and he says he was up five days and four nights without sleep or rest. He mentions the fact that out of the thirty-three comprising the crew and officers of the Jeannette *only thirteen are known to be living and one is known to be dead.*

Mr. Forster has Displayed Considerable courage by making an excursion into the most disturbed district in Ireland. As he is the Secretary of State for Ireland, and as such is responsible for the arrest and detention of Mr. Parnell and the other Land League leaders, he is probably the best hated man in the cabinet. On March 6th he was at Tullamore, where he made a speech in the open air to a crowd, among whom were many disaffected people. He said that the reason he had undertaken a personal tour was to see for himself whether the stories which came to Dublin Castle were exaggerated. He was sorry that *he had found them to a great extent true.* The result of his inspection on his mind was that the people had it in their own power to stop the outrages which disgrace the name of Ireland and which would not happen in Great Britain or on the Continent. There were no more courageous men in the world in battle than the Irish. "Those who commit the outrages," said Mr. Forster, "are broken-down men and violent, reckless boys. Whether you stop them or not it is the duty of the government to do so. *It is especially my duty, and stop them we will.* The instigators of outrage have several Powers to contend with—namely, the Irish government—though, perhaps, they think they can defy that—also the imperial government and the people of Great Britain. But they have also a stronger force to oppose—the force of God's law. I can call on you to do what you can to stop these things," he continued. "Let me say one word about the English people. There is no ill feeling in England toward Ireland. We know that you have been a *miserably and badly governed country,* that the English Government of past days has done many *cruel and very unjust things to Ireland,* and has allowed many to be done. *We wish to undo that,* make you prosperous, rich, and powerful as ourselves."

When will the Suspects be Released, was one of the questions addressed to Mr. Forster by his audience. He replied, "As soon as we can fairly say that the outrages have ceased—that men are not ruined, not maimed, not murdered for doing their duty, or what they have a legal right to do, the suspects will be released." Some one raised the cry of "God save Ireland," which words, Mr. Forster said, "sometimes conclude letters telling me I must have a bullet through my head. *I say 'God save Ireland,' too, but from cruel men, grasping landlords, rack-renting landlords, dishonest tenants and midnight marauders. God save Ireland from pestilence which walketh at noon and terror which stealeth at night. And I believe God will save Ireland,* for with all her faults the amount of virtue among the Irish people, the love of country and of family, which are abiding virtues, will cause God's laws to be respected."

The Speech Delivered by the Russian General Skobelev is still a prominent topic of discussion throughout Europe. This curious statement, the accuracy of which is vouched for by a St. Petersburg newspaper correspondent, is published: "General Skobelev's St. Petersburg speech was written for him by a M. Aksakoff. Skobelev submitted the manuscript to General Ignatieff, who struck out several pages, making no secret of it at that time. Shrewd though Skobelev is he allowed himself to be carried away by champagne, and took no account of the erasures when he delivered the speech. This is what led to the rumor that he and Ignatieff were in collusion." That the whole matter may have been prearranged is suspected by the Berlin correspondent of the *London News*, who declares he has good authority for saying that during the day, on the evening of which General Skobelev made his first speech, General Ignatieff hinted to a friend that General Skobelev would make some remarks which would create *a profound sensation in Europe.* Those acquainted with General Skobelev believe that his language was authorized.

A Sensational Murder Trial Commenced in England March 8th. The accused is an American physician who is charged with causing the death of his wife's brother, Percy M. John, by poison. The deceased was a young man nineteen years of age and was possessed of considerable wealth. He was at a boarding school, where he was visited on December 3d by the accused Dr. Lamson, who, after some casual conversation, induced him to take a gelatine capsule, in which his visitor ostensibly placed merely some powdered sugar, telling him to see how easy it would be, in such capsules, to take even the most disagreeable medicines. Immediately afterward Lamson left, saying that he was *en route* for Florence and must catch the eight o'clock train for Paris. Within a very short time the boy complained of being seriously unwell, and at half-past eleven the same night he died, his symptoms throughout having been strongly indicative of *vegetable poisoning.* On a subsequent search among John's effects a number of powders were found labelled "Quinine," two of which, however, contained aconitia in poisonous doses. It was shown in evidence that these powders were sent to the deceased by Dr. Lamson, who was also proved to have purchased aconitia of various chemists. The evidence is entirely circumstantial and is on that account regarded with suspicion, but the chain is so complete as to lead to the expectation that Dr. Lamson will be convicted.

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BY THE REV. M. BAXTER, EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Price, \$1.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, SOLE AGENTS.

Obtainable through all Booksellers.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1882.

16th Year. No. 12.—New Series.

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DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON, the First Foreign Missionary from America.

THE REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

Birth and Early Characteristics—Wonderful Progress at College—Becomes an Unbeliever—Alarming Death of an Infidel Friend—Joins Andover Seminary—Conversion—Resolution to be a Missionary—Early Difficulties—Capture and Imprisonment in France—Appointment to India or Burmah—Marriage—Arrival at Calcutta—Discouragements—Settlement at Rangoon—Labors and Successes—Long Imprisonment at Ava—Mrs. Judson's Devotion—His Release and Her Death—Translation of the Bible—Visit to America—Return to Burmah—Last Labors—Illness and Death.

ADONIRAM JUDSON was born on the 9th of August, 1788, at Malden, Mass., where his father was pastor of a Congregational church. He was taught to read by his mother when only three years old, and learned with such facility that he was able to read a chapter of the Bible to his father before the latter was aware that he knew the alphabet. Before he was seven years old he formed an affectionate intimacy with his sister, and till he grew up to manhood she was his *confidante* in many a secret.

Like a great many able and eminent men whose lives have been marked by a serious purpose, Adoniram, as a boy, was jovial and excitable, full of spirits and a leader in fun. When he was fourteen years old he was prostrated for more than a twelvemonth by a serious attack of illness, and on his recovery his thoughts began to be occupied with extravagant schemes of distinguishing himself in the world. But whether he forecast the career of an orator, or of a poet, or of a statesman, one serious thought crept into his mind and embittered all his musings; that was, that his honors would not last forever, but that less than a hundred years would turn him into dust.

Adoniram entered college at the age of sixteen, and applied himself very closely to his studies, seldom giving himself any respite, even during the holidays. He was ambitious to excel, and a class-mate says of him that he has no recollection of his ever failing or even hesitating in recitation. He had a powerful rival in his friend John Bailey, who was afterward member of Congress from Massachusetts, and that probably added zest to his ambition. When he received the highest appointment in the commencement exercises, his delight knew no bounds. He hurried to his room and wrote, "Dear Father: I have got it. Your affectionate son, A. J."

It was at the period we are now writing of that French infidelity invaded the New England States and swept over the land like a flood; and unbridled exploration in matters of religion began to be considered a necessary part of the education of every man of spirit. In the class above young Judson there was a young man of the name of E—, who was amiable, talented, witty, exceedingly agreeable in person and manners, but a confirmed Deist. A strong friendship sprang up between the two young men, and Judson soon professed himself as great an unbeliever as the other.

Having left college Mr. Judson taught school for a time in Plymouth, where his father had moved from Malden, and then, in August, 1808, set out on a tour through some of the States. He found his way to Albany, N. Y., with a crowd, to see the wonder of the world of that time, the newly invented steamship, Robert Fulton, and took passage in it to New York. Under the exciting influence of a first visit to a great city, he adopted a fictitious name and perpetrated some extravagances which might scarcely have been expected in one of so solid an understanding. He was somewhat estranged from his family too; for he had disclosed to them his changed views, and had been sternly answered by his father, whose attitude, however, did not move him as much as the tears and prayers of his mother.

After seeing what he wished of New York, Mr. Judson turned his steps westward, and the second or third night, at a country inn, he got

A TRUMPET CALL

from the Holy Spirit. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to give him a room next to one occupied by a young man who was exceedingly ill, prob-

ably in a dying state. Judson assured him that would occasion him no inconvenience, but nevertheless he passed a restless night. As he listened to the movements of the watchers and the groans of the sick man, he could not help asking himself, "Is he prepared to die?" and he contrasted the resources of his own feeble philosophy with the strong faith of a Christian for meeting the awful and inevitable emergency with which the stranger, separated from him only by a partition, was vainly grappling. He shuddered to think that he might himself be placed any day in a similar position.

As soon as it was day he went in search of the landlord and inquired about the sick man. "He is dead," was the reply. "Dead!" Judson gasped. "Yes, poor fellow!" said the landlord, "the doctor said he would probably not survive the night." "Do you know who he was?" "Yes, he was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow. His name was E—." And he gave the name of Judson's friend, the freethinker. Judson was completely stunned; and although, some hours afterward, he attempted to pursue his journey, the words "Dead! lost! lost!" kept ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In that state of mind he abandoned his scheme of travelling, and the same day turned his horse's head toward Plymouth. But he was not yet prepared to bow his proud heart to the Son of God.

On the 12th of October, the same year, 1808, Mr. Judson went to Andover, and attended the theological classes at the seminary; and in that calm retirement, guided by learned and pious ministers of God, with nothing to distract his attention from the great concerns of eternity, light dawned upon his all-awakened mind, and he surrendered to Christ as his atoning Saviour.

On Dec. 2d he made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and on the 28th of the following May he publicly joined his father's church in Plymouth. Some months later he read Buchanan's "Star in the East," which led him to think about becoming a missionary to the heathen; and in February, 1810, he resolved upon that course of life, and thenceforth followed out his purpose with all the ardor of his active nature, and with a persistency of will which met discouragement and sickness, and persecution and danger with equanimity for forty years. His firmness was severely tested as soon as he announced what he intended to do, for his mother and sister besought him with tears not to leave them and risk his welfare in unknown lands, while his father disclosed to him a plan for his appointment immediately, young and inexperienced as he was, to be the colleague of the Rev. Dr. Griffin in the largest church in Boston. But if young Judson had been a man to be moved by such considerations, he would never have made the missionary he afterward became.

THE MISSION CAUSE IN 1810.

At that time the cause of foreign missions was in its infancy in America, and was very little more advanced in Great Britain. There was no Society whatever in this country to which Mr. Judson and several other young men, who purposed with him to devote their lives to labor among the heathen, could turn for support and direction. The young men laid their views, however, before a Conference of the leading Congregational ministers, which met at Bradford, Mass., in June, 1810, asking whether they might expect help from them, or whether they must place themselves under the direction of some European Society. The result was the formation of a mission board from among the assembled ministers. But, as it was feared that the infant board might not immediately be able to provide for all the proposed missionaries, it was resolved that Mr. Judson should go to London to confer with the London Missionary Society.

There is another thing which should never be forgotten in considering the heroism of the first missionaries of this century, and that is the suffering and dangers to which they exposed themselves for the love of Christ. At the present day large portions of the foreign field are under the well-ordered machinery of the British Government; and with the exception of Central Africa and Tartary all non-Christian countries are sufficiently in fear of

European or American arms to afford security to the life and liberty of a white man. But at the time Carey and Marshman and Judson went abroad, most of those countries were under the *absolute sway of savage despots* who neither knew nor cared about foreign powers; and the East India Company, which ruled what was then British India, was so implacably hostile to the introduction of the Gospel that a missionary had a better chance in trusting himself to the favor of a heathen king.

Moreover, in place of the sure and regular service of steamships, and the perfect postal system which now prevail between all countries, there was in those days no means of communication except the uncertain sailing-ships of the merchant service; and those were not more dependent upon the winds and waves than they were in danger from the irresponsible armed vessels of rival nations then at war. Under these unfavorable circumstances Mr. Judson entered upon the career of a missionary of the Gospel; and he began to experience its trials at the outset. The packet in which he sailed for England was captured by a French privateer; and after severe hardships and wearying delays, including a protracted detention in France, he was allowed to proceed to England in May, 1811. Somebody has described his *personal appearance* at that time: "He was small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face which gave him the appearance of extreme youthfulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as chestnut. His voice, however, usually took his listeners by surprise."

Mr. Judson received a promise of support from the London Society in case of failure from the American Board, and returned home in August. But before long it was discovered that foreign aid was not required; for the first difficulties were safely overcome, and the American Board appointed Mr. Judson and his colleagues to labor in some Asiatic field—

INDIA OR BURMAH,

as the Holy Spirit might be pleased to direct. About the same time Mr. Judson united himself to a suitable companion in Miss Ann Hasseltine, a young lady who had got the keynote of her life from the words of 1 Tim. 5:6, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

The departure of the missionaries was delayed, through their having to wait, first for a ship and then for a fair wind, till the 19th February, 1812, when Mr. and Mrs. Judson and a Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked at Salem, in the brig Caravan, Captain Heard, bound for Calcutta. They reached their destination on the 17th of June, or just about two years from the time that they offered themselves to the Conference at Bradford.

That was only the beginning of a course of delays that Mr. Judson suffered all through his missionary career, and such as would, at the present day, be considered too vexatious to be borne. And yet, notwithstanding the loss of months at a time, Mr. Judson was enabled by God's grace to accomplish what many a modern missionary would be proud to do. This is a convenient place to say that during the voyage to India Mr. and Mrs. Judson changed their views about *baptism*, and that they were re-baptized in Calcutta in the September following their arrival. That severed their connection with the Congregational Board, and threw them, for the means of support, on the Baptist churches at home. The latter responded promptly and generously to the appeal.

The missionaries were warmly welcomed at Calcutta, or rather at the adjoining Dutch settlement of Serampore, by the venerable Dr. Carey, who had gone out to India from England in 1793; but before they had been under his roof ten days, they received a *peremptory order* from the government of the East India Company to leave the country and return to America. That threw them into great perplexity, for accounts from Burmah had been so discouraging that they had renounced the idea of going there. They petitioned for leave to settle in any part of India, or to take ship for Ceylon or for Mauritius; but the imperious representatives of the Company forbade every such design; and at length, partly by eluding the authorities,

contrived to make their way, nearly three and miles by sea, to the last-mentioned island. After remaining there a time, the Judsons resolved to return to the Bay of Bengal and attempt a misadventure at Penang, in the Strait of Malacca, although it implied a visit to Madras, and their exposure to the power of the Indian Government. They waited long at Madras without finding a ship to take them to Penang, and their position became so intolerable that they felt themselves obliged to go on board a rickety old vessel for *Rangoon*, where they arrived on the 13th of July, 1813, after a tedious and distressing passage which nearly cost Mrs. Judson her life. Thus God fixed the destination for his chosen servant, by circumstances over which the latter had no control.

Burmah was at that time all ruled by a native king, who had his capital at Ava. Rangoon, since the possession of part of the country by England has become the principal city, was then an important seaport. A mission had been lately set on foot there by the London Missionary Society, but it had made little progress. Mr. Carey, of Dr. Carey, of Serampore, was the only missionary in the country when Mr. Judson arrived. The religion of the country was Buddhism, and no one had yet embraced Christianity. A translation of the Gospel of Matthew and an elementary grammar prepared by Mr. Carey, were the only helps to the study of the language. There existed no interpreter, and there was no interpreter who could more than pronounce in Burmese the names of things that were pointed to. Under these disfavoring conditions Mr. Judson, supported by his wife and by his devoted wife, settled down steadily to acquire the language, as the first means of making known the Gospel to the people of Burmah. The limited space compels us to hurry over the details of the

NEXT THIRTEEN YEARS,

though they form one of the most thrilling stories of literature. It would be difficult in any case to tell the long narrative, as detailed in Mr. Judson's, or, as he became during that period, Dr. Judson's, journal and Mrs. Judson's letters, with- out depriving it of a proportionate measure of interest. Dr. Judson held daily conferences with Burmese of different classes who came to visit him, many of whom were partially convicted of sin, but deterred by the fear of the king's anger from confessing Christ. He proceeded assiduously with the tremendous work of translating the Bible. His heart was gladdened by the arrival of other missionaries. He made a journey to Ava to present his cause before the king, and was received with majesty with a *gorgeous display of barbaric splendor*, but was repulsed when he requested the king's favorable hearing of the Christian doctrine. On the 27th June, 1819, Dr. Judson had the joy of baptizing

THE FIRST BURMAN CONVERT,

whose number increased slowly to ten, including a woman and a man of distinguished learning. The latter made a very satisfactory confession of sin, after a long and severe struggle with selfishness and with the wish to keep up his position as a teacher before his countrymen. In 1824, when Dr. and Mrs. Judson were in endeavoring to start a branch mission there, a civil war broke out between Burmah and England, and Dr. Judson was made a prisoner on the ground of being a spy. Then follows the never-forgotten story of his *twenty-one months' imprisonment* in a wretched hovel, his ankles chained together with one, three, or five pairs of irons, according to the mood of his jailers, and a bloody passed between his legs and made fast to the wall, so that his feet were immovable and he lay stretched out on the floor. He was starved, insulted, exposed to the noonday heat and the cold night chills, and left without help or comfort when attacks of fever racked his frame.

For the greater part of all that time his wife sustained herself to the mitigation of his sufferings by a fortitude which has not often been surpassed. As often as she was repulsed by the jail guards, she returned and contrived by entreaty, by entreaty, and by such presents as small means enabled her to give, to obtain ac-

cess to her husband and minister to his wants. Many a time during that period of protracted anxiety her desolate condition and trying circumstances drove her to the verge of despair; but she found strength in the faithful God who has ever been a refuge to His children. Her unwearying and self-denying devotion excited the sympathy of some of the Burmans, so that along with much very rough treatment she experienced a good deal of kindness.

One interesting incident of that imprisonment was the *concealment of the manuscript translation* of part of the Bible, upon which Dr. Judson had spent ten years' labor. When the doctor was arrested, the native police searched his house and helped themselves to whatever of his and his wife's property they pleased. Every scrap of paper was especially regarded with suspicion, and Mrs. Judson, therefore, took pains to hide the invaluable manuscript, which she at length effectually did by sewing it up in a hard and dirty pillow, which would not excite the cupidity of the guards, and giving that to her husband to put under his head.

Mrs. Judson's care saved her husband's life, but it was at the cost of her own; for when the war came to an end in 1826, and Dr. Judson was released, he found his wife lying on a bed, reduced almost to a skeleton, and unable to stand. She rallied under the joy of seeing him free, and after some days they went down the river to Rangoon; but she *died the same year* at a place called Amherst, a new settlement that the British had formed. Some months later Dr. Judson buried his third and last surviving child, Maria, who had been born while he was a captive at Ava, and his wife, ill-nourished and untended, was wearing herself out in attendance upon him. These were the bitter dregs of his long and terrible trial, and his character as a disciple of Christ came out purified and strengthened.

Rangoon, although it did not become a British possession until the second war of 1852, had been placed under British supervision, and the fear of the king no longer kept the natives from coming to learn the new religion. Moreover, the war had revolutionized the ways and prejudices of the people, and had excited a spirit of curiosity that was very hopeful for the reception of the Gospel.

Dr. Judson left other missionaries at Rangoon and established himself in the town of

MAULMAIN,

where he was absorbed in the translation of the Bible, and lived a retired and thoughtful life. One of his biographers writes that he labored at that time under "the pressure of recent sorrow, a deepening sense of sin, and a growing yearning for deeper communion with God. He used often to live alone for days in a little cottage *far in the woods*, spending the time in fasting and prayer, and seeing only those who came to him for religious instruction. It seems to have been a crisis in his spiritual history, through which he passed to clearer light and more unwavering faith."

Dr. Judson continued in his improved field of labor till 1845, and met many compensations for the sorrows of his earlier service. He baptized more than a hundred converts, many of whom loved him with ardent devotion. He extended his operations to Prome, and to the wild Karen tribes. He brought to completion the Burmese Bible, a stupendous work, that puts this gifted man of God on a level with Jerome, Wycliffe, Luther, and two or three other men who have single-handedly undertaken and finished the translation of the entire Holy Scriptures from one language into another. He also took in hand the preparation of a Burmese dictionary, which would make easy for all his successors the acquisition of the language which had been such an incredible task to himself.

In 1834 he had married

MRS. SARAH H. BOARDMAN,

a lady of rare intellectual gifts, who quickly learned the Burmese and Karen languages, and made translations and wrote hymns for the use of the native Church. It was the alarming illness of this lady, in 1845, that made Dr. Judson reluctantly leave his work and turn his face homeward, after an absence of *nearly thirty-four years*. He took his oldest three children with him to be educated in Ameri-

ca, and left three younger ones with friends in Burmah, but they were all motherless when he reached his native land, for Mrs. Judson succumbed to her disease at sea, and was buried at St. Helena.

Dr. Judson stayed only nine months in America, and he appears to have had no idea till shortly before he sailed, of taking a wife back with him to the field of his missionary labors. But he sought out and made the acquaintance of a Miss Emily Chubbuck, because of an exceedingly well-written book of stories by her that fell into his hands, and he thought she might be induced to write a memoir of the late Mrs. Judson, which he wished much to see suitably done. But the acquaintance thus formed speedily deepened into mutual affection, and Dr. Judson and Miss Chubbuck sailed from America as man and wife in July, 1846. On the 28th of November they anchored off Amherst, and were welcomed with great rejoicings by the native Christians. Even at that date missionaries in heathen countries had not the comfortable houses they have now, as our readers will see from the following description of *her new house*, named "Bat Castle," that Mrs. Judson wrote to one of the children in America:

"Think of me in an immense brick house, with rooms as large as the entire 'loggers,' and only one small window apiece. When I speak of windows, do not think I make any allusion to glass—of course not. The windows (holes) are closed by means of heavy board or plank shutters, tinned over on the outside as a preventive of fire. Imagine us, then, on the second floor of this immense den, with nine rooms at our command, the smallest of which (bathing-room and a kind of pantry) are, I think, quite as large as your dining-room, and the rest very much larger. Part of the floors are of brick, and part of boards; but old 'Green Turban' white-washed them all, with the walls, before we came, because the Doctor told him, when he was over here, that he must 'make the house shine for madam.' He did make it shine with a vengeance, between whitewashing and greasing. His doors and other woodwork were fairly dripping, and we have not got rid of the smell yet, nor, with all our rubbing, is it quite safe to hold too long on the door. The floor overhead is quite low, and the beams, which are frequent, afford shelter to *thousands and thousands of bats* that disturb us in the daytime only by a little cricket-like music, but in the night—oh, if you could only hear them carouse!"

LAST YEARS.

For four years longer Dr. Judson prosecuted his work of extending the native Church in Burmah, and made great progress with his dictionary. But British influence had become slack in the country again, and the native authorities held their terrors over the converts. Dr. Judson longed to see the day, which he felt sure was drawing on, when the British power would open up the whole country to the Gospel, but he passed to his reward before that day came. He was in robust health, living in the greatest enjoyment with his family, when he caught a severe cold, accompanied by fever, which settled into a fatal illness. He languished for some months, having fits of great agony, but never flinching in his trust in his Saviour, and then *a voyage to Mauritius* was resolved upon as giving him the last chance for his life.

On the 3d April, 1850, he was carried on board a French barque, and although it was impracticable for his wife to accompany him on the voyage, she followed him for three days down the river in a boat. They parted under the most distressing circumstances, but Mrs. Judson had the consolation of knowing that her husband had a kind friend and faithful attendants on board the vessel. The barque put out to sea, and the fresh breezes revived the sick man the first day; but on Friday, the 12th, after a day of much suffering, he said to his Burmese servant, "It is done: I am going. Take care of poor mistress," and quietly breathed his last. The same day his body was committed to the sea.

Thus lived, and toiled, and died Burmah's pioneer missionary. To-day there are in that country and the adjoining kingdom of Siam 21,594 native Christians.

LOST SHEEP.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
March 19, 1882.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—ISAIAH 53:6.

A Solemn Time—I. An Indictment—It Takes all in—Sheep get Astray in Two Ways—Trying to get into other Pastures—Scared by Dogs—A Pitiable Man who has only Business to Comfort Him—The Actor and his Sleeping Auditor—The World's Poor Pasturage—Two Russian Frigates at the Bombardment of Sebastopol—II. An Open Door—Can no Man carry his Sin?—The Appeal of Lost Souls—A Wife's Farewell Letter—A Lost Woman—Flung in City Life—The Sin-Bearer—A Clergyman's Prediction Fulfilled—An Appeal to One Man—An Eternal Adieu—Lost Opportunities.

WITHIN ninety years at the longest this entire audience will be in eternity. During the next fifty years, you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swathe among the people. The year 1882 will to some be the finality. This may be the last sermon that some one will hear. Under these circumstances, while I have a somewhat poetic nature and might indulge in trope and figure and simile, I dare not do so. God never gave to any man a greater fondness for mirth than I naturally have, and yet under this solemnity I would not dare to indulge it. This service, this hour in spiritual things, will be to some in this assemblage a life struggle or a death grapple.

I. The first half of my text is

AN INDICTMENT:

"All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defrauder, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray."

I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out: "O! my sins, my sins," and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us get astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. *We wanted bread and we found garbage.* The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the clubhouse when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child, give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

"There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day."

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage.

A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success.

Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. O! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal.

WHAT IS A SOUL?

It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say: "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on, he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

"Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil."

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being

SCARED OF THE DOGS.

The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep.

It may have been in 1857 during the financial panic or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said: "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you?

You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress some of you, from what you have told me of yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble; the cannonade and the conflagration and the multiplication and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the touch. II. But the last part of my text opens

A DOOR

wide enough to let us all out and to let all in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops. Thrum it on the harps with all the tunes as with all the melody possible let the heavens sing it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not try to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the urection throne, Him of the crucifixion, Him of Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.

"O!" says some man, "that isn't general; that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your debts." If you and I walking down the street, hale, hearty, and well, I ask you to carry me, say and say rightly: "Walk on your own feet. But suppose you and I were in a regiment and wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, would you do? You would call to your comrade saying, 'Come and help, this man is helpless, bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital,' and I would be a dead lift in your arms; you would lift me from the ground where I fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown. Would there be anything mean in your doing? Would there be anything bemeaning in my asking that kindness? O! no. You would be glad to do it."

That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and tell them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle my obligation; now give me a receipt; cross out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are done. Christ comes. The loud clang heard the sky on that Christmas night was only the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers; He does not lift us with one arm. He comes upon His knee and then with a dead lift He lifts us to honor and glory and immortality. Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

Why then

WILL NO MAN CARRY HIS SINS?

You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin ever committed. You might as well put a cannon on one shoulder and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down your face and says: "I have come through the lacerations of these days, and through the tempests of these nights; I have come to your burdens and to pardon your sins and your debts. Put them on my shoulder; put them on my heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unbearable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the while eternity, as they look forward to it, is as midnight. They writhe under the sting of

science which proposes to give no rest here no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, do not pray, they do not weep. They do not see that just the position they occupy is the poor occupied by scores, hundreds, and thousands of men who never found any hope. They went of life just as they are now. They sat in the place where you sit, then they heard the Gospel, they rejected it, they passed out of life their voice comes to us from the eternal world morning, saying: "Take the Gospel; this is chance; my day is gone; I am undone! who shove back this bolt? Who will put down sorrow?" And the caverns forlornly echo, "ho, who?"

"This meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, of thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: 'I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and thought I was all right before God as I am all before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had eschewed the sins against the law of the land, I had fully committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray and peace came to my heart, and I know experience that what you say this morning is true. 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

"Yonder is a man who would say: 'I was the first drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day

"I GOT A LETTER

saying: 'MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Any of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife,

"MARY."

"And so I wandered on and wandered on, until that man, 'until one night I passed a Methodist meeting-house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

"All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still."

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim: 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

"Yonder is a woman who would say: 'I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm hat pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met

me and He said, 'Poor thing, go home! your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' and, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out, I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said: 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to

CITY LIFE;

I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theatre I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said: 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father, I sobbed right out and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just there gave my heart to God and I know this morning, that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

O! my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

SOME ONE COMES HERE

this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands, and they were nailed. You see His feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence camest Thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with Thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone." I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "O!" He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and the sorrows of the people." And He kneels and He says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God.

I say: "Canst Thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says: "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst Thou bear more?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more."

But *He is departing*. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let Him take your sins to-day? or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own ac-

count?" O! brother, then you will perish. I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line.

A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night, one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "O! no," the other replied, "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day, the Saviour calls. All may come. *God never pushes a man off*. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

There may be in this audience just one man who will reject the Gospel. It seems to me that the vast multitude will see that the Gospel is reasonable and they will surrender themselves to God; but there may be in this house just one who will refuse the Gospel, and pass out and pass down. Let me take solemn leave of such an one. Watch cautiously your health, for when your life ceases here, all pleasant experiences cease. Walk not near the scaffolding lest a brick or a stone should fall and you should be ushered into a world for which you have no preparation. To-morrow morning you will go over to the store, or the bank, or the factory, and they will say: "Where were you on the Sabbath?" You will say, "I was at the Tabernacle and I heard the Gospel preached; there were some things in the sermon I didn't believe, I could not receive, I could not accept." And so the days will go by, and the hours and the moments until after a while eternity will rush upon you. I am speaking to just that one soul. Farewell, thou doomed spirit. As thou shovest off from hope I waive thee this salutation. O! it is hard to part forever. I bid thee a long, a last, a bitter,

AN ETERNAL ADIEU!

"While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found."

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession Heavenward.

Seated here during the last service we had was a man who came in and said: "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said: "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said: "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out the front door of the Tabernacle, saying: "I am a lost man."

"Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

A Son of the Pretended Mormon Prophet

Joseph Smith attended a public meeting in Chicago a few days ago to denounce polygamy. The Chicago correspondent of a contemporary says that Smith is himself a Mormon, but an uncompromising opponent of polygamy, which he claims does not belong to the system, but has been fastened upon it by gross sensualists. Resolutions were adopted at the meeting declaring "that the Constitution and fundamental authority of the United States Government ought to mean exactly the same thing in Utah as in Illinois, in Idaho as in Ohio;" and "that Mormonism with its recognized disloyalty and defiance, should have given it quick and utter ending."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 167.)

Capt. Vaughan's Release—He and Sylph Hidden—Sylph Urges Rossiter to Leave the Insurgents—Rossiter's Love Revived—His Resolve to Win Her—Reproached for His Absence—Reprimanded by the Insurgent Court—Hears of Abandonment of the French Expedition.

THE generous self-surrender and romantic boldness, at all events, thrilled the hearts of the Celtic multitude addressed by Miles Rossiter. Their fierce resentment and thirst for revenge were all subdued and quenched in a moment; and the rebel camp, which had lately rung with angry shouts for vengeance, rang more loudly still with the cries of "Bravo, Rossiter!" "None shall hurt a hair of yer head, that's shure; yer an honor to us, and disarve to get all ye ask." "Take yer Englishman, an' welcome, with ye, and we hope he'll never forget that he owes his life to a good Irishman." "Hurrah! Erin go bragh!" All their truculence of aspect was gone, transformed into sunshine.

"Come, let us be going at once," Miles said to Sylph and the man he had rescued. "There is no knowing how long this enthusiasm will last. Follow me, and I will get my men to surround us. I know a farmer in the neighborhood who will give you shelter, at least until affairs in the district will permit of your getting in safety to your friends."

With their hearts uplifted to heaven in sincere gratitude for this unexpected deliverance, Sylph and Captain Vaughan did not need to be urged to quit a scene of so much ghastly terror—a place of experiences, so intense in their wretchedness, that never would they fade from their minds, so long as memory held its seat. Keeping close to Miles, they soon found themselves on the way from the camp, having on either hand his band of riflemen. Corny also, who had been an anxious looker-on during the whole of the late proceedings, had fallen in behind his mistress. No attempt was made to intercept their progress; and in due time they arrived at the place of refuge which Miles had spoken of.

Sylph and Captain Vaughan, however, were not to be lodged under the same roof. Miles, we fear, had his own jealous reasons for this. Sylph, it was arranged, should abide at one farm-house, about two miles from the camp, and Captain Vaughan, half a mile off, in another. And neither was to appear outside doors—"for," said Miles, and his words were confirmed by both the hospitable farmers, "the whole district is scourged by insurgent bands in search of all persons opposed to the national outbreak."

The rebel camp was maintained on Vinegar Hill from 29th May to 21st June, when it was stormed by General Lake, with dreadful slaughter of the insurgents. During the three weeks of occupation, Musgrave, a historian of the Rebellion, declares that no less than *five hundred persons*, sentenced by the court-martial in session near the Old Mill, were massacred. Only twenty-four of them, however, suffered death on the first day, although upon it, the rebels must have been full of heat and fury from their recent victory.

Our account of Captain Vaughan's trial and escape would furnish a reason for this. His case took up a long time; and the incidents of his release damped for a while the sanguinary ardor of the rebels.

Miles, after safely hiding Captain Vaughan and Sylph, prepared to return to the rebel camp. "I hate most of their proceedings up there," he said to Sylph. "The plunder of the houses of the gentry around I could perhaps excuse, for it is usual in war, but these cold-blooded murders on the hill I cannot away with. They are infamous."

"Then turn from these men," said Sylph, "and come back to your allegiance."

"I owe no allegiance to the English power, Sylph," he replied. "See! I am a French officer," and he showed her his commission signed in due form. "Eight years ago I entered the French army as a friend to the political principles for which it battled; which principles as *you* know I learned from dear Doctor Gilbert. I am proud to tell you

I joined as a volunteer in the ranks, but have won my way to a captaincy."

Sylph smiled at the young man's pardonable exultation, to the delight of Miles, who took it as a token of her approval and admiration. "I am sure you have won your distinction bravely," she said, "but it is only a further argument for withdrawing yourself from those cruel fanatics on the hill."

"Ah!" he said, "you do not know how I am placed. I am awaiting a French landing, the particulars of which I must not tell even you, Sylph. When it is effected, these atrocities will be discountenanced and put down. Meanwhile (as in the case of your companion), I may, by my presence on the hill, save life and mitigate these horrors."

"But farewell, Sylph," and he clasped her hand. "I must now return to the camp with my men; but if I can I shall run over again in the evening. Until then, take the very best care of yourself," and he spoke this with a demonstrative solicitude.

Miles accompanied his men to Vinegar Hill, the subject of strong and varied emotions. The sight of Sylph and of her courage, and his short interview with her had fanned into a glow the old passion which years ago first took possession of his heart as he looked upon her from the window of his invalid chamber in the house in the Rows, at Chester. The extraordinary circumstances under which it was his fortune to recognize her, served to fling around her, in his imagination, the halo of romance. The vision he had suddenly caught of her, her beauty marvellously and strangely enhanced by the glow of a lofty resolve and a martyr's courage, left an impression upon him so living and powerful, that it renewed itself again and again upon his thoughts. His whole conception of her as the very ideal of female charm and loveliness was not belied; rather must be added to it, he said within himself, the virtues of a heroic soul and of a sublime devotedness. "Could I win her," thought Miles, "I should be a man to be envied by the world."

As Miles Rossiter revolved the question in his mind again and again, "Is it possible for me to win Sylph Somers?" the difficulties which lay in his way seemed insurmountable. "I am an officer in the French service," he thought, "and I am also an insurgent chief, compromised in this outbreak, which is most uncertain of success, and even if successful, would the English-born girl ever give up British rule to live with me under either a French or an Irish Republic. How can I think it? or how could I propose it to her?"

"And yet—and yet how can I exist without her? She has drawn into and around herself my very being, and I am lost in her. Life without her would be a desolation and a darkness—a blank wretchedness that I cannot contemplate. I must either win her or die."

"Win her," his thoughts again echoed to themselves, "if I could but awaken in Sylph the all-subduing passion that masters my own bosom, who can tell what it would inspire her to do? Women before this have sacrificed country, kindred, home, wealth, everything, for those who had won their affection. Sylph is capable of the greatest self-sacrifice. Every fact of her history which I know attests this. Then win her heart I will and shall!" he cried. "Oh, may heaven give good speed to this my most sacred enterprise!"

So Miles described it, since, no doubt, he thought it so; but also, it may be, because in his desperate case he felt no power but that of heaven could bring him success; and he would enlist its aid by giving a good name to the arduous project before him.

When he reached the rebel camp he was met with sinister cries. Father John, who had left in the morning with a large body of men to carry on "the holy war," as it was called, by an attack on the town of Wexford, had sent back word to Vinegar Hill that "he had learned from scouts that a large body of military was on its way from Duncannon Fort to the town he meant to attack; that he wished to assail them at the foot of the Forth Mountain, beyond Wexford town, and ordered up all his reinforcements."

Several men prepared at once to leave the camp in obedience to this direction, but when Rossiter and his men were looked for to accompany them, nowhere could they be found. Coming now, when it was too late to march thence beyond the town of Wexford, excite jeers and angry taunts of the non-combatant maining on the hill, and especially of the women.

Amid hisses, and hoots, and groans, these threats were heard—"Dissarters!" "Cowards!" "Thraitors!" "Yees good min, indeed." "Yee havn't the courage of hares, yees havn't." "Nice ye have managed, like sleeveens that yee to be out of the way whin yees war wan." "The fathers o' big families have had to go risk their lives, while yees young min, wid no depindin' on yees, whin invited to the front nowhere." "If yees meant to show the feather in this way, why didn't ye, purshu yees, lave yer guns, anny way, behind ye? good min, that won't turn tail, might have thim wid them, and not be with nothin' switches o' pikes in their han's to meet bums and cannons." "Our husbands and gray-he fathers, all knocked into smithereens, 'll be brc home to us, kilt and massacred, and all bec o' yees." And some viragos, in their mad took up stones to pelt the armed band of y men headed by Miles, who, as they contended proved recreant.

In vain did Miles attempt to excuse himself, vain did he tell them that, for personal reasons, Father John would not have accepted his assistance; in vain would it have been if he explained the chief reason of all—namely, that he had escaped from the thralldom of the Romish priesthood, was feeling his way towards the light and life which he knew Christ alone could give. And more than vain was his explanation that he was bound both by good manners and the claims of duty honor, to conduct the prisoners reprieved by court-martial to a place of safety.

"Aye, that's just it," shouted out a termagant whose good man had been forced from her arm fight in the expected battle, "ye care more be for the enemy than fur yer own side, so ye purshuin' to ye; and I shuldn't at all wondh that English lady, with her wax-doll face, ha bewitched ye, so that gallavantin' after her it have been, and lettin', holus-polus, from yer dhuty both to yer cumrades and yer counth."

Miles's face reddened at this charge, for he was conscious there was, at all events, a modicum of truth in it. He felt ashamed and indignant, however, that such disorder should be permitted in camp; that such coarse and violent women, should set themselves foremost as heroines and representatives of the national cause; and that men and himself should be subjected to such a rillous invective. "Quick march; forward!" cried to his men. "Suffer no one to bar your way. I mean to see those who claim authority here, and to ask them who is responsible for such riotous disgraceful conduct."

Miles, however, did not reap much comfort from his recourse to headquarters on the hill. His pause in the work of death near the old mill, occasioned by his remonstrance and appeal earlier in the day, had ended; and the inquisition of blood had only become more unsparing from its temporary cessation. Miles was just in time to see an unfortunate gentleman piked, a rebel on either side giving the lunge of death—his body then, by the same weapons, raised on high and contemptuously flung over the precipice. At the dreadful sight shuddered, the whole moral nature of the young man feeling outraged and horrified.

He stamped with indignation; he uttered a vexed and loud cry of protest; he even half drew his sword, which actions did not serve, as may be supposed, to gain from the insurgent authorities a favorable hearing of his complaint against the leaders at the lower part of the hill. With a frolic the president told him "that he had better mind what he was about and not dare menace the men who were performing an unwelcome but wholesome duty for their country. That he'd well to take to heart the lesson he had received from his patriotic countrywomen, of whom he could

plained. That no half-hearted services would suit the present emergency. That they knew quite well what they were about, ridding the land of tyrants and reptiles;" and the whole tirade against his interference was wound up with the recommendation "that he, too, should attend to his business and not tempt from the camp, on his own account, men who constituted the most capable part of the forces of the Irish Republic."

Miles bit his lip at this closing insinuation; although it had, perhaps, some foundation, it was a charge, at the same time, he felt most unjust and ungenerous. If he had subverted his own private ends in that he had left the camp and took his men with him, it had also, he knew, greatly advantaged the public interest. It would have been a disgrace to the general cause if released prisoners were set upon and murdered, of which crime there was danger if his men had not formed an escort; and besides this, if his immediate followers were confessed to be the flower of the rebel army, that they were so, and, indeed, combatants at all, was due completely to himself. He had not only trained them, it was owing altogether to his personal influence and enthusiasm that they had joined in the insurrection.

He felt himself, however, completely in the power of his traducers, and saw that to wrangle with them would be altogether foolish and vain. He resolved, therefore, to suppress his wrath. The French expedition would soon land on the Irish coast, he reflected; he would then bid farewell to the fanatic rabble on the hill; would take his due and proper place as captain in the French ranks; and would help them both to subdue the British soldiery, and keep in check the excesses of his fanatical, impulsive, and undisciplined countrymen.

Alas! for the hopes and prospective intentions of Miles. Before an hour passed, he had information conveyed to him through a messenger who had landed from a boat that had pushed into a cove on the Wexford coast, "That the project of a French expedition was abandoned; and that he was to inform the insurgent leaders that they must rely solely upon their own efforts, for that France, at the present moment, could only give them her good wishes."

(To be continued.)

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

S.S. Lesson for April 2, Mark 6: 1-13. Golden Texts, ver. 12; Matt. 10: 40. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN the course of our lessons we follow Jesus into His own country; His disciples, the chosen twelve, are with Him, perhaps others also. The Sabbath day comes round, and Jesus, who has probably been staying in the house of Joseph, begins to teach in the synagogue. His sermon is an unusual one; He takes the Word of God, reads Isaiah 61: 1, 2, in the power of the Holy Ghost, and a marvellous impression is made, every eye is fixed on the Reader. He closes the book, gives it to the minister, and sits down. There is no excitement, no attempt to produce an effect, but the power of the Holy Ghost has been in every word, in every tone, and the audience are sensible of an unwonted something which awes them. The scribes have often read these words, they are not unknown, but now they thrill like something living. "This day," says the Reader, "is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (Luke 4: 21). It was but a step to turn from the Word to the Person, and at this they are stumbled. They bear Him witness and wonder at the gracious words which proceed out of His mouth; the doctrine, the ideas are so lovely; the healing of the broken-hearted, the deliverance of the captives, the recovering of sight to the blind—all this is beautiful. But

NOW COMES THE TEST;

"I, the Anointed One, am here, ready to do these things, to do them now, and to do them to you." They feel the power, but their wills are not ready for a full surrender; they do not want the power of God to operate on them personally, they would rather keep God at a distance. Satan is at hand to furnish them with an excuse; he suggests, "How can this man be the Anointed of God?"

and so they begin to say, "From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not His sisters here with us? And they were offended at Him."

Alas! this kind of thing is not confined to the days of our Lord. Again and again we have seen that when any one is healed of disease by simple obedience to the scriptural injunction in James 5: 14 (the only command to the sick in the whole Word of God) every kind of criticism is let loose; it is declared that the whole disease has been only fancy, that the healed cripple could have walked before if he had chosen, that the spinal patient who for many years could not sit or walk, and now can use more exertion than many who have never been invalids, might have done the same before if she had only possessed the resolution. It seems strange to us that if this is so, the doctors who attended these cases never found it out. But the real, sad, grievous thing is, that men do not like to see and acknowledge the hand of the living God in active operation around them; they don't like this message which they who preach the Gospel and heal the sick are charged to deliver, "Notwithstanding, be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you" (Luke 10: 11).

Jesus had one word to speak to the men of Nazareth, "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house. And He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them." He could not—Jesus, the Son of God, incapable, what is this? "Why shouldest Thou be as a man astonished, as

A MIGHTY MAN THAT CANNOT SAVE?" (Jer. 14: 9). There is one answer, "Because of your unbelief" (Matt. 17: 20). God does not deal with us as irresponsible creatures, the co-operation of our will and our faith is a condition with which He will not dispense for the doing of His mighty works. It was at this same time that He said, "I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian" (Luke 4: 25-27). God was ready, and His prophet was ready, to come to the succor of any widow who would believe and would have to do immediately with God, but they would not, and so they perished. Elisha was ready to send any number of lepers to the Jordan or elsewhere to test their faith and obedience, and to bring them in real close contact with the Lord their Physician (Ex. 15: 26, Heb.); but they took it for granted that because other lepers were not healed they could not expect healing, and so they bore their curse to the grave with them.

"And He went round about the villages teaching." Jesus had only three years and a half in which to exercise His ministry, but He found time to spend whole nights alone in prayer, not in an all-night prayer-meeting, but an all-night alone with God; and He found time to preach in the villages to the poor, uneducated, and undeveloped country people. "And He called unto Him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two." By this means no one among them would run the risk of hero worship, and there could also be prayerful sympathy in the work. And He "gave them power over unclean spirits." If it had been otherwise how could those who were possessed take in their teaching? it would have been lost time. How can one who is possessed by opium or drink apprehend the truths of the Gospel? The poor creature is a slave to the demon who governs him, he is not free to think, or speak, or act apart from the fatal influence; let the slave be set free from his master, and then he can yield himself to God as His freeman. Let one possessed by a spirit of uncleanness, of gambling, of monomania, or of violent temper, be brought under

the influence of the Gospel, if he cannot be delivered from the bondage which rules all his being, and enslaves all his powers, he cannot follow its precepts; deliverance is what he needs. Christ sent His disciples with word and with power; they were commissioned not only to talk about deliverance, but to deliver; so that they should leave behind them as the track of their passage, men who were set free from the power of the devil, and brought into real conscious contact with God.

He "commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse, but be shod with sandals; and not put on two coats." Why? They were to exemplify a life of faith in God, and to show that they could afford to dispense with all the care and anxiety which makes up the life of most men; they were to prove by experience and manifest to others, that in seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness all other things were added to them. While the burden of other men's lives was, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" these considerations were to be the last in the lives of these first apostles. "And He said unto them, In what place soever ye enter into an house, there abide till ye depart from that place." In the parallel passage (Matt. 10: 12), He said, "When ye come into an house, salute it," *i.e.*, say, "Peace be to this house." They were not lightly to quit a house where God had sent them with the message of peace. If the inhabitants received them, they were not to feel themselves at liberty to move away because the food was bad or ill cooked, or the beds were damp, or the children noisy; because they were not making a pleasure trip in which their own enjoyment was the avowed object, they were on business for the Master, and His interests alone were to be considered.

Preachers with such a spirit would soon turn the world upside down. This is the spirit which animates an old peasant woman in Germany who, possessing a good deal of land and ten farm servants, has her house furnished like the poor, works with her own hands, dresses in the common blue cotton, and gives away to missions with a liberality which would shame the largest donors from a higher class. It becomes an awful sin to refuse the messenger possessed of such a spirit, sent forth by Jesus Himself, with such a message, and endowed with such powers. "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me." What then about him that rejecteth?

"They went out, and preached that men should repent." But with their preaching there was power, "they cast out many devils." Of powerless preaching we have had enough, we want men to be really delivered, and men when they are at all awake want deliverance. God show us so to live in the power of God that we may be able to bring it to bear upon those who are in any way in the power of the devil. There is more reality than some of us think in expressions which are often used without a full appreciation of their meaning—possessed with a spirit of lying, possessed with an uncontrollable temper, possessed with a spirit of contradiction etc. There is no doubt that the enemy does hold many in his possession through these sins, and they need, and some of them long for, deliverance. O how blessed it is to know that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin; that it is a real, active power to deliver, and take out from us the sin, like stains from a white garment, like weeds from a garden. And they "anointed many that were sick, and healed them." The outward release from sickness was the lesser work, but it was the indication of how the inward deliverance was effected. Jesus came, and He sent His disciples to put all wrong things right, both in soul and body, that all might be in a state to serve Him. Lord do the same by Thy servants now. Amen.

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Our correspondents will facilitate the business of the Christian Herald Office and ensure prompt attention to their communications, if they exercise discrimination in addressing them. Letters relating to business, and all letters containing remittances should be addressed to THE MANAGER. Letters containing matter for publication or relating to the contents of the paper should be addressed to THE EDITOR.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President Sent to the Senate on Monday March 13th the nomination of Judge Samuel Blatchford, of New York, to be Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The nomination gives general satisfaction in the Republican Party, to the bar, and to those citizens who have business with the Supreme Court. Judge Blatchford, in the exercise of judicial functions in the District Court of New York and in the United States Circuit Court, has earned an excellent reputation for learning, sound judgment, and indefatigable industry, and his decisions have seldom been reversed on appeal. He is sixty-two years of age; was born in New York; graduated from Columbia College at the age of seventeen; became secretary to William H. Seward when that statesman was Governor of New York; succeeded Judge Betts in the District Court in 1867, and was appointed the successor of Judge Johnson in the United States Circuit Court in 1868. His name is well known to the legal profession as the compiler of Blatchford's Reports.

The Offer of the Associate Justiceship of the Supreme Court to Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, was an act of the President of a very gratifying character. Mr. Edmunds enjoys the respect of the country as an honest, fearless man, of unimpeachable integrity and distinguished abilities, and his appointment would have been generally acceptable. His graceful reply to the letter in which the President offered him the position shows that he was not unmindful of the confidence implied, or of the honor conferred. In declining the President's offer Senator Edmunds is understood to have been actuated by reluctance to leave the Senate and to abandon the pursuit of politics for that of law.

Mr. John Russell Young's Nomination to the Chinese Mission is regarded as a concession to General Grant and the Stalwarts. Mr. Young accompanied General Grant on his tour around the world and devoted much attention to the subject of Eastern questions; he was especially interested in China and is believed to be thoroughly versed in the merits of the questions involved in our diplomatic relations with that country. One of the first

breaches between President Garfield's administration and the Stalwarts was caused by his refusal to nominate Mr. Young as Minister to China, a nomination which General Grant is said to have urged. If Mr. Young succeeds in explaining to the Chinese Government the principles which guide our policy in relation to Chinese immigration he will achieve the most remarkable triumph recorded in the annals of diplomacy.

The House of Representatives Passed the anti-polygamy bill on Tuesday, March 14th, by a vote of 199 to 42. It is believed that as the bill renders polygamists ineligible for office and disfranchises them, the question of Mr. Cannon's claim to represent Utah in the House will be rejected. During the progress of the bill many doubts have been expressed as to its utility. On this question weight is given to the opinion of Judge McBride, who has acted as attorney for Mr. Campbell, the non-Mormon contestant for the Utah delegation. Mr. McBride being asked if he thought the new law could be executed, said he thought it could, but that he did not think its execution would take the Territory from the hands of the Mormons. "The Commission," he said, "will doubtless admit the competency of many Mormons who are not polygamists to vote and to hold offices, and the most that can be effected will be to secure a Legislature with a Gentile minority of perhaps one-third. The Mormons, even where they are not polygamists, are all under control of the Church—the most slavish control—and the Gentiles will not make the Territorial laws."

Temperance may in Future be made a Branch of common school education in Connecticut. A communication from Hartford says that on February 23d a bill was passed by a large majority of the House enacting "That if in any town in the State twelve persons of adult years shall petition the Board of School Visitors to order instruction in the public schools concerning the effects of intoxicating beverages on individuals and on the community, the Board of School Visitors shall consider this petition, and, by a formal vote, decide whether or not to grant its request." Temperance workers have now two objects on which to concentrate their attention. They have to take care that every town shall have at least twelve earnest temperance men in it; and then to see that proper persons constitute the Board of School Visitors. If they do this we may hope to see a rapid increase in the temperance vote in that State.

Mr. Lincoln, as Secretary of War, Sent to the Speaker of the House on Friday a report estimating the number of persons made destitute by the overflow of the Mississippi River and its tributaries and the time for which the necessity of Congressional aid will continue. In his communication, Mr. Lincoln estimates the number of persons rendered destitute at 85,000, as follows: Missouri, 2200; Illinois, 2000; Kentucky, 800; Tennessee, 5000; Mississippi, 30,000; Arkansas, 20,000; Louisiana, 25,000; and states that 713,000 rations have been distributed. The communication further states that the appropriation already made is sufficient to purchase 800,000 rations of a substantial kind, and estimates that the supply will be exhausted in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana about the 31st. No estimate, Mr. Lincoln thinks, can be made of the time during which the necessity for Congressional aid will continue.

The Floods Resulting from the Overflow of the Mississippi are reported as covering a larger area now than they did last week. A telegram to the New York Tribune from New Orleans says that in the Yazoo valley the water is rising rapidly. In the Yazoo Delta, from Vicksburg to Coldwater, a distance by river of over 400 miles, and from the hills on the east to the Mississippi River on the west, forty to sixty miles in width, the greater part of the lowlands is submerged. Much suffering is reported in the overflowed section from Camden, Ark., to the mouth of the Bayou Bartholomew, and from twenty-five miles below Monroe to the mouth of the Black River. Government rations for fifteen days have been sent to this section. The water along the lower Ouachita River is six inches higher than in 1874. In response to a telegram from Governor McEnery, earnestly urging the commercial

bodies of New Orleans to appoint a committee to solicit immediate relief for the destitute people, the Cotton Exchange on Saturday held a meeting and resolved to place lists in the hands of a committee and request the members to contribute to the full extent of their ability. The Commissioners appointed by the Governor to distribute government rations will distribute other gifts. The loss of property, chiefly cotton crops, will amount to forty million dollars.

An Educated Indian's Speech Delivered on a recent occasion at a reception in Philadelphia, is an evidence of the useful work being done by the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn. If the pupils at that school all learn the doctrines expressed by the Indian in question it seems a pity that many other people who are not Indians cannot be sent to some school of a like character. Dan, the Indian in question, who belongs to the Arrapahoe tribe, said, "There is nothing so good for the health as work. God knew what was good for men when He told us to work with our hands. The devil tempts everybody, but the idle, lazy man who will not work tempts the devil. He gives plenty of work to all who do not find it themselves. We are told that there are but three ways of living—by working, by begging, and by stealing. Those who do not work do one of the other two. We, at Carlisle school, do not propose either to steal or to beg for a living. When we go back to our homes, we intend to go back with good trades, strong arms, and willing hearts. We will go back to lay the foundations of a new life for our people. We work with good courage now, because we are preparing to do a great good work then."

An Afflicted Town.—An Alarming Outbreak of small-pox occurred at South Bethlehem, Pa., on Monday, March 13th. Over one hundred cases of a virulent type developed in one day, and excitement spread through the town. A telegram to Philadelphia the following day said: This morning the cases are increasing in the most alarming manner. The air is thick with the fumes of tar. Twenty barrels are burning at as many different points. Special policemen are sworn in to compel the strictest quarantine, and the fire department is on duty constantly. Nearly all the cases are in an exceptionally clean section of the town, and nearly all the victims had not been vaccinated. By the end of last week the official report stated that 106 families were afflicted, and there were more than 200 cases in South Bethlehem alone. It is difficult to obtain the exact number, as the Board of Health keeps a record only of afflicted families, and not of individual cases. It is asserted that in some instances the disease has been spread by domestic animals, and all dogs and cats found at large now are being shot. Two small-pox hospitals have been erected, to which all indigent sufferers are removed. Nurses are becoming scarce and the treatment of many cases is meagre and deficient. Business is at a stand still; the streets are deserted and desolate and an impenetrable gloom hangs over the town. All the students at private seminaries and the university have gone to their homes and these institutions are temporarily closed.

The Signatures to the Mormon Petition to Congress in favor of polygamy do not appear to have been so spontaneous as was represented. The Salt Lake Tribune cites an instance of a Mormon brother who said to a Gentile that he had signed the petition to Congress asking them to stay their hand against polygamy because the "authorities" of the Church had commanded it. "But," said he, "I hope to live to see the day when every polygamist will go to the penitentiary."

Prayer for Deliverance from the Scourge of small-pox, which has during the past few months ravaged so many of our cities and towns, was recently offered at Clarinda, Iowa. The Christians of that place saw with apprehension the approach of the epidemic, and agreed together to make it the subject of united prayer for one week that the town might be spared. Prayer was offered, and now it is stated that a day of thanksgiving is appointed, the town having been mercifully passed over by the scourge (Ps. 91: 3-7).

The Fatal Results of a Quarrel are Described in a letter published by a contemporary. The writer says: "The faithful minister has frequent occasion to refer to the uncertainties of life, and to the retribution which is to follow persistence in sin—here, or certainly hereafter. His illustrations are sometimes regarded as purely imaginary or much exaggerated. But here is a well authenticated tragedy which is now current as having occurred only last week. At a barn-raising on the plantation of Major Dews, in Rowan County, North Carolina, John Held and Peter Joseph, two of the workmen on the building, *got into a quarrel*. Held threw an axe at Joseph, the keen blade splitting his head in two and killing him instantly. As Held threw the axe he lost his foothold and fell from the building, breaking his neck. Three men were on the ground at the time (James Cephas, Richard Willey, and Ned Bloodgood), raising a heavy log. Cephas became so excited at the tragedy that he lost his hold on the log, and it fell, crushing Willey to death. Thus, of the five men at work on the building, only two remained alive."

Major Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan are holding meetings in San Francisco, which have been attended by increasing numbers and deep interest has been aroused. They are held at the Howard Presbyterian Church. Both the singing and the earnest appeals of the evangelists have been blessed by God to the awakening of sinners and the conversion of souls. San Francisco journals report that the influence of the meetings has been felt throughout the city.

Remorse has Killed a Convict in the Chicago penitentiary. A man named James Burke, who murdered his brother, October 12th, 1880, died in the penitentiary on March 15th. A petition, numerously signed, for the pardon of Burke was forwarded to the governor the day before he died. After a political meeting, at which the Burke brothers became intoxicated, they started for home, and on the way became involved in a quarrel, which resulted in James stabbing his brother to death. James pleaded guilty, and was given five years in the penitentiary. No cause can be assigned for James' death, except that of a *broken heart*. He could not rid himself of the grief which he felt for his unfortunate deed, and gradually wasted away under the influence of the sorrow. If, as this fact proves, the reproaches of an awakened conscience are so powerful as to cause death, what must be the state of men who die impenitent and learn when too late the true character of sin (Rom. 2 : 5).

A Lady was Saved from Drowning Recently at Syracuse, N. Y., by her little eight-year old daughter. A daily journal states that Mrs. S. Dodge fell into the canal while crossing on the ice. Her little daughter, eight years of age, was with her, and had the presence of mind to catch hold of her mother's dress when she came to the surface, and held fast, in the meantime screaming for help, despite the protestations of her mother to let go her hold and save herself, as the ice threatened to give away under the child. The cries of the little girl were heard by neighbors, who hastened to the scene and succeeded in extricating Mrs. Dodge from her perilous position. What this little girl did for her mother in that moment of peril the weakest Christian may do for multitudes in danger of perishing; he may not be able to save them himself, but he can cry on their behalf to One who is all-powerful, meanwhile doing all that he can to rescue them.

The Incident of an Invalid Cured through faith and prayer which we mentioned recently as having been telegraphed from Steubenville, O., is more fully and correctly described in a communication from Mrs. Owens herself. From this it appears that about seven weeks ago she was taken ill, and for some time was confined to her bed, after which she slightly recovered, but was at no time able to leave her couch. The symptoms in her case grew more unfavorable, and she made the Bible her constant companion, receiving encouragement from the contents of the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John and the numerous promises given to those who trust in the Lord. She called in several friends in the church and requested them to unite their prayers with hers, and there

was offered up earnest prayer from the heart that she who was afflicted might be restored. On Wednesday evening about six o'clock, while alone in her chamber, after reading the Bible and going to God in prayer Mrs. Owens felt her strength return, her disease, accompanied with pain, disappeared, and she arose in bed and commenced to dress herself, and in a short time walked the room, to the utter astonishment of her family. The next morning she went about her domestic duties, and with the exception of a feeling of weariness after being on her feet for some hours, experienced good health. Her husband verifies the statements made by his wife, as do other gentlemen acquainted with the family.

An Unsuccessful Litigant's Desperate Fight to retain possession of a house at Scranton, Pa., on February 10th, reminds the reader of our Saviour's illustration of demoniacal control (Luke 11 : 21, 22). A man named Darby Melvin held a house in Mulberry Street, Scranton, and refused to quit, although the judgment in a lawsuit recently decided required him to surrender it. On Friday an effort was made by the Sheriff and his deputies to dislodge him and his wife. *The fight for possession* lasted over an hour, and was witnessed by more than a thousand persons. Melvin, who was armed to the teeth, fought desperately, and fired through the windows at the Sheriff and his men, who returned the fire. The shooting on both sides was brisk, regardless of the crowd that pressed up against the windows for a glimpse of the man, who fought with the fury of an *enraged tiger*. The only persons in the house were Melvin and his wife, and each took part in the firing as long as their ammunition lasted, after which the Sheriff forced down the doors and broke in with his deputies. Melvin had retreated to the cellar, where he was found seriously wounded and bleeding profusely.

A Brakeman's Last Trip is Described in a Troy newspaper. He had a brother residing in the West. The two young men by the death of their grandfather became heirs to \$14,000, which was left to be equally divided between them. The brakeman had been notified of the bequest, and was on his way to Troy to receive his share of the money. As he started he made known to his fellow-employees the legacy that had fallen to him, at the same time adding in a cheerful way that *this was his last trip*. Scarcely had an hour passed before the brakeman was a corpse. In the performance of his duties he slipped, fell under a car, and the wheels crushed him into a shapeless mass. When his remains arrived at Troy there was a letter at the Post Office transferring to him \$7000. There was something very pathetic in the poor man's words being fulfilled in this tragic sense, especially in view of his brightened worldly prospects. The old adage that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip proved sadly true in his case. How different the certainty of the Christian's hope of eternal riches from which nothing can separate him (Rom. 8 : 38, 39).

A Lady who Expected to Become a Duchess has recently awakened to the knowledge that she has been the credulous dupe of swindlers. She lived near San Francisco, and the case has now come before the courts in that city. She was led to believe that a nobleman of England, *the Duke of Leicester*, had seen her in San Francisco, had been smitten with her charms, and desired to marry her. He was, however, just then ill in Vallejo. A correspondence was opened of the most loving character, and she absolutely believed, as did some of her friends, that she was about to become a duchess. In this belief she sent him several large sums of money to defray the expenses of his illness, and made every preparation for a splendid marriage. At last she discovered that she had been swindled, and that the property she had sent the "duke" had been obtained from her by false pretences, and that no such person existed. She is not the first person who has been duped by the bait of an aristocratic title. If people were as anxious to bear the incomparable title of "children of God" as to wear earthly titles they would realize their hopes and enjoy a happiness preferable to the estate even of kings (Rev. 1 : 6).

OUR LORD BEFORE HEROD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see Him of a long season, because he had heard many things of Him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by Him. Then he questioned with Him in many words; but He answered him nothing."—Luke 23 : 8, 9.

The Attempt to Exasperate Pilate—Its Unexpected Effect—Combination of Four Judges—I. Herod Before Jesus—Who Herod was—His Spiritual Descendants—Religious Athenians of to-day—Idle Curiosity at its Best—Herod's Hope of a Miracle—His Conscience Asleep—Idle Curiosity Disappointed—George Fox's Two Hours of Silence—Curiosity Turned into Derision—The Symbolical Robe—II. Jesus Before Herod—The Earnest Man Criticized—Jesus Sorrowfully Silent—Questions to You—Did Jesus Bear Sins of Speech?—Of Dress?—Opposition as a Bond of Friendship—Alliance of Superstition and Scepticism.

AFTER Pilate had declared to the chief priests and scribes that he found no fault at all in Jesus, they were afraid that their victim would escape, and therefore their fury was raised to the highest pitch, and they cried out the more vehemently against Him. In the course of their outcries they made use of the word "Galilee;" going, as it seems to me, a little out of their way in order to drag in the name: "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." Galilee was a region held in very great contempt, and they mentioned it to cast a slur upon our Lord, as if He were a mere boor from among the clowns of Galilee.

To Pilate they thought that the mention of the name would, perhaps, act like the proverbial red rag held before an infuriated bull; for he appears to have been troubled by seditious persons from that province. We all remember that they were Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. The Galileans were reputed to be an ignorant people, apt to be led astray by impostors, and so enthusiastic that they ventured their lives against the Romans. The priests would not only cast contempt upon Jesus, whom they were wont to call the Galilean, but also excite the prejudices of Pilate, so that he might condemn Him to die as one of a nest of rebels.

They were mistaken, however, in the consequences of their device, for Pilate caught at the word "Galilee" directly. That province was not immediately under his rule; it was under the sway of the tetrarch Herod Antipas, and therefore he thought within himself, "I can kill two birds with one stone: I can get rid of this troublesome business by sending this prisoner to Herod, and I can also greatly gratify the king by showing him this attention." Pilate had quarrelled with Herod, and now for some purpose of his own he resolved to patch up a friendship by pretending great deference to his sovereign powers by sending one of his subjects to be tried by him. Pilate, therefore, asked, "Is this man a Galilean?" and when they told him that He was so—for He was so by repute, His birth at Bethlehem having been wilfully ignored—then Pilate at once commanded that He be led to Herod, for Herod was in his palace at Jerusalem attending the Passover festival.

See, then, my brethren, our divine Master conducted in His *third march of sorrow* through Jerusalem. First, He was led from the garden to the house of Annas, then He was conducted through the streets from the hall of Caiaphas to the judgment hall of Pilate, and now by Pilate's orders He is led a third time by the angry crowd of priests through the streets to the palace of Herod, there to await His fourth examination. Certain of the old writers delight to remark that as there were four evangelists to do honor to our Lord, so were there four judges to do Him shame—Annas and Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod. We are on safer ground when we observe with the early church the coalition of the heathen and the Jews: "For of a truth against Thy holy child Jesus, whom Thou hast anointed, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done."

This morning I shall endeavor to set forth this portion of the sad narrative under two heads, which will be these: *Herod before Jesus*, and *Jesus before Herod*.

I. I call your attention first to

HEROD BEFORE JESUS,

because you must know something of his character, something of the meaning of his questions, before you can rightly understand the sorrow which they caused to Jesus our Lord and Master.

This Herod Antipas was the son of the old Herod the Great, who had put to death the babes at Bethlehem in the hope of destroying the King of the Jews. He was a *chip of the old block*, but still he was several degrees baser than his sire. There was nothing of the grandeur of his father about him; there was the same evil disposition without the courage and the decision. He did not in some things out-Herod Herod, for in certain points he was a more despicable person. Herod the Great may be called a lion, but our Lord very descriptively called this lesser Herod a fox, saying, "Go and tell that fox." He was a man of dissolute habits and frivolous mind; he was very much under the sway of a wicked woman, who destroyed any little good there might have been in him; he was a lover of pleasure, a lover of himself, depraved, weak, and trifling to the last degree. I almost grudge to call him a man, therefore let him only be called a tetrarch.

This petty tetrarch had once been the subject of religious impressions. These Herods all more or less felt the influence of religion at times, though they were by no means benefited thereby. The impressions made upon his conscience by John did not last with Herod. They were at first powerful and practical, for we are informed that "Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly." I suppose he reformed many matters in his kingdom, and cast off perhaps some of his grosser vices; but when at last John began to denounce him for having taken his brother's wife to be his paramour, while yet the brother lived, he cast his reprover into prison, and then you remember how, with reluctance, Herod, to please his mistress, beheaded John in prison.

Mark this: probably there is no more dangerous character living than a man who has once come under religious influences so as to be materially affected by them, and yet has broken loose and cast off all fear of God. He has done despite to his conscience so violently that henceforth he will know few qualms. The mind of Herod Antipas was in the condition of the chamber which has been swept and garnished, for his life had been somewhat reformed, but the unclean spirit with the terrible seven had come back to his old den, and now he was a worse man by a great deal than he had ever been before. This Herod was an Idumean, that is to say, one of the descendants of Esau, an Edomite, and though he had professedly become a Jew, yet the old blood was in him, as it is written concerning Edom, "He did pursue his brother with the sword, and cast off all pity."

Herod was in such a state of mind that he furnishes me with a typical character which I would use for the instruction and admonition of you all. He is a type of some who frequently come to this Tabernacle, and go to other places of worship occasionally—people who were once under religious impressions, and cannot forget that they were so, but who will never be under any religious impressions again. They are now hardened into vain curiosity; they wish to know about everything that is going on in the church and kingdom of Christ, but they are far enough from caring to become part and parcel of it themselves. They are possessed with an idle curiosity which would lift the golden lid of the ark, and intrude behind the veil. They like to gather together all the absurd stories which are told about ministers and to retail all the odd remarks that were ever made by preachers for centuries. All the gossip of the churches is sure to be known to them, for they eat up the sins of God's people as they eat bread.

It is not likely that their knowledge of religious things will be of any use to them, but they are ever

eager after it; the church of God is their lounge, divine service is their theatre, ministers are to them as actors, and the Gospel itself so much play-house property. They are a sort of religious Athenians, spending their time in nothing else than in hearing some new thing; hoping that perhaps some singular and unexpected discourse may be delivered in their hearing which they can retail in the next company where they would raise a laugh. To them preaching is all a farce, and, worked up with a few falsehoods of their own, it makes excellent fun for them, and causes them to be regarded as amusing fellows. Let them look at Herod, and see in him their leader, the type of what they really are or may soon become.

First, let us see

IDLE CURIOSITY AT ITS BEST.

Look here, sirs, and then look in a glass and trace the likeness.

To begin with, we find that Herod's curiosity had been created in him by his having heard many things concerning Jesus. How did he come to hear of Him? His great deeds were common talk; all Jerusalem rang with the news of His miracles and wondrous words. Herod, a convert to the Jewish faith, such as he was, took interest in anything that was going on among the Jews, and all the more so if it touched upon the kingdom, for the jealousy which set his father in a rage was not altogether absent in his son.

No doubt also he had heard of Christ from John. John would not long have preached to Herod without using his own grand text, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I am sure that, though he was a preacher of righteousness, he had not left off being the herald of the coming Saviour; and so from the stern lips of the great Baptist, Herod had heard concerning His kingdom. When John was dead Herod heard still more of Christ, so that, astonished with what was being done, he said, "This is John the Baptist whom I have beheaded; he is risen from the dead." Jesus became a kind of nightmare to his conscience; he was disturbed and alarmed by what he heard that the prophet of Nazareth was doing.

Besides that, there was one in his household who doubtless knew a great deal about the Saviour; for in Herod's court was the husband of a woman who ministered unto the Lord of her substance. The lady's name was Joanna, and her husband was Chuza, Herod's steward—I suppose Herod's butler and manager of his household. From Chuza he could readily have learned concerning Jesus, and we may be sure that he would enquire, for the fear of the great prophet was upon him. Thus Herod's curiosity had been excited about our Lord Jesus Christ for a considerable time, and he longed to see Him. I am not sorry when this happens to any of my hearers; I am glad that they should hear something about the Lord from His friends, something about Him from His ministers, and from those of us whose highest glory it is that, though we are not worthy to unloose the latches of His shoes, yet it is all our business to cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

It is said of Herod, in consequence of this curiosity, that he rejoiced to see Jesus. It is said that he was "exceeding glad." What a *hopeful state* to be in! May we not expect great things when a man sees Jesus and is exceeding glad? As I read this passage to myself, I thought, Why, the language might well describe a child of God; but yet the meaning was not the high and spiritual one which we could put into it, it was a frivolous gladness, because he hoped that now his curiosity would be satisfied. He hoped to see Him work a miracle, even He, of whom the record was, "He hath done all things well." Could not the great prophet be induced to multiply loaves and fishes? Might He not persuade Him to heal a blind beggar, or make a lame man leap as a hart? Would not a miracle make rare mirth in Herod's palace, and cause a new sensation in the mind of the worn-out debauchee? If, for instance, a corpse were dug up, and Jesus would restore it to life, it would be something to tell of when next the king sat down to a drinking bout with Herodias and her

like. When each was trying to exceed the other in telling strange tales Herod would match them all!

In this style many people come to hear the Gospel. They want to have an anecdote of their own about a notorious preacher, and if they do not see something ludicrous, or hear something striking, they will invent a tale, and swear that they heard it and saw it, though the lie might well choke them. They act thus because they come to hear for nothing but to feed their hungry curiosity. None carry this to such an extreme as those who did at one time feel a measure of the power of the Word of God, but have shaken it off. These are the mockers whose bands are made strong; these are the idlers who turn even the testimony of the Lord into food for mirth. Still, at the first blush, there is something that looks very hopeful about them, and we are pleased that they exhibit such gladness when Christ is set forth before them.

One ill sign about Herod was the fact that

HIS CONSCIENCE HAD GONE TO SLEEP

after having for a while troubled him. For a little he had been afraid of Jesus, and trembled lest John had risen from the dead; but that fear had subsided, and superstition had given way before his Sadducean scepticism. He hoped that Jesus would perform some wonderful thing in his presence; but he had lost all dread of the Just and Holy One. He was a man of vain mind; the man whom he feared one day he murdered the next, and he whom he welcomed with gladness, he hurried off with derision. There was left to Herod no feeling towards Jesus but the craving after something new, the desire to be astonished, the wish to be amused. I think I see him now, sitting on his throne, expectant of wonders, like the trifler that he was.

When Jesus was set before him he began to ask Him questions: "Then he questioned with Him in many words." I am glad the questions are not recorded; they could have done us no good; and, besides, our modern Herods nowadays are great masters of the art, and need not that any man teach them. We need not to be furnished with the old-fashioned quibbles and questions; for the supply is quite equal to our requirements. Fools can ask more questions in ten minutes than wise men are able to answer in fifty years.

The curious in religion are generally very apt at question-asking; not that they want Christ, nor that they want heaven, nor that they want pardon of sin, nor that they want any good thing; but still they would like to know everything that is dark and mysterious in theology; they would like to have a list of the difficulties of belief, a catalogue of the curiosities of spiritual experience. Some men collect ferns, others are learned upon beetles, and these persons pry into church life, its doctrines, pursuits, aims, and infirmities—especially the latter. They could write a book upon orthodox England and unorthodox England, and dwell with unction upon mental vagaries. It furnishes them with something new, and adds to their store of information, and so they spare no prying questions; for they would analyze manna from heaven and distil the tears of Christ; nothing is sacred to them; they put Scripture on the rack, and cavil at the words of the Holy Ghost.

Thus have I set forth idle curiosity in its better stage. Now let us pass on and see *how Jesus treated this curiosity*, considering it under the head of

IDLE CURIOSITY DISAPPOINTED.

"He questioned with Him in many words, but He answered him nothing!" If Herod had wanted to believe, Jesus would have been ready enough to instruct; if Herod had possessed a broken heart, Jesus would have hastened with tender words to bind it up; if Herod had been a candid inquirer, his doubts had been sincere and true, the faithful and true Witness, the Prince of the kings of the earth, would have been delighted to speak with him. But Jesus knew that Herod would not believe in Him and would not take up his cross and follow Him; and therefore He would not waste words on a heartless, soulless profligate. All the Master did was to maintain an absolute silence in his presence; and, let him question as he might, "He answered him nothing."

Observe, my brethren, that our Lord Jesus Christ

came not into this world to be a performer ; He did not leave His glory to earn the wondering approbation of men ; and as Herod regarded Him as a mere wonder-worker, and would have turned his court into a theatre wherein Jesus should be the chief actor, our Lord very wisely held His peace and did nothing at all. And sometimes His ministers might be wise if they were silent too. If they know that men have no desire to learn, no spiritual wish or aspiration, I say they might be wise if they held their tongue altogether.

I have sometimes admired George Fox, who, on one occasion, when the crowd had gathered round him, expecting him to deliver some fiery address, stood still by the space of two hours while they clamored that he would speak. Never a word did they get from him. He said he would famish them of words ; for words were all they wanted, and not the power of the Spirit. Probably they recollected his silence better than they would have remembered his most vehement discoursing. Sometimes silence is all that men deserve, and the only thing which in any probability will impress them. As the Lord Jesus was no performer, He did not gratify Herod, but answered him not a word.

Ah, sirs, you cannot trifle with religious impressions with impunity. God thinks it no trifle. He who has once been moved in his soul and has put away the heavenly word from him, may fear that it will be said of him, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone." May not some conscience here, if it has but a little life in it, be alarmed at the memory of former rejections of the Gospel, frequent quenchings of the Spirit, repeated trappings upon the blood of Jesus ? If God never speaks to you again in the way of mercy, you have no right to expect that He should do so ; and if from this day to the day of judgment the Lord should never give you another word of mercy, who shall say that you have been treated harshly ? Have you not deserved it at His hands as Herod had done ?

Furthermore, recollect that Herod might have heard Christ hundreds of times before if he had chosen to do so. Dear hearers, beware how you waste your Sabbaths. There may come a day when you would give a thousand worlds for another Sabbath, but it shall be denied you. There may come a day when you would count out all your wealth to have another invitation to Christ, but it will be denied you ; for you must die, and the voice of mercy will never ring in your ears again. They that will not when they may, shall not when they would. Many will knock after the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door ; but when He shutteth, no man openeth.

THE DOOR WAS SHUT ON HEROD.

Observe, that our Master had good reason for refusing to speak to Herod this time, over and above what I have mentioned ; because He would not have it supposed that He yielded to the pomp and dignity of men. Jesus never refused an answer to the question of a beggar ; but He would not gratify the curiosity of a king. He wants nothing of the murderer of John the Baptist. Had Herod been the poorest and most loathsome leper throughout all Judea, had he been the meanest mendicant in the street, who was lame or blind, his voice would at once have been heard by the Lord of mercy ; but He will not answer the prince who hopes for homage at His hands, nor feed the idle wishes of a crafty reprobate. What favor did He want at Herod's hand ? He had not come to be set free ; *He had come to die*, and therefore His face is set like a flint, and, with heroic courage, He answers him not a word.

Now, then, you have seen frivolous curiosity at its best, and you have seen it disappointed, as it generally is to this day. If people come to hear the Gospel out of this frivolous curiosity, they usually retire saying, "Really, I do not see anything in it. We have heard nothing eloquent, nothing profound, nothing outrageous. Just so ; there is nothing in the Gospel to please the luxurious, though everything to bless the poor. Jesus answered Herod nothing, and He will answer you nothing if you are of Herod's order. It is the doom of triflers that they should get no answer from the Gospel ; neither the Scriptures, nor the ministry, nor the

Spirit of God, nor the Lord Jesus will speak with them.

What was the result of this disappointment upon Herod ? *Idle curiosity curdles into derision.* He thinks the man is a fool, if not an idiot, and he says so, and begins to deride him. With his men of war he mocks Him, and "set Him at nought," which signifies to make nothing of Him. He calls his soldiers and says, "Look at this creature ; He will not answer a word to what I have to say ; is He bereft of His senses ? Rouse Him up, and see." Then they mock and laugh and jest and jeer. "Here," says Herod, "He calls Himself a king ! Bring out one of my shining white robes, and put it on Him ; we will make a king of Him." So they put it about His blessed person, and again heap contumely upon Him. Was it not strange—this decking Him in a gorgeous robe of dazzling white ?

The mediæval writers delight to dwell on the fact that Herod arrayed our Lord in white and afterwards Pilate clothed Him in red. Is He not the Lily of the valley and the Rose of Sharon ? Is He not matchlessly white for innocence, and then gloriously red in His atoning blood ? Thus, in their very mockery, they are unconsciously setting forth to us both His spotless holiness and His majestic royalty. When they had insulted to their full, they sent Him back to Pilate, kicking Him from foot to foot at their pleasure, as if He were a football for their sport. Then our Lord made His fourth sorrowful march through the streets of the city over which He had wept.

That is what idlers in the long run do with Christ ; in their disappointment they grow weary of Him and His Gospel, and they cry, "Put Him away ; there is nothing in Him, nothing of what we looked for, nothing to satisfy curiosity, nothing sensational ; take Him away." Away goes Jesus, never to return ; and that is the end of Herod, and the end of a great many more.

II. My time is nearly gone ; but bear with me while for a few minutes I try to set forth

JESUS BEFORE HEROD.

Although no blows are recorded, I greatly question whether our divine Master suffered anywhere more than He did in the palace of Herod. You and I, perhaps, apprehend most easily the woe of the coarser sufferings when they scourged Him and when they plaited the crown of thorns and put it upon His head, but the delicate and sensitive mind of our Master was, perhaps, more touched by what He suffered in the palace of Herod than by the rougher torture. For, first, here is a man fully in earnest for the salvation of our souls, and in the midst of his grievous passion He is looked upon as a mountebank and a mere performer, who is expected to work a miracle for the amusement of an impious court.

How it cuts an earnest man to the quick when he finds that, let him do what he may, people do not sympathize with him in earnestness, but are coolly criticizing his style, or imitating his mannerisms, or admiring his expressions as matters of literary taste. It is heart-breaking when your ardor makes you self-forgetful to find others pecking at trifles, or making your efforts into a kind of show. The Christ must have been wounded in His very soul when He was treated as a mere performer, as if He had left the Father's bosom and was about to give Himself to death, and yet was aiming to amuse or to astonish. I know how it saddens my Lord's servants when they preach their very hearts out to bring men to repentance, and the only result is to elicit the remark that "his arguments were very telling, and that pathetic passage was very fine." There is a thorn in such chill words to pierce deeper than the crown of thorns ; horrible indifference smites like the Roman scourge.

Then to think of our Lord's being questioned by *such a fop as Herod !* A man of earnest and intense soul, living for one thing only, and that the redemption of mankind, is here worried by the foolish questions of a man of the world. Were you ever in an agony of bodily pain yourself, and did some frivolous person call upon you and begin to torture you with the veriest inanities and absurdities ? Have you not felt that his chatterings were worse than the pain ? It must have been so with

Jesus. When the ridiculous must needs question the sublime the result is misery.

Remember, it was no small sorrow to our Lord to be silent. You tell me that He appears majestic in His silence. It is even so ; but the pain of it was acute. Can you speak well ? Do you love to speak for the good of your fellow-men, and do you know that when you speak full often your words are spirit and life to those who hear you ? It will be very hard to feel compelled to refuse them a good word. Do not imagine that the Lord despised Herod as Herod despised the Lord. Ah, no ! The pity of His soul went out to this poor frivolous creature who must needs make sport of the Saviour's sufferings, and treat the Son of the Highest as though he were a court fool, who must play before him.

See, then, your Lord and Master, and let me put two or three

QUESTIONS TO YOU.

Do you not think that this peculiar silence of Jesus was a part of His anguish, in which He was bearing the punishment for your sins of the tongue ? Ah me, ah me ! Redeemed of the Lord, how often have you misused your speech by wanton words ! How often have we uttered murmuring words, proud words, false words, words of despite to holy things ; and now our sins of the tongue are all coming upon Him, and He must stand silent there and bear our penalty.

And is it not possible that when they put the gorgeous robe upon Him, He was bearing your sins of vanity, your sins of dress and pride, when you made yourselves glorious to behold, and arrayed yourselves in gorgeous robes and glittering apparel ? Know ye not that these things are your shame ? For had you had no sin, you would have needed none of these poor rags ; and may not the Christ in white and red be bearing your sins of folly ? And do you not think that when they were making Him nothing, and despising Him He was then bearing our sins, when we set Him at nought—our words of despite and derision when, perhaps in our ungodly days we, too, made sport of holy things, and jested at the Word of God ?

Finally, we read that Herod and Pilate were made friends from that day ; and I do hope if there are any here that are true-hearted Christians if they have had any ill-will towards one another they will think it a great shame that Herod and Pilate should be friends, and that any two followers of Jesus should not be friends at the sight of the suffering Master. Our Lord has often been a point of union for wicked men, not by His intent and purpose, but because they have joined together to oppose Him. I have often smiled in my heart to see how superstition and scepticism will march together when they are anxious to oppose the Gospel. Then the Sadducee says, "Give me your hand, dear Pharisee ; we have a common interest here, for this man would overturn us all." The Gospel is the mortal enemy both of the sceptical Sadducee and the superstitious Pharisee, and so they lay aside their differences to assail it.

Now, then, if the wicked unite before our Lord Jesus when He wears the white robe, should not His people much more be united, especially when they remember that He said, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." I charge you by your homage to Him you call Master and Lord, if you have any difference of any sort with any Christian brother, let not yon sun go down till you have ended it by hearty love for Jesus' sake. Let it be seen that Christ is the great uniter of all those who are in Him. He would have us love one another even as He has loved us, and His prayer is that we may be one. May the Lord hear that prayer, and make us one in Christ Jesus. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning in behalf of their labors.]



A Slave Girl in Madagascar.



Mr. Parrott and Missionary Helpers at a Chinese Fair.



A Mandarin's Son Visiting the Missionary.

A MALAGASY SLAVE GIRL.

THE existence of slavery in the Island of Madagascar is associated with many mitigating circumstances, and the condition of the slaves is one of comparative comfort. The slave children are brought up with those of their masters, and but little difference made between them; they go together to the same school, and frequently sit side by side in the same class. Princesses of the royal blood have been seen in school with a little slave girl by their side, and strangers taking a casual glance would scarcely know the difference between them; only that the latter are generally darker, have rougher and coarser hair, and are not quite so clean and well-dressed as those of superior rank.

In some cases there are not even these distinctions, and at times it is quite impossible to discover their rank in life from any outward signs. For example, there are two pupils in the Girls' Central School, who for years were not known to be slaves, their dress and appearance giving the idea that they belonged to the upper classes.

Our picture of the Malagasy slave girl is copied from the Rev. Wm. Ellis's "Three Visits to Madagascar," in which the heroic missionary thus describes the state of things as existing twenty-five years ago:

"In one of the houses which I entered one day, a number of female slaves were at work. Some of them were carrying baskets of cotton or other articles from one room to another; and, as they passed along, I saw one young girl who had a couple of boards fixed on her shoulders, each of them rather more than two feet long, and ten inches or a foot wide, fastened together by pieces of wood nailed on the under side. A piece had been cut out of each board in the middle, so that, when fixed together, they fitted close to her neck; and the poor girl, while wearing this instrument of punishment and disgrace, was working with the rest." (See Illustration.)

Happily, however, the benign influence of Christianity has resulted in benefit to the slaves, and the missionaries, who have made many converts among the slave-owners, have used their influence to prevent cruelty and unnecessarily harsh punishment being inflicted.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE CHINESE.

THE work of the missionaries connected with the China Inland Mission has been frequently described in these columns and we gave in our issue of January 26th portraits of Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the mission, and two of his assistants. The following narrative has been sent home by Mr. A. G. Parrott, who is laboring in P'ing-yang Fu, in the province of Shan-si. The

events narrated occurred during his fourth journey through the province.

A ROMISH CHAPEL.

On August 9th, Chang Yu-fah (my native helper) and I started on a trip to Hung-tung Hien, and two or three villages in the Hien district. The weather was extremely hot, and we traveled early in the morning and late at night, to avoid the heat as much as possible. Hung-tung Hien is a good city, twenty miles north of P'ing-yang Fu. The Romanists have a chapel and several families of converts there. We reached the city at eight A.M., and it being market-day, a large number of country people had come in from the neighboring villages. During the day, partly by sales on the streets and partly by free distribution to the shops, we had disposed of about 850 portions of Scripture, Christian books, and tracts.

On Tuesday, August 10th, we attended a market at a place called Wan-gan-chen, northwest of Hung-tung Hien. Although it was market-day, not many had ventured out in the great heat. Still, we sold eighty-six Scripture portions on the market-place and in a temple, where, through the

FRIENDLY EFFORTS

of one man, who seemed more interested than the rest, the priest had been persuaded to open the doors and let us in. This afforded us a shelter from the sun, and brought a large number of men round us. The people were kindly disposed, and helped the priest to find us a table and a chair, and soon a pot of tea was brought, and we seemed to be on friendly terms with everybody. We returned to Hung-tung Hien the same day.

On August 13th we visited Hiang-ling Hien, southwest of P'ing-yang Fu, a small but friendly city. We could not sell more than thirty books, and rather than leave the people without the Scriptures, we gave away a single Gospel to most of the shops and returned to P'ing-yang Fu the same day. During the next ten days we visited Tsitsun, Ta-yang, Hien-ti, Tung-ts'un, etc., and sold a few books and tracts at the fairs.

A CHRISTIAN MEDICINE SHOP.

We again visited the town of Tung-ts'un, on the 24th, and sold and gave away altogether eighty-two single Gospels, besides tracts. One of our native Christians has now opened a medicine shop at his own expense, with a view to introduce the Gospel among the inhabitants.

Next day, we started to visit six fairs, at different towns and villages. We hired a cart for 700 cash per day, and reached Shih-ts'un, in time for the fair next day, when we sold forty-seven Gospels and portions of the New Testament, and proceeded on our journey to Kao-hien-chen, forty li further south. Our picture represents Mr. Parrott and his native Chinese helpers selling Gos-

pels and other portions of the New Testament at the fair.

In the Ho-nan province, Mr. H. W. Hunt holds numerous meetings at the "Jesus Hall," Ju-ning Fu, which has been properly fitted up for evangelistic purposes. He says: Upon my arrival here for the third time, when I rented premises for permanent mission work, I was immediately surrounded by people of the higher, middle, and lower classes.

EASTERN PRESENTS.

Some persons, anxious to gain my approval, and perhaps help in some way, were constantly bringing the strangest presents to me, nearly all of which I was obliged to refuse—a young turtle from the neighboring river, a pair of young storks and other water-fowl, a pair of doves, live fish, tame rabbits, chickens, a cat, illuminated scrolls, and presents of eatables without number.

VISITED BY A MANDARIN'S SON.

A very frequent visitor to me indeed is a mandarin's son, who is occasionally accompanied by his elder brother. He insisted upon my dining with him when I arrived this time, and seeing that his invitation was not made merely out of politeness (which is generally the case) I, of course, consented. He told me that my medicine had cured him of opium-smoking, but I have since ascertained that the fact is he has only come down from smoking an ounce to one fifth of the quantity per day. I fear that, like many others, he does not wish to break off the habit altogether, but continues to take a little, in order to make one in a social circle of smokers, who might be displeased if he ceased taking the drug altogether. I trust that my walks and talks with Ch'en Siao-ye, this friend, may be used of God to awaken him to a saving knowledge of God's truth. (Our picture depicts the visit referred to.)

THE WRECK OF THE CYPRIAN.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most appalling of the wrecks during the equinoctial gales was that of the Cyprian, which sailed from Liverpool, England, with twenty-seven hands, under Captain John Alexander Strachan, bound for various Mediterranean ports. The vessel made fair way at first, but was never free from water, which swept every moveable thing from the deck. The steamer labored heavily until three on Friday morning, when the steering gear of the fore wheel-house gave way, leaving the apparatus in the after wheel-house alone available. Subsequently the giving way of the apparatus in the after wheel-house caused the vessel to become unmanageable.

Shortly before five, the tubes of the second boiler burst and put out both fires. Whatever hopes

the crew had entertained of their vessel being able to withstand the storm were then dissipated, and the captain told them they must try to save themselves. The steamer ultimately struck violently on a rock two miles off Nevin on the Welsh coast. One after another of those who had life-belts dropped over the vessel's side into the water. Two firemen alone stood paralysed; they looked hopelessly at the sea, and going down below were never seen again. Meanwhile the captain, who was himself prepared with a life-belt, caught sight of a poor little pale-faced stowaway who had hidden himself in the vessel before starting, and, from some cause or another, was attempting to escape from England. Without pausing to consider



Capt. Strachan's Heroic Self-Sacrifice.

the worthiness or unworthiness of the lad, Captain Strachan (as represented in our engraving) unbuckled the life-belt from his waist and lashed it ship-shape upon the little stowaway, bidding him save himself if it were the mercy of Providence that this should be so. "I can swim," said the captain; "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway, lifted upon the surf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting, like the good, brave fellow that he was, to his strength, enfeebled with long watching and anxiety.

But swimming was impossible in such a sea. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down, never to be seen again; while the little stowaway, with the good captain's belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about, but alive, to tell the story of his strange fate and his kind friend's heroism.

What heart is not moved at such a recital? Yet what was the self-forgetting heroism of Captain Strachan, noble as it was, compared with that of Him who prayed for His murderers and poured out His life's blood for the redemption of guilty man? The universal feeling of admiration for such bravery as Captain Strachan's shows how marvelous is the ingratitude of thousands who refuse to recognize and render thanks to God for the infinitely vaster sacrifice of Christ who "died the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 174.)

A London Curacy.

THE district on which his vicar directed Felix to concentrate his efforts was by no means a neglected one. It was rather suffering from the multitude of laborers, who had chosen it as their part of the great vineyard. Lying close to a wealthy and fashionable neighborhood, it had long been a kind of pleasure-ground, or park for hunting sinners in, to the charitable and religious inhabitants of the comfortable dwellings standing within a stone's throw of the wretched streets. There was interest and excitement to be found in it for their own unoccupied time, and a pleasant glow of approbation for their consciences.

Every denomination had a mission there; and the mission halls stood thickly on the ground. There were Bible-women, nurses, city missionaries,

tract distributors at work; mothers' meetings were held; classes of all sorts were open; infirmaries and medical mission-rooms were established; and coffee-rooms were to be found in nearly every street. Each body of Christians acted as if there were no other workers in the field; each was striving to hunt souls into its own special fold; and each distributed its funds as if no money but theirs was being laid out for the welfare of the poor district. Hence there were greater pauperism and more complete poverty than in many a neglected quarter of the East End of London with all its untold misery.

Spirit-vaults flourished; the low lodging-houses were crowded to excess; rents rose rapidly; and the narrow ill-lighted streets were almost impassable after nightfall, when the greater part of the wealthy district-visitors were spending their evening hours in their comfortable homes, satisfied with their day's work for the Lord.

But Felix began his work in the evenings, when the few decent working men, who still continued to live in the Brickfields, had come home from their day's toil, and the throng of professional beggars and thieves, who found themselves in good quarters there, poured in from their day's prowling. It was well for him that he had an athletic and muscular frame, well-knitted together, and strengthened by exercise, for many a time he had to force his way out of houses, where he found himself surrounded by a crew of half-drunken and dangerous men. Presently they got to know and respect him both for his strength and forbearance, which he exercised with good temper and generosity. For he could give a blow, as well as take one, when it was necessary. At one time his absence from church was compulsory, because he had caught a black eye when defending a querulous old crone from her drunken son; he was seen about the wretched streets of the Brickfields with this too-familiar decoration, but he took care not to go home until it was lost.

With the more decent inhabitants of the district he was soon a great favorite; but he was feared and abhorred by the others. Felix belonged to the new school of philanthropic economy, which discerns, and protests against thoughtless almsgiving; and above all, against doles to street beggars. He would have made giving equally illegal with begging. But he soon began to despair of effecting a reformation in this direction; for even Phebe could not always refrain from finding a

the misery, and the ignorance, and the vice of his degraded district. He was not going to spare himself; it should be no sham fight with him. The place was his first battlefield; and it had a strong attraction for him.

So through the pleasant months of spring, which for the last four years had been spent at Oxford, and into the hot weeks of summer, Felix was indefatigably at work, giving himself no rest, and no recreation, except writing long and frequent letters to Mrs. Pascal, or rather to Alice. For would not Alice always read those letters, every word of them? would she not even often be the first to open them? it being the pleasant custom of the Pascal household for most letters to be in common, excepting such as were actually marked "private." And Mrs. Pascal's answers might have been dictated by Alice herself, so exactly did they express her mind. They did not as yet stand on the footing of betrothed lovers; but neither of them doubted but that they soon would do so.

It was not without a sharp pang, however, that Felix learned that the Pascals were going to Switzerland for the summer. He had an intense longing to visit the land, of which his grandmother had so often spoken to him, and where his father's grave lay. But quite apart from his duty to the district placed under his charge, there was an obstacle in the absolute interdiction Felicitia laid upon the country where her husband had met with his terrible death. It was impossible even to hint at going to Switzerland while she was in her present state of health. She had only partially recovered from the low, nervous fever which had attacked her during the winter; and still those about her strove their utmost to save her from all worry and anxiety.

The sultry, fervid days of August came; and if possible the narrow thoroughfares of the Brickfields seemed more wretched than in the winter. The pavements burned like an oven, and the thin walls of the houses did not screen their inmates from the reeking heat. Not a breath of fresh air seemed to wander through the low-lying streets, and a sickly glare and heaviness brooded over them. No wonder there was fever about. The fields were too far away to be reached in this tiring weather; and when the men and women returned home from their day's work, they sank down in silent and languid groups on their door-steps, or on the dirty flagstones of the causeway. Even the professional beggars suffered more than in the winter, for the

penny for some poor little shivering urchin, dlogging her steps on a winter's day.

"You do not stop to think how cruel you are," Felix would say indignantly; "if it was not for women giving money to them, these poor little wretches would never be sent out, with their naked feet on the frozen pavement, and scarcely rags enough to hide their bodies, blue with cold. If you could only step inside the ginshops as I do, you would see a drunken sinner of a father or a mother drinking down the pence you drop into the children's hands. Your thoughtless kindness is as cruel as their vice."

But still, with all that fresh ardor and energy which issued at in the familiar proverb, "A new broom sweeps clean," Felix swept away at

tide of almsgiving is at its lowest ebb during the summer, when the rich have many other and pleasanter occupations.

Felix walked through his "parish," as he called it, with slow and weary steps. Yet his holiday was come, and this was the last evening he would work thus for the present. The Pascals were in Switzerland; he had had a letter from Mrs. Pascal, with a few lines from Alice herself in a postscript, telling him she and her father were about to start for Engelberg to visit his father's grave for him. It was a loving and gracious thing to do, just suited to Canon Pascal's kindly nature, and Felix felt his whole being lifted up by it to a happier level. Phebe and Hilda were gone to their usual summer haunt, Phebe's quaint little cottage on the solitary mountain-moor; where he was going to join them for a day or two, before they went to visit Mr. Clifford, in the old house at Riversborough. His mother alone, of all the friends he had, was remaining in London; and she had refused to leave until Phebe and Hilda had first paid their yearly visits to the old places.

He reached his mission-room at last, through the close, unwholesome atmosphere, and found it fairly filled, chiefly with working men, some of whom had turned into it as being a trifle less hot and noisy than the sultry streets without crowded with quarrelsome children. It was, moreover, the pay-night for a Providence club which Felix had established for any, either men or women, who chose to contribute to it. There was a short and simple lecture given first; and afterwards the club-books were brought out, and a committee of workmen received the weekly subscriptions, and attended to the affairs of the little association.

The lecture was near its close, when a drunken man, in the quarrelsome stage of intoxication, stumbled in through the open door. Felix knew him well by sight; a confirmed drunkard, a mere miserable sot, who hung about the spirit-vaults, and lived only for the drink he could pour down his throat. There had been a vague instinctive dread and disgust of the man, mingled with a deep interest he could not understand, in Felix's mind. He paused for an instant, looking at the dirty rags, and bleared eyes, and degraded face of the drunkard standing just in the doorway, with the summer's light behind him.

"What's the parson's name?" he called, in a thick, unsteady voice. "Is it Sefton?"

"Hush! hush!" cried two or three voices in answer.

"I'll not hush! If it's Sefton, it were his father as made me what I am. It were his father as stole every blessed penny of my earnings. It were his father as drove me to drink, and ruined me, soul and body. Sefton! I've a right to know the name of Sefton if any man on earth does. Curse it!"

Felix had ceased speaking, and stood facing his little congregation, listening as in a dream. The men caught the drunken accuser by the arms, and were violently expelling him, but his rough voice rose above the noise of the scuffle.

"Ay!" he shouted, "the parson won't hear the truth told. But take care of your money, mates, or it'll go where mine went."

"Don't turn him out," called Felix; "it's a mistake, my men. Let him alone. He never knew my father."

The drunkard turned round and confronted him, and the little assembly was quiet again, with an intense quietness, waiting to hear what would follow.

"Thy father's name was Roland Sefton?" said the drunkard.

"Yes," answered Felix.

And he was banker of the Old Bank at Riversborough?" he asked.

"Yes," said Felix.

"Then what I've got to say is this," went on the rough, thick voice of the half-drunken man; "and the tale's true, mates. Roland Sefton, o' Riversborough, cheated me out o' all my hard earnings—one hundred and nineteen pounds—as I'd trusted him with, and drove me to drink. I were a steady nian till then, as steady as the best of ye; and he were a fine, handsome, fair-spoken

gentleman as ever walked; and we poor folks trusted him as if he'd been God Almighty. There was a old deaf and dumb man, called Marlowe, lost six hundred pounds by him, and it broke his heart; he never held his head up after, and he died. Me, it drove to drink. That's the father o' the parson who stands here telling you about Jesus Christ, and maybe trusted with your money, as I trusted mine with him as cheated me. It's a true tale, mates, if God Almighty struck me dead for it this moment."

There was such a tone of truth in the hoarse and passionate tones, which grew steadier as the speaker gained assurance by the silence of the audience, that there was not one there who did not believe the story. Even Felix, listening with white face and flaring eyes, dared not cry out that the accusation was a lie. Horrible as it was, he could not say to himself that it was all untrue. There came flashing across his mind confused reminiscences of the time when his father had disappeared from out of his life. He remembered asking his mother how long he would be away, and did he never write to her? and she had answered him that he was too young to understand the truth about his father. Was it possible that this was the truth?

In after years, he never forgot that sultry evening, with the close, noisome atmosphere of the hot mission-hall, and the confused buzzing of many voices, which after a short silence began to hum in his ears. The drunkard was still standing in the doorway, the very wreck and ruin of a man; and every detail of his loathsome, degraded appearance was burnt in on Felix's brain. He felt stupefied and bewildered—as if he had received almost a death-blow. But in his inmost soul a cry went up to heaven, "Lord, Thou also hast been a man!"

Then he saw that the cross lay before him in his path. "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." It had seemed to Felix at times as if he had never been called upon to bear any cross. But now it lay there close before him. He could not take another step forward unless he lifted it up and laid it on his shoulders, whatever its weight might be. The cross of shame—the bearing of another's sin—his father's sin. His whole soul recoiled from it. Any other cross but this he could have borne after Christ with willing feet and rejoicing heart. But to know that his father was a criminal; and to bear the shame of it openly!

Yet he could not stand there longer, fighting his battle, in the presence of these curious eyes so keenly fastened upon him. The clock over the door showed upon its dial only a minute or two gone; but to Felix the time consumed in this brief foretaste of the cross seemed years. He gathered together so much of his self-possession as could be summoned at a moment's notice, and looked straight into the faces of his audience.

"Friends," he said, "if this is true, it is as new to me as it is to you. My father died when I was a boy of ten; and no one had a heart hard enough to tell me then my father was a rogue. But if I find it is true, I'll not rest day nor night till this man has his money again. What is his name?"

"Nixey," called out three or four voices; "John Nixey."

Again Felix's heart sank, for he knew Simon Nixey, whose farm lay nearest to Phebe's little homestead; and there was a familiar ring in the name.

"Ay, ay!" stammered Nixey; "but old Clifford o' the Bank paid me the money back all right; only I'd sworn a dreadful oath I'd never lay by another farthin', and it soon came to an end. It were me as were lost as well as the money."

"Then what do you come bothering here for," asked one of the men, "if you've had your money back all right? Get out with you."

For a minute or two there was a scuffle, and then the drunkard was hustled outside and the door shut behind him. For another half hour Felix mechanically conducted the business of the club, as if he had been in a dream; and then, bidding the members of the little committee good night, he paced swiftly away from his district in the direction of his home.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PYRAMID PROPHECY ABOUT 1882-3.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

Prof. Piazza Smyth's Views—The End of the Grand Gallery—The Symbolical Measurement—Mr. Lane's Calculation—The Passage Floor—The Exit Passage—The Upper Way of Escape—The Converging Lines of Prophecy—The 1260 Years of Mahomedanism—Pasteur M. Rossetlet's Views—Mr. Sydney Hall on the Seven Overappings.

IN a previous number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Nov. 10, 1881, page 716) was published the principles of the theory on which is founded the prophetic interpretation of the symbolic measurement of the Great Pyramid. By the aid of diagrams of the exterior of the Pyramid and the interior chambers and passages, it was shown how closely the length of the passage-way, the Grand Gallery, and the dimensions of the chambers correspond with the great epochs of the world's history. It was also shown that having thus traced in this marvellous stone symbol our position at the present day, the forward measurements correspond with the periods mentioned in prophecy.

Professor Piazza Smyth, who has devoted many years to the study of pyramidal prophecy, thus writes of the conclusions he has formed.

For all those who have accepted the beginning of the Grand Gallery for the beginning of the Christian dispensation which commenced in the year A.D. 1, and under which we are still living, there is nothing for it but also to accept that a period, distinct and finite, was appointed to that dispensation by God, and that that finite period is close upon us. Not an end of the world, or of nations, or of men, but of the present dispensation. How close then is such an end? The answer to that question must depend on the length of the Grand Gallery by measure in pyramid inches, which symbolically represent years—the 1881.2 inches symbolizing 1881-2 years.

As usual with the accounts of travellers at the Great Pyramid, there are various results in print. According to Mr. Lane's measurement of the Grand Gallery, its length is 1894 pyramid inches. My own measures of the Grand Gallery, however, taken in 1865, amounted to, for the length up to the great step, 1813.0 pyramid inches; and thence up to the end walk, in the line concluded for the slanting floor, 68 inches further = 1881.0 pyramid inches in all; or, as computed more exactly by Mr. H. A. Powers, of Cincinnati, 1881.4 pyramid inches. [Professor Smyth elsewhere computes the length to be 1882 inches.]

Something, then, seems to be appointed to take place at that particular time, and it is much easier to say what it is not than what it is. It is not, for instance, as just stated above, the end of the world, for there is a "passage floor" leading on from the Grand Gallery to the Antechamber; through that also, and onward into the King's Chamber, the granite-lined and most glorious part of the whole interior of the building.

In fact, it is rather like the *unexampled days of future trouble* which our Saviour Himself announced should immediately precede His second coming, and terminate this dispensation of His first coming.

Of the unutterable anguish of these most exceptional days to come, we read (Matt. 24: 21; Mark 13: 19) that "there shall be affliction, such as there was not from the beginning of the creation which God created unto this time, neither shall be." But its duration will not be long, "for," continues the Saviour, "He hath shortened the days."

The severities of those times are pyramidally expressed at this place by the *exit passage* from the south end of the Grand Gallery being lower still than any of the low passages which indicate the troubles of the profane world in early times. Those passages were 47 inches in transverse, and 52 in vertical height: painfully low, therefore, for any full-sized man to creep through; but the *exit passage* leading from this end of the Grand Gallery is only 44 inches in vertical height, and is the most trying part of the whole passage system. But this excruciating portion is exceedingly short, for after no more than 53 inches in

length,* it enters into the freedom of the Ante-chamber, its quiet, peace, and presently granite protection.

THE UPPER WAY OF ESCAPE.

But the final reception into the Ante-chamber is not the only mode of mitigating the threatened horrors of that lower exit passage; for before entering that at all there is a very peculiar mode of possible entire escape, from the summit of the end of the Grand Gallery itself, though only for a few persons, and not by their own power.

This escape is by the doorway of exit into a small passage, at the upper south-east corner of the end (or rather upper southern end) of the Grand Gallery, and is no less than 27 feet above the history-recording floor, only, therefore, accessible to something approaching more to winged and flying, rather than walking, beings, and leading to a sort of retreat, more than apartment for earthly life, immediately over the grand and final granite hall, the so-called King's Chamber. That said retreat is one of the five hollows of construction which Colonel Howard-Vyse found to exist above the King's Chamber, but while the upper four had been absolutely closed in and about with solid masonry, the fifth and lowest was furnished as above described, with the passage-way leading to it from the almost inaccessible top of the southern end of the Grand Gallery, on the east side thereof.

Why it was so furnished there is nothing either in the scientific or Egyptologic theories to show; though in the sacred and historic symbology it immediately reminds us of what the evangelists in the New Testament promise, viz., of the elect being gathered in before the dread period of the wars and tribulations on earth begins; and also of those elect thus saved meeting the Lord in the air (1 Thes. 4: 17; Luke 17: 34-77; Rev. 3: 10; 12: 5), and being retained with Him in heaven for awhile before His Second Coming to the earth itself to establish His visible kingdom—the kingdom of the Stone cut out without hands, ordained to rule over nations in truth, righteousness, and universal extent, by grandly supernatural means, of which the world under the present Christian dispensation knows nothing practically (Daniel 2: 34-44; 7: 13, 14).

The rapture of the saints is necessarily, therefore, one thing perhaps now impending, but the return of Christ the Lord with His glorified saints to commence the millennium is quite another, and perhaps a more certainly fixable time—as indicated in the pyramid by the greater proximity of its markings to the chronicle floor-surface.

But the Second Advent of Christ (some reader may protest) has been continually expected every single year since the Ascension, eighteen centuries ago. Can, therefore, any special reason be now shown from Scripture, as well as from the Great Pyramid, why, at all events, this first of the latter-day miracles should be more likely to occur near the present epoch than to any of the long past

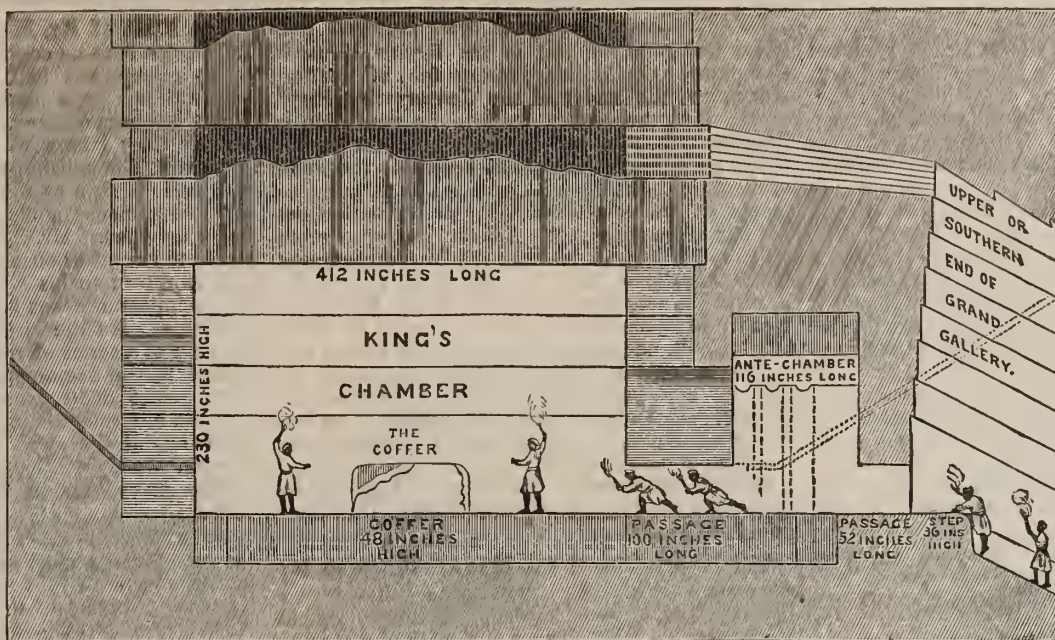


Diagram showing the End of the 1882 inches of the Grand Gallery of the Pyramid (symbolizing the 1882 Years of this Dispensation), and the subsequent Low Passage-way (the Great Tribulation), and Antechamber and King's Chamber.

years? I reply that those who have studied prophecy earnestly must be aware that a very great number of results have been brought out, all converging toward this epoch.

THE 1260 YEARS OF MAHOMEDANISM, ENDING IN A.D. 1882 TO 1896.

In Revelation 11: 1-3 we read, "There was given unto me a reed like unto a rod (a measuring rod); and the angel stood, saying, Rise, and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein. But the court which is without the temple leave out, and measure it not; for it is given unto the Gentiles: and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months."

That is to say, apparently this injunction implies "The country outside, even Egypt and Palestine and all the land of Arabia, measure them not; no metrical consequence of any spiritual significance shall be found there by so doing: and they are further given over by God to the Mahometans to have, to possess, and to tread under foot for forty and two months of the years (1260 days), i.e. 1260 years." Which period, dating from the Hegira, or the universally acknowledged effective beginning of Mahomedanism, in the year A.D. 622, will close of itself, without the efforts of man, in A.D. 1882, or simultaneously with the closing of the symbolic passage of the Grand Gallery.

Pasteur M. Rossetlet prefers to date the 1260 years from the taking of Jerusalem by the Saracens in A.D. 636, which would give A.D. 1896 for the close of Mahomedanism.

"And I will give power," saith the Spirit of God in Revelation, "unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophecy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth. These are the two olive-trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth" (Revelation 11: 3).

These two witnesses to God are supposed to be (at least in one fulfilment) the two houses of Israel—Judah and Joseph; and their testimony in sackcloth is the melancholy, though diverse, history of those branches of them in the eastern lands which have been, and are, under the iron-heeled domination of the Mussulman power for the appointed 1260 years. But when that power shall fall, in (or soon after) A.D. 1882—the "drying up" of it, as the mystic Euphrates, by the action of the sixth vial being already begun—shall they, those witnesses, then reign on the earth? Far from it; the

LOW PASSAGE-WAY

from the Grand Gallery to the Antechamber, as already mentioned, conveys the idea of a depressed, depopulated condition of the Christian Church, to follow the 1882 years of this dispensation; and

besides that, the Revelation of St. John says that it is at that moment, "when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and shall kill them. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the city for three days and a half" (denoting in the year-day fulfilment three years and a half). Though the next following verses declare, most emphatically, that God will interfere supernaturally for them.

COMING RAPTURE OR TRANSLATION OF CHRISTIANS.

But that final salvation is to be in Antechamber days, and the troubles, as the Pyramid's very low

passage before that apartment indicates, are to commence previously on all who are left on the earth after the Saviour shall have secretly and supernaturally removed His elect; and after, too, that the Seventh Vial shall have been poured out into the air; for it is after that dread action, in accordance with the words of St. John (Rev. 16: 18), there shall be "voices and thunders and lightnings; and a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great: and also the great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent, to fall upon men."

These terms, as Pasteur G. A. Rossetlet well remarks in his admirable work entitled "L'Apocalypse et l'Histoire," are symbols of prophecy. Not vague, mystical or fanciful, but most exact and truly descriptive to the very letter, when the meaning of the symbols is understood; just as the signs of operation of algebra in a mathematical work are anything or nothing to an ignorant person, but the most perfect expression for the things referred to that can be conceived when read forth by an educated analyst. Wherefore, by a wide inductive process, which in the end cannot fail to arrive exceedingly close to the truth, he proceeds to compare the words of St. John with accomplished history from the Apostle's days to our own; and finds every jot and tittle to be capable of full explanation on one uniform system.

But what does the Pasteur say of the days which are still to come? His first note is, that "the Rapture of the Church to the Lord in the air will take place at or just before the sound of the seventh trumpet. 'Let us hold ourselves ready,' says he; 'the time is very near.'"

Mr. Sydney Hall, a Pyramidal author, who is inclined to look upon the seven over-lappings of the Grand Gallery as the seven times of each species of warning in the Revelation, after expounding the last of them as being largely the Russian, in the seventh vial, feelingly asks:

"Is this fearful description of coming events to have no more weight with the mass of men than the warnings given to the old world by Noah? Surely the indifference which is shown to the signs of the times by mankind in general has been put on record by our Blessed Saviour Himself: 'As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed.'" "That day," which was then a long future one, is for us so no longer.

(To be continued.)

* Piazzi Smyth does not specify fully what he expects to take place during the fifty-three years symbolised by these fifty-three inches; but if we assume the first ten years of these fifty-three years to be occupied by the time of trouble and distress of nations, he remaining forty-three years would be a commencing portion of the millennium, and it would take all that time to repair the lesions of tribulation, and to increase the population of the earth; because at the beginning of the millennium, the condition of things is that "the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men are left: and the earth is empty and waste, and the cities lie shaken down by earthquakes" (see Isaiah 24 and Rev. 14: 18, 9, etc.).—E.D.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Queen Victoria has Written to Sir William Harcourt, Secretary of the Home Department, that she wishes to express "from her heart how very deeply she is touched by the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, affection, and devotion which the painful event of the 2d inst. called forth from all classes and from all parts of her vast empire, as well as by the universal sympathy evinced by the sovereigns and people of other nations. The Queen cannot sufficiently express how deeply she is gratified by these demonstrations. She wishes to convey to all, from the highest to the humblest, her warmest and most heartfelt thanks. The Queen says it has ever been her greatest object to do all she can for her subjects, to uphold the honor and glory of her dear country, as well as to promote the prosperity and happiness of those over whom she has reigned so long. These efforts will be continued unceasingly to the last hour of her life. The Queen thanks God that He spared her beloved child, who is her constant and devoted companion, and those who were with her in the moment of danger, as well as herself. She prays that He will continue to protect her for her people's sake, as He has hitherto so visibly protected her."

Another Foul Murder has been Committed in Ireland. The victim was found dead in an alley in Dublin shot through the neck. He was the man who gave the information to the authorities which led to the seizure in December of the rifles, revolvers, and ammunition at the residence of the brothers Whelan, in Cross Kevin Street, and of a further hoard of arms, powder, Orsini bombs and dynamite at their store. After giving the information his life was repeatedly threatened, and he was conscious of his imminent danger. He made most piteous appeals to the government to keep their promise to him of giving him the means to leave the country, but the authorities having obtained all the information they could get from him left him to his fate. They now offer \$2500 reward for the conviction of his murderer, when if they had given him a tenth of that sum he might not have been murdered. The *Dublin Express* commenting on the crime, says that the evidence is of a character deserving of serious attention, as it puts beyond any possible doubt the existence of a conspiracy which for some years was supposed to be suppressed, but only slumbered, and, under the fostering care of a government which encouraged a revolutionary agitation, it has been aroused into new activity and inspired with more confident expectations of success. Bailey fell a victim to its secret vengeance. He had committed a crime against the Fenian code, and a court of assassins decreed his "execution."

The Trial of Dr. Lamson, the American physician charged with murdering his brother-in-law, in England, has ended in a verdict of guilty, and he has been sentenced to be hanged on April 4th. Although the evidence went to prove that the prisoner was guilty of a peculiarly cruel and deliberate murder, the jurymen rendered their verdict under manifest emotion. Several of them were in tears when they re-entered the court room, and others of them were ghastly pale. The *London Times*, in an editorial on the verdict, says: "It would be difficult to find an example in which the proof of criminality was more complete. The conviction of Dr. Lamson may contribute to the safety of many lives which his acquittal would have placed in peril."

Mr. Bradlaugh has again been Refused Permission to take his seat in the British House of Commons. On Monday, March 6th, Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservative Party, moved that the House reaffirm its resolution of February 7th, that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to go through the form of repeating the words of the oath. Mr. Majoribanks, a Liberal member, moved an amendment in favor of legislation permitting affirmation. Mr. Labouchère, who represents in Parliament the borough of Northampton, which has three times in succession elected Mr. Bradlaugh, promised, on behalf of Mr. Bradlaugh, that if the amendment should be carried Mr. Bradlaugh would not attempt to enter the House until legislation was effected, provided the delay was only for a reasonable time. Mr. Gladstone supported the amendment, but it was rejected by a vote of 257 against 242. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was carried without division. On March 7th a bill was introduced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Redesdale, excluding atheists from both houses of Parliament.

The Description of the Manner in which Mr. Bradlaugh took the oath on February 21st, is published in the English journals. It shows conclusively that the atheist regards it as a mere empty form. A reporter who witnessed the scene says, "Mr. Bradlaugh rose from the seat which he occupied on the cross bench below the bar and advanced rapidly to the table. In a moment all eyes were turned upon him. The House, taken completely by surprise, expected that he would address them. Instead he dipped his right hand suddenly into the left breast pocket of his frock coat, pulled out a small dark, shiny octavo volume, with red edges, which he transferred to his disengaged hand, made a second dive and brought forth a piece of paper, made a third dive and drew from his waistcoat pocket a stump of pencil, and amid exclamations of astonishment, not unmingled with groans of derision, 'gabbled' through a form of words, inaudible above the din of dissent, kissed the little book, tossed it behind the crown of the mace and held up the piece of paper in the direction of the chair, at the same time calling out in an excited though triumphant voice, 'I tender that as the oath, which I have taken according to law,' and just as the clerk reached the corner where he stood, deposited it beside the book." It is not surprising after that exhibition that the House was disgusted and declared Mr. Bradlaugh's seat vacant.

Lieutenant Danenhower, Writing to his mother from Yakutsk, in Siberia, gives the following description of the city: "Yakutsk is a city of 5000 inhabitants, and is situated on the west bank of the Lena River. It is the chief city in this part of Siberia, and is the residence of the Governor General Tcherniaieff. The houses are built of wood and are not painted. The streets are very wide, and each house has a large yard or court. The principal trade is in furs, and in summer a great deal of fresh meat is sent up the river. This is a very cold place. During nine months of the year snow and ice abound. In the winter the thermometer falls to 70 degrees below zero. Since our arrival it has been 68 degrees below, and to-day it is only 35 or thereabouts. In the summer the temperature rises as high as 95 degrees." Lieutenant Danenhower writes gratefully of the kindness shown to the party by the Governor and the Russian authorities.

The Visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Edinburgh is to be commemorated by the erection of an evangelistic hall for the city. A suitable site, within a little distance of the house of John Knox, has been secured. The evangelists are continuing their labors in Glasgow with increasing success. The meetings were again held in the southern districts of the city, Mr. Moody addressing two immense audiences nightly, the churches being crowded. Mr. Sankey, who had been compelled to keep the house through a severe cold, was able to return to his work on February 21st, and his re-appearance was hailed with gratification and gratitude. A large circus has been taken for the purpose of a series of revival services, which commence in the beginning of March. Already the Rev. James Scott expresses his confident belief that the movement is in advance of the work done in the city at the close of the lengthened visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey eight years ago.

The Apprehended Conflict between Russia and Austria has, it is hoped, been averted. The *London Times* in an editorial article says: "War between Austria and Russia is *always* a possibility, but at present there is not, we trust, serious peril. The establishment of the Servian kingdom under Austrian auspices is an important guarantee of peace. Nor is the Slavonic storm likely yet to break upon Germany. We have reason to believe that Prince Bismarck has no fears in that direction, and that he neither expects an attack nor intends to strike." The Vienna correspondent of the *St. James Gazette* says that the general understanding between Germany and Austria to jointly resist a Russian attack upon either power has lately resulted in an arrangement of details for immediate action if necessary.

An Earthquake of a Very Disastrous Character is reported from Costa Rica, one of the Central American Republics. Four towns have been destroyed, and many lives lost. It was at first stated that there were several thousand victims, but later intelligence was to the effect that the number had been exaggerated. The towns which suffered most were Alajuela, San Ramon, Grecia, and Heredia. The last two are small towns, but Alajuela and San Ramon are among the chief cities of the Republic. The district is the most mountainous in all the American Continent, and there are several volcanoes in the range. It has frequently been visited by earthquakes, and the houses are constructed with the view of resisting those shocks.

A Report of a Revival at Orebro, Stockholm, and other places in Sweden has been sent by Pastor Truve, who says: "The earnestness of the people is so great that they will not leave the chapel in the evening. We must drive them out about 11 P.M. by turning down the gas."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1882.

16th Year. No. 13.—New Series.

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MR. THOMAS COOPER, the Converted Sceptic, and Scenes in his Life.

THOMAS COOPER,

The Converted Sceptic.

Early Poverty—A Disappointed Chimney Sweep—Conviction of Sin—Becomes a Shoemaker—Illness—Teaches a School—Religious Activity—Becomes the Victim of Religious Doubt—Literary Work—Joins the Chartists—Imprisoned for Sedition—The Purgatory of Suicides—Interview with Disraeli—The Changes of Fourteen Years—A Crusade Against Infidelity—Remarkable Escape from Death.

A STRANGELY chequered life is now drawing toward its close. Mr. Thomas Cooper, the hard thinker and public lecturer, has passed the period assigned by the Psalmist as the limit of active useful human life, and nears the inevitable termination of his peculiar career. Its incidents deserve study because they throw a light on the social history of the first half of the century, and they show how an active and penetrating mind without the advantage of education and full of conceited egotism falls into innumerable disastrous blunders until the Holy Spirit turns all the powers of the man into the channel of Christian service. The life of Thomas Cooper may be read as a warning and as an example. In both ways we trust it may be found useful by our readers.

Thomas Cooper is now seventy-seven years of age, having been born at Leicester, England, in 1805. His father was an itinerant dyer, who obtained a precarious subsistence by travelling about the country and practising his trade wherever he could find opportunity. He died when Thomas was four years old, and his widow returned to Lincolnshire, the locality in which she was born, and there struggled for a living for herself and her boy. It was a hard struggle and at best was far from a success.

For a long time her principal reliance was on the sale of cardboard boxes, which she made at home and then carried on her head through the public streets and the lanes of the country, peddling them to the farmers. One of Thomas's

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

is of one of these expeditions, on which he, when a boy of six years old, accompanied her. It was a special journey, and the proceeds were sorely needed to make up the money for rent. Thomas recollects how they met on the road a chimney sweep and his two helpers, and how the man tried to induce his mother by the offer of two gold pieces worth ten dollars to put the child in his service. At that time machines for sweeping chimneys were not in use, and small, slight boys were in demand, who were compelled to climb the chimneys and sweep them by hand. If the widow was tempted by the sight of the gold, her child's terror and entreaties soon enabled her to overcome the temptation and refuse the offer. (*This scene is depicted in one of the panels of our frontispiece.*)

The widow's difficulties were increased by an attack of illness under which her boy suffered and which came near ending his life. He first of all took the small-pox, which he had so severely that he was blind for nineteen days, was worn till the bones came through the skin in several parts of his body, and he was thrice believed, for some moments, to be dead. He was scarcely convalescent when measles and scarlet fever followed the more dreaded disease. A whole year was thus made memorable by affliction, and when, at five years of age, he again went out of doors, he himself says "I felt—child though I was—the humbling change that had come over me. I was no longer saluted cheerfully and with a smile, no longer flattered, and called a 'pretty boy.' Some frowned, with sour-natured dislike, at my marred visage; while others looked pitiful, and said, 'Poor thing!'"

Soon afterward an opportunity for acquiring a little learning was placed in the boy's way. A free school was established in the village. It was founded by some benevolent man who endowed it as a permanent means of usefulness. He stipulated, according to the custom of the day, that the boys who accepted the advantage offered of a free education, should, during the process of acquiring it wear a peculiar cap and coat, also provided gratuitously. It was a conspicuous costume of blue with bright yellow trimmings. The villagers would thus

be able to mark the boys who were so poor as to be glad of a free education, and they would be continually reminded of the liberality and generosity of the founder who was not anxious that his good deeds should be in secret.

It was during this period of his life that he read the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," which became his book of books, and hours of wonder and rapture he passed with John Bunyan, as he told his story of the difficulties and conquests of Christian and Faithful, or the fierce encounters between Great Heart and Giant Despair.

EARLY CONVICTIONS OF SIN.

In his fourteenth year Thomas was strongly impressed with the necessity of repentance and forgiveness of sin. One Sunday morning he ran out, with a crowd of the neighbors, to hear two men who were singing aloud as they went along on their way to the market-place, "Turn to the Lord and seek Salvation." These men were members of the Primitive Methodist Church, and remained in the town for some weeks, preaching in the open air, and holding meetings in houses; and the crowds that gathered were always greatly affected. Soon a society was formed, and regular preaching began in the very small chapel which John Wesley himself caused to be built, and which still stands, though it is now used as a warehouse.

The lad became a member of this society, in company with about a dozen other lads, some of whom were older and some younger than himself. His anguish and sorrow for sin were indescribable. His grief continued for weeks, he could read nothing but the Bible, and went away in some secret place twenty times a day to pray for the pardon of his sins. At length he believed that he had been converted, but, as is generally the case with boys of his emotional temperament when brought in contact with such excitement, he mistook the wild fervor of his spirit for the new birth.

The time soon came when it was necessary that he should do something to earn a livelihood. He was attracted by the sea and engaged himself as a sailor, but after nine days spent in helping to load the ship with her cargo, he became wearied and returned to his mother without going to sea. His next essay in the direction of self-support was as a shoemaker. He entered the service of a man of that trade, with whom he remained a year, and with another employer a year and a half, and from the two men learned sufficient of the trade to be able to make rough clumsy shoes, which the poorer storekeepers would buy of him. In this way working in a corner of his mother's dwelling he was able to earn a little money, never more than two dollars and a half a week.

At this time his mind took the not uncommon turn of swinging from the ecstatic religious state, to which it had attained in the little Methodist chapel, into doubt and scepticism. He, however, providentially became acquainted with a young man named Macdonald, to whom he imparted his doubts. Macdonald was a Christian, and while not negligent of his religious associations, was a great reader and thinker. Commending his young friend for asserting his mental freedom, he directed him to a course of solid reading, and lent him Robertson's histories of Scotland and America, and Neale's "History of the Puritans," and urged him to get a better acquaintance with theology.

Another acquaintance Cooper formed was that of John Hough, who was a broad general reader, had an excellent library, and made his friend Thomas welcome to the loan of every book in it that he desired to read. He frequently spoke with much earnestness to him of his spiritual condition, reminding him of the true wisdom there is in being prepared to die.

GROWTH OF SCEPTICAL DOUBTS.

To him, therefore, Cooper confided, without any concealment, the doubts he had already gathered from reading certain sceptical books, and he was solemnly advised to enter on a course of reading of the "Evidences of Christianity." He promised to do so, and that he would inquire into the truth of both natural and revealed religion.

The zest with which the young man pursued knowledge under many difficulties was attended with the customary penalties which are inexorably

demanding for over-work. But it was not till the summer of 1827, when he was a little more than two-and-twenty, that the eager student felt his bodily strength, and with it his power of mind, were really giving way. In the month of November the complete failure came. He fainted in his chair, and had to be carried to bed, where in a condition of prostration he remained for nine weeks.

BECOMES A SCHOOLMASTER.

A good constitution, and the blessing of the Almighty resting upon a physician's skill, enabled Mr. Cooper at last to leave the sick bed. It soon became evident, however, that he would never again be equal to hard manual labor. His friends, therefore, proposed to him that he should try the profession of a schoolmaster. The suggestion was accepted; a large club-room, which was already furnished with forms and boards, that would serve for desks, was secured; and on March 10th, 1828, he somewhat timorously opened school.

In the course of a year the young schoolmaster had a hundred scholars on his list, and he characteristically threw his whole nature into the undertaking while it was new. His school was a perfect passion with him for a time, but after the boys had passed away who had been his first scholars, and he had to begin anew with dull intellects amid discouragements, the keen delight which he at first realized became blunted; and he began to feel the work to be laborious, unwelcome drudgery.

The anxieties and resolutions of a bed of sickness brought their fruit, and while working as a schoolmaster he regularly attended the Methodist chapel and took an active part in class-meetings and local preaching, and appears to have become popular.

MARRIAGE.

At Christmas, 1829, Mr. Cooper visited Lincoln to see and hear a revivalist preacher. It was at this time he saw in the house of her brother, the lady who afterward became his wife. The first glimpse of her won him to her; and after conversation with her, his heart said, "This is the woman I should like for a wife," though he said not one word about it; and it was not until July 1st, 1831, that he ventured to offer his hand and heart, and was accepted. In November, 1833, the school at Gainsborough was given up, and another entered upon, at Lincoln; and on February 18th, 1834, Mr. Cooper was married, and after a time his mother gave up work, and joined her son and his bride in their humble though happy home.

Having experienced some slight at the hands of the officials of Methodism in the locality, Mr. Cooper cut himself off from their society. The occasion for doing so constituted, for years afterward, a source of regret to him, soured his mind against all religious professors, and raised within him a rebellious spirit. Soon he left off the habit of attending public worship, relinquished private devotion and even scoffed at religion and its preachers and professors.

It was at Lincoln that Mr. Cooper first mingled with the real world, and began to understand that he belonged to it. He became a member of the Mechanics' Institute, and was elected on its first committee. But his first, most earnest business, when he settled at Lincoln, was to set about the renewal of his studies. As usual with him he commenced his work with more impetuosity than discretion. He attempted the acquisition of Greek, Hebrew, and French, to which he added Italian and German. He also attended a series of lectures on chemistry, by Mr. Murray—a well-known lecturer of the time—at the Institute, and his acquaintance with this gentleman opened his way, most unexpectedly, to a new kind of life.

HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESS.

He wrote a paragraph descriptive of the chemistry lectures, and sent it to the *Mercury*, the local journal, and about a month afterward, Richard Newcomb, the proprietor of the paper, called upon him, thanked him for the paragraph, and offered him \$100 a year "to collect a few items of market and other news, and send them to him weekly," but, before long, Mr. Newcomb made much larger demands upon his time and attention.

In 1836 Thomas Cooper ceased to be a schoolmaster, and became the correspondent of the *Mercury*. He wrote trenchant paragraphs on cur-

local abuses, which raised up an army of enemies against him; but many of these soon became friends. The paper rose in circulation; its stirring criticisms were eagerly anticipated and avidly read; and a series of short articles, entitled "*Lincoln Preachers*," in which the Dean, Precentor, the Chancellor, etc., all had their weaknesses drawn as preachers and men, made the item yet more intense. The Nonconformist Wesleyan ministers also were presented with their portraits, very much to their chagrin, vexation, and mortification.

Mr. Cooper was nursing in his heart the resolve, one day, he would write a book that, by reason of its merits, should command success, though he had no idea of what the subject should be, and found himself quite unable to determine. The war came suddenly to his mind one day as he was in one of the recesses of the windows of the old hall, attending a meeting of the Town Council in his capacity of reporter to the *Mercury*. He perceived, as in a moment, the production of either a drama, or an epic, wherein the spirits of suicidal passions, and other remarkable personages, should be eloquutors on some high theme, and resolved to do it.

"THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES."

He wrote down, on one of the leaves of his retting book, the names of Demosthenes, and Hannibal, and Brutus, and Cassius, and Cato, and Nero, and Ahiathophel, and Judas Iscariot, and others, and others at the time, and preserved the leaf. He kept the title before him, and never thought of changing it.

He had now permanently adopted the press as a profession, and after removing from one journal to another, for some time, he finally drifted to Leicester, where he became reporter for the *Leicestershire Mercury*.

THOMAS COOPER'S LIFE AT LEICESTER

He came in every way memorable, but chiefly owing to the fact that it was in his capacity as reporter to the *Leicestershire Mercury*, that he heard the first lecture by a Chartist lecturer, to which he ever listened. The theories of the Chartists were just of a character most likely to act on such a mind as Cooper's. The Chartists were radical politicians who were pledged to work together for the redress of the grievances of the people. Their name was derived from the document in which they stated their platform. O'Connell was at the meeting at which the platform was adopted, and as he handed the paper to the secretary he said, "*There's your charter; agitate for it and take nothing less.*" It was considered by the aristocrats a revolutionary programme, but of the six aims or "points" it detailed, four are now incorporated in the British Constitution.

In 1841, Cooper fully identified himself with the artist movement, both on the press and upon the platform. The power of argument and declamation, which characterized his speeches, very speedily made him one of the foremost men in the agitation. The poverty which he beheld among the working-men of the town, his own past and present hardships, filled him with frenzy, and his weekly discourses on Sabbath evenings in the market-place became fierce and indignant.

In 1842 riots broke out in several towns, and one occurred at Leicester, in which the windows of the Poor House were broken, and a troop of soldiers was sent for to overawe the rioters. Matters went from bad to worse; and so marked a man did Cooper become, that he was regarded by the authorities as a most dangerous agitator. In this year he was arrested by the Leicester police, and committed to Stafford Jail, on the charge of being in a riot.

A PRISONER IN STAFFORD JAIL.

In 1843 Thomas Cooper was still an inmate of Stafford Jail, and bitterly complaining of the severe treatment which he experienced. During his incarceration he had been revolving in his mind the possibilities of bringing about a reformation in the prison discipline. He refused to go to the chapel, because he and other Chartist prisoners were crowded up in a close box during service, and had to look at the officiating chaplain through iron bars. One day, however, he consented to attend ser-

vice, not from religious motives but to annoy the preacher and jailers. So, taking a prayer-book in his hand, he accompanied his fellow prisoners, and occupied his seat immediately facing the pulpit. Presently, the chaplain in his white surplice entered; and no sooner did Thomas Cooper see him than he bounded forward, and seizing him by the arm, just as he was stepping upon the pulpit stairs he cried, "Are you a minister of Christ? If you be, see me righted. They are starving me on 'skilly' and bad potatoes; and they neither let me write to my wife, nor receive a letter from her."

The affrighted chaplain shook like an aspen leaf, and could not speak. "D'ye hear, man?" Cooper cried, shaking him by the arm, "Will you see me righted, I say?" "He's mad!—he's mad!" gasped the chaplain; "take him off! take him away!" Four of the turnkeys seized the sturdy prisoner by the legs, and bore him away, while he made the chapel and vaulted passages ring with the shouts of "Murder! murder!" (*A picture on our front page represents this incident.*)

His pertinacity, combined with the aid of powerful friends outside, in course of time procured the irrepressible Chartist the privileges he desired, and for some months he wrote poetry and studied Hebrew, until on May 4th, 1845, he was liberated from prison, and once more went to London.

During his journalistic work and his political agitation he drifted farther and farther from religious truth, and was especially bitter against Methodism and the Methodists. Clouds of doubt began to roll across his reason of a darker and more horrible shade than a mere disbelief of the Gospel records; and the coarse atheism expressed by some of the more reckless among the workmen often found a startling echo in his mind. His angered and distempered mind set itself defiantly to resist the thought of a God, in which, for a time, he but too well succeeded.

Arrived in London, he waited on Mr. Duncombe, an influential member of Parliament, and obtained from him a letter of introduction to Mr. Disraeli, afterward Earl of Beaconsfield. Duncombe wrote:

"My dear Disraeli—I send you Mr. Cooper, a Chartist, red-hot from Stafford Jail. But don't be frightened. He won't bite you. He has written a poem and a romance, and thinks he can cut out 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil'. Help him, if you can, and oblige, yours, F. S. DUNCOMBE."

It was on Sunday afternoon that, authorized by this note, Mr. Cooper proceeded to the house of Mr. Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, at Grosvenor Gate, Hyde Park. Of the visit and interview Mr. Cooper himself has said: "A tall footman in livery led me into what was evidently the literary man's 'study'—a small room at the top of the house. 'I wish I had seen you before I finished my last book,' said Mr. Disraeli to me, 'my heroine, Sybil, is a Chartist.' I gave into his hand the MS. of the First Book of my 'Purgatory of Suicides.' 'I shall be happy to read it,' he said; 'but what do you wish me to do?' 'To write to Mr. Moxon,' said I, 'and recommend him to publish it—if you think it right to do so, when you have looked it over.' He then directed me to call on a certain day in the week following, when he promised a note should be ready for Mr. Moxon." (*A panel in the frontispiece depicts this event.*)

LITERARY AND LECTURING CAREER.

From this period onwards, till 1856, Mr. Cooper devoted himself to literary work, and lecturing in London and the provinces. For twelve years of that time he was a sceptic, and for two years he devoted himself to hard reading and thinking upon the great truths of Christianity. His conviction of personal sin, meanwhile, deepened to such a degree as to threaten the overturn of his reason. He received much assistance, at this period, from Dr. Jobson, the well-known Methodist minister, and the Rev. Charles Kingsley. His bondage was suddenly broken, and as the words were running through his mind that had been familiar to him when he was a Bluecoat boy in Lincolnshire he repeated the expressive and touching confession of the Church of England Prayer-Book: "Almighty and most merciful Father, I have erred and strayed from Thy ways like a lost sheep," etc.

Mr. Cooper now commenced to lecture on Theism, the Moral Government of God, and the Christian Evidences, and advanced to the doctrines of the Atonement, Faith, and Repentance, in which work he encountered considerable opposition from his old atheistic friends. With the beginning of 1858 he began to receive very urgent requests from different parts of the country to lecture on his new subjects. So he went on a lecturing tour, which was a success. From that time to the present he has been in the lecture field, and his one subject has been to defend the truths and the doctrines of the Bible against the attacks of atheism, and to impress on young men the arguments in favor of revealed religion. In this he has been very successful, his own experience being an unerring guide to the strength and the weakness of scepticism.

"DON'T GO IN THERE, SIR."

One other incident in Mr. Cooper's life must close our sketch of this remarkable man. He had arranged with his friend, Dr. Jobson, to go to Yorkshire to lecture. They were to meet at the depot, and Mr. Cooper having arrived first was about to enter a car when a porter touched him on the shoulder (*see illustration page 205*), and said: "Don't go in there, sir; go a little lower down."

The English railroad cars are not entered as ours are from the end, but are divided into compartments capable of accommodating ten or twelve persons, and each compartment has its separate door in the side of the car. It is not an uncommon practice for a party wishing to have exclusive use of a compartment, to give a gratuity to a porter to induce him to keep other people out. This was probably the cause of the porter's request to Mr. Cooper, but it was providentially the means of saving his life.

Mr. Cooper yielded to the man, but felt a little surprised at his request. He had just put his satchel under the seat of the car to which the porter had conducted him, and was looking out for his friend, the Rev. Dr. Jobson, when he saw him about to enter the very carriage he had left. He beckoned him, and he came and entered the same car with Mr. Cooper, but expressed his surprise when he was told how the porter had particularly led him to it. The friends conversed for about an hour when they experienced a sudden shock, a wrench, and then the car glided on a few yards and stopped. On alighting the passengers saw from what a fate they had been preserved. The engine and first three cars, one of which was that Mr. Cooper had been prevented entering, had left the rails and rolled down an embankment. The passengers were all seriously hurt and many of them were killed. As he looked on the dead and dying, the converted sceptic offered sincere thanks to God for the exercise of a Providential care of which he humbly acknowledged himself unworthy.

An Escape from a Burning Coal Pit.—A scene of extraordinary excitement was witnessed on September 14th, at the Pentre Colliery, Glamorganshire, Wales, on it becoming known that a fire had broken out in the pit, in which upwards of four hundred men were employed. Immediately on the alarm being given, there was a rush of terrified women and children to the mouth of the pit to learn the truth. Happily, the mine had three shafts, and to this circumstance it was probably owing that no life was lost. John Thomas, who was in the pit, says: "We gave up labor when the smoke became suffocating. When we started for the pit we were in total darkness, and well-nigh choked. Our lamps, too, went out. I was too exhausted even to carry my little boy, and some one else did this instead. I fell several times on the way. I thought the pit had taken fire, because there was such a sulphurous smell, and everything seemed to be over. A man behind us called out for help, but we could give him none. My little boy could not stand. I put the boy upon my back. I could not do this long, however, and I had to drop him, and leave him on the roadway. I don't know how I managed to get along, but I was half dead. I found myself at last at the bottom, and I was taken up. After Dr. J. R. James had seen to me, I was at the lamp station, at the pit top, when my little boy was carried in."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
March 26, 1882.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."
—JOSHUA 24 : 15.

What Kind of Guest Religion is, in a House—Isaac Watts' Thirty-five Year Visit—What Religion Did in Your Father's Home—The Scene at Family Prayer—Its After-Influence—A Little Child's Question—A Family well Launched—Mother's Prayers—Visit your Father's Grave—Let Religion in at the Front Door—Prayer in the Trapper's Cabin—A Family Incident—A Grandfather's Prayers Spoil an Entertainment—A Whole Family Enter the Kingdom of God—A Covenant with Three Neighbors—A Family Bible—Illustrations Superior to Doré's—A Subject with Two Arms—A Place Kept for the Children.

ABSURD Joshua! You have no time for family religion. You are a military man and your entire time will be taken with affairs connected with the army. You are a statesman. You are the Washington, the Wellington, the MacMahon of the Israelitish army, and you will have no time for religion. But Joshua in the same voice with which he commanded the sun and the moon to halt and stack arms of light on the parade ground of the Heavens, cried out: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Before we make the same resolution it is best for us to see whether it is a wise and sensible resolution. If religion is going to put my piano out of tune, and clog the feet of my children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the door bell, I do not want it to come into my house. I paid six dollars to hear Jenny Lind warble. I never paid a cent to hear anybody groan. I want to know what religion is going to do if it gets into my house; what it is going to do in the dining hall, in the nursery, in the parlor, in the sleeping apartment, in every room from cellar to attic.

It is very easy to invite a guest to come to your house, but if he turn out to be a disagreeable guest, it is not so easy to get rid of him. You had better find out the character of the guest before you invite him to come in. Isaac Watts went to visit Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at their place at Theobalds, expecting to stay a week, and he stayed thirty-five years. And if you get religion into your house, the probability is it will not stay a week, or a month, or a year, but forever. Do not, therefore, invite religion into your homestead until you know what religion is, until you know some of its characteristics, whether it is going to cast a joy or a gloom on your household, whether it is going to be an exhilaration or it is going to be a depletion.

The practical question that I want to discuss with you, my friends—not professionally, but as a friend talks with a friend, or a brother talks with a brother—the practical question I want to discuss with you this morning, is,
WHAT WILL RELIGION DO FOR OUR HOUSEHOLD

if it gets there?

Question the first: What did religion do in your father's household, if you were brought up in a Christian home? This morning the scene all flashes back upon you. It is time for morning prayers in the old homestead. You are called in. You sit down. You are somewhat fidgetty while you listen to the reading. Your father makes no pretence to rhetorical reading of the Scripture, but just goes right on and reads in a plain way. Then you all kneel. You remember it now just as well as though it were yesterday. If you were an artist you could photograph the scene. You were not as devotional perhaps as your older brothers or sisters, and while they had their heads bowed solemnly down, you were thoughtless and looking around, and you know just the posture of your father and mother, and brothers and sisters.

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night by night, for your father had the same sins to deplore and the same blessings to thank God for. You were somewhat impatient to have the prayers over. Perhaps the game of ball was waiting, or the skates were lying

under the shed, or you wanted to look two or three times over your lesson before you started for school, and you were somewhat impatient. After a while, the prayers were over. Your parents did not rise from the floor as easily as you, for their limbs were rheumatic and stiffened with age.

Prayers were over. You recall it all this morning. A tear trickles down your cheek and it seems to melt all that scene, but it comes back again. There is father, there is mother, there are your brothers and your sisters. Was that morning exercise in your father's house degrading or elevating? As you look back now thirty, forty, fifty years, you hear the same prayers—the prayers of 1830, 1840, 1850, just as familiar to your mind now as though you had heard them yesterday, although the lips that uttered them long ago turned to dust. But all that scene comes back. Was it elevating or degrading?

Do you not realize that there has been many a battle in life when that scene upheld you? Do you not remember, O man, when once you proposed to go to some place where you ought not to go, and that prayer jerked you back? Do you now, my brother, my sister, reviewing that scene, bringing it to your mind—do you really think it was good economy, or a waste of time that your father and mother spent those moments in prayer for themselves and prayer for their families?

Ah! my friends, we begin to think of it this morning, and we come almost to the conclusion that if those scenes were improving to our father's household, they would be improving to our own household. They did no damage there; they do no damage now. "Is God dead?" said a little child to her father. "Is God dead?" "O, no," he said, "my child; what do you ask that question for?" "O," she said, "when mother was living we used to have prayers, but since mother has been dead we have not had prayers. I thought perhaps God was dead too."

A FAMILY WELL LAUNCHED

In the morning with prayer goes with a blessing all day. The breakfast hour over, the family scatter—some to household cares, some to school, some to business life in New York or Brooklyn. Before night comes there will be many temptations, many perils, perils of mis-step, perils of street car, perils of the ferryboat, perils of quick temper; many temptations threatening to do you harm. Somewhere between seven o'clock A.M. and ten o'clock P.M., there may be a moment when you will want God. O! you had better launch the day right. It will not hinder you, my brother, in business life. It will be a secular advantage.

A man went off to the war and fought for his country, and the children stayed and cultivated the farm, and the mother prayed. One young man was telling the story afterward and some one hearing the story said: "Well, well, your father fighting, children digging on the farm, and mother praying at home; it seem to me all these agencies ought to bring us out of our national troubles." I tell you, my friends, pray, and be industrious, and you will get a livelihood. You might say, "Give us this day our daily bread," and then fold your arms and starve to death; but industry and prayer will give you temporal prosperity.

O! my friends, what has been your memory, what is your memory this morning, of those early scenes? Do you think we had better have God in our own household? "O," says some one, "I can't formulate a prayer; I never prayed in my life." Well then, my brother, there are Philip Henry's prayers, and McDuff's prayers, and Doddridge's prayers, and Episcopal Church prayers and a score of good books with supplications appropriate to your family. If you do not feel yourself competent to formulate a prayer, just take one of those prayer books, put it down on the bottom of the chair, kneel by it and then commend to a merciful God your own soul and the souls of your family.

"O!" says a father, "I couldn't do that at all; I am naturally so retiring and reticent it is impossible." Well, I think sometimes it is the mother's duty to lead in the prayer. I say, sometimes. She knows more of God, she knows more about the family wants, she can read the Scriptures with

more tender enunciation. To put it in plain words, she prays better. I remember my father praying morning by morning and night by night but when he was absent from home and mother prayed it was very different. Thou sometimes when father prayed we were listless indifferent we were none of us listless or indifferent when mother prayed, for we remember just how she looked on the floor, with her hand to her brow as she said: "I ask not for my children riches honor, or fame, but I ask that they all may become subjects of Thy converting grace." "Why," you say, "I never could forget that;" neither could you.

O! these mothers, they seem to decide everything. Nero's mother was a murderess. Lord Byron's mother was haughty and impious. So you might have judged from their children. Walter Scott's mother was fond of poetry. Washington's mother was patriotic. St. Bernard's mother was a noble-minded woman. So you might have judged from their children.

Good men have good mothers. There are exceptions to the rule, but they are only exceptions. The father and the mother loving God, their children are almost certain to love God. The son may make a wide curve from the straight path, but will almost be sure to curve back again after awhile. God remembers the prayers and brings the son back on the right road after a while again sometimes after the parents are gone. How often we hear it said: "O! he was a wild young man until his father's death; since that he has been very different; he has been very steady since his father's death, he has become a Christian." The fact is that the lid of the father's casket is often the altar of repentance for a wandering boy. The marble pillar of the tomb is the point at which many a young man has been revolutionized.

O! young man, how long is it since you went out to your father's grave? Perhaps you had better go this week. Perhaps the storms of last winter may have bent the headstone toward the earth and it may need straightening. Perhaps the letter may be somewhat defaced by the elements. Perhaps the gate of the lot may be open. Perhaps you might find a sermon in the faded grass. Better go out and look. O! prodigal, do you remember your father's house? Do you think that religion which did for the old people would do well for you?

It seems to me we are all resolved to have religion in our houses, but

LET IT COME IN AT THE FRONT DOOR

and not at the back door. In other words do not let us try to smuggle religion into the household. Do not let us be like those families that feel very much mortified when they are caught at family prayers. They do not dare to sing at family prayers lest the neighbors should hear them, and they never have prayers when they have company. (If we are going to have religion in our house let it come in at the front door.)

Some of our beautiful homes here in Brooklyn have not the courage of

THE WESTERN TRAPPER.

A traveller passing along far away from home was overtaken by night and by a storm, and he put up in a cabin. He saw firearms there. It was a rough-looking place, but he did not dare to go in the darkness and storm. He had a large amount of money with him and he felt very much excited and disturbed. After a while the trapper came home. He had a gun on his shoulder. He put the gun roughly down in the cabin, and then the traveller was more disturbed. He was sure he was not safe in that place. After a while he heard the family talking together, and he said, "No, they are plotting for my ruin; I wish I was out the night and storm instead of being here; I would be safe there."

After a while, the old trapper came up to the traveller and said: "Stranger, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and when we come in at night we are quite tired and we go to bed early, but before we go to bed, we are in the habit of reading a few verses from the Scripture and say a short prayer; if you don't believe in such things, if you would just please to step outside the

or for a little while, I'll be obliged to you." There was the courage to do one's whole duty under all circumstances, and a house that has prayers in it is a safe house, it is a holy house, it is a finely guarded house. So the traveller found out he tarried in the cabin of that western trapper. But there are families that want religion a good way off, but within calling distance for a funeral; not to have religion dominant in the household from the first day of January, seven o'clock A.M. to the forty-first day of December, ten o'clock P.M., they do not want it.

I had in
MY ANCESTRAL HOME
An incident of which I have told you once, but I must tell it again for the encouragement of all Christian parents, and as it was blessed of God when I recited it before, so may it be blessed in hundreds of households here represented to-day. My grandfather and grandmother went from Somerville to Baskenridge to attend revival meetings under the ministry of Dr. Finley. They were so impressed with the meetings that when they came back to Somerville, they were seized upon by a great desire for the salvation of their children. That evening the children were going off to a gay party, and my grandmother said to the children, "When you get all ready for the entertainment come into my room; I have something very important to tell you." After they were all ready for the gay entertainment, they came into my grandmother's room and she said to them, "Go and have a good time; but while you are gone I want you to know I am praying for you and will do nothing but pray for you until you get back." They went off to the gay entertainment. They did not enjoy it much because they thought all the time of the fact that mother was praying for them. The evening passed. The children returned. The next day my grandparents heard sobbing and crying in the daughter's room, and they went in and heard her praying for the salvation of God, and she said—her daughter Phebe said: "I wish you would go to the barn and to the wagon house for Jehiel and David (the brothers), are under powerful conviction of sin." My grandparent went to the barn, and Jehiel, who afterward became an eminent minister of the Gospel, was imploring the salvation of God, and then having first knelt with him and commended his soul to Christ, they went to the wagon house, and there was David crying for the salvation of God—David, who afterward became my father.

The whole family was swept into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. David could not keep the story to himself, and he crossed the fields to a farmhouse and told one to whom he had been affianced the story of his own salvation, and she yielded her heart to God. It was David and Catherine, and they stood up in the village church together a few weeks after—for the story of the converted household went all through the neighborhood—in a few weeks two hundred souls stood up in the plain meeting house at Somerville to profess faith in Christ, among them David and Catherine, afterward my parents.

My mother, impressed with that, in after life, when she had a large family of children gathered around her, made
A COVENANT WITH THREE NEIGHBORS,
Three mothers. They would meet once a week to pray for the salvation of their children until all their children were converted—this incident not known until after my mother's death, the covenant then revealed by one of the survivors. We used to say: "Mother, where are you going," and she would say, "I am just going out a little while; going over to the neighbors." They kept on in that covenant until all their families were brought into the kingdom of God, myself the last, and I trace the line of results back to that evening when my grandmother commended our family to Christ, the tide of influence going on until this hour, and will never cease.

O! I tell this for the encouragement of fathers and mothers who are praying for their children. Take courage. God will answer prayer. He will keep His bargain. He will remember His covenant. O! my friends, take your family Bible and

read out of it this afternoon. Some of you have such a Bible in the household. I have one in my home. It is a perfect fascination to me. If you looked at it, you would not find a page that was not discolored either with time or tears. My parents read out of it as long as I can remember; morning and evening they read out of it.

When my brother Van Nest died in a foreign land, and the news came to our country home, that night they read the eternal consolations out of the old book. When my brother David died in this city, then that book comforted the old people in their trouble. My father in mid-life, fifteen years an invalid, out of that book read of the ravens that fed Elijah all through the hard struggle for bread. When my mother died that book illumined the dark valley. In the years that followed of loneliness, it comforted my father with the thought of reunion which took place afterward in Heaven.

Doré never illustrated a Bible as that Bible is illustrated to me, or your family Bible is illustrated to you. Only three or four pictures in it, but we look right through and we see the marriages and the burials, the joys and the sorrows, the thanksgiving days and the Christmas festivals, the cradles and the death-beds.

OLD, OLD BOOK.
The hand that leafed you has gone to ashes; the eyes that perused you are closed. Old, old book! What a pillow thou wouldst make for a dying head!

O! I believe this morning, that, under the power of the Holy Ghost, there are hundreds of people here who are going to invite religion into their household. Let religion come into the dining-room to break the bread, into the parlor to purify the socialities, into the library to select the reading, into the bed-room to hallow the slumber, into the hallway to watch us when we go out and when we come in. There are hundreds of people here this morning, I believe, who are ready to say from their heart with the old soldier of the text, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

My subject has
TWO ARMS.
One arm of this subject puts its hand on the head of parents and says: "Do not interfere with your children's happiness, do not intercept their eternal welfare, do not put out your foot and trip any of them into a ruin. Start them under the shelter and benediction of the Christian religion. Catechisms will not save them, though catechisms are good; the rod will not save them, though the rod may be necessary; lessons of virtue will not save them, though such lessons are very important. Your becoming a Christian through and through, up and down, out and out, will make your children Christians."

The other arm of this subject puts its hand on all those who had good bringing up, but as yet have not yielded to the anticipations in regard to them. I said that the path of the son or the daughter might widely diverge, and yet it is almost certain that the wandering one would come around again on the straight path. There are exceptions, and you, my brother, might be the exception. You have curved out long enough; it is time to curve in. Would it not be awful after all the prayers offered for your salvation, if you missed Heaven? If your parents prayed for you twenty years and they offered two prayers a day for twenty years, that would make 29,200 prayers for you. Those 29,200 prayers are either the mountain over which you will climb into Heaven, or they will be an avalanche coming down upon your soul.

O! by the cradle that rocked your childhood with the foot that long ceased to move; by the crib in which your children sleep might by night under God's protecting care; by the two graves in which the two old hearts are resting, the two hearts that beat with love toward you since before you were born; by the two graves in which you, the now living father and mother, will soon repose, I urge you to faithfulness.

"Though parents may in covenant be
And have their Heaven in view,
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too."

O! thou glorified Christian ancestry. Bend from the skies to-day and give new emphasis to what you told us once with tears and many anxieties. *Keep a place for us* by your blissful side, for to-day in the presence of earth and Heaven and hell, and by the help of the cross, and amid these overwhelming and gracious memories we all resolve, each one for himself and for his loved ones: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." May the Lord God of Joshua have mercy on us!

INCIDENTS AT THE MOODY AND SANKEY SERVICES IN SCOTLAND.

Remarkable After-meetings.—The After-meetings on Sunday, January 15th, were among the most remarkable ever held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. At the close of the women's meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall, those who had received blessing during the time of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's visit to Edinburgh, and those who were anxious about their souls' welfare, were invited to go to St. John's Free Church in High Street. The ground floor of the sanctuary was wholly occupied by these two classes. At the conclusion of the men's meeting a similar request was made by Mr. Moody, and again the building, with the exception of the galleries, was crowded. The converts were asked to stand up and testify when they had yielded themselves to their Saviour; and one by one at least one hundred persons rose—gray-haired men, young men, and boys—and told when they had received salvation. Some of them just mentioned the date, others merely the place—as January 12th, or "the Corn Exchange." Some of the conversions dated nearly from the commencement of the Evangelists' visit, others were more recent and in one or two instances "this night" expressed the time of change. Afterwards, those who were anxious and desired prayer were asked to come to the front. Many persons did so, and earnest prayer was offered. The meetings were impressively solemn.

Other Trophies of Conquest.—Mr. J. Wilson said: "On Sunday week, at the men's inquiry meeting, Mr. Moody brought a man to me, and asked me to take him up into the gallery and talk with him. I did so, and after about half an hour's conversation he grasped me by the hand, and told me that the light had at last come into his heart. He said that Jesus was his Saviour, and I knew by the way in which he grasped my hand that he was speaking from the heart, and that he had entered into the peace which passeth all understanding. Last Monday night, in Mr. Kelman's church, among the people who first came to the front were this man and his wife. I said to the latter, 'Well, have you decided for Christ?' She answered, 'Yes; while Mr. Moody was speaking, I took Christ to be my Saviour. My husband came home last night and told me about his conversation, and from 10 o'clock until 1 o'clock in the morning he was trying to point me to Jesus, but I could not see the way. I could not sleep all night. I came down with my husband to the meeting, and now I have taken Jesus, and I am going home rejoicing.' Among the men who last night testified what great things the Lord had done for them was that woman's husband. As I was afterwards speaking to him he said, looking up at the gallery, 'There is the pew where I found the Lord last Sunday night; I will never forget it.'"

The Last Meeting Possible.—The Rev. Mr. Jolly said: "A lady told me that a fortnight ago, on the occasion of the meeting when prayer was made for the afflicted, she was sitting behind a young lady who was from the country, as she afterwards discovered, and noticing that she was weeping, and that she seemed in very great distress, she determined to speak to her, fearing that she had lost some relative, or had some one belonging to her in deep affliction. At the close of the meeting, therefore, the lady asked her, 'What is the cause of your trouble?' and the young lady replied, 'I am weeping because this is the last day that I remain here, and am able to attend the meetings.'"

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 187.)

Miles Rossiter's Visit to Sylph—Tells her News of the Old House—Declares his Love and Proposes Marriage—Sylph's Refusal—Miles Explains his Plans—Is informed of the Engagement with Capt. Vaughan—His Chagrin at Finding whose Life he had Saved—Sylph's Earnest Appeal.

GLOOM was gathering, frowning and dark, around Miles; his path was becoming most difficult and dangerous. His meeting with Sylph had rekindled within him a love of consuming power; and, yet, at the same hour, circumstances around him seemed to render the attainment of his burning wishes to the last degree hopeless.

It would have been prudent of Miles to shut out from his mind all thoughts of Sylph, and resolve never more to come within the charm of her presence. The young Irishman, however, had not sufficient strength of will for this self-denial. He had told her he would see her again in the evening if he could. To see her *was* possible, and he would at least once more—only once more, however, he said, come near to listen to the sweet and thrilling music of her voice, to gladden in her sunlit smile, and to feel the exquisite fascination of her beauty. "One quaff more from the enchanted cup," said Miles, "and then I surrender it forever."

Sylph was glad to hear the footsteps of Miles approaching the farmer's dwelling in the evening, and yet there was, also, a strange apprehension and uneasiness in her gladness. There had been a fervor in Miles's manner in their last interview, which caused her instinctively to suspect that there was more than friendship in his heart towards her. And, yet, might she not, after all, be mistaken? There was surely enough of the unexpected and marvellous in their meeting to fully account for anything peculiar in the young man's language and conduct. And, then, Miles too, she reflected, was no doubt, an excitable and emotional Irishman, so that his ardor of soul in her presence, which in an Englishman would, perhaps, mean a great deal, might, after all, have but very little significance in the case of Miles Rossiter.

Miles came unattended, to enjoy this interview with Sylph alone; the last, he said within himself, that he was to indulge himself with. The future beyond was as a starless night to him; but, no matter, he would give himself up to the happy noonday brightness of the present. He involuntarily lifted up his thoughts in prayer to heaven, for the wise direction of his future, whatever it might be. And more than once he yearned for such a fellowship with Christ, such as on one occasion he had heard Sylph speak of at Chester, so that, like herself, in every emergency of life he might enjoy His blessed companionship and the light of His inspiring smile.

He found Sylph by herself in a little parlor, which was entered by a door from the large kitchen of the farmhouse. The window of the room looked out upon a small flower garden, and there was just light enough in the gloaming of the early summer evening to enable Miles to see the graceful forms of the tall lilies and their floral companions in the garden.

Sylph was sitting at the window when Miles came into the room, and her position, and what she seemed to have been dreamily looking out upon, suggested at once to him the circumstances under which he had first seen the fair woman who had thrown the spell of her blissful and yet painful enchantment around him.

"Ah! Sylph," he said, "how you remind me of the happy moments that I knew long ago in that old, quaint house in the Rows."

"How so, Mr. Rossiter?" asked Sylph. "What can there be about me here, and in such circumstances, to put you in mind of dear old Chester?"

"You must not be angry with me if I tell you," said Miles, looking entreatingly and tenderly at her. "But, Sylph—Sylph—it was looking down upon a flower garden from out the window of that nice little chamber which you lodged me in, that I first caught sight of that face, the remembrance of

which has never since left me. Will you not be surprised, Sylph, to learn," he asked, "that I have seen the house in the Rows since you have?"

Relieved by his change of subject from an anticipated and much dreaded embarrassment, and really eager to get tidings of a place dear to her from a thousand tender associations, she replied, "Your question does indeed surprise me, Mr. Rossiter, and I envy you the privilege it implies. Not a spot in this world is dearer to my thoughts than the oak-frame house in the Rows. It was there that I found my best earthly friends after my darling mother was called home by her heavenly Father, and it was there, too, that I first experienced the unspeakable joy of forgiven sin through the precious blood of Christ, and found the Divine Friend."

"Let it only be an ideal object in your thoughts then," he replied, "and never seek again to actually behold it; for it is a changed place since you left it." Miles then gave her a full account of his flying visit to Chester, of the present ill-cared-for and even disreputable look of the once admirably kept premises; and of his interview with the coarse-featured and vulgar-souled Dr. Bolus.

The narrative of Miles brought pain and grief to the heart of his listener. Sylph, strangely oblivious of the passing character of all things here below, got to suppose, in her imaginative way, that her dear old home would, somehow, continue as when she parted from it; and now, to hear that not only was the whole place changed, but disreputably changed, produced a keen regret in her bosom. The evident pain she felt made Miles repent the fulness of his unpleasant communication, and he told her so.

"No, Mr. Rossiter," she said, "no, excuse nothing. I thank you much for telling me the whole truth in this matter. It would not have been either faithful or kind of you to have hidden anything from me; and your tidings will fix my determination never to rest until I get back Dr. Gilbert's old dwelling into my own hands."

Miles had come to Sylph with a pronounced resolve in his mind, that this should be his last interview with her, and that after this one hour of happiness he would give her up for ever. But he found that purposes formed in the mind are but as threads of tow before the fire of passion, and especially when in the immediate presence of the object that enkindled it. Every look, every gesture, every word, every play of feature of Sylph served but to add fuel to his love and to give force to the thrall that bound him.

He had abandoned all thought of making her his wife; but Sylph's closing words flashed upon his mind the scheme formed soon after his reaching France. Oh! might he dare to hope that Sylph's declared attachment to her early abode would now make his abandoned scheme feasible.

"Listen to me, Sylph," he said. "Listen to me, for in your hands is my destiny!"

His vehemence startled her, and she rose from her seat as meditating a retreat from the room.

"No, Sylph," he cried; "sit down and hear me," and he held her gently yet firmly.

"I have told you, Sylph," he went on, "that soon after reaching France, my eyes, opened by Dr. Gilbert's instruction, and after what I beheld for myself in Paris, I gave up forever all thoughts of the Roman Catholic priesthood. But I did not tell you, Sylph, of another motive for this, nor of a project fondly contemplated in consequence of it, but which the force of events compelled me to abandon. Do hear me," he entreated, as he observed her strong wish to avoid a declaration from him. "My fond idea was to get back to England; to offer myself as a pupil and medical student to dear Doctor Gilbert, in order to become in time his partner, and, if Providence should so order it, his successor; and Doctor Gilbert's declared good will towards me encouraged me in this programme. But, the one thing that lay at the very root of all this was yourself, for from the first hour of seeing you I have been your helpless captive."

"I came to Ireland in obedience to my general, and to promote what I believed would be a patriotic and noble struggle; but I have been miserably disappointed—what should he a holy war for

native land has been degraded into a combat the supremacy of a superstition, and has become fanatical massacre. I am sick at heart, and loathe the whole business. The French, I know, are to land to retrieve matters; and, repudiated by rebel chiefs, priests and laymen, I have made my mind to leave them. Only to leave them, however; for, Sylph, bad as they are, I will not be them.

"Sylph, I have means at my command," means honorably gained," he repeated. "My intention is to resign my French captaincy and take up (for it is not too late), my scheme of coming a medical man. Then, you see the issue. It is I that will regain possession of the house in the Rows—yes, I, Miles Rossiter, Sylph; and is I that will make it a centre again of healing and of generous benevolence. I feel in myself force to accomplish all this—but it can be only under one condition; that you, Sylph, promise me—to become the mistress, the presiding genius, and the charm of your old abode—home, sweet home, in the Chester Rows."

During Rossiter's hasty and impassioned speech in which he laid bare his heart, confessing love for Sylph, she several times endeavored to escape from him. Failing that, she tried to interrupt the young man, and explain her position; Miles raising his voice and pouring out his words without break, prevented her. At length the opportunity she longed for was given, and at once she embraced it.

"Mr. Rossiter," she said, I beseech you calm yourself, and to listen patiently to what I have to tell you." She trembled while she spoke, but, keeping down her agitation by a strong effort of will, her voice was clear and distinct.

"Your offer and proposals, Mr. Rossiter, do me honor, and I sincerely thank you; but what I have to say will show you that it is impossible that I give you the answer you desire. You will hear, I think, that I never in any way sought to influence your mind; and I assure you that I was more to you than a friend never entered my imagination. It could not, from your declaration as a candidate for the Catholic priesthood."

"Quite true," interrupted Miles, "you never did consciously enthrall me—no, a true and good woman never does of intent enthrall—I acquit you fully, Sylph; but still you did it, and by virtue of that mystic power which nature has given you, the result of which it is your part to respect and honor."

"I could, perhaps, argue that matter with you, Mr. Rossiter," she replied, "but I will not, for it has nothing to do with the present question. Rossiter, hear me," and she threw a deeper, fuller tone into her voice; "it is impossible that I should entertain your offer; you yourself admit it, when I tell you that I am the betrothed of another."

"What—who—of him whose life I saved this morning?" exclaimed Miles, confused and utterly confounded by this, terrible announcement. "How disastrous! how fatal! Surely a dark destiny, all my life through, pursues me! Every step I take, every act I do, brings upon me disappointment and calamity!"

"When you take time to think you will not believe, speak in this way," said Sylph, "I know you will not; your nature, Mr. Rossiter, is noble, I am certain, to cherish regret at a brave and generous deed which saved the life of your low man because you discovered afterwards that he was a rival. No; if you had not rescued the life when you could, even though you found it thereby you compassed the private end which I say is the nearest to your heart, believe me, it would have been a curse to you, and have shadowed with remorse your whole following existence. No, not only for my own sake, but also for you, Mr. Rossiter, I rejoice, that you did the brave and noble act of rescuing Captain Vaughan," the perceiving a look of inquiry still upon the face of Miles, she added—

"It has preserved a life, which, if taken, seemed imminent, would have been death to me. It has given you a place of honor and gratitude

my thoughts that will never be forgotten. And it will be a satisfying gladness, in all the future, Mr. Rossiter, to your own conscience."

"For a future, however, that will not be for long in this world," replied Miles, "I do not care for a life, Sylph, that must be passed in hopeless exile from you, and I shall seek death. Oh, why did we ever meet? or, why, having been separated, did I ever come to see you again? A love that had been but smouldering in my heart has been rekindled into a living flame, which, robbed, of its object will be now but a consuming fire within me." And the young man, his eyes glassy and wild in their despair, looked into the beautiful face of Sylph, as she stood before him.

"Is it nothing," she asked, "that your seeing me again this morning led to the preservation of my life, and of the life of one as dear to me as you say I am to you? I know you do not think this and will not say it. Providence often makes us the instruments of a good deed, that it may be a life-long happiness to us, and do not, Mr. Rossiter, deprive yourself of this blessedness, by the madness and blindness of mere passion—for blind it is—since, if even no one stood in the way, I could never have returned your love. A thousand things, which I will not speak of, would have hindered it. The only one I will mention is religion. I could never unite myself to one not a Christian; and, do not be angry with me when I say, Mr. Rossiter, that although possessing many good and noble qualities, I fear you are not this, and the very idolatry of your worship of me is a proof of it."

"Do you mean that I am a Catholic, and you are a Protestant?" inquired Miles.

"No," said Sylph, "for either may, and neither may be, what I mean by the word Christian. By a Christian, I mean a real lover of Christ; one in whose heart Christ is uppermost; who rests for salvation upon the finished work of Christ, and upon nought beside. And I appeal to you, Mr. Rossiter," she added, looking him straight in the face, "or, rather, I ask you to make the appeal to your own conscience. Ask yourself in God's sight, have you ever made a conscious surrender of yourself to the Saviour?"

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

S.S. Lesson for April 9, Mark 6: 19-29. Golden Text, Rev. 2: 10; Ps. 37: 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

"AT that time," while the apostles were going forth preaching, healing, and casting out devils, "Herod the tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus" (Matt. 14: 1). It became the talk of the palace, and the uneasy conscience of the wicked king left him no rest. He had taken upon himself the awful responsibility of putting to silence one whom he knew to be "a man sent from God." "The devils . . . believe, and tremble" (James 2: 19), and the devil's willing dupe and instrument must also believe and tremble. Day and night horror took hold of him, no peace by day, no sleep by night; and now, when he heard of another prophet, who not only preached with power, but also healed in a marvellous manner, and whose very disciples did the same, the wretched man knew he was checkmated. He felt he had rebelled against the sovereign power of God, and in his remorse, not for the sin but for its consequences, he went and said to his servants, "This is John the Baptist, he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him" (Matt. 14: 2). Herod saw, understood, and felt the reality of God's power, while he made no claim upon His mercy. He saw that

GOD WAS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH, and gave Him credit for being able to have His way in spite of all the evil which he, or other wicked men could do. His faith in God's Almightiness was so great that he fully believed He would never suffer a defeat, but that the very same John whom he had slain was risen from the dead with new and supernatural powers. What an unspeakably awful position for a soul to be in; fully alive to a mysterious, unseen, irresistible Power, and yet standing in the position of a hopelessly condemned enemy!

He might drown his misery in drink and debauch, but the bitter, terrible truth must meet him again in every moment of consciousness; death could give no peace, for that dreaded Power could bring back from death. Such a consciousness would be enough to lay reason low, but even then eternity must be entered upon, and who could tell when or whether the irresponsibility would cease?

But what brought about such a state of things? Simply a definite, personal resistance of the Gospel; a deliberate choice of evil rather than good, of sin and the world rather than God. John had made a great impression on Herod, there was a strange and marked unlikeness between this man of the desert, full of the Holy Ghost, and the learned, courteous scribes, whose object was not to bring their hearers into the presence of God, that heart and conscience might bow before Him, but rather to display their own knowledge, eloquence, erudition or logic. They always sought to impress their hearers with themselves, and therefore sought by all means to please and gratify. John, on the contrary, knew himself not, his eyes were open to only two things, God and immortal souls, and thus his words were such as must be felt;

THEY HAD EDGES,

and went right in to the hearts and consciences. They made men feel that their most hidden motives were being brought to light, and there was nothing for it but to make a clean breast of it, and out with all the hidden sin; and thus the Jordan banks were one scene of weeping, broken-heartedness, confession of sin; and then, when they beheld the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, of joy, of freedom and deliverance.

So "Herod feared John"—how far he loved him we are not told—he feared him, he knew that John was "a just man and an holy." Wicked men know the real thing, counterfeit holiness will not pass with them. John's life bore out all he said; earthly considerations, personal considerations, had with him no existence, he lived only for one thing, that men should repent. Herod "kept him safe. And when he heard him he was much perplexed (or did many things) and he heard him gladly." (Rev. Ver.)

There was room for the king to be perplexed, he was living in open sin, and no possible shadow of excuse for sin, no possible admission of extenuating circumstances came within the limits of John's teaching;

SIN WAS SIN,

and sin must be removed now and forever. There was no respect of persons with John. It may be that it was on a day when he was saying to some embezzler of property, "Restore that which thou hast unjustly taken and pay back fourfold, make haste to do it, for 'the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" Perhaps he turned to some wine-bibber, and said, "Give up thy cups, the Lord is coming," and then facing round upon the king, "And thou, King Herod, give up thy brother's wife, it is not lawful for thee to have her." Herod was perplexed, he knew that John was right, but the influence of this wicked woman was great upon him, and he was not man enough to resist it. She was stung to madness by the boldness of the preacher; his influence was already great with Herod, for he had induced him to do "many things;" there was a change in him, he feared God more; in his language, in his court, in everything there, was a change for the better, many things were changed, but not the thing, the crowning sin, which was a justification of adultery in the land. Herodias saw that if John won the day she would be disgraced from the throne, and the whole country would regard her as the abandoned woman she was; and to save herself this deserved shame she persuaded Herod to imprison John. And then it came to pass that Herod, being reproved by John "for Herodias his brother Philip's wife, and for all the evils which Herod had done, added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison."

HE DID IT WITH HIS EYES OPEN,

he knew what he was doing, playing into the hands of the devil; and having gone thus far he could not stop, he had made his choice, had chosen for himself and for his people evil rather than good, impurity instead of holiness, and now he must abide by it.

Thoughts of murder were in the heart of Herodias, she would never rest until the blood of John the Baptist was spilt; and for this unnatural, unwomanly woman, Herod had sold his soul! A convenient day arrived, the great enemy of souls had planned it, and Herodias was his ready ally; her daughter went in and danced before Herod, the unhappy king was so pleased with this little distraction to his self-condemning thoughts that he promised with an oath to give the damsel whatsoever she would ask, even to the half of his kingdom. The plan was successful, it was just as Herodias had desired; she had her request ready, and sent the young girl with a petition ill-suited to her years or her sex, "I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist." "The king was exceedingly sorry,"

HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A DILEMMA;

he had never meant to go so far as this, but the reins once given to an unprincipled woman like Herodias, there was no stopping. He might have made a stand even now, he might have repudiated his oath, and saved John the Baptist; but then he must go the whole length, confess and abandon his sins, give up Herodias, and become a true disciple. But such a length he was not prepared to go. His oath, what those would say who sat with him at table, these present things, shadows as they were without substance, weighed with him more than the salvation of his immortal soul, the honor of God, or the good of the people.

And so the deed was done, an executioner was sent to do all he could to the poor body of God's witness, but after that he had no more that he could do (Luke 12: 4), his ransomed spirit found its way where poor lost Herod would fain be at this moment. The coveted gift was given to the damsel, and she conveyed it to her mother. One can imagine with what diabolical hatred Herodias looked upon those closed lips, which she thought could no more tell her of her sin, and those closed eyes which could no longer bring the blush of shame once more to her cheeks. But she had miscalculated, for surely at that day "when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed" those eyes shall look upon Herodias again, when she is dragged forth from her prison to be judged those lips shall testify against the guilty pair who murdered him. No wonder then that Herod, who had thus given himself over as a tool of the wicked one, when he heard of Jesus said, "It is John whom I beheaded." It was the general opinion that Jesus was some resurrection man. "Some said, That it is Elias," referring to the prophecy of Malachi 4: 5. Also the Lord had said of John, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come" (Matt. 11: 14). "Others said, That it is a prophet, or as one of the prophets." But Herod could not be moved from the one idea which haunted him, "It is John whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead." Herod had lost his soul, and soon after he lost his kingdom, for which with his sin he had paid so dear, and died with the wicked Herodias in a prison at Lyons, in France.

Who was the conqueror, John or Herod? With which would we now change places? "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer;" said our Lord to the church of Smyrna, "behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried." Yes, blessed prison when the Lord is there! It has been proved more than once that neither bolts, bars, chains, nor soldiers can prevent the exit of one of Christ's disciples from prison, when God sends one of His angels to bring him out; and while it pleases God that His faithful witnesses shall remain there, neither bleeding backs nor feet fast in the stocks can hinder them from praising God. O how infinitely better than a throne where an uneasy, hopeless conscience conjures up real and imaginary horrors, where the past, the present, and the future are all too dreadful to think of! God has never promised us exemption from trial; it is true to this day, as our golden text says, "The wicked plotteth against the just and gnasheth upon him with his teeth;" it is as true now as it ever was that "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (2 Tim. 3: 12). Jesus says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Death of the Poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on Friday, March 24th, is an event that dwarfs and overshadows all others of the week's history. In all the cities of this wide land, in scattered hamlets and in solitary forest homes, there are men, women, and children on whom the news of the great poet's death will fall as a deep sorrow. Nor to America alone is this mourning confined. Wherever our language is spoken, there Longfellow's works are found and loved. Even when the name of an American was not a passport to European favor, Longfellow was popular beyond the Atlantic, and his words, stirring and inspiring, sweet and tender, always pure and elevating, were on the lips of men who seldom spoke kindly of the country which gave the poet birth. The world is poorer now that he is dead; and while his poems will hold their place of honor on our shelves and in our hearts to the end of time, we realize with sorrow that his last word has been spoken, and that the pen which has written so much and so well, is laid aside for ever.

The Leading Facts in the Poet's History, though well known, may be briefly recapitulated. He was descended from the grand old Puritan stock. The first of his father's ancestors to come to America was William Longfellow, who was born in Hampshire, England, in 1651, and settled at Newbury, Mass., in 1676. The poet's mother had a still more distinguished lineage, for she was a descendant of John Alden, whose name is among those of the Mayflower pilgrims and who was the first to land on Plymouth Rock. The poet's father was the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a member of the Portland Bar and once a member of Congress. Henry was the second son and was born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He studied at Bowdoin College, taking his bachelor's degree in 1825. He was offered a professorship in the same college in 1826, which he accepted, but he subsequently removed to Harvard, where he succeeded George Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages, a position he occupied until his resignation in 1854, since which date he has lived in retirement. He had a severe attack of vertigo last winter which seriously

reduced his vital strength, but on Saturday, March 18th, he was so well as to take a walk around the grounds. But the exposure had a fatal result; he caught cold, peritonitis set in and he suffered severely. He lingered until Friday, when he peacefully passed away surrounded by his children and most intimate friends. Mr. Longfellow was twice married, and it was the tragic death of his second wife, who was burned to death in July, 1861, that caused him the most poignant grief of his life. Three daughters and two sons survive him. Mr. Longfellow's first collection of poems appeared under the title of "Voices of the Night," in 1839, and included the poems which had originally been published in *The New York Knickerbocker*. Among these were the two pieces which are best known, "The Psalm of Life," and "The Reaper and the Flowers." From that time Mr. Longfellow took the high place in popular favor which he occupied without question to the day of his death.

The Anti-Chinese Immigration Bill Passed the House on March 23d, by a vote of 167 to 65. Four Democrats voted in the minority. The bill is substantially in the same condition as when passed by the Senate. An effort made by Mr. Kasson to have the period during which the immigration of the Chinese is to be suspended reduced from twenty years to ten received the support of one hundred members, 131 voting against it. The passage of the bill in its present shape has been somewhat of a surprise, as it was known that many members of Congress who ultimately voted for it were opposed on principle to some of its provisions. It is believed that many votes were cast in favor of the bill under pressure from the districts. Unequivocal intimations were sent in more than one case to the representatives, warning them that if they failed to make a record on this question their chances of re-election would be endangered. It is, however, undeniable that the bill is inconsistent in spirit with our recent treaty with China, and it is predicted that the President will veto it on that ground.

In the Debate in the Senate on the Tariff question on March 24th, personalities were unhappily the cause of a diversion of attention from the main business. This is unfortunate, because an apprehension already existed that the effort to procure the heavily taxed people some relief from their burdens had little chance of success. The taxes now levied are, as the President explained in his message, far in excess of the need of the government, and are used in producing a surplus for the benefit of men who do not need nor deserve to be supported by the people. The present year will, it appears, yield one hundred and fifty million dollars more than the government legitimately needs; or three dollars from every man, woman, and child, in the country more than it is necessary they should pay. The question is no longer one of party, for prominent men of both parties have urged Congress to attend to this urgent matter. The personalities arose out of an insinuation made by Senator Miller, of New York, that the Senators from the South did not represent the opinions of their constituents. This insinuation provoked Senator Morgan, of Alabama, to retort upon Mr. Miller with the reminder of his personal interest, at least so far as wood pulp is concerned, in the maintenance of the oppressive tariff.

The Worst of the Disasters from the Mississippi floods are, it is now hoped, at an end. A general subsidence of a very slow but yet uniform character was recorded in all the flooded districts last week. A correspondent writing from *Helena, Ark.*, says: "The river is falling slowly, very slowly considering the amount of water still flowing over the top of where the river ought to be, and from the amount of water reported along the Ohio as coming down toward this country even the most sanguine people here look forward to some weeks more of suffering." The damage done in the country back of here and up through the St. Francois Valley is beyond computation, and will be still further beyond it if the water does not go down in season for planting. It is possible to take a canoe in one of the streets of the city and travel for forty or fifty miles almost in a straight line across

country. From *Vicksburg, Miss.*, intelligence is received that the Yazoo and Tallahatchie Rivers continue to decline at many places rapidly. The Assistant Quartermaster United States Army, of New Orleans, has arrived, having been ordered there by the Secretary of War to distribute government tents to houseless residents. The tents will be sent up the river where the people have been compelled to abandon their homes and are living on dry points of land. From New Orleans the news comes that at Grand Gulf, Miss., the river has fallen six inches from the highest point. Major Whitehead, by order of the Secretary of War, purchased during the week 575,000 pounds of bacon, 2000 barrels of flour, and 2500 barrels of corn meal. These supplies were turned over to the Louisiana Commissioners, who distributed them to the sufferers by the overflow. The river is there eight inches below the high water of 1874.

Senator Pendleton's Scheme of Civil Service Reform was introduced on March 21st, by his proposition of a joint resolution recommending an amendment to the Constitution. By this amendment it is proposed to remove from the President the power of appointing Postmasters, Marshals, District Attorneys of the United States, Clerks of Courts inferior to the Supreme Court, and all such other civil officers of the United States exercising executive or ministerial power within the several States or Territories, and to provide for their election by the people of the several districts, the electors in each district to have the qualifications of electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature of the State or Territory. By a second section Congress is invested with the power of suspension and removal of officers and of temporarily filling vacancies pending an election by the people.

Youthful Depravity Formed the Subject of some weighty remarks Judge Cowing, of New York, felt moved to make in open court a few days ago, after hearing many serious charges against juvenile delinquents. The judge's remarks have suggested a search through the city records of crime, and from them it has been found that during the month of February last, there were 34 arrests for larceny where the ages of the culprits ran from 8 to 19 years; 19 for burglary between 13 and 21 years; 8 for highway robbery between the same ages; for murder 1 lad of 19, 2 girls of 17, 1 boy of 14 and another boy of 12; for felonious assault 9 were arrested between 12 and 21; 1 boy of 16 for train-wrecking; 1 of 18 for passing counterfeit money and another for picking pockets. There were five suicides of girls between fourteen and eighteen, and four attempted suicides of boys between seventeen and nineteen. There were eight boys arrested as common drunkards whose ages ran from eight to nineteen years. The boy of eight died. Mr. Comstock, who has given much attention to the subject, assigns three causes for this appalling record of increasing criminality. The chief is that of vile reading; second the pool rooms and policy shops; and third the low theatres.

The Practice of Hazing, it is Gratifying to learn, is voluntarily abandoned by the students at Princeton. Dr. McCosh, the respected president of the college, in his report to the trustees says: "The freshmen class first, and then the other classes, have voluntarily signed a pledge that during their college course they will abstain from hazing and discourage it in every way. It is confidently expected that in consequence of the fines imposed by the criminal courts, and this pledge on the part of the whole of the students, the old and barbarous customs of horn spree and hazing will finally disappear from Princeton College."

A Warning to Girls Seeking Employment as domestic servants is published in the reports of persons missing from their homes. It appears that certain intelligence offices in New York have been for some time actively recruiting for the houses of ill-fame in the city. When a young and pretty girl applied there for a situation as a domestic servant, the proprietors have sent her to one of these dens, where her morals have been corrupted and she has been lost to her family. The discovery was made by a mother whose daughter had been so victimized.

Miss Jennie Smith, the Railroad Evangelist, and Miss Addie Sherman, of Boston, are conducting a successful work among railroad men and their families at Martinsburg, W. Va. Gospel meetings were commenced at that point March 4th; in a short time a deep conviction was manifested among the people, and in two weeks' time one hundred and sixty-five bright conversions have been reported. Noon-day and night meetings continue with increasing interest and power. Miss Smith is the author of the two well-known books, "The Valley of Baca," and "From Baca to Beulah." She still enjoys perfect health, though as the readers of her books will remember, she lay for *sixteen years in invalid helplessness*, but was fully restored through prayer. She has consecrated her life and efforts to the Lord's work among the railroad men and other neglected classes. Miss Smith and her co-laborers earnestly request the prayers of the Christian public for God's continued blessing upon their labors.

A House was Saved by a Dog from Destruction by fire at West Vincent on March 12th. On the morning of that day a girl belonging to one of the families in the town went downstairs early and built a fire in a stove, which blazed up so rapidly that the chimney into which the stove-pipe ran was set on fire and quickly endangered the house. The girl had gone out, leaving an intelligent sheep-dog lying near the chimney, and he, taking in the situation at once, ran upstairs to the room of his mistress and commenced barking loudly to attract her attention. She expecting something was wrong, went down promptly, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in time to save the house from destruction. The warning given by the dog and the happy result of prompt attention to it are both suggestive facts. If Christians were as quick to warn sinners of their certain danger as was this faithful animal, we might see many more conversions than we do, especially if their general conduct was such as to impress the world with a conviction that their warnings were likely to be well founded (Ezek. 33 : 6).

A Mule Driver near Gonzales, Texas, was puzzled by the strange behavior of one of his team. The mule persisted in drawing as far away as possible from the one at its side. An examination followed, and it was found that the mule whose companionship appeared objectionable had a badly swollen jaw. No notice was taken of it for some time, but eventually the driver noticed a suspicious movement between the two animals and then made a closer inspection. To his surprise he found that in the straw collar of the mule with the swollen jaw there was coiled a rattlesnake, which, whenever the two animals approached each other, thrust out its head to attack the other mule, hence the poor brute's avoidance of its mate. How many enforced companionships there are in life, in which one person already suffering from the wounds of the venomous serpent of sin is the means of others being also wounded. In such cases there is need of constant watchfulness and prayer (2 Pet. 3 : 17).

A Grievous Disappointment has been Experienced in a city in Vermont by two aged Scotch ladies. They came to this country about three months ago, having friends here who sent them passage tickets. Their friends are poor, and have large families, but expected to give the old ladies homes, and that the latter in return would assist in taking care of the houses and children. When the old ladies came they were disappointed, homesick, and found things not at all as their fancy had pictured. They were unwilling to stay, too old to go out to work, and had no money to buy return tickets to Scotland. Their friends had exhausted their resources to bring them over, in one case the son-in-law having pledged his wages and bought a passage ticket on trust. Under these circumstances they are not able to send them back, and the State is the only resource. Doubtless the American friends of the ladies hoped to benefit them by their invitation, but it is probable that the terms of the arrangement were not understood, or the aged people would not have undertaken the long journey. Disappointment of a similar character is often felt by people who seem to be very near to the kingdom of God. When they learn

that to be Christians they must bear the cross they turn back. But Jesus never deceives any one with the expectation that the Christian life is a life of ease and self-indulgence (Mark 10 : 22).

A Litigation about a False Face is Reported from Philadelphia. It appears that a gentleman residing in West Virginia was severely injured by burning last year. His face was so disfigured as to be absolutely frightful in its ugliness, and he thought that, as he travelled a great deal, he would be less unpleasantly conspicuous if he wore a mask such as is worn by actors and the officers of certain secret societies. He went to Philadelphia and gave his order to a surgical instrument maker. The false face was made and delivered, but the wearer found that it was so inconvenient and uncomfortable that he could not wear it, and so sued the maker for the return of its cost. It is said that no such case has ever before been tried in the courts, but it would not be difficult to find men who have succeeded in wearing false faces in a moral sense of the word. Both in the church and in the pulpit men have often imposed on God's children, and when at length they have been unmasked and stand revealed in their own ugliness, the church is reproached (1 John 2 : 19).

A Curious Coincidence is noted in the Death record of a Massachusetts town. A local journal says the longevity of the inhabitants of Princeton, Worcester County, Mass., is worthy of a little boasting. But seventeen persons died within its limits last year, and of these one was ninety-five years of age, five between eighty and ninety, and four between seventy and eighty. Such a showing is sufficient to induce some nervous people to fix their residence at Princeton, and many a watering-place has made a reputation on far less capital. The crowd of hypochondriacs is always ready to make an effort to find a healthy resort, yet how few strive to secure through the blood of Jesus an entrance into that land where death is unknown (Rev. 21 : 4).

A Little Boy's Kite was the Cause of a Fatal accident recently at Lafayette, N. J. A little fellow, only six years of age, was flying his kite, and, in the excitement of raising it, ran on the railroad track. His mother, who lives close by, heard a locomotive approaching, and ran out of the house to remove him beyond the reach of danger. He was almost within reach of her hands when the pilot of the engine struck him and hurled him a bleeding and lifeless mass of flesh at her feet. She had fortitude enough to lift him in her arms, and, with his life-blood streaming down over her clothing, she carried him into the house. Incidents of this kind are often used by shrewd and worldly men in attempting to explain the poverty of Christian men. They argue that the Christian's gaze being fixed on the things of eternity he is incapable of wisely conducting his worldly affairs. It is true that in business competition an unscrupulous man is frequently able to pass ahead of his conscientious rival, but religion does not necessarily involve failure in honest business. Jesus did not teach us to be so occupied in idle gazing into Heaven as to pay no heed to our footsteps (1 Timothy 4 : 8).

A Loving Couple Died Recently at Lincoln, Neb., within a few hours of each other. They had been married over half a century. The husband, an octogenarian, had been gradually failing for several months, and his death was not unexpected. About a week before he died his wife caught cold, which developed into bronchitis, and though it would have been quickly thrown off by a younger and more vigorous patient, she quietly sank under it and died. The daughter, who has faithfully ministered to the wants of the aged couple in their declining years, supposed her father would not be able to comprehend his loss, as he seemed to notice nothing that was going on around him. But she approached his bedside and told him that *mother had gone before him*. He understood the news. "Ah, dear! it is a pity she should go first. Kiss me, my child," and soon after he died. How many husbands and wives wish that they might continue in the enjoyment of each other's society to the end of their lives, but how seldom it is that their concern extends to that longer life beyond the grave (1 Cor. 7 : 16).

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him."—Matthew 27 : 19.

The Terrible Scene—The Dream Only once Mentioned—Pilate's Wickedness Leading him into Difficulty—A Warning from God—I. The Co-operation of Providence with the Work of God—In Sending the Dream—In Causing it to Produce Suffering—In Prompting Pilate's Wife to Send the Message—In its Arrival at a Peculiar Time—II. The Accessibility of Conscience to God—Dreams May be Used as Warnings—Tradition of Pilate's Wife—God's Ultimatum—The Ministry of the Family—Of Unbidden Thought—III. Frequent Failure of the Best Means—Reasons for this Failure—Pilate's Self-interest—His Cowardice—Presumption—Double Mindedness—IV. Overwhelming Condemnation—An Awful Way of Sinning.

I EARNESTLY wished to pursue the story of our Saviour's trials previous to His crucifixion, but when I sat down to study the subject I found myself altogether incapable of the exercise. "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me." My emotions grew so strong, and my sense of our Lord's grief became so extremely vivid, that I felt I must waive the subject for a time. I could not watch with Him another hour, and yet I could not leave the hallowed scene. It was, therefore, a relief to meet with the episode of Pilate's wife and her dream; it enables me to continue the thread of my narrative, and yet to relax the extreme tension of the feelings caused by a near view of the Master's grief and shame.

My spirit failed before *the terrible sight*. I thought I saw Him brought back from Herod, where the men of war had set Him at nought. I followed Him through the streets again as the cruel priests pushed through the crowd and hastened Him back to Pilate's hall. I thought I heard them in the street electing Barabbas, the robber, to be set free instead of Jesus, the Saviour, and I detected the first rising of that awful cry, "Crucify, crucify," which they shrieked out from their bloodthirsty throats; and there He stood, who loved me and gave Himself for me, like a lamb in the midst of wolves, with none to pity and none to help Him.

We leave the Master awhile to look at this dream of Pilate's wife, which is only spoken of once in the Scriptures, and then by Matthew. I know not why that evangelist only should have been commissioned to record it; perhaps he alone heard of it; but the one record is sufficient for our faith, and long enough to furnish food for meditation. We receive the story as certified by the Holy Spirit.

Pilate throughout his term of office had grossly misbehaved himself. He had been an

UNJUST AND UNSCRUPULOUS ruler of the Jews. The Galileans and the Samaritans both felt the terrors of his arms; for he did not hesitate to massacre them at the slightest sign of revolt; and among the Jews themselves he had sent men with daggers into the midst of the crowds at the great gatherings, and so had cut off those who were obnoxious to him. Gain was his object, and pride ruled his spirit. At the time when Jesus of Nazareth was brought before him a complaint against him was on the way to Tiberius the Emperor, and he feared lest he should be called to account for his oppressions, extortions, and murders. His sins at this moment were beginning to punish him; as Job would word it, "the iniquities of his heels compassed him about."

One terrible portion of the penalty of sin is its power to force a man to commit yet further iniquity. Pilate's transgressions were now howling around him like a pack of wolves; he could not face them, and he had not grace to flee to the one great refuge; but his fears drove him to flee before them, and there was no way apparently open for him but that which led him into yet deeper abominations. He knew that Jesus was without a single fault, and yet since the Jews clamored for His death he felt that he must yield to their demands, or else they would raise another accusation

against himself, namely, that he was not loyal to the sovereignty of Cæsar, for he had allowed one to escape who had called himself a king. If he had behaved justly he would not have been afraid of the chief priests and scribes. Innocence is brave; but guilt is cowardly.

The manner and the words of Jesus had impressed Pilate. I say the manner of Jesus, for His matchless meekness must have struck the governor as being a very unusual thing in a prisoner. He had seen in captured Jews the fierce courage of fanaticism; but there was no fanaticism in Christ. He had also seen in many prisoners the meanness which will do or say anything to escape from death; but he saw nothing of that about our Lord. He saw in Him unusual gentleness and humility combined with majestic dignity. He beheld submission blended with innocence. This made Pilate feel how awful goodness is.

He was impressed—he could not help being impressed—with this unique sufferer. Besides, our Lord had before him witnessed a good confession—you remember how we considered it the other day—and though Pilate had huffed it off with the *pert question*, "What is truth?" and had gone back into the judgment-hall, yet there was an arrow fixed within him which he could not shake off. It may have been mainly superstition; but he felt an awe of one whom he half suspected to be an extraordinary personage. He felt that he himself was placed in a very extraordinary position, being asked to condemn one whom he knew to be perfectly innocent. His duty was clear enough, he could never have had a question about that; but duty was nothing to Pilate in comparison with his own interests. He would spare the Just One if he could do so without endangering himself; but his cowardly fears lashed him on to the shedding of innocent blood.

At the very moment when he was vacillating, when he had proffered to the Jews the choice of Barabbas, or Jesus of Nazareth—at that very moment, I say, when he had taken his seat upon the bench, and was waiting for their choice, there came from the hand of God a warning to him, a warning which would for ever make it clear that, if he condemned Jesus, it would be done voluntarily by his own guilty hands. Jesus must die by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, and yet it must be by wicked hands that He is crucified and slain; and hence Pilate must not sin in ignorance.

A warning to Pilate came from his own wife concerning her morning's dream, a vision of mystery and terror, warning him not to touch that just person; "for," said she, "I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." There are times in most men's lives when, though they have been wrong, yet they have not quite been set on mischief, but have come to a pause and have deliberated as to their way; and then God in great mercy has sent them a caution, and has set up a danger-signal bidding them stop in their mad career ere they plunged themselves finally into irretrievable ruin. Somewhere in that direction lies the subject of our present discourse. O that the Spirit of God may make it useful to many.

I. And, first, I call your attention to

THE CO-OPERATION OF PROVIDENCE

with the work of God. I call it the work of God to warn men against sin, and I call your attention to Providence working with it to bring the preventives and cautions of divine mercy home to men's minds.

For, first, observe the providence of God in sending this dream. If anything beneath the moon may be thought to be exempt from law, and to be the creature of pure chance, surely it is a dream. True, there were in old time dreams in which God spake to men prophetically; but ordinarily they are the carnival of thought, a maze of mental states, a dance of disorder, and yet it seems that they are ordered of the Lord. I can well understand that every drop of spray which flashes from the wave when it dashes against the cliff has its appointed orbit as truly as the stars of heaven; but the thoughts of men appear to be utterly lawless, especially the thoughts of men when deep sleep falleth upon them. As well might one foretell the flight of a bird as the course of a dream.

Such wild fantasies seem to be ungoverned and ungovernable.

Many things operate naturally to fashion a dream. Dreams frequently depend upon the condition of the stomach, upon the meat and drink taken by the sleeper before going to rest. They often owe their shape to the state of the body or the agitation of the mind. Dreams may, no doubt, be caused by that which transpires in the chamber of the house; a little movement of the bed caused by passing wheels, or the tramp of a band of men, or the passing of a domestic across the floor, or even the running of a mouse behind the wainscot, may suggest and shape a dream. Any slight matter affecting the senses at such time may raise within the slumbering mind a mob of strange ideas.

Yet whatever may have operated in this lady's case, the hand of providence was in it all, and her mind, though fancy free, wandered nowhere but just according to the will of God, to effect the divine purpose.

Note, next, the providence of God in arranging that *with this dream there should be great mental sufferings*. "I have suffered many things in a dream concerning Him." I cannot tell what vision passed before her mind's eye, but it was one which caused her terrible agony. A modern artist has painted a picture of what he imagined the dream to be, but I shall not attempt to follow that great man in the exercise of fancy. Pilate's wife may have realized in her sleep the dreadful spectacle of the thorn-crown and the scourge, or even of the crucifixion and the death-agony; and truly I know of nothing more calculated to make the heart suffer many things concerning the Lord Jesus than a glance at His death. Around the cross there gathers grief enough to cause many a sleepless night, if the soul has any tenderness left in it.

Whatever it was, she had suffered repeated painful emotions in the dream, and she awoke startled and amazed.

THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT

was upon her, and it threatened to become a terror to her for all her days, and she therefore hastens to stay her husband's hand. Now, herein is the hand of God, and the simple story goes to prove that *the wandering Zingari of dreamland* are still under His control, and He can cause them to produce distress and anguish, if some grand end is to be served thereby.

Equally remarkable is it that *she should have sent to her husband the message*, "Have nothing to do with this just person." Most dreams we quite forget; a few we mention as remarkable, and only now and then one is impressed upon us so that we remember it for years. Mostly a dream may wait till business is over. But so deep was the impression upon this Roman lady's mind that she does not wait until her lord comes home, but sends to him at once. Her advice is urgent—"Have thou nothing to do with this Just One." She must warn him now, before he has laid a stroke on Him, much less imbrued his hands in His blood.

And yet, do you know, her message to my ears sounds rather authoritative for a woman to her husband, and he a judge! There is a tone about it that is not ordinarily in the address of wives to husbands. "Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." It shows a wonderful providence of God that this lady was moved to send so strong a message to her self-willed husband, to beseech, to entreat, to implore, almost to demand of him, that he let this just man go. O Providence, how mightily canst thou work! O Lord, the seraphim obey Thee, but Thou findest an equally willing servitor in a wife who, at Thy bidding, stands between her husband and a crime.

Once more, about this providence I want you to notice the *peculiar time in which her warning came*. It was evidently a dream of the morning: "I have suffered many things in a dream this day." The day had not long broken—it was yet early in the morning. The Romans had a superstition that morning dreams are true. Pilate was gone, and she was told that he was in the judgment-hall. She asked her attendants why he was there so early, and they replied that there had been an unusual clamor in the courtyard, for the high priests

and a mob of Jews had been there, and the governor had gone out to them. They might, perhaps, also tell her that Jesus of Nazareth was brought there a prisoner, and the priests were entreating Pilate to put Him to death, though they had heard the governor say that he found no fault in Him. "Go," she said to her maid, "call to one of the guards, and bid him go at once to my husband and say what I tell you."

Just at the moment, you see, when he had set down on the judgment-seat, the warning came to him. When there was a little lull, and he was anxious to acquit his prisoner, at that instant of time which was the most hopeful this weight was thrown into the right side of the scale, thrown in most wisely and mercifully to keep back Pilate from his grievous sin. The warning came at the nick of time, as we say, though, alas, it came in vain. Admire the *punctuality of Providence*. God never is before His time; He never is too late. It shall be seen concerning all that He doeth that on the selfsame day determined by the prophecy the fulfillment came. My soul stands trembling while she sings the glory of her God, whose providence is high, even like Ezekiel's wheels, but the wheels are full of eyes, and, as they turn, all the surroundings are observed and provided for, so that there are no slips, or oversights, or accidents, or delays. Prompt and effectual is the operation of the Lord.

Thus much concerning Providence, and I think you will all agree that my point is proven—the providence is always co-working with the grace of God. A great writer who knows but little about divine things, yet, nevertheless, tells us that he perceives a power in the world which works for righteousness. Exactly so! It is well spoken, for this is the chief of all powers. When you and I go out to warn men of sin, we are not alone, all Providence is at our back. When we preach Christ crucified, we are workers together with God; God is working with us as well as by us. Have comfort, then, in this. O workers for Jesus, suffering many things for Him, be of good courage, for the stars in their courses fight for the servants of the living God, and the stones of the field are in league with you.

II. Secondly, I gather from this story

THE ACCESSIBILITY OF CONSCIENCE

to God. How are we to reach Pilate? How are we to give him warning? He has rejected the voice of Jesus and the sight of Jesus—could not Peter be fetched to expostulate with him? Alas, he has denied his Master. Could not John be brought in? Even he has forsaken the Lord. Where shall messenger be found? It shall be found in a dream. God can get at men's hearts, however hardened they may be. Never give them up, never despair of arousing them. If my ministry, your ministry, and the ministry of the blessed Book should seem to be nothing, God can reach the conscience by a dream. If the sword cometh not at them in close quarters, yet what seems but a stray arrow from a bow drawn at a venture shall find out their joints in their harness.

We ought to believe in God about wicked men and never say of them, "It is impossible that they should be converted." The Lord can wound Leviathan, for His weapons are many, and they are suited to the foe. I do not think a dream would operate upon my mind to convince me; but certain minds lie open in that direction, and to them a dream may be a power. God may use even superstition to accomplish His beneficent purposes. Many besides Pilate have been warned by dreams.

Better still, Pilate was accessible through the dream of his wife. Henry Melvill has a very wonderful discourse upon this topic, in which he tries to show that probably if Pilate had dreamed the dream himself it would not have been so operative upon him as when his wife dreamed it. He takes it as a supposition, which nobody can deny, that Pilate had an affectionate and tender wife, who was very dear to him. The one brief narrative which we have of her certainly looks that way: it is evident that she loved her husband dearly, and would therefore prevent his acting unjustly to Jesus. To send a warning by her was to reach Pilate's conscience through his affections.

Tradition declares this lady to have been

Christian, and the Greek church have placed her in their calendar as a saint. For this we have no evidence; all that we know is that she was Pilate's wife, and used her wifely influence to stay him from this crime. How often has a tender, suffering, loving woman exercised great power over a coarse, rough man! The All-wise One knows this, and hence He often speaks to sinful men by this influential agency. He converts one in a family that she may be His missionary to the rest. Thus He speaks with something better than the tongues of men and of angels, for He uses love itself to be His orator. Affection has more might than eloquence.

To Pilate his wife's message was

GOD'S ULTIMATUM;

He warned him never again, and even Jesus stood silent before him. O my friend, to you it may be that your child, your mother, or your affectionate wife may be God's last messenger, the final effort of the warning angel to bring you to a better mind. A loving relative pleading with tears is often the forlorn hope of mercy. An attack so skillfully planned and wisely conducted may be regarded as the last assault of love upon a stubborn spirit, and after this it will be left to its own devices. The selection of the wife was no doubt made by infinite wisdom and tenderness, that if possible Pilate might be arrested in his career of crime and strengthened to the performance of an act of justice by which he would have avoided the most terrible of crimes.

Ay, and let me add that where God does not employ a dream, nor use a wife, yet He can get at men's conscience by no visible means but by *thoughts which come unbidden and abide upon the soul*. Truths long buried suddenly rise up, and when the man is in the very act of sin he is stopped in the way. Often does conscience pounce upon a man when the sweet morsel of sin has just been rolled under his tongue, and he is sitting down to enjoy it; the visitation of conscience turns the stolen honey into bitterness, and the forbidden joy into anguish. Conscience often lies like a lion in a thicket, and when the sinner comes along the broad road it leaps upon him, and for a while he is sorely put to it. The bad man is comparable to leviathan, of whom we read that his scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal; so that the sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold, the spear, the dart, nor the javelin; and yet the Lord hath a way of coming at him and of sore wounding him. Let us, therefore, both hope and pray for the very worst of men.

Brothers and sisters, use for the good of men anything which comes in your way. Use not only sober argument and sound doctrine, but even if a dream has touched your heart, do not hesitate to repeat it where it may have effect. *Any weapon may be used in this war*. But see to it that you do seek the souls of men, all of you. You who are wives should be especially stirred up to this sacred work. Remember Pilate's wife, and think of her as affectionately giving the warning to her husband, and go and do likewise. Never keep back from an ungodly husband the word which may convert him from the error of his ways. And you, dear children, you sisters, you of the gentler sort, do not hesitate, in your own quiet way, to be heralds for Jesus wherever your lot is cast.

III. Thirdly, we have now the lamentable task of observing the

FREQUENT FAILURE

even of the best means. I have ventured to say that, humanly speaking, it was the best means of reaching Pilate's conscience for his wife to be led to expostulate with him. He would hear but few, but her he would hear; and yet even her warning was in vain. What was the reason?

First, *self-interest* was involved in the matter, and that is a powerful factor. Pilate was afraid of losing his governorship. The Jews would be angry if he did not obey their cruel bidding; they might complain to Tiberius, and he would lose his lucrative position. Alas, such things as these are holding some of you captives to sin at this moment. You cannot afford to be true and right, for it would cost too much. You know the will of the Lord; you know what is right; but you renounce Christ

by putting Him off, and by abiding in the ways of sin that you may gain the wages thereof. You are afraid that to be a true Christian would involve the loss of a friend's goodwill, or the patronage of an ungodly person, or the smile of an influential worldling, and this you cannot afford. You count the cost, and reckon that it is too high. You resolve to gain the world, even though you lose your soul! What then? You will go to hell rich! A sorry result this! Do you see anything desirable in such an attainment? Oh that you would consider your ways and listen to the voice of wisdom!

The next reason why his wife's appeal was ineffectual was the fact that Pilate was a *coward*. A man with legions at his back, and yet afraid of a Jewish mob—afraid to let one poor prisoner go whom he knew to be innocent; afraid because he knew his conduct would not bear inspection! He was, morally, a coward! Multitudes of people go to hell because they have not the courage to fight their way to heaven. "The fearful and unbelieving shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Yet while there was cowardice in Pilate, there was *presumption* too. He who was afraid of man and afraid to do right, yet dared to incur the guilt of innocent blood. Oh, the cowardice of Pilate to take water and wash his hands, as if he could wash off blood with water; and then to say, "I am innocent of His blood,"—which was a lie—"see ye to it." By those last words he brought the blood upon himself, for he consigned his prisoner to their tender mercies, and they could not have laid a hand upon Him unless he had given them leave. Oh, the daring of Pilate thus in the sight of God to commit murder and disclaim it. There is a strange mingling of cowardliness and courage about many men; they are afraid of a man, but not afraid of the eternal God who can destroy both body and soul in hell. This is why men are not saved, even when the best of means are used, because they are presumptuous, and dare defy the Lord.

Besides this, Pilate was *double-minded*; he had a heart and a heart. He had a heart after that which was right, for he sought to release Jesus; but he had another heart after that which was gainful, for he would not run the risk of losing his post by incurring the displeasure of the Jews. We have plenty around us who are double-minded. Such are here this morning; but where were they last night? You will be touched by to-day's sermon! How will you be affected to-morrow by a lewd speech or a lascivious song?

Many men run two ways; they seem earnest about their souls, but they are far more eager after gain or pleasure. Strange perversity of man that he should tear himself in two. We have heard of tyrants tying men to wild horses and dragging them asunder, but these people do this with themselves. They have too much conscience to neglect the Sabbath, and to forego attendance at the house of prayer; too much conscience to be utterly irreligious, to be honestly infidel; and yet at the same time they have not enough conscience to keep them from being hypocrites.

IV. Lastly, we have a point which is yet more terrible, the

OVERWHELMING CONDEMNATION

of those who thus transgress. This Pilate was guilty beyond all excuse. He deliberately and of his own free will condemned the just Son of God to die, being informed that He was the Son of God, and knowing both from his own examination and from his wife that he was a "just person."

Observe that the message which he received was most distinct. It was suggested by a dream; but there is nothing dreamy about it. It is as plain as words can be put: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." He condemned the Lord with his eyes open, and that is an *awful way of sinning*. Oh, my dear friends, am I addressing any here who are purposing to do some very sinful thing, but have lately received a warning from God? I would add one more caution. I pray you by the blessed God, and by the bleeding Saviour, and as you love yourself, and as you love her from whom the warning may have come to you,

do stop, and hold your hand! Do not this abominable thing!

It may be *now or never* with you, as it was with Pilate that day. He had the evil thing which he was about to do fully described to him, and therefore if he ventured on it, his presumption would be great. His wife had not said, "Have nothing to do with this man," but "with this *just* man," and that word rang in his ears, and again and again repeated itself till he repeated it too. Read the twenty-fourth verse. When he was washing his wicked hands he said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person,"—the very name his wife had given to our Lord. The arrows stuck in him! He could not shake them off! Like a wild beast, he had the javelin sticking in his side, and though he rushed into the forest of his sin, it was evidently rankling in him still—"that just person" haunted him. Sometimes God makes a man see sin as sin, and makes him see the blackness of it; and if he then perseveres in it, he becomes doubly guilty, and pulls down upon himself a doom intolerable beyond that of Sodom of old.

Beside that, Pilate was sinning not only after distinct warning, and a warning which set out the blackness of the sin, but he was sinning after his conscience had been touched and moved through his affections. It is a dreadful thing to sin against

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

She stands in your way; she stretches out her arms, with tears she declares that she will block your road to perdition. Will you force your way to ruin over her prostrate form? She kneels! She grasps your knees, she begs you not to be lost. Are you so brutal as to trample on her love?

Your little child entreats you; will you disregard her tears? Alas, she was yours, but death has removed her, and ere she departed she entreated you to follow her to heaven and she sang her little hymn—

"Yes, we'll gather at the river."

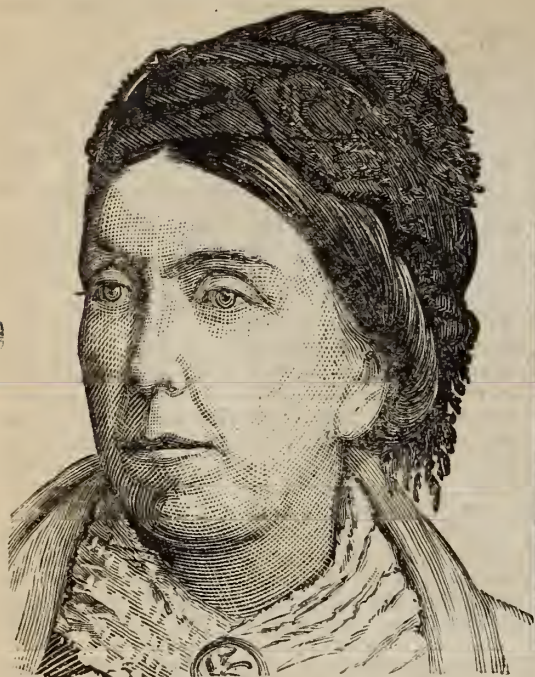
Will you fling your babe aside as though you were another Herod that would slay the innocents, and all in order that you may curse yourself forever and be your own destroyer? It is hard for me to talk to you thus. If it is coming home to any of you it will be very hard for you to hear it; indeed, I hope it will be so hard that you will end it by saying, "I will yield to love which assails me by such tender entreaties."

It will not be a piece of mere imagination if I conceive that at the last great day, when Jesus sits upon the judgment-seat, and Pilate stands there to be judged for the deeds done in the body, that his wife will be a swift witness against him to condemn him. I can imagine that at the last great day there will be many such scenes as that, wherein those who loved us best will bring the most weighty evidences against us, if we are still in our sins.

I know how it affected me as a lad when *my mother*, after setting before her children the way of salvation, said to us, "If you refuse Christ and perish, I cannot plead in your favor and say that you were ignorant. No, but I must say Amen to your condemnation." I could not bear that! Would my mother say "Amen" to my condemnation? And yet, Pilate's wife, what canst thou do otherwise? When all must speak the truth, what canst thou say but that thy husband was tenderly and earnestly warned by thee and yet consigned the Saviour to His enemies?

Oh, my ungodly hearers, my soul goes out after you. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" Why will ye sin against the Saviour? God grant you may not reject your own salvation, but may turn to Christ and find eternal redemption in Him. "Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Miss M. L. Whately.



The Christian Mission School in Cairo, Egypt.

MISS. M. L. WHATELY.

Founder of the Christian Mission in Cairo, Egypt.

Early Training in Religious Work—Commences the Mission in Cairo, in 1860—First Female Teacher—Original School-room—The Assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Shakoor—Growth and Blessings of the Work.

MARY LOUISA WHATELY, whose portrait we give this week, is the second daughter of the late Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, whose interest in everything connected with education and philanthropy was so great that every member of his family was early led to take some part in teaching the poor; while his unstinted liberality in giving aid to the sick and helpless, was an example by which his children could not fail to be greatly profited.

Miss Whately and her sisters commenced to teach classes in a village school at their father's residence when still very young; and subsequently took an important part in developing the Irish Church Mission in Dublin, by teaching in Scripture classes, district visiting, and other kindred work. When family affliction and bereavement resulted in seriously affecting Miss Whately's health, her father, the Archbishop, wished her to spend some time in Egypt, as she had previously passed a winter there with much benefit. Upon arriving in the land of the Pharaohs, about 1860, Miss Whately conceived the idea of establishing a school for the poorer class of girls; and though she was strongly dissuaded from attempting anything of the kind on the alleged ground of the inaccessibility of the Mohammedans, she was not daunted, but went forward in the strength of the Lord alone.

After much difficulty a teacher was found, and as hardly any Egyptian females knew even the alphabet, it may be judged how difficult the search was. A Syrian matron, from Beyrout, with but little education, but a sincere believer in Christ, was Miss Whately's first assistant; and together they went about very quietly in the lanes and bye-streets near the hired house which the English lady occupied; and at length some poor mothers were persuaded to send their children. A small troop of little dusky maidens, ragged and dirty, but full of life and spirits, were soon gathered in the simple school-room, as shown in our picture, which is from a sketch of Miss Whately's own taken at the time, the rude fittings and primitive style of arrangement being in the beginning of the enterprise most suitable.

The neat benches and large airy rooms of the present establishment, and the large numbers of clean children receiving tuition, are a striking and gratifying contrast to the first group of wild, untrained little ones, who were gathered together. But the essence of the teaching is the same now as

it was more than twenty years ago—strictly and unvaryingly Scriptural. The first text taught the little scholars was, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" the second, "Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life." The Bible was the foundation of everything from the first; but good secular teaching was added by degrees.

As the scholars increased in number, and more respectable children attended, it was found necessary to raise the style of teaching. For a long time Miss Whately was herself obliged to teach the Scriptures, as when her first assistant left through ill-health, she could not get a Christian woman as her successor, and had to employ one who could only teach the letter of the Word, but was ignorant of its spirit. But, happily, God sent to the aid of His heroic handmaiden the Syrian missionary, Mr. Shakoor, the members of whose family became devoted agents and teachers under her practised supervision.

Presently, a boys' school and a meeting for young men were added, and every year found the work increasing, and enjoying the undoubted blessing of God. Of course, the greatest discretion was needed in dealing with the adult Mohammedans, but their children freely attended the English lady's school, and instances have frequently occurred of the little ones carrying home to their parents words of Divine truth and salvation; but fear of death or persecution made many parents unwilling to admit how much they believed in the religion of Christ.

Two young girls, who died at an interval of about a year, gave unmistakable evidence of faith in an atoning Saviour. These had been Moslem girls. Miss Whately also visited during a short illness, which terminated fatally, a Mohammedan youth, who died rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. Among the slaves there have also been many very cheering instances of good realized, one of them being that of a poor negro who found peace through Jesus' blood, by the simple reading, and still more simple explanations, of her master's little sons who attended the school. The work has steadily increased. At present the two schools have

FIVE HUNDRED SCHOLARS,

half being Mohammedans. There is associated with the mission, a lay missionary, a staff of native teachers, male and female, a Bible-woman, and last, but not least, a *Medical Missionary*. Besides this agency, Miss Whately's adopted daughter, the widow of the late Mr. Shakoor, who has been nineteen years with her, regularly visits among all classes, and is much looked up to by the native women. There are, also, a weekly mothers' meeting, and a Sunday evangelistic service for both sexes, which is well attended.

The work among the patients who attend the

Medical Mission is deeply interesting. Nothing seems to break down the bitter feelings of Mohammedans against Christians so much as this phase of practical love, and frequently the remark is heard, "None of our own people care like this for us; these love us because they love God." The doctor is a pre-eminently holy Christian, and very skilful in his profession. He is very useful, not only in Cairo, but in the numerous villages which are situated on the banks of the Nile, where he tells the "Old, old story, of Jesus and His love," with the best results.

"One evening," says Miss Whately, "when Mrs. Shakoor and I were talking to some very poor peasant women, whose habitation was only a wretched hovel of dry reeds (for they were of Bedouin race, who live partly in tents and partly in reed huts), one old crone, who gave more attention than the rest, wiped the tears from her dim eyes, and then threw her wrinkled arms round our necks one after the other, saying, 'God bless you for these sweet words, my daughters.'"

It is in lives like this that the Christian religion finds its truest expression. In self-forgetfulness, self-denial, self-sacrifice, for the good of others, Christ's spirit is best manifested to the world. Even the debased and degraded tribes of the desert, even the stupid and ignorant inhabitant of the Egyptian city is prompt to see in a life of service a motive his own superstition does not supply, and he believes that this lady, reared in an arch-episcopal palace, who voluntarily engages in the drudgery of teaching his child, possesses a spirit of love and tenderness. It is thus that the Christian is able to fulfil the Master's words, "As a city set on a hill which cannot be hid."

"HOW ARE YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN?"

LET us take a good look at the man.

Faugh! How he smells! Just like an ale-house. No, he is not tipsy. He can walk straight enough. And he can speak pretty plainly too. But how he smells!

It is not a glass or even two glasses that have soaked his blood and pervaded his breath like that.

Peter, how are your wife and children?

Pretty comfortable, eh! In nice easy circumstances! Very happy and merry! With nice roses on the cheeks, and sparkles in the eyes! Perfectly contented with their lot! Full of praises of Peter Spooner, the good husband, the model father! Plenty to eat! Plenty to drink! Plenty to put on! Plenty of pocket money! Plenty of everything! Is it so?

I don't quite catch your words, Peter. But of course they are all right. They couldn't be anything else after what you said some years back.

What did you say?

Well, let me see. You said: "I, Peter, take thee, Jane, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

These were the very words you said, down in that pretty little village church, which both you and she know so well. Don't you remember the day, the warm sunshine, the cawing rooks, the rustling trees, the rippling brook, the old white-haired clergyman, who afterward in the vestry congratulated you both so warmly? Surely you haven't forgotten all this. Surely it is stamped and burned into your memory in lines never

to be effaced. And you have loved and cherished her, according to your word, like a right-down good husband, who has nothing whatever to be ashamed of?

Lift your head, Peter. What is it drooping like that for? You have nothing to be ashamed of, have you? Of course you haven't.

Peter, I have a fancy in my head, and it has such a strong hold there that I can't get rid of it. But it is such an innocent, harmless one, that, after all, it may as well be humored. And as you couldn't say anything against it, if you tried, I don't see why I shouldn't let it have its own way for once.

What's that, master?

Why, to see your wife and children. It is a long time since I saw Jane Tippet that was, Jane Spooner that is now. I should like to shake her by the hand again.

"Busy," did you say? "Rather an inconvenient time?"

No, no. It isn't as though I were going to stay an hour. Only just a look in, a "how d'ye do," and then off again. Away you go. I'll follow close.

I say, Peter, don't you find it rather close, cooped up in this little court? Don't you find it rather unhealthy?

This the house! It can't be! Why, the windows are nearly all gone! You're joking, surely. Besides, it is empty. There is scarcely any furniture in it. And the beds are on the floor. Nonsense, Peter, you must be joking.

That pale-faced creature, sitting beside the fire, nursing the sickly little baby, who may she be? She looks half starved, and why does she shrink away with such fear, as though she were going to be struck? And there's a mark under the eye, as though some heavy hand had fallen upon it. How came that about, Peter?

And those dirty little creatures, peeping through the doorway, with nothing on their feet, and very little on their bones, to whom do they belong? Such wretched little objects, nobody would care to own them, I should think. You wouldn't, I know.

Now, Peter, don't joke any more. I really want to see your wife and children. Point out in real earnest where you live, and then I will just shake hands and go.

What, not joking! This really your home! Those indeed your children! That really your wife!

God help them then! There's been bad work here. There's been brutal work here.

And who has done it?



Thomas Cooper Requested to Travel in Another Car.—(See page 195.)

Peter, are you the guilty man? I see you are, by your very look. Yes, it is your work, all of it. Oh, shame, shame upon you! And you call yourself a husband, a protector, a provider, a father! Shame, shame, shame upon you! The very brutes care more for their offspring than you do. They preserve and provide for them at the expense of their lives. But you, for the sake of drink, cruelly neglect yours and starve them. You may well hang your head, Peter Spooner, with such devil's work as this facing you.

And now, with that thin, pale-faced wife before you, and those wretched children, I ask what are you going to do? What about your future? You have done enough mischief in your day, and mischief which, God knows, can, some of it, never be remedied. Are you going on in the same path till your poor wife there sinks into an early grave, and your children become vagabonds on the face of the earth? Make your choice, Peter Spooner, and make it this very day.

"What can you do?" Why, give up this hellish drink, which has been at the root of the whole mischief. Let not a drop of it ever again touch your lips. Shun it as very poison.

But this is not all, for there is a record in heaven, right before the searching eye of God, of all that Peter Spooner has done in his bad, bad life, and against your name there is written, "Guilty—condemned—lost."

How can that record be erased? I know of but one way. There is a hand, a pierced hand, that can remove it entirely. The hand of Jesus, the Saviour of the lost, is willing at your faithful petition to cancel it all. He who has bled for you, loves you still.

Quick! Quick! Flee to Him. Tell Him all; and claim His promise—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 174.)

Other People's Sins.

FELIX SEFTON left the meeting overwhelmed by the accusation the drunken man had brought against his father. He stood aghast at the thought that he, Felix Sefton, a minister of the Gospel, was said to have in his veins the blood of a man charged with fraud. The shame was almost unbearable; but worse than that, he realized that such a charge, true or untrue, would interfere with his power for good in the parish. But

was it true? That question must be answered at once. He would go home and have an answer from those who knew.

"But, why go home?" Felix stopped as he asked himself this question. He could not face his mother with any inquiry about the mystery that surrounded his father's memory, that mystery which was slowly dissipating like the mists which vanish imperceptibly from a landscape. He was beginning to read his mother's life in a more intelligible light, and all along the clearer line new meanings were springing into sight. The solitude and sadness, the bitterness of spirit, which had separated her from the genial influences of a society that had courted her, was plain to him now

at their fountain-head. She had known—if this terrible thing was true—that shame, not glory, was hers; confusion of face, not the bearing of the palm. His heart ached for her more than for himself.

In his heart of hearts, Felix had triumphed greatly in his mother's fame. From his very babyhood the first thought impressed upon his mind had been that his mother was different from other women; far above them. It had been his father who had given him that first impression, but it had grown with strong and vigorous growth from its deep root, through all the years which had passed since his father died. Even his love for Alice had not touched his passionate loyalty and devotion to his mother. He had rejoiced in thinking that she was known, not in England alone, but in other countries into whose languages her books had been translated. Her celebrity shone in his eyes with a very strong and brilliant splendor. How could he tell her that he had been thrust into the secret of his father's infamy!

There was only Phebe to whom he could just yet lay open the doubt and terror of his soul. If it was true that her father, old Marlowe, had died broken-hearted from the loss of his money, she would be sure to know of it. His preparations for his journey to-morrow morning were complete; and if he chose there was time enough for him to catch the night train, and start at once for Riversborough. There would be no sleep for him until some of these tormenting questions were answered.

It was a little after sunrise when he reached Riversborough, where with some difficulty he roused up a hostler and obtained a horse at one of the inns. Before six he was riding up the long, steep lanes, fresh and cool with dew, and overhung with tall hedgerows, which led up to the moor. He had not met a living soul since he left the sleeping town behind him, and it seemed to him as if he was in quite a different world from the close, crowded, and noisome streets he had traversed only a few hours ago. In the natural exhilaration of the sweet mountain air, and the silence, broken only by the signing of the birds, his fears fell from him. There must be some mistake which Phebe would clear up. It was nothing but the accusation of a besotted brain which had frightened him.

He shouted boyishly when the quaint little cottage came into sight, with a thin column of blue smoke floating upwards from its ivy-clad chimney. Phebe herself came to the door, and Hilda, with ruffled hair and a sleepy face, looked out of the little window in the thatched roof. There was nothing in his appearance a few hours earlier than he

was expected to alarm them, and their surprise and pleasure were complete. Even to himself it seemed singular that he should sit down at the little breakfast-table with them, the almost level rays of the morning sun shining through the lattice window, instead of in the dingy parlor of his London lodgings.

"Come with me on to the moors, Phebe," he said as soon as breakfast was over.

She went out with him bareheaded, as she had been used to do when a girl at home, and led him to a little knoll covered with short heath and ferns, from which a broad landscape of many miles stretched under their eyes to a far-off horizon. The hollow of the earth curved upwards in perfect lines to meet the perfect curve of the blue dome of the sky bending over it. They were resting as some small bird might rest in the rounded shelter of two hands which held it safely. For a few minutes they sat silent, gazing over the wide sweep of sky and land, till Felix caught sight of a faint haze, through which two or three spires were dimly visible. It was where Riversborough was lying.

"Phebe," he said, "I want you to tell me the naked truth. Did my father defraud yours of some money?"

"Felix!" she cried in startled tones.

"Say only yes or no to me first," he continued; "explain it afterwards. Only say yes or no."

Through Phebe's brain came trooping the vivid memories of the past. She saw Roland again hurrying over the moors from his day's shooting to mount his horse, which she had saddled for him, and to ride off down the steep lanes, with a cheery shout of "Good night" to her when he reached the last point where she could catch sight of him; and she saw him as his dark form walked beside her pony that night when he was already crushed down beneath his weight of sin and shame, pouring out his burdened heart into her ears. If Felix had asked her this question in London it might have hurt her less poignantly; but here, where Roland and her father filled all the place with the memory of their presence, it wounded her like the thrust of a sword. She burst into a passion of tears.

"Yes or no?" urged Felix, setting his face like a flint, and striking out blindly and pitilessly.

"Yes!" she sobbed; "but, oh, your father was the dearest friend I ever had!"

The sharp, cruel sound of the yes smote him with a deadly force. He could not tell himself what he had expected to hear; but now, for a certainty, his father, whom he had been taught to regard as a hero and a saint, proved no other than a rogue.

It was a long time before he spoke again, or lifted up his head; so long that Phebe ceased weeping, and laid her hand tenderly on his to comfort him by her mute sympathy. But he took no notice of her silent fellowship in his suffering; it was too bitter for him to feel as yet that any one could share it.

"I must give up Alice!" he groaned at last.

"No, no!" said Phebe. "I told Canon Pascal all, and he does not say so. It is your mother who cannot give her consent, and she will do it some day."

"Does he know all?" cried Felix. "Is it possible he knows all, and will let me love Alice still? I think I could bear anything if that is true. But, oh! how could I offer to her a name stained like mine?"

"Nay, the name was saved by his death," answered Phebe sadly. "There are only three who knew he was guilty—Mr. Clifford, and your mother, and I. If he had lived he might have been brought to trial and sent to a convict prison; I suppose he would; but his death saved him and you. Down in Riversborough yonder some few uncharitable people might tell you there was some suspicion about him, but most of them speak of him still as the kindest and the best man they ever knew. It was covered up skilfully, Felix, and nobody knew the truth but we three."

"Alice is visiting my father's grave this very day," he said falteringly.

"Ah! how like that is to Canon Pascal," answered Phebe, "he will tell Alice, perhaps; and they will stand there by the grave, sorrowing over the sin which drove your father into exile, and brought him to his sorrowful death. And his heart

will feel more tenderly than ever for you and your mother. He will be devising some means for overcoming your mother's scruples and making you and Alice happy."

"I never can be happy again," he exclaimed. "I never thought of such a sorrow as this."

"It was the sorrow that fell to Christ's lot," she answered; "the burden of other people's sins."

"Phebe," he said, "if I felt the misery of my fellow-man before, and I did feel it, how can I bear now to remember the horrible degradation of the man who told me of my father's sin? It was a drunkard—"

"John Nixey," she interrupted; "ay! but he caught at your father's sin as an excuse for his own. No man is forced into sin. Nothing can harm them who are the followers of God. Don't lay on your father's shoulders more than his own wrong-doing. Sin spreads misery around it only when there is ground ready for the bad seed. Your father's sin opened my soul to deeper influences from God; I did not love him less because he had fallen, but I learned to trust God more, and walk more closely with Him. You, too, will be drawn nearer to God by this sorrow."

"Phebe," he said, "can I speak to Mr. Clifford about it? It would be impossible to speak to my mother."

"Quite impossible," she answered emphatically. "Yes, go down to Riversborough, and hear what Mr. Clifford can tell you. Your father repented of his sin bitterly, and paid a heavy price for it; but he was forgiven. If my poor old father could not withhold his forgiveness, would our heavenly Father fall short of it? You, too, must forgive him, my Felix."

An Old Man's Pardon.

To forgive his father—that was a strange inversion of the attitude of Felix's mind in regard to his father's memory. He had been taught to think of him with reverence, and admiration, and deep filial love. As Felicita looked back on the long line of her distinguished ancestry with an exaltation of feeling which, if it was pride, was a legitimate pride, so had Felix looked back upon the line of good men from whom his own being had sprung. He had felt himself pledged to a Christian life by the eminently Christian lives of his forefathers.

Now, suddenly, with no warning, he was called upon to forgive his father for a crime which had made him amenable to the penal laws of his country; a mean, treacherous, cowardly crime. Like Judas, he had borne the bag, and his fellow-pilgrims had trusted him with their money; and, like Judas, he had been a thief. Felix could not understand how a Christian man could be tempted by money. To attempt to serve Mammon as well as God seemed utterly contemptible and incredible to him.

His heart was very heavy as he rode slowly down the lanes and along the highway to Riversborough which his father had so often traversed before him. When he had come this way in the freshness and stillness of the early morning there had been more hope in his soul than he had been aware of, that Phebe would be able to remove this load from him; but now he knew for a certainty that his father had left to him a heritage of dishonor. She had told him all the circumstances known to her, and he was going to learn more from Mr. Clifford.

He entered his old home with more bitterness of spirit than he had ever felt before in his young life. Here, of all places in the world, clustered memories of his father; memories which he had fondly cherished and graven as deeply as he could upon his mind. He could almost hear the joyous tones of his father's voice, and see the summer gladness of his face, as he remembered them. How was it possible that with such a hidden load of shame he could have been so happy?

Mr. Clifford, though a very old man, was still in full and clear possession of his faculties, and had not yet given up an occasional attention to the business of the bank. He was nearly eighty years of age, and his hair was white, and the cold, stern blue eyes were watery and sunken in their sockets. Some years ago, when Simon Nixey had given up his last hope of winning Phebe, and had married a farmer's daughter, his mother, Mrs. Nixey, had

come to the Old Bank as housekeeper to Mr. Clifford, and looked well after his welfare. Felix found him sitting in the wainscoted parlor, a withered, bent, old man, seldom leaving the warm hearth, but keen in sight and memory, living over again in his solitude the many years that had passed over him from his childhood until now. He welcomed Felix with delight, holding his hands, and looking earnestly into his face, with the half childlike affection of old age.

"I've not seen you since you became a parson," he said, with a sigh; "ah, my lad, you ought to have come to me. You don't get half as much as my cashier, and not a tenth part of what I give my manager. But there! that's your mother's fault, who would never let you touch business. She would never hear of you taking your father's place."

"How could she?" said Felix indignantly. "Do you think my mother would let me come into the house my father had disgraced, and almost ruined?"

"So you've plucked that bitter apple at last!" he answered in a tone of regret. "I thought it was possible you might never have to taste it. Felix, my boy, your mother paid every farthing of the money your father had taken, with interest, and compound interest; even to me, who begged and entreated to bear the loss. Your mother is a noble woman."

A blessed ray of comfort shot across the gloom in Felix's heart, and lit up his dejected face with a momentary smile; and Mr. Clifford stretched out his thin old hand again, and clasped his feebly.

"Ay, my boy!" he said, "and your father was not a bad man. I know how you are sitting in judgment upon him, as young people do, who do not know what it is to be sorely tempted. I judged him, and my son before him, as harshly as man could do. Remember we judge hardest where we love the most; there's selfishness in it. Our children, our fathers, must be better than other folk's children and fathers. Don't begin to reckon up your father's sins before you are thirty, and don't pass sentence till you're fifty. Judges ought to be old men."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PYRAMID PROPHECY ABOUT 1882-3.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 191.)

Professor Piazzi Smyth's Views—Pasteur G. A. Rosset's Explanation of the Trumpets—An Invasion of Fierce Soldiers—The Gothic Trumpet—The Third Woe Brief—Pyramidal Symbolism of Christ's Two Comings—The Low Exit Passage—The Monumental Pillar to be in Egypt—The Origin of the Pyramid—The Account of Herodotus.

FUTURE GREAT INVASION OF SOUTHERN EUROPE BY RUSSIAN AND NORTH GERMAN ARMIES.

YET what does a "trumpet" mean in the book of Revelation? It means, says Pasteur G. A. Rosset, an overwhelming invasion of fierce soldiers. The first trumpet of the Apocalypse was that of the Goths. And could the words of the beloved disciple have been better chosen, or more expressive, when they are now found so strikingly confirmed by our greatest though most sceptical historian of those times (Gibbon), seeing that he has written in his Vol. v., p. 311: "On the 24th of August of the year A.D. 410, at midnight the inhabitants of Rome were awakened by the tremendous sound of

THE GOTHIC TRUMPET;

1163 years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia."

Then follow the second trumpet for the invasion by the Vandals, the third for the Huns, the fourth the Heruli, the fifth the Saracens, and the sixth the Turks. But whom does the seventh trumpet, so soon to sound, announce?

Pasteur Rosset replies: "The Russians; and when they are let loose, after the destruction of

the Turkish Empire, and throw themselves on the more civilized surrounding nations, we shall know that the seventh trumpet has begun to sound, and the third 'woe' has commenced. But though both the first and second woes lasted many centuries, the third one is not to do so, for the Word of God tells us that the third woe shall be terminated in brief; that the Russians shall merely be as a passing, though for the time heavy hail (Rev. 11:19; 16:21), a term also used in Revelation 8:7 to express the short infliction of the first Gothic invasion of Rome, compared to the larger and severer ones which followed it.*

CHRIST'S TWO COMINGS SYMBOLIZED IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

A most notable part of the object wherefore the Great Pyramid was built appears to be to show reality, and the settled, as well as long pre-destined times and seasons for each of the two comings of Christ, both for that coming which is already taken place more than eighteen centuries ago, and which is marked prophetically in the Great Pyramid by the beginning of the Grand Gallery (p. 461); and also for that other coming of Christ in kingly glory, power, and universal peace, which is yet to beam upon mankind.

Christ's First Coming was for the sake of inaugurating among men an opening whereby each of them might attain to personal, private, individual salvation; in which respect it was a "finished and complete work." His Second Coming, on the other hand, is for national, public, and governmental salvation; a something which men, even with the personal salvation of the First Coming to guide and assist them, have been wholly unable to bring about.

Exactly when that Second Coming is to take place—which (and not the First Coming, nor anything depending upon it) will put an end for ever to all wars and human authorizations for man to slaughter his fellow men, women, and children, to promote his own so-called interests—is a question towards which the Great Pyramid suggests in the Grand Gallery's terminating low exit passage at the end of its 1882 inches, both thenceforth and towards the Antechamber, that a beginning of the divine preparations for it may be in A.D. 1882-3 (p. 546-548).

Thus we are arrived early at "the End of the age or the close of the existing dispensation," as the Pyramid's Grand Gallery, with its impending south wall almost immediately over us, intimates it to be (pp. 462, 545), in our present symbolic position at the terminating south end of that Grand Gallery.

Meanwhile, a very great fact and serious difficulty which believers have to deal with is this, that building we have thus alluded to as sacred, and destined to be a miraculous witness to God in the latter day, especially in the mysteries of His appointed times and seasons, stands in the generally Bible-condemned and even hateful country of Egypt instead of Palestine. That is absolutely true. But does not Isaiah distinctly say that the monumental pillar which is to witness in the latter day to the Lord is to be in Egypt? (Isa. 19:19, 20; Jer. 32:20). And are there not of Egypt in the latter day many other incomprehensibly wonderful things recorded in the Scriptures of God? or it is apparently to be, notwithstanding its ages of baseness and deserved bitter punishments, the first of the latter-day chosen three—Egypt, Assyria, and Israel; and the Lord of Hosts shall bless it, saying, "Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance" (Isa. 19:24, 25).

HISTORY AND PECULIAR FEATURES OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The origin of the Great Pyramid is somewhat obscure owing to its antiquity, for it has been calculated on astronomical grounds by Sir John Herschel and others to have been built about the year 2170 before Christ, which was nearly seventy years before the birth of Abraham, and 570 years before the exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt under Moses' leadership. An Egyptian king,

named Cheops, was its builder according to the Greek historian, Herodotus, who wrote B.C. 445, as stated in Rawlinson's translation of Herodotus, vol. ii., chapter 124, page 199, as follows:

"Cheops, according to the Egyptian priests, on ascending the throne, plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifices (to heathen deities), compelling them instead to labor one and all in his service: viz., in building the Great Pyramid. Cheops reigned fifty years, and was succeeded by his brother Chephren, who imitated the conduct of his predecessor, built a pyramid, but smaller than his brother's, and reigned fifty-six years. Thus, during 106 years, the temples were shut and never opened. After Chephren, Mycerinus, son of Cheops, ascended the throne. He re-opened the temples and allowed the people to resume the practice of sacrifice. He, too, built a pyramid, but much inferior in size to his father's.

"The Egyptians so detest the memory of those two kings, Cheops and Chephren, that they do not like even to mention their names. Hence, they commonly called the Great Pyramid after Philition (or Philitis), a shepherd who then fed his flocks about the place."

Thus it appears that the Egyptians, who were devoted to the worship of bulls, goats, beetles, cats, and other strange gods, hated Cheops and Chephren because those two monarchs under higher and better influence closed the idolatrous temples, and prohibited sacrifices to such heathenish deities. Sir G. Wilkinson and Mr. Rawlinson in their notes on this passage of Herodotus, as well as other Egyptologist writers, fully admit that this Philites, who was so distinguished in connection with the building of the Great Pyramid, was a shepherd prince probably from Palestine. He is supposed to have been one of the shepherd kings mentioned by Manetho, an Egyptian priest who wrote in 270 B.C. about the early history of Egypt, and whose statements are quoted in a book called "Fragments," written in A.D. 1832, by Isaac Cory, of Caius College, Cambridge, as follows:

"Formerly there came up from the East in a strange manner men of an ignoble race, who had the confidence to invade our country (Egypt), and easily subdued it by their efforts without a battle. All this invading nation was styled Hycsos, that is, Shepherd Kings; for the first syllable Hyc in the sacred dialect, denotes a king, and Sos signifies a shepherd, but this only according to the vulgar tongue; and of these is compounded the term Hycsos."

(To be concluded.)

THE PROPHECY OF OUR LORD.

Matthew 24:15, 16 and 21-27. By P. W. E.

NOTICE under what circumstances this prophecy was uttered. Jesus had just told the Jews, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Forever? No; but till they should say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Christ then foretells to His disciples the overthrow of the temple. "There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

After this, His disciples came to Him, as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, and asked Him, "When shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age?" This "end of the age" was a perfectly well understood phrase, signifying the termination of the existing age of Gentile rule; and therefore connected with the return of the Messiah; the period when the Jews would receive Him as coming "in the name of the Lord." Our Lord's prophecy was spoken in answer to this question, as reported in Matthew. In Luke, the prophecy is directed mostly to the siege of Jerusalem by Titus; but here in Matthew both the questions asked and the replies are different. Our Lord prophesied; and subsequently Luke was led by the Spirit to select those parts referring to the siege of Jerusalem, which was comparatively new, while Matthew was led by the same Spirit to record those portions which answered the disciples' questions about His own return and the end of the age.

The first part of the prophecy refers to "wars and rumors of wars," "famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places," also "persecutions," which "are the beginning of sorrows;" and which correspond with wars and famines, pestilences and persecutions, detailed under the opening of the six seals in the sixth chapter of the Revelation of Jesus Christ.

The second part of the prophecy begins with an event of which Daniel had prophesied, "the abomination of desolation," standing in the holy place. The passage in Daniel is as follows: "From the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, then shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." Daniel 12:11, 12. Daniel is here prophesying of the time of Isaiah's restoration and blessing, and is told that from the setting up of "the abomination that maketh desolate," to this period is 1290 or 1335 days. These times are just a little longer than the forty and two months, or 1260 days mentioned in the Revelation; showing there are three stages; one, three and a half years after this event, and the other two following at intervals of 30 and 75 days respectively, before the full work of Israel's redemption and blessing is accomplished.

This passage in Matthew, then, teaches that there will be an abomination, which in Scripture means an idol, set up in the holy place, the temple, at Jerusalem about three and a half years before Israel's final deliverance. It is called an "abomination of desolation," or an "abomination that maketh desolate;" because the return of the Jews to idolatry is visited with misery and desolation upon the city of Jerusalem. The Jews were taken into captivity because of their idolatry; and the judgments inflicted upon them at that time so effectually cured them of idol worship, that from that time up to the present, a period of nearly two thousand five hundred years, they have abhorred the least approaches to it, as predicted in Ezekiel 23:27, and Zech. 13:2. But after the church shall have been taken up to be with Christ, and the daily sacrifice is made to cease, and the abomination is set up in the temple, the masses of the Jews are going to become idolaters, worshippers of the beast and his image, which will call down these terrible judgments upon Jerusalem.

Let us now trace the correspondence between this prophecy of our Lord and the prophecies of the Revelation. In Matthew we have an idolatrous image set up in Jerusalem about three and a half years before the end of the Gentile rule. In the thirteenth chapter of the Revelation we have the same. In Matthew the faithful are warned, on the setting up of the image, to flee from Jerusalem to the mountains. In the Revelation they do flee (12:6). In Matthew, we are told there "shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." In the Revelation, those who survive the judgment are said to have "come out of the great tribulation" (7:14 Revision). In Matthew, for the elect's sake, the time is shortened. In the Revelation, Satan is enraged "because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." In Matthew there arise false Christs and false prophets, "and shall show great signs and wonders, inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." In the Revelation the false Christ "deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do." In Matthew, the Jews are seeking for a Christ, not to appear from heaven, but to be found on earth. In the Revelation, they find and follow a false Christ, who is altogether of the earth. This is as Christ foretold: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." John 5:43. Finally, in Matthew, the scene closes by "the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." In the Revelation, the scene closes by the heavens opening and Christ coming, "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood," as "KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS," accompanied "with the armies of heaven."

* The following observations are quoted from the 23d, 24th and 25th chapters of Professor Piazzi Smyth's book to which the figures to pages refer.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Emperor of Germany has Celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. Thanksgiving services were held at the churches, which were numerously attended. The Emperor commenced receiving congratulations at ten o'clock in the morning, and he stood throughout the reception without manifesting a sign of fatigue. Great crowds of people assembled in the Unter den Linden and cheered his Majesty upon his appearance on the balcony. Emperor William, replying to a deputation who presented an address, said that every new period of life reminded him that it was the Almighty who, at certain times, chose His instruments. God had called upon him to carry out certain tasks. Neither in civil nor in military matters had he ever failed to find fit and capable men for his purposes. The times were serious. Considering that the Czar a year ago had fallen a victim to party anarchy, who could now deem himself safe? He laid great stress upon the importance of fervent religious feeling, which he had often exhorted the people to cultivate. He also referred with deep emotion to the preservation of the life of the Emperess.

In View of the Recent Apprehension of War between Russia and Germany not a little curiosity was shown as to the manner in which the Russian Court would observe the Emperor William's birthday. It was noticed with gratification as an encouraging sign that the utmost cordiality prevailed. Early in the day the Czar telegraphed the following congratulatory message to the Emperor William: "The Empress and myself are present with our whole heart and mind at your birthday, and take part in the demonstrations of affection and respect which surround you. May God preserve for many years to come, a life crowned with so much glory, for the welfare of Germany and the peace of Europe, and strengthening the ties of friendship between ourselves and our empires." A state banquet was also given by the Czar, at which he took the opportunity to express his strong wishes for the maintenance of peace between the two countries and his high esteem for the aged Emperor.

The Russian Czar is said to have Interfered for the protection of the Jews of his empire. The *Jewish World* has received a telegram from St. Petersburg stating that the Czar has refused to confirm the recommendations of the Commission on the Jewish Question in favor of compelling the Jews to quit the rural districts, on the ground that such expulsion would almost ruin agriculture, and that the recommendations are generally conceived in a vindictive spirit. The *Herald*, of St. Petersburg, says, nevertheless, that General Ignatieff has ordered all the Jewish chemists of St. Petersburg to sell their business. The fears the Czar is reported as entertaining as to the effect the expulsion of the Jews is likely to have on agriculture, are inconsistent with the charges made that Russian Jews engage in no occupations but those of money lending and peddling.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant, whose Disinterested labors for the promotion of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine have been untiring, is entrusted by the English committee formed to assist the Jewish refugees from Russia, with \$50,000 for their benefit. He has personally proceeded to Austria, where many Jews have taken temporary refuge, and intends aiding such of them as are willing to settle in Palestine to remove thither.

An Important Change in the British Constitution has now assumed definite shape. It is that of the equalization of the county and borough franchise. At present the members of Parliament are of two kinds; those who represent boroughs and those who represent counties, and divisions of counties. To each of the cities and large towns one or more members are assigned, and every occupant of a house, and even some men who are only boarders, have the right to vote in the election of a member. But in the county elections, which cover the population not included in the cities and towns, only those men may vote whose houses are assessed at an annual rate of sixty dollars. It is now proposed to equalize the franchise and give the right of voting to the rural householder or lodger on the same qualification as would serve him if he lived in a city. A test vote was taken in the House of Commons on the question on March 22d, and it was noticed that Mr. Goschen, the most formidable opponent of the change, on that occasion voted for it.

The British Parliament has Agreed to Grant to Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, who is about to be married, an annual allowance of \$50,000 additional to the sum he is now receiving. An acrimonious discussion took place, led by the Radical members. Mr. Gladstone protested against the violence of the speeches, and when he asserted that the grant to Princess Louise was made without opposition he caused some confusion to his colleagues. One member contradicted the prime minister, stating that he had voted against the grant in the respectable company of Messrs. Chamberlain and Fawcett, who now, as cabinet ministers, occupied the government bench.

The Treatment of the Imprisoned Irish Suspects has been made the subject of debate in the British Parliament. The correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says: "The Home Rulers have made a persistent attempt to disseminate a belief that the prisoners are harshly treated. The attempt failed; every specific accusation of importance being successfully refuted. The government, in answer to Irish appeals, showed that there was, if anything, too great readiness to relax the existing restrictions. The general impression from the debate is that great consideration is shown the prisoners. The whole grievance was exploded on the appearance in the League organ of letters from two prisoners saying they had plenty of the best to eat and drink, lots of amusement and comfortable cells, and declaring that more would soon qualify for admission if they knew how grandly off the prisoners were."

The Irishmen who Hold Certificates of Naturalization as American citizens, but who are imprisoned as suspected persons in Ireland, have been made the subject of a question in the British House of Commons. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said the government was now considering the representations of the government of the United States regarding the trial or the release of the Americans.

The Rev. George Muller, the Bristol Philanthropist and world-wide evangelist, has been spending several months in the Holy Land. He preached at Joppa, November 17th, in the chapel of the German colony, and also in private houses at Savona, a little way out of Joppa. He held his first meeting in Jerusalem December 1st, whither he and Mrs. Muller had travelled in an open wagon from Joppa.

Another European Theatre has been Destroyed by fire. On Saturday, March 18th, the Russian Theater Demidoff was utterly consumed. It was a wooden building, and the following morning not a trace of it was visible. There must have been about eight hundred persons in the theatre when the fire broke out. Thanks to the energy and presence of mind of the Commissaire of Police all were saved. Seeing the smoke he at once rose and called out to the audience: "Don't stir; let one row of stalls only be emptied at a time, and in five minutes the house can be cleared." His suggestion was followed. Meanwhile the police opened the doors, which were constructed after the panic caused by the destruction of the Ring Theatre at Vienna, and in five minutes, as he had told the people, the theatre was emptied. The fire had originated in one of the actresses' dressing rooms.

The Instructions Issued by Engineer Melville of the Jeannette expedition to those engaged in the search for the missing men, will be read with gloomy forebodings by the friends of De Long and his brave companions in this country. We have hitherto been impressed by the hopes entertained of finding them alive, but the arrangement ordered, imply that Engineer Melville has but little hope of that happy result of the search. The following is one of the paragraphs of his order: "The persons of the dead I wish to have carried to a central position most convenient of access to Bulun, all placed inside of a small house, arranged side by side for future recognition, the hut then securely closed and banked up with snow or earth and to remain so until a proper person arrives from America to make final disposition of the bodies. In banking up the hut have it done in such a manner that animals cannot get in to destroy the bodies."

The Czar of Russia has still Substantial Reason to fear the plots of the Nihilists. The Russian correspondent of the *New York Herald* cables as follows: "Apropos of the statement that the Nihilists have relinquished their intention of a further attempt against the Czar, I have heard on good authority that they will wait until after the coronation, when, if reforms are not introduced, he will be condemned by their revolutionary tribunal. A correspondent of the *Daily News* sends a pitiable account of the state of affairs in the prison palace at Gatchina. The Czar is said to be stupefied by captivity, music alone preventing his mind from becoming completely unhinged. He is afraid to accompany the Czarina for outdoor exercise. He spends hours daily with the children in the gymnasium, climbing rope ladders and turning somersaults."

The Sultan of Turkey has Applied to General Lew Wallace, the United States Minister, for information concerning America, especially in regard to the judicial system in the United States and the mode of collecting taxes. General Wallace states that the Sultan displayed a shrewd, penetrating intellect, and expressed the most friendly sentiments for America. The Sultan's difficulties consist in the fact that his collectors are corrupt and dishonest; he seems to be under the impression that such conduct does not prevail in America.

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BY THE REV. M. BAXTER, EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OBTAINABLE THROUGH THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND AT THE OFFICE OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882.

16th Year. No. 14.—New Series.

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Mr. EDWARD P. WESTON and Mr. JOSEPH LIVESEY.—A Temperance Demonstration in a Theatre.

A GREAT TOTAL ABSTINENCE MEETING.

ON March 1st a mighty demonstration was made in London by the noble army of temperance men. It was a mass meeting convened by Mr. William Noble, the founder of the blue-ribbon army. He foresaw how large an assembly would respond to his call and the consequent necessity of engaging a building capable of comfortably seating those who attended. He was facilitated in his attempt by the provisions of the English law, by which it is enacted that no theatrical representations shall be given in London on Ash Wednesday. Mr. Noble therefore engaged *the largest theatre in London*, the Standard, and many people who had never been inside a theatre before, found themselves gazing at the stage. Both before and behind the footlights the scene was uncommon within those walls. For while the audience differed widely enough from that usually gathered there, the occupants of the stage were no actors simulating sentiment and passion, but men in earnest for the reformation of the degraded and the fallen. The picture on our frontispiece represents the scene. With this we give the portraits of two eminent temperance men, one of American birth and reputation, the other a veteran English abstainer.

MR. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, Pedestrian and Temperance Advocate in Connection with the Episcopal Church Temperance Society.

Born in 1839—Parentage and Early Childhood—Reverence for the Lord's Day—Juvenile Athletic Conquests—Becomes a Journalist—Remarkable Pedestrian Performances—His Lectures on Diet and Hygiene—Arrival in England in 1875—His Walk of 2000 Miles in 1000 Hours—Begins to Lecture for the Episcopal Church Temperance Society.

MR. E. P. WESTON, whose portrait accompanies that of Mr. Livesey on our frontispiece this week, is forty-three years of age, having been born in Providence, R. I., on March 15th, 1839. Mr. Weston's father was a man of energy, who held an influential position in that city from his intellectual ability, and was in very comfortable circumstances. His mother was a woman of brilliant accomplishments, an able musician, poetess, and authoress, and a large contributor to some of the leading magazines and journals of the Union. The *childhood* of the future pedestrian was nurtured by his parents under the most favorable auspices. He early took a liking to the Sunday-School and other kindred institutions which foster the growth of religion, education, and morality. As the tree grew so the fruit was brought forth, for in one of Mr. Weston's letters dated in 1876 we read that he "had never issued or accepted a challenge in his life, nor been party to a wager in any form," and it is a praiseworthy trait in his character, and worthy of recording to his credit, that he always made it a condition of his feats and contests that Sunday should be regarded as a day of rest, and that no professional walking should be done on that day.

When quite a youth he won many prizes, both for his educational attainments as well as for his ability in running, jumping, swimming, and other athletic exploits, and amid all the temptations that beset the path of a young athlete he never once yielded to the so-called pleasures of the intoxicating cup.

On his *marriage*, which took place in his early manhood, he removed from the home of his youth and settled on the banks of the Hudson, about eight miles from New York, connecting himself as a *reporter and journalist* with the New York press. He was in the habit of walking between his residence and his office day by day. He was, while occupying this position, often held up as an example of temperance, industry, and morality.

At this time he began to be celebrated for his marvellous pedestrian performances, and his services were in great requisition at the athletic sports. In the year 1867 he performed one of his greatest feats by walking from Portland, Me., to Chicago, a distance of 1326 miles, which he accomplished in *twenty-five days* less one hour and

twenty minutes, being at the rate of *fifty-three miles a day*. The time in which he had undertaken to execute this hitherto unparalleled undertaking was thirty days. Again, in the year 1869 he walked from Bangor, Me., to Buffalo, N. Y., a distance of 1058 miles (1050 of which were over snow) in thirty days. His fame as a pedestrian spread through the Union, his pedestrian feats having been witnessed by thousands in the States of New York, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, Georgia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. In Newark, in the last named State, he walked 500 miles in five days twenty-three hours and thirty-eight minutes.

He was also renowned as a lecturer upon personal diet and hygiene, and in this capacity he lectured before audiences which included some of the first men of position and ability in America. He was fortunate in winning the esteem and friendship of President Fillmore, Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, and President Lincoln. On one occasion when he was lecturing in Steinway Hall, New York, Horace Greeley presided and introduced the lecturer in a glowing and eulogistic speech to a brilliant audience, composed of judges, divines, physicians, and editors, and other literary men, who listened with attention and interest to the lecture.

It was not an unusual thing for Mr. Weston at this time to walk fifty or sixty miles in a day, and deliver a lecture to a large audience the same evening. In his *personal appearance* Mr. Weston is a slim, lithe, wiry man, of medium size, with small head, hands, and feet; his limbs are spare, but shapely and well-knit; he seems to have no superfluous flesh about him, but appears to be all muscle, bone, and sinew. His face is pleasant looking, and betokens an agreeable, good-natured manner; his thin and compressed lips indicate a strong determination and an indomitable will. He is a man of modest demeanor, and states that he never trained for his great walking feats, but simply relied on his strong constitution and *the simplicity of his living* and diet and his personal habits of cleanliness and sobriety.

He went to England at the latter end of the year 1875. He had not been in England long before he was invited to give an exhibition of his pedestrian powers. He received an invitation signed by some of the most influential American representatives in London, and since that time has been lionized there more than any athlete in modern times. He continued to add to his popularity and prowess as a pedestrian, until he assumed the honorable and responsible position which he now occupies.

Among the wonderful and unprecedented feats of power and endurance which he has performed in England and America, and in which he has succeeded by his pluck and perseverance, the greatest was his undertaking to walk 2000 miles in 1000 hours (resting on the intervening Sundays), which really reduced the time to only 856 hours, or 35 days and 16 hours, along the turnpike roads of England, and lecturing on the way in 50 of the principal cities and towns. He commenced this journey at the instance of Sir J. Dugdale Astley, M.P., and was accompanied by three selected judges, who rode in an omnibus provided for them by Mr. Weston. During this tour he passed through 35 counties and 190 cities and towns of England, amid the admiration of thousands of spectators who thronged the route a great part of the distance, and who vociferously applauded the wonderful feat.

To give some idea of the gigantic task he accomplished, it is estimated that the distance he traversed on foot would be equivalent to a man starting from Calais and walking through France, Belgium, and Prussia, and across Russia to the shores of the Caspian Sea, which would be equivalent to walking across the whole Continent of Europe at its widest part; or to give another comparison, it would be nearly equal (if he could walk as the crow flies) to walking from London to the Holy Land. It has been computed that Mr. Weston has, in England and America, walked as a pedestrian as much as 56,000 miles, a little more than twice round the globe.

He has always shown warm sympathy with phil-

anthropic and religious institutions, and when living in America, most of his performances were for the benefit of some charity or benevolent institution. He is, however, more at home in lecturing *for the temperance cause* than in any other capacity, as he is not only personally an abstainer, but he can speak with authority of the benefits to be derived from the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks under great exertion and fatigue.

Mr. Weston has attached himself to the *Church of England Temperance Society*, as an advocate, and has already lectured under their auspices to many large and enthusiastic audiences in the British Metropolis, and in many of the large cities and towns of England. When in America, he advocated in his lectures the closing of the saloons on Saturday afternoons, with the view of preventing the scenes of riot and degradation that often follow the receipt of the weekly wages. He states that he discovered by his personal experience, that to abstain from ale, wine, brandy, and whiskey, and other intoxicating drink, is absolutely necessary to any prolonged exertion. *He also strongly opposed the use of tobacco* in all its forms, and whenever possible, he has forbidden its use in any of the buildings in which his pedestrian performances were given.

Mr. Weston is as intellectual as he is muscular and enduring. He is a good talker—as a lecturer he has been listened to with pleasure by people in all stations of life. He is no walking machine, but well-bred, of genial and cheerful manners and gentlemanly bearing, a man of education and intelligence. He is from conviction an ardent advocate of the temperance cause, a shrewd observer and a fluent speaker. His lectures and addresses are, while witty and humorous, free from all coarseness or vulgarity, they are generally illustrated and enlivened by personal anecdotes and interesting incidents in his career, and are delivered with telling force and dramatic ability.

Mr. Weston says in one of his papers on the temperance cause: "It has been said that I have abandoned pedestrianism because I was physically disabled, had been beaten and was 'broken down.' This is an error, for I accomplished my purpose, which was to demonstrate to the professional that he could accomplish a greater effort by abstaining from alcoholic stimulants than he could by using them. Having done this and learning that I could be of benefit to others as well as myself by demonstrating to the world the effect of temperance upon health, by the advice of friends I have identified myself with the temperance cause, and shall use the same energy to impress upon the people the advantage of temperance that I have to convince them that walking is the most health-giving exercise known to man." Mr. Weston is a most reverent believer in the Word of God, and in full sympathy with all philanthropic and Christian enterprises.

MR. JOSEPH LIVESSEY, The Patriarch of Total Abstinence.

Born in 1794—Orphaned at Seven Years of Age—Early Struggles with Poverty—Becomes a Weaver's Boy—His Pursuit of Knowledge—Drinking Customs of the Time—A Beneficial Acquaintance—Courtship and Marriage—The Doctor's Orders—Livesey becomes a Cheese-monger—His Place as a Public Man—Birth of the Total Abstinence Movement—Origin of the Word "Teetotal."

JOSEPH LIVESSEY, one of the patriarchs of temperance reform, and one of the best-known pioneers of the movement, whose portrait appears on our frontispiece this week, is in many senses a remarkable man. His rise from poverty to affluence and his disinterested labors for the benefit of others render a sketch of his life especially interesting. He was born at Walton, England, on March 5th, 1794, so that he is now eighty-eight years of age. His father, John Livesey, was a hand-loom cloth-weaver, and his mother, Janet Ainsworth, was a farmer's daughter. He had a brother and sister who died early, and his parents both died of consumption within ten weeks of each other in 1801. Thus, at the age of seven, Joseph was without father, mother, brother, or sister.

The orphan boy used to reside with his grandfather Livesey, who shortly afterwards relinquished farming and embarked in the cotton manufacture, which, however, did not succeed, and the state of the family was one of poverty. As soon as he was able the youthful Joseph had to take his place at a weaver's loom, and for seven years he toiled away in the corner of the damp cellar, which was their only workshop. He had had little schooling, only about enough to enable him to read the New Testament and write and cipher indifferently. Like that other weaver boy, David Livingstone, he determined to cultivate his mind as the best means of self-advancement; and, like Livingstone, he planted his open book on the weaving-beam, so that he could read and work at the same time.

Among the first books which he purchased with his carefully hoarded pocket-money, were a grammar and a Reference Bible, and so great was his love of study that he would often sit up late at night, after his grandfather and uncle had retired to rest. He was not allowed any candle; but, with his head close to the bars of the open fireplace, he earnestly pored over his much-loved books in the glare of the embers left in the fire-grate.

THE DRINKING CUSTOMS OF THE TIME.

The weavers of the town were in the habit of celebrating weekly revels, in which spiced ale and wine played a conspicuous part. In Livesey's time the hospitalities of the table always included a bottle, and all the leading men in the neighborhood were more or less addicted to intemperance. When the church clock was at a standstill for want of winding up on a morning, as was often the case, the common remark was, "Clerk was droonk last night!" The ringers and singers, too, were not without reproach.

When Livesey was about seventeen, he became acquainted with a Christian family of the name of Portlock. The example of the Portlocks exercised an important influence upon his impressionable nature. He began to attend public worship in Preston, and used to tramp in his clogs from Walton to the town to a week evening prayer-meeting.

HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Livesey's love-making, if not romantic, was certainly a little singular. Having heard of a Miss Williams, the daughter of a Welshman at Liverpool, as being an amiable, religious girl, even before he had seen her, he determined to make her an offer of marriage. Miss Williams was at the time in Manchester. There was thirty miles between them; and with the exception of three visits, which he performed on foot, the courtship was carried on by correspondence. The marriage took place in St. Peter's Church (now the Pro-Cathedral), Liverpool, on May 30th, 1815. "I remember," says Mr. Livesey, "paying the parson with five-shilling piece (\$1.25), and afterwards remarking what a cheap wife I had got."

The young couple bravely faced the stern practical realities of life, and cheerfully endeavored to look at the bright side of the trials which beset them in their early housekeeping experiences. Living in Walton was found to be inconvenient, so in 1815 they removed to Preston. Their first house was in Park Street, the rent of which was equivalent to sixty cents a week, and here their twin children were born. Other children followed, and the family expenses increased the wages Mr. Livesey earned became too small to maintain them as he wished. To make matters worse his health failed and then dire poverty fell on the household. As often happens, the misfortune of illness led in Mr. Livesey's case to a blessing. His physician ordered him more generous diet, and among other remedies he suggested as a useful remedy for Mr. Livesey's sickness that he should eat a piece of cheese after each meal. He went out to purchase a small quantity of the article, but found the price asked beyond his means. Just at that time was the Lancaster cheese fair, and he heard some people stating that prices had declined. On making inquiries he found that by purchasing a whole cheese the price per pound would be much less than the price he had been asked. He induced some of his neighbors to join in the purchase, and bought two cheeses, and not only made a satisfactory profit upon the sale of them, but found himself visited again

at the end of the week by people who were desirous of purchasing more at the same price.

BECOMES A CHEESEMONGER.

Livesey was now fairly started in business as a cheesemonger, and every Saturday took up his stand in Preston market-place, and soon succeeded in selling as much as three hundredweight in a day. He then began to attend the markets, entirely relinquished the loom, and soon built up for himself a business as cheesemonger unrivalled by any similar establishment in North Lancashire, and realized a considerable fortune.

HIS PLACE AS A PUBLIC MAN.

It is as a temperance reformer that the world best knows the now patriarchal Joseph Livesey. For more than half a century his voice and pen and purse have been cheerfully and self-denyingly employed to further the movement. For many years past it has been his custom to issue an *Annual Temperance Address* on New Year's Day, and that for 1881 opens with the following autobiographical statement: "It is now fifty years since I took my last glass. It was early in 1831, at Mr. McKie's, Lune Street, Preston. It was only one glass of whiskey and water. I often say it was the best I ever drank, the best because it was the last; and if I remain in my senses I shall never take another."

Having tested the principle of total abstinence for himself, Mr. Livesey was not long in finding a means of employing his experience for the benefit of others. On January 1st, 1832, the young men in the Adult Sunday School, which he then conducted, formed themselves into a temperance society. At the time referred to, the pledge was simply one of abstinence from ardent spirits and great moderation in fermented liquors. It was, however, soon discovered that the permission to take wine and ale in moderation proved a fatal snare to many of the recruits, hence arose an angry controversy which lasted for some time. Some contended that the pledge should exclude the use of all alcoholic liquors; others considered this a dangerous doctrine, and said that to forbid wine and beer was an innovation upon temperance orthodoxy.

THE FIRST PLEDGE.

But Joseph Livesey and many others were determined by all moral means to make the pledge one of total abstinence. He himself says: "On Thursday, August 23d, 1832, John King was passing my shop in Church Street, and I invited him in. After discussing this question, upon which we were both agreed, I asked him if he would sign a pledge of total abstinence, to which he consented. I then went to the desk and wrote one out, the precise words of which I don't remember. He came up to the desk, and I said 'Thee sign it first.' He did so, and I signed it after him."

From these two signatures sprang the total abstinence movement in England. In the course of a few days a special meeting was convened to consider the question, and on Saturday, September 1st, 1832, the meeting took place. It was held in the "Cock-pit," owned by the Earl of Derby, a building erected for the purposes of cock-fighting in the days of that degrading pastime, and capable of accommodating seven hundred persons. The result of this meeting was that seven men signed the new pledge, which was in the following terms: "We agree to abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicines." The seven men who signed this, the first total abstinence pledge known in England, were John Grattan, Edward Dickinson, John Broadbelt, John Smith, Joseph Livesey, David Anderton, and John King.

In 1862 Mr. Livesey visited Glasgow to attend the anniversary meetings of the Scottish Temperance League, and in one of his speeches referred as follows to "Dickie Turner,"

AND THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "TEETOTAL."

"I have been asked several times," said Mr. Livesey, "if I could give any explanation of the word 'teetotal.' Now I can assure you, if any authority be required as to the origin of that word, none higher can be given than myself, for I was present when the word originated. It was first pronounced by a man named Dickie Turner. At that time (1832) there were temperance societies, based upon the principle of abstinence from all

spirits and great moderation in all fermented liquors. Dickie attempted at a meeting to show the difference. He deprecated the practice of drinking fermented liquors in moderation, and enjoined that of abstinence. He then used the expression that gave rise to that notable term, *Teetotal*, which has since gone throughout the world. He said that we should be 'te-te-tee-total.' We all took up the word at that moment, and were glad of it, for the designation, 'abstinence from all intoxicating liquors' was cumbersome. We said *that* was the thing; and from that moment till now the word *Teetotal* denotes abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, in opposition to moderation in their use."

From the year 1831, until the present time, Mr. Livesey has been unceasingly prosecuting the great campaign; indeed, the whole story of the progress of temperance in England is inseparably associated with his name. Conferences and public meetings have again and again been stirred by his enthusiastic and patriotic utterances; and although during the past few years his appearances on the platform have been less frequent, his pen is still actively employed in enlightening the people as to the advantages which total abstinence confers.

TIMELY DELIVERANCE.

THE narrative of the experience of Mr. Müller, the director of the Orphanages, is full of deliverances granted in answer to prayer. The following notes of his early experience show how in his early days God strengthened his faith and encouraged him to trust in Him.

"In November, 1830," says Mr. Müller, "our money was reduced to about two dollars. When I was praying with my wife in the morning, the Lord brought to my mind the state of our purse, and I was led to ask Him for some money. About four hours after, a sister said to me, 'Do you want any money?' 'I told the brethren,' said I, 'dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would for the future tell the Lord *only* about my wants.' She replied, 'But *He has told me to give you some money*.' About two weeks ago I asked Him what I should do for Him, and He told me to give you some money; and last Saturday it came again powerfully to my mind, and has not left me since, and I felt it so forcibly last night that I could not help speaking of it to Brother P.' My heart rejoiced, seeing the Lord's faithfulness, but I thought it better not to tell her about our circumstances, lest she should be influenced to give accordingly; and I also was assured that, if it were of the Lord, *she could not but give*. I therefore turned the conversation to other subjects, but when I left she gave me two guineas (\$11). We were full of joy on account of the goodness of the Lord. I would call upon the reader to admire the gentleness of the Lord, that He did not try our faith much at the commencement, but allowed us to see His willingness to help us, before He was pleased to try it more fully."

Another crisis came "on Jan. 28, 1831," he says; "we had again but little money, though I had seen the brethren open the box (in the chapel) and take out the money. I would not ask the brother in whose hands it was, to let me have it; but standing in need of it, as our coals were almost gone, I asked the Lord to incline his heart to bring it; and but a little time afterward it was given to us, one pound seven shillings and sixpence (\$7)."

"On February 14, we had again very little money, and while praying, I was led to ask the Lord graciously to supply our wants; and *the instant that I got up from my knees* a brother gave me the money which had been taken out of the box."

"On March 7th, I was again tempted to disbelieve the faithfulness of the Lord, and, though I was not miserable, still I was not so fully resting upon the Lord that I could triumph and rejoice. It was *but one hour after*, when the Lord gave me another proof of His faithful love. A Christian lady brought five sovereigns for us, with these words written on the paper. 'I was an hungred and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,' etc."

ANXIETY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
April 2, 1882.

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—ACTS 16: 30.

A. Lecturer and his Audience—The same Query in Different Circumstances—Night in the Prison—The Jailer's Query To-day—A Message from Heaven—I. A Courteous Question—II. A Practical Question—III. A Personal Question—Too much Concern with Other People's Sins—The Coming Earthquake—IV. An Important Question—V. An Agonized Question—The Earthquake of Domestic Misfortune—VI. An Urgent Question—A Warning Word from Hell—A Case Adjourned until the Costs Ate it—The Most Unfavorable Hour—Necessity for an Answer—A Marginal Note on a Friend's Bible—Sir John Cochrane and the Disguised Wayfarer—A more Thrilling Story.

LAST week the board fences, the stone walls and the city car windows were covered with the advertisement of an infidel lecture on the subject of "What must we do to be saved?" Of course the allusion was to the scene of the text. I warrant you that the *facetious lecturer* on Tuesday and Wednesday nights in Steinway Hall and Academy of Music, asked the question in a different mood from that in which it was asked when it was originally propounded. I warrant you also that the audience who heard the question were in a different condition from the audience that originally heard it.

The audience that gathered last week to hear the question of the text discussed, entered a beautiful auditorium, having paid fifty or seventy-five cents to hear the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ ridiculed. I would rather pay fifty cents for almost anything than to hear the Lord Jesus Christ dishonored. I would rather pay fifty cents to hear my dead father, or dead mother, or dead brother, or dead sister derided and ridiculed than to pay fifty cents to hear the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ defamed. Fifty cents are not much, but he who hears Christ caricatured, or His religion defamed has an entertainment costly at any price.

The difference was incomparable between the scene last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings when the question was discussed, and the scene when the text was originally propounded. Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold, and dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unilluminated save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to supervise the prison.

It is night and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand to-day before hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with

A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN.

There are those in this audience who might be more skilful in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior; but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent Gospel, and with an all-consuming desire that sometimes almost impedes my utterance, I beg you to accept immortal life.

I. I shall proceed this morning to characterize the question of the agitated jail-keeper. And, first, I

characterize that question as *courteous*. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? and are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "Sirs!" equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. Sirs!

If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and the inscrutable, saying, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true how can that be true,"—no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

II. Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper by saying that it was

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

He did not ask why God let sin come into the world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion.

What would you think of a man who should, while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar, when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who in discussing the *chemistry of the gospel*, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief, when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptism is the better, not whether foreordination and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss, and for me to discuss, is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

A PERSONAL QUESTION.

III. Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people; but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?"

The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a bad end to that inebriate and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that profligate. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor gardens of other people that we let our own dooryard go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the life-boat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. O! wandering thoughts, disappear to-day. Blot out this entire audience except yourself. *Your sin, is it pardoned?* Your death, is it provided for? Your Heaven, is it secured?

A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thou-

sands of years will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans above the Alps and the Andes clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, but the falling of a world.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

IV. Again I remark: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in this one question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?"

And have you, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars of goods sold in New York and Brooklyn, you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep clear to the Battery, it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should abscond and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. O! how insignificant is business this side the grave with business on the other side the grave. Have you made any

PURCHASES FOR ETERNITY?

Have you any securities that will last forever? are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? Is there any question so broad at the base, so altitudinous, so overshadowing as the question: "What must I do to be saved?"

Or, is it a *domestic question*, is it something about father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or daughter that is the more important question? You know by universal and inexorable law that relation will soon be broken up. Father will be gone, mother will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone; but after that, the question of the text will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, or roll up its mightiest magnitudes, or sweep its vaster circles—the question whether you will take wing and soar, or chain and drop, whether you shall be built up or pulled down, whether God will be your Father or your Foe, whether in eternity you will be praising or blaspheming, chanting or groaning, in a land of light and purity and joy, or in a death that never dies.

O! what a question, what an important question. Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he died at the Tuileries or Chiselhurst, whether he was emperor or exile? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did that give him any better chance for the future than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it soon make to you or to me whether in this world we walked or rode, whether we were bowed to or maltreated, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed in, or kicked out? while laying hold of every moment of the future, and burning in every splendor or every grief, and overarching or undergirding all time and all eternity will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text: "What must I do to be saved?"

V. Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have hurled this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners?

Ah! no; you know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble

that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a vast multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as once it was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you like solferino and crimson, and purple, as well as once? Yes. But you say: "While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings; now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. O! the world is a very different place from what it was once for you. Once you said: "O! if I could only have it quiet a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones and soon their feet would be sounding in the hall, soon their voices would be heard in the family and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. O! it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune.

Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exuded from earthly tree to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in His bosom, hushing it with *the lullaby of heaven*. O! brother, O! sister, the gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

VI. But I remark again: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as

HASTY, URGENT, AND IMMEDIATE.

He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the apostles, behold his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness. No one can doubt by that look that the man is in earnest. He must have that question answered before the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he will never have it answered at all. Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question? Is it on the run? Is it hasty? Is it urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. That is the only kind of question that is answered. It is the urgent and the immediate question of the Gospel Christ answers.

A great many are asking this question, but they draw it out, and there is indifference in their manner as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question and then you will have it answered before an hour passes, before a minute passes. When a man with all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God he finds him, and finds Him right away. I swing back the door of the lost world, and if one word might come up, only one word of warning, what do you think that word would be? I can imagine what it would be. Only one word. It would come up like the howling of the everlasting storm, that one word: "Now! now!"

How did those young men miss Heaven? "O!" they said, "we'll wait until we get to mid-life or old age; time enough yet." But the railroad rushed from the track and their life was dashed out, or their foot slipped on the icy pavement and their skull was fractured, or typhoid fever came down and rushed them out of life in delirium. They never saw mid-life.

How did those men in mid-life lose their soul? O! they were waiting until their business matters were fixed up. They never had an opportunity, a better opportunity, than that which was offered to them then, but they procrastinated, they adjourned, they adjourned the case until the bill of costs destroyed the case. Adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned. Bonds, mortgages, certificates of stock, safety deposits, government securities, are of no use where they are now.

How did those old men miss Heaven? "O!" they said, "we'll put it off until the very last."

They put it off. Their hearts were hardened. They tried to pray, but they could not pray. They tried to believe, but they could not believe. They tried to repent, but they could not repent. And the old man leaned heavier and heavier on the staff of old age, heavier and heavier until the staff broke and he fell headlong.

O! are there not in this house to-day those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the things of the soul? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of the one hundred death-bed repentances amount to nothing. Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully repented in the last hour? Of fifty? No. Of forty? No. Of thirty? No. Of twenty? No. Of ten? No. Of five? No. Of one—only one, barely one, as if to demonstrate the fact that there is a bare possibility of repenting in the last hour. But that is improbable, awfully improbable, terrifically improbable. One hundred to one against the man.

If, my brother, my sister, you have ever seen a man try to repent in the last hour, you have seen something very sad. I do not know anything on earth so sad as to see a man try to repent on a deathbed. There is not from the moment that life begins to breathe in infancy, to the last gasp, such an unfavorable, completely unfavorable, hour for repentance as the death hour, the last hour. There are the doctors standing with the medicines. There is the lawyer standing with the half-written will. There is the family in consternation as to what is to become of them. All the bells of eternity ringing the soul out of the body. All the past rising before us and all the future. Angels flying through the room. Devils plotting for the overthrow. O! that man is an infinite fool, an infinite fool, who procrastinates to the deathbed his repentance!

My text does not

ANSWER THE QUESTION.

It only asks it, with deep and importunate earnestness asks it, and according to the rules of sermonizing you would say, "adjourn that to some other time;" but I dare not. What are the rules of sermonizing to me when I am after souls? What other time could I have when perhaps this is the only time? This might be my last time for preaching; this might be your last time for hearing.

After my friend in Philadelphia died, his children gave his church Bible to me and I read it, looked over it with much interest. I saw in the margin, written in lead pencil: "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish." I did not remember saying it, but it is true, and I say it now whether I said it then or not; the most useless thing in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish. Twelve gates wide open. Have you not heard how Christ bore our sorrows, and how sympathetic He is with all our woes? Have you not heard how that with all the sorrows of heart and all the agonies of hell upon Him He cried: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?"

By His feet blistered of the mountain way—by His back whipped until the skin came off, by His death couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet—by His sepulchre, in which for the first time for thirty-three years the cruel world let Him alone—and by the heavens from which He this morning bends in compassion, offering pardon and peace, and life eternal to all your souls, I beg of you put down your all at His feet.

"I saw one hanging on a tree

In agony and blood,

Who put His languid eyes on me

As near His cross I stood.

"O never till my latest breath,

Will I forget that look;

It seemed to charge me with His death,

Though not a word He spoke."

In the troubled times of Scotland,

SIR JOHN COCHRANE

was condemned to death by the king. The death warrant was on the way. Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grizelle, at the

prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child! I must die." His daughter said: "No, father, you shall not die." "But," he said, "the king is against me, and the law is after me and the death warrant is on its way, and I must die; do not deceive yourself, my dear child." The daughter said: "Father, you shall not die," as she left the prison gate.

At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mailbags containing the death warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came by, clutched the bridle and shouted to the rider—to the man who carried the mail bags: "Dismount!" He felt for his arms and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from his saddle and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mail bags, put them on his shoulder and vanished in the darkness, and fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner's life, during which the father confessor was pleading for the pardon of Sir John Cochrane.

The second time the death warrant is on its way. The disguised wayfarer comes along, and asks for a little bread and a little wine, starts on across the moors, and they say: "Poor man, to have to go out such a stormy night; it is dark and you will lose yourself on the moors." "O, no," he says, "I will not." He trudged on and stopped amid the brambles and waited for the horseman to come carrying the mail bags containing the death warrant of Sir John Cochrane. The mail carrier spurred on his steed, for he was fearful because of what had occurred on the former journey, spurred on his steed, when suddenly through the storm and through the darkness there was a flash of firearms and the horse became unmanageable and as the mail carrier discharged his pistol in response, the horse flung him, and the disguised wayfarer put his foot on the breast of the overthrown rider and said: "Surrender now!"

The mail carrier surrendered his arms, and the disguised wayfarer put upon his shoulders the mail bags, leaped upon the horse, and sped away into the darkness, gaining fourteen more days for the poor prisoner, Sir John Cochrane; and before the fourteen days had expired pardon had come from the king. The door of the prison swung open, and Sir John Cochrane was free. One day when he was standing amid his friends, they congratulating him, the disguised wayfarer appeared at the gate, and he said, "Admit him right away."

The disguised wayfarer came in and said: "Here are two letters; read them, sir, and cast them into the fire." Sir John Cochrane read them. They were his two death warrants and he threw them into the fire. Then said Sir John Cochrane: "To whom am I indebted? Who is this poor wayfarer that saved my life? Who is it?" And the wayfarer pulled aside and pulled off the jerkin and the cloak, and the hat, and lo! it was Grizelle, the daughter of Sir John Cochrane. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, "my child, my saviour, my own Grizelle!" But

A MORE THRILLING STORY.

The death warrant had come forth from the King of Heaven and earth. The death warrant read: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The death warrant coming on the black horse of eternal night. We must die! We must die! But breasting the storm and putting out through the darkness was a disguised wayfarer who gripped by the bridle the on-coming doom and flung it back, and put His wounded and bleeding foot on the overthrown rider. Meanwhile pardon flashed from the throne, and, Go free! Open the gate! Strike off the chain! Go free!

And to-day, your liberated soul stands in the presence of the disguised wayfarer, and as He pulls off the disguise of His earthly humiliation and the disguise of His thorns, and the disguise of the seamless robe, you find He is bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, your brother, your Christ, your pardon, your eternal life, let all earth and Heaven break forth in vociferation. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,

On Thy kind arms I fall;

Be Thou my strength and righteousness

My Jesus and my all."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 198.)

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF THE STORY.

THE events are those of a century ago. The scene is in Ireland. Sylph Somers was the adopted daughter of Dr. Gilbert, a physician of Chester, England. The doctor had been arrested for presiding over a meeting at which seditious language was used, had caught jail fever and died in prison, making his adopted daughter heiress of all his property. After the doctor's death, Sylph went, by his advice, to Ireland and resided with the Denzilles, relatives of the doctor. Sylph had been converted under the preaching of John Wesley, and her residence with the Denzilles, who were a godless family, was distasteful to her. She left them, but as they had planned to gain possession of Dr. Gilbert's property, by marrying Sylph to young Denzille, they were irritated by her departure, and laying in wait for her as she left a religious service, they attempted to carry her off by force. Sylph was rescued by Capt. Vaughan, an English officer, who had been kind to her in Chester, and had helped her to gain access to Dr. Gilbert's prison. Sylph became Capt. Vaughan's affianced wife. Just then the Irish rebellion broke out, and Capt. Vaughan fought in one of the engagements. He was wounded, and Sylph attended to him. Both were captured by the insurgents, and Capt. Vaughan was condemned to be hanged. Among the insurgents, was Capt. Miles Rossiter, a young Irishman who had been sent to France to be trained for the priesthood, but had been disgusted with Romanism, became a soldier, and returned to Ireland to aid in the insurrection. He had years before been one of Dr. Gilbert's patients, and had fallen in love with Sylph, while under Dr. Gilbert's care. He now saw and recognized Sylph among the prisoners in the camp, and rescued her and Capt. Vaughan from the insurgents and secreted them in two farm-houses. Rossiter visited Sylph there, and offered her marriage, but was rejected. The insurgents were irritated by Rossiter's act, and their leader, Father Murphy, who was a priest, became his enemy. He had heard from Rossiter's mother, in confession, that Rossiter was no longer a Roman Catholic, and he therefore resolved on punishing him. Corny Fagan was an honest Irishman, Sylph's attendant. Hugh was Capt. Vaughan's servant; he had formerly been in the employ of Dr. Gilbert.

Miles Rossiter's Reception of Sylph's Appeal—He Argues the Question—Sylph's Rejoinder—Sylph's Gift of a Testament—Her Advice to Miles to Leave the Insurgents—Return to Camp—An Appropriate Passage of Scripture—Father Murphy's Peremptory Order—Miles Addresses the Court—Murphy Sends for Rossiter's Mother.

MILES was taken aback by Sylph's homily unexpectedly addressed to him, and he did not quite know how to understand it; whether as a sort of Methodist lecture from Sylph (for he had heard of her being of that sect, and also something of her doings as a leader in that body in and around Enniscorthy), or had Sylph's words, apart from all mere homily, a deep and soul-searching significance? After a moment's thought he felt that they had; for though the name of Christ had been upon his lips from early childhood, he knew that never had he by a living act made that sacrifice of self to the world's Redeemer, in which consists the very essence of religion.

"Perhaps you are right, Sylph," he said. "I am unworthy of you, and should never have dared to think you would be mine. And yet—and yet I cannot—heaven help me—endure the thought of leaving you. I feel you would not only have been the wealth and glory of my mortal life, but would have been the sacred magnet to draw me up, heart and soul, to the purer realities of a better world. Yes, Sylph, you would have helped me to rise to the higher possibilities of my nature. You would have been to me, in fact, as a 'Beatrice' to 'Dante.' But now, with a forlorn heart and a blighted soul, bereft of light and love, I shall pass on lonely to the grave, and the sooner I reach it the better."

Miles, thus speaking, sadly stooped his head towards the ground, as overburdened with the weight of his trouble.

"The name of her whom you have mentioned," said Sylph, "supplies the answer to your despondency, Mr. Rossiter. 'Beatrice' never was the bride of 'Dante,' and yet, enshrined in his heart, as the ideal of the pure, the beautiful, and the good, she was, through his whole life, a power to uplift him to all that was noble, true, and excellent. I do not pretend to have the qualities of a 'Beatrice,'" said Sylph; "far from it. Yet, if you will make me the starting point for your embodiment in thought of whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report—living thus only in your conception—you will never learn my human faults and frailties, Mr. Rossiter; and I shall be a more powerful attraction to your moral nature than if it had been possible for me to enter into a more pronounced relationship. And, yet, after all, I will not say this," she added, after a slight pause. "No; banish me from your thoughts, Mr. Rossiter, and—I entreat you to this—take to your soul's worship and delight, alone, the perfect ideal which your God sets before you. You will find it here," she added, taking a small book from the bosom of her dress. "It is a New Testament, Mr. Rossiter. The Gospels are God's revelation to us of His Son, who was and is, as you know, the embodiment of all perfection—is God made visible to man; and it is through Him alone the soul can rise to the full height and measure of its being."

Miles looked at Sylph with something of the same wonder that Doctor Gilbert had exhibited when she first conferred with him upon the same subject. He had perceived the outward loveliness of Sylph, and the exquisite charm of her disposition and mental endowments, and had been borne away into a delirium of delight; but now he saw in her a loftiness of soul and a moral and spiritual grandeur that inspired him with solemnity; and he stood spell-bound before her.

Sylph imagined that his pause and want of movement arose from a reluctance to accept her gift from early religious prejudice. So to overcome his scruples she added, "Do not refuse this book, Mr. Rossiter; whatever any body of men may say, the children of God (and we are all His offspring), have a right to read the will and testament of their Father. And if it be any recommendation to you, this little book has for years lain close to my heart, and for many and many a happy hour has been my companion and counsellor; and its leaves have been moistened with my tears. Nor would I part with it, did I not hope from what has passed this evening, that having been valued by me, you will prize it, and will seek to know from it the truth that has been as a well-spring of living water to my soul."

Miles took the book, pressed it to his lips, promised to make it his study, and then placed it in an inner pocket for safety.

After some further talk, the conversation turned upon getting Sylph and Captain Vaughan farther away from the rebel camp, as a measure expedient for their greater safety; Miles also expressing for himself an intention of withdrawing from the insurrection, and after passing through the English lines, to get back, if possible, to his post in the French army. "A soldier's life," he said, "is now, I feel, the only one possible for me. Without you as a motive, I could never bear the drudgery of preparation for the medical profession."

"Then enter the English army," suggested Sylph. "No," he replied; "that would be neither honorable for me, nor feasible. No; I will just go back to my old comrades and fight in the cause of 'The Enfranchised Peoples,' and in the forefront of the battle, too, where death reaps his most abundant harvest; and if I fall, I fall, content to die. The wine of my life is gone, and I care not to drain out for long its dregs."

"Be ready at any time to fly," he said, when parting from Sylph, soon after this disclosure of his intention, "and give from me the same counsel to your companion. I know not exactly when I can arrange for your escape, but it will be as soon as possible. Good-bye, Sylph, pardon me," he added, "for this familiar address, but pity me, I can bring myself to use no other. I will not long trouble you, however, with my rude manners," he added, with a faint smile; "soon Miles Rossiter

will only be a name to you, faint and dim, upon tablet of your memory."

The words of Miles were prophetic, and his speedier fulfilment than he at all looked for.

Next evening he was lying in his tent upon outskirts of the rebel camp at the foot of Vine Hill, reading the sacred book which Sylph had given him, more, however, from curiosity, we fear, than from the association of the volume with Sylph, than from a real desire for Divine knowledge. In cursory and desultory perusal, his eyes fell upon this passage:

"And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child. And ye shall hate all men for my sake; but he that endureth unto the end shall be saved."

And, again, his glance came upon these words: "And fear not them which kill the body and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

And, again, in the same chapter, he read, "And not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father's permission."

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Miles had dropped the New Testament from his hand and was pondering these words, especially the last statement, envying the security of the man who could from the heart call God their Father, even a prayer had passed from his lips that God would make him an actual member of His household—when a messenger arrived at his tent door and told him that he was wanted for a consultation with the leaders on the hill.

Miles did not care to enter into any further relationship with these men, and yet he felt that to refuse their summons would go far to excite evil suspicion against him. He therefore told the messenger to inform the chiefs that he would be with them as soon as possible.

Taking his weapons with him, and leaving his own men behind, he was soon ascending the hill. The sequel proved he was moving to his doom, and that the message he received was only a ruse to get him from the protection of his own immediate followers. As he drew near the bar of chiefs in pretended consultation, he saw that his old opponent and denouncer, Father John Murphy, commander-in-chief of the rebel host, was among them.

Scarcely had Miles presented himself to the group of chieftains, reporting his obedience to their summons, when Father John, pointing to him, ordered his arrest; and before Miles could defend himself with either sword or pistol he was seized by the arms, and was in the iron grasp of two powerful men, chosen from among the rebels for this task because of their huge build and muscular development.

Miles was about to ask the ground of this treatment, and to utter his protest, when Father John anticipated him.

"Miles Rossiter," he said, with a voice of sternness, "did I not tell you to refrain from engaging in this our Holy War, and not to bring upon it the curse of heaven by your polluting touch as a blasphemer and an infidel?"

Early in that day the rebel forces had experienced their first severe check. Father John, not only a fiery leader, but a religious enthusiast, was fully persuaded in his fanaticism that the rebel cause was the cause of God, felt satisfied that the Israelites under Joshua of old were smitten by Ai because of an accursed thing in the camp, so must be in the present instance; that otherwise heaven would have accorded them an unbroken course of victory; and under this conviction he had come to the hill to establish an inquisition.

In conversation with the chiefs, the conduct of Miles in giving only a half-hearted support to the short, sharp, and decisive measures in operation at the Old Mill, and, indeed, his angry protest against the massacres, came up. And the mention of his name at once flashed upon the mind of Father John that he had discovered in him the Achan of the camp; and that Miles was the victim necessary to be sacrificed in order to propitiate offended heaven.

"You did say something of this kind," replied Miles to the insurgent priest: "but I have yet to know that your word, Father John, has in this patriotic outbreak an absolute authority. I am here, he it known, as the agent of France, and I hold a captaincy in her army. Here is my formal commission."

He drew it from his breast pocket. "Can you, Father John, show an equal warrant for the post of command which you have assumed in this struggle?"

The chiefs looked at Father John, wondering what reply he could make to this inquiry, but the burly priest was equal to the occasion. "Put up your lackey's paper, young man," he said contemptuously. "we don't acknowledge here the writing of an apostate and recreant government, false to the Catholic faith. I don't care to tell you, but know that heaven itself has set the seal of its approval upon the office of supreme command that I hold."

"How?" interrupted Miles.

"By blessing our national banner when under my leadership with unbroken victory," he answered. "That's my voucher, if it be needful, young man, that you should know it."

"Yes, yes, that's true, perfectly true," cried out the surrounding chiefs.

"No, not perfectly true," coolly interrupted Father John. "There has been a momentary check; but in God's mercy, only that, my friends; and its purpose is this, that we shall rid our camp of the man that defiles and troubles it."

"I deny your allegation, Father John," said Miles vehemently. "I am neither an apostate nor an infidel, and I challenge you to the proof."

"Nothing is easier than the proof, young man," said Father John, in measured tones. "Do not flatter yourself with the hope of escape through a subterfuge." Turning round to a man who stood near, in a low tone Father John gave him some directions; and then, resuming his former attitude, he said to those about him, "I am sorry that there will be a delay of perhaps five minutes in our proceedings, my friends. I hope, however, only for so long, and it is this young man's disingenuousness that makes it necessary."

During the interval of waiting sullen and stern silence was maintained; and Miles passed the time in questioning within himself what at its close would be the outcome. Had he been given his whole life to surmise, he would not have found out.

(To be continued.)

THE FIVE THOUSAND FED.

S.S. Lesson for April 16, Mark 6: 30-44. Golden Text, John 6: 35; Ps. 132: 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN this instance it was Jesus Himself who provided the rest. He knew just the moment when it was needed, and the apostles did not remind Him of the number of sick who were still unhealed, or of the hungry souls who sought for the blessed Gospel of the kingdom; they believed that

JESUS KNEW BEST.

If we all lived near enough to God to be really guided by Him in all things, we should not need to make our own plans for rest or for work; God, who knows all things, would make them for us, and we should only have to fall into them. Then there would be no worry or vexation because a plan which we made for the very best has been frustrated; God only knows when we can best serve Him actively, and when by simple prayer, by learning, or by suffering. John the Baptist's time was not lost when he "was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel" (Luke 1: 80). Elijah's time was not lost when he was by the brook Cherith, for then he was bearing the burden of his people in continual prayer to God; Paul's time was not lost while he was busy working with his own hands at the tent-making in Corinth. Let us abolish the idea that spiritual power is a material to be appropriated and used by man when and how he wills. Spiritual power is really the being possessed by the Holy Ghost and being at His disposal, not possessing the Holy Ghost as a power subject to us and at our disposal; the Spirit of God will

possess only such as place themselves willingly in God's hands as clay in the hands of the potter, to work, to rest, to pray, or to suffer as He wills.

The Lord Jesus and His disciples "departed into a desert place by ship privately." Privately but not secretly: "the people saw them departing, and many knew Him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto Him." What should Jesus do? Should He say, "I have planned this rest, it is necessary for me and for my disciples, and if I cannot obtain it here I must go elsewhere?" No, they had had the little breathing time during the journey on the lake, and they must trust their heavenly Father for strength which would be taxed anew. When Jesus left the ship He spoke no word and showed no sign of discontent that the proposed time of rest was broken into. As He always did, so now, He forgot Himself, He "saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." Had they not priests and Levites? Yes, truly; but shepherds had they none. God said of them in Ezekiel's time, "They were scattered because there is no shepherd," and He testified against these shepherds in office but not in heart, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them" (Ezek. 34: 4, 5). No wonder that when Jesus came, the good Shepherd, with the true Shepherd's heart, that the sheep ran eagerly after Him. And it is true to this day that where there is true pasture, the sheep will come; and where there is the most of the good Shepherd's spirit and power, the needy souls soon find it out.

Jesus "began to teach them many things." What these things were we are not told, this only we know, that His audience did not grow weary, hour after hour they remained, although they must have been physically weary with their long run along the coast, always eagerly keeping the little ship in sight; they could not have stayed to seek provisions, and yet neither hunger nor fatigue thinned the audience; we hear of none going away. The disciples, not the multitude, were the first to think there was some need for refreshment. They came unto Him and said, "This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed: send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat." How little knew the disciples of the power and the love of that Lord to whom they spoke! No, Jesus would not send them to buy, the Lord of creation was there to give, and His resources were there with Him. He made them an unexpected answer

"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT."

Chosen as they were to execute His will in the healing of both soul and body, to prepare His way and bring men in contact with Him, it ought surely to have occurred to them that He had the power to feed the people too. But their undeveloped faith never linked together the God who sent the manna to their fathers in the desert with this Jesus of Nazareth of whom they were the followers. They began to consider their own resources, the probabilities or possibilities of obtaining provisions. Probably it was with a very faint heart they made the proposition, "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat?" It was not likely that they had so much money among them, but help was nearer than they knew, "How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes," and Andrew added, "What are they among so many?" (John 6: 9.) Nothing without Jesus, but in His hand they were enough. But before Jesus could bless, there must be quietude, "He commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass. And they sat down in ranks by hundreds and by fifties." God does all things in an orderly way. "And when He had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, He looked up to heaven, and blessed." Every morsel which the people ate passed first through His

hands, and He who made the whole world adapted the supply to the present need.

What a lesson for us! Why need we ever be in perplexity or in distress with our littleness of power or strength or knowledge. Let us only be sure that the circumstances in which we are placed are known to Him, and undertaken by Him because we trust Him, and are ready to do or suffer what He wills; and then God says, as He did by Moses, "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will shew to you to-day" (Ex. 14: 13). Jesus "brake the loaves, and gave them to His disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided He among them all." He multiplied the supply, but the disciples distributed. This is our little part. How utterly absurd it is for us to compare our resources, gifts, talents, opportunities, for instance, with those of others! The least, the feeblest, in the hands of Jesus can be made equal to the greatest needs. O to have more to do with Jesus Himself! Then every need would raise our courage in expectation of what Jesus was going to do; every perplexity would rejoice us as it did Paul when he said, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecution, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. 12: 9, 10.)

Most of our difficulties as Christians arise from having our eye on ourselves and not on Jesus. If we really believed that an Almighty Saviour stood always in the room, or in the street, or wherever it may be, close to us, ready to use His immeasurable resources in our behalf, only waiting to be relied on, how could we have one moment's anxiety? A missionary party were travelling in the wilds of Basuto land in South Africa; water was extremely rare and often much time was spent in seeking it when friendly natives were not at hand to say where it was to be found. At this time the natives were hostile. Night was coming on, the road was a mere track, and the native servants said, "We must push on, there is no water for us or for the beasts." The missionary lifted up his heart to God, and said, "No, we will camp here for the night, God cannot will that the poor wearied beasts should lose their little remaining strength in seeking water, He knows where it is." So he and his wife rested a moment and prayed, placing their case in God's hands. They then heard the cry, "The asses are lost, they have run away." The missionary and his wife put this new difficulty into the hands of God, and after pursuing for some time they saw the asses running on ahead, and in an instant said, "God is showing us where water is," and so it proved, a beautiful abundant fountain of water was springing up from under a rock, and there the Lord had led the weary beasts and shown His trusting servants how it answers to put their trust in God.

The multitude in the desert "did all eat, and were filled," i.e., they ate as much as their hunger craved; it was a good hearty meal, as one can well see by the quantity which was left, for it was considerably more than would have made five loaves and two fishes. "They took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes." And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men." Our lesson is a very simple one, just to put our resources into the hands of Jesus, and thus make Him responsible to adapt them to the need we have. "But," you may say, "thus doing, I should feel I did nothing." Then, dear friend, for once you would feel the exact truth; our doing when it is any use, is just to let Jesus do, and to let Jesus be what He wills, all in all to us, all in all by us, all in all through us. Our duty is implicit, unquestioning obedience to Him, and implicit, unreasoning faith in Him. Then He is responsible for the consequences. He has so arranged our circumstances that our own resources can never suffice, either for our own souls, our families, our work for God, or anything else, just in order that we may always put our poor little provision into His hands, and that He may have the joy of manifesting Himself in our circumstances as the living, present, mighty Jesus.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President has Received a Deluge of letters, petitions, and memorials, sent with the view of influencing his decision on the Anti-Chinese Immigration Bill. A correspondent at Washington says the bill was first referred to the Secretary of State for his views, which were, it is understood, that the exclusion for so long a period as twenty years was a virtual violation of the treaty, and called for a veto. Those of the President's friends who have taken a special interest in the subject and have been anxious that he should sign the bill are as confident as ever that there will be no veto. It is understood that the cabinet is almost equally divided on the question, but an impression prevails in the country and especially in New York, that the President will veto the bill on the ground of the exclusion being for so long a period; but that he would consent to sign a bill excluding the Chinese for five or even ten years.

The Tariff Commission Bill was the Principal topic of discussion in the House during the past week. It was passed in the Senate on March 28 by a vote of 38 to 15, and was immediately taken up by the House. Mr. Kasson, who spoke in its favor, contended that the results of free trade had been uniformly disastrous, and in confirmation of his argument cited the fact that all the nations which had been bound to free trade policy by commercial treaties with Great Britain, had, without exception, refused to renew those treaties after their expiration, and he called attention to the fact that Canada is now enforcing a protective policy against the mother country as well as against the United States, and is rejoicing in consequent prosperity, while Ireland and British India, chained by England to a free trade policy, are languishing in distress and poverty. He admitted that the tariff needed revision, but protested against alterations being made precipitately, and urged the advantages of committing the whole subject to the hands of the commission as proposed in the bill. The most prominent speaker on the other side was Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, who asserted that it is "the almost universal conviction" that the protective policy is a bad one and that the present

tariff laws are especially vicious. He did not believe that Congress should virtually abdicate its constitutional functions in favor of a tariff commission, but that the ways and means committee should "immediately proceed to revise the tariff in the ordinary way." Mr. Carlisle declared that it is not the design of the friends of the bill to get rid of the "unjust and abominable provisions" of the tariff, but to postpone action, to create unnecessary officers, and to entail an expense of \$200 a day during the next six or seven months. Only a languid interest was taken in the subject by the House, but Congressmen may rest assured that the matter is one of great interest to the voters, who are not disposed to be played with in the interest of the monopolies.

The Prohibition Bill in the Massachusetts Legislature was defeated, on March 29th, in the House, by a vote to pass it to a third reading. The vote was a tie, and Speaker Charles J. Noyes declined to vote. His reasons are understood to be that he thinks a presiding officer should be impartial, and not cast his influence for or against any measure. There are those, however, who believe that Mr. Noyes feared that a vote for or against the measure would prejudice his prospects for the gubernatorial chair, for which position he is an aspirant.

The Proceedings in the Case of Sergeant Mason have been examined by Judge-Advocate-General Swaim, who has pronounced upon them an adverse opinion. General Swaim says in his report on the case: "While Sergeant Mason cannot on the evidence be considered guilty of the specific offence of assault with intent to kill, as charged and found by the court, yet his conduct in recklessly discharging his musket at Guiteau's cell and his disorderly declarations made at the time, tended in a high degree to endanger the good order of the troops then present, as well as to disturb the public tranquillity, and the court should have so found as a lesser kindred offence to that alleged by making the necessary exceptions and substitutions in its findings. Other questions might be raised touching the validity of the conviction and sentence in this case, but those mentioned are deemed sufficient to justify setting the conviction and sentence aside, and it is so recommended." There is a general feeling that more lenity might have been wisely displayed toward Sergeant Mason, but the reasons assigned by General Swaim are too much in the nature of a legal quibble to satisfy the people. It is expected that some mitigation of the sentence will be granted by the President.

A Memorial to the House of Representatives urging it to concur in the Senate Bill for the commission of inquiry concerning the liquor traffic was adopted by the Board of Managers of the National Temperance Society, at their meeting on March 28th. The board also adopted a resolution and memorial earnestly protesting against the proposition embodied in a bill introduced in the Senate "to hereafter appropriate and expend exclusively as an educational fund the internal revenue taxes on the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits, as seeking to promote popular education by unrighteous means, as in effect providing an excuse for the continued legal protection of an iniquitous traffic which ought speedily to be abolished." The board also adopted a memorial to Congress praying that the pending bills to enable the people of the Territories of Dakota and New Mexico to form Constitutions and State Governments be so amended as to require in their respective Constitutions the proviso that the distilling, brewing, and sale of alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes shall be forever unlawful in the proposed new States.

The Remains of the Poet Longfellow were interred at Mount Auburn on March 26th. The funeral was, like the poet's life, quiet and unostentatious. A distinguished company assembled at the house, among whom were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Luigi Monti, Drs. Morrill Wyman, W. D. Howells, and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. The coffin was covered with black cloth, and the

plate bore this inscription: "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Born February 27th, 1807; died March 24th, 1882." On the coffin lay a spray of passion flowers. The services were conducted by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the poet, and after the funeral a further service was held in the Appleton Chapel of Harvard College, when Dr. C. C. Everett, a son of the late Edward Everett, pronounced an eulogy. In concluding an eloquent speech, he said: "His spirit, as we trust, has been called to higher service. Yet he had given himself unto the world; he had breathed himself into his songs. In them he is with us still. Wherever they go, as they wander through the world, he will be with them. A minister of love, he will be by the side of youth, pointing to heights as yet unscaled, bidding him have faith and courage. He will be with the wanderer in foreign lands, making the beauty that he sees more fair. He will be with the mariner on the seas. He will be within the quiet beauty of home. He will be by the side of the sorrowing heart, pointing to a higher faith. When old age is gathering about the human soul he will be there to inspire courage. Thus will he point all to those *two sources of strength* that never fail, 'heart within and God o'erhead.'"

Thirty-five Lives were Lost at Memphis, Tenn., by the burning of the steamer Golden City, which plies between New Orleans and Cincinnati. The boat was approaching the wharf at Memphis, on the morning of March 30th, when the second engineer, Albert Kelly, discovered that a quantity of jute on board was on fire. The boat's bow was at once headed for the shore, and in four minutes afterward it touched the wharf, where the coal fleet is moored. A line was hastily thrown and made fast to one of the coal barges, but the current being swift the line parted and the burning steamer floated on down the river a mass of flames, with many of her passengers and crew aboard, who were unable to reach the shore and were lost. The fire was discovered at 4.30 A.M., when many of the passengers were asleep, or more might have made their escape before the current carried the steamer back into the river. The most distressing detail of the catastrophe is that Kelly, the second engineer, who gave the alarm, was burned to death. He went to his post when the fire broke out, and worked to get the steamer ashore, and when last seen he was standing with his clothes all on fire, his hand still grasping the lever, bravely giving his life to save the others.

The Importance of Temperance Principles in railroad employes has been recognized in a practical way by two powerful companies. The Erie Railroad Company decides to discharge every employe who is not a total abstainer, and the New York Central orders all its tenants who sell liquor to vacate their premises. It will be worth noticing whether the change will not reduce the number of accidents on those lines.

The Garfield Memorial Hospital Scheme is being pushed forward. A meeting called for the purpose of organizing a national board of lady managers of the association was held in Washington on March 29th. The meeting was opened by Senator Windom, who declared that a general hospital was greatly needed. He said that the monument which it was thus proposed to erect to the memory of General Garfield was more suitable to his character than would be one of marble or brass. The chairman of the committee on ways and means stated that almost enough money had already been raised to justify placing the hospital in active operation. Committees were appointed to perfect the organization by selecting an additional vice-president from each State and Territory; also to arrange for holding a Martha Washington tea party in the rotunda of the Capitol.

As One of the Tangible Results of Missionary work an interesting fact announced recently deserves notice. A young Zulu is in this country aiding Rev. Mr. Pixley, missionary of the American Board, in carrying a translation of the Bible through the press. He has united with the Congregational church in Auburndale, Mass. His grandmother was the first native convert of the mission.

A Peculiarly Distressing Fatality Occurred on the elevated railroad on March 25th. A little child named Marie Menzen, seven years of age, ascended to the Twenty-Third Street station of the Sixth Avenue road, in company with her father, who was returning from business to his home. As the two were entering a car the child dropped some candy she was carrying, and while stooping to pick it up was roughly pushed aside by some of the men struggling to get into the car. The child fell between the cars, the train was started, and she was cut to pieces under the wheels. The name of the man who pushed the child is not known, or it would be a pleasure to publish it, so that he might be held up to public execration; but people who travel by the elevated roads have frequent occasion to deplore the selfish disregard of other people's safety displayed by men who though attired as gentlemen are obviously without the primary elements of gentlemanly character. They push aside ladies and children without compunction, not because they are afraid of being left behind, but so that they may enter first and secure the best seats in the cars.

Photographing by Moonlight is an Achievement until lately regarded as impossible, but according to *The Cleveland Leader*, Richard Jahr, a young German photographer, has accomplished the feat. The subject was the Lake View Cemetery, where President Garfield lies buried. The photograph is described as peculiar. The sky is very white; the trees are black. It is claimed that this is the first picture ever taken by moonlight. It was thought that the moon's light was too faint to be used in photography, but it appears that it is available when the plate operated on is rendered extremely sensitive. Something like this occurs sometimes in the experience of eminent Christians. The soul God has rendered sensitive by trouble or by sickness often responds to influences others do not feel, and reflects beauties seldom seen (Jer. 24 : 7).

An Adder at Church is not a Common Spectacle in this country, though it would not occasion much surprise in tropical lands. It does occur here sometimes, however. A Connecticut journal says that very recently a meeting was held in a church in one of the hill towns of that State, where an adder was present. At the opening of the service a lady sat down to the cabinet organ and commenced playing a hymn tune. She had not played more than a few minutes when she saw an adder, three feet long, crawl from under the organ and remain motionless, with head upraised, as if listening to the music. In spite of her alarm, she retained enough presence of mind to continue playing until she could attract the attention of some gentlemen in the congregation, who speedily despatched it. The reptile had remained motionless, as if charmed by the music, from the time it emerged from its hiding place until it was killed. We are often surprised by seeing people at church whose power and influence are as injurious to the souls of men as the adder's poison is to the body, and we learn that they too are attracted by the musical parts of the service. For such we can only pray that the ears of their souls may be savingly opened to the sweetest sound the world has ever heard—the story of the cross (Psalm 58 : 4, 5).

An Indian's Revenge on his Enemy is Described in one of the Boston journals. It appears that among the Poncas was a half breed named "Comes-at-Rain." Several years ago he slew Yellow Breast, the father of Big Buffalo. The punishment awarded to Comes-at-Rain for his crime was that he should never again speak in council, should never receive notice or assistance or kindness from any member of the tribe. Comes-at-Rain led a dreary, loveless life, and as he grew old he became almost blind. During that cruel journey from Dakota to the Indian Territory, undertaken about four years ago, in obedience to the arrangements of Mr. Schurz and the Hayes administration, when so many of the poor creatures had to lie down and die, Comes-at-Rain with a pack of buffalo meat slung on his back was wearily groping his way with the rest. He had no pony, like some of the others, and his travel was painful. At

last he came to a gully which in his semi-blindness he failed to see, and he fell in headlong. Big Buffalo happened to be near and saw the mishap befall his father's murderer. He did not exult in it but he stayed to see the old man scramble to his feet and then rode on. That night, after the tents were pitched Big Buffalo sent a message of peace to Comes-at-Rain, and in the morning one of Big Buffalo's ponies was sent to the blind old man with these words from the chief, "My people make presents to each other that they may become popular. It will not make me a great man in my tribe to give a pony to you, but it makes my heart happy to make you this present." If the criminal had not repented of his crime before, he certainly did then, when the coals of fire were heaped on his head. In the same way none feel more bitterly sorrow for sin than those who realize most clearly the love of God in Christ (Rom. 5 : 8).

A Wagon-Load of Misery Recently Passed through the streets of Ottawa, Kan. In the vehicle were a handcuffed thief, on his way to prison; his insane wife, who was being taken to an asylum; two children, going to the poorhouse, and a dead baby, bound for a graveyard. It had been found necessary to take them all together to the insane asylum, where the woman was to be confined, as she refused to be separated from her family. Then she was left behind, and the others taken to their respective destinations. It would be difficult to imagine a more sorrowful break-up of a home, yet the man and woman probably commenced their married life full of hope for the future. Sin had been at work, and misery is the natural result of its operation (Isaiah 8 : 22).

A Startling Discovery has been Made by two hunters in Gilmer County, Ga. They chased a fox into the woods, but lost it near the roots of an old hollow tree. They searched around for its hiding place but could not find it. They were, however, resolved on catching the animal, and believing that it had taken refuge in the tree they set to work to cut it down. It did not take long, and soon under the sturdy blows of the axe the old trunk fell with a crash. To their amazement, however, when the trunk split in its fall they saw revealed the skeleton of a man. The clothes and even the flesh were gone, and nothing remained with the bones but a powder-horn and a bullet-pouch. There was no way of identifying the remains, and they could only speculate on the strangeness of the discovery. Whether the man came to his death by accident or crime none could say, but a shudder was caused by the thought of what that old tree had hidden so completely for so many years while people passed by it and rested beneath it. The time will come when the secrets of men are revealed, and then good men will experience a similar sensation and understand the aptness of our Saviour's simile of "whited sepulchres" (Matt. 23 : 27).

A Remarkable Improvement in the Telephone is announced. An electrician of the New York Metropolitan Telephone Company, during a recent visit to Boston, witnessed a series of experiments which showed that the call bell may yet be dispensed with. As he sat in the room at some distance from the instrument he heard himself called by name and at first supposed some one was playing a trick upon him. After the phenomenon was explained he saw that it was the result of a wonderful discovery in electrical science. By using the carbon in a pulverized form instead of in the shape of a hard button, and by using a current four times as strong as before, the telephone is made to give forth as *loud and articulate sounds* as those of the human voice. In this way the voice from the telephone can be heard by any one near enough to hear the bell. It is expected that the new telephone will be used for talking between distant cities, as Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, New Orleans, and possibly San Francisco. How great an advantage this new invention will be, business men know and it will doubtless come into general use. People will have confidence in it and use it regularly who neglect to use that far grander, more blessed, power of prayer God has placed in our hands by which we can hold intercourse with Him (Psalm 10 : 17).

FRESHNESS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand."—Job 29 : 20. "I shall be anointed with fresh oil."—Psalm 92 : 10.

Job's Prosperous Condition—Mutability of all Worldly Affairs—I. The Excellency of Freshness—Seen in a Man's Devotions—Fusty Prayers—In Feelings—In Utterance—Sentences that Smell of the Lamp—In Labor—II. The Fear of its Departure—The Weekly Commemoration—Freshness Lost by Imitation—A Set of Paste Gems—The Alto Notes of the Perfectionists—Freshness Lost by Repression—How to Keep the Utterance Fresh—Dealers in Second-Hand Observations—III. The Hope of Renewal.

THE first text tells us of the renown of Job, and of the way in which the providence of God continued to maintain the glory of his estate, his bodily health, and his prosperity. He was for many days, months, years continuously prospered of God. Everything to which he set his hand succeeded. God had set a hedge about him and all that he had, so that none broke through to molest him. He grew richer, he grew more influential, he had more honor in the sight of his fellow-men each morning that he walked to the gate. In every way he was advanced from day to day, and that throughout a long stretch of years. His glory was fresh in him.

However, this did not last always, for Job in this chapter is telling us of something that used to be—something that was—something the loss of which he very sorrowfully deplored—"my glory was fresh in me." He found himself suddenly stripped of riches and of honor, and put last in the list instead of first, while his purposes and aims seemed all to miss their way, and he had no strength and no glory left in him. Now had he reached the winter of his discontent, and those who aforesaid did him homage became his assailants. So far as glory was concerned, he was forgotten as a dead man out of mind.

Now, brothers and sisters, this reads us a lesson that we put not our trust in the stability of earthly things. It is said of the world that God has founded it upon the floods. How, then, can we expect it to be substantial? Beneath yon moon, continually changing, what can we discover that abideth the same? Where the very light of heaven is waxing and waning, what is there but mutability? Change is written upon the face of all things. If, then, you have built your nest on high, reckon not too surely that you shall die in your nest, for the axe may fell the tree, and bring it down at an untimely date.

This is the respect that makes all mortal things inconsiderable to a wise man; he scarce will put them among his treasures, for they melt ere they are fairly counted, like a coinage of ice. They are but as the counters that a child plays with, having only an imaginary value. The things which are seen are shadows; the things invisible are the only substances. Reckon, then, at their fit price this transient glory of wealth, health, or fame. Lay up treasure "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," and seek for stability in other things than these. Get the feet of your joy upon the Rock of Ages, and reckon all else to be but sand at its very best.

David in the second text is talking, I think, about spiritual things, and he tells us with great joy that he should be anointed with fresh oil. He did not expect that his glory would depart, but he expected that it should be renewed. He did not reckon that the bow would lose its force in his hand, but that God would increase his strength from day to day. And if any of you here who are God's people have any fears about the future as to your soul matters—if you are alarmed with the fear that you will share the same lot which Job shared as to his temporal glory—I would remind you that Job even in temporals received at last twice as much as he had in his palmiest days, and that God can turn His hand one way as well as another, and brighten your prospects as well as darken them.

Prognosticate delight rather than despair. Even the lower springs shall continue to flow till you

are beyond the need of them. Just now it is about spiritual matters that I want to speak; and if you have a fear that you must necessarily decline in these, I would remind you of the words of David, "I shall be anointed with fresh oil," and, yet further on, of his other words, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, to show that the Lord is upright." Never fall into the notion that a spiritual falling off is inevitable—there need be nothing of the kind; you may be fresh as the dew even unto the end.

The subject to-night will run in this way—First, *the excellency of freshness*: "My glory was fresh in me." Secondly, *the fear of its departure*. And, thirdly, *the hope of its continuance*, which hope is greatly encouraged by the words of our text: "I shall be anointed with fresh oil."

I. First, then, notice

THE EXCELLENCY OF FRESHNESS.

David had been anointed while still a youth to be king over Israel. He was anointed yet again when he came to the kingdom; that outward anointing with actual oil was the testimony of God's choice and the ensign of David's authorization, and oftentimes when his throne seemed precarious God confirmed him in it, and subdued the people under him. When his dominion waxed weak, God strengthened him and strengthened his servants, and gave them great victories; so that as a king he was frequently anointed with fresh oil. David's royal brow was crowned with fresh laurels again and again, and his throne was settled and established by the hand of the Lord. Not with the same old stale anointing, a repetition of that which had lost its force, but with oil fresh pressed from the green olive, namely, with a new blessing and a fresh blessing from God's right hand was David often anointed, as I trust you and I may be.

Freshness is a most delightful thing if you see it in another. It is a charm in nature. But, dear friends, spiritual freshness has a double charm. Sometimes we know what it is to have a freshness of soul, which is the dew from the Lord. You recollect when you were newly born again and first knew the Lord. How fresh everything was to you! The pardon of sin—how it sparkled! The righteousness of Christ—how brilliant! The idea of being a child of God—how novel and how delightful! To be joint-heir with Christ—how it almost startled you; it was such a new idea to your spirit. And oftentimes since then, when your soul has been in a lively condition, everything has been bright, charming, exhilarating—nothing flat, stale, unprofitable. Even though you heard the same things said again and again, yet, because your soul was fresh, they came to you with unusual power.

Your spiritual food, if you are healthy, is to you always fresh, like the manna in the wilderness, which was never stored a single night except for the Sabbath, but fresh and fresh it fell, and Israel gathered it and fed upon it there and then. Oh, it is a blessed thing to have your soul in a fresh state, filled with the ever-flowing living water. It is glorious to find everything about you fresh and new through the teaching of the blessed Spirit, so that you go from strength to strength, and like a roe or a young hart, leap from hill to hill. If we are now in the possession of it, may we always keep that freshness of soul and never lose it.

How that freshness is seen in a man's *devotions*. Oh, I have heard some prayers that are *really* *rusty*. I have heard them before so often that I dread the old familiar sounds. Some hackneyed expressions I recollect hearing when I was a boy. I even now hear the vain repetitions; old, worn-out, good-for-nothing, rubbishy expressions they were then; but they are brought out still by regular prayer-makers. Even where the words are new and original you will hear men pray in such a style as to matter that you say to yourself, "That prayer came out of Noah's Ark." As far as that man is concerned there is nothing at all in it of life, sap, or savor. It has been dead long ago, and hung up to dry till not a particle of juice remains in it.

But, on the other hand, you hear a man pray who does pray, whose soul is fully in communion with God, and what life and freshness is there!

It may be that his expressions are somewhat rough, but they touch you because they come from his heart. Some of the confessions and petitions are strange to you, perhaps, and yet you feel that they are such strangers as it behoves you to entertain at once. You are glad that such words and thoughts have passed through your spirit and blessed you. You feel that you can pray with such persons. Their prayers will go to heaven, for they came from heaven. God has inspired them, and their originality is a part of the seal manual of the Spirit.

And so, dear friends, it is well to have a freshness about our *feelings*. I know that we do not hope to be saved by our feelings; neither do we put feeling side by side with faith; yet I should be very sorry to be trusting and yet never feeling. Surely it would be a dead faith. It would be a strange thing to be a living child of God and to have no feelings. I will tell you about feelings as they strike me. Sometimes I have deplored the condition of my heart before God, and thought my feelings to be the worst that could be; but what a foolish judge I have been, for in a week's time I have wanted to have those despised feelings over again, and thought that now at last I had fallen into a worse state than before. I am persuaded that we are very poor judges of the value of our own inward feelings, and mayhap, when we are lowest in our own esteem we are really highest in the sight of God; and when we feel as if we did not pray, we are praying, and the heart may be wrestling with God more when it fears that it does not pray, than when you come down complacently out of your closet and say, "I know that I have had a good time, for I feel perfectly self-satisfied."

I hate the excitement which needs to be pumped up. There is a something delightful to my mind in coming to the throne of grace weeping—a something delightful in coming to the Lord's Supper full of joy and gladness; to come to either place cold and dead is horrible. There is something delicious in knowing that what you do feel is true, and comes up from the very bottom of your soul, and has a *point and edge about it* which proves how sincere it is. God keep us from stale feelings, and give us freshness of emotion.

I believe, dear friends, that there is a very great beauty and excellence in

FRESHNESS OF UTTERANCE.

Do not hinder yourself from that. How I long for it as a preacher. When one has day after day to stand before the same assembly and to talk of the things of God, one dreads lest he should be so monotonous and full of repetition that even the things of God should come to be a weariness to God's own people. I have often thought that if some brethren, who are very careful to say exceedingly well what they do say, would be a little more careless and speak as it comes, letting their heart flow over at their lips spontaneously, there would be a far greater freshness about their utterance than there is when *every sentence smells of the lamp* and reeks of midnight oil. God forbid that we should say a word against the deepest study and the profoundest research of God's word, but still we may get to be so much students that we scarcely speak like practical men who live among the people. By aiming at a very superior style we may fall into a thoroughly inferior one, and all our freshness may be gone.

I like, for my part, the wild bird's note. Men get the bullfinch and teach it to sing a few notes, and then the piping bullfinch is greatly prized. But I have finches outside my window any one of which will beat any finch in the world that only pipes a note or two, for they pipe much more melodiously, though they were never taught except of God and nature. There is a range of sweetness about their wild notes that a tutored bird cannot reach. Nature, pure and unsophisticated, is the best instrument for grace.

Now, you that have lately been converted, do not go and learn all the pretty phrases that we are accustomed to use. Do not go and sit down at the feet of your dear teacher in the class and feel that you must talk just like him. Strike out your own course. Be yourself. "But I should be odd," say you. All right; so is your pastor. You need not

mind that. *You will not be the only odd body about*. Be encouraged by that. I think that a little of what people call oddness is just, after all, leaving God's work alone. All the trees that God makes are odd. The Dutchmen clip them round or make them into peacocks, but that style of gardening is not to our mind. And some people say, "What lovely tree!" I say, "What a horribly ugly thing it is." Why not let the tree grow as God would have it? Do not clip yourselves round or square but keep your freshness. There will be no two Christian men exactly alike if they do that.

FRESHNESS IN LABOR.

There should be a freshness, dear friends, about our *labor*. We ought to serve the Lord to-day with just as much novelty in it as there was ten years ago. I may even venture to say thirty years ago. Oh, I recollect the seriousness with which I went out to preach the first half dozen sermons I ever preached, and what a burden it was from the Lord and how I did go at it with all my might—very clumsily, but still with all my soul and spirit. And do you recollect when you began to teach the class or began to take your tract district? Did you not pray over it? It seemed almost too good to be true that you should be trusted with doing anything for your Lord and Master. And you did it, oh, so intensely, and therefore you had God's blessing. You did it well, though you blundered a good deal; for all your heart was in it, your motive was pure, and your faith was childlike. You blundered the right way, for you blundered with your heart and so blundered into other men's hearts. Your heart was serving God, even in the mistakes you made.

Now, perhaps, you can go round the district and you are pretty well half asleep over it; and you can teach the class, but there is not the vigor the force, the energy, the intense desire, the burden that there once was; perhaps not all the joy. You can stand up and preach, dear brother, and you have got pretty well accustomed to it; and the people have got accustomed to it too, and they can nearly go to sleep, and you can, too, and preach asleep. It is an easy thing to do, if you once learn the wretched art. There is a kind of somnambulism in preachers; they can talk in their sleep in a very precise way—much more wonderful than walking. You cannot say, "I sleep, but my heart waketh." The fact is that it is the other way up—"I wake, but my heart sleepeth," and it is a great pity when it comes to be so.

We should pray to God that we may do every thing freshly, just as if we had never done it before, only doing it with all the improvements which experience will bring to us. Pray with your children to-night as if it were your first prayer with them. Speak with them about their souls as you had never mentioned the subject before. Talk of Jesus as if you were telling news. Why, at you not? Is it not always glad tidings? Always news fresh from heaven? So God grant us grace that, when we come to be gray, and when we toiler with our staff for very age, yet still we may tell out the story, if with feebleness of utterance yet with juvenility of heart, feeling that we are bringing forth fruit still even to old age, for the Lord still anoints us with fresh oil.

II. Now, dear friends, in the second place, will dwell upon the fear of losing it—

THE FEAR OF ITS DEPARTURE.

I have heard some express the thought that perhaps the things of God might lose their freshness to us by our familiarity with them. I think that the very reverse will turn out to be the case if the familiarity be that of a sanctified heart. In other things "familiarity breeds contempt," but in the things of God familiarity breeds adoration. The man who does not read his Bible much is the man who has a scant esteem of it; but he that studies it both day and night is the very man who will be impressed by its infinitude of meaning, till he will be ready to cry, like Jerome, "I adore the infinitude of Scripture."

When we first of all commenced to break bread on every first day of the week, I heard some say that they thought that the coming so often to the table might take away the impressiveness of the holy feast. Well, I have scarcely ever missed

Sabbath now these twenty years, and I never was so impressed with the solemnity and the sweetness of the Master's Supper as I am now. I feel it to be fresher every time. When it was once a month I had not half the enjoyment in it; and I think that where friends have the communion once a quarter, or once a year, as in some churches, they really do not give the ordinance a fair opportunity to edify them. They do not fairly test the value of an ordinance which they so grossly neglect, as it seems to me. No; you may have more, and more, and more, and more of everything that Christ has instituted and ordained, especially more and more of Himself; and the more you have the more freshness there will be.

Yes, but we have had a fear sometimes that there will be a want of freshness about ourselves. Well, that fear is a very natural one. Let me tell you some points on which, I fear, we have good ground for alarm, for we do our best to rob ourselves of all life and freshness.

Christian people can lose the freshness of their own selves by imitating one another. By adopting as our model some one form of the Christian life other than that which is embodied in the person of our Lord we shall soon manufacture a set of *paste gems*, but the diamond flash and glory will be unknown.

Many godly people have a very deep sense of their corruption and inward sin, and this, together with a sorrowful spirit, combines to make them a rather gloomy race. Often deeply taught in other respects, they fail to rejoice in the Lord. Certain of these have formed a school, and they have set up a standard, and they judge everybody to be a deceiver or a mere babe in grace who cannot groan as deep down as they can. This is not wise. If you do that you will lose your freshness, for you will forever be scattering dust and ashes over all the joys of your life. Why should the children of the bride-chamber mourn while the bridegroom is with them? Let us be happy while we may.

There is another set of brethren who are always glad and happy, for they are healthy and competently provided for, and out of the way of temptation, and so

THEY BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE PERFECT; they also set up a standard, and they cut down everybody who cannot sing right up into the alto notes as high as they can. Well, you will get stale, too, brother, whoever you may be, for *self-laudation never keeps fresh* long together. When we have heard half a dozen brethren boast that they are nearly perfect, it is about as much as some of us can stomach. I cannot stand above two of them without feeling my pugilistic propensities set in motion. Poor fools, how have they persuaded themselves to hope that self-praise will be thought to be the height of piety? It is nauseous even to those of us who are prepared to make a measure of excuse for the fervid imaginations of the brethren.

Sometimes, in this pilgrimage to the Celestial City, I join company with a brother worker who laments that he has many difficulties in dealing with poor sinners. I say to him, "I am glad of that, for I have more difficulties than you; but I see that I am not alone in my anxieties." Another I meet with says that he has been so happy in meeting with souls that have found the Lord; and I reply, "Yes, and I am glad to see you, for I am happy, too, for I have met with many who have just found the Saviour." These changes and ups and downs are like the delicious vicissitudes of the seasons—they are not always autumn, not always spring, not always winter, not always even the plenitude of summer. So with our souls, we are never so long in one stay as to find monotony in life. No, the monotony is in death; the freshness is in life. These changes and varieties create a splendid freshness which we might not hope to have if we tied ourselves to some one man's chariot, and resolved that our experience should be uniformly like his.

Another way of spoiling your freshness is by *repression*. The feeble sort of Christians dare not say, feel, or do, until they have asked their leader's leave. I have known a little village chapel in which, when the preacher had delivered a sermon, the people did not know whether he was sound or

not till they had asked the principal deacon; or they waited till they got outside and consulted a little knot of good old men and women who had to *act as tasters* for all the others, and give a verdict as to the orthodoxy of the performance. A few good souls thought the sermon to be very sweet; the man seemed to be preaching the Gospel, but they did not like to commit themselves to the tune till they had got the key-note; and when they had seen the brother that led them all, then they knew; and if he said that it was all right, why, then it was all right.

Now, dear friend, if you feel that God is blessing you in any religious exercise, mind that you are blest, and let other people who do not like to be blest go without it if they must; but, as for you, be blest when you can. Do not be ashamed to enjoy that which others despise. Sit down and *quietly feast on the kernel while others are breaking their teeth over the shells*. If you feel that you must sing, sing without stint! Why not? In the kitchen—in the parlor—sing. Never mind if remarks are made; do not worlwards sing to their own liking; why should not you? If sometimes you feel that you cannot sing, well, then, do not sing.

BE YOURSELF

and be natural, as grace makes you natural—that is the thing. Let your mind have play, and do not feel as if you went about in fetters, bound to this and pledged to that. This is a successful way of keeping up freshness—to have got rid of repression, and to be free before God.

If we want to keep up our freshness, however, the main thing is never to fall into neglect about our souls. Do you know what state the man is generally in when you are charmed by his freshness? Is he not in fine health? Some of my dear friends were wont to call and see me when I was laid by some time ago, and I am afraid that they did not find much freshness about me then. On the contrary, they heard much the same old story—*weary nights and painful days*; I hope I did not display much impatience, but still the tendency is to give a good deal of telling out of what one had to endure. There is not much freshness about that. But a man is fresh generally when he is well, and everything is going right with his internal economy. Then he thinks fresh thoughts and uses fresh words, for all around him life is in its flowery age, and sparkles like the morn. I am sure that it is so with the soul.

Those of you who are workers for God may have a fear that you will lose the freshness of your utterances—a fear which haunts a good many of us. Now, that may happen to us by our own fault if there be a want of searching the word, if there be a want of fresh acquisitions of sacred knowledge, and it may happen to us again, if we are always gathering the thoughts of others, and do not think ourselves. Then we shall lose freshness, and become mere *dealers in second-hand observations*.

Many thoughtful brethren are afraid that they may lose it through age. It does happen to men as they grow old that much of the vivacity of youth departs; and we all know ministers who have lost much of their power to edify because their freshness and variety have gone. It is a sad thing that it should have to be so with any of us; but what a blessed thing it is if we can fall back upon that assurance, "I shall be anointed with fresh oil." Nature decays, but grace shall thrive. The Holy Ghost will renew our youth. The grace of God can give us freshness after nature has ceased to yield it; and it shall be a better freshness; not the dew of our youth, but the dew of the Spirit of the Lord. If Jesus Christ be preached, age becomes an important help in bearing testimony to His faithfulness and power to bless.

And so with you, dear friends. You think, when you have done addressing the class, "Well, I am pretty well spun out. I shall never be able to get another address." Shall you not? Read that—"I shall be anointed with fresh oil." And you that go out preaching in the villages, and often cry, "I do not know what I shall do for a sermon next Sunday," think of this and be consoled—"I shall be anointed with fresh oil." Fall back on that.

If you are called to speak to the same people for any length of time it will make the promise all the more dear to you, as you can plead it before God, "Lord, anoint Thy servant with fresh oil."

III. I close with the third point, which is this precious word which gives us

HOPE OF ITS RENEWAL.

Let us not think that we must grow stale and heavenly things grow old with us:

For, first, our God in whom we trust renews the face of the year. He is beginning His work again in the fair processes of nature. The dreary winter has passed away. The time of the singing of birds is coming on, and the sweet flowers are peeping out from their graves, enjoying a resurrection of glory and beauty. Now, this is the God whom we serve; and if we have been passing through our winter-time, let us look out for our spring. If any of you have been growing cold of late—if any of you have grown stale and mechanical, and have fallen into ruts, come, look up: look up and pray the great Renewer to visit you.

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers.

"He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

Moreover, there is an excellent reason why you may expect to have all your freshness coming back again: it is because Christ dwells in you. Do you not know it? Christ is formed in you the hope of glory; and, if so, your glory will be fresh about you, for He never grows stale. It is God that said of Him, "Thou hast the dew of Thy youth." Oh, the doctrine of the indwelling of Christ in the believer—let us never forget it! As long as that is a truth there is always a hope for us.

Then there is the other grand doctrine of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. He dwells in you. If your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, shall He not be always to you a fountain of new life—a spring of fresh delights? Why, it must be so. The Holy Spirit is not exhausted. His power is not even lessened in any degree whatever. Come, ye that sit in dust, begin to rejoice, for God the Spirit is still with you, and shall be with you—the Comforter whom Christ has given never to be taken away.

Oh, what a blessing it is to get right deep down into God's word, for that word also is ever new, and the source of new thoughts in those who feed upon it. This is the Book of yesterday, to-day, and forever; the Book which though many of its verses were written thousands of years ago, is as new as though it were only written yesterday. From the mouth of God the promises come at this moment, full of life and freshness and power. Come to it; it is all yours; every acre of this blessed land of Canaan is yours, and will yield you corn and wine and oil. There is not a star in the great firmament of Scripture but shines for you; not a text in all this mighty treasury of God but you may take it and spend it, and live upon the produce thereof. Therefore, while the word of the Lord is so fresh and so full, it cannot be that you shall be stale in thought and conversation. You shall be anointed with fresh oil.

God Himself is with you, and He is ever full. God Himself is with you, and He is ever living. God Himself is with you, and He is ever fresh, and He shall refresh your spirit. Wherefore come away; come away from all that is stale and flat, and from all the dead past, and enter into eternal life, where flowers forever bloom, and fruits forever ripen, and the fresh springs forever flow. Come and eat the new corn of the land, and drink the new wine of the kingdom; and the Lord make you glad in His house of prayer for Jesus's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



The First Lesson.



A Note of Warning.

MRS. PARKER AND MADELINE.

AMONG the most lasting impressions ever received by the human mind are those made in early childhood. In more senses than one "The child is father of the man," nor could any more solemn responsibility be entrusted to mortal or immortal than that which rests upon those to whom the nurture and formation of the youthful mind are committed. The influence of statesmen and orators, of divines and of heroes, even in the strength and plenitude of their powers, is completely lost upon that portion of society which is passing through the most susceptible period of life. The true rulers of society are, after all, the mothers of society, and there is no more beautiful type of the mild and beneficent rule of infinite love than that which is found in the home where a Christian mother reigns over the young hearts which Providence has committed to her.

Such a mother was Mrs. Parker. Before marriage she had formed a high estimate of the duties devolving upon the wife and mother, and her fervent prayer to God was that if she should be blessed with a family she might be enabled to train her children in the love and fear of God. She became the mother of a little girl, and as soon as the days of infancy were past, she made it the one great object of her life to train and instruct the little one in all good and holy things. A letter written to a friend of Mrs. Parker's when the little prattler was about four years old gives a good view of what was then going on:

"You cannot imagine what unfailing interest I find in the training of Madeline. When I tell her about Jesus and His love, her little face brightens with an answering intelligence and a deep feeling which show that to child, as to sage, that simple message is the one thing needful. She is learning to write; and no words could describe the thrill I felt when, a few evenings ago, she wrote for the first time the name 'Jesus.' I tried to make her understand that she had written

"The name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given,"

and I was delighted to notice the effect of what I said upon her little heart. Young as she is, many of her questions baffle me. It is wonderful how

the first stirrings of the mind give rise to inquiries which touch the very core of the profoundest subjects. I know that you, who have known and loved her mother so long, will join with me in earnest prayer that the seed sown may bear fruit unto life eternal."

The deep desires and fervent prayers of that mother did not ascend to heaven in vain. Madeline has already reached a beautiful womanhood and exerts all the influence which gifts and accomplishments, when united to personal attractions, always and everywhere command. That influence is used by Madeline to lead others to Him whose name she learned to lisp, with reverent love, at her mother's knee, and in whose service she finds a satisfaction infinitely purer and deeper than any which this world can give. So far from regretting that loyalty to her Saviour closes some of the paths of worldly pleasure against her, her language is:

"Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to Thee!"

"MY UNCLE."

THERE are some relations we are immensely fond of, and visit with much frequency. There are other relations we care to hold no communications with.

It may seem strange to say that there is a third kind of relation whom men do not love and yet visit. It is that relation whom they call by the endearing title of "My uncle."

It is a relation whom men take good care to call upon when they are hard up. When money is short, and the cupboard is empty, and the children are crying, and the landlord is knocking, knocking, the very first thought with many, is not their nearest relation, but that comparatively distant one, "my uncle."

Strange to say, "my uncle" receives his relations with open arms, and supplies their needs with hard cash.

Perhaps I ought to say "my uncle" is slightly suspicious, and cares not to advance money without something in the shape of an equivalent. He is not, however, particular as to the kind of equivalent.

He will take a wedding ring, the working-man's tools, or the one bed of the house, if it so please his nephews and nieces. The only thing he insists on is that it is an equivalent.

Now, I have often thought that it might be an interesting and a profitable thing to scrutinize this relationship, and to show how it arises. Perhaps by so doing, some of my readers may be enabled to give "my uncle" the cold shoulder.

There are many ways of being introduced to "my uncle." As, however, I am only concerned with one, I will not even hint at the others.

The most effectual method of forming his acquaintance is, I am bold to say, through the public-house bar. The drink it is which is for ever ushering men and women into "my uncle's" presence. Were it not for strong drink, he would have but few relations. He would be sitting in his parlor, cold, pale, disconsolate, and lonely, were it not for the beers, the porters, the gins, the brandies, and all the other rubbish which men and women are continually tossing down their throats.

Would you like to be present at one of these interviews?

Here comes Susan Todd with something under her shawl.

There was a time when Susan came after dark, and even then would not venture within "my uncle's" doorway, were any one about. She has become more brazen now, and stalks in in the boldest way.

Poor Susan! She was once a simple country lass with cheeks ruddy, fat, and full. A merry, laughing girl, without a single anxious thought, she seemed. But soon after she married and went to the city, the roses vanished, the face fell in, and the laugh died away. Poor Susan!

"I've got a pair of shoes here, master. What'll 'ee give me for 'em?"

Susan's voice was rough, and her manner a trifle overbearing, but there was a tear in her eye in spite of it, as she drew forth a pair of baby shoes. Why did she so reluctantly part with them? Why did she press them to her lips before she relinquished her hold of them? Why did a spasm of agony cross her features as she dropped them into the man's hand?

Because they were her dead baby's shoes, her

one dead baby, who years ago pined away and died. She had kept these little shoes back last of all, because they took the place of the dead little one.

How much it had cost her to sacrifice them no tongue could ever tell; how for hours she sat motionless with the little shoes in her hand, taking her last fill, picturing the little feet once more with in them, and almost feeling their little restless movements on her hands as of old.

"Susan, how came all this about?"

"Drink. It's only the drink. It's all the drink. What could it be else? I'd have had my baby here but for the drink. And now the drink has gone and took the shoes too."

"Yes, that's it."

Oh! men and mothers all, whose poverty drives you to the pawnshop, what brings that poverty too often? You know it well. It's the drink. By and by you will have nothing to pawn. What then?

CAPTAIN SOMERVILLE'S PROJECT THWARTED.

"A LETTER for you, sir," said a waitress, opening the door of a room in which sat two ladies and a gentleman.

"Where is it Mary?" said the elder of the two ladies. "Have not you brought it up?"

Mary shook her head with a comical look of suppressed merriment and said: "The man who has brought it is afraid to trust it to me, he says he must give it to Captain Somerville 'his own self.'"

"Let him come up then," said the lady.

In a few minutes Mary returned, ushering into the room a queer specimen of humanity. He was not a groom, nor an ordinary messenger, nor a corner loafer, but he had about him some of the marks of each character. A distinct smell of the stables accompanied him, but the neatness of attire, especially about the boots, on which the groom prides himself when he is away from his sphere of labor, was conspicuous by its absence. The man was not quick enough in his movements to suggest the idea of a messenger, but he had the attentive cautious air of responsibility messengers wear.

"Captain Somerville," said the man, in a strong Irish accent, "the boss told me to give you this, and a rale hard job I've had to do it, bedad!"

The interruption was not a pleasant one to Captain Somerville. He flattered himself he was making excellent progress in the enterprise that had brought him to his present quarters, and he dreaded ill news. He was one of those designing scoundrels who gain a livelihood by dishonorable means. The little property he inherited he soon squandered at the gaming table and in the betting ring, his reputation became so bad that his superior officer advised him to resign his commission and quit the army, and he found himself at thirty years of age, without money, burdened with debt and possessed of nothing but a quantity of fashionable clothing and expensive jewelry. He managed to live for a year on the money produced by the sale of his rings, studs, and chains, and then he was cornered. Then he consorted with others of his kind and subsisted on the fruits of some barefaced swindles, in engineering which he co-operated. Then the idea of marriage occurred to him, and casually hearing that a widow and her two

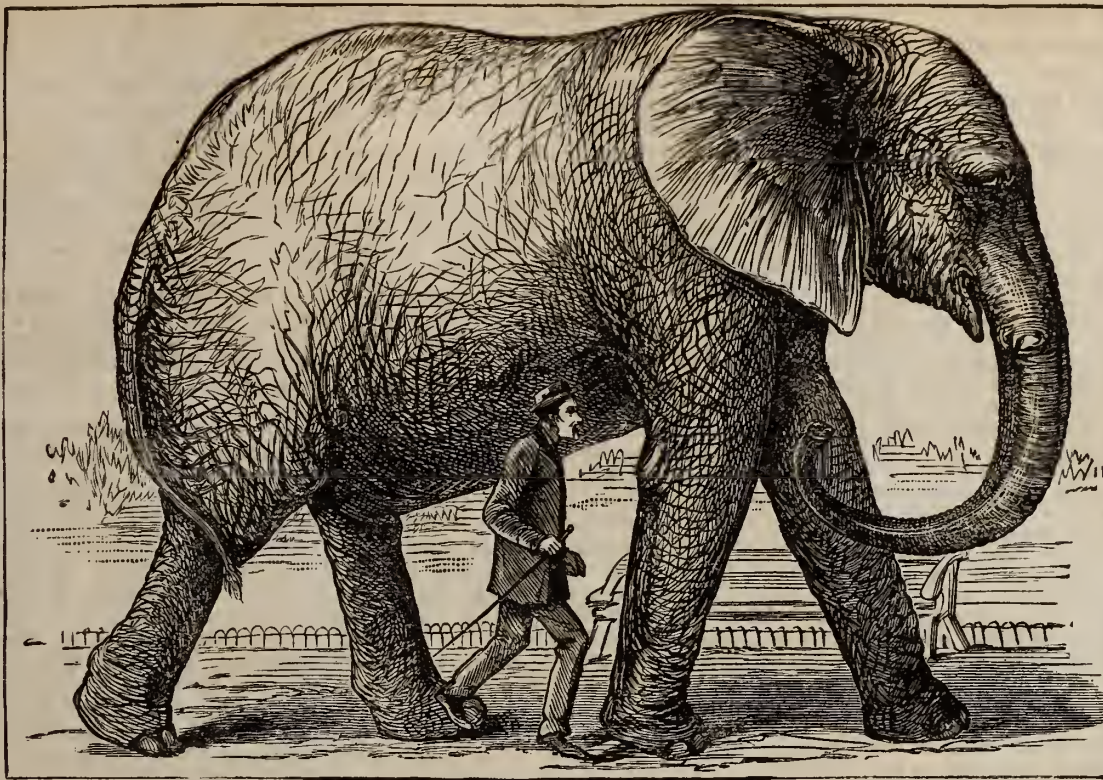
daughters were residing in a quiet town not far from Washington, and that they were in affluent circumstances, he resolved to go down to the locality, get an introduction, and if possible marry one of the young ladies, and eventually control the widow's entire capital. He told only one of his associates of his wicked project, gave out to the others that he was going on a shooting expedition, and then started for the locality of his prey.

Captain Somerville's polite and well-bred manner favorably impressed the people of the quiet town, and his introduction to the widow's family was soon gained, and the Captain in a few days became a frequent visitor to the house. The young ladies had lived a quiet life, and the witty remarks and amusing stories their new acquaintance knew so well how to relate won him a welcome, and he flattered himself that in a short time he might propose marriage without exciting surprise. It was at this stage of his adventure that Miles was announced and the letter delivered.

Captain Somerville knew the man; he had often seen him receive commissions from the friend who alone knew of the matrimonial scheme. He opened the letter and its first words brought him to his feet. With a face ghastly pale and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets he read the letter. It was not long, but it was very serious. In a few words he was told that he was "wanted" by the detectives on a charge of forgery, and that he had better hasten to New York and thence to Europe without delay. Somerville knew he was guilty, but he believed no one suspected the crime, so well had he covered his tracks. But it was clear now that his liberty was in peril and no course was so good as the one his friend advised. With hasty apologies he left his intended victims, hurried to his hotel, and packing his scanty luggage left instantly for New York. He succeeded in crossing the Atlantic before the detectives suspected his flight, and it was not until the extradition warrant was applied for that the widow and her daughters learned the character of their guest and suspected his scheme. Then with sincere thankfulness they acknowledged the goodness of God in delivering them from the snare of the destroyer.

THE ELEPHANT "JUMBO."

SOME account of the noted elephant Mr. P. T. Barnum has purchased from the trustees of the Zoological Gardens, London, was given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 16th, with the narrative of the unsuccessful attempt to remove him



The Elephant Jumbo.

from his abode in the Gardens. The following details, extracted from English newspapers recently received, are given this week, with the accompanying picture of the huge animal.

Jumbo is twenty-one years of age, stands upwards of eleven feet in height, and weighs about six tons. Seventeen years ago, when he was transferred from the Gardens at Paris in exchange for some other animals, he was only about the size of a Shetland pony. He is now the largest elephant in Europe, and, according to the testimony of African travellers, is a giant even among African elephants, who rarely exceed the height of ten feet.

Notwithstanding the unwieldy appearance and the huge bulk of Jumbo, he

has been for years a universal favorite, and as gentle with children as the best trained poodle-dog, taking the proffered biscuit or lump of sugar with an almost incredible delicacy of touch, so that the most nervous child, having once overcome his alarm, never hesitated to hand a morsel to the waving trunk a second time. At times, however, when in his house, he displayed a very uncertain temper, and this induced the Zoological Society to sell him.

When Jumbo was very young he once broke his tusks by endeavoring to force upon a door. He also underwent an effective, but somewhat bold and adventurous surgical operation by Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, who performed it for the removal of an abscess in the jaws. Mr. Bartlett took the precaution to use an instrument affixed to the end of a rod or long-handle; but he managed this with such careful aim and skill of hand, that it was quickly done, causing but little pain; and the young elephant was immediately relieved of the suffering caused by the inflammation. A second operation of the same kind was found needful, at the other side of the jaws; and the intelligent beast this time willingly submitted to similar treatment.

The Secretary of the Gardens, in reply to the animadversions called forth from the public by the proposed removal of Jumbo from England, wrote to the London Times stating that for some time past Jumbo has been a source of anxiety, as elephants after a certain age are liable to periodical fits of excitement and rage. Under such circumstances the risk of an outbreak on the part of so huge and powerful an animal in the much-frequented gardens of the Society, is one which should not be lightly incurred. In the Barnum establishment, where twenty elephants are kept, an animal can be withdrawn and kept in seclusion, for which there is no adequate provision in the Zoological Gardens.

Jumbo was left in comparative peace for two weeks, a large box on wheels having been placed at the entrance of his house, so that he should be compelled to pass through it, and in this manner become accustomed to its appearance. An effort on the part of some of the Fellows of the Society to retain him on the ground of illegality of sale, caused a law suit in chancery, but the court decided that he is legally the property of Mr. Barnum, and that he must be despatched to America. The removal has now taken place and in a few days Jumbo will probably be added to Mr. Barnum's collection.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 174.)

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF THE STORY.

ROLAND SEFTON was the managing partner in an English bank. Mr. Clifford, the senior partner, was an old man who usually lived abroad. Felicitia, Roland's wife, a niece of Lord Riversford, was an aristocratic young lady without fortune, but possessed of literary talent. They had two children, Hilda and Felix, whom Roland tenderly loved. In trying to increase his income, principally in order that his wife might not miss any of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, he engaged in speculations which ended disastrously. To make up his losses he appropriated and sold certain securities valued at \$50,000 belonging to Mr. Clifford, and \$3000 intrusted to his care by old Marlowe, a deaf and dumb wood-carver whom he had made his friend. To escape the detection that would follow Mr. Clifford's return, he absconded. By the aid of the old wood carver and his daughter Phebe, to whom he confessed his guilt, he got safely away to Switzerland, the native land of his aged mother, who lived in his family and was known as "Madame," in allusion to her foreign birth. The news of his flight was received by his wife just as she was reading her first published work. Roland when parting from Phebe Marlowe sent by her a message to his wife, asking her to meet him at Engelberg in Switzerland, in six months. The appointment was kept. Felicitia, however, could not forgive him the disgrace he had brought on her and the children, and intimated that his death would be a good thing for them. With her approval an unknown Englishman who had died the day before in the village, was represented as Roland Sefton. Roland was the only person present when he died, and he placed in the dead man's pocket his own pocket-book, papers, and the portraits of his children to give a false identification. The man was accordingly buried as Roland Sefton, and the news of his death sent to England. Meanwhile Roland, dropping his own name and calling himself Jean Merle, resolved to support himself by wood carving. Felicitia's books became popular, and she was enabled to refund with interest all those whom her husband had wronged. He had been forgiven too by Mr. Clifford and the others, and every one except Felicitia supposed he was dead. Felicitia having held no communication with him for thirteen years did not know whether he was dead or alive. Roland's children grew up in ignorance of their father's crime. Felix became a clergyman, and sought in marriage Alice, the daughter of Canon Pascal. He obtained the consent of the canon, but Felicitia refused. She feared that the secret might some day be told, and she would then be blamed. Besides that Felix's father might yet be alive and return. One night while Felix was addressing a meeting in his church, an intoxicated man entered, and before all present said that he had taken to dissipation to drown sorrow occasioned by his losses through the dishonesty of Felix's father. Felix was astonished, and went to his friend, Phebe Marlowe, to ascertain if the man's statement was true, and she told him that it was. He then called on Mr. Clifford, his father's former partner, who told him that he ought to forgive his father.

The Grave at Engelberg.

FELIX sat down near to the old man, whose chair was in the oriel window, on which the sun was shining warmly. There below him lay the garden where he had played as a child, with the river flowing swiftly past it, and the boat-house in the corner, from which his father and he had so often started for a pleasant hour or two on its rapid current. But he could never think of his father again without sorrow and shame.

"Sin hurts us most as it comes nearest to us," said old Mr. Clifford; "the crime of a Frenchman does not make our blood boil as the crime of an Englishman; our neighbor's sin is not half as black as our kinsman's sin. But when we have to look it in the face in a son, in a father, then we see the exceeding sinfulness of it. Why, Felix, you knew that men defrauded one another; that even men professing godliness were sometimes dishonest."

"I knew it," he answered, "but I never felt it before."

"And I never felt it till I saw it in my son," continued the old man sadly; "but there are other sins besides dishonesty, of a deeper dye, perhaps, in the sight of our Creator. If Roland Sefton had met with a more merciful man than I am he might have been saved."

For a minute or two his white head was bowed down, and his wrinkled eyelids were closed, while Felix sat beside him as sorrowful as himself.

"I could not be merciful," he burst out with a sudden fierceness in his face and tone, "I could not spare him, because I had not spared my own son. I had let one life go down into darkness, refusing to stretch out so much as a little finger in help, though he was as dear to me as my own life; and God required me yet again to see a life perish for my hardness of heart. I think sometimes if Roland had come, and cast himself on my mercy, I should have pardoned him; but again I know my heart was too hard then to know what mercy was. But those two, my son Robert, who died of starvation in the streets of Paris, and your father, Felix, who perished on a winter's night in Switzerland; they are my daily companions. They sit down beside me here, and by the fireside, and at my solitary meals; and they watch beside me in the night. They will never leave me till I see them again, and confess my sin to them."

"It was not you alone whom my father wronged," said Felix, "there were others besides you, who might have prosecuted him."

"Yes, but they were ignorant, simple men," replied Mr. Clifford, "they need never have known of his crime. All their money could have been replaced without their knowledge; it was of me Roland was afraid. If the time could come over again—and I go over and over it in my own mind all in vain—I would act altogether differently. I would make him feel to the utmost the sin and peril of his course; but I would keep his secret. Even Felicitia should know nothing."

"It was partly my fault too. If I had fulfilled my duty, and looked after my affairs instead of dreaming my time away in Italy, your father, as the junior partner, could not have fallen into this snare. When a crime is committed the criminal is not the only one to be blamed. Consciously or unconsciously those about him have been helping by their own carelessness and indolence, by cowardice, by indifference to right and wrong. By a thousand subtle influences we help our brother to disobey God; and when he is found out, we stand aloof, and raise an outcry against him. God has made every one of us his brother's keeper."

"Then you too have forgiven him," said Felix, with a glowing sense of comfort in his heart.

"Forgiven him? ay!" he answered, "as he sits by me at the fireside, invisible to all but me, I say to him again and again in words inaudible to all but him:

"Even as I hope for pardon in that day,
When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardoned."

The tremulous, weak old voice paused, and the withered hands lay feebly on his knees as he looked out on the summer sky, seeing nothing of its brightness, for the thoughts and memories that were flocking to his brain. Felix's younger eyes caught every familiar object on which the sun was shining, and knitted them up for ever with the memory of that hour.

"God help me!" he cried, "I forgive my father too; but I have lost him. I never knew the real man."

On the same August morning when Felix was riding up the long lovely lanes to Phebe Marlowe's little farmstead, Canon Pascal and Alice were starting by the earliest boat which left Lucerne for Stansstad, in the dewy coolness of the dawn. The short transit was quickly over, and an omnibus carried them into Stans, where they left their knapsacks to be sent on after them during the day. The long pleasant walk of fourteen miles to Engelberg lay before them, to be taken leisurely, with many a rest in the deep cool shades of the woods, or under the shadow of some great rock.

The only impediment with which Alice burdened herself was a little green slip of ivy, which Felix

had gathered from the walls of her country home, and which she had carried in a little flower-pot filled with English soil, to plant on his father's grave. It had been a sacred, though somewhat troublesome charge to her, as they had travelled from place to place, and she had not permitted any one to take the care of it off her hands. This evening, with her own hands, she was going to plant it again upon the foreign grave of Roland Sefton; which had been so long neglected, and unvisited by those whom he had left behind him.

That Felicitia should never have made a pilgrimage to this sacred spot was a wonder to her; but that she should so steadily resist the wish of Felix to visit his father's resting-place filled Alice's heart with grave misgivings for her own future happiness.

But she was not troubling herself with any misgivings to-day, as they journeyed onward and upward through the rich meadows and thick forests leading to the Alpine valley which lay under the snowy dome of the Titlis. Her father's enjoyment of the sweet solitude and changeable beauty of their pathway was too perfect for her to mar it by any mournful forebodings. He walked beside her under the arched aisles of the pine-woods bareheaded, singing snatches of song as joyously as a school-boy, or waded off through marshy and miry places in quest of some rare plant which ought to be growing there, splashing back to her farther on in the winding road, scarcely less happy if he had not found it than if he had. How could she be troubled while her father was treading on enchanted ground?

But the last time they allowed themselves to sit down to rest before entering the village, Canon Pascal's face grew grave, and his manner towards his daughter became more tender and caressing than usual. The secret which Phebe had told him of Roland Sefton had been pondered over these many weeks in his heart. If it had concerned Felix only he would have felt himself grieved at this story of his father's sin, but he knew too well it concerned Alice as closely. This little ivy-slip, so carefully though silently guarded through all the journey, had been a daily reminder to him of his girl's love for her old playfellow and companion. Though she had not told him of its destiny he had guessed it, and now as she screened it from the too direct rays of the hot sun it spoke to her of Felix, and to him of his father's crime.

He had no design to make his daughter miserable by raising obstacles to her marriage with Felix, who was truly as dear to him as his own sons. But yet, if he had only known of this dishonest strain in the blood, would he, years ago, have taken Felix into his home, and exposed Alice to the danger of loving him? Felix was out of the way of temptation; there was no stream of money passing through his hands, and it would be hard and vile indeed for him to fall into any dishonest trickery. But it might be that his children, Alice's children, might tread in the steps of their forefather, Roland Sefton, and pursue the same devilous course. Thieves breed thieves, it was said, in the lowest dregs of social life. Would there be some fatal weakness, some insidious improbity, in the nature of those descending from Roland Sefton?

It was a wrong against God, a faithless distrust of Him, he said to himself, to let these dark thoughts distress his mind, at the close of a day such as that which had been granted to him, almost as a direct and perfect gift from heaven itself. He looked into the sweet, tranquil face of his girl, and the trustful loving eyes which met his anxious gaze with so open and frank an expression; yet he could not altogether shake off the feeling of solicitude and foreboding which had fallen upon his spirit.

"Let us go on, and have a quiet dinner by ourselves," said Alice, at last, "and then we shall have all the cool of the evening to wander about as we please."

They left their resting-place, and walked on in silence, as if they were overawed by the snow-clad mountains and towering peaks hanging over the valley. A little way off the road they saw a poor

and miserable hut, built on piles of stones, with deep, sheltering eaves, but with a broken roof, and no light except such as entered it by the door. In the dimness of the interior they just caught sight of a gray-headed man, sitting on the floor, with his face hidden on his knees. It was an attitude telling of deep wretchedness, and heaviness of heart; and though neither of them spoke of the glimpse they had had, they drew nearer to one another, and walked closely together until they reached the hotel.

It was still broad day-light, though the sun had sunk behind the lofty mountains, when they rolled out again into the picturesque, irregular street of the village. The clear blue sky above them was of the color of the wild hyacinth, the simplest purest blue, against which the pure and simple white of the snowy domes and pinnacles of the mountain ranges enclosing the valley stood out in sharp, bold outlines; while the dark green of the dense pine-forests climbing up the steep slopes looked almost black against the pale gray peaks rising up from among them, with silver lines of snow marking out every line and crevice in their crowded and fretted architecture. Canon Pascal raised his head, as if he had been entering his beloved Abbey in Westminster.

"God is very glorious!" he said, in a low and reverent tone. "God is very good!"

In silence they sauntered on, with loitering steps, to the little cemetery, where lay the grave they have come to seek. They found it in a forlorn and deserted corner, but there was no trace of neglect about the gray unpolished granite of the cross that marked it. No weeds were growing round it, and no moss was gathering upon it; the stonemason, telling the name, and age, and date of death, of the man who lay beneath it, was as clear as if it had just come from the chisel of the graver. He tears sprang to Alice's eyes as she stood before it with reverently bowed head, looking down at Roland Sefton's grave.

"Did you ever see him, father?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"I saw him once," he answered, "at Riversford Towers, when Felix was still only a baby. He was as a finer and handsomer man than Felix will ever be; and there was more foreign blood in his veins, which gave him greater gayety and simpler vacancy than Englishmen usually have. I remember how he watched over Felicity, and waited on her in an almost womanly fashion; and fetched his baby himself for us to see, carrying him in his own arms with the deft skill of a nurse. Felix is as tender-hearted, but he would not make a show of it so openly."

"Cousin Felicity must have loved him with her whole heart," sighed Alice, "yet if I were in her place, I should come here often; it would be the place I loved to come to. She is a hard woman, father; hard, and bitter, and obstinate. Do you think Felix's father would have set himself against me as she has done?"

She turned to him her sad and pensive face, almost the dearest face in the world to him; and he gazed into it with penetrating and loving eyes. Could it not be best to tell the child the secret this grave covered, here, by the grave itself? Better rather to know the truth concerning the dead, than cherish hard and unjust thoughts of the living. Even if Felicity consented, he could not let her marry Felix ignorant of the facts which Phoebe had disclosed to him. Felix himself must know them some day; and was not this the hour and the place for revealing them to Alice?

"My darling," he said, "I know why Felicity never comes here, nor lets her children come; and so why she is at present opposed to the thought of Felix marrying. Roland Sefton, her husband, the unhappy man whose body lies here, was guilty of a crime; and died miserably while a fugitive from our country. His death consigned the crime to oblivion; no one remembered it against her and her children. But if he had lived he would have been a convict; and she, and Felix, and Hilda would have shared his ignominy. She feels that she must not suffer Felix to enter our family until she has told me this; and it is the mere thought and dread of such a disclosure that has made her

ill. We must wait till her mind recovers its strength."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PYRAMID PROPHECY

ABOUT 1882-3.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Concluded from page 207.)

The Building of the Pyramid According to Josephus—Why was it Built?—Mr. John Taylor's Theory—Dr. Seiss's Explanation—Its Testimony Needed—Its Site Peculiar and Suggestive—Its Perfect Plan—Its Relation to the Solar Year—To the Terrestrial Axis.

JOSEPHUS, the ancient historian, says that the Great Pyramid was built under the superintendence of "the children or descendants of Seth." In that case the heaven-born wisdom displayed in its construction is accounted for by the fact that to this chosen race, this godly line, was entrusted the understanding necessary for the accomplishment of so great a work. Some writers think that the Shepherd Prince Philites, who so mysteriously controlled and influenced King Cheops, was none other than *Melchisedec*, priest of the Most High God and king of Salem (or Jerusalem), mentioned in Gen. 14:18. Dr. Seiss, however, is of opinion that this kingly priest Philites was the ancient *Job*. The view that this wonderful Pyramid was erected under the instructions of a *Seth-descended, heaven-taught Architect* is confirmed by the absence of idolatrous carvings or inscriptions from it, although Egypt was full of the worship of idols and animals, and temples were erected and sacrifices offered to them.

The question, "Why was it built?" has been freely discussed of late years by men of science as well as from a Biblical standpoint. For thousands of years not a clue seemed to have been discovered leading to a correct solution of the problem, but since the publication of Mr. John Taylor's book in 1850, "The Great Pyramid—Why was it Built?" the proofs were accepted that it possessed scientific features, and scores of minds have been busily engaged in investigating still further the wonderful secrets of the time-honored fabric. Especially has this been the case since Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, with his accomplished wife, visited Egypt in 1864, and spent months in obtaining most accurate measurements of almost every part of the Pyramid. As a result, we may safely say that any theory as to its having been built for sepulchral purposes has been abandoned.

The view maintained by Professor Smyth and Dr. Seiss in his "Miracle in Stone" and by others is that the Pyramid was built not only for *scientific* purposes, but for *chronological* and *prophetic* also. Thus it is held that the object for which the Great Pyramid was erected, was to treasure up in its stone pages a record of Divine wisdom relating to meteorological, astronomical, chronological, and other important truths. Further, that this storehouse of knowledge was kept purposely sealed until the times we are living in, for the reason that it was to be a "witness unto the Lord of Hosts" (Isaiah 19:19, 20).

This view that the Pyramid is to be "a witness unto the Lord of Hosts" according to Isaiah 19, apparently implies that a time would come when its *witnessing* testimony in the earth would be needed. In other words, a time would come when not only God's Holy Word would be set at naught, but men would even deny the very existence of God Himself. A time of rank infidelity would set in, and men would laud science and the so-called wisdom of men, and demand tests of the most rigid character, ere they would accept any proposition whatever. Under these circumstances the Pyramid speaks as a witness, in language they may understand and seem most to admire—that of scientific truth; but coupled with this is testimony for God. The infidel is thus met, as it were, upon his own ground and defeated. The Christian, too, is strengthened by this additional testimony. The fact of its revelation being made *now* also confirms the conviction that we are living in the last days—a truth that has been ascertained and proclaimed

from numerous other standpoints in harmony with the Word of God.

In pointing out some special features in the work of the Pyramid's Oriental architect, with the best aids which modern science affords, we notice *in the first place*, that the site chosen for the point of erection was eminently inconvenient for constructional purposes, as the rocky outcrop of the Ghizeh Hill had to be cut down and levelled, but it was essential to the grand design, *it being in the 30th parallel of latitude*, the very parallel which has to the north and south of it an *equal distribution of terrestrial semi-surface*, while the Pyramid's site itself is the very point on the earth's surface about which the dry land, or man-inhabitable portion of the globe, is equally arranged, and is also on the best line for meridional zero which could be chosen for all nations. This stands a remarkable fact, unaccounted for by any other building, ancient or modern.

Secondly we find that this structure was designed and built in its entirety on a *plan so scientifically perfect*, that the sum of the measured four sides of the base bears, within the nearest possible practical approach, the same relation to the measure of its vertical height that the circumference of a circle bears to its radius. We find, moreover, that a certain standard measure was used in the construction of all the expressional features of the Pyramid. That standard was a cubit of 5 x 5 pyramid inches, and when one side of the square base is measured, it is found to contain this cubit 365 times with a fraction *plus*, thus giving our sidereal year of days, and the plus fractions of the four sides giving in their sum the equivalent of one day in four years, or showing leap year in the cycle of four years, such cycle being indicated in the four pyramidal sides.

Now here is a feature derived from astronomy, a science not generally known with any approach to exactitude by the men of that time, but absolutely essential to chronometric structure meant to be revealed in future ages, and consequently expressed in the measurement of this vast monument, positively, and in the most enduring manner.

Thirdly, we discover that this huge pile of solid masonry was built to a microscopic nicety *accurately squared, and astronomically oriented*. Nearer investigation reveals a still more impressive fact, viz., that the vertical height of this Pyramid, which has already spoken in its practical manner of the time of the earth's revolution around the sun, in its annual orbit, speaks likewise of the radius of that orbit; for the vertical height, as measured in terms of any linear measure, when multiplied by its own indicated numbers, is raised to the ninth power, gives, in the same terms, the mean distance of the sun from our earth.

This is a marvellous fact, for in the time of Herodotus, which was many years after the erection of the Pyramid, the distance of the sun from the earth was supposed to be something less than a hundred miles, and through successive centuries of increasing knowledge the distance increased also, until, in the eighteenth century, the estimate had overpassed the truth in a statement of 95,000,000 of miles as the sun-distance, and it is only within a very few years that the error in observation has been so far corrected as to give results between 91,000,000 and 93,000,000 of miles. But the architect of the Great Pyramid indicated by the peculiar properties of its vertical height as above mentioned, long ages before man began to make scientific effort, that the sun-distance is 91,837,497 miles—a distance to which the most recent science-measure now closely approaches.

Fourthly, it appears that the cubit of 25 pyramid inches bears an exact relation to the only true and unchanging standard in the knowledge of man, viz., the polar axis of the earth, of whose semi-length or distance from the earth's centre to either pole this sacred cubit of the pyramidal architect is the ten-millionth part precisely.

Fifthly, it is ascertained that the pyramid inch is critically the five hundred-millionth part of the earth's axis-length, and that when the length of the diagonals of the base is found in such inches, their sum exactly expresses the precession of the equinox in an inch to a year—namely, 25,827 years.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Administration is Beginning to admit that its Irish legislation has failed. In the House of Commons, Mr. Forster said during a debate that it was true the Coercion act had not done a great deal, but declared it had done something. It had prevented many outrages and murders by enabling the authorities to lock up those who otherwise might have committed such acts of violence. There were, he said, signs of hope. But outrages must be stopped. If they were not it would become his duty and the duty of the House of Commons to have *stronger measures still*. An urgent appeal was made to Mr. Forster to liberate Mr. Dillon, M.P., whose health is reported to be suffering from confinement, but Mr. Forster said in reply that he could not release Mr. Dillon on account of the state of his health, but that the doors of the prison were open to Mr. Dillon if he would leave the kingdom. This reply was received with cries of "Shame!" from the home-rule members.

A Murder Supposed to have been Committed by Land League agents is reported from Ireland. Arthur Herbert, a justice of the peace, was shot dead on Thursday while returning from the Castle Island Petty Sessions. He was the person whose expression of regret that the police had not fired upon a riotous mob was some time ago a subject of discussion in the House of Commons. Since his murder eleven lambs that belonged to him have been maliciously stabbed. Six persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the crime. The correspondent of the *Tribune* cables that "the Fenian outrages in Dublin for the moment are more disturbing than other features of anarchy, but the Government have discovered a mass of useful information which may surprise the agitators in the United States."

The Nihilists are Again Active in Russia.—Terrorist placards have made their appearance on the walls of St. Petersburg. One, which is of the most violent character, declares that Alexander III. is now condemned to death definitively *and without appeal*, as he is the incarnation of all the horrors of autocratic government and all the vices of his ancestors. These threats have made a very painful impression at Gatschina.

The Egyptian Difficulties are Reported to be again nearing a crisis. The British Government, it is stated, has succeeded in inducing the Powers not to permit exclusive Turkish intervention in Egypt. If anarchy arises, England and France may do more than Turkey. An Indian contingent is expected on the line of the canal, and Cairo will be seized. Private letters indicate that Arabi Bey's influence is waning. He must soon sink or do something desperate. The Powers are fully prepared for all contingencies.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been Invited to visit London and conduct evangelistic services in different parts of the city. A cable message says: "An invitation signed by 300 persons, including the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Aberdeen, Samuel Morley, member of Parliament; Canons Farrar and Fleming, the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, and 273 other clergymen, has been forwarded to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who are still laboring at Glasgow, asking them to spend a year in London in evangelical work.

A Revival of Religion has Resulted in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, from the labors of Messrs. Harrison and Isaacs, two evangelists from the training college of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Dr. Lamson, the American Physician now lying in an English prison under sentence of death for the murder of his brother-in-law, has been respited by the English Government in deference to the personal wish of President Arthur. The President requested that Lamson's execution might be delayed until certain evidence could be sent from this country to England. The evidence in question tends to show that Dr. Lamson is a man of unsound mind; that he is an opium habitué; that he habitually takes large quantities of aconite and other deadly poisons, and always recommended them recklessly when consulted. The most important testimony is that of Rev. Irving McElroy, Rector of Christ's Church, Rouse's Point, N. Y., who entertained Dr. Lamson when he was in this country last. Dr. McElroy says: "I have always known him to be a kindly, courteous, open-hearted intelligent gentleman, a fine linguist, a skilful musician, and a thorough surgeon and medical practitioner. I believe him incapable of wilfully harming any person, and especially any person to whom he was attached. I honestly believe that all the aconitine he is reported to have purchased was bought for his own use, and that if he administered any to his brother-in-law he did so to relieve his sufferings, and gave him, carelessly, the quantity he had been in the habit of using for himself. Knowing Dr. Lamson as I have, I do not believe him capable of wilful crime of any kind, and least of all of the horrible murder of a loved wife's brother, who in his opinion as a medical man was very near death's door."

A Russian General was Assassinated by Nihilists in the streets of Odessa on March 31st. A brief telegram states that General Strelnikoff had been made Military Procureur of the Kieff Tribunal and had been sent to Odessa to conduct the proceedings against the Nihilists. He was shot with a revolver while sitting on the boulevard at Odessa. The ball penetrated the head and came out through the forehead. General Strelnikoff died immediately. Two assassins who were stopped while fleeing from the scene in a carriage, offered violent resistance and with their revolvers and poignards wounded three persons. They were finally overpowered and conveyed to a police station. A third assassin escaped. The Czar, on being apprised of the murder, ordered that the two assassins who were arrested be executed within twenty-four hours.

Christian Workers are Sorely Needed in India. The Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, a Presbyterian missionary, writing from Mandanapalle, India, tells us of whole villages coming over to Christianity, and adds: "There is a tremendous upheaval going on all through India at the present time, and I fear that Hinduism is going to fall to pieces before the Church of Christ is ready to seize the fragments of the ruins and build up the temple of the Lord."

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Initials.—In a letter written by Rev. R. M. Offord to a contemporary, the following amusing remarks occur on the initials of the great preacher: Mr. Spurgeon has thoroughly earned the title given him by an admiring friend who suggested that the preacher's initials certainly stood for *Clear Headed Speaker*, to which we might add, *Can Handle Sermons*. They who have heard him often know that the truths he proclaims *Come Home Succinctly*, a fact that as one *Cannot Help Seeing*, is due in measure to his wonderful stock of what, for the occasion, we will call *Common Horse Sense*.

A New Version of the Egyptian Difficulty has been furnished in a lecture on the Egyptian crisis delivered last week by General R. E. Colston, who has been serving on the general staff of the army. He charges that the incubus of debt is driving Egypt to despair; that the foreign bondholders did not advance more than one half of the money to the late viceroy that they claim, and that they, through the French and English controllers, are draining the country of its money to pay interest at usurious rates, in some cases as high as twenty per cent. He claims that the army is patriotic, and in pressing for a readjustment of the financial liabilities amounting to \$500,000,000, it is really acting in the best interests of the nation. The accounts we have hitherto received have come through England or France, though it is contended that General Colston, having served in the Egyptian army, may have been influenced by his associations with it in coming to the conclusions he has formed.

A Roman Catholic Young Lady Recently went to one or two of Mr. Moody's services and was spoken to about her soul by one of the workers. At the prayer-meeting, on November 8th, this Christian friend related some of the particulars of the interview, and said: "This young lady believed that penance was the way to obtain salvation. I pointed out to her the passage in John 3: 16—'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' After some very earnest talk she was brought into the light, and gave herself to Christ. I am certain that she will be instrumental for much spiritual good in her home. Pray for her!"

The King of Italy and Protestant Ministers.—During the recent visit of King Humbert of Italy to Naples, the nine Protestant ministers of that city begged the favor of an interview. The young monarch granted their request, and received them with marked courtesy. He was surprised, however, when one was presented to him as a Methodist, another as a Baptist, the third as a Presbyterian, and the fourth as a Waldensian, etc. "I do not understand," said the king, "how you can all be ministers of the same Gospel and yet have so many distinctions. Perhaps one of you will be so good as to explain this to me." The Waldensian minister promptly replied: "In your Majesty's army there are many regiments wearing *different uniforms* and called by *different names*; nevertheless, they are all under one commander-in-chief and follow one flag. In like manner we Protestants are divided into various denominations, but we know only one chief—Jesus Christ; and we follow but one banner—namely, that of the Gospel of our crucified and risen Lord." The king listened attentively, and then said: "I thank you for this clear explanation. You wish me to understand that while there are differences among you on minor matters, there is unity in all that is essential."

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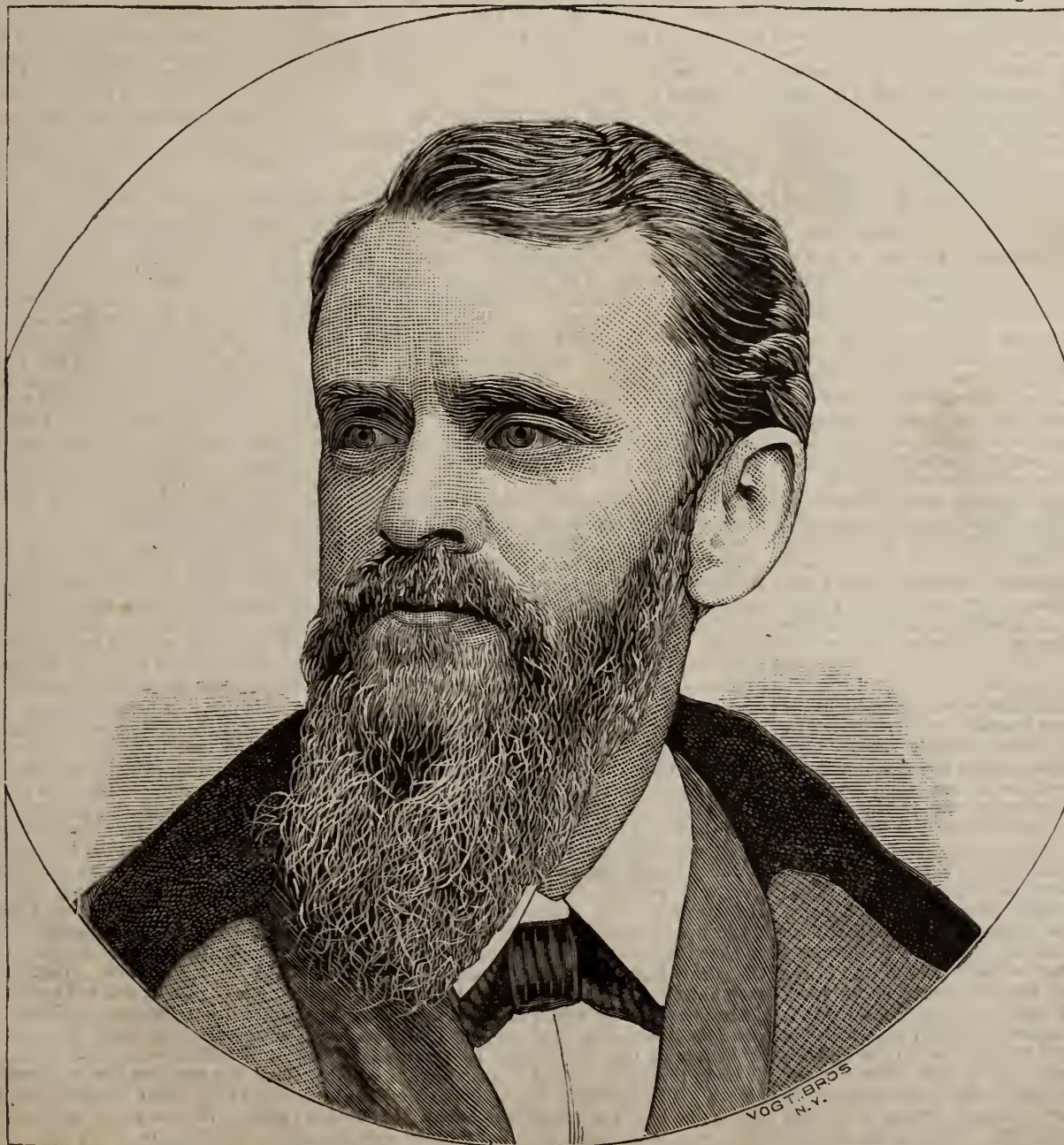
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MAJOR JAMES H. COLE, THE CHICAGO EVANGELIST.

MAJOR JAMES H. COLE.

The Scene at the Brooklyn Tabernacle—Major Cole's Method—The Songs—Major Cole's Early Life—With the Army—A Southern Colonel's Salutation—A Sad Passage—A Midnight Struggle—The Victory—Conquering the Tobacco Habit—Beginning of Christian Work—Financial Ruin—Commencement of a Life of Faith—The Barrel of Flour—Evangelistic Work—In Illinois—In Kentucky—In Europe—Salvation of a Scoffer—Dr. Cairns of Scotland on Major Cole's Work—Return to Europe—Dr. Talmage's Testimony.

DURING the past five weeks a very interesting and solemn scene has been witnessed night after night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The large congregation assembled in the immense building has sat listening with rapt attention to the earnest appeals, interesting anecdotes and lucid Scriptural exposition of Major Cole, whose evangelistic labors have been signally blessed in this country and across the Atlantic. No sign of weariness or inattention was visible at any meeting, no matter how late the hour. A deeply solemn influence prevailed, and though there was little of the excitement which usually characterizes special services, there was a gravity and earnestness manifest throughout the meetings which showed that the work, though not loud, was deep.

Major Cole's sermons, if his familiar talks can be properly so designated, were models of simplicity, and he spoke with the ease and point with which a man talks with his friend. Every listener seemed to stand alone with the speaker, and to be almost irresistibly impelled to accept as personal to himself the apt illustrations, the cogent reasoning, and the close application with which Major Cole stormed the fortress of unbelief and indifference. There was no pretence of rhetorical effort, but every man was made to realize that his duty, his interest, and his only right course was there and then to seek Christ and give his heart to God. It was rather the *argument of a business man*, a plain common-sense statement of a case by a man to his equals, than the lecture of a master to his disciples; and its strength consisted in its singularly clear and vigorous presentation of the case. It reminded the critical hearer of a lawyer arguing a cause before a jury, when the advocate was not only thoroughly convinced himself of the justice and strength of his case, but was also assured that the jury he addressed was composed of sensible men who did not need to be bullied, or warned, or threatened, but only needed to be enlightened as to facts and their bearing on the points at issue.

Nor were the songs without their influence on the audience. In these Major Cole joined, and it is impossible to describe the thrilling effect of the sweet harmony of voices as he and his wife and daughter sang the beautiful melodies with a tenderness and expression never heard from a hired professional choir. As the grand old words of invitation, "Whosoever will," rang out in refrain from the lips of

THE TRIO

it was easy to notice how eyes glistened in the ranks of listeners, and how sinners were moved by the words so tenderly and earnestly sung. Altogether the services have been a pleasant novelty in revival work, and one, the influence and results of which, are likely to be permanent and increasing. Three hundred souls were brought in to the kingdom as the fruit of the services, two hundred of whom have been added to the Tabernacle Church; but we are much mistaken if those numbers represent more than a small part of the good done. The seed Major Cole sows is of a kind that does not take kindly to thorny ground. It does not grow prematurely, but is likely to take root in the soul and stay there, silently spreading its roots and doing its work until the man finds there is neither peace nor happiness for him anywhere but in Christ. Major Cole is a man who is doing solid work for the Master; he is well known in the East, the West, and the South, and wherever he has labored there are evidences to-day of the seal God has set on his service. Many of our readers are already well acquainted with him personally, and they, as well as those who have not yet had the

advantage of listening to him will be pleased to have some account of him and his work.

It was in 1836 that the future evangelist was born. His father was the Rev O. C. Cole, a Methodist minister still laboring at Cape Vincent, N. Y. His mother was a godly woman, earnest and faithful. She went to her reward last Easter morning. Major Cole often mentions as a remarkable fact that she was savingly converted under the ministry of Mr. Ingersoll, the father of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, whose blatant ribaldry and shallow atheism are doing so much harm among the youth of our great cities. A sound religious education laid the foundation for future usefulness, but the prayers offered by pious parents were not answered in Major Cole's youth. He commenced a business career, and his quick intelligence and clear business sagacity soon gave him a recognized position in the commercial world, and his associates predicted for him a brilliant success.

When the war broke out he was in business in Michigan, but he immediately withdrew himself, as so many other patriotic young men did in that day of national trouble, from the pursuit of gain, and enlisted in the army. He entered as a private, but before the close of the war he attained the rank of major. At one of his recent meetings a gentleman who had served as a colonel in the Southern army, after listening to Major Cole's address, made his way to the platform and heartily shaking the speaker's hand, said, "Major, we were once against each other, we are now with each other and for the kingdom of Christ." "Yes," said Major Cole, "we are recruiting now, and would to God they would all enlist."

It was not until after the war was over and Major Cole was settled in business in Chicago that he was converted to Christ.

A SAD PASSAGE IN HIS LIFE.

to which he now recurs with mingled sorrow for its humiliation, and gratitude to God for deliverance, preceded the great change. He was prospering in business, he was happily married, and the home was enlivened by the tones of a child's voice and the patter of little feet, when anxiety about his health clouded the otherwise clear sky of his prospects. Profuse nightly perspirations and other ominous symptoms occasioned alarm, and he sought medical advice. The prescription given him relieved the trouble, but it led to one still more terrible even than the one it remedied. He was ordered a mixture of cod liver oil and whiskey. This he took regularly, and was delighted to observe the beneficial change it produced in his physical health. He gained strength continually, and it was not long before he felt justified in discontinuing the medicine. But he did not discontinue it altogether; he had contracted a liking for the whiskey and he continued to take that without its nauseous accompaniment. His excitable nervous temperament craved the stimulant, and in a short time he stood aghast at the revelation that he was a slave to liquor.

Then came the fierce struggle which only those who have passed through it can adequately appreciate. Major Cole described it graphically at one of his services. The habit, he said, continued to grow upon him in spite of resolutions, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, even after the tearful face of his wife silently reproached him. By the death-bed of a beloved sister he made a new vow of reformation, and yet before her remains were placed beneath the sod he was again intoxicated. One very pathetic incident affected him deeply. He overheard his little child praying for him. "Oh, dear Jesus," said the little pleader, "won't you keep my dear papa who has made me so happy. Oh, dear Jesus, papa's a drunkard, won't you save him?" The father listened and went away determined that he would drink no more; but this vow, like those that had gone before, was soon broken, and that very night he returned to his home in the same state of degradation as on other nights. Then despair seized upon him. It was only as he began to realize tremblingly that in God alone was there hope, that light broke upon him. He saw that the ways to emancipation and to the salvation of his soul were one and the same.

A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE.

One night he sat alone in his room. On the table before him were two strange companions. Major Cole knew them both well, one only too well, the other as yet only partially. They were, a bottle of whiskey and a Bible. The Bible lay open at the third chapter of John, and he was reading over and over again the sixteenth verse. The tortures of the drunkard's appetite were gnawing his heart, and there sat the poor enslaved man fighting it with the word of promise. It was such a struggle as John Bunyan had in his mind when he wrote of Christian's battle with Apollyon. Major Cole intuitively perceived that he had reached a crisis in his fate, and he was tortured with the struggle within him. Four long hours the conflict lasted, once the cork was drawn and more than once the trembling hand grasped the bottle for the potent draught. But it was not poured out, and just as the midnight hour struck, the bottle was seized and thrown through the open window on to the stones beneath, and the man stood free, emancipated by the power and love of God.

During this period of enslavement Major Cole's business had not suffered. His constitution was strong, and however drunk he might be at night, the next day found him busy and active and successful in his office. He was now a new man, and he determined, while continuing in business, to give to Christian work all the time he could spare. At the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association and in devotional meetings he found his opportunity, and while never thrusting himself to the front he was frequently called to the position of a leader by his associates, and received invitations from pastors of churches to conduct Bible-readings and devotional meetings; he was also active in Sunday-school work. It was his connection with this last department that led to his emancipation from

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Major Cole was walking to his office smoking his cigar as he went, when he met a boy belonging to his Sunday-school. He was urging him to a more regular attendance, etc., and as he talked with him the wind carried a cloud of tobacco smoke from the major's cigar into the boy's face. He saw instantly that the boy was unfavorably affected by the accident, and that his appeals to him had lost much of their force, by the boy's sense of the incongruity of the habit with the Christian profession of his teacher. Major Cole turned back and went home, and there on his knees he begged of the Lord, who had delivered him from the curse of liquor, to liberate him from this other slavery. He had been a regular user of tobacco for twenty-five years, but from that day to this he has neither smoked nor chewed.

In 1871 Major Cole went to Waukegan, Ill., with Major Whittle and the late Mr. P. P. Bliss, to assist them in evangelistic work, and during the services it was laid upon the souls of all three that it was their duty to consecrate themselves wholly and entirely to the Lord's service. Major Cole at that time was carrying a large quantity of real estate, and when he returned to Chicago he made it his first business to dispose of it all. The market was rising, and he was urged to hold for a few months that he might obtain better prices. But his resolution being taken he would consent to no delay, and sold out for such prices as he could get. He then invested the proceeds in such ways as involved no necessity for personal attention, and gave himself up wholly to the work of Christ. He entered into it with all the ardor of his soul, yet always carefully watching and examining himself so that in caring for the vineyards of others his own should not be neglected. This duty led to his making the principal subject of his prayers a *petition for more faith*. That prayer was answered in a way that he did not expect. It was only two years from the time he had left the real estate business and invested his capital, before every dollar invested was swept away. Major Cole said God was teaching him to exercise faith in the same way as his elder brother had taught him how to swim. He had asked his brother, when they were boys together, to teach him that accomplishment, and after standing on the bank for some time watching the motions of his brother, he timidly

thured into the water. His brother helped him some time, and then taking him into deep water left him, with the words, "Now swim, or you will be drowned." So he had asked for faith and now he was placed so that he must live by faith. At first he was often troubled by doubts and apprehensions, but he received much encouragement.

A PRESENT OF A BARREL OF FLOUR
 One of the most remarkable of these encouraging tokens of God's love. One morning Mrs. Cole told him that she needed money to purchase a barrel of flour, but the major had to confess that he could not supply her, for he had not so much money in the world. He was troubled, and he could not rest. Then came the thought, "I am trusting God for the salvation of my soul, and can I not trust Him in this smaller matter?" He accordingly laid the case before God in prayer, and then went to fulfil an engagement to speak at a village seven miles from Chicago. The service over, he accepted an invitation to dine with a friend at a restaurant in the neighborhood. As he sat there dinner an acquaintance entered and put into his hand a card on which was written, "When you find the bottom of your flour barrel send me a postal card with your full address." Major Cole being made no mention of the incident of the morning, was curious to trace out the origin of this strange offer. He discovered that his acquaintance in the course of business held a large quantity of flour, and having been previously unsuccessful in debt, and having vowed before God that if he was ever able to pay his debts he would give up check gambling and consecrate a portion of his gains to the Lord, he was desirous of fulfilling his vow. As he thought the matter over, the name of Major Cole was pressed on his mind, and he was irresistibly impelled to offer this barrel of flour, though why he knew not. From that day to this Major Cole has committed his whole way to the Lord, and as he wrote in his pocketbook then, so now he has found the promise of Phil. 4:19 abundantly and faithfully kept.

WORK AS AN EVANGELIST
 Major Cole's work commenced in its public character in November, 1874, though he had previously on many occasions actively labored at revival services, especially those conducted by Major Whittle and Mr. P. Bliss. In that month he was at Molines, Ill., and there a blessed work of grace was witnessed. Four weeks were spent there and the popular newspapers bore testimony to the spirit of wonderful harmony and union prevailing and to a number of dissipated and reprobate characters reformed. Thence Major Cole went to Rockland, and afterward to Baraboo, Wis., at the latter-named place in connection with Mr. John V. Swell. In March of 1875 Major Cole went to Louisville, Ky., by invitation, where he labored with Major Whittle and Mr. P. P. Bliss in a long series of services with the most blessed results. Soon after the conclusion of these services Major Cole went to Europe, and held services in London, Liverpool, Londonderry (Ireland), Gloucester, Chester and other cities. An important feature in the English work was the children's services; those held at Bow Road Hall and at the Victoria Theatre, London, being especially successful. A congregation of from 9000 to 10,000 children was by no means an uncommon gathering, large numbers attended the inquirers' meetings, and many conversions took place. Messrs. Moody and Sankey were then laboring in England, and Mr. Moody urged Major Cole to commence work among the young men of Liverpool. In complying with this request Major Cole was abundantly blessed, and among the most interesting conversions recorded were those of young men who had fallen under the power of the intoxicating cup. The major could speak from his own sad experience to these men in a way that went to their hearts, and having trodden the same path could point them to the only sure way of escape.

SALVATION OF A SCOFFER.
 At one of Major Cole's meetings in Liverpool a Christian friend called the speaker's attention to the fact that a notorious scoffer was present, and Major Cole accordingly directed his remarks

pointedly toward that class of hearers, and at the conclusion of his address asked that the hymn commencing, "Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay," should be sung. It was done, and no sooner had the last note of the music died away than the scoffer was seen to rise. He said that he and his brother had attended these and other meetings for the avowed purpose of turning them into ridicule; they were both atheists. Their mother, he said, was a Christian. He was in great distress, but said he knew that for such as he there could be no hope. Conversation and prayer followed, and at length light broke in on his soul. His cry then was "Wonderful! wonderful! that Jesus should save me. It is a miracle, a miracle!" He then went out in all haste to search for his brother and try to bring him under the same influence.

At Glasgow a large meeting was held of Christian workers in connection with Major Cole's services, when many interesting testimonies were given. Among these was that of the Rev. Dr. Cairns, especially remarkable from the fact that the caution and moderation which are prominent characteristics of Scottish character are strongly developed in Dr. Cairns. He said he had felt great pleasure and thankfulness in being associated with Major Cole in Berwick, and he could say the same in behalf of the whole evangelistic committee of that town. No impression made during the whole period of religious awakening had been more interesting than those connected with Major Cole's visit. They had meetings which quite surpassed those held in any other place he had seen in the profound impression made by the singing and addresses.

Similar testimonies were given at Perth, York, and other places, and so urgent were the requests Major Cole received to continue his work, that he abandoned his long cherished desire to visit the continent of Europe, and spent all the time he had at his disposal in Great Britain. He returned to America amid the kindest wishes of his British friends, and their earnest prayers for his continued usefulness.

Since Major Cole's return he has conducted special services in many parts of the country, of which one of the most remarkable was that at Adrian, Mich., where he now resides. There the meetings were held in the Grand Opera House, which was crowded nightly by an audience of 1500 people, and as many more went away unable to obtain admission.

Major Cole in leaving Brooklyn carries with him the warmest regards of his many friends and larger numbers than are known have reason to bless God that he was led to visit the city. Dr. Talmage thus writes of his work: "I commend this evangelistic trio to all whom I may know. There is in their singing a pathos and power different from any music I ever heard. They are thoroughly consecrated to gospel work. They live the gospel as well as sing and preach it."

"WON'T SHE BE GLAD?"

THIS was Ned Trevor's exclamation when, with shaking hand, he affixed his name to an oblong piece of paper. The writing was not good by any means. Neither was the signature very legible. There were, moreover, several smudges. Yet for all this, when Ned surveyed his clumsy handiwork he could not help exclaiming, "Won't she be glad?"

Ned Trevor had signed the pledge.

A very tough customer had Ned proved. A long siege had he required. Though wept over, talked over, prayed over, and scolded, it all seemed in vain. Wife, master, friends, and benevolent strangers, had tried their best, and failed. But just when hope was dying out, and Ned was about to be given up as a hopeless case, he flourished the pen, dipped it into the ink, made some noble smudges, scrawled his name, and, almost in the same breath, said, "Won't she be glad?"

And he was right. Ned Trevor's wife was glad.

Now, when Ned uttered these words, several thoughts were flitting about in his mind. But as he is not sufficiently educated to express himself on paper, and since it would be a pity that his

thoughts should be lost to the world, I have volunteered to write them down for him.

Strongly, clearly, and in the foremost rank, there stood out this thought: "*What a bad time she has had of it lately!*" Bad tempers, small supplies, foul words, late hours, boots in bed, and a thousand other like inconveniences—to put it mildly—made up the picture which was photographed on Ned's brain, when he thought of the "bad time" his wife had had. He hadn't treated her at all as a true and lawful husband should. When he didn't ignore her, he would treat her as a sort of slave, or beast of burden. How the drink soured him, to be sure.

Then, alongside of this thought, there was this other one: "*What a good time she'll have now!*" What the beer had done, total abstinence would undo, of course. He didn't need any arguments to prove that if he kept the beer out, he would be able to keep in the sunshine. It was as clear as daylight, that by taking away the charge, the gun could not go off. It was only a thought, no doubt. A rosy flash, that was all. But he was sure of the truth, nevertheless, that his wife would be the very first who would feel the good effects of his temperance pledge. She would have as good a time now as hitherto she had had a bad one.

Then, there was a vague, misty, ill-defined sense of the help she would be to him, floating about in Ned's mind. He would find no opponent in her. She would put no temptation in his path. There would be no clinging to her own half-pint. By sympathy, by active assistance, by example, by the brightness of the home, by prayer, Ned's wife would strive to keep open the precious spring from which her home gladness was to flow. Ned knew his wife well enough to be certain she would never destroy by any neglect or carelessness the gladness her husband's abstinence would give her.

I think there was peeping out of Ned's brain this thought too, in connection with his expression, "Won't she be glad?"—"What a glad time I shall have." With the wife all smiles, it would be strange if he didn't smile too. Smiles beget smiles, especially the smiles of one's wife, and especially when the smiles have been in the past infrequent and rare. And then, to think that it was by an action of yours that the smiles were created! Who wouldn't smile under such circumstances as these? Surely there are no moments in life so sunny and radiant as those in which by some step in the right direction, you chased away the frowns and gloom, and called up a smile on another's face. To give pleasure is to receive pleasure.

I don't think I am mistaken, but I think there was another thought still in Ned Trevor's mind—"I'll take good care she remains glad." Her happiness should be something more than a flash, a momentary thing. As far as he was concerned, it should last. She should never have cause for weeping on his account. He would keep sober. He would continue to give the public-house a wide berth. He would never again touch the misery-making stuff. His pledge should not be a temporary thing, and merely for the sake of a little breathing time. It should be a lasting resolution. God helping him, he would keep on being a teetotaler, and so keep the wife's smiles ever going.

I should like now to give Ned Trevor one of my own thoughts.

You seem, Ned, to be very delighted at the thought of making your wife glad, and I honor you for it. But I know something that will make her more glad than ever. Only give up the old life altogether, and accept the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will make her heart dance for gladness. Let her see you a saved man through the precious blood of the Redeemer, and she will want no higher joy on earth. She is glad of your total abstinence, because she hopes it will prove to be a step to the salvation of your soul.

Then, not only will she be glad, but the angels of God will be glad too. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

And don't you think the blessed Lord will be more glad than all?

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

EASTER MORNING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning,
April 9, 1882.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—
MATT. 28: 6.

The Grave of a King—Its Surroundings—A Beautiful Place in which to Await Resurrection—The Process of Embalming—The Funeral Ceremony—A Fight at the Door of the Tomb—Its Issue the Fate of all Cemeteries—The Shattered Tomb—A Dying Christian's Vision of the Letter V—I. A Splendid Tomb no Atonement for Wrong—Reflections in Poets' Corner—Mortuary Honors to our own Statesmen—II. Floral Tributes Appropriate to Death—III. The Dignity of Unpretending Obsequies—Crape instead of Bread—IV. You cannot Keep the Dead Down—Certain Resurrection—A Score of Resurrections.

VISITING any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt, and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case, it is a matter of public interest; in the other, it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around

THE GRAVE

at which we halt this morning, there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there was buried a King, a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court room, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological.

I walk a little farther on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway an architecture of fruits and flowers chiselled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico and on either side there are rooms, two, or four, or six rooms of rock; in the walls, niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and a charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of that parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and His body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision

was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt of nitre and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalment. But I think in this case embalment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot.

THE FUNERAL

advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who bought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into *the only pleasant resting place it ever had*. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples will steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States Government, or of the British Government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb,

A FIGHT

took place which decided the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left His mortuary attire behind Him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook Him for a gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

"O weep no more, your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again."

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky

THE LETTER "V"

and he said: "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said: "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for 'victory.'" I gather up all these flowers to-day, and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "Heaven." "The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

I. While standing around the place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that *mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living*. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulchre they could have afforded Him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ. If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable, the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave Him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after He was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub Street.

I go into that *Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey* and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear to-day, as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel I cannot forget the fact that his fellow-musicians tried to destroy him with their discords. I go a little further

in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors, but cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune and that he made a contract for a thousand *verses, sixpence a line*. I go a little further on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors. Where did he die in a garret.

I move further on in the Poets' Corner and find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If its length be no virtue, it has none." I go a little further on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poet! Sheridan! Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted the monument for a mouthful of something to eat!

O, unfilial children, give your old parents *le tombstone and more blankets*, less funeral and more bedroom. Five per cent of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the drudgery of an exciseman.

Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while he lived—going out to his tomb was followed by the President of the United States and the leading men of the army and the navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived, all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts is trying to-day at the tomb of Charles Sumner, to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. It is too late. The costly monument at Springfield, Illinois, cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between \$200,000 and \$300,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield.

DO JUSTICE TO THE LIVING.

All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession, or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite, or to read the words of epitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarian cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

II. Again: Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate to the places of the dead. We are all glad that the short time of the Saviour's inhumation

HE LAY AMID FLOWERS

and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where amid the announcements of obsequies the friends request "send flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If you means allow—I repeat if your means allow—there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the bier, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in the parterre, Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum do what they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of the country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is aslant and the mound is caving in, and the grass is the pasture ground for the settler's cattle. Are your father and mother of so little account you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straighten up the fence and lift the slab, and ba-

p the mound, and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs.

After a while, you yourself will want to lie down the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no reference for your bones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

III. Standing in this place where the Lord lay, am also impressed with

THE DIGNITY OF UNPRETENDING OBSEQUIES.

Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means, or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles,asket of costly wood, pall bearers scarfed and loved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance and remembers there are two more than He had at His obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

IV. Again; standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that

YOU CANNOT KEEP THE DEAD DOWN.

The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up He must. Came out and came up He did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the boulders of the mountains you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic Ocean, we will rise to the surface.

Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one: Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulchre, Garden of the Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers have been brought by the rich and brought by the poor, brought by all classes of people. Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection,

A SCORE OF RESURRECTIONS.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the Gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good will. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave

forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more."

HOW I TRIED TO EARN MONEY.

(See Illustration on page 237.)

"DID I do wrong when I married?" How often I have asked myself the question! My wife is one of the best of women, and it was not because I did not love her that in the time I am writing of, I felt occasionally a regret that we had ever met. No woman could have loved a man better than she loves me; no man could have had a more tender, a more devoted wife. It was because our love was so strong, so unselfish that I writhed under the trouble that oppressed me.

We were married in 1856, and settled in a city in a Western State. I was employed in a confidential position, and my employers had a high opinion of my capacity and my industry. They were Christian men, not wealthy, but keen business men, ever ready to undertake any enterprise that had in it a promise of profit. Their business was run on strict business principles; they paid every one of their employes his full market value, and they expected of each an equitable return of labor. They were not hard men, but they were not sympathetic men. I had, however, a great respect for them, and was proud of their confidence. They opened a branch office in another city in 1856, and they placed me in charge of it, and gave me an increase of salary. I was then earning sufficient to support a wife, and I had saved enough to furnish a small house. I remember well the joy that filled my heart as I walked away from the office on the day I received my new appointment, and went straight to the home of the girl I had loved from childhood.

She was one of a large family, and I knew well that beyond some linen for household use and her own clothing, her father could give her nothing. But I was young and strong, and we were both frugal in our habits and I was sure we could "make both ends meet." I found my betrothed's father, told him of the improvement in my position, and begged his consent to our marriage. He heard me quietly, and after asking a few questions, agreed that after I had taken and furnished a modest home, we should be married. That was pleasant work—the fitting up a nest for my little bird, as I used to call her. When it was complete she and her father and mother came to see it and were delighted, and a month later we were married.

The first year of our married life was very happy. We saved a little money for a rainy day, and looked forward to the future with light hearts. God gave us a child, the dearest little girl, we thought, that ever brightened a home, and we were full of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all His mercies. Another year passed, and at its close we found that every cent I had earned and all the little hoard had been swept away. It had been saved for a rainy day, and the rain had come and melted it. My wife had been seriously ill. Medical expenses had taken much, and I had been obliged to employ a woman to nurse my wife and manage the house, and, though it had not been so comfortable as when my wife performed the duty, it had cost twice as much as then. But we looked forward hopefully to the future, and were especially thankful that the threatened life had been preserved.

It was at the end of the fifth year of our married life that the pinch really came. Family expenses had increased; the cost of clothing and educating our children, increased now both in size and number, had pressed heavily upon us, and we were in debt. I had seen my wife toiling all day like a slave to keep the house clean and neat, for we could not afford help, and then when the poor creature was so tired she could scarcely sit up—

right, she brought out her work-basket and stitched and patched and darned far into the night. Oh! it was hard to watch her weary looks and know that I could give her no relief.

One night I could bear it no longer, and wrote to my employers to ask for an increase of remuneration. The business was increasing under my management, and I was doing as much work as two men. The reply was disappointing. They admitted that my lot was a hard one, but they could not admit that they were responsible for it. They said they conducted their business on "business principles," and never paid more than market value for labor. And they hinted that if the remuneration was insufficient I had better resign, as they had an unmarried man who would take my place thankfully at the same salary. I could not dispute the justice of their mode of stating the case, but, oh, how I wished they would have helped me, if only for my wife's sake.

Then temptation came. Of course I could not resign my position, for we were living from hand to mouth, and had nothing to support us while I might be without employment. But I might do more work. An unscrupulous man lived near us, who had received no education, but had been able to work up a considerable business. He knew nothing of book-keeping, and I had occasionally in a friendly way, helped him in a difficulty. He now proposed to me that I should go to his office every Sunday and post up his accounts for the week. He was in a distant city, and he wrote from there making the offer, proposing liberal remuneration and begging me to write my reply.

I shall never forget my struggle with my conscience that day. But I conquered; my conscience was at last silent, thought not at ease, and when I went home I sat down to write, accepting the proposal. My wife's pallid looks gave me fresh nerve, and I began my letter. I had so far overcome my scruples as to regard the offer as a piece of good fortune, and as such I told my wife of it. But she saw no good fortune in it. She was horror-stricken. *Laying her hand on my arm*, and looking sorrowfully into my face, she begged me not to entertain "such a wicked scheme." No good, she said, could come of breaking God's law. But my resolution was taken, and *in spite of her protest* the letter was written and sent, and I entered on my duties.

The money I gained certainly helped us, but my wife's spirits drooped and I cannot describe the unutterable weariness of the ceaseless round of labor. During the two years that I worked seven days in the week, I aged ten years, and at the end I fell sick. For a long time my life was despaired of, and the physicians said the unrelaxed strain had put me in serious peril. My conscience too smote me as I lay hovering between life and death, and I knew that if I died my soul would be lost. But through God's goodness I recovered, and as I left my sick bed my first act was to relinquish my Sunday work. I knew not how I should earn my livelihood, but I was resolved that come what would, there should be no more Sabbath-breaking.

Before I had wholly recovered, one of my employers came to see me. His kindness was a surprise, and he had nothing to say about "business principles," which surprised me still more. He came to congratulate me on prolonged life and to offer me the increased salary for which I had asked two years before. The firm had employed, while I had been ill, the unmarried man of whom they had written before, and he had defrauded them of a large sum of money and spent it in dissipation. They now were in a condition to appreciate honest service, and having ascertained the cause of my illness and how my difficulties had led to sin and sickness, they had come to the conclusion that business principles might advantageously be subordinated to some better rule of life and they accordingly offered me a salary larger even than I had asked for. Some years have passed since then, and I have prospered, but even if adversity came I should never be tempted again to commit sin for the sake of gain. I never forget how my wife's warning was fulfilled, "No good could come of breaking God's law."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 215.)

Mrs. Rossiter in Camp—Father Murphy Requires Her to Testify Against Her Son—Her Evidence—A Voluntary Witness—An Eavesdropper—His Fatal Testimony.

MRS. ROSSITER—like her neighbors—had been attracted from her home to the camp by the glad news, which had travelled far and wide, that the holy war for native land and Mother Church had been triumphant, under the leadership of her parish priest, Father John Murphy. It was the duty, she felt, of every woman who accounted herself a mother in Israel to support the bold Churchman, who had so miraculously faced disciplined English soldiers with untrained men, and had wrested from them the prize of victory.

"Shure the best we have is his due," she said. "He has proved himself the chosen vessel of the Lord; and the least that we can do is to lay at his feet our willing offerings."

She and a dozen of her neighbors having set out in company from their homes, had come with their gifts an hour before Miles's arrest; and hence Father John was aware of her presence in the camp at the time when he charged Miles with infidelity and apostasy, and had clear demonstration of her complete devotedness to him.

Pressing her way through the crowd around Father John, and aided in this by the man who had come for her, it was not long before she stood upon the cleared space, in front of the chiefs in session, and, in sudden and breathless terror, saw Miles in the grasp of the two powerful men who still firmly held him.

She had not set eyes on her son for several days before this, and had been full of anxiety about him. Giving forth a cry of mingled joy and startled fear, she made towards him.

Rising from his seat and stretching forth his hand, Father John imperiously motioned her back, and forbade her to advance a step further. "Honor Rossiter," he said, "your intention is affectionate and natural. The impulse of a mother is to embrace her child—but, forbear! The curse of God is upon that young man—and to touch him would be pollution."

"The cause we have taken up, as having for its object the uprooting of all heresy and schism in the land, is the cause of God's Holy and Apostolic Church, and the promise of Christ is 'The gates of hell shall never prevail against her.' The truth of this assurance we have proved, Honor Rossiter. Our enemies have been as chaff before wind, and as the stubble before the devouring flame."

"But there has been a strange and sudden change in the tide of victory. A disastrous reverse has befallen us; our men, who once fought like lions, this morning fled like hares. The brave, who stood their ground disdaining to fly, have met a sanguinary death. The wail of widows and of orphans is heard in our midst. The shout of victory is hushed in the sleep of death; and how has this come to pass, think you, Honor Rossiter?"

"Has God become unmindful of His pledged word? Has He deceived us by assurance He did not mean to keep? No, it is impossible that He should lie! The solution of the mystery is this: there is an Achan in our camp, a blighting, pestilent Achan, and there he is—your apostate son, Miles Rossiter," and with arm outstretched he pointed towards him.

"Again I deny it," exclaimed Miles, "I protest I am no apostate, and I challenge you to the proof!"

"You must not disturb the proceedings of the court, young man," responded the president; "it cannot be allowed; but since you have repeated your language, I will also repeat mine. The proof of what I say is easy, and your subterfuge will not avail you. Will the testimony of your own mother, young man, be sufficient to refute and confound you?" asked Father John, raising his voice, but speaking with a cool and stern deliberation. "I had hoped to be able to spare her the dreadful ordeal, but in your unfilial wickedness you seem bent upon forcing upon her this agony. Confess

at once your guilt, Miles Rossiter, and spare your mother this suffering."

"I cannot confess," answered Miles; "not, Heaven knows, that I have no sins to answer for, and for which Christ the only Mediator and Advocate will atone and obtain forgiveness, but I am free of the guilt with which you charge me."

"O perverse child of the Evil One," said the fanatic priest, "why do you persist in your contumacy, and why do you compel me to put a burden upon your poor mother which she will find it hard to bear? But I know that seeing what I do is only a last resort when all other methods fail, she will not be recreant to duty," said Father John, looking approvingly upon her. "Honor Rossiter, as a true Catholic and a faithful daughter of the Church and as one who feels bound to submit to the will of her spiritual guide and director without yielding to the weaknesses of a mother's love, answer, as before God, the questions I will now put to you."

Miles's mother, anticipating in her thoughts the nature of the inquiries about to be addressed to her, with bloodless lip and blanched cheeks, and eyes that spoke unutterable entreaty, looked at Father John for pity and release, but he was inexorable.

"Honor Rossiter," said Father John, "did this wretched son of yours, Miles Rossiter, ever say in your hearing 'That the Holy Roman Church was in corruption and error, has fallen from God's light and truth, and has, in fact, become no true Church of Christ at all.' Answer, I charge you, as you will have to answer for your soul at the last day, without favor or fear."

Amid the breathless and trembling silence of hundreds around her, the heart-broken Mrs. Rossiter had to admit that words like these had fallen from Miles.

"You have heard her answer," said Father John, glancing first at the surrounding multitude, and then turning a fuller look upon the chiefs beside him.

"Thank you for your fidelity," he said, again addressing Mrs. Rossiter. "You have replied fearlessly and well; but I am sorry that it will be necessary to ask you another question. Did Miles Rossiter, your son, ever say, in your presence, that the priestly office—the office to which he was dedicated in early years, and by you his mother—was a superstition, a spiritual tyranny, and a cheat?"

Mrs. Rossiter gave a faint and husky affirmative, and then, sinking into a dead swoon, she fell as one lifeless to the ground.

Miles made a rush and tried to shake off the grasp of those who held him, that he might speed to his mother's assistance, but the men who held him were on their guard and powerful, and he could not get free. He begged and entreated for a few minutes' indulgence, but Father John warned the two men who held Miles to be firm to their duty—so that agitated and burning with indignation, he had to submit to his rough-handed arrest, and merely look on while others administered that help to his mother which he wished to minister.

Notwithstanding many efforts at resuscitation, Mrs. Rossiter remained in a state of complete unconsciousness. Her eyes were closed, her face was ashy pale, her pulse ceased, and even her heart was scarcely felt to beat. Some, indeed, believed that she was certainly dying, while not a few pronounced her already dead.

This was Miles's own conviction, as, from a little distance, he caught sight of her through an opening made by the crowd for fresh air to reach her.

His eyes flashed fury, and raising his voice aloud, he cried out: "Father Murphy, you have killed my mother. You may call your work this day rightful and religious, but I call it foul murder; and I pray Heaven to avenge your crime!"

Several, indignant at this speech, were meditating immediate violence upon Miles, but Father John restrained them. "Don't rob justice of her victim," he said, "He will soon come under her power, for his fate is sealed. But mark the fellow's perversity and lies."

"All here will bear me witness that I pleaded with him not to impose a task upon his mother which I feared she could not bear; but in his in-

difference and hardness of heart he would have he speak, though he knew it would be agony. It was because of his stubbornness and disingenuousness that I had to put my inquiries to this poor woman I could not help myself; I was but the innocent occasion of the questions, however; he was the depraved and efficient cause of them. And yet ignoring this, this black-hearted apostate, when his mother dies under the pain which he himself inflicted, has the audacity to seek to fasten upon me his unnatural crime."

Miles then, in his own powerful style, gave a description of the condition of Catholicism in ante-revolutionary France, and declared that his revulsion of soul from all this lying legend and spiritual corruption and death was very remote indeed from apostasy.

He spoke, for the most part, to men whose minds were prejudiced against him, and yet truth is so powerful that even such minds cannot wholly resist it; and Father John had the sagacity and the mortification to see that his theory of there being a heaven-cursed Achan in the camp, and that Miles was that Achan, and that, as such, in order to propitiate Heaven, he should be immolated, was fast becoming, in the thoughts of those about him a very doubtful proposition. Even Miles himself was getting hopeful to escape the doom that threatened him; but he was not to live. Inexorable death was not to be disappointed of its prey.

A discussion was being carried on by a group of men, not far from where Father John sat in judgment, some giving it as their opinion that the charge of blasphemy and apostasy brought against Miles had failed, and others contending that it was fully established, when a man of lithe build, dark eyes and black hair—a thorough Celt—stepped out from the crowd, and stood between Miles and the chiefs in session, and asked to be allowed to make a statement.

"Certainly, Barty McCann," said the president priest. "That is, if what you have to say has to do with the case before us, which I take for granted it has, from your intelligence."

"Yis, your riverence. I think you will say what I have to swear agin this man has to do, and that a grate dale, wid the business on han," replied Barty, making a bow. "Indeed, if I ain't very much mistaken, it'll put the finish on it."

"Then proceed with your evidence," said Father John. "I'll not say, mind and speak the truth, Barty, for I'm certain you'll keep to it."

"I thank yer riverence fur yer good opinion o' me," answered Barty, making another low bow, "and it'll be me ondeavor both now and iver to deserve it."

"I don't think this man," said he, turning round and looking sharp at Miles, "I don't think this man will deny, that last evenin' when it was gettin' dusk he left the camp alone and thravell'd it to farmer Dunn's dwellin'. It makes, however, no difference whether he admits it or not," he added, "fur I swear that wid me own two eyes I seen him, yer riverence, fur I thracked him."

"Yes," answered Miles, "what you intimate so far is quite true. I did go from the camp last evening, and to where you say. I had a private reason for it, but what is there in that to condemn me? As an officer it was my privilege to go if I chose."

"Oh! you'll soon see what it has to do with it," replied Barty, with a self-confident air, "p'raps a grate dale sooner indeed than ye'll like, me man. But never mind, now, only answer me another question."

"In Mr. Dunn's house, and in his little parlor in the right hand gable, did ye, or did ye not, howld a long meetin' wid the woman whose life we give back over there?" and Barty pointed toward the spot where Sylph had knelt asking to die with Captain Vaughan.

Miles's cheeks flushed a little at the mention of his interview with Sylph, but he did not see how his visit to her, prompted by love, could compromise his safety, so he answered, "It is mean, and besides, a breach of discipline for any man in the ranks to pry in this way, and dog the movements of an officer, but it makes no matter in my case. I admit that I was for some time in the company of the lady that has been referred to," said Miles,

'and to show how innocent our meeting was, it was held in a room with the window open."

"Exactly so," remarked Barty, with a spiteful curl of the lip, "exactly so. The window, shure enough, was open. From what tuk place here the mornin' afore this wan—prisoners, that ought to lie, gittin' off through this man's schemin'—I kep' ne eye on 'im, yer riv'rance. Hidin' from view behind walls and hedges, yer riv'rance, I followed him from the camp to Mr. Dunn's house, and I seen him, from the bottom uv a dhry ditch in a field nigh hand to the house, yer riv'rance, enther he parlier that I was just now tellin' ye of. I seen him and the lady in close chat, she sittin' and him standin' right agin the winder, and they war talkin' and talkin', yer riv'rance; their tongues goin' at it fast as two flails thrashin' out the corn."

"Sez I to meself, 'there's sum goin's on there that's not altogether right and square, and, bedad, sez I, I'll know about it.' So, yer riv'rance, I crep' along the bottom o' the ditch, on me face and han's, and round be a hedge that turned up forinist wan side o' the house, and from that I crep on into a little garden, and keepin' out o' sight behind sum flower bushes, I got on to the gable end o' Mr. Dunn's house—the wan, ye undherstand, this man has confess'd to. And, I lay me down on dher the open winder. That has been owned to, as ye'll mind, and h'ard every word that passed between this man and the heretic woman."

(To be continued.)

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

S. S. Lesson for April 23, Mark 6:45-56. Golden Texts, Matt. 8:27; Is. 43:2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord Jesus, although He allowed the interruption of His proposed scheme of rest for His disciples, did not therefore dispense with it. No sooner were the twelve baskets of fragments gathered up from the miraculous feeding of the multitude, than "He constrained His disciples to get into the ship . . . while He sent away the people." One might have thought that such a simple service as the sending away of the people might easily have devolved upon the disciples; but Jesus knew better than they did how to recruit exhausted strength, and moreover He had a power over the multitude which they had not. Those who have had experience know well that an undisciplined throng of hearers is no easy thing to manage; and special dangers accompany the gathering of many together. A sudden panic, a rush from one side, and many may be crushed or injured, or a spirit of insubordination, and untold mischief may arise. But those whose minds are stayed on God know His mighty power to control a multitude, however vast, and only seek to bring them under thorough faith in God.

"When He had sent them away, He departed into a mountain to pray." As man, our beloved Lord was as consciously powerless as any of us can be. He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear, I judge" (John 5:30); thus we see Him taking much time to *hear* His Father's will, that He might do it. This was His refreshing both of soul and body. O how it lifts us above all possibility of fear as well as all possibility of failure, when we are quite sure of the will of God! We know that He must deny Himself and be untrue to Himself if He called us to do or to endure anything for which He did not give us the needed strength and grace; therefore we can count absolutely upon Him in the most impossible circumstances, provided only that we are

SURE ABOUT HIS WILL.

"How are we to be sure?" is the question which meets us on every hand. How was Jesus sure? He took pains to ascertain His Father's will; He spent much time in prayer, even when He had the most to do. "But," you say, "I do pray constantly for guidance." Perhaps when you pray, you rack your own brain to get an answer, look over your circumstances, make an inventory of the possibilities and probabilities, until you weary yourself to find the door, like the men of Sodom who were struck with blindness. And all this comes from want of confidence in God. If you were quite real in asking Him to show you your way,

you would be quite calm and not try at all to find it out yourself; you would only renounce your own choice about it, and then wait quietly for an indication of His will. "But suppose it does not come in time, and a thing must be decided?" Then let man's "must" give way to God's "must." Man says you must decide; God says, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye" (Ps. 32:8). Does not this imply, "Thou must not go forward without guidance?"

"And when the even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and He alone on the land." The day was far spent when the question had arisen about the feeding of the multitude. It is not likely that this or the sending them away could have occupied less than two or three hours; for, counting women and children, there must have been about a thousand persons served by each of the twelve apostles. Thus the Lord Jesus continued most of the night in prayer while the disciples were in the ship in the midst of the lake. We have seen already how quick was the hearing of Jesus in response to a disciple's cry. Now we see that His sight was equally quick. He saw them toiling in rowing although they were not near the shore but far out "in the midst of the sea," and "the wind was contrary unto them."

We all know something of contrary winds, of the temptation to say with old Jacob, "All these things are against me." But while the winds were thus against the disciples, Jesus was praying. He who had once before stilled the winds and the waves, was even now pleading their cause, but they knew it not. Do we know it? Does it take off the edge of trial to know that He is keeping His hand upon the mainspring, and that nothing happens without His leave? Are we really calm under all circumstances, because we know that He careth for us? "About the fourth watch of the night He cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them." A cry from the disciples stopped His progress; alas it was not a cry of recognition, but of fear, "they all saw Him, and were troubled." What is this?

TROUBLED AT THE SIGHT OF JESUS!

Yes, there was a reason for it which we shall find out just now. "Immediately He talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Even now they were not fully satisfied, though the presence of Jesus was there, though they heard His voice they continued troubled. "He went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased." But instead of being overwhelmed with love and adoration toward Him, "they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered."

What was the cause of it? "They considered not the miracle of the loaves; for their heart was hardened." They had looked upon the multiplying of the bread and fish upon the mountain as an exception, a special intervention of the Lord's power, which they could not expect to see exerted at all times on their behalf; and this was what grieved Jesus and brought them into such hardness of heart. They had not learned that the only hindrance to the exercise of God's power at any time on behalf of His children is simple unbelief. Why were not all the widows in Israel succored in the time of Elijah? Why was only the widow of Sarepta nourished? "Because of their unbelief." Why was the man at the pool of Bethesda the only one healed out of the many sick who lay there, when the great Healer was at hand. O it was nothing else but, "because of their unbelief." How little do we understand our God! How often do we just miss marvellous deliverances! How often should we see the arm of our God made bare, if we looked upon every difficulty simply as an opportunity for Him to manifest His power!

Peter appears to be the only one of the disciples who did battle with his unbelief; he said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." And he said, "Come." It was warrant enough for Peter: "He walked on the water, to go to Jesus." Water becomes solid ground, and impossibility becomes possible when Jesus says to us, "Come." All our life ought to be, and may

be, just a walking, step by step, upon the water, wherever Jesus bids. We are called constantly to be supernatural, and to do supernatural things. To deny ourselves, to love our enemies, to rejoice in tribulation, to turn men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God; all this is supernatural. But when Peter "saw the wind boisterous he was afraid." Had he forgotten the storm on the lake, when Jesus had arisen from His sleep and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, "Peace be still"? Alas! Peter's faith was not sufficient for the emergency; no sooner was his eye on the winds and waves, than the sea ceased to bear his weight, "and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me." And Jesus did save him. But it would have been more to the glory of God if Peter had continued to have confidence, and continued to walk on the water. When the Lord Jesus stretched out His hand and caught him He said unto him, "O thou of little faith, whereof didst thou doubt?" (Matt. 14:28-31). How unlike His words to the centurion and the Syrophenician woman! It was only on Peter's return with the Lord to the ship that the disciples knew that it was He; then they "worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God."

How strange that again and again the disciples knew not Jesus; here on the lake, on the way to Emmaus, and on the evening of the resurrection; and yet the multitude who were looking for blessing and succor at His hands knew Him as soon as they had landed on the shore of Gennesaret! Disciples have preconceived notions about Jesus, whereas the poor and needy know only what He has done for others, and what He is able to do for them. "They ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard He was." They would do anything to bring the sufferers in

CONTACT WITH JESUS.

God give us the like zeal in bringing souls and bodies in contact with His mighty power! O how terribly indifferent we are for the most part, how easily discouraged! The mighty One, who was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil, is close at hand to deliver; they know it not, we know it, and yet keep silence because we count upon their unbelief instead of counting upon the power of the Holy Ghost to overcome that unbelief. O God deliver us from this blood-guiltiness! This people of Gennesaret were wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that the strangest scenes were to be witnessed; streets lined with beds and chairs, wagons bringing in sick people from the outlying farmhouses, it was like a great out-door hospital. The numbers seem to have been too many for anything like an individual undertaking of their case, but they all besought one privilege, "that they might touch, if it were but the border of His garment; and as many as touched Him were made whole." Contact with Jesus was the one thing they needed, and this and this alone can bring life and healing, strength and rest, to the sick, the oppressed, the tempted, and the unsaved ones who are everywhere around us.

The Total Abstainer as a Good Samaritan.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, thus writes in the current number of the *Watchword*: "And it came to pass as a certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave, he fell among saloon-keepers, who robbed him of his money, ruined his good name, destroyed his reason, and then kicked him out worse than dead. A moderate drinker came that way, and when he saw him he said: 'He is but a dog; they served him right. Let him die; he is a curse to his family.' And also a license-voter came that way, and when he saw him he said: 'The brute! Put a ball and chain on his leg and work him on the street.' And a fanatic teetotaler came that way, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and raised him up, assisted him to his home, and ministered to his wants and to the wants of his family; got him to sign the pledge, and started him on his journey in comfort and happiness. Whom, think you, was the greater friend to humanity—the saloon-keepers, the moderate drinker, the license-voter, or the fanatic teetotaler?"



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

President Arthur sent to the Senate on Tuesday, April 4th, a message vetoing the Chinese Bill. The President, in explaining his motives for his action, reviews the negotiations which led to a modification of the Burlingame Treaty and calls attention to the clause which requires that any limitation or suspension of immigration shall be reasonable. On this point the President said: "The examination which I have made of the treaty and of the declarations which its negotiations have left on record of the meaning of its language, leaves no doubt in my mind that neither contracting party in concluding the treaty of 1880 contemplated the passage of an act prohibiting immigration for twenty years, which is nearly a generation, or thought that such a period would be a reasonable suspension or limitation. I regard this provision of the act as a *breach of our national faith*, and being unable to bring myself in harmony with the views of Congress on this vital point the honor of the country constrains me to return the act with this objection to its passage." The President also considered the bill contrary to good policy, as well as a breach of faith, and suggested that a suspension of Chinese immigration for a shorter period might be tried as an experiment. An attempt was made to pass the bill over the President's veto, but it failed, the requisite two thirds not having voted in the affirmative. The vote was, yeas, 29; nays, 21.

The Reorganization of the Cabinet was Completed on Thursday, April 6th, by the list of nominations sent by the President to the Senate. Among them was that of Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, to be Secretary of the Interior in place of Mr. Kirkwood, and that of Mr. William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, to be Secretary of the Navy instead of Mr. William H. Hunt. Senator Teller's nomination was taken up without reference, and immediately confirmed. Mr. Teller is fifty-two years of age, having been born in Allegheny Co., New York, in 1830. He removed to Colorado in 1861, and when in 1876 Colorado was admitted to the Union, Mr. Teller was its first Senator. He was originally a Democrat, but since

1853 he has been in the Republican party. He is chiefly known in Congress by his persistent advocacy of the silver coinage. Mr. Teller figured in 1880 as an advocate of the third term. Mr. Teller is not regarded as a friend of the Indians, and is reported as having expressed the conviction that they have already received more kindness from the Government than they deserve. By these changes the South loses the only representative it had in the cabinet. Mr. W. H. Hunt, of Louisiana, whom President Garfield called to his cabinet in the interest of the South, is now nominated by President Arthur to be Minister to Russia.

Mr. William E. Chandler, whom the President nominated for Secretary of the Navy, is forty-seven years of age. He was born at Concord, N. H., and studied at Harvard. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1862, and was twice chosen Speaker of the House. President Lincoln in 1865 appointed him Judge Advocate-General for the Navy Department, and subsequently he was made First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. During the campaigns of 1868, 1872, and 1876 he was Secretary of the National Republican Committee. In 1877 he wrote several public letters criticizing President Hayes's action in regard to the South Carolina and Louisiana Governments. At the Chicago Convention in 1880 he supported Mr. Blaine, but voted for Garfield on the last ballot. In March, 1881, he was nominated for Solicitor-General, but his confirmation was defeated by Attorney-General MacVeagh, Senator Cameron, and all the Democratic Senators. The nomination of a friend of Mr. Blaine's for a cabinet position has occasioned much comment.

The Southern Floods Still give Cause for serious anxiety. An Associated Press telegram from New Orleans states that the water has moved southward with such fearful rapidity that the sugar is threatened with as much destruction as has afflicted the northern portion of the State. The Government commissioners have telegraphed to Secretary Lincoln that calls for relief come to them much more quickly than they expected, also that they must in consequence apply for 400,000 rations. They also state that they may be compelled to ask for still further aid, although the water is slowly receding in the northern part of the State. A report from Morgan City, La., says, under date of April 5th: "During the past twenty-four hours the water has risen two and a half inches, and it is now over the steamboat wharf. There is no land in sight, except the old war fortifications, upon which the few cattle left have taken refuge. From the Ricohoc plantation, six miles above Pattersonville, *one vast sheet of water* is over nearly every inch of the ground to the Gulf of Mexico. The business houses here are nearly all closed. The water in the town ranges from two to eleven feet.

Mr. Sawyer's Services in the Hall of Cooper Union are still conducted with success on Sunday evenings. It is estimated that there is a general attendance of over three thousand persons. Inquirers' meetings are held after the service in the Annex Hall, which is crowded by earnest seekers. Every Tuesday evening Mr. Sawyer holds a service of song, and on Friday a Gospel Temperance service, both of which have been used of God to the salvation of souls and the reclamation of many abandoned characters. The prayers of Christians are desired that the work may continue to enjoy God's blessing.

The Mass Meeting held at Cooper Union New York, on April 3d, to demand the release of the Irish-Americans imprisoned by the British Government, was of a most enthusiastic character. The vast building was crowded almost to suffocation, and a large assembly gathered in the open space between the Cooper Union and the Bible House to listen to addresses by well-known speakers. The speeches were chiefly of a denunciatory character, and President Arthur and Mr. Lowell, our Minister at the British Court, were severely blamed. Various schemes were advocated to effect the release of the naturalized men. Congressman Robinson, who openly advised *the burning of London*, and General Roger A. Pryor, who suggested that *British citizens resident in this country should be "locked up for an equal length*

of time," were among the speakers. It was noticeable, however, that no attempt was made to show that the men imprisoned were worthy of being made the cause of an undertaking so gigantic as that of war with England. This is the more remarkable because it is claimed by friends of the administration that some of the suspects hold bogus papers of naturalization, purchased in London, while others have merely resided here long enough to obtain papers and have then returned to Ireland to assist in the cowardly assassinations and cattle mutilations ordered by the Land League. We cannot expect the British Government to allow naturalized American citizens to break British law with impunity any more than we would allow British subjects here to break our laws. It is now twenty years since Mr. Seward wrote to the British Government claiming our right to arbitrarily arrest British subjects when the interests of our Government demanded it. This is precisely what has been done in Ireland.

The Suicide of Mr. Cornelius J. Vanderbilt at his hotel in New York on Sunday, April 2d, caused much surprise among his friends and acquaintances. It was said that for the first time in his life his affairs were so straightened out as to leave him free from anxiety on the score of property. His protracted suit with his brother, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, had resulted in the acquisition of a considerable sum of money, part of which was placed in trust. This, with the sum of \$200,000 left him by his father, which was also in trust, yielded an annual income of \$35,000. It was asserted by his intimate friends that during the few days prior to his suicide he had experienced a return of his youthful passion for gambling, which had already so disastrously affected his prospects, and that the night before he killed himself he spent in a gambling resort, losing heavily. It is not extraordinary that such a life as his had such an ending.

An Unusual Spectacle was Witnessed in a Jewish synagogue in New York last Sunday. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation of which Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., is rector, was destroyed by fire recently. Immediately after the fire Dr. Gottheil, the rabbi of the beautiful Jewish Temple Emanu-El, on Fifth Avenue, waited on Dr. Brooks, and in the kindest and most courteous manner possible placed the building at his disposal for the Sunday services. The members of Dr. Brooks' congregation had intended hiring a concert hall or theatre for meeting until their church could be rebuilt, but when Dr. Gottheil's offer was made known, it was unanimously resolved to accept it. Many Hebrews were present at the Sunday service, and at those held during Passion week. To thoughtful minds the scene and the associations it called up were very impressive, and we may hope that some of those Jewish friends who heard the gospel of "the Nazarene" proclaimed within those walls might be moved by the Holy Spirit to recognize in Jesus the Messiah of whom their own prophets wrote.

The Record of Services Performed by the Working Women's Protective Union of New York, shows how much good may be done by energetic disinterested effort. The chairman at the recent annual meeting of the Union said that it was established as a place of refuge for working women, whether for advice in any time of trouble; whether for employment when needing the means by which she might earn a livelihood, or for protection from any threatened wrong by the withholding of wages due. A matron of much experience is in constant attendance at the rooms of the union ready and willing to hear and advise, or act in behalf of any poor working woman; and a lawyer is ready at certain appointed times to afford the various remedies of the law. All these provisions are maintained for the use and benefit of working women without any fee or cost to them, of any kind. During the existence of the institution there had been received 243,649 applications of various kinds; 41,944 employments had been furnished free of charge; 8093 complaints of fraud had been investigated, and, when needful, had been prosecuted in the courts, and \$26,703.58 had been recovered and paid over to them.

A Burglar Surrendered his Tools at Jerry McAuley's new mission in Thirty-Second Street, New York, a few nights ago. He and some companions were *about to rob a Fifth avenue mansion*, but it was found that one of the party had no revolver, and he was sent away to get one. While he was on his errand, one of the men who were waiting for him went into the Cremorne Garden, and after staying there some time came out and, attracted by the lights over Jerry McAuley's place next door, he entered. He listened to the earnest appeals of the speakers and to the testimonies given by men whose lives had been changed through Jerry McAuley's instrumentality. He was deeply moved, and when an invitation was given to those who desired prayers, he arose, and taking from his pockets a complete set of burglar's tools he handed them to Mrs. McAuley, and kneeling down prayed earnestly for salvation. When his companions came in search of him to go to the Fifth Avenue rendezvous, they found him, his face suffused with tears, pleading with God for mercy. He was at length enabled to realize God's pardoning love in Christ. Many remarkable conversions have occurred since the new mission was opened, and Mr. and Mrs. McAuley are much encouraged by these tokens of God's blessing.

The Killing of Jesse James, the Leader of the band of Missouri bandits who effected the robbery of the train in the Blue Cut last September, by a member of his own gang on April 3rd, is one of those singular cases of retribution which God allows to take place occasionally as a warning to transgressors. These robbers were noted as the boldest, fiercest gang in the Union, and their attacks were so skillfully planned and so daringly executed that they were invariably successful. The results of their robberies from banks and trains aggregated above *a quarter of a million* of money. The band is now broken up, and in tracing the end of one after another of the men, it is noticed that no less than *seventeen of them have been shot*, and in the majority of the cases the fatal bullet was fired by some treacherous companion, or by the officers of the law through the information of a false friend. Now Jesse James has fallen by the hand of a man to whom he extended hospitality and to whom he presented the very weapon used in his killing. In the whole history of the band it cannot be found that more than one of them has died a natural death. God has warned men that this is the natural tendency of crime (Prov. 11 : 19-21).

A Railroad Company's Idea of Compensation does not appear to have been satisfactory to the other party to the contract according to the facts alleged in a suit in one of the Massachusetts courts. It is stated that a young man lost both his legs in an accident on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and the company proposed as compensation to take him into their employment. He was taught telegraphing and became an expert operator. But the young man claims that the company knowing he could not easily obtain an engagement elsewhere, took advantage of his position and refused to pay him more than *forty dollars a month*. As may be supposed he was unable to live on such a sum and now brings suit for damages, alleging that the company, while keeping the letter of their bargain, violated its spirit. This case has its parallel in spiritual concerns. All the promises of happiness Satan makes those who serve him he invariably fails to fulfil, but there has never been a case in which those who have trusted in the promise of Jesus, have complained that it has not been abundantly fulfilled (Mark 10 : 29, 30).

The Snow Avalanche which Fell on the town of Genoa, Nev. on March 16th caused the loss of ten lives. The first warning of the catastrophe was a rumbling sound like that of an earthquake. It was half-past five o'clock in the morning and those persons who were out of doors suspecting what was about to happen raised a cry of alarm and rang the bells. The slide came down the gorge slowly but with terrific force and swept everything before it. No obstacle seemed to check *the moving mountain of snow* until it spread out and lost its force on the nearly level piece of land on which Genoa is built, fully a quarter of a mile

from the base of the mountain. In its track could be seen broken lumber, splinters of furniture, pine and fruit trees, hay, clothing, kitchen-ware, and bedding distributed through a body of snow and ice from 10 to 50 feet in depth and several acres in extent. The houses were carried many yards from their original location before they were finally demolished. Of those who were killed, some were crushed by the falling timbers while others were suffocated in the snow. A lady was found alive and almost unhurt, while the infant she clasped to her breast was killed. Two German visitors were sleeping that night in one of the houses ; of these one escaped without injury while the other who lay by his side was so hurt by a falling tree that when rescued no hope was entertained of his recovery. It is impossible to read the narrative of the disaster without being appalled by it. Yet the people seem to have lived under the shadow of it without serious concern. In the same way the world is now living careless of the inevitable destruction surely coming (2 Peter 3 : 4-7).

A Conflict Between a Deer and a Wild Cat was witnessed last week by a gentleman residing in Potter County, Penn. He was out in the woods when a fine deer bounded past him on the full run and on its back was fastened a huge wild cat. He followed the strangely assorted couple, and when he reached them the deer was dead and the cat was feasting on its flesh. The cat had evidently dropped on its victim from the limb of a tree, severing a large vein in the deer's neck, and had ridden it to its death. He killed the cat, which was a very large, fierce specimen. Those who have worked for Jesus among sinners have often seen cases of which this incident is a type. Young men and women, gentle, intelligent, refined, seemingly very near the kingdom of God, are kept out and driven to ruin and death by some vile, sinful habit or weakness which at first had little power over them, but which eventually obtains too firm a grip to be shaken off (2 Peter 2 : 14, 15).

A Wife's Persistent Pleading with the Governor of Arkansas for her husband's pardon was successful two weeks ago. She had during several months given all her time to this one object and her joy when she finally received the coveted document may be imagined. Her husband had been sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary and had served less than one year. The devoted woman's disappointment was almost heart-breaking when she received a telegram from the penitentiary, on the day after her return, stating that *her husband was dead*. The man had gone where the Governor's act of clemency, important as it was here, could not benefit him. If he sought God's pardon through the blood of Jesus with the same patient earnestness as his wife sought that of Governor Churchill, we may be sure that he did not fail to receive it (Isa. 55 : 7).

A Man sat on a Jury Empanelled to try his own case in the New York Court of Common Pleas recently. The action was brought to recover the value of goods obtained by false pretences and, by a curious blunder of the clerk, the name of the accused man was included in the jury panel. No one noticed his identity, and the man actually took his seat with the other jurors and listened to the speech of the counsel for the State. This contained some very serious charges, and ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, who appeared for the defence, was annoyed at his client being absent while such charges were being made. Glancing round the court he saw, to his amazement, the accused man sitting unmoved in the jury-box. The case was, of course, immediately stopped and sent over for the next term. On being reprimanded by his counsel for the impropriety of his conduct the defendant coolly replied, "Well you see, Judge, I was called, and I was willing to serve, for I guess I know more about the case than any of the other jurors." That was doubtless true, but had the man intended to observe his oath that very knowledge might have insured his conviction. At the great assize none will be more ready to admit their guilt than those who know themselves best, and had not God Himself found a ransom every man must have stood self-condemned before the divine judgment seat (Rom. 3 : 19).

A HOME QUESTION AND A RIGHT ANSWER.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."—John 6 : 66-69.

An Effect and a Token of Grace—I. Why did the Saviour Ask the Question?—It was a Time of Defection—Of Defection Among Disciples—On Account of Doctrine—They Went Back—Open Defection—II. The Question Itself—One of Them Would go Back—All of Them Might do so—It Would be Specially Sad—Apostasy Contagious—The Following Must be Voluntary—III. Peter's Threefold Answer—He Thinks it Impossible—No Life Apart from Christ—The Son of God.

BRETHREN, we believe that the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger. We also believe that he that believeth in Christ "hath everlasting life," and consequently must live for ever. The living water which Christ gives a man shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. Our Lord has said of His sheep that they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hands. Yet we know that if any man draw back the Lord will have no pleasure in him, and we are sure that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Therefore we very heartily sing the verse in one of our hymns :

"We have no fear that Thou shouldst lose
One whom eternal love could choose ;
But we would ne'er this grace abuse,
Let us not fall ! Let us not fall !"

We consider that it would be an abusing of this grace if we were to grow careless, presumptuous, and high-minded, and imagine that for ourselves personally it would not be possible to become apostates, or even to turn aside a little from the right way. We believe the truth of the final perseverance of the saints, concerning the true people of God, but the question comes to our heart, Are we such? Is there in us the incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth forever? And how are we to know that we are such but by this very perseverance, which, while it is *an effect of grace*, is also one of *the most certain tokens of it*, for there is not the true grace of God in the heart where there is no perseverance in grace even unto the end. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved ;" but what if we should only have the transient gleams of temporary illumination, and should relapse into a thick Egyptian night? Here is cause enough for holy fear.

Come, then, brethren, trusting in the immutable grace, and love, and power of God ; let each man, nevertheless, examine himself, and let this be a time of heart-searching. First, *the reason for the question* : Why did Christ ask of the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" then, secondly, *the question itself* ; and, thirdly, *the answer which Peter most fitly gave to it*, which, I doubt not, he gave in the name and on the behalf of all his brethren. The like reply we would also give—"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

I. First, then,

WHY DID THE SAVIOUR ASK the twelve this question? He would not have caused them needless pain ; he had a wise reason for trying them with such an inquiry.

It was, first, because it was a *season of defection*. "From that time many went back, and walked no more with Him." You will find, I think, that in all churches there are *times of flocking in*, when many fly to the church like doves to their windows ; but happy is that church which never has a *time of flying out*, when numbers who have been tested fail, and are no more to be found. Churches have summers, like our gardens, and then all things are full ; but then come their winters, and, alas, what emptyings are seen ! Have we not all seen the flood when the tide has come

up far upon the beach, and have we not all marked the ebb when every wave has seemed to fall short of that which preceded it? Such ebbs and floods there are in the history of the kingdom of Christ.

One day, "The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and every man presses into it;" at another time men seem to be ashamed of the Christian faith, and they wander off into a thousand delusions, and the church is diminished and brought low by heresy, by worldliness, by lukewarmness, and by all sorts of evils. Often may the chronicle run thus: "Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled." It is well, then, at times when those that did run well are hindered, that the Master should say to those who for awhile remain steadfast, "Will ye also go away?"

Alas, what numbers swim with the tide! How few can swim against the current! How readily are men seized with panic, and run for it with might and main if they see others hastening from the battle. How few can hold the bridge like Horatius in the brave days of old! Well may the Saviour ask the question of us to-night, for we are as frail and fickle as others. Well may He ask it *now*, for worse times than these may be drawing near,—“Will ye also go away?”

It was a time, too, of

DEFECTION AMONG DISCIPLES.

I call your attention to the use of that word here. "From that time many of His *disciples* went back." Disciples? Yes, not merely camp-followers; not the mob that hung upon His skirts for the sake of the loaves and fishes; but some of His disciples went back. Those of nobler spirit, who had listened to His words, and for awhile had professed to call Him "Master and Lord;" even some of these deserted the standard. Their name remains; they are called "disciples" still, though they have gone back. And this sets forth the grievous guilt of such men and women as enter into the church, and then after awhile turn aside to false doctrine or to sin; they depart with *their prince's regimentals* upon their backs, and carry the livery of Christ into the service of Satan.

The memory of your profession will stick to you through life; it will stick to you throughout eternity. If you are a wolf in sheep's clothing some flecks of the wool will hang about you long after you have dragged the fleece over your head. Damnable apostate shall be your brand, even when you are cast away from the face of God forever. Oh, that none of us might ever earn such a title, by being reckoned among the disciples that went back and walked no more with Jesus! Yet, when disciples fall away, it is time to ask other disciples, "Will ye also go away?"

And the defection in this case was on account of doctrine. Our Saviour had done nothing that could vex His followers; He had not even spoken sharply to His disciples. Far from it. He had simply preached the glorious truth that He is the food of the new-born life; but this they did not understand, and so they would listen no farther and would not stay to ask an explanation; they went back at once, as if horrified at what they heard. The truth was too hard for them, it was not to be borne with. "It is a hard saying. Who can bear it?" A true disciple sits at the feet of his Master, and believes what he is told even when he cannot quite comprehend the meaning, or see the reasons for what his Master utters; but these men had not the essential spirit of a disciple, and consequently when their instructor began to unfold the innermost parts of the roll of truth, they would not listen to His reading of it. They would believe as far as they could understand, but when they could not comprehend they turned on their heel and left the school of the Great Teacher.

Further, it is worthy of notice that this question was put because many were not only going away from Christ, but *they were going back*. Read the words. They "*went back* and walked no more with Him." They did not go off to the right or to the left, making some slight departure from the straight road; but they turned deliberately round and went back, reversing their course, and retracing their steps. Of course in consequence of this, they were very soon what they used to be. The reclaimed drunkard went back to his cups; the cups

were soon full again, and he was soon wallowing in drink, like a sow in the mire. The man who had lived a lascivious life, and for a time had cast it off to put on the garb of morality, went back, and you saw him once again in the house of the strange woman. "The dog has returned to his vomit." The reformed liar was again false, the thief was again pilfering, the swearer was again profane.

What a fool! What a multitude of fools in one is such a man! If his course was wise, why did he leave it? And if it was wise to leave it, why has he gone back to it? If it be right to go back to it, why did he not always continue in it? For this unmitigated folly his blood will be upon his own head. But when we see rational men act thus, even men of whom we hoped better things, we need not be surprised that we also are put to a stand with the personal question, "Will ye also go away?"

In the case before us *the defection from Christ was*

OPEN DEFECTION;

for we read, "They went back, and walked no more with Him." They once walked with Jesus in the public streets, but now they will have no more to do with Christ. When Jesus preached—these constant hearers, where were they? When He worked a miracle—these admiring lookers-on, where were they? They had ministered to Him of their substance; no more supplies come from them. They had often asked Him to explain the word when He had spoken in public; they desire no more secret interviews. They had asked Him also to teach them how to pray. But they no longer care to be found upon their knees. They are not hypocrites enough to keep step with Him when their hearts are not with Him. They are, at least, decent enough to walk no more with Him now that they have gone back to their sins.

Alas, we know some that used to walk with Christ, who at this time walk no more with His people, for their hearts have gone away from Christ. The Sabbath is ignored; the house of God is forsaken; the Bible is put away; prayer is a thing neglected and perhaps despised. They walk no more with Christ, for they prefer a broader or a smother road. If anybody mentions to them what they used to be, they slink away, and seem to say, "Never mention it again: we wish it to be ignored." I remember a household where the sons and daughters all professed to be converted to Christ; but some of the young people were fond of amusements that were not consistent with the profession of religion, and, when they were found in such engagements, what did they do? Why, they blushed a little, but by-and-by they boldly averred that they had never been converted, that they were forced into it by persuasion, and hurried on by excitement to do that which their better sense led them to regret. Their excuse was as false as their former profession. They knew that they acted of their own accord, and that they willingly professed Christ. Alas, just as willingly when they came in the way of temptation they forsook Him.

Ah, apostate, it is all very well to say that you were persuaded, and all that; but you know that you did deliberately confess your faith, or you would never have been baptized by us; you did deliberately seek membership with the church of God, or you would not have been received; and on yourself must be the responsibility of it. If you have gone back from Christ you yourself must bear the shame in time and eternity. But when any do thus openly sever themselves from the companionship of the Crucified One, well may the question pass from heart to heart, "Will ye also go away?"

II. Now,

THE QUESTION ITSELF.

The Master pressed it upon the disciples—"Will ye also go away?"

He might well press the question, for *one of them would certainly do so*. He said, "I have chosen you twelve!" Not many—twelve. "I have chosen you." A very prudent chooser; much better able to judge than any of His ministers. "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." Are our pastors and elders likely to make a

better selection? Is it likely that the percentage of deceit is less among us than in the apostolic college? I would not like to say—it would be wrong to say—that one out of every twelve of church members is a Judas. What right have I to say it? But if I were called upon to depose that I am certain that they are not, I dare not make so bold an assertion.

I fear that the average of mankind in any place would in all probability be much the same as in our Lord's day, and possibly there may be a worse state of things in London than in Judea and Galilee. Still, if we conceive our case to be improved, yet a measure of danger exists. Is it true in the case of only one member of this church that he will betray Christ? If it be, then let the question begin at the pulpit, and go round to the youngest member, "Lord, is it I?"—a question suitable for this table, for at this table of fellowship it was asked by every one of the twelve, "Lord, is it I?" Certainly, some among us—some one among us—will deny or sell his Master. God grant it be not I! Let each one breathe that prayer.

Besides, the Master knew that *all of them might do so*. All of them might go away from Him; apart from His grace, indeed, all of them would. There stood Peter, this very Peter who gave such a bold answer to the question; and the Master knew that there was enough in Peter to have made him as faithless as Judas if it had not been for His upholding grace. Ah, brothers, when we see others fall to-day, let us say, "It may be my case to-morrow!" Is there not the same heart, the same nature, the same tendency to sin? Have we not the same weakness? Are we not exposed to the same temptations? Is there not the same devil craftily searching out our infirmities, that he may work upon them?

ARE WE NOT ALL IN DANGER?

Moreover, he put the question to them because *if they turned aside it would be specially sad*. I do not read that Jesus said anything about those that had gone back already. He alludes to them by the use of the word "also," but He does not seem to have run after them to beg them to return. He knew what they were, and knew that they were best apart from Him. When the chaff was blown away it was only the fulfilment of John the Baptist's words, "His fan is in His hand, and He shall thoroughly purge His floor;" so He suffered the chaff to go to its own place. But when the Master looked at the twelve, then He said with holy care and anxiety, "Will ye? Will ye also go away?" As much as to say, "If ye go away who have been with me from the beginning, who have been chosen by me to be eye-witnesses of my life, if ye that have been near my inmost heart, and shared my trials and my joys—if ye go away it will be sin indeed."

Friends, if any of us turn aside what excuse shall be made for us? I say deliberately that if I go away from my Master I can expect nothing but the hottest wrath of God forever. Unhappy, unhappy wretch, to have preached to such multitudes, if I deny my Lord! Condemned out of my own mouth a thousand times over! I shall be a mark for all the arrows of vengeance. And what shall I say of my brethren behind me, the deacons and elders of this church? If they go away from Christ and forsake Him after their brave professions, who shall apologize for them? You will be sinners above all the sinners of your time. Oh, may it never be, for if one of the twelve shall do it, it will be the greatest sin of all. It will grieve the heart of the Master, it will open the mouths of blasphemers, it will afflict the saints, it will disgrace the apostates, and bring down upon them infinite condemnation.

And yet, do you know, when others are turning aside, the question had need be asked, for *apostasy is very contagious*. When backsliding and apostasy become fashionable you may ask even the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" As I have seen, in my short experience, minister after minister turning aside to novelties of doctrine, and especially into the deep pit of modern thought, into which the abhorred of the Lord do fall, I have thought of one and of another, "Will ye also go away?" As men that I have spoken with, and

prayed with, and trusted in, have one by one apostatized from the faith of God's elect, I have been staggered and astounded; surely this fashionable sin has a fascinating influence over many minds, and would delude, if it were possible, the very elect. How few stand to the landmarks in this age of wandering! How few are found approved in the day of trial! The question is one that must of necessity be pressed home, "Will ye also go away?"

And, to conclude this part of our subject, our Saviour, I think, asks the question because *He wishes His following to be always perfectly voluntary*. We sometimes speak of "the sweet compulsions of grace." But let it be always understood that this is by way of metaphor and figure, for none can truly walk with Jesus unwillingly. The want of will would be fatal. There is an influence which the grace of God exerts upon the will, by which the unrenewed will is led captive; and yet as soon as it is a renewed will it becomes emphatically free. It ceases to be a will if it has no determining power; the grace of God gives it that power to a high degree.

Those who truly follow Christ do not follow Him because they are forced to do so.

GRACE HAS NO SLAVES;

it rules a kingdom to which the Son has given true liberty. Christians are not dragged after Christ. They yield most sweetly to the charms of His love, to the force of the truth which He teaches, and the love which He manifests. They gladly serve their Lord and Master. Jesus seems to say, "If you do not serve me so, you may go." Will you go? Christ does not want anybody to profess to be a Christian who does not wish to be a Christian. He does not want one to come to this table because he thinks it to be a law, and a custom, by which he is bound; he wants you to come because you delight to do so. He does not desire any minister to preach the gospel because he is paid for it, or because he would lose caste among godly people if he did not. He wants no slaves to grace His throne. No, no; if ye will to go, go; but if you will be to cling to Him, then will He give you grace still to follow Him, even to the end.

There is a constant winnowing going on in all churches, and this drives away the light and chaffy ones. There is a fan at work upon this floor. Some abide year after year, and yet turn out to be of no account. The Lord goes on sifting, but certain of the chaff does not blow off at first because, perhaps, the *wheat is lying on the top* of it; there is a good wife or holy mother or a godly husband that keeps the doubtful ones right. When these are taken away, the next blast of the winnowing fan sweeps that bit of chaff away. Oh, be not as the chaff, which is covered up, and so hidden among the wheat. Turn not aside, I pray you. The Lord keep you. I shall reckon it to be a privilege to bury you rather than have to erase your name from our church-roll for conduct inconsistent with your profession.

May you gather around my corpse when God pleases to let me go home, and may you say, "He lived an honorable life, and died faithful to his Lord." Ay, let that gathering be ere another Sabbath dawns, if God so wills, rather than that I should live to dishonor the precious truth which I have preached, and turn aside from the Master whom I profess to love. What I say to myself I think I hear each one of you say to himself or herself, "Better far that we die than that we deny our Lord."

III. I shall close up with my third head, and consider

THE ANSWER

which quick-voiced Peter gave—the answer which I hope we are prepared to give to our divine Leader, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

It is threefold.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?" This is the first answer. Observe, that Peter does not appear to think it possible, or think it less than abominable, for a man to go back; for the natural answer to Peter's question, "To whom shall we go?" is

"Go back." No, but Peter does not tolerate the idea of going back. I ask you, my beloved brother in Christ, can you tolerate it? Can you? Can you? I might address myself to a brother who was once among the profane and the drunken who is now among the most earnest of us, and I might ask him—Brother, would you go back? I am sure that the thought of the rack would be more pleasant than the idea of returning to his old haunts. I might address myself to another who was fond of every form of gaiety, spending his money for that which was not bread, and his labor for that which did not satisfy him; he will be found among us to-night, happiest among the happy in the service of his Master, and I enquire of him, Brother, will you go back? Would you like to enjoy all your gay life again? It would be death to you.

Suppose that any of us who know the joy of being Christ's could have it proposed to us to go back; suppose we were not immoral, but were everything that could be desired in our outward conduct, would we like to go back to that dead morality which had no life of faith nor light of hope about it? No! no. When Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress thought about going back he recollected that he had no armor for his back. He had a breastplate, he was covered from head to foot by his shield; but there was nothing to protect his back, and therefore, if he retreated, the adversary could spit him with a javelin in a moment. So he thought that, bad as it was to go forward, it would be worse to go backward, and therefore he bravely cut a path for himself straight onward for glory. Look at that fact whenever you are tempted; do not endure the idea of turning tail in the day of battle!

MAY RETREAT BE IMPOSSIBLE

to you. God make it impossible by His grace!

Where could I retire if I would avoid my life-call, and cease witnessing for Jesus? If I were on board ship, and a storm came on, the sailors would say, "He is the Jonah." I know they would. If I forsook my God and His cause, the lowest and meanest would point at me as a turncoat. If I were to cross the western continent, and hide away in the back settlements, it is ten to one that if I went into the most remote log cabin somebody would spy me out, and say, "Why, you are the man whose sermons I read in our newspapers. How came you here?" In the loneliest spots on earth, where men speak the English tongue, my own sermons would serve as a hue and cry, if not as a writ of arrest. I should be sure to hear the question, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and how could I answer it? Where could I go? No hiding place remains for me. I must serve God forever. So is it with you in a degree, dear friends. You cannot get away from Jesus. You that are disciples have committed yourselves to Christ. There is nowhere for you to go.

Suppose you were to try infidelity. You know too much; you have felt too much. Unbelief would not ease you, whatever it may do with others. Be a free-thinker! Well, you are made of the wrong stuff for that now; your conscience would trouble you. Suppose you became a Romanist. Would forms and ceremonies content you? No. My brethren, I do not know where you can go if you leave Jesus and the truth. You can go down to the bottomless pit, if you will, but you will have no rest there, for the lost ones will cry, "Have you come hither? Why, you were at the Lord's table, were you not? You are the people that used to give away tracts. Did we not hear you preach at the corner of the streets?" It will be an uneasy thing for you to be lost, I tell you, sirs, ten times worse than for others; for the hiss of those who never professed religion will follow you throughout eternity; and their words will burn like coals of juniper when they cry, "Hypocrite! apostate! You knew the truth, and did it not."

There is nowhere else for us to go. If we are weary of our Master we cannot get another; where can we find another so good as He is? Shall we go back, or shall we get right with Him? Let us go at once, and tell Him how foolish we have been. Let us beg Him to keep us in His house. "Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord." I

am not worthy even to unloose the latches of Thy shoes; but let me be Thy servant, for whom else can I serve? How else can I live? What other joy remains for me but to do something for Thy blessed name?

But then Peter gave a second answer; he said to our Lord, "*Thou hast the words of eternal life*;" as much as to say, "We cannot go away from Thee, good Master, when we think of eternity." Oh, eternity! eternity! Those who for a little pelf, or to escape a foolish laugh, shall turn aside from Christ—what will they do in eternity? Christ alone can give eternal life, or life for eternity. Apart from Him we are cast out as dead. The unbelievers shall be banished forever from the presence of God and the glory of His power, for "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Brethren, we believe that there is salvation in Christ, and nowhere else. How can we leave Him, then? There are two ties, then, to hold us. The one is that we have nowhere else to go; and the second is that we have no life apart from Christ.

THE THIRD HOLD-FAST

is this: "*We believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God*." "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee." Have you learned, dear brethren, that Christ is truly the Messiah, the Son of the Father? Do you believe it? And, more than that, do you both believe and know that the Christ is also the Son of the Highest? How can we leave Him? Has God sent Him, and shall we forsake Him? Is He God, and shall we desert Him? No, good Master, at Thy feet we fall, and to those feet we cling.

You may speak this very boldly, if you speak it in the confidence of grace; for, brethren, "Who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" What torments the saints have endured from their persecutors, and how ineffectual have been the assaults of their foes to separate them from Christ! If we are really one with Christ, Satan can no more tear us away from Jesus than he could rend away Paul or John. These saints had no more power of their own than we have; they derived everything from Christ, and we do the same. Think of how the martyrs have been scourged and even flayed alive, and yet have cried out, "None but Christ." They have been tied to the tails of horses and dragged to death, but never a thought of apostatizing has occurred to them. In those early days men, women, and children crowded the tribunals till the judges grew weary of their bloody task. The persecutors devised all kinds of tortures, such as I scarce dare mention, but the saints of God triumphed over all their torments. Fierce was the duel between the infernal cruelty of Roman paganism and the splendor of God within the souls of faithful men and women.

Oh, it was wonderful! It was wonderful! Christ laughed at His mightiest enemies, but His Spirit rested upon His poor, feeble saints, and strengthened them so that they were more than conquerors. Think of Ann Askew, whom I often quote—our own Ann Askew—sitting up after they had racked her till every bone was dragged from its fellow, and still defending the faith against the Romish shavelings. O that we had like grace. We shall have it when the trial comes, for "the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." If Jesus be indeed the Anointed of the Lord He will anoint us in the hour of need, and because we believe and are sure that it is even so we are bold to say in His strength, "No, Lord, we will never leave Thee. Though all men shall forsake Thee, yet will not we." By Thy faithfulness, O Lord, keep us faithful. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it: and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



A Cruel Infanticide in China.



A Chinaman burying his Son.

INCIDENTS AT MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"How Glad my Mother must be."—"One of the most remarkable things about these meetings," remarked Mr. Reay, "is the intense activity of the young converts. I noticed one of my own young men, a lad who was brought into the truth eight or ten months ago. I saw by his face that he had something important in hand. Presently he brought up to me a youth, in a good position in society, to be spoken with. I said to him, 'Have you given your heart to Jesus?' He said, 'I have—I have done it to-night,' and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, 'Oh, how glad my mother must be to-night.' I inquired, 'Where is your mother?' 'In heaven,' he replied. 'She prayed for me long and earnestly, and she will be glad to-night. I know she will be glad to-night.' I said, 'Now, I hope you are going to live for Christ,' and with energy he replied, 'If I live, and He helps me, I will work for Jesus.'"

Waiting for Father's Decision.—Mr. A. Cannon said: "Let me just refer, as briefly as I can, to the conversion of several persons. At the Corn Exchange I saw three people sitting together. They were a father, his son about eighteen years of age, and the man's sister-in-law. I said to the father, 'Have you decided for Christ?' and then I went to the others, and put the same question to them. But the father not deciding, the son was kept back from a decision, and so was the sister-in-law. At last I said to the father, 'Now, do make up your mind. See what a responsibility rests upon you! These are all waiting for your determination.' He then said, 'Well, I don't refuse.' On Sunday night last I saw the same man in the inquiry-meeting, and he was rejoicing in having found Christ. I asked, 'How about the other two?' and he said, 'Oh, they also have decided.'"

A Mother and Two Daughters were in Mr. Kelman's church, and I talked to them in a very plain and pointed manner about their souls. One daughter sat on each side of the mother. I pointed out to her *how much depended upon her decision*, and I am happy to say she gave her allegiance to the Lord, and led her two daughters along with her into the fold."

Enough of Those People.—At a Prayer-meeting the Rev. Dr. Cathcart said: "I remember once being present at the induction of several friends to their first communion, and I was very much struck with the statement of the minister. He looked them over and he said, 'I think there are twenty-three of you. Now we have examined you on your knowledge, and we have heard your experience of Christ—what are you joining the Church for? Is it to do nothing? Is it to

have yourselves saved—to live for yourselves? We have enough of those people already. We want working members in the Church.'"

Half-witted Jamie's Work for Christ.—Dr. Cathcart added: "In a northern city a great work of grace broke out, and among those who were converted was the half-witted man of the city. He used to curse and swear and get drunk and the rest of it. After he was saved he went to the minister and said he was anxious to join his communion. The minister asked him what evidence he had of a change in his spiritual nature, and the man said, 'I used to curse and swear, but I have left all that off now.' After a good deal of delay, he was admitted into the church, and on the following Monday morning he went to the minister, and said, 'I am a member of your church, and will you give me some work to do?' The minister had a godly wife, and he consulted her. She said, 'If the poor fellow is what he professes to be, let him distribute tracts on the Sunday mornings to the girls washing the door steps.' The man said he would come for the tracts on the Saturday night, but the minister at once gave him tracts suitable for persons intending going excursions on the Sunday. He distributed them as was suggested to him. He had given three or four to one girl, and on one occasion she handed the little book back, saying, 'Jamie, you must take back your tract again. Missus says *she pays for her religion*, and does not want any one to interfere with it.' Jamie said, 'She doesn't pay much for it, or it doesn't do her muckle guid, else she wouldn't keep you scrubbing the stones on the Sunday morning.' Jamie, although repulsed, continued to speak to the girl who would not have his tract, and one morning she said, 'I will take a tract this morning, if you will give me a nice one, and I am going to be at church next Sunday.' Jamie said, 'Then I will be at the door, and put you in my seat, and lend you a hymn book.' In the end, several members of that family became members of the Christian church to which Jamie, the half-witted fellow, belonged, and all through his instrumentality."

CRUEL TREATMENT OF CHILDREN IN CHINA.

By the Rev. James Sadler, of Amoy.

LET us enter a Chinese house where a little girl has just been born. Something is evidently the matter; the father looks gloomy, vexed, and disappointed. We ask, "Is the child dead?"—"No." "Why, then, are you grieved?"—"Because it is a girl." "Don't you like girls?"—"No; they are of no use." There is something ominous in his looks. They mean the death of the little one, to which the mother has consented. Why does he take

into his left hand a quantity of dry rice, and with his right make it into a pellet? In order to choke the little infant. In some cases it is preferred to cause death by smothering. We turn aside to a young man of the family, and ask, "Is not this killing of infant girls a very hard thing?" "Yes," he says, "father came in to kill my little sister and tried to do it by smothering. She was a strong child, and writhed to get away from him, so that his hand trembled. He tried a second time, and a third with the same result. At last he let her live."

Sometimes the death of the innocent but hated infant girl is caused in other ways. I was going into my house one day and saw some of our students driving away a dog from a pit. I asked "What are you doing?" They gave me no answer, so I went to look, and saw a parcel, the outside of which was coarse, dirty matting. One end of it was open. A child's head was there. The top of it was eaten off by the dog, and the brains appeared. I saw the white mass and turned away as the students had done. Then I went for a man to bring a Chinese spade and do a work of mercy in digging a little grave and burying the little outcast. He did not seem willing, but was at last persuaded.

A DAUGHTER BURNED ALIVE.

Sometimes these helpless babies are put out into the roadside to live or die, as passers-by may care. A friend of mine found that there was something very disagreeable outside of his house, and went to see what it was. It turned out to be one of these little bodies going to decay. We have even heard of an infant girl being *burned* to death. Some people were going by a blacksmith's house and heard cries as of a child in agony. They went to see what was going on, and found a father burning to death his own child, because he considered that in this way he could drive away a bad spirit which (he thought) had caused the birth of girls instead of boys in his family. Those on-lookers could coolly stand by and see him making the fire larger until the poor little creature was a charred corpse. Chinese magistrates take no care to prevent infanticide. If you go to preach to a heathen crowd, and speak of this killing of little girls as a crime, you will be laughed at.

A CHINESE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Sometimes in China you meet with a *foundling house* for gathering in these unhappy outcasts. We went to see the one established at Amoy. It was a most awful sight—filled with babies, all like little old women. Their appearance showed a distressing want of nourishment and cleanliness. We have never forgotten the sight, and can only think of it with a feeling of sickness. Even the nurses looked wretched. These various miseries

may be accounted for by the want of principle often shown in heathen arrangements, especially by a system of farming out the offices of such institutions, and the efforts of all concerned to make as much gain as possible for themselves.

Sometimes a heathen man or woman is moved to save the little life and admit the child into their family. In this way, a woman whom we knew, knowing that a certain girl was to be destroyed, went to the mother and asked to be allowed to keep the little one. Her request was granted. She brought her up with her own daughters, who looked on her as a foster-sister. The girl has turned out to be a very worthy woman, whose name is known in the Christian church both at Amoy and Shanghai.

Here are some Christian Chinese parents. We inquire of them: "Have you destroyed any of your infant girls?"—"Yes." "How many?" Three, two, one, it may be. "But have you destroyed any since you have become a Christian?"—"No; no Christian destroys his girls." On examination, we find that the Christians exert their influence to awaken conscience on this subject among the heathen with considerable success.

"Daughters," say the Chinese, "are like fine young bamboos growing just outside your garden fence." That is, they may be fair and good, but what does that matter? They do not really belong to you, for in a few years they will go away into another man's house, to be his son's wife, and all your trouble in bringing them up will go for nothing. So the parents do not trouble themselves much about the education of their daughters, or about anything connected with them, in fact, except the binding of their feet, in order that when they are grown up they may be very small indeed. Every day their feet are bound with strong cotton bandages. The poor little girls cry themselves to sleep night after night during this time of pain. After a while their feet become sore, and fester; they are then dusted with a fine kind of powder, and at last numbness comes on, they lose all feeling in them, and to our eyes, walk in the clumsiest manner possible; but the Chinese say, "their gait is as the waving of the willow-trees!"

"BABY TOWERS."

In many places in China little towers are to be seen, with small openings like windows near to the ground. These are called "baby towers," and into these places the bodies of little children are thrown, wrapped round only with a piece of matting. Sometimes there is reason to fear, in the case of baby-girls, the people do not take the trouble to wait till the little ones are quite dead.

A FATHER BURYING HIS SON ALIVE.

In China, parents have the power of life and death over their children, and if a man has a bad son, and chooses to put him to death, no one can punish him for it. In a village near to Wu-Chang, a man lived whose son was a very bad character indeed; he was not only a thief, but delighted in all sorts of wickedness, and at last the people of the village would bear it no longer, and told the father he must get rid of his son at once. Accordingly, the father had a grave dug for his son, and, while yet alive, the young man was thrown into it and the grave covered in. The burial of living persons in cases of this kind is said to be not at all an unusual circumstance, and many others have taken place in this neighborhood beside the one mentioned.



A Wife's Protest against an Engagement.—(See page 229.)

It must not be imagined, however, that the Chinese are all without love for their children. This is by no means the case. Some time ago, during a summer of much sickness throughout the whole of the Yang-tse Valley, the child of a neighbor died of fever. Week after week she mourned for her little one. Her bitter weeping and wild cries went to the missionary's heart as, wringing her hands and dashing her head against the floor, with ceaseless wailing, in the strange Oriental fashion, she called to her child to return to her: "Oh, my good baby—my precious boy—my quiet, beautiful child—come back to me—come back, come back to your mother!" It was sad to see the poor woman's grief. Hers is a hard life, for her husband is an opium smoker, and the little son was the one joy of her life.

These cases show the great need which exists among the millions of China, and to all distant nations who live in heathen darkness, to tell the glad news of Christ—the Light of the world—that they may learn the principles which will elevate them, give them the Christian idea of the sanctity of human life, and will inform them that so precious is the soul of the worst of sinners, that Christ died to redeem it.

REMARKABLE CURES THROUGH FAITH AND PRAYER.

THE following incident is one of several collected from various sources by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, Mass., and published in his excellent book just issued entitled "The Ministry of Healing, or Miracles of Cure in all Ages." It refers to the healing of Miss Jennie Smith, who is now completely recovered of her tedious sickness, and is actively engaged in Christian work as described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 30 (page 201).

Her disease, so mysterious and agonizing and long continued that her pastor pronounced it

"a narrative of suffering rarely, if ever, equalled," cannot be described at length here. Suffice it to say that she was a helpless cripple for about sixteen years, suffering much of the time the extremest agony.

One limb was subject to such violent and uncontrollable spasms that it had to be confined in a strong box, and often held down by heavy weights. During her extraordinary sufferings her faith and consecration seem to have been brought into very lively exercise, so that making her couch a pulpit, she was greatly used for quickening the spiritual life of such as came within her reach.

Meantime she began to lay hold of the promise of God for bodily healing, and getting tokens of this power in several partial reliefs, she was led on to ask and obtain entire recovery. The story of this we give in her own words. After a day of unusual suffering a few friends had gathered about her in the evening as she lay in her extension chair. She says: "The evening was devoted to prayer led by Pastor Everett. After the first hour or more some were obliged to leave. One brother, whom I had not met before, as he shook hands on leaving said, 'My sister, you are asking too much; you are too anxious to get well. The Lord can make better use of you upon your cot than upon your feet.' I was thankful for the brother's words.

I then looked searchingly into my heart. The Lord knows I honestly answered, 'No, I am not anxious to get well; I have gained the victory over that. If the heat of the furnace were increased a thousandfold I could say, Thy will be done, and feel pain would be sweet if fully shown to me that it is the Father's will that I should suffer. And I believe the time has come for me to know that will.'

"It was now after nine o'clock. We continued waiting before the Lord. Occasionally one or another would quote with comment an appropriate text of Scripture, or offer a brief prayer. For myself, I lay in quiet expectancy, still suffering, but with a remarkable sense of the divine presence. Much of the time I was almost oblivious to my surroundings, so engaged was I in communion with my heavenly Father.

"About eleven o'clock I was led to offer myself to God in fresh consecration, saying: 'I give this body anew—these eyes to see, these lips to talk, these ears to hear, and if it be Thy will, these feet to walk—for Jesus. All that is of me—all, all is Thine, dear Father. Only let Thy will be done.'

"Up to this time there was no cessation of suffering, or increase of strength. As before said I was weaker than usual. After a brief silence there suddenly flashed upon me a most vivid view of the healing of the withered arm. It seemed to me I could see it being thrust out whole. At the same instant the Holy Spirit bestowed on my soul a faith to claim a similar blessing. It seemed as if heaven were at that moment opened, and I was conscious of a baptism of strength as sensibly and as positively as if an electric shock had passed through my system. I felt definitely the strength come into my back, and into my helpless limbs. Laying my hands on the chair-arms I raised myself to a sitting posture. The Garigues brothers, being seated on either side of the chair, involuntarily sprang forward and laid hold to assist me. This, however, was not necessary. My physician, Dr. Morgan, who was sitting near, stepped forward and let down the footboard, and, while the hands

of my friends were yet on my shoulders I arose and stood upon my feet.

"My first thought was 'can I kneel?' I asked to do so and knelt as naturally as if I had been accustomed to it. There was so much of the divine presence that not a word was spoken; we poured forth our souls in silent thanksgiving and praise. I then arose and walked across the room with entire ease and naturalness; there were no unpleasant sensations. I then sat down in a rocking chair for some moments. *It seemed so wonderful that I did not have to learn to walk.* My limbs and body seemed as if made new."

Another remarkable incident is that of

THE SON OF A PHYSICIAN,

Dr. R., of Philadelphia. Dr. R. thus described it to Dr. Boardman who quoted it in his work "The Great Physician."

The children were jumping off from a bench and my little son fell and broke both bones of his arm below the elbow. My brother, who is a professor of surgery in the college at Chicago, was here on a visit. I asked him to set and dress the arm. He did so; put it in splints, bandages, and in a sling. The child was very patient, and went about without a murmur all that day. The next morning he came to me and said, "Dear papa, please take off these things." "Oh, no, my son! you will have to wear these things five or six weeks before it will be well." "Why, papa, it is well." "Oh no, my dear child! that is impossible." "Why, papa, you believe in prayer, don't you?" "You know I do, my son." "Well, last night when I went to bed it hurt me very bad, and I asked Jesus to make it well, and it is well."

I did not like to say a word to chill his faith. A happy thought came; I said, "My dear child, your uncle put the things on, and if they are taken off he must do it." Away he went to his uncle, who told him he would have to go as he was six or seven weeks and must be very patient; and when the little fellow told him Jesus had made him well, he said, "Pooh! pooh! nonsense," and sent him away. The next morning the poor boy came again to me and pleaded with so much sincerity and confidence that I more than half believed that he was really healed, and went to my brother and said, "Had you not better undo his arm and let him see for himself? Then he will be satisfied. If you do not, I fear, though he is very obedient, he may be tempted to undo it himself, and then it may be worse for him." My brother yielded, took off the bandages and splints, and exclaimed, "*It is well, absolutely well,*" and hastened to the door for air to keep from fainting.

He had been a really simple-hearted Christian, but in his student days wandered away; but this brought him back to the Lord. Strange if it had not. To all this I could say nothing, if I had been ever so much disposed, in the way of accounting for it, upon any other hypothesis than that of the little fellow himself, that Jesus had made him well.

Dr. Gordon has discussed this question of healing through faith and prayer with that ability and discretion which those who know him and have listened to his able lectures on unfulfilled prophecy, the near approach of the second coming of our Lord, and kindred subjects, would expect. Taking as a starting point the dictum of an eminent writer that, "you ask God to perform *as real a miracle* when you ask Him to cure your soul of sin as you do when you ask Him to cure your body of a fever;" he proceeds to show that the well-established and clearly proved cases of the drunkard's appetite being cured by divine power, and the opium slave being delivered by the same means, should lead Christians to exercise faith in God's power and willingness to heal all diseases.

A wide field is covered in the discussion of the subject. Dr. Gordon appeals to testimony of all kinds; of Scripture, of reason, of the church, of theologians, of missions, of the adversary, of experience and of the healed; he then considers the verdict of candor and of caution. Finally Dr. Gordon has a word to say as to our duty, and in this connection occurs this weighty remark, "It is asked, if the privilege and promise in this matter are so clear, how is it that the cases of recovery

through the prayer of faith are so rare? Probably because the prayer of faith is so rare, and especially because when found it *receives almost no support in the church as a whole.*" Dr. Gordon has done good service in calling the attention of the Christian world to this most momentous subject.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 223.)

The Lowest Deep.

"WHAT was it Felix's father had done?" asked Alice of Canon Pascal, with white lips.

"He had misappropriated a number of securities left in his charge," answered Canon Pascal; "Phebe says to the amount of over £10,000; most of it belonging to Mr. Clifford."

"Is that all?" cried Alice, the color rushing back again to her face, and the light to her eyes, "was it only money? Oh! I thought it was more dreadful than that. Why! we should never blame Cousin Felicita because her husband misappropriated some securities belonging to old Mr. Clifford. And Felix is not to blame at all; how could he be? Poor Felix!"

"But Alice," he said, with a half smile, "if, instead of being buried here, Roland Sefton had lived, and been arrested, and sent to a convict prison for a term of imprisonment, Felicita's life, and the life of her children, would have been altogether overshadowed by the disgrace and infamy of it. There could have been no love between you and Felix."

"It was a good thing that he died," she answered, looking down on the grave again almost gladly. "Does Felix know this? But I am sure he does not," she added quickly, and looking up with a heightened color into her father's face, "he is all honor, and truth, and unselfishness. He could not be guilty of a crime against any one."

"I believe in Felix; I love him dearly," her father said, "but if I had known of this I do not think I could have brought him up in my own home, with my own boys and girls. God knows it would have been a difficult point to settle; but it was not given to my poor wisdom to decide."

"I shall not love Felix one jot less," she said, "or reverence him less. If all his forefathers had been bad men I should be sure still that he was good. I never knew him do or say anything that was mean or selfish. My poor Felix! Oh, father! I shall love him more than ever now I know there is something in his life that needs pity. When he knows it he will come to me for comfort; and I will comfort him. His father shall hear me promise it by this grave here. I will never, never visit Roland Sefton's sin on his son; I will never in my heart think of it as a thing against him. And if all the world came to know it, I would never once feel a moment's shame of him." Her voice faltered a little, and she knelt down on the parched grass at the foot of the cross, hiding her face in her hands. Canon Pascal laid his hand fondly on her bowed head; and then he left her that she might be alone with the grave, and God.

The miserable, dilapidated hut at the entrance of Engelberg, with no light save that which entered by the doorway, had been Jean Merle's home since he had fixed his abode in the valley, drawn thither irresistibly by the grave which bore Roland Sefton's name. There was less provision for comfort in this dark hovel than in a monk's cell. A log of rough, unbarked timber from the forest was the only seat, and a rude framework of wood filled with straw or dry ferns was his bed. The floor was bare, except near the door, the upper half of which usually stood open, and here it was covered with fine chips of box and oak, and the dust which fell from his busy graver, the tool which was never out of his fingers while the light served him.

There was no more decoration than there was comfort; except that on the smoke-stained walls the mildew had pencilled out some strange and grotesque lines, as if some mural painting had mouldered into ruin there. Two or three English books alone, of the cheap continental editions, lay at one end of a clumsy shelf; with the few cooking utensils which were absolutely necessary, piled to-

gether on the other. There was a small stove in one corner of the hovel, where a handful of embers could be seen at times, like the eye of some wild creature lurking in the deep gloom.

Jean Merle, though still two or three years under fifty, was looked upon by his neighbors as being a man of great, though unknown age. Yet, though he stooped in the shoulders a little, and walked with his head bent down, he was not infirm, nor had he the appearance of infirmity. His long mountain expeditions kept his muscles in full force and activity. But his gray face was marked with many lines, so fine as to be seen only at close quarters; yet on the whole forming a wrinkled and aged mask as of one far advanced in life. In addition to this singularity of aspect there was the extraordinary seclusion and sordid miserliness of his mode of existence, more in harmony with the passiveness of extreme old age, than with the energy of a man still in the prime of his days. The village mothers frightened their children with tales about Jean Merle's gigantic strength, which made him an object of terror to them. He sought acquaintanceship with none of his neighbors; and they avoided him as a heretic and a stranger.

The rugged, simple, narrow life of his Swiss forefathers gathered round him, and hedged him in. They had been peasant-farmers, with the exception of the mountain pastor his grandfather, and he still well remembered Felix Merle, after whom his boy had been called. All of them had been men toiling with their own hands, with a never ceasing bodily activity, which had left them but little time or faculty for any mental pursuit. This half of his nature fitted him well for the life that now lay before him. As his Swiss ancestors had been for many generations toil-worn and weather-beaten men, whose faces were sun-burnt and sun-blistered, whose backs were bent with labor, and whose weary feet dragged heavily along the rough paths, so he became. The social refinement of the prosperous Englishman, skin deep as it is, vanished in the coarse and narrow life to which he had partly doomed himself, had partly been doomed, by the dull, despondent apathy which had possessed his soul, when he first left the hospital in Lucerne.

His mode of living was as monotonous as it was solitary. His work only gave him some passing interest, for in the bitterness of his spirit he kept himself quite apart from all relations with his fellow-men. As far as in him lay he shut out the memory of the irrevocable past, and forbade his heart to wander back to the years that were gone. He strove to concentrate himself upon his daily toil, and the few daily wants of his body; and after a while a small degree of calm and composure had been won by him. Roland Sefton was dead; let him lie motionless, as a corpse should do, in the silence of his grave. But Jean Merle was living, and might continue to live another twenty years or more, thus solitarily and monotonously.

But there was one project which he formed early in his new state of existence, which linked him by a living link to the old. As soon as he found he could earn handsome wages for his skilled and delicate work, wages which he could in no way spend and yet maintain the penance which he pronounced upon himself, the thought came to him of restoring the money which had been intrusted to him by Old Marlowe, and the other poor men who had placed their savings in his care.

To repay the larger amount to which he was indebted to Mr. Clifford would be impossible; but to earn the other sums, though it might be the work of years, was still practicable, especially if from time to time he could make safe and prudent speculations, such as his knowledge of the money-market might enable him to do, so as to insure rapid returns. At the village inn he could see the newspapers, with their lists of the various continental funds, and the share and stock markets; and without entering at all into the world, he could direct the buying in and selling out of his stock through some bankers in Lucerne.

Even this restitution must be made in secret, and be so wrapped up in darkness and stealth that no one could suspect the hand from which it came. For he knew that the net he had woven about

himself was too strong and intricate to be broken through without deadly injury to others, and above all to Felicitia. The grave yonder, and the stone cross above it, barred the way to any return by the path he had come. But would it be utterly impossible for him to venture back, changed as he was by these many years, to England? It would be only Jean Merle who would travel thither, there could be no resurrection for Roland Sefton. But could not Jean Merle see from afar off the old home; or Phebe Marlowe's cottage on the hill-side; or possibly his mother, or his children; nay, Felicitia herself? Only afar off; as some banished, repentant soul, drawing a little nearer to the walls of the eternal city, might be favored with a glimpse of the golden streets, and the white-robed citizens therein, the memory of which would dwell within him for evermore.

As he drew nearer the end he grew more eager to reach it. The dull apathy of the past thirteen years was transformed into a feverish anticipation of his secret journey to England with the accumulated proceeds of his work and his speculations; which in some way or other must find their way into the hands of the men who had trusted him in time past. But at this juncture the bankers at Lucerne failed him, as he had failed others. It was not simply that his speculations turned out badly; but the men to whom he had intrusted the conduct of them, from his solitary mountain-home, had defrauded him; and the bank broke. The measure he had meted out to others had been measured to him again. Whatsoever he had done unto men they had done unto him.

For three days Jean Merle wandered about the eternal forests of the ice-bound peaks and snow-fields of the mountains around him, living he did not himself know how. It was not money he had lost. Like old Marlowe, he realized how poor a symbol money was of the long years of ceaseless toil, the days of self-denial, the hours of anxious thoughts it represented. And besides this darker side, it stood also for the hopes he had cherished, vaguely, almost unconsciously, but still with strong earnestness. He had fled from the penalty the just laws of his country demanded from him, taking refuge in a second and more terrible fraud, and now God suffered him not to make this small reparation for his sin, or to taste the single drop of satisfaction that he hoped for in realizing the object he had set before him. There was no place of repentance for him; not a foothold in all the wide wilderness of his banishment on which he could stand, and repair by one jot the injury he had inflicted upon his fellow-men.

What passed through his soul those three days, amid the ice-solitudes where no life was, and where the only sounds that spoke to him were the wild awful tones of nature in her dreariest haunts, he could never tell; he could hardly recall it to his own memory. He felt as utterly alone as if no other human being existed on the face of the earth; yet as if he alone had to bear the burden of all the falsehood, and dishonesty, and dishonor of the countless generations of false and dishonorable men which this earth has borne.

All hope was dead now. There was nothing more to work for, or to look forward to. Nothing lay before him but his solitary, blank life in the miserable hut below. There was no interest in the world for him but Roland Sefton's grave.

He descended the mountain-side at last. For the first time since he had left the valley he noticed that the sun was shining, and that the whole landscape below him was bathed in light. The village was all astir, and travellers were coming and going. It was not in the sight of all the world that he could drag his weary feet to the cemetery, where Roland Sefton's grave was; and he turned aside into his own hut to wait till the evening was come.

At last the sun went down upon his misery, and the cool shades of the long twilight crept on. He made a circuit round the village to reach the spot he longed to visit. His downcast eyes saw nothing but the rough ground he trod, and the narrow path his footsteps had made to the solitary grave, until he was close to it; and then, looking up to read the name upon the cross, his dim sight dis-

cerned the figure of a girl kneeling before it, and carefully planting a little slip of ivy into the soil beneath it.

(To be continued.)

THE SIGNS OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

Do they Indicate the Approach of the Second Advent?

By Rev. R. Chester, A. B. of Cloyne.

Authorized Signs of Christ's Speedy Coming—Their Special Characteristics—The Earliest Forerunners of the Event—Their Distinguishing Features—Wars and Earthquakes—The World-wide Diffusion of the Gospel—The Gathering and Completing of the Church—What if Christ's Coming be Delayed?—Lawlessness, Iniquity, and Infidelity—The Present Position and Circumstances of the Jews—The "Fig Tree" Nearly Full of Leaves.

To the above question there are not a few who are ready to give a decided and a joyful response in the affirmative. There are, however, a much larger number from whom a scoffing negative is the only reply to be expected; if, indeed, they can be induced to regard the question as one worthy of being replied to at all. But between these two classes there are, it is to be believed, very many who, without any actual desire to ignore or to evade the subject of the possible or probable nearness of the Advent, look dubiously upon the present aspect of affairs as affording any indication of such nearness, or as having any connection with it whatsoever. It appears to them that those signs of the present times, which some are regarding as thus significant, have been of not unfrequent occurrence in the years gone by, and have been, some of them, always more or less occurrent throughout many generations. Yet the event which they are thus supposed to indicate has not as yet taken place.

AUTHORIZED SIGNS OF CHRIST'S SPEEDY ADVENT.

In entering upon some inquiry concerning this important subject, we must be careful to remember (1) that both our blessed Lord's own words and also those of His inspired apostles, have supplied us with signs which, when they do occur, are positively and assuredly to be regarded as indicating the absolute nearness of His Advent.

No one can question this who receives as authentic the language, for instance, of Luke 21: 28: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." And further, the immediately added parable of the fig-tree, "Behold the fig-tree, and all the trees, when they now shoot forth ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." In the face of language such as this, to accuse of being visionary and fanatical—as some are at present doing—those who expect that there will be positive premonitions of the Advent to be discerned in the signs of the times which shall shortly, or immediately, precede it, is assuredly to assume the position of the sceptic and the infidel, rather than that of the professing and progressing Christian.

THEIR SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

But we must further remember (2), that while such signs, in order to meet the requirements of this language of our blessed Lord, must be in no small degree peculiar and significant, and must differ in some not unimportant respects from any similar events that may have gone before—they nevertheless must not be so *very* peculiar, so *strikingly* significant in their character, as to render doubt, or question, or even unbelief, as to the positive nearness of the Advent, impossible. Otherwise there could be no room for the fulfilment of the prediction of 1 Thess. 5: 1-4, or of several similar passages. But of the times and the seasons, brethren ye have no need that I write unto you, for yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say—when nominal, ungodly, professing Christians shall say—"peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not

escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

In order to meet the requirements thus indicated, it is evident that the premonitory signs of the Saviour's coming must not, on the one hand, differ so totally from all events which have preceded them as to *enforce* attention and conviction upon the world at large; while, on the other hand, they must needs have sufficiently peculiar features ob-servant, at all events upon some of them, as fully to attract the attention, and to ensure the conviction of such of the Lord's people as view them in the light of His prophetic word, that "He is near, even at the doors" (Matt. 24: 33).

Bearing these facts in mind, let us endeavor, in accordance with them, to give a satisfactory answer to the question which I have prefixed to this article.

THE EARLIEST FORERUNNERS OF THE EVENT.

The first in order of the signs which our blessed Lord predicts (Matt. 24: 6-7), after having warned His disciples against the danger of being deceived by false Christs and false prophets, verses 4 and 5, are "wars and rumors of wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places." With regard to these, however, He expressly affirms that they are to be regarded but as the *earliest* forerunners of the approaching event. "All these things must come to pass, *but the end is not yet.*" (Verse 6.) They are but "the *beginning* of sorrows." (Verse 8.) And when we remember that these have been events of more or less perpetual occurrence in almost all periods of the world's history, both before and since He has thus spoken of them as premonitions of His coming, we may, I think, regard them as continual warnings vouchsafed to each successive generation of the children of men, to remind them that "the night," although "far spent," still continues, and that "the day," although "at hand," has not as yet begun to dawn. We may look upon such signs as these as constantly suggestive of the still future, but ever approximating time, when darkness shall give place to light, tumult to quietude, disease to health, and sorrow to joy, in the "restitution of all things."

THEIR DISTINGUISHING FEATURES.

But if, as our Lord's words would seem evidently to imply, we are at some particular time to regard such events as indications of a *then more definitely and nearly approaching end*, it is specially worthy of note that we must necessarily look for *something peculiar* in them, something which will at that particular time distinguish them from similar events in their more usual and ordinary occurrence. And, further, that such would seem to be manifestly the case just at present with respect to, *two* of the classes of events which are thus presented to our notice namely "wars and rumors of wars," and "earthquakes in divers places."

WARS AND EARTHQUAKES.

As regards the former, "wars and rumors of wars," it will be remembered that it was immediately after that unusually protracted period of profound quietude among the nations which succeeded the stormy times of the Peninsular War, the memorable Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, and the overthrow of Napoleon I., and after the first great National Exhibition in London, in 1851, which was confidently hailed by many as the forerunner of a universal and long-enduring peace—that the Crimean War commenced that series of commotions by which, with scarcely any intermission, the civilized world has been ever since more or less convulsed; thus giving to the last thirty years of its history the *special character of an era of warfare*. While "rumors of wars," as distinguished from their actual outbreak—and the words of our Lord would seem designedly so to distinguish them—have been in recent times all but incessant.

With regard to "earthquakes in divers places," it is difficult to suppose that any person old enough and sufficiently observant to compare in such respects the present with the past, can fail to have been impressed by *their modern frequency*. It is, however, when viewed in conjunction with other predicted signs of a more *definite* character, that such events as these become truly significant.

(To be concluded.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Letter from Engineer Melville of the Jeannette, dated Jan. 15th, was received last week at the office of the New York *Herald*. It adds many interesting details to those we already knew respecting the expedition. Engineer Melville says the Jeannette came up with the ice on September 3d, 1879, two months after leaving San Francisco. On September 6th the Jeannette was firmly frozen in. A break came on November 25th, and the ship drifted helplessly in open water, but eventually came in contact with an ice floe and made fast to it, and was again frozen in. At that early date the brave explorers must have abandoned hope of success. Melville says: "On January 19th, after several days' anxiety from the crushing strain of the ice, we finally discovered that the ship, after receiving several severe shocks, was leaking badly. Steam was got on the engine boilers and both *steam and hand pumps were worked day and night* until the ship was freed from water. Stores were hoisted out of the hold and all preparations made to make good our retreat to Wrangell Land if forced to abandon the ship. We continued to drift northwest and steam was necessary to pump the ship until she was destroyed."

The Account of the Wreck of the Jeannette furnished by Engineer Melville is as follows: "The ship and ice continued to drift to the west and northwest, the whole ice field being broken up in all directions. On the night of June 10th, 1881, several severe shocks were felt and the ship was found to have raised several inches in her bed. There was evidence of an approaching break-up of our friendly floe piece. At ten minutes past twelve, A.M., June 11th, the ice suddenly opened alongside the ship, completely freeing her, and she floated on an even keel for the first time in many months. The ice continued in motion, but no serious injury occurred to the ship until the morning of the 12th, when the ice commenced to pack together, bringing a tremendous strain on the ship, heeling her over to starboard and forcing the deck seams open. This continued during the day at intervals until evening, when it was evident the ship could not much longer hold together. The boats were lowered on the ice, and provisions, sledges, and all necessary equipment for a retreat securely placed on the floe. By six P.M. the ship had *entirely filled with water* and lay over at an angle of about twenty-two degrees, being kept from sinking by the opposing edges of the floe. On the morning of the 13th of June, about four o'clock, the ice opened and the ship went down, *with colors flying* at the mast head."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Continue their work in Glasgow, with renewed and increased manifestations of God's favor and blessing. Mr. Moody conducted a large number of meetings in the Hillhead district, and crowded audiences gathered in the United Presbyterian Church and the Free Anderston Church, in both of which places there is reason to believe that many souls were delivered from the thralldom of sin into the life and liberty of those who believe in Christ. Mr. Sankey assisted two evangelists in holding meetings in the Ingram Street Circus and the Temperance Institute, where the singing and preaching of the Word have been followed by exceedingly encouraging and gratifying results. Afternoon meetings for business men were held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the centre of the city, and there have been large congregations of Glasgow merchants, their clerks, and other employees.

A Renewal of the Outrages on the Jews of Russia is reported, and fears are aroused that an outbreak worse than any that has yet occurred is impending. An isolated case is a specimen of many others which are not narrated. A despatch to the London *Standard* from St. Petersburg states that three soldiers belonging to a troop of lancers entered a liquor store kept by a Jew at Doubna and demanded drink. After some objection the eldest daughter of the Jew served them with liquor. A quarrel ensued, and the soldiers shot the proprietor, killed his two sons and an infant, outraged the daughter brutally, beat the mother and plundered the house. On April 2d, which was a market day, an attack was made on the shops and houses belonging to the Jews at Walegojulawo, twenty-five versts from Ananieff, and thirty shops and eighty houses were destroyed. In the Polish cities of Warsaw and Cracow grave apprehensions are felt of a renewal of the outbreaks. Placards have been posted threatening the Jews, who are in a state of great terror. The government has ordered the shops closed, and great military precautions are being taken.

A Murder of a Singularly Cowardly Character was perpetrated on Sunday, April 2d, in County Westmeath, Ireland. Mrs. Smythe, a Dublin lady, was returning from church in a carriage with her husband's brother, Mr. Barlow Smythe, and a lady, when just as they were approaching Mr. Smythe's residence four shots were fired at the carriage from behind some thick shrubbery. Mrs. Smythe fell forward, and when her brother raised her and carried her into the house it was found that one of the balls had struck her behind the left ear, killing her instantly. It is supposed the shot was intended for Mr. Barlow Smythe, who is a large landowner in that locality. Mr. Smythe was greatly distressed by the crime. He has written a letter to Mr. Gladstone, in which he says: "I lay the guilt of this deed of blood at your door in the face of the whole country, supported as you are in that part of your policy by the 'no rent' members of parliament, by their press and by some of the Irish bishops." Mr. Smythe goes on to say that the terrorism under the Gladstone policy is so tremendous that few who abhor the crime would venture to denounce the assassins had they seen them. If they did so their lives would be forfeited, while the prisoners would almost as surely escape after the farce of a trial by jury.

Mr. Lowell's Action in the Matter of the Imprisoned Irish-Americans is regarded in a different light in England from that adopted at the New York meeting. A newspaper correspondent in London says: "Mr. Lowell's action was characterized by unrelenting energy, ingenuity, variety of resource and boldness. He availed himself of every diplomatic expedient, and did not hesitate to depart from diplomatic usage, at the risk of affronting a foreign minister, in order to execute the wishes of his own Government. Those very personal intimacies of which Mr. Lowell's Irish critics complain contributed to the effectiveness of his action. Regardless of etiquette, Mr. Lowell pressed the matter, not only with Earl Granville, but with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster. The Irish-Americans' complaint of what they call Mr. Lowell's 'flunkeyism' is as absurd and ignorant as it is vulgar. Mr. Lowell, though personally popular, has always been criticised in London society for his marked and combative Americanism."

The Subject of Home Rule for Ireland may soon become a practical question in British politics in spite of the ridicule at present poured upon the proposed change. A telegram from a London newspaper correspondent contains the startling intelligence that a movement in favor of home rule has been commenced in Scotland. He says: "The Scotch home rulers appear to be better able to reply to Mr. Gladstone's request to formulate a scheme than their Irish brethren. The Burgh Convention has commenced its annual meeting at Edinburgh, and immediately proceeded to unanimously adopt a resolution in favor of home rule—namely, that all Scotch legislation should be effected, subject to the approval of Parliament and the veto of the crown, by Scotchmen chosen triennially by the electors of the burghs and counties." If the agitation continues in Scotland it may lead to the adoption of the principle for Ireland also. On this point an influential English journal says: "Home rule has taken its place within the area of practical politics, because Englishmen are beginning to see that they will eventually have to accept it. There is no more reason why we English should claim the right to make land laws for Ireland than for Canada or New Zealand. I venture to predict that within twenty years it will be thought monstrous that we should ever have denied the Irish so self-evident a right."

The Political Situation in France is Regarded by intelligent observers with apprehension. The present administration has no great following among the people, and its only safe course is one of inactivity. It fears to move lest the dormant dislike with which it is regarded should become active, and it should be driven from office. Since the decline in the popularity of M. Gambetta, caused by his advocacy of a new electoral system, which aroused the suspicion that he aimed at absolute power, there is no leader who can form a strong government. A combination of any two sections of politicians can overthrow any administration. Apprehensions are expressed lest some daring man like the late emperor, seeing how disorganized political society is, may seize the reins of government and impose on the nation a return of personal and arbitrary rule.

The Movement to Assist Unemployed Mechanics and laborers in Great Britain to emigrate to Canada is making steady progress. A preliminary meeting was held at the Mansion House on April 5th, the Lord Mayor presiding, with the view of taking steps to raise a fund for aiding the people. Sir Alexander T. Galt, the Canadian High Commissioner, announced that Canada offered to give five dollars per head to certain families to whom the Canadian Pacific Railway Company offered employment. Ex-Lord Mayor McArthur and Mr. Torrens, members of parliament; Cardinal Manning, and several well-known churchmen were present. It was announced that \$30,000 would be required to start the scheme.

The Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which is a fac-simile of the one that stands on the site of Solomon's Temple, at Jerusalem, is stated to be unsafe, and the news has created considerable consternation among the Turks, who hold the tradition that the fall of St. Sophia will be the signal for the dismemberment of the Mahommedan Empire. The dome threatens to give way at any moment, and should the fall occur at the time of any special ceremony many deaths would be the result.

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OBTAINABLE THROUGH THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND AT THE OFFICE OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1882.

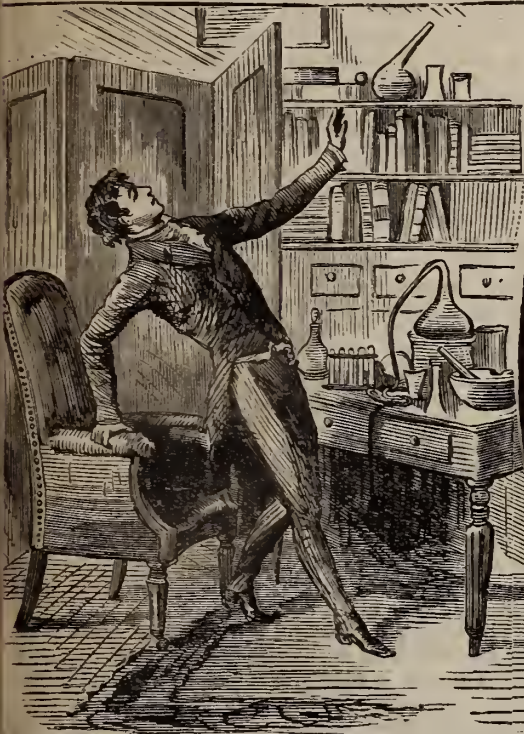
16th Year. No. 16.—New Series.

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EXPERIMENTING WITH NITROUS OXIDE.



INVENTION OF THE MINERS' SAFETY-LAMP.



DECIPHERING WRITING ON PAPYRI.



HUMPHRY DAVY KNIGHTED BY THE PRINCE REGENT.

MR HUMPHRY DAVY, INVENTOR OF THE MINERS' SAFETY LAMP, AND SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY,

The Inventor of the Miner's Safety Lamp.

Birth and Early Education—Boyish Amusements—Articled to a Surgeon at Penzance—Removes to Bristol—Experiments with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas—Becomes Assistant-Lecturer in Chemistry at the London Royal Institution—His Investigations of Electricity—His Services to Agriculture and Photography—Knighthood—Invention of the Safety Lamp—His Examination of Papyri from Herculaneum—Appointed President of the Royal Institution—His Last Days and Burial at Geneva.

AMONG the world's benefactors must be counted not only the philanthropists, the reformers, and the great statesmen and orators, but the men who devote their time and attention to the study of the laws of nature. Especially have those a claim to a high place on the world's roll of honor, who have turned their studies to account in making their discoveries practically useful in the preservation of life and in relieving the sufferings of mankind. Among such men Sir Humphry Davy occupies a high place. He was an original thinker and a hard worker. He made many discoveries which have been perfected since his day and which the world has found valuable and beneficial. But were it only for the invention of the safety lamp for the use of miners that we are indebted to his genius, that one invention alone would secure for him universal fame. Though it did not entirely preclude the possibility of accidents in the mines, it rendered them much less frequent and provided a means by which hundreds if not thousands of lives have been saved. His portrait and a short sketch of his life cannot therefore fail to interest our readers.

Humphry Davy was born on December 17th, 1778, near Penzance, England. His father, Robert Davy, was a wood-carver, in independent though humble circumstances, and the family resided upon a small estate of their own, situated in Mount's Bay.

The childhood of Humphry was spent under the immediate care of his parents, and in his earliest years he gave evidence of the possession of singular abilities; and especially manifested the dawning of a vivid imagination, united with a strong turn for experiments in natural philosophy.

One of his favorite amusements was to exhibit to his playfellows the operation of melting in a candle scraps of tin, and to make and explode detonating balls. Another was the inventing and repeating to them fairy tales and romances. At times, however, he would exercise his eloquence upon graver subjects.

When a mere child he entered the grammar school at Penzance, where, in the usual acceptance of the words, he profited little. His own opinion, however, was different. "I consider it fortunate," he subsequently wrote to a member of his family, "that I was left much to myself as a child, and put upon no particular plan of study, and that I enjoyed much idleness at Mr. Coryton's school. I perhaps owe to these circumstances the little talents that I have, and their peculiar application; what I am, I have made myself. I say this without vanity, and in pure simplicity of heart."

He was soon removed to the school at Truro, where he remained two years, undistinguished except by a love of poetry, which evinced itself in several compositions. This, indeed, continued to be a favorite amusement, until, in mature life, he became absorbed in scientific pursuits; and it has been said upon high authority that if Davy had not been the first chemist, he would have been the first poet of his age.

ARTICLED TO A SURGEON.

In 1794 his father died, and his mother in consequence removed from the patrimonial estate to Penzance, where, in his sixteenth year, Davy was apprenticed to Mr. Borlase, a surgeon in that town. For the medical part of his profession he showed distaste, but he speedily gained that decided taste for chemical pursuits which eventually placed him in the front rank of scientific investigators. His passion for experiment became insatiable. Everything that could on any pretence or by any contrivance be converted into a piece of chem-

ical apparatus was appropriated without scruple. The notoriety which, in a small town, he readily acquired as the boy who was "so fond of chemical experiments," introduced him to a valuable friend, Mr. Davies Gilbert, in early life his patron, in mature age his successor as President of the Royal Society.

By Mr. Gilbert young Davy was introduced to Dr. Beddoes, who was at that time seeking an assistant in conducting the Pneumatic Institution, then newly established at Bristol, for the purpose of investigating aeriform fluids, and the possibility of using them as medical agents.

This providential engagement opened a career of usefulness and fame which, under other circumstances, might have been long delayed. The arrangement was concluded upon liberal terms, and in October, 1798, before he was twenty years of age, he left his home in high spirits to enter upon an independent life. It is to his honor that, as soon as a competent though temporary provision was thus secured, he resigned, in favor of his mother and sisters, all his claims upon the paternal estate.

EXPERIMENTS WITH LAUGHING GAS.

While he was with Dr. Beddoes his zeal and intrepidity was signally displayed in his attempts to breathe different gases, supposed, or known, to be highly destructive to life, with a view to ascertain the nature of their effects. Two of these experiments, the inhaling of nitrous gas and carburetted hydrogen, are remarkable, because in each *he narrowly escaped death*. But his attention was especially turned to the gas called nitrous oxide, or *laughing-gas*, which, upon respiration, appeared to transport the inhaler into a new and highly pleasurable state of feeling, to rouse the imagination, and give new vigor to the mental faculties. (*The panel in the upper portion of the frontispiece shows him in his laboratory after inhaling this gas.*)

The effects produced, exaggerated by the enthusiasm of his patients, were in fact closely analogous to intoxication. He found that by its means he could produce sleep, delicious dreams, and involuntary laughter; and many persons witnessed with curiosity and amusement strange freaks of poets and philosophers, while under the operation of this novel stimulus.

In 1800 he published "Researches Chemical and Philosophical, respecting Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration." The nature of the results announced, combined with the ability shown in their investigation, and the youth of the author, produced a great sensation in philosophical circles; and through the celebrity thus acquired, and the favorable opinion of him formed upon personal acquaintance by several eminent scientists of the day, he was offered by the conductors of the Royal Institution, the office of Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, with the understanding that ere long he should be made sole Professor. This negotiation took place in May of 1801, and on May 31st, 1802, he was raised to the appointment.

LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To Davy, the quitting Bristol for London was the epoch of a transformation—an elevation from the chrysalis to the butterfly state. In youth his person, voice, and dress, were alike uncouth; and at first sight they produced so unfavorable an impression upon Count Rumford, that he expressed much regret at having sanctioned so unpromising an engagement. But he soon found abundant reason to change his opinion.

Davy's first course of lectures, which was not delivered till the spring of 1802, excited an interest unequalled before or since. Not only the scientific, but the literary and fashionable world crowded to hear him; and his vivid imagination, fired with enthusiastic love for the science which he professed, gave to one of the most abstruse of studies a charm confessed by persons the least likely to feel its influence. The strongest testimony to his richness of illustration is supplied by Mr. Coleridge. "I go," said he, "to Davy's lecture to increase my stock of metaphors."

Had this been all, the young prodigy would soon have ceased to dazzle; but his fame was maintained and increased by the success which waited

on his undertakings; and, in a word, Davy became *the lion of the day*. The effect of this sudden change was by no means good. Sought and caressed by the highest circles of the metropolis, he endeavored to assume the airs of a man of fashion; but the strange dress sat awkwardly, and ill replaced a natural candor and warmth of feeling which had singularly won upon the acquaintances of his early life.

HIS INVESTIGATIONS OF ELECTRICITY.

Our limits are too small to admit even a sketch of the various trains of original investigation pursued by Davy during his connection with the Institution. His electrical inquiries carried on from 1800 to 1807, and developed in the Bakerian Lectures, were so novel and brilliant that public curiosity was raised to the highest pitch: the laboratory of the Institution was thronged with visitors, and the high excitement thus produced, acting upon a frame exhausted by fatigue, produced a *violent fever*, in which for many days he lay between life and death.

His discovery that substances could be decomposed by electricity, and the elements revealed of which they consist, was a superb triumph. Having first of all succeeded in decomposing water, he tried the effect of the electric current on potash and soda; and his brother says, "His delight when he saw the minute shining globules like mercury burst through the crust of potash and take fire as they reached the air was so great that he could not contain his joy—he actually bounded about the room in ecstatic delight." Thus the great principle was ascertained that chemical affinity can be overcome by a stronger power, and Davy pioneered the way for Faraday, to whom we are most indebted for what we know of the intimate connection between electricity and chemical change.

AGRICULTURE AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

Agricultural chemistry likewise owes much to Davy. While Baron Liebig, of Darmstadt, was laboring in the same field in Germany, Davy taught how the growth of plants depends upon the chemical condition of the soil wherein they are sown, how different crops ought to be sown in succession in order not to exhaust the soil in any particular field, and what manure will best restore to the ground the essential and vitalizing elements that the crops have taken out of it.

To Davy, also, may be attributed in great part the knowledge of *photography*; for in 1802 he and Dr. Thomas Wedgwood suggested that pictures might be taken by the rays of the sun acting chemically upon chloride of silver, and they even succeeded in making some pictures in this way. *Daguerre* came afterward and completed their work, when, in 1839, he demonstrated how a picture might be fixed so as to remain.

Another contribution of Davy to the cause of science resulted from his taking two pieces of ice, and making them melt by rubbing them together, without any warmth being brought near them. In order to be quite sure that the heat did not come out of the air, he made a second experiment by placing a piece of ice in a machine under an air-pump. When he had drawn out all the air, he set the machine to work so that the ice, being rubbed, melted without any air being present. Hence, he came to the conclusion that "heat is a peculiar motion, probably a vibration of the corpuscles of bodies, tending to separate them."

To an unwearied industry and zeal in research Davy added accurate reasoning. His discoveries were useful in further inventions after he had passed away.

In the year 1810 he was invited to Ireland, and received from Trinity College the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; and on April 8th, 1812, he received the honor of knighthood from the Prince Regent, at a levée at Carlton House, in testimony of his merits. (*The ceremony is depicted in the right-hand section of the lower portion of our picture.*) On the 11th of the same month he married Mrs. Apreece, a lady possessed of ample fortune; immediately previous to which he delivered his farewell address to the Royal Institution, and from this time gave himself up to continental travel and literary composition.

INVENTION OF THE MINER'S SAFETY LAMP. The autumn of 1815 is rendered memorable by the discovery of the *Safety-lamp*, one of the most practical applications of science to economical uses yet made, by which *thousands of lives have been preserved*. Sir Humphry was led to consideration of this subject by an application from the Rev. Dr. Grey, the Chairman of a Society organized in 1813, at Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland, to consider and promote the means of preventing accidents by fire in coal-pits. Being then in Scotland, he visited the mines in the North of England, and on his return southward, and was supplied with specimens of fire-damp which, on reaching London, he proceeded to examine. He soon discovered that the *carburetted hydrogen gas*, called *fire-damp* by the miners, would explode when mixed with less than six, or than fourteen times its volume of atmospheric air; and further, that the explosive mixture would not be fired in tubes of small diameters and proportionate lengths. Gradually diminishing the dimensions, he arrived at the conclusion that a tissue of wire—wire gauze—in which the gas does not exceed a certain small diameter, may be considered as the ultimate limit of a tube of such tubes, is impervious to the inflamed combustible air; and that a lamp covered with such tissue or gauze, may be used with perfect safety even in an explosive mixture, which will burn, and burns within the cage, securely cut off from the power of doing harm. Thus, when the atmosphere is so impure that the flame of the lamp itself cannot be maintained, the *Davy* still gives light to the miner, and turns his worst and most deadly enemy into an obedient servant. This invention, the certain source of large profit, presented with characteristic liberality to the public. The words are preserved, in which when asked to secure to himself the benefit of it by a patent, he declined to do so, in conformity with his high-minded resolution which he formed upon rising independent wealth, of never making his eminence subservient to gain. "I have thought for all my views and purposes; more might be troublesome, and distract my attention from those pursuits in which I delight. Wealth would not increase my fame or happiness. It might undoubtedly enable me to put horses to my carriage, but what would it avail me if I have it said that Sir Humphry Davy drives in a carriage and four?" The coal-owners of the North of England presented to him a service of plate, in testimony of their gratitude. He underwent, however, considerable vexation from claims to priority of invention set up by some persons connected with the mines, whose attention had been turned to the subject. The controversy was settled in his favor by the decision of the most eminent names in British science, and the general voice of the owners of the Sunderland and Newcastle coal-fields; and so long as the pits are worked, the name of Davy, given by the colliers to the safety-lamp, cannot be forgotten. (*The right-hand section of the upper division of our front picture represents Sir Humphry explaining the principle of his safety-lamp to Count Rumford.*)

MINING PAPYRI FROM HERCULANEUM. In 1818 Sir Humphry visited Naples, with a view of applying the resources of chemistry to the unrolling of the papyri found in Herкулaneum. These, it is well known, are generally plates resembling charcoal, often cemented into a mass, and the texture so entirely destroyed that it is hardly possible to separate the layers. Submitted fragments to the operation of chlorine and iodine with such fair hope of success that he was encouraged to proceed to Naples, the Government furnishing him with every recommendation and defraying the expenses of such assistance as he thought it necessary to take out. His success, however, fell short of his hopes, and partly from disappointment, partly from a belief that unfair obstacles were placed in his way by interested parties, he abandoned the undertaking at the end of a few months, having partially unrolled 23 manuscripts and examined 120 which offered no prospect of success. (*The left-hand section of the*

lower half of our frontispiece illustrates these examinations.)

BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

In October, 1818, Sir Humphry was created a baronet, as a reward for his scientific services. In 1820, upon the death of Sir Joseph Banks, he was elected President of the Royal Society, and retained the chair until forced to quit it by ill-health.

It would have been better had he not obtained this honor. His scientific pride disgusted some; his aristocratic airs excited the ridicule of others. Much of this weakness may be traced to the pernicious effects of early flattery. Such frailties, though just grounds of censure and regret to his contemporaries, are now lost in the splendor of his discoveries.

HIS LAST DAYS.

Toward the end of 1825 the indisposition which his friends had long seen stealing on him reached its crisis in the form of an apoplectic attack. All immediate cause of alarm was soon removed; but the traces of his illness remained in a slight degree of paralysis, which somewhat impaired his muscular energies. He hastened abroad, and passed the rest of the winter and the spring at Ravenna. In the summer he visited the Tyrol and Illyria, and finding his health still precarious, resigned the chair of the Royal Society, and a few weeks later returned to England, having gained little strength.

In the early part of 1828 Sir Humphry once more sought the continent in search of health. His steps were turned to that favorite district of which he speaks as the "most glorious country in Europe, Illyria and Styria," where he solaced the weary hours of sickness by such field sports as his failing health enabled him to pursue, in the revision of a small manual on fishing, and in the composition of the "Last Days of a Philosopher."

A large portion of this work is occupied by metaphysical and religious disquisitions. As a moral philosopher, his opinions do not seem entitled to peculiar weight. Of his visionary excursion to the limits of the solar system, it is not fair to speak but as the play of an exuberant imagination, mastering the sober faculties of the mind. The work contains many passages, reflective and descriptive, of unusual beauty. He was a firm believer in God and in the doctrines of Christian faith.

The winter of 1828-9 having been spent at Rome, with returning spring he expressed a wish to visit Geneva, but his hours were numbered. He reached that city on May 28th, unusually cheerful; dined heartily on fish, and desired to be daily supplied with every variety which the lake afforded. In the course of the night he was seized with a fresh attack, and expired early in the morning without a struggle, in the 59th year of his age. His remains were honored by the magistrates with a public funeral, and repose in the cemetery of Plain Palais, just outside the walls of the city. The splendors of natural scenery amid which he awaits the summons of the resurrection morning, seem suitable as the resting-place of one who explored with enthusiasm the mysteries of nature, but dwelt also with intense pleasure on the marvellous loveliness of phenomena of daily occurrence.

JOHN MAYNARD, THE HEROIC PILOT.

(See Illustration on page 253.)

No one who ever heard the thrilling story of the heroic John Maynard, as told by Mr. John B. Gough, will soon forget the touching picture of the noble courage which is born of true religion, however humble may be the breast in which it reigns. John Maynard was a well-known, sturdy, intelligent, and God-fearing pilot on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried any boats.

In the course of the trip, on this sultry afternoon, smoke was suddenly seen to curl its way from below. What could be the matter? The captain was immediately on the alert, and calling out to one of the sailors he said, "Go down, Simpson, and see what is the matter, and what that smoke means."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the quick response; but

scarcely had he been gone a moment when he reappeared with a face pale as death. "What's the matter, man?" cried the captain. "Captain! the ship is on fire!"

Beyond all question such was the terrible fact, and the cheeks of the sailors became blanched at the news. They could face the wildest hurricane that ever threatened to rend a vessel asunder, but a ship on fire was something too terrible even for their strong nerves. In a moment the cry went shrieking to the sky, "Fire! fire! fire!"

Then, quicker than it takes to tell, all hands were called up, and the promptest measures taken to subdue the flames which every moment burst out in fresh places. It was raging in all directions, and seemed in its fury to laugh to scorn the buckets of water which were dashed upon the flames. No energy, however undaunted, could save the doomed vessel! To add to the fury of the flames there were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and when at last these took fire, the passengers saw that unless they could reach land very soon their fate was sealed.

All this time brave John Maynard never left his post at the wheel, but might be seen through the flames grasping its spokes as with sinews of iron.

"John Maynard," cried the passengers, "how far are we from land?" "Seven miles," was the brief answer.

"How long shall we be ere we reach it, John Maynard?" was the next agonized inquiry.

"Three quarters of an hour at our present rate of speed."

"Is there any danger, John Maynard?"

"Well," said the pilot, "there is danger enough *here*; do you not see the smoke bursting out? If you would save your lives, go forward!"

In an instant passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the fore part of the ship, but John Maynard stood at his post. Then the flames burst forth in a sheet of fire, and clouds of smoke arose. At last, bellowing through his speaking trumpet, came the voice of the captain.

"John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the brave helmsman.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on the shore."

Nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

Once more the voice of the captain was heard crying—"John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer which, though intended to be reassuring, was so faint that it could scarcely be heard.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the brave pilot, "by God's help I will."

The pilot's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set; yet there he stood firm as a rock.

At last he brought the ship ashore. Every man, woman, and child was saved. Only one was lost, and that one was brave, God-fearing John Maynard. Lost! did we say? He lost to win; he died to live, for a simpler or more believing spirit never took its flight than that of this Christian pilot. He sacrificed his own life that he might save the lives of others, and the story of his heroic courage shall never be forgotten.

A Strayed Sheep.—The Rev. W. H. Aitken, of the Episcopal Church, recently narrated an incident which illustrates the imperilled condition and awful state of the impenitent sinner. "Two friends were in the Highlands of Scotland recently, shooting, and one of them observed an animal on a jutting rock. He inquired, 'Is that a sheep?' and looking through his field-glass he saw that it was. In search of herbage the sheep had descended from one grass-covered ledge to another, and found it impossible to return. No shepherd in Scotland dare risk his life by going down the declivity. The sheep must remain there till an eagle observed it, when it would hover over the poor animal, drawing nearer and nearer, until at last the affrighted sheep would take a dreadful leap into space, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and then become the eagle's prey."

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"I shall go to Him."—Samuel 12: 23.

Is the Child Dead?—A Tremendous Question—The Subject of Future Recognition—A Certainty, not a Surmise—What the Text Implies—The Transfiguration—The Angels know each other—Heaven a Great Home Circle—Reasons for Accepting this Truth—I. The Rejection of it Implies the Obliteration of Memory—II. The World's Expectancy Affirms it—III. Moral and Spiritual Features will Distinguish us for ever—IV. We need an Opportunity of Thanking Spiritual Benefactors—V. Dying Experiences Confirm the Belief—A Child's Vision—Heaven—This is Death.

THERE is a *very sick child* in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on the lip and nostril of the man and master, also knocks at the palace door, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are vain to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all *splendid surrounding* when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet at rest, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them,

"IS THE CHILD DEAD?"

"Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No grave-digger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forger somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the *hoofs of the pale horse* never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "*I shall go to him.*"

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth *will we meet again in the next world?* "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never can find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm.

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of *future recognition* of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granite foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dear.

TREMENDOUS QUESTION!

It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a

bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and here and there is the mark of a tear; and I say, "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of *positive certainty*. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter-timber, knees, transoms, all of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on, it will go down. Now we may have a *great many beautiful theories* about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world; but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered.

We want a theory built out of the *solid oak of God's eternal Word*. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions.

Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible *four times that is taken for granted*. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John, and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as

MOSES AND ELIAS.

Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that *the angels know each other*; and then the Bible says we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in His conversation with Mary and Martha, when He said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. *You will see him again*. Thy brother shall rise again."

The Bible describes heaven as a *great home circle*. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to to sleep, shall we know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes, we will know each other a great deal better than now; "for now," says the apostle, "we are through a glass darkly, but then face to face." We will be my purified, enthroned, and glorified by gazing on your purified, enthroned, and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, if you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "hope it is so; I have an idea it is so; I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind, and soul,

"I KNOW IT IS SO."

I. There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. The first place, *because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory*. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Alas! ham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the loved and other lost remember, will not the throne remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to change glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our fireside with us when the throne before us the throne of the blessed, and when there surges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved.

Heaven is not a contraction, it is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there your soul shall have a million eyes. *It will be immortality gazing on immortality*—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

II. Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because *the world's expectancy affirms it*. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-planted, and if God-planted it is rightfully planted. Socrates writes, "Who would not die with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is the consequence of death, I could even be willing to die often."

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may see the master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said, "Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of men and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consolation of reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believe it. The Turks believe it. Under every tongue, in every zone, the theory is adopted, and so I say a principle universally implanted by God, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

III. Again, I adopt this theory because *it is a feature of moral temperament and*

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. We therefore publish by request a sermon by him which God has widely blessed to the comfort alike of dying and bereaved Christians. It was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 31, 1899, but there have come to us so many demands for copies containing the sermon that it has now for a long time been out of print.—Ed.

FEATURES OF THE SOUL

It will distinguish us for ever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the *disposition as well*, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense; and if in the dust of the body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will he be blasted with such insufferable idiocy, that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we never guess who they are?

V. Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because *we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted.* The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no. In the church at Somerville, New Jersey, John Vredenburg preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, and others so, although he was a faithful minister preaching the Gospel all the time. He died, and died amid some discouragements, and went home to his father; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburg was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath two hundred souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburg.

Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls *brought to Christ through his instrumentality*? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins and owing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious book he wrote! It is out of fashion now. There is a mother before the throne of God. I say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her joy was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth until that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of earth. She is before the throne of God now. Years ago that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. They confront each other.

THE SON AND THE MOTHER.

"Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this one come back." The Bible says nations are born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abel? When India comes will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they know David Brainard? I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday-school class you invited to Christ! *I was one of them.*" And another voice says, "You get that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread and told of the heavenly loaves. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick man to whom you gave medicine for the body and soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, I did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending

over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

V. One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that *so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory.* I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often *the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow*, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him.

How often it is in the dying moments *parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents.* I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after a while I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "*Hark! look!*" You hearkened and you looked. *A little child* pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after a while died. In the last moment that waned and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out,

"MOTHER!"

You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where *one of my neighbors was dying.* He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. *My idea of heaven* is, you are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been lost, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace.

That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle *where they are waiting for us.* Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister"? You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye, and the ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is worn in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you *this glorious consolation* of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad-track and put my

ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on; and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory.

O HEAVEN! SWEET HEAVEN!

You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore *you will talk it all over.* The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid-room in the midnight—alone.

Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. *No sorrow, no tears, no death.* Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the East they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. *They sing.* They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "*Give him a palm.*" On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell," In heaven it is,

"WELCOME WELCOME."

And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the wave comes to the girdle and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ has lifted this soul upon a throne of glory, and the pomp and joy of heaven come surging to his feet, then says Christ, "*This is death.*"

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SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 231.)

McCann's Fatal Evidence—Truth Perverted—Rossiter Given up to Vengeance—His Prayer for his Murderers—The Search for Sylph and Capt. Vaughan—Corny Fagan Warns the Intended Victims—Sylph's Incredulity—Farmer Dunne Sells a Horse and Cart—The Escape—The Farmer's Peril.

MILES listened to the details related by McCann with foreboding. He was incensed, disquieted, outraged, disgusted by this confession of treacherous espionage, and by a fellow who seemed not to have the least perception of the infamous nature of his conduct.

"Priest and president of the court," he cried out, addressing Father John. "Will you permit this disgraceful story to be continued longer! If this man has no sense of what is decent and becoming, will you allow him further to disgrace himself?"

"Oh! never heed me, nor me *character*," said Barty, "I am quite able to take care of them both. But anyhow, it isn't ayther o' them yer thinkin' or carin' about, me man, but what I'm jest on the point o' comin' to."

"Wud ye believe it, yer riv'rence, that afther a long palaver about himself, and his goin's on in France an' Englan', I heard this man say that all ye'es up here—you, Father John, and all our leaders around ye—war nothin' but a lot of assassins and murderers; that ye'es had disgraced and dishonored our great and holy cause; that he was heart sick o' ye'es—every wan. And—what do ye'es think? Why, that he would give ye'es up and disown ye'es, tee-totally; would bethray ye'es, and would turn himself over to the English, to fight agin ye'es; and, more nor that, would git the two pris'ners we reprieved, at his biddin', yesterday, away from our grasp, and into the ranks of our inimes."

There was some exaggeration in this statement. Miles had said, indeed, that he would abandon the insurgents and would withdraw from their camp, but had distinctly declared to Sylph that he would not betray them. There was, however, enough of what was true in the words of Barty McCann to condemn him in the opinion of the men before whom he stood for trial. Miles felt this, and that his hour was come—that the death which, in his despondency, he told Sylph he craved for, was about to overtake him with a speed he had not imagined.

This conviction met with almost immediate confirmation. Scarcely had Barty McCann, who had given such fatal evidence against him, ended his testimony when a howl, loud, savage, and fierce, burst forth from the multitude on either hand of him—"Pike him, pike him off hand, pike him!" was shouted out by exasperated hundreds.

"Take him, and do your will upon him," said Father John, raising his voice to be heard above the tumult. "The voice of the people is the voice of God. As a traitor and an apostate, he is the troubler and the curse of the camp, and even if we were disposed to save him—which we are not—it is better that one man should die, and not that the whole of a devoted people should perish."

Miles felt himself dragged by powerful hands toward the spot indicated for his execution. He would have liked to press a kiss upon his mother's lips, who still lay on one side the throng pale and unconscious. He craved to do this, as a token that he did not blame her for the part she had been forced to play in his unjust condemnation. But his executioners were too eager to wreak their vengeance upon him to permit of their granting this privilege. On and on he was pushed, until he stood upon the very spot where Captain Vaughan had knelt the day before, awaiting the death which now approached his deliverer.

Miles stood with his back to the precipice, and facing the crowd; his hands folded across his breast, and his look undaunted, braced up to meet his doom. At the last moment, however, he unclasped his arms, and stretched them forth with his hands open toward the heavens. "Oh, God,"

he cried, "I acknowledge Thee as Lord of Heaven and earth, and the Father of my spirit; and I believe in Thy Son as the world's Redeemer, and therefore mine. Through the atonement of His precious blood, may all my sins in Thy sight be forgiven. In His name, I beseech Thee to receive my soul, and take it to Thy everlasting kingdom. And these, my murderers, visit not, O Lord, their sin upon them, but give them repentance, and at length, forgiveness for their cruel crime."

The men, who had their pikes levelled—one each side—to pierce the body of Miles, struck by his gesture in lifting up his hands, hesitated to strike, awed by the reverent avowal of his faith, so opposed to their conception of him as an apostate and blasphemous; and also as moved by the solemn prayer for themselves which he uttered.

But their delay soon ended. Miles had begun to repudiate the name of traitor and to pray for a blessing on his country. "God bless Ireland" was upon his lips when his bosom was transfixed, and his life-blood gushed forth. Next moment, hurled over the rocky steep, he lay lifeless amid other dead, stretched all ghastly and gore-stained around him.

Scarcely had the body of Miles disappeared over the cliff than an angry shout was raised to rearrest the English officer, with whom the false Miles Rossiter, they declared, had conspired to betray them; and also his lady companion; and to visit upon them the same vengeance which had overtaken their treacherous advocate and deliverer.

The prospect of having another drama of blood was too attractive to the multitude to be forfeited, or even postponed. Murder is a thirst that grows by murder; hence, a band of swift messengers, armed with pikes, was despatched from the camp to hunt up Sylph and Captain Vaughan, and to bring them in haste to the hill, as material for another scene of bloodshed. "They plotted with Rossiter to betray us!" was fiercely shouted. "They have forfeited their lives, and must pay the penalty!"

The yearning for blood, however, was not, in the case of Sylph and Captain Vaughan, to be satisfied. Corny Fagan having in hand a business of his own which he deemed important, had come in disguise to the camp to consult the man—his old comrade—who had first directed him to Miles. When Corny got half way up the hill he heard that matters of moment were proceeding near the Old Mill, and, urged by curiosity, he resolved to venture himself in the crowd and find out what was passing.

Wring with pity and horror, he witnessed the condemnation of Miles upon the testimony of his own mother; heard the narrative of Barty McCann, and his description of the manner in which he came to hear the conversation of Miles with his mistress, Sylph; and was struck with terror at the muttered threats and curses of the rebel crowd against her and Captain Vaughan for complicity in what they considered the vile treachery of Rossiter.

Corny felt there was not a moment to lose in giving his "mistress and the capt'n" warning. Without waiting to witness poor Rossiter's tragical end, and even before the victim was led to the place of his murder, Corny set off at full speed to Farmer Dunne's to urge immediate flight on Sylph. Both of them, then—it was Corny's plan—should give the alarm to Captain Vaughan, who was staying in a farmhouse, two and a half miles or more distant from the camp, and which stood near the main road which led to Gorey. The whole three after this, Corny proposed, should push on, with all speed, to Gorey, where he knew a portion of the royal army was posted, and then they would be safe.

Fortunately for Corny, the tragedy that was being enacted near the Old Mill had proved such an irresistible attraction, and had so drawn away the rebels to that locality, that there were few to notice or question the course of his headlong course through the camp and then beyond it.

One old woman, however, too feeble to climb the hill to see for herself the "grand goin's on," as she called them, near the Old Mill, but who hungered to hear the particulars of the massacres,

was most anxious that Corny should stay to her a full account of the proceedings. "hoy! hulloa!" she screamed out in a cra-voiced, when Corny came near. "The blessin' the Vargin and the saints, on ye, young man! Stop and tell us the news. How is things on at the mill? Iz the boys, more power to t'givin' it sharp an' hot to the church's inimes owld Ireland's? Tell me, now, there's a darl!"

"Yis, the work's goin' on sharp and hot, vout a doubt," said Corny, to screen himself detection as being no rebel. "But, gran, cannot stop, fur I'm on most particular bus'ness."

Out of breath, panting, completely exhausted, ready to drop from fatigue, Corny reached Farmer Dunne's dwelling, and without ceremony hastened into the little parlor where Sylph was sitting.

"Misthress, misthress," he cried out with culty, "git away from this without the loss second, fur the rebels is comin' to kill ye, and cum straight from the Hill to warn ye."

Sylph had too much discretion to act at upon Corny's alarming tidings. She thought was right to question him a little to learn the state of the case, before abandoning the shelter of the roof where Miles had placed her.

But Corny was in no condition to enter particulars. He had not yet recovered breath, it was distressing to see his convulsive efforts one moment to answer her inquiries, and at other to urge her to instantaneous flight.

After a little, however, the words, "They piked Mr. Rossiter, and are comin' fast as will carry thim to pike the capt'n and your misthress," enabled Sylph to see that her faithful Corny had raised no false alarm, and a speedy departure from her present place of refuge was absolutely necessary.

But how was escape possible? To attempt on foot would be useless, for the insurgents would soon overtake her. She hastened into the kitchen near her little parlor, and fortunately found Farmer Dunne there and told him her difficulties.

The farmer had got to like his temporary guest. Not only Sylph's beauty, but her gentle manner and her ardent piety interested him; and his thought of her being slain, and that likely by his very eyes, greatly distressed him. Besides, the ultimate success of the rebellion, he believed, was very doubtful, and if it should happen that the rebels would take a turn it would greatly serve him if the royalists should come to know that he had saved the lives of an English officer and a lady, still, to aid in the flight of persons proscribed by the authorities at the camp would imperil his life at the hands of the rebels; and this latter danger was more imminent than the former.

Farmer Dunne, in fact, found himself in a dilemma. Thinking over the matter, a way of escape for him at last suggested itself. "I'll leave the house," he said, "and will not return for an hour. Do you take my horse and cart without my leave. When you reach Gorey put them up in the stable o' the inn, an' I can get them some day soon agin, or whenever I may want them; or if you'd rather pay me fur them, ye haven't the money by ye, miss, I'll take a note o' hand."

"I can pay you for them at once," said Sylph, and taking money from a secret pocket, she placed in the hands of the good farmer the sum stated was the value of his property.

It was not long before Corny harnessed the farmer's excellent horse to the cart. This had springs, and was a rude vehicle. It would, however, serve the present purpose, and was deemed under the circumstances of priceless value.

Horse and cart were soon at the farmhouse door. Sylph bearing in one hand a few articles of luggage, promptly seated herself upon some straw laid thick upon the cart bottom, Corny leaped up in front, seized the reins and flourished the whip, put the horse to a gallop and took the road to Gorey.

Earnestly did she petition Heaven for her safety, not from any selfish motive, however, that she might continue to honor Christ, who was dearer to her than life, by a ministry in which hitherto, she had been remarkably successful.

at the same time, she sought the grace of resignation, for she knew that "her Father's will was best and wisest," and so meekly looking upward, her trembling lips expressed the true sentiment of her heart, "Not my will, oh Lord, but Thine be done."

Sylph was not on her way a minute too soon. Looking back from a gentle height on the road, after taking up Captain Vaughan, she could see a number of rebels hurrying after her from Farmer Dunne's; having discovered her flight and the direction she had taken. Even their shouts of rage were borne to her ear, raised when they perceived that the speed of the farmer's horse was distancing them.

"It's Dunne's horse," they cried, "that's doin' the job, bad looke to him. To see this rascally escape is enough to drive us crazy."

"I vote," said one huge fellow, "that we turn back and wreak our vengeance on Dunne, who has lint his horse for this escape, and is at the bottom of it."

The proposal was at once accepted; but even this intended victim failed them. Dunne could be found nowhere in his house when they came to look for him. His wife, who pretended to come from the cows in the field, feigned to be unaware of what had taken place, but declared that she knew her husband had been a long time away from the premises.

The rebel band, therefore, came to the conclusion which the farmer, we know, wished them to draw, namely, that his horse and cart were taken without his permission. So, after a treat of liquor, administered in policy by Mrs. Dunne, they departed for the hill, saying as they left "That they were as sorry for Mr. Dunne's loss as they were for their own disappointment. But that th' thiev-in' act of takin' his horse and cart widout as much as 'be yer lave' was only a fair specimen of th' way in which the English robbed the Irish.

Corny still retained the post of charioteer, and Captain Vaughan and Sylph sat side by side in the cart behind him. The captain and Sylph were still in a perilous case. The whole district was in such a condition of anarchy and lawlessness that at any moment a band of ruffians might rush upon them and take their lives. They trusted, however, that the Providence which so far had wonderfully and graciously preserved them, would still guard them; and in any case the complete separation which they had experienced for some time in comparative ignorance of each other's fate, gave a delightful zest even to this meeting.

(To be continued.)

THE TRADITION OF MEN.

S.S. Lesson for April 30, Mark 8: 1-16. Golden Text, ver. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

ALL throughout the life of Jesus whenever He preached or healed publicly, a certain number of people were present whose only object was to criticise Him and to find whatever fault they could. A great excitement like that we have mentioned in the close of our last lesson was just the opportunity which such people desired, and we find them busy finding fault with the disciples because they, who had scarcely time to eat at all, did not stay to wash their hands before they ate bread. Often they had to snatch a morsel by the wayside, in the ship upon the lake, or when in the house, just while eager suffering and seeking ones were waiting for them. They were practically carrying out the law in its true spirit, for all their time and strength were being spent in the service of others. The Pharisees, however, made no allowance for this, but because they did not follow the tradition of the elders they condemned them. God had commanded "Ye shall not add to the Word which I command you" (Deut. 4: 2). The elders and scribes, who had written commentaries on the law, did add to it, and the additions had come to be received more than the real text; thus the disciples of Jesus were condemned, for not obeying a command, the very existence of which was in contravention of the Word of God.

The Pharisees and scribes, who were needing the ministrations of Jesus in their own lost souls, came, and asked Him, "Why walk not Thy disci-

ples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands? He answered and said unto them, Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, for laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do." Our Lord here brings against the Pharisees and scribes

THREE CHARGES.

1. Vain worship, *i. e.*, life-service while their hearts are far from Him. 2. Teaching man's commandments. 3. Laying aside God's commandments. Would to God that these charges applied to them only, but alas, they are applicable to us!

Consider how truthfully it may be said of this generation, "They teach for doctrines the commandments of men." Is it out of God's Word that so many counsels come to newly converted souls who are just in the warm fervor of their first love, "Now be sure don't do anything extraordinary, don't bring on yourselves any unnecessary remark?" No, it is man's tradition and it is exactly contrary to the Word of God, which says, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate" (2 Cor. 6: 17). "Ye are the light of the world. A city set on an hill cannot be hid" (Matt. 5: 14). Is it out of God's Word that men say, "We must not hope to overcome sin down here, we must pray and struggle, but we cannot overcome?" Is not this giving the lie to all the promises of God made to "him that overcometh?" How unreasonable it would be in God to make promises with an impossible condition! What a failure must Christ's salvation be if it cannot deliver us from the power of sin! What an exaggeration are the words of Paul, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law but under grace" (Rom. 6: 14), if we are never to overcome sin! Alas! men are unwilling to

BREAK DEFINITELY WITH SIN,

are unwilling to have all means of continuing in sin cut off, and they are guilty of making God responsible for this iniquity, by declaring that His Word does not mean what it says; thus they make both the commandment and the promise of God "of none effect" by their tradition. Is it on the authority of God's Word that men say there is no harm in self-indulgence, in enjoying one's self, whether in a dancing party, or a pipe of tobacco, or the reading of a novel, or the indulgence of personal vanity in dress, or the seeking of one's own honor or reputation? No harm in indulging one's self when Jesus has said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself!" Do self-denial and self-indulgence mean the same thing? Or is it only when a word occurs in the Bible that we are to look upon it as meaning nothing? Alas, alas! men are making "the Word of God of none effect" by their tradition. Is it from the Word of God that we hear it so often said "We must not judge other people," meaning that we are not to know whether they are converted or not? How are we to open the eyes of them that are blind, if our own eyes are not wide open enough to see whether they are on the right way or not? How can we "turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God," unless we know and see whether they are groping their way in the darkness without God, or walking in the blessed light of His reconciled countenance? Men seek to do away with the distinctions which God makes and to delude themselves into the belief that God's "death" means the same as life, and God's "darkness" the same as light, making the Word of God of none effect through their tradition.

Is it from the Word of God that many Christian teachers say, "I must sow the seed, but I leave the results with God?" Did the Lord Jesus tell us to go out into the highways and hedges and leave the result with God, or did He tell us to compel them to come in that His house might be filled? It is not they who, in unbelief and hardness of heart toward lost perishing souls "leave the results with God," who will shine as the stars forever, but "they who turn many to righteous-

ness" (Dan. 12: 3). Thus it is God alone who gives the increase, but He expects His fishers of men to care whether souls are saved. There are combinations which God has never made. Those who save their consciences by rising early to go to a five o'clock or six o'clock communion, or who give up an evening to a prayer-meeting spend a corresponding amount of time and strength in the pursuit of worldly pleasure, striking in their own minds a kind of balance as to how far their religion warrants them to go in self-pleasing without losing their own souls? Does He not say, "Love not the world, neither the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (John 2: 15)? and again, "I would thou wert cold or hot" (Rev. 3: 15). O how awfully men make the Word of God of none effect by their tradition.

Is it in accordance with the Word of God that so many, even among believers, seek to vindicate themselves when wrong is done them, and to claim and establish their rights? "Why do ye not rather take wrong?" says Paul (1 Cor. 6: 7). Better a thousand times to suffer wrong than to lose an opportunity of obeying the Master's command, "I say unto you that ye resist not evil" (Matt. 5: 39). But how large a proportion even of the children of God, utterly ignore that "this is thank-worthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (1 Pet. 2: 19). Our human nature rebels and shrinks from this suffering, but it is the true test whether we are crucified with Christ, or whether we are making the Word of God, on this point, of no effect through our tradition. Let us not forget that the influence of our witness day by day is either vindicating or traducing the Word of the living God.

The Lord Jesus went on to say, "Full well ye reject (or frustrate) the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. For Moses said, Honor thy father and mother; and, whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, that wherewith thou mightest have been profited by me is Corban, that is to say, Given to God; ye no longer suffer him to do aught for his father or his mother; making void the Word of God by your tradition, which ye have delivered; and many such like things ye do" (Rev. Ver.). Man's tradition makes duty to God clash with duty to man; the Jews of Christ's day were clever in avoiding responsibility, and so are professing Christians now. "I must keep up my position," is man's tradition, whether father and mother are cared for or not, "All seek their own" (Phil. 2: 21). O how different to the spirit of Jesus, who even in His dying agony commended His mother to the disciple whom He loved.

How common it is even among people who lay claim to be converted, that the authority of parents is made a cover for worldliness and self-indulgence, while the same authority is entirely disregarded where it does not minister to the self-gratification of the child. "My mother gave me these ornaments," says a vain girl, "and I should offend her if I did not wear them," while the same mother's wish that she should take upon her some of the care of a little sister or of the housekeeping is entirely disregarded.

Our blessed Lord next takes occasion to teach that not that which goeth into a man can defile him, "because it entereth not into his heart," but, "That which cometh out of the man that defileth the man." And He proceeds to open the door and let us know what He sees in the human heart. "For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these evil things come from within, and defile the man." O how terrible is the fall of man! When Adam came forth from the hand of God, he pronounced him to be "very good;" the enemy of souls has done his work well, but blessed be God, there is a power in Christ's Redemption to "destroy the works of the devil," and to produce in us "a new heart," and "a new spirit" (Ezek. 36: 26). The Lord Himself do His works upon us.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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CURRENT EVENTS.

Another Bill to Suspend Chinese Immigration was introduced in the House on Monday, April 17th, by Mr. Page, by the instruction of the Committee on Education and Labor. It is a modified form of the bill recently vetoed by the President. The number of years during which the bill prohibits the immigration of the Chinese is reduced from twenty to ten years, and the passport system prescribed by the former bill is changed for one of certificates. Several other minor alterations have been made, which the committee hope will render the bill, if passed in its present form, acceptable to the President.

The New Electoral Law, which it is Proposed shall govern all future Presidential elections, was favorably reported by the House Committee on April 12th. The events of 1876 are still fresh in our recollection, and the new bill will therefore be carefully scrutinized before it becomes law. Its most important provisions are that between the day of choosing the electors and the day on which they are to vote, the title to the office of elector may be determined, which, if made by the highest judicial tribunal of the State having jurisdiction *shall be conclusive*; that if there be more than one judicial decision the two Houses of Congress shall determine which shall be received; that where there has been a controversy in any State, and no certified decision has been transmitted, or where two or more such certified decisions have been transmitted, the contested votes from such State shall not be counted unless both Houses concur therein.

An Important Decision in the Star Route cases was pronounced on April 10th by Judge Wylie of the Criminal Court. A motion had been made to quash the indictments, and there was some apprehension that the technical grounds on which the motion was made would be found good in law. Among these was the plea that the acts charged against Mr. Brady were done by him in his official capacity, and that he could not be punished at law for exercising a discretion conferred upon him as an officer of the government; that he could only be punished by impeachment.

Judge Wylie decided this point by citing that provision of the Constitution which declares that while judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office and disqualification, the person impeached shall be liable to indictment and conviction in due process of law. Another plea made by the defence was that the appropriation of money by Congress confirmed the alleged illegal acts. Upon this, Judge Wylie said that there was nothing in the law to show that Congress had any intention to sanction such offences as were said to have been committed. The charge in these cases is not merely of improper official action within the department, but of *actual conspiracy* between the officials and the contractors to defraud the government. If the government can prove the crime of conspiracy against the defendants it cannot help them in the least to show that Congress unconsciously consummated their frauds.

The Repudiation of the Stenographic Report of Mr. Shipherd's testimony by the Foreign Affairs Committee, is a significant fact in connection with civil service reform. When the report was printed and laid before the committee its glaring inaccuracies were at once remarked, and Mr. Shipherd himself protested against its admission. This is the more unfortunate because the evidence given was of the utmost national importance, and as the history of the case will be frequently the subject of reference, it is of consequence that its truth should not be impugned. The stenographer pleaded that he was out of practice and was nervous, but produced a copy of a recommendation signed by General Grant vouching for his ability. The production of the document confirmed the suspicion prevalent that Mr. Hayes, who until recently filled the office, was removed in order to make a vacancy for General Grant's protégé. Mr. Hayes was requested to resume his work as official stenographer, but having accepted another appointment he was unable to comply with the request. Several members of the committee expressed their regret that the Speaker should have yielded to General Grant's representations.

A Petition to Congress Against the Suspension of Chinese immigration has been forwarded from New York. It is signed by sixty-three dry goods merchants; by sixteen firms in the iron trade, by fifty-six banking houses; by the presidents of twenty-one insurance companies; by thirty-five cotton firms, and by forty merchants in the trade with China. They remonstrate against any limitations on immigration from China—first, because the policy would be a violation of the traditions of the government; second, because it would be an unnecessary affront to a friendly nation, and, third, because "it would greatly reduce if not absolutely destroy our growing commerce with China, which promises to be of vast importance to the financial and industrial interests of the United States."

The Gift of a Million Dollars for Educational purposes among the colored people of the South was announced last week. The donor is Mr. John F. Slater, a prominent manufacturer of Norwich, Conn. Mr. Slater states his object in giving this large sum of money, in a public letter. He desires that the money shall be used for the benefit exclusively of the colored race. He is actuated by two motives; the one that of regard for their interests, and the other for the future of the country, which he considers is likely to be imperilled by the franchise being confided to uneducated men. He says: "I am desirous to aid in providing them with the means of such education as shall tend to make them *good men and good citizens*—education in which the instruction of the mind in the common branches of secular learning shall be associated with training in just notions of duty toward God and man in the light of the *Holy Scriptures*. The means to be used in the prosecution of the general object above described I leave to the discretion of the corporation; only indicating, as lines of operation adapted to the present condition of things, the training of teachers from among the people requiring to be taught. If at any time after the lapse of thirty-five years

from the date of this foundation it shall appear to the judgment of three fourths of the members of this corporation that, by reason of a change in social conditions, or by reason of adequate and equitable public provision for education, or by any other sufficient reason there is no further serious need of this fund in the form in which it is at first instituted, I authorize the corporation to apply the capital of the fund to the *establishment of foundations* subsidiary to then already existing institutions of higher education, in such wise as to make the educational advantages of such institutions more freely accessible to poor students of the colored race." The trustees of the fund are to be Ex-President Hayes, Chief-Justice Waite, President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, James P. Boyce, of Kentucky, William A. Slater, of Norwich, the son of the giver of the fund, and John A. Stewart, William E. Dodge, and Morris K. Jessup, of New York.

A Denunciation of the Principles of the Republican Party came last week from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, who was Attorney-General in the Garfield administration, presided on April 13th at the annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform Association in Philadelphia, and in the course of his address said that President Hayes had consulted him in the preparation of his Civil Service order, and that he wrote a portion of it. When, however, Mr. Hayes was put to the test practically, he failed, and the closing days of his administration witnessed Sherman trying to elect himself President by the aid of the Treasury Department. Then came the short-lived Garfield administration. Whatever hope was in that was cut short by Guiteau's bullet. Mr. MacVeagh concluded by saying "My party leaves me in this predicament—it has but *three principles*, and I find myself opposed to all three. Its first great principle is the spoils system; the second is opposition to Civil Service reform; and the third seems to consist of repudiation in old Virginia." Mr. MacVeagh is not reported as saying whether he considered the administration of which he was a member was immaculate on the points mentioned, nor as to what his future course will be.

Senator Bayard's Letter Recently Published on success in public life will receive all the more attention because his own life is held as a conspicuous example of the high and honorable principles he advocates. It is often said by Christians, when they are urged to take an active part in politics instead of abandoning public affairs to unprincipled men, that the pursuit necessarily leads to dishonor. Senator Bayard shows that the assertion has no foundation in fact. He states his conviction that success in public life does not at all involve disregard of the canons of punctiliously honorable action. He says of the young American who engages in politics that "the discovery of much weakness and unworth may often pain and disappoint him, and he may weary of the work and long for rest; but his hands can be as clean at the end of the journey as when he set out upon it."

A Methodist Minister on the Land League.—In the course of a sermon delivered in Washington, D. C., on April 9th, the Rev. Dr. Crooks, of the Irish Methodist Church, made the following remarks on the Land League agitation: "There is not a Protestant of any connection in sympathy with the Land League. It is a scheme gotten up for the ultimate purpose of trying to root out Protestantism from every part of the land, and no effort is to be left untried to root out what is called the Protestant garrison; and the thing is carried on under the name of the Land league. There is not a country on the face of the earth where there is a better land law than in Ireland now. I don't mean to say that it was always so. There was a time when the people had a good deal to complain of; when landlords could raise the rents and eject for non-payment; but the landlord has no power to raise the rent now and the tenant cannot be put out now except for not paying the rent. There is a faction in Ireland that doesn't want to be satisfied. So long as money is sent in thousands from America to feed agitation, there will be agitation in Ireland."

A Remarkable Awakening is Reported from West Virginia as the result of God's blessing on the labors of Miss Jennie Smith and her co-workers among the railroad men on the Baltimore and Ohio Line. From Martinsburg, where over two hundred souls have been saved, the movement has spread to Keyser, where in two weeks one hundred persons were brought to the Saviour, and to Piedmont, where eighty-two confessed Christ during the week ending April 8th. Miss Smith is now laboring at Cumberland, Md., at which place the members of the Y. M. C. A. are rendering efficient help in the meetings. During her absence the work at Piedmont and Keyser has been conducted by her friend, Miss Adelaide Sherman, who, like Miss Smith, engages in the work without pecuniary reward. At the two places the services conducted by Miss Sherman have been signally blessed, and one hundred and seventy-five persons have professed saving faith in Jesus.

The Baptist Sunday-School Convention of North Carolina, which closed its labors in Raleigh on Sunday night, April 2d, is said to have been the largest and most enthusiastic gathering of Sunday-school workers ever seen in the State. The body, which sat three days, holding three sessions daily, discussed such questions as "The Conversion of souls the great object of Sunday-schools," "The Development of Missionary Giving," "Week-day Work for the Sunday-School Teacher," "The Bible and how to Make it Interesting," and many others of like import. The lectures of Professor W. F. Sherwin, of Cincinnati, Ohio, were an important feature of the convention. The reports of the officers show that there are in the State at the present time six hundred and sixty-six schools, four thousand seven hundred and eighty teachers, and thirty-nine thousand two hundred and thirty-eight scholars, out of a Baptist membership of one hundred and thirty thousand. These figures show a marked increase over those of former years.

A Traveller on one of the Railroads in West Virginia who was reading a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, dropped it from the window of the car as the train was passing a station. A subscriber writes to us that it was picked up by a man who saw it fall. He read it, and God blessed its perusal to his conversion. This is one of many interesting incidents which show how God uses apparently trivial circumstances to produce momentous results. Our Saviour assured us that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of God, and surely He who notices the fall of a sparrow, arranged that the special message of which that immortal soul stood in need, should be dropped from the car window at the very time and place at which it was found. Those who are engaged in the preparation of the paper and those who are praying that God's blessing may rest upon it, are naturally encouraged by this, as by many other evidences, reported from all parts of the country, that the Holy Spirit is using it in the cause of our Lord.

The Firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. Announced last week that they were about to relinquish business. It is believed to be the largest business of its kind in the whole world, and was remarkable for the character of its origin and of its operations. It was on September 2d, 1825, that Mr. A. T. Stewart first inserted an advertisement in the New York papers inviting attention to his newly-opened store. He had a capital of about \$1200 and he occupied the half of a building, No. 283 Broadway. His sagacity and enterprise soon attracted business, and he proceeded step by step, always making sure his ground, to enlarge the sphere of his operations, until in 1862 he built the six story building at Ninth and Tenth Streets, now used by the firm. The building covers two and a half acres of land, and with the lot cost \$2,750,000. At the time of Mr. Stewart's death in 1876, 2000 persons were employed by the firm, and the current expenses of the establishment were estimated at over \$1,000,000 a year. The business which Mr. Stewart did in his two stores was enormous; the sales are said to have amounted to \$203,000,000 in three years, and the income of Mr. Stewart was the largest in the mercantile world. Ex-

Judge Hilton, who was Mr. Stewart's intimate friend and successor, assigns as the reason for disposing of the business *his desire for rest*. There are some incredulous people who aver that there are other reasons for his retirement, but it is not a little remarkable that other commercial magnates in the city seem fully able to credit Judge Hilton's statement that he is thoroughly tired of the worry and work. He is not the first man who has found that the pursuit of wealth and its accumulation do not satisfy the soul, and after a time become an intolerable burden. The whole history of the business forms a striking commentary on the fourth and fifth chapters of Ecclesiastes, which those who regard riches as the highest good in life may advantageously study.

An Autographic Quilt has been Made by a lady at Leadville, Col., which is a curiosity. She has sent a square of cloth and a pencil of indelible ink to all the American celebrities, with the request that they return the same with their autograph and a sentiment indorsed thereon. The result has been flattering, and she has amassed an extensive collection. Some of the returns have been witty, and some fraught with good common sense. She intends disposing of the quilt for the benefit of the widow of an officer. She has had many visitors anxious to see what the celebrities have written. There are many people who evince strong curiosity to read the remarks of famous men who are indifferent about the words of inspired wisdom treasured up in the Word of God (2 Tim. 3:16).

The Exertions Made to Mail a Letter by a well-known director of a city company are described by the Lewiston, Me., *Journal*. The writer of the letter was anxious that it should go by the 11.28 mail to Boston. The train had left the Lewiston station when he sealed his letter. He jumped out of doors, leaped into the team of an astonished gentleman who was passing, without any remarks, grasped the reins, put the whip to the horse, and then told the man that he was bound to catch that train at Auburn. The train had started from the Auburn station when they arrived in Railroad Square. The director jumped from the wagon, and, by quick running, got by the side of the last car as it whisked past the platform of the freight depot. He caught the platform rail and got aboard, although the brakeman's face grew pale. He sent the letter forward to the mail car and rode to Danville Junction, whence he walked home. The letter was mailed, and the director returned triumphant. This shows what energetic business men will do and dare when their business enterprises are in question. The fact is a reproach to many Christians who in the affairs of their Master suffer very trivial obstacles to hinder them (Psa. 119:139).

The Arrival of Jumbo, the Enormous Elephant purchased by Mr. Barnum from the English Zoological Society, caused a sensation last week. He crossed the Atlantic in the Assyrian Monarch. The ship had a rough passage, experiencing a series of severe gales, but Jumbo bore the journey well. He was frightened and restless at first, and was seasick on the second day, but he soon recovered his appetite, and was in fine condition when he reached here. His daily allowance of food was about as follows: Two hundred pounds of hay, two bushels of oats, one bushel of biscuit, ten or fifteen large loaves of bread, two or three quarts of onions, five buckets of water, and apples, oranges, figs, cakes, and candies. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and other distinguished personages in London who visited the steamer to say goodbye to Jumbo just before the Assyrian Monarch sailed, left boxes of candy and buns, of which Jumbo is very fond, for his use during the voyage. He was a great pet of officers, crew, and passengers, and was liberally fed with good things. He has developed a great liking for strong drink and he swallows the contents of a whiskey bottle at one gulp, without winking, and then holds out his trunk and pleads for more. Beer he likes, also, and drank dozens of bottles during the voyage. Mr. Barnum, however, who is a strong temperance man, has put Jumbo on temperance diet and cut off all his supplies of strong drink.

A DELUSION DISPELLED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."—Ezekiel 14:20.

Hypocritical Inquirers—Could the Righteousness of Some save the City—The Principle of Individual Responsibility—People who Trust in their Friends' Prayers—I. The Righteousness of the most Godly Cannot Avail for the Ungodly—An Appalling Oath—The Portraits of the Three Men—Wicked Sons of Godly Men—The Meanest Pride in all the World—Marrying for Gain—II. The Prayers of the Greatest Intercessors Cannot Avail for Persistent Unbelievers—Two Rules of the Kingdom—Neither can be Repealed—Prayer Cannot Alter the Nature of Sin—Those who Expect to Believe on Compulsion—The Prodigal's Part of the Reconciliation—A Righteousness you can Have.

WE are told in the opening verse of this chapter that certain of the elders of Israel came to the prophet and sat before him. You need not ask who these elders were, or whence they came, because it is evident enough they were not a deputation from the Jews who were left in Judah and Jerusalem; but they were individuals of distinction from among the exiles of Chebar. That they came to inquire of the prophet of the Lord we gather from the answer that came to them by the word of the Lord; and we might also infer from the matter of the terrible denunciations that were uttered something at least of the manner of inquiry they proposed. The men were downright hypocrites; followers of the false prophets who are exposed in the previous chapter as seeing vanity and divination, and then saying, "Jehovah saith," though Jehovah had not sent them.

The thought which seems to have nestled in their breasts and prompted their visit was this: after all the exposure that Ezekiel has made of the wickedness of the land and of its inhabitants, may it not still be consistent with the mercy of the Lord to spare the city, as He would have spared the city of Sodom at the intercession of Abraham, for the sake of the few righteous men that remained in it? The answer, as you are aware, was an emphatic "No." A reference to the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus, and a rehearsal of the four sore judgments which should work the desolation, stand associated with the protest, which is repeated again and again, each time, it seems to us, with more vehement force—"Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."

Now, my main object this evening will be to assert, to illustrate, and to enforce this one distinct feature in the moral government of God. In all the procedures of divine judgment the principle of

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

can never be relaxed. Hence the need of personal piety—the absolute necessity that men and women should pray for themselves—that each one should repent for himself, that each one should believe for himself, and that each one should in his own proper person be born again by the effectual operation of the Spirit of God. No proxy in these matters is possible.

Among the various shifts and schemes for taking comfort without a satisfactory title, or a plausible reason, the idea adopted by some that the righteousness of their friends may be of some use to them is not the least pernicious. They are the children of eminently gracious people. "Surely," say they, "we cannot be lost." They are connected with those whose name is known, and whose memory is fragrant in Christian society. They were born and brought up in a house dedicated by family prayer; they have been cradled and nurtured in the midst of godliness. They readily believe that those who live in the back slums, and have grown up to be wanton and wilful, depraved and dishonest, will certainly perish; but can it be that those who have walked in the paths of morality and observed the ordinances of outward religion should be cast away? They scarcely think that it could be consistent with pro-

priety to resist their claims to some discriminating consideration.

There are others, to mark a lighter shade in self-deception, who indulge a hope that the prayers of their dear ones will be heard for them, although they never pray for themselves. They fall back in time of need upon the belief that surely their mother's prayers will be answered on their behalf, or their wife's petitions will bring down a blessing upon them. They do not embody the notion in words; I wish they did; for if people were to place such thoughts in black and white, they would never like to own them; their folly would be too palpable. They entertain a hazy notion that because they have been so often prayed for, a blessing must come to them sooner or later. In fact, some of them eagerly ask the prayers of the godly, though they never pray to God for themselves.

My text is a stern rebuke for any who have betaken themselves to either of these refuges of lies. I want to sound an alarm and drive them out of their hiding-places. Oh, that God may be pleased to make His own word effectual to this end! "Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."

Now, it cannot be denied that there is great power in godliness, and a mighty prevalence in the intercessions of godly people to bring down rich blessings upon men. You are perfectly right in seeking the prayers of Christian friends. Why, even the apostle Paul said, in the name of all the sacred ministry, "Brethren, pray for us." You can hardly ask for a choicer favor from the servants of God than that they should pray for you. But certain circumstances may entirely neutralize the prayers of the godly. Such circumstances were present in the case of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah in Jeremiah's day.

They went on so far in idolatry and all manner of vice that God said that He would not hear Moses and Samuel, though they stood before Him to plead on their behalf. He told Jeremiah that he might as well cease to weep and pray, for He would never hear him for that people; and here by Ezekiel He declares that if so wonderful a trio as Noah, and Daniel, and Job should join in intercession yet He would not regard them. And just so it is at this hour: if men continue in their sin—if, after hearing the Gospel, they refuse it, if they persist in rejecting it, if they stifle conscience, if they silence the voice within, if they pertinaciously resolve to indulge their lusts, and will not repent and turn to God—then the excellence of their friends will rather aggravate than make amends for their guilt, and the prayers of their friends will be so utterly nullified and made of none effect, that nothing in arrest of the dread sentence will avail them—they *must perish*. Birth, blood, and family avail nothing in this matter.

Thus, then, there are two propositions, which, as God shall help me, I will endeavor to set plainly before your eyes. First, *the righteousness of the most godly cannot avail for the ungodly*; and, secondly, *the prayers of the greatest intercessors cannot avail if men persist in their unbelief*.

I. First, the righteousness of

THE MOST GODLY CANNOT AVAIL

for the ungodly. We have to prove this, and we do so, first, by referring you to our text, and asking you to read it for yourselves. Mark ye how the anger of the Lord kindles, and how the words are launched forth like hot thunderbolts from the lips of the Most High. The statement is clear, the supposition is startling, but the oath that seals the oracle of heaven appals us. A coincidence that was not likely to occur is imagined to put the utmost strain on the delineation, and to give language a stress that cannot be surpassed. As a matter of fact, we are told that if Noah, Daniel, and Job were in the midst of Jerusalem, yet their conjoined virtues would not avail to save any but themselves.

I wish I could help you to realize the picture as it must have flashed before the vision of the seer. Three saints who were not cotemporary, for their lives on earth were passed in distant centuries and

different climes, meet together in a season of terrible emergency. The sacred annals of those days knew no names more illustrious, no stars that shone more brightly, than Noah, Daniel, and Job. Their sympathies are all excited, their hearts are in unison, and their prayers blend together as they bow before the altar. You look, you listen, in trembling suspense, as you cast a glance at the miserable inhabitants of the doomed city, and consider the fate of those captives who are languishing in a land far away. With what measure of acceptance will those appeals for mercy be heard?

Anon, the verdict comes from the throne. They deliver their own souls by their righteousness; *and no more*. Not one of them saves so much as his own son or his own daughter by his supplications. What a wail comes up as

THE INEXORABLE DECREE

is pronounced! But the echo that lingers longest in my ears is that awful asseveration, "As I live, saith the Lord God."

Next to this, I am going to ask you to inspect more narrowly *the portraits of these men* of God, who are presumed to have stood counsel for the defendants, and to have occasioned so much astonishment, because with all their special pleadings they signally lost their case. *Noah* is the very pattern of godly fear, a model of that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom;" just as Abraham was a model of faith, and the father of the faithful. Scarcely can we find a better man than this second father of the human race from whom we have all sprung.

Next to him we have mention made of *Daniel*. He was alive at the time when Ezekiel wrote; a young man, I suppose, of about thirty years of age. It is very singular that he should be sandwiched in, as it were, between Noah and Job—two men of the olden world. He must have been highly esteemed in his own generation. Ezekiel, moved by the Holy Ghost, groups him with those whom history has canonized. He was a man greatly beloved of God, and no doubt by his cotemporaries he was very much appreciated. Sterling virtue and an elevation of character above the common standard of a good man would be indispensable to his taking rank as one of so remarkable a triumvirate. So holy is he in his conscience, as well as in his habits, that the King of kings reveals to him the secrets of His government! There is none like unto Daniel; "Yet," says God, "though in addition to Noah, Daniel stood before me, his righteousness should suffice only for himself, and could not be of the least profit to any one besides."

To complete the trio, there is *Job*, to whom we have infallible testimony that he was perfect and upright. Satan himself could find no fault with his character; though with fiendish malice he insinuated a sinister motive for his scrupulous integrity. "Doth Job serve God for nought? Hast Thou not set a hedge about him, and all that he hath? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to thy face." You remember that he did not curse God, but he blessed Him, and his faith triumphed over his fretfulness even on the dunghill of his poverty, when he was covered with sore blains, and filled with anguish. Surely Job is a model of excellence. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." "My servant Job," was the honorable designation that the Almighty gave him. Moreover, He bestowed on him high praise, and a double blessing at the end of his trial.

Now, if we had any one of these three men to plead for us we should look upon him as putting a great weight in the scale. If we had for our next-door neighbor, or brother, or father, either of these—if there were any transference of righteousness from one man to another, we should hope to shade ourselves under the wings of Noah, or Daniel, or Job. But here the Lord declares that if the whole three were put together they should not save son or daughter. No, dear friends, "Ye must be born again." Ye must be made righteous *each one for himself*, or else if you had all these friends at court, which you have not, they would

be unable to avert the course of justice, or obtain for you the slightest favor. The text puts it plainly—"Though Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."

This truth may be further substantiated by observing the course of Providence as regards the things of this life. Could the merits of friends and parents secure the salvation of their relatives or children, we must expect to see "the son or the daughter" of a righteous man screened from the full punishment of his own misdeeds; but we have evidence that such is not the case. Let me give you scriptural illustrations.

David had a favorite son, who became the cruel adversary of his own father, and in open rebellion attempted to usurp his throne. Yet even in the tumult of battle the king would have spread the ægis of protection over his own child. "Beware," he said to his generals, "that none touch the young man Absalom." You remember how he fled from the fray, but fled in vain; a just retribution overtook him. The locks in which he gloried were caught in the low branches of an oak, and there he hung. Then, as you hear David cry, "O Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!" you see that the righteousness of David could not deliver his son Absalom even as to this life.

If you needed other proofs, I would give the instance of Judas, which is greatly to the point, not in the matter of relationship, but in the matter of association. Judas consorted with eleven of the princes of the church of God, for such I call them now that they have gone up to their thrones. Nay, more, he consorted with the Master Himself and dipped in the same dish with our Redeemer. Yet, you see, the righteousness of eleven apostles could not cover Judas, and because he did not believe in Jesus, neither did the righteousness of his Master cover him. And so this man perished in his own iniquity.

These examples I have given you from the Bible. Were I to try and turn over the pages of my recollection, I could give you

MANY MISERABLE PROOFS

that the father's righteousness does not cover the son. I am afraid I shall touch a very tender string with friends here present who in their own sons have sad proof that it is so. I have seen the preacher of the Gospel whose son was committed to prison. I have known the father to be a minister of Christ, and his son a *ringleader in infidelity*, or a chief actor in things too filthy and profane to be mentioned here.

Full many a child of godly parents has in this life brought himself to beggary, to disgrace, to disease, to death. It is a sad fact, but so it is. There may have been, perhaps, grave fault at home. That I cannot tell—God knows—but so it has been that men who, to the best of our judgment, were not only godly, but eminently so, have, nevertheless, had this wretched lot—to see their sons and daughters given up to work iniquity with both hands greedily. God save you from such a sorrow; but the recurrence of these facts goes to show that the godliest man's righteousness cannot avail even for son or daughter.

What need, however, that I multiply proofs? The scales of justice must be poised with an equal hand. Partiality is out of the question. God is no respecter of persons. Were it otherwise, personal obedience to the will of God could be dispensed with. There would be in this world a number of *chartered libertines* who would plead a mother's godliness or a father's Christian character as a set-off for their own indifference or profligacy; as if they had a special license to live as they list because their sires were godly. Would you have it so if you could? I would not. I should think it

A MOST DANGEROUS INSTITUTION.

Thank God, His divine justice has never given immunity to any vice. If a man eats sour grapes his teeth shall be set on edge. A spendthrift shall rue the course he has run, and shall beg bread, even though his father were a saint of the innermost sanctuary. If a man puts his finger into the fire,

it will burn him; if he tempts the flood in time of danger, it will drown him. You may groan to think he was the child of so good a man; but the laws of nature are not to be trifled with. If you act contrary to them they will be contrary to you.

I think *the meanest pride in all the world* is the pride of ancestry; for how on earth can a man have any credit due to him for a contingency which never could be at his own disposal? It must be a matter of God's own dispensation, and if he have received it, why does he glory as though he had not received it. To suppose that grace comes with ancestry would be a supposition exactly opposite to the declaration of the Spirit of God by John, wherein he saith, of the godly, "which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." There must be a birth by the Spirit of God, or the first birth will be nothing whatsoever to our advantage. However well-born at first, ye must be born again.

If the righteousness of one man could excuse the unrighteousness of another man, then the great principle of responsibility would be reversed. You and I, who were born in the midst of Christian associations, are responsible for the light which we receive. If we sin, we cannot sin so cheaply as others. If a man transgresses against the holy example of parents,

HE SCORES SEVEN FOR EVERY SIN to what another would have done who had been trained up under vicious surroundings. Assuredly he is not a less sinner, but a greater sinner who, being born in the midst of godliness, ventures to depart from the good way, transgress the sacred precepts, and refuse the Saviour. That is the principle of Scripture, to whom much is given of him much shall be required; and we have to say daily to you children of the godly that, if you fall, your exaltation by your privileges will cause you a more awful fall than the fall of others.

Painful though it be, dear friends, I must carry the assertion a stage further. The righteousness of good men has not availed to save their relatives from the terrors of the world to come. Instances of this come uncalled for to our recollection. Begin at the beginning. There is Cain. Who is his brother? Abel. Abel is a man whose faith is acceptable with God. Does that save Cain? No, he was "of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." The first two sons that were born to Adam depart from earth in different directions.

Look again at Ishmael. His father, Abraham, the father of the faithful, said, "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" yet Ishmael becomes the very type of the children of nature who do not inherit the blessing that belongs to the children of promise. Look at Esau, born at the same birth with Jacob, children of a godly father, yet we read of Esau that he was a profane person. The godliness of holy Isaac does not save Esau. Look at Hophni and Phinehas, priests of God by office, but sons of Belial by character. Their father Eli, with all his faults, was a man who feared God, yet as for these sons of his, they died in their sins, from which no sacrifice nor offering could purge them.

Look at Jehoram; his father Jehosaphat was a truly gracious man, though, alas! he turned aside, joined affinity with Ahab, and married his son to the daughter of that woman Jezebel. And, ah me, how many a young man is ruined by some such perilous alliance! For money, for business, or for social position they are wedded to the ungodly. Some of you *sell your daughters to the devil* that they may make a respectable match, when you know that this unequal yoking is forbidden by Gospel precept. I am ashamed of Christian people who lend their countenance to this breach of the Lord's commandment. In this world there is a blight on such unions, and in the world to come—well, over that you would wish to draw the veil. The life of Jehoram was evil; his death was painful and premature; his end was without hope; yet he was a son of Jehosaphat, who did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.

II. Now I come to our second proposition. The prayers of the greatest

INTERCESSORS CANNOT AVAIL

if men persist in their unbelief. God forbid that I should discourage any of you from praying for your parents, your children, and your friends. Let us never leave off praying for them. But if any man in this place is sitting comfortably in his seat, saying, "My wife prays for me; my mother prays for me; my children pray for me; it will be all right with me somehow, their prayers will suffice for me, without any penitence or faith on my part," I should like to touch him on the shoulder, and whisper in his ear these words, "Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were the intercessors, they could deliver none but their own souls."

Noah was a man of prayer undoubtedly; still there was not a single person saved by Noah's prayer except those that went into the ark; and if God would give to us His people everything that we ask for, yet we would not ask Him to save you if you will not believe in Christ. If you set up your idols in your heart and keep the stumbling-block of your lust before your eyes, we cannot, we dare, not pray for you that you may be saved contrary to the Gospel.

You must believe in Jesus with a faith distinctly your own. Were the whole church on earth to lift up one continuous prayer, and persevere in it from generation to generation, it could not save one unbelieving man. While he remains in unbelief the wrath of God abideth on him. If you buoy yourself up with a deceitful hope that it is different, you will presently sink down in blank despair. Remember, beloved friends, that all the prayers of godly men put together cannot alter the rule of the kingdom. And what is

THE RULE OF THE KINGDOM?

Here is one of the rules, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Well, here is another rule of the kingdom, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now if Noah, Job, and Daniel were all to pray that this statute might be repealed, and a resolution more consonant with the caprice of mortal men should be substituted in its place, do you think the appeal would be allowed? Surely our cries to God must not be complaints of His decrees. Our petitions must be submissive to His word, not subversive of His wisdom. He will not change the ordinances of His kingdom because men are stubborn; like the laws of the Medes and Persians, his decrees can never be altered. They stand fast forever, and forever they exclude from heaven those who abide in unbelief.

Remember that all the prayers of godly men cannot alter the nature of sin, and if they cannot alter the nature of sin, then they that continue in it must perish. If we were to hold a prayer-meeting to prevent a person from being burnt who would put his hand into the fire, would that be of any use? If a man who cannot swim will persist in leaping into the river, what is the use of my asking you all to pray God to preserve his life? If a man puts a bottle of prussic acid to his lips and drinks it, what is the use of our coming together to pray that his life may be spared, when the deadly poison is destroying it? If he drives a dagger into his heart he must die, unless God is pleased to reverse that order, which, according to the poet, "is heaven's first law."

Oh, do remember this. *Sin is fire*, and it must burn. Sin is hell, and it must torment the man who continues in it. There is no help for it. Pray as much as ever we like, if you do not get out of sin, you cannot get out of destruction. If you do not find pardon through our Lord Jesus you must be punished.

Moreover, the prayers of good men cannot alter the conditions of the eternal future, so long as the present abides the same. This must be palpable to any sane judgment. The palace of luxury and the prison of penal servitude are but faint pictures of heaven and hell. What is heaven? The abode of perfect spirits washed in the blood of the Lamb. The right of admission, how can it be obtained? There are qualifications that cannot be dispensed with. And there are disqualifications that cannot be denied.

Perhaps you say, "Sir, I did not think prayer would suffice to effect a change in my circumstances without a corresponding change in myself; but I thought that somehow by prayer I should be

COMPELLED TO BELIEVE."

Compelled to believe and to repent? Well, man, what sort of repentance and faith must that be which comes of compulsion? Surely that man's heart is not sincere who says, "I hope to go to heaven, though it is against my own inclination." You would fain be made to hate sin against your will? That is strange; are you to be made to love righteousness against your own liking?

I have heard of fathers saying that their daughters should marry So-and-so, but I defy them to make them love those with whom they have no sympathy. No, these matters are far too delicate to be managed by coercion. It cannot be. Neither does the Holy Ghost Himself employ force to compel those who are unwilling. He has a power that is quite congruous with the freedom of the will by which He sweetly turns the mind and will by blessed argument and illumination. By enlightening the understanding He controls the will. But, believe me, you will never be lugged into heaven by your ears. You will never be strapped down and carried to heaven as we see drunken women carried to the station-house on a stretcher. Have you ever fancied that such would be the case? Has such an absurd idea ever entered into your head, that somehow or other, without your ever seeking it, you will be taken up by some celestial surgery and *chloroformed into glory*? It will not be so. Turn to this Book and see.

How did the prodigal get to his father's house? Did his father asphyxiate him and make him insensible, and strap him down and carry him there? Not at all. But first he was hungry, and he tried to fill his belly with the husks, and he could not, and he became more hungry still, and then he said, "I will arise, and go unto my father," and he went to his father. Yes, it was all of grace, but still he arose and came unto his father. It was all of eternal love, but he did leave the swine and seek his home. It was of infinite pity; but he did think, and he did will to go; and, what is more, he did go to his father's house.

HE DID ALL THAT,

and then when he was a great way off his father met him. Now, do believe me, though I always preach free, rich, sovereign grace with all my heart, I never understood, and never shall understand, that God treats us like logs of wood and blocks of marble, and cleaves or chips us about as if we had no life, or will, or intelligence. It is not so, and only fools think in such a fashion.

Do you believe this, dear friends? It may be that out of this large congregation there are only a few to whom these remonstrances are particularly appropriate; but I thought that I would leave the ninety and nine sheep in the wilderness—there is plenty of sweet grass for you in the quiet places of the word—and I would go after some that have gone astray in this direction, for I long to find you. Oh, that the blessed Spirit would convince you of your sin, and lead you to say, I have played the fool exceedingly.

Remember, there is a *righteousness which you can have*—the righteousness of Jesus Christ which can cover you. Though Noah and Daniel and Job cannot deliver you, Jesus can. There is an intercession that can be heard for you—the intercession of one that liveth and was dead, and now maketh intercession for men, and is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. Come unto God by Him, and His intercession is yours, and shall be your health, and His righteousness is yours, and shall be your covering. God grant it for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



A Lawyer's Interview With His Ward.

A HEADSTRONG GIRL.

IN a cosy room in one of our great cities a fashionably-attired young lady sat awaiting an interview. She was alone, and was evidently uneasy. The coming visit clearly presented itself to her mind in the aspect of an ordeal, and she was anxious to have it over. She moved restlessly about the room, occasionally sitting down at the piano and rattling off a few bars of a favorite air; then rising impatiently she would take a walk up and down the apartment, or turn over the leaves of a book in which she did not read a line. At length the door was opened and an elderly gentleman entered. He greeted the lady with the grave and respectful courtesy of the old school, and at once entered on the business in hand.

The gentleman was a lawyer, and the lady was the orphan daughter of a late client. She had no near relatives and when her father was dying he had confided his fortune to the care of his lawyer in trust for his little girl. The lawyer, a conscientious Christian man, had given much care to the education and training of his ward, and had been especially anxious that her friendships should be with godly people. She had, however, in the course of a visit to a fashionable watering-place, made the acquaintance of a man of some considerable social rank but without the religious principle which the experienced lawyer knew was the only sure foundation for a useful life. On hearing from his ward of the acquaintance she had formed, and seemed disposed to cultivate, he immediately took steps to obtain some further knowledge of the young man's character. The result had been to satisfy him that a friendship with such a man must end disastrously. But in spite of warnings the friendship had ripened, and at last a promise of marriage had been given, and accepted, and now the young lady had come to her guardian's house to inform him of the fact.

The lawyer was startled and grieved by the news, but hoped that he might still be able to prevent the marriage. He was too wary to lose his temper or to give expression to an authoritative prohibition, such as his position as Lilian's guardian would have warranted him in doing, but he sought rather to induce Lilian herself to separate from the man who had dazzled her youthful fancy. With the utmost deference he placed before her a sketch of the danger she risked in marrying a comparative stranger, and one, too, whose conversation and habits naturally justified suspicion. Lilian heard

him with downcast face, but with firm resolve that she would be true to the man she had promised to marry.

The interview was a long one, and the lawyer saw that he had failed, long before it had closed. Lilian would not argue the question, or he might have convinced her. She would only say that she had promised, and she would keep her promise and that "it was a shame to speak ill of a man so good and honorable" as the one she loved, and that "it was wrong to suspect him of being vicious and dissolute because he was not so sedate and serious as an old man." Then the lawyer changed his attack, and concentrated all his efforts on securing from Lilian herself a provision for her future. He induced her to place apart from her fortune, a sum of twenty thousand dollars, which should be confided to his keeping, and on which she should receive only the interest. To this Lilian consented, and the necessary documents were prepared and signed.

The marriage took place, and bride and bridegroom went to Europe to spend their honeymoon. It was two years before the lawyer heard anything more of his ward, and then the tidings were deplorable. One stormy winter's night, there drove up to his residence a carriage, from which alighted a lady, looking the very picture of distress. It was Lilian. After disregarding her guardian's advice, she felt she had no right to expect comfort from him, but she had come to him in her trouble simply because her necessity had no choice.

Short as was the period which had elapsed since her marriage, it had been long enough to convince her that the old-fashioned regard for the law of the Highest was infinitely better than the best advantage which the world could give. She had been introduced by her husband's relations to all the gayeties of fashionable life. She had been welcomed into circles which it was supposed to be a rare privilege to enter. She had gone the whole round of conventional folly, and tried all that the glittering amusements of London and Paris could offer.

What her experience had been, a glance at her face sufficed to tell. Never were sorrow, disappointment, regret, and pain more clearly depicted in a human countenance. The husband whom she had trusted, after wasting in gambling and dissipation as much of her fortune as he could lay hold of, had heartlessly left her, and she had found herself alone with her infant in Paris, forsaken,



A Romantic Rescue.

weak, and miserable. She had waited in the gay city, enduring all kinds of privation, still hoping against hope for her husband's return. But one day she saw in an evening paper that an American had been hurt in a drunken brawl and had died before medical assistance could be summoned. She went to the place named, and there saw the dead body of her husband. Then she thought of her guardian, and selling all her trinkets and the few jewels left to her, she raised sufficient money to pay her passage home.

Touched with her tale of sorrow, the old lawyer received her without one word of reproach, and warmly expressed his thankfulness that though her expectations of worldly happiness had proved an empty dream, better things were in store for her now that she had learned to estimate the pleasures of irreligious fashionable life at their true value. She had through his foresight a sufficient income for herself and her child, but she asked her guardian as a favor that she might make her home in his house, a request with which he gladly complied.

Lilian had learned wisdom in the stern school of adversity. She betook herself to Him who can heal every wound that sin has made, and in His service and favor found the happiness she had vainly sought elsewhere. The care and training of her little son was a source of ever new interest and delight. Out of the fulness of a heart made wise by sadness, she taught others the lessons which had been so costly to herself, and lived to be the joy of her guardian's declining years, and a great blessing to many.

A ROMANTIC RESCUE.

A CROWD of hardy fishermen with their wives and daughters stood one afternoon on the beach below a village in Newfoundland eagerly watching two boats approaching the shore. A storm was raging with a violence that even the oldest man in the group had never seen equalled. The sky was almost as black as night, and the waves seemed lashed into fury by the gale. There were anxious hearts among the watchers, for in those two boats, now rising on the crest of the waves and now lost to view in the trough of the sea, were the sons of some of the men, and the husbands of some of the women standing there. Oh! it is hard to see those we love on the brink of destruction, and yet unable to move a hand for their rescue. As every eye was strained in the direction of

the boats, many prayers silently ascended to Heaven for the heroic crews. Poor creatures, they could do no more, but they did that, and they did it with an earnestness and an importunity which only those use who know their need of a blessing and believe that God can and will answer prayer.

Those who prayed too, were conscious of a certain ground for their petitions in the errand that had taken the two boats out to sea in such a storm. It was an errand of mercy. Nearly two miles from the shore, where the waves bore on their crest masses of foam, lay on her beam-ends a trim vessel. Just below the surface of the water and visible at low tide were a cluster of cruel rocks. On these the vessel had struck and the breakers were fast rending her to pieces. The two boats were launched by the intrepid men when she first struck, and they were returning laden with passengers and crew. It seemed to the anxious crowd of watchers as if they would never reach the land, but after a long and desperate struggle a joyous shout told that they were safe at last.

Then commenced the care of the rescued people, some of whom had been picked up from the waves and were still unconscious, even if they were alive. Among these was an elderly gentleman, who, from his dress and general appearance, obviously belonged to the upper classes of society. Another of the passengers, a young man who had been taken

off the wreck, showed much solicitude over the old gentleman, and loudly declared that if the kind people would attend to him first they would be liberally rewarded. There were those present who, poor as they were, thought the offer little removed from an insult. The idea that services such as they had rendered, and were prepared to render, could be paid for with money, could only have entered a mind lost to all appropriate sense of gratitude. But the old gentleman needed little attention. Such simple restoratives as the women had at hand sufficed in his case, and he soon opened his eyes and gazed bewildered on those about him. Then a wild cry broke from his lips. "My daughter! Where is my daughter?"

Only two women were among the rescued, and neither of these was the lady he sought. Then with his eyes fixed on the young man who had promised the reward he said in an agonized tone of voice, "James, where is my daughter; you surely never left her to perish?" The young man addressed hung his head in shame and said that she had swooned in the cabin and he had tried to carry her to the deck, but the boats were leaving and he could not have been taken off had he waited. A bitter wail went up from the father's lips as he heard the reply, and he fainted.

At this moment a tall figure was seen rapidly approaching from the village. It was the clergyman, who had been visiting a sick parishioner inland, and when the storm came on had hurried to the beach, hearing on his way of the wreck and of the gallant attempt at rescue. None was more welcome there than he. Philip Irving was the best loved man for miles around. Four years be-

fore he had come to the village on a visit, and he had not left it since. He opened the little church on the hill, he visited the sick, comforted the bereaved, taught the children in the little school, and was continually engaged in works of love and sympathy. But sincerely as he was loved no one understood him. There came over him at times a moodiness and a recklessness that puzzled the simple people. His face bore the marks of trouble, and of a hard and bitter conflict of which he never spoke. He had been known to leave his house for two or three days at a time, and had been seen walking solitarily on the cliffs with but scant caution. When he returned from these long excursions he would look pale and ill, but calmer and more gentle than usual. At such times he would engage in any Christian work there might be in hand with extra zeal and with a subdued air as of one chastened by sorrow.

As he approached the group on the beach, his hearty grasp of the rough hands held out to him showed that his congratulations were no meaningless phrases on his lips, and he raised a glass he carried to his eye, that he might see what an almost superhuman rescue they had achieved. He gazed but for a moment, and then exclaimed that he saw a human form clinging to a spar near the wreck. Instantly the glass was thrown aside, and he sprang into his own skiff disregarding all warning. To those who would have gone to the rescue in his stead he said "No," they were already fatigued, and he was strong and would go alone. They watched him as with a strong arm he wielded the oars, and they saw with delight how gallantly his little craft rode the waves. Soon the word was passed through the crowd that he had

loved by her in return. That being rejected by the squire, on account of his poverty, with words of scorn and disdain, he had quitted his native land and had carried his burden of grief to this little fishing village and tried to forget his disappointment in works of Christian love. That after his departure the squire had tried to bring about a marriage between his daughter and the son of a wealthy neighbor, the craven suitor who accompanying father and daughter on their voyage had saved himself and left his betrothed to perish. The villagers predicted that their clergyman had won for himself a wife when he went out on the day of the storm to rescue at the peril of his life, he knew not whom, and unwittingly rescued the girl he loved. That prediction was fulfilled. The life so saved was given into his keeping, and the lives of bride and bridegroom so strangely united, were devoutly consecrated to the service of Him whose way is in the sea and whose path is in the great waters (Psalm 77 : 19).

The Failure of the New Rugby Colony in Tennessee appears to be an admitted fact. The following as some of the causes of non-success are assigned by Governor Hawkins of that State: "There are two hundred persons still there, a few are Germans and Americans. The great majority are Englishmen who are not workers. Many of them are younger sons of noble or wealthy families, and, as a rule, they are *thrifless and dissipated*. They spend their time in hunting and in playing billiards, lawn tennis, and in other amusements. Only fifty acres of the original purchase of 30,000 are under cultivation." If this account is correct there is no reason to be surprised that the colony did not thrive.



John Maynard. The Heroic Pilot.

lifted a lady into his boat and was pulling for the shore. The delight of the people knew no bounds, but it was checked by a cry of alarm. As he neared the beach an oar was broken by a giant wave, and instantly the light boat whirled around and capsized. That was an anxious moment, but just when he was given up for lost he was seen wading up to his breast in water with the unconscious burden in his arms. A rope had been thrown to him as the boat capsized, and by its means he had succeeded in gaining a footing, and was soon standing among his flock, with the woman he had risked his life to save, safe in the hands of her rejoicing father.

The clergyman stood but a few minutes amid a group of admiring men who were thanking God that his desperate venture had not cost him his life, when the father of the rescued girl made his way to them to thank the preserver of his daughter's life. The simple villagers then saw with surprise a strange look of recognition pass over the faces of both men, and while from the clergyman's lips broke the exclamation, "You, Mr. Grenville," they saw the old gentleman's countenance pale, as he said, "Philip, can it be you?"

Before many weeks passed away a romantic story was told in all the cottages of the little village. It was said that Philip Irving had once been the curate of a trans-Atlantic parish. That he had loved the only daughter of a proud squire, and been

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 239)

Alice Pascal.

ALICE PASCAL looked up into Jean Merle's face with the frank and easy self-possession of a well-bred Englishwoman; coloring a little with girlish shyness, yet at the same time smiling with a pleasant light in her dark eyes. The oval of her face, and the color of her hair and eyes, resembled, though slightly, the more beautiful face of Felicita in her girlhood; it was simply the curious likeness which runs through some families to the remotest branches. But her smile, the shape of her eyes, the kneeling attitude, riveted him to the spot where he stood, and struck him dumb. A fancy flashed across his brain, which shone like a light from heaven. Could this girl be Hilda, his little daughter, whom he had last seen sleeping in her cot? Was she then come, after many years, to visit her father's grave?

There had always been a gnawing sadness to him in the thought that it was Felicita herself who had erected that cross over the tomb of a stranger, with whom his name was buried. He did not know that it was Mr. Clifford alone who had thus set a mark upon the place where he believed that the son of his old friend was lying. It had pained Jean Merle to think that Felicita had commemorated their mutual sin by the erection of an imperishable monument; and it had never surprised him that no one had visited the grave. His astonishment came now. Was it possible that Felicita had revisited Switzerland? Could she be near at hand, in the village down yonder? His mother, also, and his boy, Felix, could they be treading the same soil, and breathing the same air as himself? An agony of mingled terror and rapture shot through his inmost soul. His lips were dry, and his throat parched; he could not articulate a syllable.

He did not know what a gaunt and haggard madman he appeared. His gray hair was ragged and tangled, and his sunken eyes gleamed with a strange brightness. The villagers, who were wont at times to call him an imbecile, would have been sure they were right at this moment, as he stood motionless and dumb, staring at Alice; but to her he looked more like one whose reason was just trembling in the balance. She was alone, her father was no longer in sight; but she was not easily frightened. Rather a sense of sacred pity for the forlorn wretch before her filled her heart.

"See!" she said in clear and penetrating accents, full, however, of gentle kindness, and she spoke unconsciously in English, "see! I have carried this little slip of ivy all the way from England to plant it here. This is the grave of a man I should have loved very dearly."

A rapid flush of color passed over her face as she spoke, leaving it paler than before, while a slight sadness clouded the smile in her eyes.

"Was he your father?" he articulated, with an immense effort.

"No," she answered; "not my father, but the father of my dearest friends. They cannot come here; but it was his son who gathered this slip of ivy from our porch at home, and asked me to plant it here for him. Will it grow, do you think?"

"It shall grow," he muttered.

It was not his daughter, then; none of his own blood was at hand. Yet this English girl fascinated him; he could not turn away his eyes, but watched every slight movement as she carefully gathered the soil about the root of the little plant, which he vowed within himself should grow. She was rather long about her task, for she wished this madman to go away, and leave her alone beside Roland Sefton's grave. What her father had told her about him was still strange to her, and she wanted to familiarize it to herself. But still the haggard-looking peasant lingered at her side, gazing at her with his glowering and sunken eyes; yet neither moving nor speaking.

"You know English?" she said, as all at once it occurred to her that she had spoken to him, as she would have spoken to one of the villagers in their own country churchyard at home, and that he had answered her. He replied only by a gesture.

"Can you find me some one who will take charge of this little plant?" she asked.

Jean Merle raised his head, and lifted up his dim eyes to the eastern mountain-peaks, which were still shining in the rays of the sinking sun, though the twilight was darkening everywhere in the valley. Only last night he had slept among some juniper-bushes just below the boundary of that everlasting snow, feeling himself cast out forever from any glimpse of his old Paradise. But now, if he could only find words and utterance, there was come to him, even to him, a messenger, an angel direct from the very heart of his home, who could tell him all that last night he believed that he should never know. The tears sprang to his eyes, blessed tears; and a rush of uncontrollable longing overwhelmed him. He must hear all he could of those whom he loved; and then, whether he lived long or died soon, he would thank God as long as his miserable life continued.

"It is I who take care of this grave," he said; "I was with him when he died. He spoke to me of Felix and Hilda and his mother; and I saw their portraits. You hear? I know them all?"

"Was it you who watched beside him?" asked Alice eagerly. "Oh! sit down here and tell me all about it; all you can remember. I will tell it all again to Felix, and Hilda, and Phebe Marlowe; and oh! how glad, and how sorry they will be to listen!"

There was no mention of Felicita's name, and Jean Merle felt a terrible dread creep over him at this silence. He sank down on the ground beside the grave, and looked up into Alice's bright young face, with eyes that to her were no longer lit up with the fire of insanity, however intense and eager they might seem. It was an undreamed-of chance which had brought to her side the man who had watched by the death-bed of Felix's father.

"Tell me all you remember," she urged.

"I remember nothing," he answered, pressing his dark hand against his forehead, "it is more than thirteen years ago. But he showed to me their portraits. Is his wife still living?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, "but she will not let either of them come to Switzerland; neither Felix nor Hilda. Nobody speaks of this country in her hearing; and his name is never uttered. But his mother used to talk to us about him; and Phebe Marlowe does so still. She has painted a portrait of him for Felix."

"Is Roland Sefton's mother yet alive?" he asked, with a dull, aching foreboding of her reply.

"No," she said. "Oh! how we all loved dear old Madame Sefton! She was always more like Felix and Hilda's mother than Cousin Felicita was. We loved her more a hundred times than Cousin Felicita, for we are afraid of her. It was her husband's death that spoiled her whole life and set her quite apart from everybody else. But madame—she was not made so utterly miserable by it; she knew she would meet her son again in heaven. When she was dying she said to Cousin Felicita, 'He did not return to me, but I go to him; I go gladly to see again my dear son.' The very last words they heard her say were, 'I am come, Roland!'"

Alice's voice trembled, and she laid her hand caressingly on the name of Roland Sefton graven on the cross above her. Jean Merle listened, as if he heard the words whispered a long way off, or as by some one speaking in a dream. The meaning had not reached his brain, but was travelling slowly to it, and would surely pierce his heart with a new sorrow and a fresh pang of remorse. The loud chanting of the monks in the abbey close by broke in upon their solemn silence, and awoke Alice from the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Can you tell me nothing about him?" she asked. "Talk to me as if I was his child."

"I have nothing to tell you," answered Jean Merle. "I remember nothing he said."

She looked down on the poor ragged peasant at her feet, with his gaunt and scarred features, and his slowly articulated speech. There seemed nothing strange in such a man not being able to recall Roland Sefton's dying words. It was probable that he barely understood them; and most

likely he could not gather up the meaning of what she herself was saying. The few words he uttered were English, but they were very few and forced.

"I am sorry," she said gently, "but I will tell them you promised to take care of the ivy I have planted here."

She wished the dull, gray-headed villager would go home, and leave her alone for a while in this solemn and sacred place; but he crouched still on the ground, stirring neither hand nor foot. When at last she moved as if to go away, he stretched out a toil-worn hand, and laid it on her dress.

"Stay," he said, "tell me more about Roland Sefton's children; I will think of it when I am tending this grave."

"What am I to tell you?" she asked gently. "Hilda is three years younger than me, and people say we are like sisters. She and Felix were brought up with me and my brothers in my father's house; we were like brothers and sisters. And Felix is like another son to my father, who says he will be both good and great some day. Good he is now; as good as man can be."

"And you love him!" said Jean Merle, in a low and humble voice, with his head turned away from her, and resting on the lowest step of the cross.

Alice started and trembled as she looked down on the grave and the prostrate man. It seemed to her as if the words had almost come out of this sad, and solitary, and forsaken grave, where Roland Sefton had lain unvisited so many years. The last gleam of daylight had vanished from the snowy peaks, leaving them wan and pallid as the dead. A sudden chill came into the evening air which made her shiver; but she was not terrified, though she felt a certain bewilderment and agitation creeping through her. She could not resist the impulse to answer the strange question.

"Yes, I love Felix," she said simply. "We love each other dearly."

"God bless you!" cried Jean Merle, in a tremulous voice. "God in heaven bless you both, and preserve you to each other!"

He had lifted himself up, and was kneeling before her, eagerly scanning her face, as if to impress it on his memory. He bent down his gray head and kissed her hand humbly and reverently, touching it only with his lips. Then starting to his feet he hastened away from the cemetery, and was soon lost to her sight in the gathering gloom of the dusk.

For a little while longer Alice lingered at the grave, thinking over what had passed. It was not much as she recalled it, but it left her agitated and disturbed. Yet after all she had only uttered aloud what her heart would have said at the grave of Felix's father. But this strange peasant, so miserable and poverty-stricken, so haggard and hopeless-looking, haunted her thoughts both waking and sleeping. Early the next morning she and Canon Pascal went to the hovel inhabited by Jean Merle, but found it deserted and locked up. Some laborers had seen him start off at daybreak up the Trübsee Alp, from which he might be either ascending the Titlis, or taking the route to the Joch-Pass. There was no chance of his return that day, as Jean Merle's absence usually lasted for several days, and he was eccentric, bestowing his confidence on nobody. There was little more to be learned of him, except that he was a heretic, a stranger, and a miser. Canon Pascal and Alice visited once more Roland Sefton's grave, and then they went on their way over the Joch-Pass, with some faint hopes of meeting with Jean Merle on their route, hopes that were not fulfilled.

When he left the cemetery Jean Merle went home to his wretched chalet, flung himself down on his rough bed, and slept for some hours, the profound and dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. The last three nights he had passed under the stars, and stretched upon the low juniper-bushes. He awoke suddenly, from the bright, clear moonlight of a cloudless sky and dry atmosphere streaming in through his door, which he had left open. There was light enough for him to withdraw some money from a safe hiding-place he had constructed in his crazy old hut, and to make up a packet of most of the clothing he possessed.

There were between twenty and thirty pounds

a gold pieces of twenty francs each—the only money he was owner of now his Lucerne bankers had failed him. A vague purpose, dimly shaping itself, was in his brain, but he was in no hurry to see it take definite form. With his small bundle of clothes and his leathern purse, he started off in the earliest rays of the dawn to escape being visited by the young English girl, whom he had seen at the grave, and who would probably seek him out in the morning with her father. Who they were he could find out if he himself returned to Engelberg.

If he returned; for, as he ascended the steep path leading up to the Trübsee Alp, he turned back to look at the high mountain-valley where he had dwelt so long, as though he was looking upon it for the last time. It seemed to him as if he was waking out of a long lethargy and paralysis. Three days ago the dull round of incessant toil and parsimonious hoarding had been abruptly broken up by the loss of all he had toiled for and hoarded up, and the shock had driven him out like a maniac, to wander about the desolate heights of Engelberg in a mood bordering on despair, which had made him utterly reckless of his life. Since then news had come to him from home—stray gleams from the Paradise he had forfeited. Strongest of them all was the thought that these fourteen years had transformed his little son Felix into a man, loving as he himself had loved, and already called to take his part in the battle of life. He had never realized this before, and it stirred his heart to the very depths.

(To be continued.)

THE SIGNS OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

Do they Indicate the Approach of the Second Advent?

By Rev. R. Chester, A.B. of Cloyne

(Continued from page 239.)

Authorized Signs of Christ's Speedy Coming—Their Special Characteristics—The Earliest Forerunners of the Event—Their Distinguishing Features—Wars and Earthquakes—The World-wide Diffusion of the Gospel—What if Christ's Coming be Delayed?—Lawlessness, Iniquity, and Infidelity—The Present Position and Circumstances of the Jews—The "Fig Tree" Nearly Full of Leaves.

THE WORLD-WIDE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL.

In Matt. 24 : 14, we meet with a very noteworthy sign of this more definite description: "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." And, in Mark 13 : 10, "And the Gospel must first be published among all nations." There is still, it will be observed, a certain amount of vagueness as to its actual accomplishment designedly attaching to this, as to the predictions previously referred to. Were it not so, the actual time of the occurrence of the Advent would, contrary to the Lord's emphatic declaration on this subject, be capable of being accurately fore-known. This vagueness, in this instance, belongs especially to the words "for a witness," it being impossible for us to determine when such a result of the "preaching," or "publishing," of the Gospel among all the nations shall have been sufficiently accomplished to answer the requirement expressed in these words. There is, however, one great fact concerning this matter, which it is most essential that we should remember, but which seems to have been strangely lost sight of by many writers and speakers upon the subject.

THE GATHERING AND COMPLETING OF THE CHURCH.

It is as follows. We are distinctly taught in Isaiah 66 : 19, compared with its preceding context, especially verse 15, that, at the actual occurrence of the Advent, there will be very many people among the then existing nations of the earth, who shall not have ever heard of the Lord's fame, or seen His glory." The publishing of the Gospel previous to the Advent "for a witness to the nations," does not by any means necessarily involve or require such a diffusion of it as shall reach every existing individual, or family, or locality, among these nations. On the contrary, it will not, we are expressly taught, be at all diffused to

any such extent among them, until after the Advent shall have taken place. And this is in exact accordance with what we learn from other portions of the Holy Scriptures, such for instance as Acts 15 : 17, Rev. 5 : 8-10, concerning the object of the sending forth of the Gospel for a witness among the nations during this present dispensation—namely, that its object is not, as some so mistakenly imagine, the conversion to Christ of all these nations, but "the taking out from among them of a people," the gathering and completing of that Church "the Bride the Lamb's wife," which is, subsequent to His Advent, to "reign" with Him over these nations, who shall then, by another, and altogether different diffusion among them of His Gospel, through the instrumentality of converted Israel, be converted unto Him, and shall become the subjects of His kingdom. See also and compare Isaiah 66 : 15-24, and Romans 11 : 15.

Now, if this be so, a most important consideration arises in immediate connection with our question.

WHAT IF CHRIST'S COMING BE DELAYED?

Let us just suppose that the Redeemer's Advent should be postponed for some, not many years, from the present time. Let us suppose that during these years the British and Foreign Bible Society were to carry on, as it is doing now, its glorious work of translating into every known language and dialect the blessed Word of God, the best of all preachers and publishers of the Gospel, inasmuch as it is the only one which always publishes it abroad in all its fulness without any taint of human error or impediment of human infirmity, and of circulating this word as it is at present doing, from end to end of all the habitable earth. Let us further suppose that the various noble missionary societies at present laboring so arduously in the publishing and preaching of the same Gospel in every region of the globe, were, during this brief period of postponement, to continue, and to increase year by year their efforts, as they are doing now. Does not the conclusion seem to force itself upon us as all but inevitable, that, at the end of these years, even supposing them to have been few, there would, as far as we can judge, be no nations, no families, scarcely any, if any, individuals, existing upon the earth who should not, ere then, have "heard the fame and seen the glory" of Christ in the light of His blessed Gospel, none who should not ere then, either by the reception of that Gospel have become incorporated with His Church, or else who, by its rejection, should not have come under the awful judgments upon the unbelieving with which He shall then be revealed. In such case there would, therefore, be none to be the subjects of that extensive and completely successful mission of the remnant of Israel spoken of (Isaiah 66 : 19), to which we have already referred.

LAWLESSNESS, INIQUITY, AND INFIDELITY.

There are other by no means unimportant or uncertain signs to which, did time and space permit, I should willingly advert. Such are the abounding lawlessness and iniquity and infidelity of the present time, the working of the leaven more or less at present among all the nations, which in one nation in the last century, fermented into such appalling results. These, however, are the signs directly of the approaching Advent of the Antichrist, rather than of Christ, while in signifying the former they necessarily become most sure indications of the latter. My desire, in this article, is to confine myself to such signs as are specially designed to comfort and to cheer the hearts of His believing people with the assurance that the coming of their Lord is indeed drawing nigh. And, therefore, with brief reference to one more of such, and that to my mind the most significant of all, I shall conclude. It is

THE POSITION AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE JEWS.

The able and interesting articles entitled "The Budding of the Fig-tree," by W. Maude, in the January and February numbers of *The Prophetic News*, have left little to be said in addition upon this very interesting subject. I would only say that, having read the work entitled "The Land of Gilead," by W. Oliphant, which forms the topic

of the second of these articles, I cannot but regard the book in itself as a most remarkable sign of the times; all the more so that its author undertook and accomplished his exploratory tour under the semi-official sanction of the British and French Governments—himself, all the while, an ignorer of the restoration of Israel as a fulfilment of prophecy, and yet looking upon it, and working with singular ardor and ability for its accomplishment, as a *political necessity* of the present time. The only obstacle to its being speedily effected, or at all events to the accomplishment of a large and speedy instalment of it immediately taking place, would seem to have been, at the time of the publication of this book, the want of consent upon the part of the Sultan, which Mr. Oliphant had failed to obtain.

But, if we are to believe recent statements in some of our leading newspapers, all unwillingness upon the Sultan's part towards the colonization of Palestine by Jews is *at an end*. The *Record* of November 9th, has an article entitled, "The Colonization of Palestine by Jews," in which it gives a copy of a communication published in the *Jewish Chronicle* from a Jewish Society formed at Galatz for that purpose, which speaks of "English notabilities as willing to come forward with the support and permission of the Government to give to the Jews possession of fields and vineyards in a land now not sown, and where there was not a man to till it and keep it." The article goes on to state that the Sultan has expressed to Mr. Bourke his willingness to grant a tract of land in Syria for that purpose in consideration of a loan, as stated in the daily journals, and notably in a leader in the *Times*; and that England would exercise a kind of protectorate, and they would abide under its shadow.

When we compare all this, and much besides this, which has occurred in recent years with regard to the land and the people, with the time, not many years ago, when Palestine was "a land that no man cared for," and the Jewish people were "a scorn and a bye-word" among the nations, and when the comparatively few who entertained a thought of their future restoration were regarded by those who considered themselves "*men of sense*" as fanciful and visionary in the extreme, it seems to me as though "the fig-tree" had well-nigh ceased to be a "budding" one, by reason of its manifestly becoming

ALMOST FULL OF LEAVES.

Upon the whole, then, I submit that the only answer which can consistently be given to our question by those who read the prophetic Scriptures, and who without prejudice consider the subject in the light which they shed upon it, must be an answer in the affirmative.

I submit that the signs of the present times are such as to speak to the hearts of the Lord's believing people in words of most encouraging assurance that at the longest it can be but "a very little while, and He that cometh shall come, and shall not tarry." (Hebrews 10 : 37, Revised Version.) If so, do they not also speak to one and all, in words of very solemn warning, against any tendency towards that attitude of mind in which it is Satan's special object and endeavor to place and to keep them, the attitude of "the evil servant, who says in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming?"

NOTE.—Upon the subject of the Gospel being preached to all nations for a witness, I wish to ask the attention of my readers to a statement made publicly by Rev. S. Duffield, D.D., in which he averred that there is still *one*, and *only one* country, in which the Gospel of the kingdom has not been openly proclaimed—viz., the peninsula of the Corea. Even should this statement be not altogether correct, the fact that it can be made is surely most significant as to the extent to which the Gospel has been and is being proclaimed.*

* Since the above was written the announcement has been made in an English Journal that the London Religious Tract Society is circulating religious books in Corea. Corea is a kingdom from which hitherto Europeans have been jealously excluded. It is situate to the north-east of China proper, south of Manchuria, and nearly opposite to Japan. It is about the same length as England and Scotland, with an area of 90,000 square miles and a population of 10,000,000.—Ed.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Some Excitement was Produced in Ireland on April 10th by the news that Mr. Parnell had been released from prison. The houses were illuminated in the cities, bonfires blazed in the country districts and bands were playing in the streets. Bitter disappointment followed when it became known that Mr. Parnell was only temporarily released, and that he was pledged to return at a specified time. Mr. Parnell had telegraphed to the government that his sister's only child had died, and that if they would allow him to attend the funeral he would "undertake not to take part in any political matter." Mr. Forster said in reply that upon understanding that Mr. Parnell's engagement included an undertaking not to take part in any demonstration, he approved of his being released on parole for one week, or for such further time as would enable him to attend the funeral of his sister's child. Mr. Parnell went direct to Paris, where his sister resides, but the remains of his sister's child had been interred before his arrival there.

Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Irish Affairs, in reply to an appeal made in the House of Commons to release the imprisoned members of Parliament, made a speech in which he charged them and their fellow leaders in the Land League with being responsible for the outrages. He said last year these outrages were constantly happening, and no resolute effort was made by the leaders of the Land League to stop them. An occasional remark might be made, but, on the other hand, words were spoken and written which no one having a knowledge of the Irish people and of human nature could doubt would lead to the commission of outrages. Then came the "No Rent" manifesto and its publication over Ireland. But its track had been marked by deeds of bloodshed and violence, committed because men disobeyed the manifesto, by those who reasonably supposed that they were carrying out the wishes of its authors and distributors. It had been said, "If you slap an Irishman in the face you must expect a blow in return." Yes, but a blow to whom? Not to the government. But the blow was given to poor men such as he saw lying in agony from the injuries they had received. The blow was given to hard working, honest men, who were torn from their beds, maimed or killed.

The Memorial Window in Westminster Abbey for which American citizens have subscribed as a tribute of respect to Dean Stanley, forms the subject of a statement issued by the Dean's successor, Dr. Bradley. He says the list of subscribers thoroughly bears out the statement of Rev. Phillips Brooks as to its widely representative character, and it would be invidious to make a selection, but it is interesting to remark that the name of Henry W. Longfellow, following that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, is followed by those of Ralph Waldo Emerson and John G. Whittier.

Queen Victoria Returned to England last week after spending a short time at Mentone, in the South of France. It is stated that during her tour she administered a reproof to the gamblers of the noted resort of Monte Carlo, the authorities of which humbly offered a magnificent basket of exotics. A correspondent says it was as peremptorily refused as though a deadly viper coiled beneath the beautiful blossoms. It may be supposed that the Queen intended thus to mark her disapprobation of the gambling spirit which is becoming so alarmingly prevalent in England.

The Czar of Russia is making Preparations for being crowned at Moscow. The Minister of the Imperial Household has issued a private circular announcing that the coronation will take place in August and that by imperial command all dignitaries of the empire must attend the ceremony in Moscow. The festivities will last two weeks, and it is estimated that the expenses will amount to about seven million dollars. The celebration when the late Czar was crowned lasted a month and cost nearly twelve million dollars. It appears an extraordinary sum to pay for crowning a monarch who will have reason to congratulate himself if he lives to see the close of the ceremony. That he may well have reason to doubt that issue is evident from a statement which appears in the *Vienna Presse*, which says: "Trustworthy merchants from Moscow report that eighty workmen who were employed on the Uspanski Cathedral were arrested on Holy Saturday in consequence of the discovery of a mine under that edifice, in which it is intended that the ceremony of the coronation of the Czar shall take place."

Prince Gortschakoff, the Celebrated Russian statesman who has for more than thirty years controlled the foreign policy of his country, has resigned. He is eighty-four years of age, and he finds the new order of affairs too great a tax on his strength. A despatch from St. Petersburg says that an imperial ukase has been published stating that, in deference to the wish the Prince Gortschakoff, the Czar has relieved him of the functions of Minister of Foreign Affairs on account of shattered health and advancing years. On the imperial rescript which was delivered to Prince Gortschakoff the Czar wrote with his own hand, "With the sincere esteem of your grateful Alexander." Prince Gortschakoff is succeeded by M. de Giers, who is believed to be of a pacific disposition.

An Attempt to Murder Araby Bey, who was formerly the leader of the discontented Egyptian troops but who is now a member of the Egyptian administration, was reported last week. Sixteen Circassian officers were arrested for taking part in the plot. They were actuated by dissatisfaction at non-promotion. According to an official version of the plot the government had been aware for the past ten days of the existence of discontent among the Circassian officers, of whom only forty were with their colors. The officers had intended to petition the government in regard to promotion, and if unsuccessful to kill Araby Bey. One of them having turned informer nineteen others were summoned on various pretexts to the Ministry of War, where they were immediately arrested. Several carried concealed arms. Nearly all subsequently confessed that they were concerned in the plot.

The Insurrection in Herzegovina is Reported as having been suppressed, and it is stated that an amnesty will be granted to those who lay down their arms and return to their lands. A correspondent in Herzegovina writing to the *London Times* says: "From Crivoscie all is reported quiet, except about Cervice, where the troops exchange occasionally shots at long range with the remains of the insurgent bands which linger in the higher parts of the territory on the border of Crivoscie and Herzegovina. Above all, they haunt the former, which borders on Montenegro. They seem to have made their preparations beforehand for the eventuality of being driven from their position and to have collected provisions and supplies of ammunition."

A New Scheme for the Pacification of Ireland has been propounded by the leaders of the Conservative Party in England. They propose that the State shall purchase the estates of all landowners who are willing to sell on the basis of twenty-one years of the judicial rent, land debentures bearing 4 per cent interest being issued to the sellers, the State guaranteeing payment of the debentures at maturity, and the surplus of the Irish Church fund being made a part of the guarantee. It is probable that the amount of actual cash required from the Treasury would be comparatively small, as the debentures would be as good as government bonds, and would be gladly accepted by the landlords. The amount of money needed would, it is stated, be about one hundred million dollars, and probably would fall below that sum. It is proposed to deal with the arrears of rent on the same principle, the State advancing money to pay off part and the landlord remitting the remainder.

Professor Goldwin Smith has Taken upon himself to express the opinion of Americans on the Irish question. In a letter to the *London Times*, Professor Smith says that if the British Legislature and people would handle the Irish question with vigor their determination would be applauded by nobody more than the great mass of the American people as distinguished from the politicians. He recommends the abolition of jury trial in agrarian cases, the collection of fair rents by summary process, the suppression of representation of rebel districts, the suppression of the murderous press, and special legislation concerning foreign emissaries, they and their governments being given to fully understand their position and the liabilities they incur. Professor Smith has never been remarkable for judicious utterance, and in this instance it would have been more seemly had he stated his own opinions without attempting to pose as the representative of Americans, who would be little likely, if they needed a representative in this matter, to select a man of Professor Smith's character.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is once more Prostrated by a severe attack of rheumatic gout, which is far more serious than was anticipated on March 9th, when the announcement of his renewed indisposition was first made to the Tabernacle congregation. Sunday evening, March 12th, was the service from which, by request, the members of his church absented themselves to make room for "strangers," and long before the time announced for commencing the service, the huge edifice was crammed in every part. Mr. Fullerton read the following letter from Mr. Spurgeon: "I am more disappointed than any one of you when I cannot address you to-night. It is always a great pleasure to me to see new faces that fill the Tabernacle in these open meetings. I feel it an honor and a privilege to preach Christ among a fresh circle of friends. But, alas! I cannot even leave my couch or stand." It is not likely that the sufferer will be able to leave the house for some weeks.

The Death of Mrs. Henry H. Jessup, wife of the Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., and daughter of the late David S. Dodge, occurred after a short illness at Beirut, Syria, on April 5th. She was born at Hartford, Conn., in October, 1836, and she came to New York in 1849. In 1858 she was married to Dr. Jessup, the eminent missionary to Syria, and a short time afterward started for Beirut, where she has since been engaged in missionary work.

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Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882.

16th Year. No. 17.—New Series.

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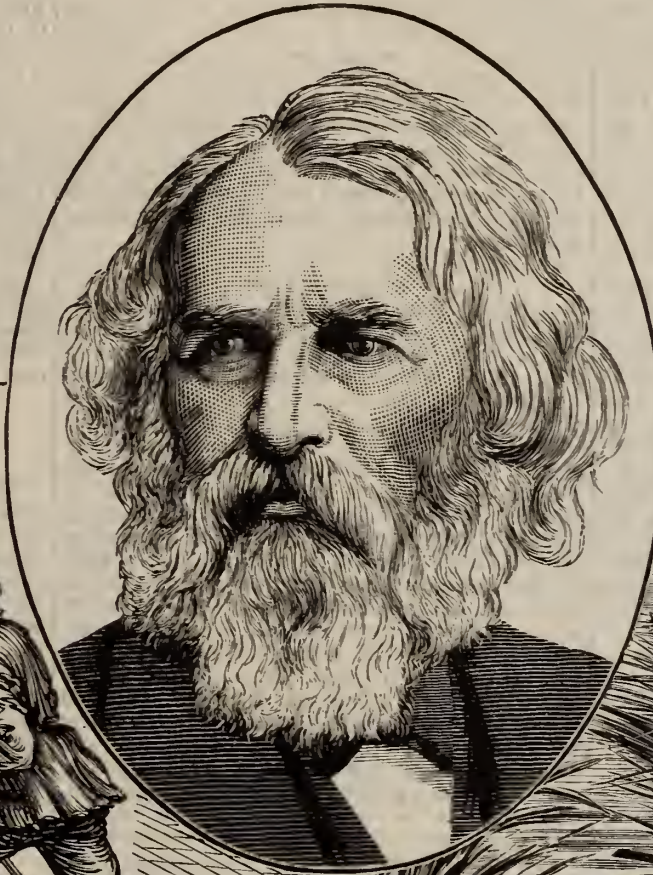
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THE LATE MR. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW AND SCENES FROM HIS POEMS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Mission of the Poet—Longfellow's Influence—Lineage and Birth—Early Life—His first Professorship—Invited to Harvard—Marriage—Settlement at Cragie House—A Tragic Death—Illness and Death—His Love for Children—Present of a Chair from the Wood of the Chestnut Tree—Selections from his Poems.

THE allusion to the poets of Greece incorporated in the sermon the Apostle Paul delivered on Mars Hill was as significant as it was wisely timed. He had a twofold mission there—on the one hand to declare to the Athenians an unknown God whom they worshipped in ignorance, and on the other to teach them how they might become in very deed the sons of God—a conception of their own poets. "We are His offspring," said the apostle, and he reminded them that the fact had been so stated by the poets. It has been ever so. The poet, from his higher region of thought, has been able to see grander and nobler truths than the toiler in the world's business, and he has found his true mission in seeking to raise his fellows to his altitude and to inspire them with his impulses. It is not for him to concoct money-making schemes, to invent labor-saving appliances, or to teach political economy; but if he can lead men to look above the sordid aims and the grovelling pursuits of life to something nobler, if less tangible, he will have rendered them a better service than if he had taught them something of commercial value. Such was the mission to which the eminent man, whose death the nation mourns to-day, consecrated his life. Of the way to make money, the supreme object of the world's thoughts, he had nothing to say; he had no story to tell of the lives of vicious men, no picture to paint in glowing colors of the delights of sinful pleasure; but, realizing the trials, the temptations, and the sorrows of his fellow-man, he set himself to the task of a helper, and labored to teach them that

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken to the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

And while the weary traveller on life's highway, stricken and buffeted and toiling through the years under heavy burdens, groaned beneath his lot, the voice of the sympathetic poet brought solace to his heart by the words:

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

Who can tell the extent of the healthful influence his life and works have exerted on his generation and on generations following! It becomes us, as citizens of this great nation, to humbly thank the Giver of every good gift that the poet whose works have gone into the homes of this wide land, and have been read by young and old, was a man of so pure a life, and whose teachings were so elevating in their tendency.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27th, 1807. His birthplace was a plain wooden house on the very edge of the sea. Two States divide the honor of claiming him among their citizens, for the city of Portland, in which he was born, though now in Maine, was at the time of his birth included in the State of Massachusetts. He came of such a lineage as he most highly esteemed. His ancestors were not lords or dukes, but men of sterling character and in most cases of distinguished piety. His mother was descended from John Alden, one of the *Mayflower Pilgrims*; and his father, Stephen Longfellow, who was one of the leaders of the Maine bar and a member of the National Congress, and who enjoyed the honorable title of "the honest lawyer," was also descended from the Puritan stock. Longfellow himself was named after his mother's brother, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, a gallant officer of the U. S. Navy, who lost his life about two years before the

poet's birth, during an action near Tripoli. In 1807 the family removed to a brick house in Portland which was formerly occupied by General Peleg Wadsworth, the maternal grandfather of the poet, he having vacated it to settle on some land at Hiram, granted him for military services.

Of the poet's childhood little is known. The first school he entered was a private school in Portland kept by a Mme. Fellows. The next was the town school, but in this he studied only a week or two when he was placed in another private establishment, and eventually in the Portland Academy, where one of his teachers was Jacob Abbott. When he had reached the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, of which his father was then a trustee, and it is thought that his health must have been delicate, for it is certain that he passed a great part of his freshman year at home. Some of his classmates, like himself, became afterward distinguished, among them Nathaniel Hawthorne, George B. Cheever, and John S. C. Abbott. Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, was also a student of the college in the same term, though not in the same class as Longfellow.

During his

COLLEGE DAYS

Longfellow became known as a writer of poetry. It is not known what was his earliest production, but in his published works seven appear which were written before he attained the age of nineteen, and it is probable that many other fugitive pieces were produced during the same period which are now lost. He made considerable progress in his studies while at Bowdoin, and when he graduated his place was second in honors. A reporter of the *New York Times* received from the venerable Professor A. S. Packard an interesting account of the youthful days of the future poet. He describes the young freshman as *an attractive youth* with auburn locks, just entering the last half of his fifteenth year, with clear, fresh, blooming complexion, well-bred manners, and sedate bearing. "I recall," he says, "the appearance of a few of that class of 1825 as they sat in the old class-room of Maine Hall—Bradbury, Josiah Stover Little, Hawthorne, the Longfellow, Shepley, and others. I cannot testify concerning Longfellow any more than a general statement of his unblemished character as a pupil and a *true gentleman* in all his relations to the college and its teachers."

Professor Packard adds that it is a college tradition that in his sophomore year, at the annual examination of his class, the version of an ode of Horace, which it fell to him to render, so impressed the Hon. Benjamin Orr, of the Committee of Examination, that when the new Professorship of Modern Languages was established, his recollection of that specimen of the young sophomore's taste and scholarship led him to propose him for the position. Shortly after his graduation Mr. Longfellow accordingly was offered the Professorship of Modern Languages, and it is as a teacher that Professor Packard especially remembers him. "He approved himself a teacher who never wearied of his work. He won, by his gentle grace, and commanded respect by his self-respect and his respect for his office, never allowing an infringement of the decorum of the recitation-room. The department was a new one, and in lack of suitable text-books he prepared a translation of a popular French grammar which went through several editions, an Italian grammar, and Spanish tales for the class-room."

Longfellow was then 19 years of age, but before he entered upon his duties he was allowed to go abroad that he might the better qualify himself for the duties of the place. He was in Europe three and a half years, spending the time in England, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy. He returned in 1829, and at once began his work. Professor Packard's recollection of the young man's character is confirmed by the fact that the freshman class numbered fifty-two, a number unprecedented at Bowdoin.

In 1831 Longfellow was married to Mary S. Potter, a daughter of Judge Barrett Potter, of Portland, who lived only four years after the marriage. This period at Bowdoin also witnessed the first

volume that Mr. Longfellow ever published. It was the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique." His writings up to this time had, however, been considerable for a young man of 26. Poems printed and reprinted in the newspapers had already carried his name far out of Maine. Some of the best of these were "An April Day," "Autumn," "Woods in Winter," "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem," "Sunrise on the Hills," "The Spirit of Poetry," and "The Burial of the Minnisink," all of which still occupy a place in his published works. He had written prose, also, for the *North American Review*, which was then the highest honor to which he could have aspired as a writer for the serial press. He also contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. At this time also appeared "Oltre Mer" and "Hyperion."

In 1839 the fugitive poems originally published in newspapers and magazines were gathered up and issued in a volume by the title of "Voices of the Night." It included besides the "Copas de Manrique" and translations, eight short poems. These were "Hymn to the Night," "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Light of Stars," "Footsteps of Angels," "Flowers," "The Beleaguered City," and "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year." These soon became popular, and they still remain among his best-known poems. It is with a sad interest associated with the venerable head recently laid low that we now read

"There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

The success of Mr. Longfellow's career as a professor at Bowdoin attracted general attention, and when the Professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard University became vacant by the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, it was offered to and cordially accepted by Mr. Longfellow. Again before entering on his duties he went abroad, this time with the view of studying the languages of Holland, Sweden, and Norway. It was while making a short stay at Rotterdam that Mrs. Longfellow was seized with an illness which proved fatal. It was of her that the poet wrote the lines now so well known in his "Footsteps of Angels," descriptive of his reveries as he sat in the twilight "Ere the evening lamps are lighted," and "the forms of the departed enter at the open door":

"And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

"With a slow and measured footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine."

Sorely cast down, the bereaved husband turned his steps homeward, and after paying a brief visit to his native city he went to

CAMBRIDGE,

at which place he resided until the time of his death.

An amusing account is related of the circumstances of his first residing at Cragie House, where he spent his future life. He had not been long in Cambridge when he went to the Cragie House, hoping to get lodgings there. This house, during the war of the Revolution, had for a time been *Washington's head-quarters*. Mrs. Cragie concluding from the young professor's youthful appearance that he was a student, bluntly told him she would "lodge students no longer," but on learning that he was not a student, but a professor, she decided to take him. He was shown a room in the north-eastern corner of the second floor, in which *Washington used to sleep*, and concluded that it would suit his purpose. Mrs. Cragie died in 1843, and the poet then bought the property. It has ever since been his home. He married in that same year Frances Elizabeth Appleton, a daughter of the Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. Two sons and three daughters were born to them in this house. The Harvard professorship was continued for nineteen years, when Mr. Longfellow resigned, to give himself up exclusively to literary production. Since 1839, when

"Voices of the Night" appeared, every few there was issued a collection of Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems. The "Ballads" appeared in 1841, the "Poems on Slavery" in 1842, "The Seaside and the Wayside Inn," in 1846; "The Seaside and the Wayside Inn," in 1846; "Birds of Passage," in 1858; "Keramos," and other poems, in 1878; "Utima Thule," in 1880. Besides these were longer poems, which, although not so popular as those above mentioned, bore marks of the true genius. These are "The Spanish Student," published in 1843; "Evangeline," in 1847, "The Legend," in 1851, "Hiawatha," in 1855, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858, "The Ship" in 1870, "The New England Tragedies" in 1872, and "The Hanging of the Crane" in 1874; "Morituri Salutamus," read at the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin College, 1875; later the same year, "Masque of Pandora."

An event which clouded the later years of the life was the tragic death of his second wife. He was in the act of sealing a letter when the taper she held in her hand set fire to the muslin dress she wore, and in a few moments she was wrapped in flame. Mr. Longfellow rushed to her side and succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but the gentle lady was so severely burned that she died shortly afterward in excruciating pain. Her death was a shock from which Mr. Longfellow never wholly recovered.

After the resignation of the Harvard professorship, Mr. Longfellow continued to reside at Craigie House, which became the centre of attraction to a host of distinguished friends. His two sons, John and Charles, and his three daughters, Edith (R. H. Dana), Alice and Annie were constant at his side, and the home at Cambridge was a place of domestic happiness.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

A few months ago he had a severe attack of rheumatism, and it left him shaken and very weak. On the 18th last he was tempted by the brightness of the spring sunshine to venture out for a short walk.

But the day was treacherous, gusts of wind blew, and the aged poet returned to the house chilled to the bones. He was feverish during the night, and the next day peritonitis was declared. He sank into a stupor from which he never rallied, and on Friday, March 24th, surrounded by his children and most intimate friends, the great man peacefully breathed his last.

More finished, rounded life has seldom been known in our annals. He had passed the limit assigned to the generality of men. Seventy winters had gently shed their snows on his head. He had in comparatively early life tasted the sweets of popularity. He had been recognized as a heaven-sent bard. He had seen his popularity steadily increase, the number of his readers grow, and their appreciation of him become deeper and closer. He had suffered bitterly, but he had struggled bravely; and the agony that rent his heart he had borne silently, uncomplainingly, and never appealed to the world for help or pity. His children had grown up around him and had found life. One after another of his friends and contemporaries had gone on before. Bryant had died; Hawthorne long since fell asleep; Maynard Taylor he had written a dirge. The sensitive man must have felt himself almost alone, and have had premonitions that his work was done and that his years were numbered. He came to his grave in a full age, like a corn of corn cometh in its season."

While we mourn over his death we cannot fail to realize that in his works he is immortal. That he has done for us he can still do for us and for others. In his own stirring words we can find "Lives of great men all remind us, we can learn our lives sublime," and as we gaze upon the prints he has made, we would fain learn the lesson he was ever ready to teach.

It is a touching and deeply significant fact that among the mourners at the tomb of Longfellow there are none more sincere than the children. The news of his death was accompanied by the following words, "The sorrow of the children is

remarkable; they all loved him." A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, alluding to this fact, says that the attachment between the poet and the children was mutual. He loved to witness their gambols and listen to their innocent, cheerful prattle, and he had always a kind word, a pleasant smile, and a paternal pat for the most ragged urchin he met. They all knew him and loved him. His long white hair and beard, his benevolent face, and bright, laughing look captured their little hearts, and those who could read, had a fascination for such of his poems as came within the range of their intellectual grasp.

Three years ago the school children of Cambridge presented him with a handsomely carved chair made out of

THE CHESTNUT TREE

immortalized in his poem, "The Village Blacksmith." The design of the chair is very pleasing, and in perfect keeping, the color is a dead black, an effect produced by ebonizing the wood. The upholstery of the arms and the cushions is in green leather; the casters are glass balls set in sockets; in the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving, consisting of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms, and horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

Underneath the cushion is a brass plate, on which is the following inscription:

To the author of the "Village Blacksmith."

This chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary. February 27, 1879.

This the distinguished poet prized as the richest trophy won by his pen. He wrote a touching little poem in response, which every schoolchild in Cambridge learned by heart. He loved to sit in it and showed it to strangers who visited him, just as he did the old clock on the stairs and his numerous souvenirs from abroad.

So universally have Longfellow's poems been read by his admiring fellow-citizens that it is unnecessary to make extended quotations from them. They are familiar in our mouths as household words, but we may be permitted to make a few selections which have formed the subject of the illustrations in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A picture on our front page gives artistic embodiment to "The Slave in the Dismal Swamp," in whose dark fens, as described in his Poem on "Slavery,"

"The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.
"Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair."

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

From "The Courtship of Miles Standish" we have selected two episodes for illustration. The panel on our front page represents a matrimonial embassy under somewhat interesting and unique circumstances. Miles Standish, the Puritan captain of the Mayflower colony, is enamored of the worth and beauty of a maiden named Priscilla. His "friend and household companion" was a fair-haired, azure-eyed youth, named John Alden, Longfellow's ancestor, "Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the 'Mayflower.'" He, too, regards Priscilla affectionately. One day, while reading "Julius Cæsar," he came across the record of that martial hero's achievement, when seizing a shield from a soldier, he put himself at the head of his troops, and behaved so valorously that his men, animated by his example, won the day.

Whereupon the sturdy Captain Standish exclaimed—

"That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

There was one thing, however, which Miles Standish could not do for himself. He cherished the thought of asking "the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth," to be his wife, but he had not the courage to do so. He, therefore, confides his heart's secret to his youthful friend, John Alden, and commissions him to go to the lady and "offer the hand and heart of a soldier." Trying to smile he stammered out the answer—

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done—I am only repeating your maxim—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

But the captain is not to be moved from his purpose, friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand. As he drew near the house, he heard the musical voice of Priscilla—

"Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many."

He opened the door, and the maiden was seen busy with her wheel, carding wool, and on her lap lay the well-worn Psalm-book, from which she had been singing. Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold, rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome, saying,

"I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."

In the course of conversation about old times and old scenes in England, the opportunity at length arrives for John to make the "offer and proffer of marriage," for Miles Standish, "Mute with amazement and sorrow," Priscilla looked into Alden's face, and presently exclaimed—

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?"

Alden's explanations only make matters worse, and Priscilla refuses the Captain's suit. But unheeding her words, he continued to urge the cause of his friend—

"And as he warned and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The well-known poem supplies the details which fill up the interval between the scene just described and the festivities which our picture represents on page 268. In a great fight with the Indians, Miles Standish is reported to be among the slain. But on the wedding morn of Priscilla and Alden, just as the service was ended,

"... a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!"

It was the Captain himself, who pressing forward, grasped the bridegroom's hand, and renewed the old friendship between them. And now Alden,

"... Brought out his snow-white steer,
Covered with crimson-cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together."

From among the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," we have selected for illustration that of

(Continued on page 268.)

A CHEAT EXPOSED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
April 23, 1882.

"Why feignest thou thyself to be another?" I
Kings 14:6.

Salutations from Southern Cities—The Fragrance of Southern Hospitality—A Sick Prince—A Queen in Disguise—Her Heart-breaking Journey—I. Wickedness Involves Others—The Duples of Scheming Scoundrels—Aaron Burr Victimizing Blennerhassett—André the Dupe of Arnold—The Victim Suffering for the Rogue—II. Royalty Sometimes in Disguise—Royal Women in Poverty—Royalty in the Home—The Queenly Mother—The King's Son and the Paupers—His Disguise—His First Night among the Cattle—III. The Lord Tears off the Masks—Never Right to do Wrong—People Waiting to be Duped—Superstition about Friday—IV. The Precision of Providence—No "If" in Providence—No Surprise—God's Unerring Care—The Love that Survives the Elements.

AFTER each series of long evangelistic services it has been my custom to be absent for some ten days for the purpose of physical recuperation, and during this last absence I have had a most delightful time, and I bring to you *salutations from the cities of the South*—from Charleston, and Savannah, and Augusta, and many of the most delightful regions of the southern clime.

We started with a small garden of flowers to return, but the flowers withered, and part of them we dropped at the margin of Georgia, and others we threw away at the boundary of North Carolina, and the others at the end of the State of Virginia, and by the time we arrived home all the flowers had perished, but *the fragrance of Southern hospitality* and kindness can never die, and I shall remember to the last hour of my life the kindness and the geniality of the vast multitudes of people I met during this recent absence. And now it is a great joy again to stand before you and present the lessons of the great Gospel.

In the palace of wicked King Jeroboam there is A SICK CHILD, a very sick child. Medicines have failed. Skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted.

Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayer would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she put on the garb of a peasant woman and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried, from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise.

The fact is that Peter the Great, working in the dry docks of Saardam—the sailor's hat and the shipwright's axe gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the Queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed he was divinely illumined and at one glance he looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city the child shall die."

She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an imposition. Broken hearted she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken hearted, now she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her

feet touch the gate of the city, the child dies. As she goes in, the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for departed worth and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

It is for no insignificant purpose that I present you this morning, the thrilling story of the text.

I. In the first place, I learn that

WICKEDNESS INVOLVES OTHERS, trying to make them its dupes, its allies and its scapegoats. Jeroboam proposed to hoodwink the Lord's prophet. How did he do it? Did he go and do the work himself? No. He sent his wife to do it. Hers the peril of exposure, hers the fatigue of the way, hers the execution of the plot. His nothing. Iniquity is a brag, but it is a *great coward*. It lays the plan, gets some one else to execute it; puts down the gunpowder train, gets some one else to touch it off; contrives mischief, gets some one else to work it; starts the lie, gets some one else to circulate it. In nearly all the great crimes of the world, it is found out that those who planned the arson, the murder, the theft, the fraud, go free, while those who were decoyed and cheated and hoodwinked into the conspiracy, clank the chain and mount the gallows.

Aaron Burr, with heart filled with impurity and ambition, plots for the overthrow of the United States Government, and gets off with a few threats and a little censure, while Blennerhassett, the learned Blennerhassett, the sweet-tempered Blennerhassett, is decoyed by him from the orchards and the laboratories and the gardens and the home on the banks of the Ohio River, and his fortunes are scattered, and he is thrown into prison, and his family, brought up in luxury, are turned out to die. *Abominable Aaron Burr* has it comparatively easy; sweet-tempered Blennerhassett has it hard.

Benedict Arnold proposed to sell out the forts of the United States army, to surrender the Revolutionary army and to destroy the United States Government. He gets off with his pocket full of pounds sterling, while Major André, the brave and the brilliant, is decoyed into the conspiracy and suffers on the gibbet on the banks of the Hudson; so that even the tabature, the marble tabature that commemorated that event, has been recently blasted by midnight desperadoes. Benedict Arnold has it easy, Major André has it hard.

I have noticed that nine-tenths of those who suffer for crimes are merely the satellites of some great villains. Ignominious fraud is a juggler which by sleight of hand and legerdemain makes the gold that it stole appear in somebody else's pocket. Jeroboam plots the lie, contrives the imposition, and gets his wife to execute it. Stand off from all impositions and chicanery. Do not consent to be anybody's dupe, anybody's ally in wickedness, anybody's scapegoat.

II. The story of the text also impresses me with the fact that

ROYALTY SOMETIMES PASSES IN DISGUISE.

The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes encrusted with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzza, they make no pretence; but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens.

Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service—God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, Empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at.

You went down into the homes of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the

pale cheeks of the children, on the empty tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken ture in the house. But by the grace of God a princess. The overseers of the poor there and discuss the case, and say: "It is a pauper." They do not realize that God has nished for her a crown, and that after she has through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah Shiloh, and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there be a throne of royalty on which she shall re ever.

Glory veiled. Affluence hidden. Eternal tures hushed up. A queen in mask. A pri in disguise. When you think of a queen, y not think of Catharine of Russia, or Theresa of Germany, or Mary Queen of S When you think of a queen you think of a woman who sat opposite to your father a table, or walked with him down the path o arm in arm—sometimes to the Thanksgiving quet, sometimes to the grave, but always si side; soothing your little sorrows, adjusting little quarrels, listening to your evening p toiling with the needle or at the spinning-w and on cold nights tucking you up snug and v and then on that dark day when she lay ad putting those thin hands that had toiled for y long, putting them together in a dying pi commending you to that God in whom she taught you to trust. O! she was the queer was the queen!

You cannot think of her now without havin deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and yor as if you could cry as though you were now s in infancy on her lap; and if you could call her to speak your name with the tenderness with v she once spoke, you would be willing now to t yourself on the sod that covers her grave, cry "Mother, mother!" Ah!

SHE WAS THE QUEEN.

Your father knew it. You knew it. She wa queen, but the queen in disguise. The worl not recognize it. But there was a grander dis ing.

The Favorite of a great house looked out o window of His palace and He saw that the p were carrying heavy burdens and that son them were hobbling on crutches, and He saw lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and He heard their lamentation and He said: " just put on the clothes of those poor people, will go down, and I will see what their so are, and I will sympathize with them, and I w one of them, and I will help them." Well, th came for Him to start. The lords of the land to see Him off. All who could sing joined i parting song which shook the hills and wol the shepherds.

The first few nights He has been sleeping the hostlers and the camel drivers, for no knew there was a king in town. He went at the doctors of the law, astounding them, for out any doctor's gown He knew more law tha doctors. He fished with the fishermen, He s with His own hammer in the carpenter's sho ate raw corn out of the field, He fried fis the banks of Genessaret, He was howled a crazy people in the tombs, He was splashed c surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillar sick man without any medicament. A mot with no sympathetic bosom in which He c pour His tears. Disguise complete.

I know that occasionally His divine ro flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, the red wine at the wedding banquet, as whe freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as v He turned a whole school of fish into the n the discouraged boatmen; as when He thro life into the shrivelled arm of the paralytic; bu the most part He was in disguise.

No one saw the king's jewels in His sa No one saw the royal robe in His plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned al mansions in which the hierarchs of Heaven their habitation. No one knew that that hung Christ owned all the olive groves and all the vests which shook their gold on the hills of P tine. No one knew that He who said, "I thi

and the Euphrates out of His own chalice. No new that the ocean lay in the palm of His like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one that the stars and moons and suns and es and constellations that marched on age were, as compared with His lifetime, the le of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in mid Heaven was he shadow of His throne. No one knew that crown of universal dominion was covered up a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in an body. Omniscience hidden in a human Infinite love beating in a human heart. asting harmonies subdued into a human Royalty en masque. Grandeurs of Heaven thly disguise.

THE MASKS TORN OFF.

My subject also impresses me with how e put on masks and how the Lord tears off. It was a terrible moment in the history is woman of Tirzah when the prophet ac- d her, practically saying, "I know who you you cannot cheat me; you cannot impose me; why feignest thou thyself to be an- ?" She had a right to ask for the restoration r son; she had no right to practice that ood. *It is never right to do wrong.*

ometimes you may conceal an affair; it is not sary to tell everything. There is a natural ure to the lips which seems to indicate that e sometimes is right; but for double dealing, oral shuffling, for counterfeit and for sham as nothing but anathema and exposure. He ear off the lie; He will rip up the empiricism; ill scatter the ambushade.

ere are people who are just ready to be l. They seem to be waiting to be deceived. believe in ghosts; they saw one themselves

They heard something strange in an unin- ed house. Going along the road one night thing approached them in white and crossed ad. They would think it very disastrous to : the number of carriages at a funeral. They l in a neighbor's house something that por- d death in the family. They say it is a sure of evil if a bat fly into the room on a summer , or they see the moon over the left shoulder. ey would not for the world undertake any prise on Friday, forgetful of the fact that if look over the calender of the world they will hat Friday has been the most fortunate day the history of the world. As near as I can looking over the calender of the world's his- more grand, bright, beautiful things have ened on Friday than any other day of the . They would not begin anything on Friday. ould not for the world go back to the house anything after they had once started. Such le are ready to be duped.

norance comes along, perhaps in the disguise edical science, and carries them captive; for e are always some men who have found some ge and mysterious weed in some strange e, and plucked it in the moonshine, and then cover the board fences with the advertisements elixirs" and "panaceas" and "Indian mix- ," and "ineffable cataplasms," and "unfail- disinfectants," and "lightning salves," and antaneous ointments," enough to stun and y and poultice and kill half the race. They ill ready to be wrought upon by such imposi-

h! my friends,
DO NOT BE AMONG SUCH DUPES.

o not act the part of such persons as I have e describing. Stand back from all chicanery, all charlatanry, from all imposition. They practice such imposition shall be exposed in day of God's indignation. They may rear t fortunes, but their dapple grays will be st on the road some day as was the ass by angel of God with drawn sword. The light of last day will shine through all such subterfuges, with a voice louder than that which accosted imposition of the text, "Come in, thou wife eroboani; why feignest thou thyself to be her?" with a voice louder than that, God will der down into midnight darkness and doom death all two-faced men and all charlatans and

all knaves, and all jockeys, and all swindlers. Be- hold how the people put on the masks, and behold how the Lord tears them off!

PRECISE PROVIDENCES.

IV. My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's provi- dences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The sick- ness comes, the death occurs, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one if. God's providences are *never caught in dishabille*.

To God there are no surprises, no disappoint- ments, and no accidents. The most insignificant event flung out in the ages is the connecting link between two great chains, the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, or this king of the text, were in God's hand.

You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death be- lieve that I am under the

UNERRING CARE

of God; and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sym- pathetic Father. He bottles our tears, He catches our sorrows; and to the orphan He will be a Father, and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the outcast He will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy, He will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be un- moored in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in winding sheets of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day, but

GOD'S LOVE SHALL NOT DIE.

It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowing sea after the last ocean has wept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchres, and the rush of the wings of the rising dead! O my God, comfort me and comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment!

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the Eminent African explorer, has written a letter which has been pub- lished in the Boston *Journal*. The letter is dated from the Congo on January 16th, and in it Mr. Stan- ley states that the expedition is prospering, and he hopes to accomplish the object of it this year. This is Mr. Stanley's third expedition to Africa, and it was begun with the intention of opening a way to the heart of Africa along the Congo River, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean about 6° south of the Equator. Mr. Stanley went to Sierra Leone in September, 1879. He took with him up the Congo three lieutenants, and a body of sev- enty men, all armed with the best modern rifles and supplied with all the necessary tools for their work. The course of the river is a succession of rapids and waterfalls, and it could be rendered navigable only by the erection of not less than 113 locks. Mr. Stanley's avowed object, however, is to place steamers on the navigable parts and to build roads around the rapids. The expedition has, of course, made slow progress toward the in- terior. One of the first roads made was at an angle of 60° over very steep mountains. Through- out May, 1881, Mr. Stanley was so seriously sick

that on the fifteenth day of his illness he gave, as he thought, his last orders to his European com- rades. The crisis was passed safely, however, and on July 4th he wrote to England that he was again strong and hearty. The natives have gen- erally treated the expedition with great respect.

A Persian Koord's Conversion.—**Mr. Marden**, of Zeitoon, relates that a Christian merchant visit- ing Tabreez, Persia, sat one day in his little room at the Khan reading aloud from his Bible. A Moslem Koord had come to the city on business, and was lodging in the next room. His ear had happened to catch the precious words of the Gos- pel through the broken partition, and he listened with intense interest. It was the first time he had ever heard of Christianity. He soon sought an in- terview with the Christian stranger, and on learn- ing the way to salvation he abandoned his faith in the false prophet, and declared himself a Christian. When he returned home he told his friends of his new faith, but they were fanatical Moslems, and sought at once to frighten the poor man back to his former belief. Arguments and threats did not avail, and he was imprisoned in the house of a Koordish chief and tortured. His persecutors, failing to alienate his wife from him, poisoned her. At last a woman from the chief's family came to him with a frightful story of tortures planned for the morrow, and showed him a way of escape dur- ing the night. In the deep darkness of the night, alone with his God, he started out on his dreary exile, and did not stop till he reached Marash, in Central Turkey. Here now for two years, under an assumed name, he has found employment, and, quietly identifying himself with Christians, has won the sympathy and respect of all for his Chris- tian character. He was recently baptized and re- ceived to the Church.

A Highway Robbery was Committed under strange circumstances not long ago in Italy. A gentleman was standing one evening in one of the shadowy arcades of the Coliseum, at Rome, when he was somewhat brusquely hustled by a passing figure. With a quick instinct, he clapped his hand to his watch-pocket. His watch was not there. He darted after the man who had hustled him, who turned sharply round, at the same time clutching a watch. "Give me that watch!" A dash!—the watch was snatched from him, and the startled man disappeared. What was the con- sternation of the gentleman on entering his bed- room, to find that the watch he had in his pocket was not his own, and that his watch, which he had forgotten to put on, was staring him in the face from the mantelpiece! He had been the thief, and the other wretched man had stumbled over him in the dark, and when overtaken and stopped was merely clutching his own watch, which he had not the nerve to rescue from the tourist. That tourist is now styled by his friends the Bandit of the Coliseum. In our judgments of character we may be as much mistaken as he was, and we, in turn, are misjudged by others. Well is it for us if our highest interests are in the hands of One who perfectly understands us (Psalm 139: 1-13).

A Young Lady Sceptic has Been Led to the feet of Christ, through the friendly agency of the Young Women's Christian Association, Finsbury Square, London. One of the workers writes: "She was brought to our meeting. Nothing would turn her from her scepticism—she doubted God's reve- lation. One afternoon I read out a note from a young girl who had attended some meetings of the association in another town; in it she says: 'Do you remember that afternoon when you told us that if there was a poor weary heart there longing for rest, to come just as we were? I heard you, and I said "Then I do come, Lord, if I may, and as I am." And now my burden is gone, and I am so happy.' That simple word was blessed to this sceptical young lady. 'Why,' she said, 'that is just what I am; with all my scepticism I have no rest.' She fell upon her knees, saying, 'Lord, I must come, I do come; Thou art my Lord, my Saviour.' From that time her life became entirely changed. She has been the means of the conver- sion of her servant, then of her married sister, who was even more sceptical than herself. Both are now influencing the other members of the family."

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 247.)

Captain Vaughan Advised to Disguise Himself—His Refusal—A Walk up the Hill—Corny Seized as a Rebel—His Protests Disregarded—Threatened with Death—Capt. Vaughan's Intervention—Capt. Vaughan Again a Prisoner—A Stupid Corporal—Appeal to the Authorities—Matched Under Guard to Gorey.

THE country Captain Vaughan and Sylph Somers passed through on their route to Gorey was deserted and desolate. All the bonds of law were broken; all the restraints and amenities of civilized life were thrown aside; violence, and savagery, and havoc had been abroad; and the whole region, as though Heaven-forsaken and cursed, seemed dumb-stricken and mourning; and bearing the fruit of insurrection and civil war.

Farmer Dunne, with whom Captain Vaughan had been domiciled, and whose favor he had won, had wished him very much upon starting to take off his officer's uniform, and put on instead a suit of his own, consisting of a blue swallow-tailed coat, yellow waistcoat, and knee breeches, to be surmounted with a peaked felt, broad-brimmed hat.

"It's as much as your life is worth, Captain," he said; "to be seen in that shako and red coat. If any o' Father John's min war to spot ye, they'd be doun on ye like wolves, and id show ye no marcy. I tell you what. Yer about my size, Sir; dub me Sunday shuit, and never a won 'ill guess who or what ye are; fur I feel shure even yer own mother wouldn't know ye."

This was Captain Vaughan's own belief. Mr. Dunne's Sunday suit would, indeed, work upon him, a complete metamorphosis; not one, however, altogether flattering. He smiled as he saw in imagination the ridiculous figure he would cut; and one, too, which Sylph would look upon. Why, it would supply food forever after for inextinguishable laughter. No, he would retain his military costume. This would preserve his self-respect; and, besides, would more accord with his soldierly pride and courage. "No, Mr. Dunne," he said; "I thank you much for your kind offer, I am sure you mean it well; but I'll keep to the garb I have. It is likely no disguise would save me if we fall in with the rebels; and if I am to die, I'll die for what I am—the King's officer." In this matter Captain Vaughan set a good example to professing Christians not to be ashamed of Christ's livery which they wear, but to retain it, as loyal soldiers, at all hazards, even though it may cost them their life.

"Any way, take this wid ye," cried the farmer, as Captain Vaughan was hurrying off to the cart on the road, in which sat Sylph impatiently waiting for him. "What ye have pressed on me for yer board and lodging, sur, will also well pay for it," saying which he threw over the Captain's shoulders a large frieze coat, which if put on would conceal his uniform.

It turned out to be a very fortunate thing that Captain Vaughan did retain his own dress and would not be persuaded by the farmer.

About a mile from Gorey, he and Sylph, feeling greatly fatigued from the constant jolting of the cart, got down upon the road to ease their limbs a little, and they felt encouraged to do this from the absolute quietness for miles of the whole region they had passed through. A rather steep ascent of the road also suggested this change of locomotion.

Feeling stiff when they attempted to walk, the Captain and Sylph lagged behind, and allowed Corny to get a considerable distance before them, and at last lost sight of him as he passed over the brow of the ascent, and hence, for some minutes they were totally ignorant of his subsequent trouble.

Scarcely had Corny got beyond the ken of his mistress, when a corporal of the Antrim Militia and his guard set upon him, surrounding the cart and pointing their bayonets close to Corny's breast.

"Halt there." "Stop yer cart." "Don't budge another inch." "What's yer name?" "Where ar'

ye goin'?" "Who owns the baste and the whole consarn?" were commands and questions that came like a flood upon Corny, without a moment's pause for obedience or reply to any one of them.

"Take yer bag'nettes from me stomach, iv ye plaze," cried Corny, "they'll intherfere wid me digestion—and, Mr. Corporal, will ye have the kindness to repate your questions with a reasonable intherval between thim?" Corny's reply may seem rather cool and confident under the circumstances, but he reflected that these men were of the Royalist force, and since he was virtually in the service of an English officer, they would not dare molest him.

"Purshuin' to yer impidine," said the Corporal. "How dare ye spake in that way, ye rebel, to a King's officer, a corporal as ye say, and here in full command?"

"Don't call me a rebel," answered Corny, "don't, fur it goes agin me feelins; and, besides, it isn't the thruth. My name, as ye want to know it, is Corny Fagan, Mr. Corporal, as thrue and loyal a subject o' the King—as ye are yerself."

"Whar's yer pass thim?" shouted the Corporal. "All loyal min about here has a pass; so jist git it out, me man and let us see it."

"A pass," cried Corny, "a pass? I niver h'ard o' sich a thing, barrin' a toll-bar pass, and niver a wan o' thim kind o' things is there between Gorey and Enniscorthy; anyhow, ef there be, sorra a toll-man cum to the fore to ax his toll or give us a ticket."

"Did ye say Enniscorthy?" asked the corporal sharply. "Yes," answered Corny. "And ye've cum from there, have ye?" again enquired the corporal. "Yes, Mr. Corporal, I've jist cum from it," said Corny, little thinking how this answer would compromise him in his interrogator's mind.

"Ye've got no pass, and yer come from Enniscorthy, and yet ye're no rebel," urged the corporal. "Tell it to the horse marines, me man. They may believe ye, but Corporal M'Ardle—that's meself—never will. We're not so soft, Mr. Corny Fagin. You'll be nixt telling uz, I suppose, that ye never sot eyes on Vinegar Hill. Come now, out with it—fur it's no use yer denyin' it—confess at wanst that ye've both seen the hill, and hev been on the hill, and hev been in the company o' the rebels on the hill, and hev been givin' yer presence, more or less, to their doin's. Have you, or have you not? And with no batin' about the bush, answer, fair and square, me questhuns."

Corny had to give an affirmative reply to each of the corporal's queries. He attempted to explain that though it was so, yet he was innocent of disloyalty; but the corporal, confident in his own inferences, would not permit Corny to travel beyond the words "yes" and "no"; and the consequence was he stood forth an undoubted rebel, before the settled convictions of the corporal and his band of militiamen.

"Git down this instant," cried the corporal fiercely, "and kneel there"—and he pointed to a spot on one side the road—"until we shoot ye, ye rebel; and ye may thank yer stars, me man, that it's a shootin' ye're goin' to git—and not a hangin', like a dog—for it's more nor ye desERVE, ye rascal."

"But I'm an officer's sarvant," protested Corny, "at least, I'm doin' dhuty just now for wan; and him and me mistress is only a little bit behind me on the road, and when they cum up they'll soon clear me."

"That only makes it worse and worse," shouted the corporal. "Not only are ye a rebel, ye villain, but, accordin' to yer own showin'—yer sarvin' and comfortin' wan, a chief among the rebels, who has the mischief's own assurance to call himself an officer."

"No, no!" exclaimed Corny; "yer makin' an awful mistake, Mr. Corporal. I assure you you are. The officer I spake of is an English officer. Wan o' the King's Dragoons—no less—whom I've druv in this cart for the last tin miles, hurryin' for the bare life into Gorey—him and his wife, that is to be."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the corporal at this statement of Corny's—a laugh that was heartily joined in by the corporal's men,

to whom, one and all, this assertion of Corny seemed the most absurd thing they had ever tened to.

"Oh! afther that lie," said the corporal, "there's no use in yer sayin' a single word n fur war ye to back it with a thousand and affidavies, I wouldn't believe ye. A dhra officer and his lady a-comin' from Vinegar and more betide, ridin' for tin mile, makin' a Irish cart their coach! Oh, did ye ever hear an outrageous bouncer? Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! Begorrah! ye'll be next telling me that F. John Murphy is commandher-in-chief o' the R army. Do ye think I havn't wan ounce o' common sinse, me man?"

"I do; and yer provin' it," boldly replied Corny. "Agin I order ye to git down from that and kneel whar I've towld ye," he commanded angrily. "Come, be quick, fur we can't a-losin' any more time wid ye."

Corny, put to his mettle, declared stoutly he would not alight, and that if they were resolved to murder him, they must do it where he sat; "I warn ye, Mr. Corporal," he said, in a sol tone, "that in killin' me not only will ye bring yees the anger of Heaven, but the just revenge thim whom I have towld ye are me employers."

The corporal's reply to these words was a stant injunction to three of his men to drag Corny to the ground. He was then pushed to the roadside and pressed down upon his knees. Other soldiers took their stand at the opposite side of the road to do the shooting business, and the corporal, with his back towards the cart and horse was about to say the word "fire!" when his arm was grasped, and a voice cried out vehemently, "H Recover arms!"

We need scarcely say that the one to interpose was the corporal's blundering and stupid procedure to rescue poor Corny at the last moment, was Captain Vaughan, who, with Sylph, had reached, at a leisurely pace, the summit of the hill. All at once he took in the dreadful mistake that was being made. Instantaneously he dashed forward to prevent it, and being swift and light of foot, he came upon the corporal—absorbed in carrying out his summary act of justice, as he deemed it—before he was aware of the Captain's approach to him.

Captain Vaughan, however, did not get the sufficient and self-assertive corporal to recognize once his rank and authority. Even the Captain's uniform did not convince him. He knew that the rebels had stripped uniforms from several soldiers of the rank and file whom they had killed, and from slain officers. Might not then, this man's military garb be one of those that had been pilfered, he asked himself, and put on now by a fellow for the purpose of deception. This explanation of Captain Vaughan's appearance seemed to the mind of Corporal M'Ardle a far more rational theory than to believe that a captain of the Royal Dragoons should be travelling from the rebel camp—Vinegar Hill—ensconced for ten miles in a common farm-cart.

Measuring with his eye Captain Vaughan from head to foot, the corporal asked in a testy voice, "Do you know, me man, what yer doin' g sayin' the ordhers o' wan who, on this ground, is no shuperior? This is a corporal's guard, and here commander-in-chief av it."

"Oh, you are," said Captain Vaughan; "thank me, Corporal, that I have saved you from a most criminal abuse of your power."

"No, I don't thank ye," was the reply; "I don't want bit, my Mr. Purtindin' Officer. D' ye think t' come it over me, me man. Yer no officer at all—no King's officer, I mane. I know what ye are, nothin' else nor a massacrein' rebel chief. Here, seize that fellow," he cried to the men; "and when we've shot Corny Fagin, a calls himself, we'll settle accounts with this savin' scoundrel."

"Do not dare to lay a hand upon me," cried the captain, as he waved back the militiamen who came near to arrest him. "I declare myself a perior officer in his Majesty's service; and it is your peril that you touch me."

"I will consent to one thing," he added, "only to one. Take me and this lady" (and

turned towards Sylph, who by this time, in great alarm, had come up, "and also this, my man, whom you would criminally shoot, to headquarters in Gorey, and let the authorities there decide who and what we are."

This was a reasonable and just proposal, but it took some time to get the corporal to fall in with it. It would be a transfer of power from his own hands, he felt, and a surrender of his "brief authority." Besides, he was fully assured that Captain Vaughan's representation was false, and that he had got hold of the true merits of the case. A glance at his men, however, convinced the corporal that they were not so sure of his conclusions as he was himself. They hung back at the rebuke of Captain Vaughan—and that with a show of respect—and it was likely they would refuse to obey him if required to proceed to extremities. Corporal M'Ardle, therefore, like a prudent commander, succumbed to circumstances, and drew back.

"It's me firm belief," he said, to Captain Vaughan, "that yer not what ye say, and that yer only takin' a rise out of uz. But as I'm a merciful man, and doesn't want myself to spill yer blood, why I suppose I must take ye and yer man and yer woman into Gorey; but yees 'ill not have the cart to go in. We'll count that our loot, and yees 'ill have to fut it, I can tell yees, every inch o' the road, and undher our close guard too. Here, comrades, form lift and right, and keep a sharp eye on him."

It was no hardship to our friends to go on foot. Indeed, they would have chosen this method of entering the town in any case; but to be marched into Gorey surrounded by bayonets as convicted rebels, aroused the indignation of Captain Vaughan, and he protested against the indignity. The corporal, however, was inexorable. "It's go this way or be shot," he said, "every wan o' yees, so take yer choice."

(To be continued.)

SUFFERERS BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

S.S. Lesson for May 7, Mark 7: 24-37. Golden Text, ver. 37. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN the records of our blessed Master's life which we find in the four Gospels, interspersed with deep and most practical teaching we find glorious accounts of His healing power. In our lesson for to-day we find Him going into the borders of Tyre and Sidon; He "entered into an house, and would have no man know it; but He could not be hid." Had it been in our day there would have been no need to get bills out and put advertisements in the papers to say Jesus was coming, words and works of mercy attended His footsteps and proclaimed His presence everywhere. And now, wherever Jesus really is in a human heart or life, the transformation is so great, the influence, not of the person himself, but of Christ within him, is such that it always makes itself felt. Where the presence of Jesus is in a believer all littleness flies, he sees things in a true light, all is real to him according to the measure in which it touches the honor of his God. The presence of Jesus in a man makes him really joyful, he cannot be disturbed by little things, because his faith is in constant exercise, and everything is measured by faith, *i.e.*, by trust in the overruling of God, and not by sight, *i.e.*, the visible circumstances. Of course such a person is continually calm, continually happy, continually victorious, Christ in him

CANNOT BE HID.

Somebody had spoken of Jesus to a certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, and she came to Him. She did not begin to reason about His power, and consider whether it accorded with her preconceived notions; she did not wait to think whether her coming to Jesus would be taken as a personal offence by the family doctor, or whether her friends would cast her off if she showed any reliance in a Teacher whose doctrine was diametrically opposed to the belief in which she was brought up. She thought but of one thing, her daughter's deliverance, and she was prepared to meet any consequences if only her child was set free. From St. Matthew's Gospel we gather that she had some measure of faith in Jesus as the Son of David, and probably she had at-

tended some of the synagogue services and may have recognized Jesus as the expected Messiah, with a simplicity to which the prejudiced Jews were strangers.

"Have mercy upon me," it was her daughter who needed healing, but she knew doubtless that God had said, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation" (Ex. 20: 5), and it may be she was conscious of sin in her past life which had given occasion to the enemy to assert his dominion over her daughter. Perhaps that daughter had heard her mother speak unkind, impure, or untrue words, and her own conscience had become seared, so that she justified herself in committing the same sins, and thus the devil, finding the door open, came in and took possession.

Thus the poor mother made her child's case her own, saying, "Have mercy upon me." How many believing mothers ask the prayers of other Christians for the conversion of their children, and wonder they are not answered, when they ought to be making their case their own, and inquiring of the Lord what in them is hindering His answer, what worldly conformity, what self-indulgence, or other hindrance. "But He answered her not a word" (Matt. 15: 24). Was this because He did not choose to be disturbed? Did He think it too bad that His privacy should always be broken in upon? O no, such a reason could never have existed in Him who "pleased not Himself" (Rom. 15: 3).

He said to His disciples who interceded for her, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." She would not, however, take a refusal. Jesus was exercising her faith for the benefit of the disciples; He knew He could count upon her: He knew that her faith was not dependent upon feelings or circumstances; it was grounded upon what she had heard of Him. Without doubt she had inquired particularly before she placed her case in His hands, whether He was ever known to have refused to undertake a case which was brought to Him, and whether in any case He had undertaken He had failed; and being assured He never had, she drew her own conclusions, and counted on the faithfulness of Him with whom she had to do, despite present appearances. "Lord help me," was her only plea; and He answered, "Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs."

Would not such words as these discourage her? Must she submit to be called a dog? Yes, gladly, if she might obtain her petition. O how many petitions are lost because we will not take the low place! The place of blessing is always low down, it is "the valley of blessing." When God is going to bless very specially, whether it be a congregation or an individual, He almost invariably brings them down into deep humiliation, deep consciousness of failure, and then He manifests His glory. The woman answered,

"YES, LORD."

O that every child of God would learn to say, "Yes, Lord," at all times, with perfect confidence in His wisdom. "Yes, Lord," when He shows them they are dogs; "Yes, Lord," when He shows them their real unworthiness, whether through the contempt of other people, or through the want of success in their efforts to serve Him, or through the taking away of their physical strength in the midst of great activity in His service. "Yes, Lord," she said, "yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." As though to say, "Let me be a dog, and my portion but a crumb, what I ask for my daughter is such a little exercise of Thy mighty power and love, it is but the children's leavings." And He said, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt" (Matt. 15: 28), or "For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." Of course when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed. Could Jesus say to us, "Great is thy faith," or must He say as He did to Peter, "O thou of little faith?"

On leaving this part of the country, His mission here having been accomplished in this one case of healing, Jesus "came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis." This

was the part of the country where the man who had been possessed with a legion of devils went to tell of what Jesus had done for him. (Mark 5.) Here great multitudes came unto Him, "having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and He healed them" (Matt. 15: 30). Among these "they bring unto Him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech Him to put His hand upon him. And He took him aside from the multitude, and put His fingers into his ears and He spit, and touched his tongue." There are many in our day who are seeking bodily healing from the Lord Jesus, in answer to the prayer of faith, and who do not obtain it because they are unwilling to be drawn aside from the multitude. It may be, their sickness has been permitted of God on purpose to separate them from some friend who exercises an undue influence over them, or from some work which God would have given up, curtailed, or allowed to pass into other hands; from some business transaction, which does not glorify Him, or which usurps too much time and thought. Or it may be that He is calling some student to renounce his darling hope of excelling others.

IN ORDER TO BE HEALED

a man must consent to be taken aside from the multitude, and so learn the mind of his God that he renounces all plans and projects, and leaves himself absolutely given up to the will of God. Then the Lord cannot but keep His promise, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have put upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord which healeth thee" (Ex. 15: 26).

Having taken him aside, the Lord "put His fingers into his ears, and He spit, and touched his tongue." For healing and for health, the deaf ear must be brought and remain in contact with Jesus, the tongue which the enemy of souls had bound must come and remain in contact with Jesus. How many there are, spiritually deaf, who hear as though they heard not, never applying that which they hear personally to themselves, they need the touch of Jesus. And O how many there are who are dumb, who cannot speak a word for Jesus, who always say, "I am so reserved," and yet find words to talk about their business, their neighbors, their trials and vexations, their "trying servants" or their exacting masters and mistresses, without a shadow of reserve. They say "I always was nervous," and yet when they are out of temper, their nervousness does not hinder a considerable flow of language. "Oh," they say, "I never could speak about my feelings;" but if anybody leaves a door open, and causes them to be in a draught, this reserve does not hinder an eloquent and vivid expression of their feelings. Alas the dumbness is only on the point where the heart is not engaged; the care that God should have His due has not yet taken possession of their heart, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12: 34).

Looking up to heaven He said, "Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain." Contact with Jesus, this is the real medicine for the sick in soul, or mind, or body. Complete surrender to Him, complete self-abandonment into His hands, and undoubting faith in His written promises, these are the means whereby that contact with Him may take place. "He charged them that they should tell no man." In His former visit to Decapolis He had charged the man who had the Legion to go home and tell his friends about his deliverance, but now, when the people were all intent to share in the blessing, there was no need for special cases to be mentioned. They disobeyed Jesus, "the more He charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; and were beyond measure astonished," saying of Him whom they had formerly besought to depart from their coasts, "He hath done all things well; He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

Two Messages were Sent to Congress by the President last week. In the first the President invites an expression of opinion on the scheme, initiated by Mr. Blaine, of an international American Congress. The message is a somewhat remarkable one, claiming as it does the right of the Executive to invite such a congress, but promising that the President's action in the matter "will be in accord with the opinion of congress in the premises." The invitation has already been issued; it is extended to all the independent countries of North and South America, and invites them to participate in a general congress to be held in the city of Washington on the twenty-second day of November next, for the purpose of considering and discussing the methods of preventing war between the nations of America. It is obvious that with so many differences pending between the powers both in Central and South America, the effect of the proposed congress may be beneficial to an incalculable extent, or it may have the effect of precipitating a war. The President therefore appears desirous that Congress should undertake the responsibility of deciding whether the assembly should take place as proposed.

An Appropriation for Restoring the Mississippi levees is recommended by the President in the second of his two messages. The sum of \$1,010,000 was previously recommended, and now the President advises a supplementary appropriation of a like amount. The President says, "The immense losses and widespread suffering of the people dwelling near the river induce me to urge upon Congress the propriety of not only making an appropriation to close the gaps in the levees occasioned by the recent floods, but that Congress should inaugurate measures for the permanent improvement of the navigation of the river and security of the valley. It may be that such a system of improvement would as it progressed require the appropriation of twenty or thirty million dollars. Even such an expenditure, extending as it must over several years, cannot be regarded as extravagant in view of the immense interests involved." The President also explains why the

cost of this gigantic undertaking should be borne by the nation at large rather than by the States which are suffering. He says: "The cotton product of the region subject to the devastating floods is a source of wealth to the nation, and of great importance in keeping the balances of trade in our favor. It may not be inopportune to mention that this Government has imposed and collected some *seventy million dollars* by a tax on cotton, in the production of which the population of the Lower Mississippi is largely engaged, and it does not seem inequitable to return a portion of this tax to those who contributed it, particularly as such an action will also result in an important gain to the country at large, and especially so to the great and rich States of the North-west and the Mississippi Valley."

The Debate in the House of Representatives on the subject of polygamy was closed on Wednesday, April 18th, by a formal vote to exclude George Q. Cannon from the seat he claimed as Delegate from Utah. The numbers on the resolution to admit him were 123 nays, to 79 yeas. A resolution declaring the seat vacant was subsequently passed without a division. Mr. Cannon made a vigorous and impassioned speech in the course of the debate, in which he denounced the anti-polygamy law recently enacted as unconstitutional, and as a measure of religious persecution adopted by timid legislators in deference to fanatical clamor. Mr. Cannon then presented an argument in favor of polygamy, in which he claimed for it the authority of a divine institution, and attempted to justify it as practised in Utah. Mr. Calkins, of Indiana, who closed the debate, delivered a scathing reply to Mr. Cannon's argument, and denounced polygamy as "a crime against civilization and society." We may hope that Congress has now listened for the last time to a polygamist defending polygamy, and that the decisive vote recorded will be accepted in Utah as the final judgment of the nation on its wickedness.

The Attempt to Secure an Immediate Appropriation for the reconstruction of the navy was defeated in the House on April 17th. Mr. Harris, the chairman of the naval committee, gave the House a description of the deplorable state of the navy, which, he said, consisted of thirty-six old ships, rated upon our Naval Register as "ships of war," none of which can ever fire a gun. "We have," Mr. Harris also stated, "a number of others utterly unseaworthy and unfit for service. With the exception of the fourteen iron-clads we have not a ship to-day that would dare to go into battle. The best ship we have is the Trenton, and the next best to this are the sloops of war. We have practically no navy whatever." The House, however, recollecting that during the two terms of General Grant, nearly one hundred and fifty millions had been appropriated to naval expenses, and that in addition the proceeds of sales of discarded stores had been applied to the same purpose, declined to take the bill out of its order under present circumstances. It is understood that the indisposition of the House to vote the appropriation arises from the fact that Mr. Robeson has been placed by the Speaker in a prominent position on the naval committees which would control the expenditure. Mr. Robeson was General Grant's Secretary of the Navy.

A Fatal and Destructive Cyclone Passed over Brownsville, Mo., on April 18th, almost annihilating the town. A telegram from St. Louis says that just before the storm struck the town the atmosphere grew suddenly close and heavy. Darkness, almost like night, ensued. A few moments after a terrible roaring noise was heard, and the next instant a huge black and angry funnel-shaped cloud was seen coming from the southwest at almost lightning speed. The large part of the funnel was downward, and it seemed to be whirling in a rotary motion, and bounded along close to the earth. When the cloud reached the southwestern limits of the town, houses were raised clear of their foundations, torn to atoms, and the pieces hurled in every direction. Trees were uprooted and twisted off close to the ground, and persons and animals were picked up and carried

for yards through the air, then dropped, bruised and bleeding, to the ground. Two blocks of two story brick buildings in the northern part of the town were torn completely to atoms and the debris scattered in every direction. Frame dwellings were drawn into the vortex and crushed. It is feared that beside eleven persons already known to have been killed, many corpses will yet be found under the ruins, and several injured persons now in hospital will die. The loss of property is estimated at \$250,000.

The Prohibition Fight in Iowa is Exciting considerable interest in political circles. The political managers desired to keep the question apart from party interests and to let it stand or fall on its own merits, but a Republican journal now predicts that the adoption of the amendment has been placed beyond doubt, by the avowed intention of the liquor interest to make it a political question. The action of the brewers at their State convention in passing a resolution threatening the defeat of the Republican party if it interfered with the liquor traffic has been resented by the bulk of the party. "The consequence will probably be a full Republican vote in Iowa."

An Apology is Due to Dr. Talmage from Colonel Ingersoll, is the opinion of a New York journal which has usually displayed more partiality for the atheist than the preacher. That journal calls attention to the aurora which on Sunday night, April 16th, shone with a brilliancy rarely witnessed in this latitude, and remarks on the coincidence of its appearing on the very night when Ingersoll, before a large audience was ridiculing Dr. Talmage's "theory that the world might have existed without sunlight, and have been lighted in its stead by some such contrivance as phosphorescent rocks, or the aurora borealis." That very night the aurora blazed out with such splendor as to take away a good deal of the sting of Mr. Ingersoll's ridicule; and lately, at the meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society, the State Mineralogist read an account of the discovery of a species of rock which, on being struck, flashed out so brilliantly as to frighten the miners. They call it *Hell Fire rock*. Another blow at Ingersoll. "Is there a special Providence watching over Dr. Talmage?" is the question with which the writer concludes his remarks. That may be, but in any case it is certain that there is a special Providence watching over God's truth in the world which the atheists assail.

Lady Help in the Episcopal Church is a Departure of an unexpected character, but it is now announced that Bishop Whipple, of the diocese of Minnesota, has declared his intention of licensing two women as lay readers, because no men can be found to fill the places. They are to be licensed to read the service and such sermons as the Bishop puts in their hands.

The Launching of the Gospel Ship "Evangel" is described in the *Chronicle* of Seattle, W. T. An account of the ship and Mr. Ludlow's purpose in having her built have already been described in these columns. She has now been launched with appropriate ceremonies. A large number of people assembled on the vessel attracted by the novelty of the occasion; among them Judge Greene, Rev. W. S. Harrington, and Rev. J. P. Ludlow. The choir sang several songs appropriate to the occasion. "Gospel bells," with the *Gospel ship bell accompaniment*, was given with marked effect. "Dare to be a Daniel" was also sung. The Bible was lashed across the bows of the vessel, its pages open. As the craft glided down into the water, Miss Clara Ludlow, instead of breaking, according to custom, a bottle of wine over the bows, took a quantity of leaves filled with Bible quotations, and threw them broadcast upon the air, the little slips falling on the water and among those who were present. At the same moment the young lady declared the name of the *Gospel ship* Evangel, and the flag bearing the name was unfurled to the breeze. A brief prayer was offered by Judge Greene, the choir sang "Pull for the Shore," "Hold the Fort," etc., and the launch was an accomplished fact. The *Chronicle* says, "We may truthfully say that the Evangel is as staunch a craft as was ever launched at this port."

An Atheist's Conversion at the Fulton St. Prayer-Meeting is reported. Last week a young man rose at the meeting and asked for the prayers of Christians for God's blessing on his efforts to do something for Christ among his relatives and neighbors at home. Three years ago he came to this city a miserable man. He had lived a sinful life, and when spoken to on the subject of religion he avowed himself an atheist. He left home and friends to get away from himself, to get away from his father's Christian counsels and his mother's constant prayers. His parents told him he could never get away from God and never get away from himself. He laughed at all their warnings, and left for New York. He found no peace here. His sin came with him. He bethought him that the North River was left to him. He would bury himself and his sorrows there, if brighter days did not soon dawn. He was led in the midst of his gloom to the prayer-meeting. There he heard requests for prayers for just such sinners as he was, from just such mothers as was his. It was too much for him. He was greeted kindly by Christian friends, and by the blessing of God was led to Jesus.

A Fortune in Diamonds was Worn lately by one of the guests conspicuous in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He came from the Pacific coast. On his shirt front he wore an enormous solitaire, worth not less than *five thousand dollars*; his cuff buttons were also solitaires of large size and unusual brilliancy, but the most remarkable part of the dazzling display was a large cluster *ring worn on his chin whiskers*, which were drawn through it and spread in such a manner as to prevent it slipping off. An inventory casually made by a jeweler placed the cash value of the entire display at not less than *a hundred thousand dollars*. Other guests were amused at the vulgarity of the exhibition, and some comparisons were drawn between the disposition that prompted it and that of a savage, proud of his paltry string of beads. Such a sight, however, has a more solemn meaning for the Christian, who cannot forget the thousands of starving fellow-men and the millions who have not yet heard of the gospel because the funds of missionary societies are too small to send missionaries to them. What good might have been done with the money thus consecrated on the altar of personal pride (1 Pet. 3:3).

A Passenger Train from Louisville, Ky., to Lexington was saved from destruction lately by the exertions of a colored laborer. The train was approaching Lexington when the engineer saw a colored man, whose name is Oscar Washington, standing on the track waving a light. He had also built a bonfire on the track so that the engineer would be bound to see that something was wrong. *A huge walnut log* had fallen from a freight train and lay across the track. The log was about four feet in diameter. The colored man, living near, observed the log on his return from work. He could not move it, so he built a fire on the log, and then went on ahead at a safe distance to give the signal. The ingenuity of the man cannot be too highly commended. Some men finding such an obstacle in the way, beyond their power to remove, might have left it there to go for assistance, or even have done nothing in the matter. It would be well if Christians seeing a moral danger to the safety of young people and the unwary, would, even if they are not able to remove it, do their utmost to give warning of the danger (Ezekiel 33:8).

The Garfield Postage Stamp which has now been issued has historical significance. It appears that when Mr. James accepted the office of Postmaster-General, he decided on issuing postage stamps of the value of two dollars each, with the object of accommodating bankers and merchants, who are often obliged to affix a large number of stamps on their weighty packages to the inconvenience of themselves and the Post-Office. After President Garfield's death it was decided that his portrait should appear on the new stamps. Then came the many expressions of sympathy and friendship from foreign lands, and the unusual proceedings of the English court mourning which showed that the

President's death had drawn closer the bonds of international regard. In view of this friendly demonstration it was thought appropriate that the five-cent stamp, which is the one most used in foreign correspondence, should be that to bear President Garfield's portrait. The design was accordingly prepared, and is admitted to be the best portrait of President Garfield extant. Apart from this the many improvements effected in machinery, and the cultivated taste of the designers have combined to render the new stamp so perfect that it is pronounced by stamp connoisseurs the most beautiful in style and workmanship ever issued in the world. In associating the image of President Garfield with our international intercourse we acknowledge the pleasant associations into which his death brought us, and are reminded of that higher bond of brotherhood which unites all believers in Christ, whatever their nationality, a bond which had its origin too in death—the death of our common Saviour (Gal 3:28).

A Great Religious Tidal Wave is now Rolling over the Southern States; especially in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. A correspondent at Raleigh writes that: "The awakening is such as has not been witnessed for many years, and that many precious souls are being added unto the church of the living God."

A Vicious Proposal of a Singularly Disgraceful character has been made by two Mississippi young men. The New York *Tribune* has received from Constantinople a letter from a gentleman resident there, enclosing another letter mailed on January 5th from Brunswick, Miss., by two young men. It was addressed "To any Slave-Dealer, Constantinople, Turkey, Europe," in which they expressed a desire to purchase at a fair price two young and *pretty female slaves* as travelling companions during their projected European tour. The original letter and envelope have been sent to the *Tribune* office by the gentleman in Constantinople into whose hands they fell, accompanied by the following expression of indignation and disgust: "Every such discovery as the present one of the inner thought of foreigners rouses the stubborn religious fervor of our people into more invincible determination to resist the civilization offered to them by emissaries of every grade." The most serious view of this wicked proposal is that among the emissaries of civilization to which the gentleman alludes, must be reckoned Christian missionaries. This is not the first time that these faithful servants of God have had cause to attribute much of the prejudice excited against their efforts to the vices of their countrymen.

The Sudden Death of Three Sisters in Philadelphia within a few minutes of each other recently, is one of the most remarkable cases on record. It appears that Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Winsmore, two sisters fifty-two and fifty-eight years of age respectively, resided in the same house, while Mrs. Smith, a third sister, lived in the neighborhood. About ten o'clock on the night of April 8th Mrs. Winsmore heard a peculiar noise in her sister's room, and on going to see what was the matter, found Mrs. Watson alarmingly ill. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, and Mrs. Smith was sent for. When the physicians arrived it was found that Mrs. Watson was suffering from apoplexy, and that she was beyond help. She died shortly after their arrival, and as she breathed her last it was noticed that Mrs. Winsmore, who sat beside her in great distress, also seemed ill. In a few minutes she was seen to fall forward and was picked up dead. The physician went downstairs to inform Mrs. Smith of the death of her sisters, and was horrified to see her, on hearing the news, lapse into unconsciousness and die. In thirty-five minutes from the time of the first seizure *all three sisters were dead*, and the post-mortem examination showed that in the last two cases death had resulted from apoplexy brought on by sudden grief. They are said to have been tenderly attached to each other, and to have spent their lives in close proximity. We may hope that they were partakers of the blessed hope so especially precious to loving souls who have spent their lives in affectionate intercourse—that of spending eternity together (2 Samuel 12:23).

THE SINGING PILGRIM.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—Psalm 119:54.

A Casket of Gold Rings—David's Horror and Comfort—I. A Pilgrim—Belonging to Another Country—Hurrying through a Foreign Land—The Pilgrim's Main Business—Relatives Chiefly Elsewhere—His Own Land Where he will Remain Longest—Treated as a Stranger by the People of the Land—II. A Singing Pilgrim—Painted Christians—A World of Joy Within—The Night and the Morning—III. The Song Book—A Household Guide—A Book for All Occasions—It Tells of the Privileges of Pilgrims—Of the Place Ahead—Do You Sing from the Book?

THE one-hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm is said by many to consist of detached sentences, and to be rather a casket of gold rings than a chain of united golden links; yet the position of this verse is somewhat remarkable, for the verse before it runs thus: "Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake Thy law." Most of you know for yourselves what that sentence means; for if you hear a man swear in the streets, your blood runs chill with horror; and when you think of what has been said by blasphemers against the person of our divine Lord, and against the divine truths of revelation, you are horrified that men should have had the audacity to think—much less to say—such wicked things against the Most High.

David rightly said, "Horror hath taken hold upon me," and then he added our text; as if he would say, "I am horrified that they should break the law of God, and tread it under foot, for to me it is an intense delight: 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.' That which is their scorn is my song. What they count dross is gold to me. How can they treat such precious truths contemptuously?" He is horrified at the thought that what is, to him, the very soul of his life, and the life of his soul, should be to them a cast-off and a hate. Surely some connection is visible here; these rings are evidently linked to each other.

It is well to notice the following verse. David writes, "I have remembered Thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept Thy law,"—as much as if he had said—It is not always daylight with me; but when it is, Thy statutes are my song. My sun is not always above the horizon; but when it is dark with me, and I am in trouble, I do not forget Thee. Thou art still my solace. I remember Thy name, and I am comforted. If I may not see Thy face, it is a joy to remember Thy name; for they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee. If I can but remember Thy name when my spirits sink, I shall have my soul stayed and upheld until the daylight shall again break in upon my spirit. Is there not much sweetness in this hopeful assurance, much to make our text overflow with meaning?

And now I invite you to consider the text itself. It seems to me to talk about three things, three things which concern us. The first is *a pilgrim*; who is, secondly, *a singing pilgrim*; and this brings before us, thirdly, *his song book*;—"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

"Sweet strains to me Thy laws have been,
Sweet music in my heart,
Where on my lonely pilgrimage
I sojourn all apart."

I. First, here is

A PILGRIM.

David was a type of all who are true disciples of Jesus. They are all pilgrims. A pilgrim is a person who is travelling through one country to another. If we are true to our profession, we are pilgrims with an emphasis; for, first, *we belong to another country*. We were not born here as to our highest nature. When we were born in the most emphatic sense we were born of another country altogether; "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God." "Except a man be born again"—"from above," says the margin—"he cannot see the kingdom of God." We have been born from above. Our birth makes us citizens of the city which hath foundations, whose builder and

maker is God. We are aliens, foreigners, strangers in this world. One said of old, "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were;" and another said, "I am a stranger in the earth;" indeed, all the faithful confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Jesus, our leader, said, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

We are hurrying through this world as through a foreign land. We are in this country, not as residents, but only as visitors, who take this country *en route* for glory. Ungodly men live as if they never meant to die. All their plans and preparations are evidently arranged for tarrying in this country; but if God has instructed you aright, you know assuredly that you shall die, and you have become familiar with the thought of departing from these shores. Here you have no continuing city, but are like the tent-dwelling patriarchs, who by their very abodes confessed that they looked for a possession yet to be given them.

You look not upon all other men as mortal, but upon yourselves as such; nor do you at all regret it; you would not stay here for ever if you could. You know that you are emigrants to the land of the unsetting sun, and these lands are but traversed on the road to your eternal heritage. This is a rare knowledge, peculiar to the godly. You may bring an unconverted man to be conscious of his mortality, but you cannot get him to realize that he is going to another land. Nay, he is going, he is going, he is going whither he would not. He is hurried to the land of confusion and dismay, where the shadow of death forever rests on hopeless spirits. You do not wonder, therefore, that he tries to avoid the remembrance of this troublesome fact, and that he journeys on with his eyes shut, trying to forget that his life's voyage will ever end.

To you, dear friends, your passage through this world is not a transit to somewhere or to anywhere; for you know where you are going. As Jesus said to the disciples, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know;" you know which way Jesus went, and you know that you will go the same way, for He has promised that where He is there you shall be also. One of His solemn declarations was, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and one of His last prayers put this promise into the form of authority and claim—"Father, *I will* that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

If an Italian now in England passes through France on his way to the Eternal City, he stays at Paris, or Lyons, or Marseilles, on his journey; but all the while he is not a Frenchman, he is an Italian. Wherever he stays upon the road, he says to himself, "This is not Rome. This is not the place of my nativity. I have

NO CITIZEN RIGHTS

here; I am going onward to my own dear city, and I must hasten as best I may until I reach it." That is the condition of the Christian; his face is steadfastly set to go to the New Jerusalem, and nothing must detain him.

A pilgrim in the old crusading times started out to reach Jerusalem. You know how many were attacked with that insanity in those times; I commend them not, but I use the illustration in all soberness. The Crusader journeyed on foot across Europe. Whenever he came in sight of a goodly city, whether it was Vienna, or Constantinople, he stood and gazed upon the towers, the spires, the minarets; and when he had done so, he turned to his companion and said, "A fair sight, my friend; but it is not the Holy City to which you and I are journeying." So, whenever God brings us to any place, however pleasant or delightful it may be, it is for us to say, "*A fair sight*, and God be thanked for it; but it is not the Golden City yet."

Our gardens are not Paradise, our homes are not the Father's house on high, our comforts are not our heaven, our halting-places are not the everlasting rest. We must not rest contented here below. We have not come to that promised land whereof God has spoken to us in His covenant. If we were mindful of the place from which we came out, truly we have had many opportunities to return; but we are not mindful of it; our whole de-

sire lies in the opposite direction; our burgess-rights and civic privileges connect us with a city whose jewelled walls and shining streets are waiting for our coming. Our Captain cries to us, "Forward." Beyond the river our possessions lie. In another land is our everlasting abode. We are, then, pilgrims born in another country, passing through this world to an inheritance beyond.

A PILGRIM'S MAIN BUSINESS

is to get on and pass through the land as quickly as he may. You will remember how Israel desired to pass through the land of Sihon, King of Heshbon, and Moses offered these terms: "Let me pass through thy land: I will go along by the highway, I will neither turn unto the right hand nor to the left: only I will pass through on my feet." Sihon would not allow them to pass on these conditions; neither will the world grant us a similar privilege. The tribes had to *fight their way*, and so must we. All we ask is a road. We may also beg the loan of six feet of earth for a sepulchre, but all else we will forego if we may the better proceed towards our inheritance.

"Let me go, oh speed my journey,
Saints and seraphs lure away.

Oh, I almost feel the raptures
That belong to endless day.

"Oft methinks I hear the singing
That is only heard above.

Let me go, oh speed my going,
Let me go where all is love!"

As pilgrims, it is true in our case that *our relatives are not, the most of them, in this country.* We have a few brethren and sisters with us who are going on pilgrimage, and we are very thankful for them; for good company cheers the way. Where is our Father? Where but in heaven? And where is our Elder Brother? Is He not there too, at the right hand of God? And where is the Bridegroom of our soul? the truest and best Bridegroom with whom we are joined in a marriage union which death cannot sever? Where, I say, is the Bridegroom of our souls? We know right well. And may not the bride desire the happy period of the home-bringing—the joyous marriage feast, the supper of the Lamb? Where our Father is, and where Jesus is, must needs be our own country, and we are exiles till we reach it. If we have a clear eye for spiritual relationships, see what a host of our nearest and dearest ones have gone across the river already, and are in the glory land. Multitudes, multitudes are there.

And, you know, a man who is a *pilgrim reckons that land to be his country in which he expects to remain the longest.* Through the country which he traverses he makes his way with all speed; but when he gets home he abides at his leisure, for it is the end of his toil and travail. What a little part of life shall we spend on earth! When you and I have been in heaven ten thousand years we shall look back upon those sixty years we spent here as just nothing at all; their pain a pin's prick, their gain a speck, their duration the twinkling of an eye.

We make too much of this poor life, and this fondness costs us dear. Oh for a higher estimate of the home-country, with its delight for evermore! then would the trials of a day exhale like the dew of the morning, and scarce secure an hour of sorrow. We are only here time enough to feel an April shower of pain, and we are gone among the unfading flowers of the endless May. Wherefore let us not make the most of the least, and the least of the most; but let us put things in their order, and allot to brief life its brief consideration, and to everlasting glory its weight of happy meditation. We are to dwell throughout eternity with God! Is not that our home?

That is not a man's residence into which he enters at the front door and in a moment passes out at the back, and is gone never to return, as though it were a mere passage from one street to another; and yet this is about all that believers do as to this poor world. That is a man's home where he can sit him down at his ease and look on all around him as his own and say—

"Here will I make a settled rest,
While others go and come,
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home,"

Yes, this shows that we are pilgrims, because we are here for so short a space compared with the length of time we shall spend in the dear country beyond.

One thing that always marks us as pilgrims is this—that *we are treated by the people of this land as strangers.* Different races of men reveal their nationality by their speech, their dress, their manners, and their habits. That which is perfectly natural in a Dutchman seems ridiculous to a Frenchman, while the customs of a Chinaman horrify a Briton. As we who are of the hill country pass through these lowlands the people discover

OUR FOREIGN CHARACTER,

and take a wondering interest in us, sometimes of a friendly sort, but oftener of a hostile kind. They marvel whence we are, and as they cannot make us out they often come to the conclusion that we are acting a part, and are nothing better than hypocrites and pretenders. They, of course, are honest, and all who are not like them must be false and contemptible.

This suspicion and ill will *does not happen to all professors*, but more or less it falls to the lot of all genuine Christians. They cannot be hid, and yet they cannot be understood, for their life is hid. Gladly would they pass *incognito* through the land, but the men of the world will not have it so. They soon discover the pilgrim strangers, and they think them very odd. I suppose they are so, if judged by the customs of the world. We do not drop into the ways and customs of the ungodly; for our Master said to us, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Hence, in this world, the true Christian is as strange as a Red Indian in Cheap-side.

When Socrates was told, "Such a man speaks well of you to-day," the philosopher was by no means gratified, but concluded that he must have done something amiss that such a fellow should speak well of him. Take censures out of a foul mouth to be your highest praise, but praises out of such mouths are worse than abuse. We are strangers, speckled birds, curious creatures, beings that are twice born, who have a new life which is an enigma to ungodly men. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." He is an unaccountable person. "Thou canst not tell whence he cometh or whither he goeth."

II. But now, secondly, according to our text, the believer is

A SINGING PILGRIM:

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." He does not say "my song" only, but "my songs," in the plural, as if he had been a great singer, and given to singing, which proves that pilgrims to heaven are a merry sort of people after all. They have their trials, some trials more than those which other men know; but then they have their joys, and among these joys are sweet delights such as worldlings can never taste. On the whole, Moses is right in his judgment of the Lord's people: "Happy art thou, O Israel." "Blessed are the people," says the Psalmist, "that know the joyful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."

Holy pilgrims are happy; theirs is not the caravan of despair, but the march of those who go from strength to strength. I hear a voice objecting, "You give a rose-color to facts, for some religious people are very gloomy." I dispute not the fact. For sure some days are dark, and yet day is not the time of darkness; even noontide may be dim, and yet noon is not the hour of gloom. On earth all men must eat some bitter herbs, whether they eat the paschal lamb or not. Moreover, all are not truly godly who profess to be so. They fancied they were religious, and therefore felt themselves bound to keep up the profession; surliness and gloom are part of the buttressing by which they keep up the flimsy structure of their piety. Their religion is not real, and so they make it terrible.

If your cheek is painted you know that its ruddy hue may yield to a handkerchief or to a drop of

perfume, and therefore you keep your distance and appear reserved. The countryman's rubies are not so soon dissolved; the roses of rude health are not so speedily uprooted. I have known people who painted themselves up as Christians, and they felt it incumbent upon them to look very demure, or else their paint would have come off. They thought that they must add melancholy to their profession to imitate holiness. False notion. The gloom betrays the child of darkness.

I know that there are many here who, like myself, understand what deep

DEPRESSION OF SPIRIT

means, but yet we would not change our lot for all the mirth of fools or pomp of kings. Our joy no man taketh from us; we are singing pilgrims, though the way be rough. Amid the ashes of our pains live the sparks of our joys, ready to flame up when the breath of the Spirit sweetly blows thereon. Our latent happiness is a choicer heritage than the sinner's riotous glee. When suffering greatly, and scarce able to stand, I was met by one who has long enjoyed rude health and unbroken prosperity. His mind is coarse, and his tongue rasps like a file, and he is ever fond of expressing his *rational* ideas as proof that he is a superior person.

With politeness he stood before me, and said, "Dear, dear, what a sufferer you are! But it is what may be expected, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." I had barely time to admit that the chastening had been severe before he added, "You are very welcome to love which shows itself in that fashion; for my part, I had rather be without it, and enjoy the use of my limbs. I can do better without your God than with Him." Then the hot tears scalded my eyelids and forced themselves a passage. I could bear the pain, but I could not endure to hear my God evil spoken of. I flamed up in indignation, and I cried, "If instead of having pain in my legs I had a thousand agonies in every limb of my body I would not change places with you. I am content to take all that comes of God's love. God and His chastening are better than the world and its delights."

Truly I know it to be so. My soul has a greater inner gladness in her deep-despondency than the goddess have in their high foaming merriments. Yes, and even pain is tutor to praise, and teaches how to play upon all the keys of our humanity till a completer harmony comes from us than perpetual health could have produced. Was not Herbert right when he wrote of man's double powers of grief, and then found in them double founts of praise?

"But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one—
Both frosts and thought do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone
"Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise."

You that are lowest down in the scale of visible joy, you that are broken in pieces like wrecks grinding upon rocks, you that are a mass of pain and poverty—you will give your Lord a good word, will you not? You will say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." *At our worst we are better off than the world at its best.* Godly poverty is better than unhallowed riches. Our sickness is better than the worldling's health. Our abasement is better than the sinner's honors. We count it better that we suffer pain like to the torture of death than that we bathe in pleasure, and that pleasure be the effect of sin. We will take God at all the discount you can put upon Him, and you shall have the world and all the compound interest which you are able to get out of such a sham. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." Know ye that paradox? Some of us have learned it now these many years.

The singing pilgrim is a man who has a world of joy within him, and is journeying to another world, where for him all will be joy to a still higher degree. He sings high praises unto God,

and blesses His name beyond measure, for he has reason to do so, reason which never slackens or lessens. Oh that we were always as we are sometimes, then would our breath be praise. David remembered his best times. He says, "Thy statutes have been my songs." He recollected that he sang, and sang often.

I want some of you who are troubled to-night to rest with us awhile and recollect when you were the Lord's choristers and sang as heartily as any of the company. You have hanged your harps on the willows. That is a bad thing to do, but it is better to hang your harp on the willows than to break it, for it may be taken down and used again for the Lord's glory. Jesus, who has a tender heart for mourners, will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice. Think not that the past has devoured all your happiness; hope lives, peace abides, and joy is on the wing. Recall those sweet songs you loved to sing.

The Psalmist bears his testimony that though now he may be mourning yet he did once sing. I wish that Christians whenever they feel discouraged and doubting would not begin telling everybody, "Oh, I am bowed down," without saying also, "I was not always so. For years I was free as a bird, and did not envy an angel; nor shall I be always sorrowful; I shall wear my plumes again and fill the air with my songs. I am not going to be bowed down always. Weeping may endure for a night; it is the time for dew. 'But joy cometh in the morning,' that is the time for sunlight and for bird-singing, and so it will be with me."

Well may every pilgrim to heaven be a singing pilgrim, because he is getting every day nearer to the land where it is all singing. There are many delights in heaven, but the main thing about heaven is the adoration of God. Oh, if I might once adore with my whole being, I would ask never to do anything else for ever, but to melt away in reverent worship of the blessed God. Oh, what singing that will be, when you will sing your best, your heart made perfect to sing worthily in accord with the place and theme. Oh for the music which is all harmony and no discord! What music that will be when all the dear voices which have been hushed, which we can hardly think of now without a tear, will all ring out clearly the praises of God—when all the myriad voices that have gone before will join in full chorus—when all shall be perfect, and all shall be there, and all shall praise God for ever. Come, pilgrim, sing, for you are going to sing for ever. Now, rehearse your blessed anthem. Sing unto the Lord now, since you are to sing unto the Lord world without end.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

'And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

III. Now, I must come to a close, for time admonishes me; and the last head was to be

THE SONG BOOK:

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

The Bible is a wonderful book. It serves a thousand purposes in the household of God. I recollect a book my father used to have, entitled "Family Medicine," which was consulted when any of us fell sick with juvenile diseases. The Bible is our *book of family medicine*. In some houses, the book they most consult is a "Household Guide." The Bible is *the best guide for all families*. This Book may be consulted in every case, and its oracle will never mislead. *You can use it at funerals*. There are no such words as those which Paul has written concerning the resurrection of the dead. *You can use it for marriages*—where else find you such holy advice to a wedded pair? You can use it for birthdays. You can use it for a lamp at night. You can use it for a screen by day. It is a universal Book; it is the Book of books, and has furnished material for mountains of books; it is made of what I call *bibline*, or the essence of books,

This one Book is enough to last a man throughout the whole of his life, however diligently he may study it. It seems that David, when he was a pilgrim, used the part which he had of this blessed Book as a song-book. It was nearly all history. What could he find to sing of there? He sang the wars and victories of the God of Israel. You and I have a bigger book than David had; can we say that, as pilgrims, we use this blessed Book for songs? Truly we ought to do so, for this is the book that started us on pilgrimage. The blessed teachings of this Book, sent home by the Holy Spirit, made us flee from the City of Destruction, and made us seek the road that leads to life eternal. We sing about this Book, for it is "perfect, converting the soul."

We use this Book for a song-book, as pilgrims, because it tells us the way to heaven. We often sing as we come to a fresh spot on the route, and bless God that we find the road to be just as we have read in the way-book, just as our divine Master said it should be. Well may we sing a song of gratitude for an infallible word.

This Book tells us

THE PRIVILEGES OF PILGRIMS,

both here and hereafter, and of the care which the Lord of pilgrims shows towards all who seek the better country.

Best of all, if better can be than what we have said already, we love this Book because it tells us of the place to which we are going. Oh, how it paints that city, not in many words, but in suggestive similes. How wonderfully it talks to us of our abode! Why, if it said no more than that "they shall be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," we should know enough of heaven to make our hearts dance for joy. To be with Jesus where He is, to behold His glory, this is bliss pressed down and running over, more than our bosoms can hold.

Have you ever seen the heavenly country? Has your eye ever been permitted to rest upon it? "No," says one, "certainly not. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.'" A very nice text, brother. Go on with it; go on with it. You may make God say what He does not mean if you quote half a text. He says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." Hence we know these joys by revelation, and that is the best of knowledge. The eye has not seen; but we have done with seeing with eyes when we deal with spiritual things. Our ears have not heard; these are poor deaf things. At best they only hear mortal sounds; but we have an inward function, faculty, power of hearing without ears. God does not speak in audible tones to His children, and yet He speaks to them, and they hear Him.

Now, dear hearers, do you sing out of this holy Book? A country may be judged by its songs; and so may an individual. Do you sing the song of songs? Are God's statutes royal music for you? A wise man once said that he would permit anybody to make the laws of a country if he had the making of the ballads, for these kindle the spirit and fashion the character. What do you sing, brother? What do you sing? I leave that question as a heart-searching one—what do you sing? Or are you one that never sings at all? Poor soul, how do you live here, and where will you live hereafter? Where must non-singers go? God give you a singing heart, and may you sing unto the Well-beloved a song touching the Well-beloved, and keep on singing it "till the day break and the shadows flee away." God bless you. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Psalm 90.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



The Wedding of Priscilla.



The Village Blacksmith.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(Continued from page 259.)

KING ROBERT OF SICILY AND THE ANGEL
who is known in history as the

" . . . brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine."

Attending church one St. John's Eve in all the pomp and pageantry of state, he listened to the chanting of the "Magnificat" in Latin, and the refrain, "o'er and o'er again repeated," arrested his attention. "What mean these words?" he inquired of one of the officiating ecclesiastics, and was informed,

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."

The haughty king was angry, and muttered scornfully,

"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne."

Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep, he fell asleep. But while he slept, says the ancient legend, he was stripped of his magnificent array and despoiled of kingly might. Waking amid the thick darkness which had fallen, and finding himself alone, he uttered awful threatnings and complaints:

"The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls,
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!"

Rushing to the portal, and pas the affrighted sexton, whom he had summoned, the king,

"Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Leaped into the blackness of the night."

Arrived at his palace gate, he passed all unattended through the court-yard,

"And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torch's glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring.
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light.
It was an angel."

King Robert charges the bright being before him with usurpation and imposture:

"And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords."

The Angel then pronounced his doom:

"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scoloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape."

The misery he endured till morning dawned may well be imagined.

" . . . Waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, 'It was a dream;
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!'"

THE DYING NORMAN BARON.

Among his "Miscellaneous Poems," "The Norman Baron," perhaps carries off the palm for artistic unity and real dramatic interest. Our frontispiece represents the thrilling scene, when

"In his chamber, weak and dying"

the baron, amid the gathering darkness of a thunder storm without, and the depression of a deeper gloom within, reflects upon "the lands his sires had plundered." The Saxon gleemen at the gates are singing a Christmas carol, whose burden is—

"Wassail for the Kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David; priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

As he turns his weary head to listen, the vivid lightning flashes bring out into bold relief the figures of saints painted in glowing colors on the casement, and with tortured conscience, the shuddering baron exclaims, "Miserere, Domine!"

"In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

"All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion
And the truth wore no disguise!"

"Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, 'Amen!'"

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Our picture on this page, is illustrative of "The Village Blacksmith," one of Longfellow's universal favorites, and which is characterized by tender pathos from its first stanza to its last.

"Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

* * * * *
"Tolling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
That at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

THE POEM "EXCELSIOR."

is one of the poet's most celebrated compositions. When it first appeared some misapprehensions existed as to the exact meaning of the poem. The author himself furnished the following explanation: "'Excelsior' is a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is 'Excelsior'—'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something nigher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality in Christ and progress every upward." (Our picture on page 269 depicts the final scene.)

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!"

Having been warned in vain by an aged man, a mountain maiden, and an alarmed peasant, he pursues his upward journey, and—



Discovery of the Banner Bearer.



Evangeline's Farewell of her Father.

"At break of day as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air
Excelsior !

* * * * *

"A traveller, by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

"There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !"

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE,
an event in which we illustrate on this page, is a fascinating story of simple earnestness, very graceful, and animated by a tranquil and lofty spirit of endurance. It is one of the most pathetic and beautiful poetic narratives which has ever enriched the language. It is founded on an occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the North. Beautiful descriptions lie scattered among its stanzas, and the most remarkable narrative of constant human love must "pale its ineffectual fires" at the recital of the devotion of Evangeline and the constancy of her lover.

The British Government, in 1713, having ordered the expulsion of the inhabitants of Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, for supposed complicity with the French in their aggressive designs, Evangeline, her father, and Gabriel, her lover, are driven to separation, and *our picture on this page is an attempt to illustrate the sorrowful parting* in the village of Grand-Pré. We have no space to quote any of the exquisite poem.

AN ORDINATION HYMN.

The poems of Longfellow are all translucent with the radiancy of the Christian faith, but as he was not a hymn-writer, as Toplady, and Wesley, and Watts were, and as Dr. Bonar is, a formulated theology must not be expected in his writings. The following beautiful hymn, however, composed by him for his brother's ordination to the Gospel ministry, will sufficiently indicate the poet's own cordial love for the person of Christ, and his adoring reverence for Him as Lord and Master :

"Christ to the young man said: 'Yet one thing more ;
If thou would'st perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me !'
Within this sacred temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,

And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
'Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve ?'

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O, holy trust ! O, endless sense of rest :
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thusto journey on !"

"POOR FELLOW !"

A Temperance Appeal.

HE wasn't drunk. I don't know that Sam Spargo ever was drunk. And, yet, when I came across him the other day, "Poor fellow !" seemed the very expression for him. Involuntarily, before I knew I had said it, "Poor fellow !" burst from my lips.

It was the flush on his cheek, his peculiar jaunty step, the glitter of his eye, and a strange expression on his face, which drew forth my pity, and the words, "Poor fellow !"

And now that I have had time to weigh my expression, and to gauge its real force, I am more fully persuaded than ever that Sam Spargo is "a poor fellow."

But why?

Well, for one thing, because he is not a *happy man*. This was the first thing which struck me when I endeavored to recall the face. There was excitement, there was eagerness, there was a sort of physical elation, but happiness there was none. And I am quite sure the further he proceeds in the same direction, the greater will be his unrest. He is seeking after happiness now. He deems it to be near at hand. A few steps ahead and he thinks he will grasp it. "Poor fellow !" he must be, for who does not pity the man who is seeking a right thing in a wrong way?

Because, again, *he is spending what he cannot afford*. Sam Spargo receives good wages, no doubt, for he is a fair workman enough. But good wages are rarely good enough for frequent public-house visits. Such wear and tear on the pocket as indulgence in strong drink cannot but produce, needs an unusually strong and deep pocket to bear the strain. No, Sam *cannot* afford it. Even if he had no wife, the strain would be too heavy. How much more, therefore, when, in addition to the wife, there are some five hungry children. Now, who can look upon a man who spends on drink what should, by rights, have been spent in

clothing, rent, and food, without uttering some such expression as, "Poor fellow !"

Because, also, *he is ruining his health*. That flushed cheek and excited expression, speaks, to my mind, of unfair treatment of the body. It is not a natural look at all. It is as though a hidden fire were burning within him. Surely, it is not possible to ill-treat the body with impunity. Surely, Sam Spargo's health will not be improved by the process. Nerves, stomach, blood, liver, and I know not what besides, must be affected by such frequent drenchings of strong drink. A delicate piece of machinery is this body of ours, and easy it is, by reckless treatment, to put it out of order. Now, who can think of even health ruined, especially when the livelihood of a family depends upon it, without using of such a man as Sam Spargo some such words as "Poor fellow !"

Because, further, *the love of drink is gaining on him*. Sam has greater love for the public-house than he had. There was a time when it was an easy thing for him to keep out of the tavern. He was perfect master of himself. But little by little he surrendered his freedom, until now he scarcely can pass a public-house without entering it, and once within its doors he has tremendous difficulty in dragging himself away from it. Sam Spargo is going fast down-hill, and, of course, the further down he goes, the quicker will be his speed, and the more difficulty he will have in stopping.

Because, lastly, *he is neglecting his soul*. This side of the grave looks bad enough. The other side looks ten thousand times worse. A lost body is a grievous thing, but how much more so is a lost soul ! Who does not know that drinking habits must lead to forgetfulness of the soul ? Where is there a man on the face of the earth who cares for his spiritual welfare at the same time that he loves the drink ? No, no, the drink gives the devil too great a command over the poor man for him ever to think seriously about his soul. As a matter of fact, Sam Spargo lives as though he had no soul whatever. Although he once had serious thoughts, and went to the house of God Sunday by Sunday, no sooner did the love of drink come, than all anxiety for his soul left him, and now, may God help him ! If he be not soon stopped, he will be lost beyond recovery. He has been pleaded with, and warned abundantly so far, but he turns aside from the gospel message with a laugh and a sneer. That Jesus died for him, and offers him a present, full, and free salvation, is no good tidings to him.

Truly, as we think of him so recklessly neglecting his soul, it is no wonder that we cannot refrain from saying, "Poor fellow !"

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 255.)

Coming to Himself.

ROLAND'S children had been but vague memories to him; it was Felicity who had engrossed all his thought. All at once he comprehended that he was a father, the father of a son and daughter, who had their own separate life and career. A deep and poignant interest in these beings took possession of him. He had called them into existence; they belonged to him by a tie which nothing on earth, in heaven, or in hell itself could destroy. As long as they lived there must be an indestructible interest for him in this world. Felicity was no longer the only one in his thoughts.

The dim veil which time had drawn around them was rent asunder, and they stood before him bathed in light, but placed on the other side of a gulf as fathomless, as impassable, and as death-like as the ice-crevasse yawning at his feet. He gazed down into its cold, gleaming abyss, and across it to the sharp and slippery margin where there could be no foothold, and he pictured to himself the springing across that horrible gulf to reach them on the other side, and the falling, with outstretched hands and clutching fingers, into the unseen icy depths below him. For the first time in his life he shrank back shivering and terror-stricken from the edge of the crevasse, with palsied limbs and treacherous nerves. He felt that he must get back into safer standing ground than this solitary and perilous glacier.

He reached at last a point of safety, where he could lie down and let his trembling limbs rest awhile. The whole slope of the valley lay below him, with its rich meadows of emerald green, and its silvery streams wandering through them. Little farms and chalets were dotted about, some of them clinging to the sides of the rocks opposite to him, or resting on the very edge of precipices thousands of feet deep, and looking as if they were about to slip over them. He felt his head grow giddy as he looked at them, and thought of the children at play in such dangerous play-grounds. There were a few gray clouds hanging about the Titlis, and caught upon the sharp horns of the rugged peaks around the valley. Every peak and precipice he knew; they had been his refuge in the hours of his greatest anguish. But these palsied limbs and this giddy head could not be trusted to carry him there again. He had lost his last hope of making any atonement. Hope was gone; was he to lose his indomitable courage also? It was the last faculty which made his present life endurable.

He lay motionless for hours, neither listening nor looking. Yet he heard, for the memory of it often came back to him in after years, the tinkling of innumerable bells from the pastures below him, and around him; and the voices of many waterfalls rushing down through the pine forests into the valley; and the tossing to and fro of the interwoven branches of the trees. And he saw the sunlight stealing from one point to another, chased by the shadows of the clouds, that gathered and dispersed, dimming the blue sky for a little time, and then leaving it brighter and deeper than before. He was unconscious of it all; he was even unaware that his brain was at work at all, until suddenly, like a flash, there rose upon him the clear, resolute, unchangeable determination, "I will go to England."

He started up at once, and seized his bundle and his alpenstock. The afternoon was far advanced, but there was time enough to reach the Engstlenalp, where he could stay the night and go on in the morning to Meiringen. He could be in England in three days.

Three days: so short a time separated him from the country and the home from which he had been exiled so many years. Any day during those fourteen years he might have started homewards as he was doing now; but there had not been the irresistible hunger in his heart that at this moment drove him thither. He had been vainly seeking to satisfy himself with husks; but even these, dry and empty, and bitter as they were, had failed him.

He had lost all; and having lost all, he was coming to himself.

There was not the slightest fear of detection in his mind. A gray-haired man with bowed shoulders, and seamed and marred face, who had lost every trace of the fastidiousness which had verged upon foppiness in the handsome and prosperous Roland Sefton, ran no risk of recognition; more especially as Roland Sefton had been reckoned among the dead and buried for many a long year. The lineaments of the dead died with them, however cunningly the artist may have used his skill to preserve them. The face is gone, and the memory of it. Some hearts may long to keep it engraven sharp and clear in their remembrance; but, oh, when the "inward eye" comes to look for it how dull and blurred it lies there, like a forgotten photograph which has grown faded and stained in some seldom-visited cabinet!

Jean Merle travelled, as a man of his class would travel, in a slow train and a third-class wagon; but he kept on, stopping nowhere for rest, and advancing as rapidly as he could, until on the third day, in the gray of the evening, he saw the chalk-line of the English coast rising against the faint yellow light of the sunset; and as night fell his feet once more trod upon his native soil.

So far he had been simply yielding to his blind and irresistible longing to get back to England, and nearer to his unknown children. He had heard so little of them from Alice Pascal, that he could no longer rest without knowing more. How to carry out his intention he did not know, and he had hardly given it a thought. But now, as he strolled slowly along the flat and sandy shore for an hour or two, with the darkness hiding both sea and land from him, except the spot on which he stood, he began to consider what steps he must take to learn what he wanted to know, and to see their happiness afar off without in any way endangering it. He had purchased it at too heavy a price to be willing to place it in any peril now.

That Felicity had left Riversborough he had heard from her own lips, but there was no other place where he was sure of discovering her present abode, for London was too wide a city, even if she had carried out her intention of living there, for him to ascertain where she dwelt. Phebe Marlowe would certainly know where he could find them, for the English girl at Roland Sefton's grave had spoken of Phebe as familiarly as of Felix and Hilda—spoken of her, in fact, as if she was quite one of the family. There would be no danger in seeking out Phebe Marlowe. If his own mother could not have recognized her son in the rugged peasant he had become, there was no chance of a young girl such as Phebe had been ever thinking of Roland Sefton in connection with him; and he could learn all he wished to know from her.

He was careful to take the precaution of exchanging his foreign garb of a Swiss peasant for the dress of an English mechanic. The change did not make him look more like his old self, for there was no longer any incongruity in his appearance. No soul on earth knew that he had not died many years ago, except Felicity. He might saunter down the streets of his native town in broad daylight on a market-day, and not a suspicion would cross any brain that here was their old townsman, Roland Sefton, the fraudulent banker.

Yet he timed his journey so as not to reach Riversborough before the evening of the next day; and it was growing dusk when he paced once more the familiar streets, slowly, and at every step gathering up some sharp reminiscence of the past. How little they were changed! The old grammar-school, with its gray walls and mullioned windows, looked exactly as it had done when he was yet a boy wearing his college cap, and carrying his satchel of school-books. His name, he knew, was painted in gold on a black tablet on the walls inside, as a scholar who had gained a scholarship.

Most of the shops on each side of the streets bore the same names, and looked but little altered. In the churchyard the same grave-stones were standing as they stood when he, as a child, spelt out their inscriptions through the open railings which separated them from the causeway. There was a zigzag crack in one of the flag-stones, which

was one of his earliest recollections; he stood and put his clumsy boot upon it as he had often placed his little foot in those childish years, and leaning his head against the railings of the churchyard, where all his English forefathers for many a generation were buried, he waited as if for some voice to speak to him.

Suddenly the bells in the dark tower above him rang out a peal, clanging and clashing noisily together as if to give him a welcome. They had rung so the day he brought Felicity home after their long wedding journey. This was Friday night, the night when the ringers had always been used to practise, in the days when he was churchwarden. The pain of hearing them was intolerable; he could bear no more that night. Not daring to go on and look at the house where he was born, and where his children had been born, but which he could never more enter, he sought out a quiet inn, and shut himself up in a garret there to think, and at last to sleep.

I cannot tell whether it was fancy merely, but the morning light which streamed into his room seemed more familiar and homelike to him than it had ever done in Switzerland. He was awakened by one of those sounds which dwell longest in the memory—the chiming of the church bells nearest home, which in childhood had so often called to him to shake off his slumbers, and which spoke to him now in sweet and friendly tones, as if he was still an innocent child.

The tempest-tossed, sinful man lay listening to them for a minute or two, half asleep yet. He had been dreaming that he was in truth dead, but that the task assigned to him was that of an invisible guardian and defender of those who had lost him. He had been present all these years with his wife, and mother, and children, going out and coming in with them, hearing all their conversation, and sharing their family life, but himself unseen and unheard, felt only by the spiritual influence he could exercise over them. It had been a blissful dream, such as had never visited him in his exile; and as the familiar chiming of the bells, high up in the belfry not far from his attic, fell upon his ear, the dream for a brief moment gathered a stronger sense of reality.

It was with a strange feeling, as if he was himself a phantom mingling with creatures of flesh and blood, that he went out into the streets. His whole former life lay unrolled before him, but there was no point at which he could touch it. Every object and every spot was commonplace, yet invested with a singular and intense significance. Many a man among the townsfolk he knew by name and history, whose eyes glanced at him as a stranger, with no surprise at his appearance, and no show of suspicion or of welcome. Certainly he was nothing but a ghost revisiting the scenes of a life to which there was no possible return. Yet how he longed to stretch out his hand and grasp those of these old townspeople of his! Even the least interesting of the shopkeepers in the streets, bestirring himself to meet the business of a new day, seemed to him one of the most desirable of companions.

His heart was drawing him to Whitefriars Road, to that spot on earth of all others most his own; but his resolution failed him whenever he turned his face that way. He rambled into the ancient market square, where stood a statue of his Felicity's great uncle, the first Baron Riversford. The long shadow of it fell across him as he lingered to look in at a bookseller's window. He and the bookseller had been school-fellows together at the grammar-school, and their friendship had lasted after each was started in his own career. Thousands of times he had crossed this door-sill to have a chat with the studious and quiet bookworm within, whose modest life was so great a contrast with his own. Jean Merle stopped at the well-remembered shop-window.

His eyes glanced aimlessly along the crowded shelves, but suddenly his attention was arrested, and his pulses, which had been beating somewhat fast, throbbed with eager rapidity. A dozen volumes or more, ranged together, were labelled, "Works by Mrs. Roland Sefton." Surprise, and pride, and pleasure were in the rapid beatings of his heart. By Felicity! He read over the titles

th a new sense of delight and admiration ; and the first glow of his astonishment he stepped quickly into the shop, with erect head and firm step, and found himself face to face with his old school-fellow. The sight of his bland, unrecognizing gaze brought him back to the consciousness the utter change in himself. He looked down at his coarse hands and mechanic's dress, and remembered that he was no longer Roland Sefn. His tongue was parched ; it was difficult to hammer out a word.

(To be continued.)

THE INTERVAL BETWEEN THE TWO STAGES OF THE ADVENT OF OUR LORD.

by Rev. Richard Chester, A.B., Rector of Middleton and Canon of Cloyne.

Two Stages in Christ's Second Advent Undoubted—Will there be an Interval between Them?—The Question Answered Affirmatively—The Increased Study of Prophecy—Growing Brilliance of Light—Direct Arguments in its Favor—From Analogy—Necessity for Presumed Interval—One Aspect of Christ's Coming is Its Suddenness—Events Antecedent to the Second Stage of the Advent—A Difficulty Solved—Scripture References in Proof—The First Resurrection—The Translation before the Tribulation—The "Days of Noah"—Inferred Reasons for the Interval.

THAT there will be two stages in the Second Advent of our Redeemer is a fact which admits of no question upon the part of those who acknowledge the authority of the Word of God. He will come, in the first instance, for His saints to the earth. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God ; and the dead of Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them, in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17). He will come, in the next instance, with His saints, to the earth : "And His elect shall stand on that day upon the Mount of Olives. . . . And the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with Thee" (Zech. 14 : 4, 5)—a stage in His advent which we find was also foretold by Enoch, Jude 14, 15 verses, and which we find fully detailed in Revelation 19.

But a question—and it is, as we shall see, a most important one—which at once suggests itself upon this subject is, *Will there be any interval between these two predicted stages of the Saviour's Second Advent?* Will the one follow immediately after the other, or will there be a *pause*, as it were, and a cessation of progress for a time, between the two?

The former of these opinions—namely, that there will be no such interval, no interruption to the Saviour's progress from the highest heaven, where He is now, to this lower earth, on which He is about to stand, is still by very many degrees the most prevalent, and was, until a comparatively recent period, the universal belief upon this subject.

The latter opinion, that

THERE WILL BE AN INTERVAL,

and one of some duration, between these two stages of the Saviour's Second Advent, the advent to the earth and the advent to the earth, is the one which, and many who agree with me in this matter, are fully prepared to maintain, as the conclusion, which we have fully arrived at, after earnest consideration of the subject, and careful searching of the Holy Scriptures with reference thereto.

Here, however, we are met at once with the objection that the notion of any such interval is altogether a modern notion—it was not so much as heard or thought of forty or fifty years ago. The reply to this objection is, that, while it would be a very serious one indeed, were the matter in dispute a point of doctrine, it is of no weight whatsoever when our question is concerning an item in as yet unfulfilled prophecy. If it be true, as it is admittedly true, that a belief in the existence of such an interval is not more than some forty or fifty years old, it is also true that it is within this very period of the last forty or fifty years that unfulfilled prophecy, previously all but universally neglected by both ministers and people, has become, with a

slowly but steadily increasing number of both, the subject of diligent and prayerful study and meditation.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PROPHETIC LIGHT.

The result of this has been, as was to be expected, the putting forth of several most important views and opinions concerning the fulfilment of prophecy, modern in their entertainment and promulgation, but as old in their reality and truthfulness as is the old prophetic Word in which they are contained, and by the searching of which, as for hidden treasure, they have been recently brought to light. Thus the belief in a personal pre-Millennial Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, in opposition to that of a spiritual reign and a post-Millennial Advent, as also the belief of a first resurrection, consisting only of "the dead in Christ," and another resurrection, a thousand years afterwards, consisting of "the rest of the dead" (Rev. 20 : 5), in opposition to the most incongruous and unscriptural belief in a "first resurrection" of "*principles*," and a subsequent literal simultaneous resurrection of all mankind, are, in the same sense and for the same reason, modern beliefs.

I am myself old enough to remember well the time when no one, or scarcely any one, entertained them, when, if mentioned at all, they were only mentioned to be put aside at once, as unworthy of any serious consideration. But if these views of a pre-Millennial advent and a literal first resurrection are thus modern, are they therefore necessarily, or even probably, untrue? Is their modernness, in this sense, any argument whatsoever against their correctness? Most assuredly it is not. Held, as they were but a comparatively few years ago, only by a few, they are now held by a very large and continually-increasing number of the members of our church, as also by those of other denominations. But if so, neither is its modernness any argument against the correctness of our view concerning the interval of which we are speaking. Let us not forget the very pertinent words of our blessed Lord, which teach us that "every scribe who is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is as one who brings out of his treasury things new and old."

But another, and what, at first sight, seems to be a more serious objection to the existence of this interval, meets us in this form : It is said, and, so far, truly said, "You cannot put your finger upon any one passage in the Word of God which expressly states that any such interval between these two stages in the Second Advent will exist." Here, again, however, I see that the objection fails, because it would prove too much.

I cannot put my finger upon any one passage of Scripture which expressly affirms that infants should be admitted to the sacrament of Christian baptism or females to that of the Lord's Supper ; or that our observance of the first day of the week, instead of the seventh, should be regarded as a sufficient conformity upon our part to the mind and will of God as revealed in the Fourth Commandment. Is our church, therefore, wrong? Are we wrong in *her* teachings and in *our* practices in these matters? Again I answer, most assuredly we are not. We gather them inferentially, but most conclusively, comparing Scripture with Scripture, from the blessed Word of God. Even so, we who hold this view of an interval between the two revealed stages in the Second Advent profess to have derived it—not directly from any one, but inferentially, and, we believe, in the way of *necessary* inference—from several portions of the sacred Scriptures.

Having thus far endeavored to meet and dispose of objections to the view of the existence of such an interval, and having shown it to be possible, notwithstanding such objections, I proceed to offer more

DIRECT ARGUMENTS IN ITS FAVOR.

The first in order, although not by any means the strongest, of these I take to be *the argument from analogy*. That there must be, as a matter of course, a very wide difference in many respects between the First and Second Advent of our blessed Redeemer—between His coming in humiliation and His coming in glory—we are all fully prepared to admit. But, nevertheless, mixed to-

gether as these advents are, spoken of as though they constituted but one event, as they are continually throughout the Old Testament, there must be, I submit, many features of resemblance between them. It is "*this same Jesus*" who came formerly who is to come again. He will come again to complete, in our actual possession and enjoyment of it, that wondrous work "for us men, and for our salvation," which so far, but only so far as to ensure our title to it and our meetness for it, He effected by His first coming. There must, therefore, be, it would appear, not a few points of analogy between the two Advents.

Now, surely it can neither be regarded as impossible or improbable that one of these points of analogy should be the existence, in each instance, of an interval between the different stages of His coming, which interval, nevertheless, either as to its existence or its duration, has not been anywhere absolutely revealed. I have just now alluded to the most remarkable and undeniable fact that Old Testament prophecy reveals no interval between the First and Second Advents of the Messiah, but ever predicts them and speaks of them as though they constituted but one event. An Old Testament believer, intelligently and inquiringly looking forward to the promised coming of the Messiah, could only have arrived at the expectation that there would be an interval between the Advent foretold in Psalm 22, or in Isaiah 53, and that foretold in other, and especially in the later chapters of the same prophecy of Isaiah, by concluding that the depth of humiliation and of suffering predicted in the one instance could not with any probability be regarded as to occur simultaneously with the height of glory predicted in the other. In so concluding, we now know that he would have been correct, inasmuch as we know that an altogether unrevealed interval of nearly two thousand years has already occurred between the two Advents.

In like manner, I submit that, considering the difference between the blessed, happy, joyful, character of our Lord's coming, as promised, John 14 : 3, to "receive His people to Himself, that where He is there they may be also," His coming to raise the dead in Christ, and to change the living, and to catch both up together "to the meeting of the Lord in the air, that so they may be ever with the Lord"—(1 Thess. 4 : 17)—considering, I say, the wonderful contrast between such a stage, the first stage in the Advent and the subsequent stage of it in His descent to the earth, "in flaming fire, taking vengeance upon them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ"—(2 Thess. 1-8)—His descent in the overwhelming judgments foretold, for instance, in Isaiah 2 and in Revelation 6 and 19, may we not now be justified in expecting that there must be, in like manner, an interval between these two ; that both will not occur at one and the same time, or the one immediately after the other?

But there is another and a further fact of the same character, and one upon the significance of which I am satisfied to rest all the force of this

ARGUMENT FROM ANALOGY

—namely, that the First Advent of our Lord comprised within it an interval of thirty years between the birth of the Redeemer and His entrance upon His public ministry ; or shall we not rather say that it comprised an interval of thirty-three years between the coming to the stable of the inn at Bethlehem to be born and the coming to Jerusalem and to Calvary, to be rejected, to suffer, and to die?

Yet was the First Advent ever foretold and looked forward to, even as is the Second Advent now, as *one, and but one, event*, and no direct intimation whatsoever was given in Old Testament prophecy of any interval of time between the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ into the world and His full performance of the object of that wondrous mission, or between the different acts of, or stages in, its performance. The existence of any such interval could only, as in the former instance, have been suggested to the mind of an Old Testament inquirer by the probable requirements of the object of the First Advent, and of the manner of its accomplishment.

(To be concluded.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The United States Steamer "Rodgers" which sailed from San Francisco on June 16th last, to carry succor to the crews of the Jeannette and other missing ships in the Arctic seas, has been burned and sunk in Lutka Harbor, St. Lawrence Bay. The intelligence was telegraphed to Washington on April 18th, from Irkutsk, in Siberia, and was carried there by a courier bearing despatches from Mr. W. H. Gilder, a *Herald* correspondent who was on board the Rodgers. Detailed intelligence from Mr. Gilder had not been received, the courier having been sent forward with the simple statement and a request for immediate assistance. Mr. W. H. Gilder had made a journey in order to carry the news, of fourteen hundred miles through an inhospitable country inhabited by the most uncivilized tribes of Siberia, a feat unprecedented in history, and which he accomplished. Lieutenant Berry, who commanded the expedition, was reported at Tiapka, near Cape Serdze, with his officers and crew, thirty-six in number. The last intelligence received from him prior to this of the catastrophe was of the discovery that Wrangell Land was an island, it having previously been regarded as part of the main land. Further intelligence is awaited with intense anxiety, but the fact that all the officers and crew were saved from the wreck must be regarded as a providential circumstance, as in the case of fire attacking a ship fast in the ice, the impossibility of obtaining a supply of water would render the destruction of the vessel very rapid and complete.

The Detention of American Citizens in the prisons of Ireland still continues the subject of diplomatic negotiation. The British Government offered them release some time ago on condition that they would leave the country. The imprisoned men would have accepted the offer gladly but for the orders of the Land League, which they did not feel it safe to disobey. The British authorities contend that unconditional release, after the refusal of the suspects to leave the country, would be equivalent to an implied permission for dangerous men to remain in the country and resume their mischievous practices. The government, in such case, would find itself in the dilemma either to rearrest the suspects and renew the diplomatic difficulties, or to tolerate whatever the Irish-Americans might choose to undertake. Fresh claims to American citizenship, it is reported, continue to be presented, including those of two suspects who have been imprisoned and *remained silent for months*. The Land League leaders are anxious, not for the liberation of the suspects, but to embroil the British and American Governments.

The Official Returns of Lawless Acts in Ireland for the month of March have now been published. Five hundred and thirty-one agrarian outrages were reported to the chief of the Irish constabulary during the month, including two murders, twelve cases of firing at persons, seven of aggravated assault, and thirty of arson. Two hundred and thirty-seven of the outrages were committed in Munster, 124 in Leinster, 122 in Connaught, and forty-eight in Ulster. Mr. Egan, the treasurer of the Land League, has informed a correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* that the League's entire outlay has been \$630,000, and that it has on hand \$295,000.

Maclean, the Crank who Attempted to Assassinate Queen Victoria on March 2d, was tried on April 19th and *acquitted* on the ground of insanity. He will be confined in the criminal lunatic asylum for the remainder of his life. When placed at the bar the prisoner looked pale and haggard. He pleaded not guilty in a firm but low voice. The attorney-general in opening the case, said it was a very aggravated one. The jury had a grave responsibility in determining the condition of the prisoner's mind at the time he committed the crime. The evidence for the prosecution went simply to prove that Maclean fired the shot. The witnesses were not cross-examined. Mr. Montagu Williams, for the prisoner, made insanity the ground of defence. He said it could be shown that Maclean had had the homicidal mania for years, and had imagined the English people were against him, and also that it could be proved that Maclean had

been confined in an asylum. The superintendents of the Salisbury and Broadmoor asylums testified to Maclean's insanity. They said they believed him incapable of appreciating the nature or quality of any of his acts. Mr. Williams asked for the acquittal of the prisoner on the ground of insanity. In his charge to the jury the Lord Chief Justice said that no head of any State was entirely free from the danger of regicidal attacks—neither the chief of a military empire nor the president of a great republic. The prisoner throughout the proceedings maintained a stolid indifference.

The Canadian House of Commons on Friday April 21st, unanimously voted an address to Queen Victoria, praying that a form of self-government be granted Ireland similar to that enjoyed by Canada, and that clemency be extended to persons now in prison in Ireland charged with political offences. Mr. Blake, leader of the opposition, made a powerful speech in favor of home rule for Ireland, and asserting the right of Canadians to interfere in a matter affecting millions of their fellow-subjects in Ireland. Sir John A. Macdonald also supported the proposal to forward the address, and said he would see that the necessary steps were taken to have an address prepared with all proper forms in order that it may be sent to the Senate for its concurrence.

The Russian Jews are still Undergoing the horrors of persecution. A cable despatch from Odessa, under date of Sunday, April 16th, says: "Jews are flocking here from Balta and the vicinity of that town. All their houses are said to have been wrecked and their property destroyed. The number of families that have been ruined is very large." Two hundred Jewish refugees passed through Lemberg recently on their way to America. Two hundred more are expected to arrive there from Brody. The *Golos*, of St. Petersburg, publishes accounts confirming the reports of anti-Jewish riots in the district of Kherson. A Jew was killed at Dubassi. The troops at Novaja-Praja had to be reinforced by local levies from Elizabethgrad.

The Attempt to Flood the Great Desert of Sahara has been undertaken by M. Lesseps with the approval of the French Government. M. Lesseps proposes to cut a canal through the neck of the land dividing the Gulf of Gabes from the salt marshes and low lying parts of the Desert of Sahara to the south of Tunis. It is expected that the sea will through this cutting once more fill up the Sahara. The French Government expect the scheme will result in a political advantage which will be the insulation of Tunis and Algeria by creating a water barrier between them and Tripoli. The cost of the canal, will be \$13,000,000.

A Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was Read to his congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday, April 2d, by Rev. W. Cuff, who occupied the pulpit. Mr. Spurgeon said that when he promised himself the great pleasure of preaching to them that day he hoped to have recovered his strength more rapidly, but alas! it was easy to decline, but hard to rally. Each day had been a little better till now, and he had, in a measure, the use of all his limbs. So slow, however, had been his progress that he could stand but for a minute, and to walk even the length of the room wearied him. He had got into full work when this catastrophe occurred to him. He feared he would never be able to do them good service, but they must take him for what he was worth until the Lord raised up a man better able to take his place. Till then he should do his best, relying on their prayers and divine help.

The Confessions Made by the Nihilists whose sentence of death was commuted by the Russian Czar have resulted in the capture of a nest of nihilists belonging to secondary organizations, and arrests have commenced simultaneously on all sides. The arrests comprise about five hundred persons among the lower class and a number of young men of good family. Rumors are current that the nihilist doctrines are extending among the peasantry, and an English resident of St. Petersburg says in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The peasantry have lately given ominous signs of a rising spirit of resistance to authority, and

there is evidently a feeling of restlessness and of quietude spreading among the once docile agricultural population. Should the peasantry ever seriously determine to overthrow the present system of government the power of the Russian autocrat will not last an hour; but in the meanwhile would appear that the Czar and his ministers have only to deal with a very restricted class, who numbers, in proportion to the whole population are extremely small, and whose pecuniary resources are trifling. The official descriptions of the persons who have been tried and condemned during the last two years give sufficient evidence as to the classes which furnish recruits to nihilism. The male and female nihilists who have perished on the scaffold, or are now undergoing punishment in Siberia, have nearly all belonged to the growing middle class in Russia. A few enthusiasts of higher rank and fortune have been found among the revolutionists, but the great majority are discontented and impecunious members of a middle class which is trying to assert itself, but which finds no place in the autocratic system." It now, however, appears that the agitation will soon be reinforced by a contingent of educated peasants.

An English Decoration Day of a Limited character occurred on April 19th, the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield. The West End fashionables, the Stock Exchange speculators, and sportsmen all presented a large percentage of wearers of primroses, the dead statesman's favorite flower. Her Majesty sent a wreath of the same for the tomb in Hughenden Church, where, in addition to the royal monument and the banner and insignia of the Garter, a memorial window has been dedicated.

An Amusing Termination to a Quarrel which the principals intended should end in a duel is reported from Hungary. Two young noblemen having quarrelled, chose seconds to arrange a duel. The seconds met and decided upon the following method of combat: Two tiny spheres, one white, the other black, were placed in a wineglass, and the principals, having been blindfolded, were asked to draw. Both the would-be combatants, should be observed, had pledged their honor to observe the conditions of strife prescribed by the seconds in common. He to whose lot the black ball fell found himself, to his infinite surprise and discomfort, condemned to fast upon bread and water for a whole fortnight, under the supervision of his adversary's "friends." He redeemed his pledge and preserved his "honor." It would be gratifying to learn that this mode of settling quarrels had become fashionable instead of the senseless and wicked mode of duelling.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

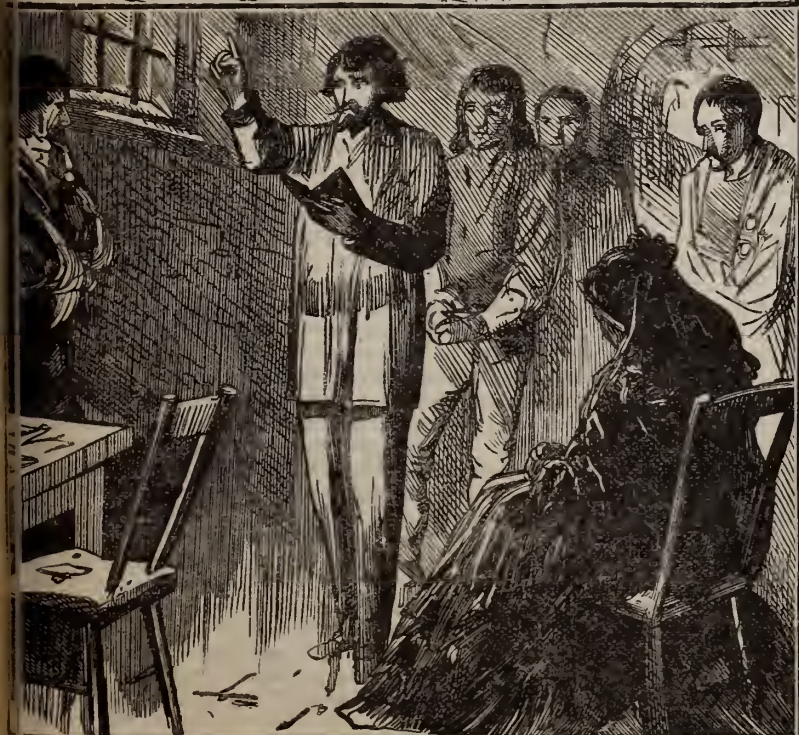
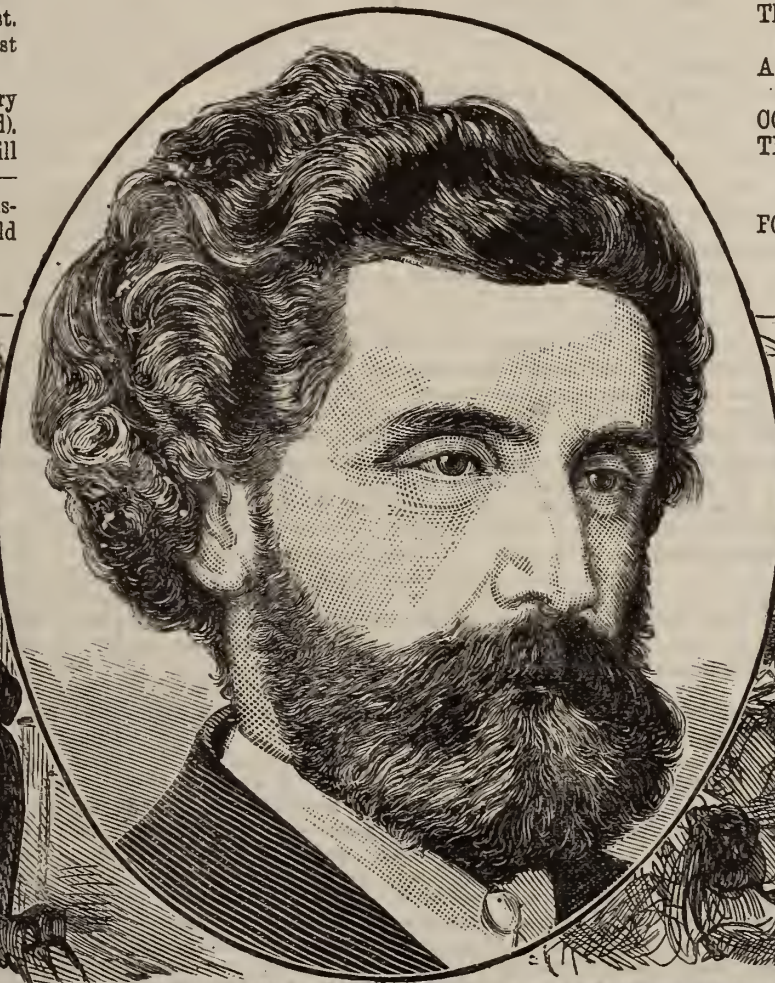
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MANUEL MATAMOROS, The Persecuted Spanish Preacher—Four Scenes in his Life.

MANUEL MATAMOROS:

The Apostle of Spain.

Birth and Education—His First Religious Impressions—Conversion—The Scene of His Earliest Work for Christ—Arrest and Imprisonment at Barcelona—Interposition of Sir R. Peel—A Divinity Student Becomes a Refugee—The Arrest of Alhama—Conversion of Some Fellow-prisoners—The Search in the Prison Cell—Interest of the British Public—Matamoros Sentenced to 18 Years' Imprisonment—Christians Charged with Fomenting Insurrection—Matamoros Removed to a Loathsome Dungeon—Commutation of His Sentence—Consecration to the Ministry—Illness and Death.

SPAIN stands conspicuous among European nations as the land in which persecution for conscience' sake has been most bitter as well as most protracted. The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition are unequalled in barbarity by the records of any court on earth; and though it is the custom to speak of such scenes as of things long gone by, events of comparatively recent date prove that the spirit of persecution has not been exorcised from the Romish Church, especially as it exists in Spain. Prominent among those who have suffered in that country was Manuel Matamoros, a Christian whose wrongs aroused the indignation of Christians throughout the world, and whose release from imprisonment in 1863 was mainly due to the intervention of other nations. The release, however, came too late to save his life. His constitution was fatally undermined by his long imprisonment, and he died from the effects. His last days were spent in peace and comfort, for an *American lady* travelling in Europe having heard of the persecution he had undergone, took him under her care, and while she generously defrayed the expenses of his illness, she also personally nursed him as if he had been her own son, and attended to his wants until his eyes were closed in death.

Manuel Matamoros was born at Malaga, Spain, in 1834. His father was a Lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army, and it was in compliance with his wishes that after his death his only son Manuel was educated to be a military officer.

In 1854 there was a revolution in Madrid. There was then in the country an Englishman named Mr. William Greene, who was engaged in laying out and constructing some of the many lines of railway that now intersect the Peninsula. Mr. Greene was an earnest Christian, and he endeavored, while helping in the material progress of the country, to lead its benighted inhabitants to a knowledge of salvation. The unsettled state of the country during the revolution prompted him to do things which he dared not do in ordinary circumstances, such as print and circulate Gospel tracts, the ordinary punishment for which was to be driven out of the country. The tracts were circulated, and it has been stated that it was one of these that was blest to the conversion of Matamoros.

HIS FIRST RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

It appears that Matamoros' first religious impressions were received from hearing the preaching of Don Francisco Ruet, in the Presbyterian Church at Gibraltar, as also by attending the ministry of a Spanish preacher, at Seville, who was a convert from Romanism in that town. These impressions, deepened by the reading of the Spanish tract "Andrew Dunn," caused Matamoros to send in a formal protest against the errors of Romanism, and to inscribe his name in the books of the Presbyterian congregation at Gibraltar.

Matamoros had from boyhood been remarkable for his energetic temperament, and when he entered the service of Christ, he consecrated his energies to his Saviour. Though he was in the army he knew that he might be able to work for Jesus, and he applied for advice to Señor Ruet, who had been instrumental in first leading him to serious thought about his soul. Señor Ruet counselled him to labor in Malaga and Grenada by circulating religious books and by teaching.

Before undertaking this dangerous mission, Matamoros understood well the immense difficulties which lay in his path, and that bonds and imprisonments awaited him; but he had counted the

cost, and, like Paul, had been enabled to say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

HIS EARLIEST WORK.

Malaga was his native town, and it was the first scene of his Christian labors. All the time he could spare from his military duties he devoted to convincing his fellow-countrymen of their need of salvation; but principally among those in whom he had most confidence. This portion of his work having been successfully completed, he then invited them to unite with the true Church of the Lord Jesus Christ; and when they decided on so doing, he showed them the importance of writing a letter, in which they expressed clearly and explicitly their views, and these letters were signed and dated in due order.

"By this plan," says Matamoros, "we guarded against betrayal, and interested them in the work, and knew with more certainty the faith and conviction of the writer of the document. By the advice of Señor Ruet, I directed them to write to him, so as to prevent a surprise; and he in his turn answered them and encouraged them in further inquiries and in deeper study of the word; sustained their faith; and his letters, being read by many, produced the most excellent results."

WHY HE LEFT THE ARMY.

Matamoros subsequently extended his work to Barcelona and resolved on leaving the army. He was led to this latter decision through a notable circumstance, which placed him in a critical position, even endangering his life. He had given to a corporal in his regiment a copy of the tract "Andrew Dunn," describing the conversion of a Roman Catholic, and had succeeded in convincing him of the truth; the corporal sent it to his mother, hoping that it might be blessed to her also; but she was incensed by his act, and resolved on bringing her son back into the Catholic Church. Threats as well as entreaties were used, and ultimately the young man consented to sign a recantation and to confess to the priest. This circumstance brought considerable obloquy and persecution upon Matamoros and led to his leaving the army.

ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED.

As he had preached at Malaga, Matamoros now preached at Seville, Granada, Barcelona, Jaen, and various towns of the province of Andalusia. In Granada particularly his evangelistic labors were much blessed, and a large and influential body of believers was gathered there. On October 9, 1860, he was arrested on the charge of being a Christian. A charge laid against him in Granada induced the civil governor of that city to send a telegraphic order to the governor of Barcelona, and his apprehension immediately followed. On being searched, there were found in his possession a packet of papers and letters from several places in Spain, and some religious documents which compromised him. He was committed to prison at Barcelona, and endured *eight days' solitary confinement*, and after this remained incarcerated with common criminals until December 26th.

During his examination before the tribunal a remarkable episode occurred, which showed the young man's heroism. The magistrates believed that Matamoros would deny his faith, and that the sight of the officials in legal conclave assembled would overwhelm the heretic prisoner; but they were mistaken. The question put to him by the judge was, "Do you profess the Catholic Apostolic Roman faith; and if not, what religion do you profess?" To this Matamoros replied, "My religion is that of Jesus Christ; my rule of faith is the Word of God, or Holy Bible, which, without a word altered, curtailed, or added, is the basis of my belief; and in this I am confirmed by the last few sentences of the Apocalypse, and the many distinct charges of the Apostles in their Epistles. The Roman Catholic Church not being based upon these principles, I do not believe in her dogmas, still less do I obey her in practice." The tribunal appeared astonished at these words, and the judge said to the prisoner, "Do you know what you are saying?" "Yes, sir," he replied in a firm voice,

"I cannot deny it; I have put my hand to the plough, and dare not look back." The judge was silent, and the tribunal rose.

INTERPOSITION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

To the Council of Granada was Matamoros referred, and on December 26, 1860, he set sail for Malaga, which he reached four days later. The same evening, when he was starting for Granada, numbers of friends and brethren accompanied him to the *diligence*, in which Sir Robert Peel, son of the great English statesman of the same name was also a passenger. On January 1st he arrived at his destination, and on appearing before the tribunal was ordered into solitary confinement. This tyrannical and arbitrary action coming to the ears of Sir Robert Peel, he immediately presented himself before the authorities and pleaded that the prisoner should be released from the intolerable conditions of his incarceration, and also that he, with Lady Emily Peel and Lady J. Hay, should be permitted to visit him.

The request was granted, and Matamoros having been removed from the filthy dungeon—where the only bed was a small foul mattress spread upon the floor—to a better apartment, he was visited by the distinguished English personages who had from motives of Christian sympathy interested themselves in his behalf. On leaving Granada, Sir R. Peel assured Matamoros that on his return to London he would speak about the matter in the British Parliament. Sir Robert kept his word, and by a singular coincidence another fact of a similar nature was made public about the same time.

AN EXILED DIVINITY STUDENT.

A letter published in the London papers gave many interesting statements concerning the imprisonment of Protestant Christians in Spain. The following is one of the instances described: "A young man of about twenty years of age named A—, belonging to a respectable family at Granada, was student at an ecclesiastical seminary presided over by the archbishop of that province. Having made rapid progress in his studies he became one of the favorite scholars of the rector and a *protégé* of the archbishop. A friend presented A— with a New Testament and two controversial works, which led him to renounce the errors of the Romish Church. He was reprimanded and kept in close confinement for a week; but his convictions remaining unchanged it was resolved that he should be arrested. His Protestant friends having heard of this advised him to escape to Gibraltar. He did so and is now a refugee in England. It was suspected that he was aided in his flight by José Alhama, a hatter at Granada, a man of high Christian character. Alhama was accordingly arrested, and carried off to a dungeon, his wife and family being wholly unprovided for.

"At midnight on February 6th four *gendarmes*, with their sergeant and a constable, entered the residence of Alhama and demanded all the keys to search the house. His wife was in bed seriously sick, but the emissaries of the priests had no compassion for her sufferings. They obliged her to rise, and searched the mattresses, boxes, trunks, beds, and the pockets of the clothes; for two hours the minute search continued; nothing, however, was found to incriminate the family, but several letters were found from Manuel Matamoros which increased the animosity already felt toward the writer and sufficed to convict Alhama."

CONVERSION OF SOME FELLOW-PRISONERS.

During Matamoros' imprisonment the Society of St. Vincent de Paul exhausted every possible means to induce him to retract his declaration of Protestant principles, but their attempts were unsuccessful. So far from Matamoros recanting, he commenced a Christian work in the prison which resulted in the conversion of at least three of the prisoners.

Every time that he was brought before the tribunals he boldly declared that his only crime had been that he had striven to be a follower of Christ and not of the Pope, and that the result of persecution would be to add some new names to the Christian martyrology. "Ten years of preaching," said Matamoros at this period, "would not have advanced our labor so much as our imprisonment and

trial are doing. All are asking, 'What is this Protestant doctrine?' and they seek after our books from simple curiosity; and when they have read them, they condemn the cruelty of the clergy, and confess that we teach the true religion of the Son of God."

THE SEARCH IN THE PRISON CELL.

On March 7, 1861, after five months' imprisonment, seven police agents entered Matamoros' cell and began to search it minutely with great rudeness and harshness. Nothing was respected by them; the persons of the prisoners, their bedding, the sacking of their bedsteads, all were rigorously examined. They carried their search to the limit of absurdity by going so far as to empty the water in the pitchers. On the table lay a Bible and New Testament (the gift to Matamoros of Dr. Tregelles, of Plymouth, England), a copy of the Four Gospels with notes, and some tracts, among them being 'Andrew Dunn'; all of which were seized. All reasonings, supplications, and wishes for the return of, at least, the Bible, were equally unavailing.

INTEREST OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Sir Robert Peel's denunciation and the publication of these additional facts thoroughly roused the English public, and loud protests were raised against this reign of terror to Protestants in Spain. Deputations waited on Earl Russell, the British Secretary of State, the newspapers willingly helped; daily the voice of public sympathy became more audible; and petitions were sent to the Houses of Parliament. But the Lord's time to deliver had not arrived; neither was this the way in which deliverance was to come. The oppressed continued to groan and sigh, but "their cries entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

MATAMOROS SENTENCED.

The punishment pronounced on the prisoners was officially announced to them on June 13, 1861; Alhama, Trigo, and Matamoros were condemned to eighteen years' punishment—nine at the galleys, and nine more under the constant vigilance of the civil authorities. Besides this, they were declared forever incapable of holding any office or official position, and also of teaching or instructing. Nine of the brethren were sentenced to seven years of the galleys, and another of them to four. In all, twenty-one followers of Christ were condemned in Granada alone; and with the exception of a few, against whom the charges were not proved, all were doomed by the tyranny under which they suffered to a dark and disastrous future.

MEETING IN ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.

This same month a meeting was convened at St. James's Hall, London, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, and attended by an influential and distinguished audience. Sir Robert Peel made a powerful speech, bringing before the public the errors that these Spanish Protestants were obliged to endure.

In the midst of the deep waters through which these Christian prisoners were passing, they were comforted and encouraged by Christian sympathy. God was day by day adding to the number of their friends who gladly supplied them with such comforts as prison discipline allowed, and wrote them letters full of consolation. Among these may be mentioned Mr. B. W. Newton, of London; Dr. and Mrs. Tregelles, of Plymouth; George Müller, of Bristol; and the Rev. R. Govett, of Norwich, to say nothing of a host of others whose untiring and rayerful sympathy proved invaluable. The Evangelical Alliance also sent General Alexander to intercede with the Spanish Prime Minister at Madrid, and the Rev. Mr. Dallas and Mr. Eade went on a mission from the Geneva Conference; but in spite of all remonstrances and appeals, the bars and bolts of priestly intolerance still firmly secured the prisoners.

A FALSE CHARGE.

In the beginning of July, 1861, an insurrection broke out at Loja, a quiet little town between Granada and Malaga. Nine thousand men, displaying a Republican standard, and proclaiming republican principles, appeared in arms. The enemies of Protestantism in Granada, taking advantage of the surprise and excitement of the public mind, assured the Government at Madrid that the insurrection bore evident marks of a Protestant

origin, the rebels having raised the cry "*Death to the Pope*." Such reports, most industriously spread injuriously affected the cause of the prisoners.

Availing themselves of the panic produced, the enemies of Matamoros resolved, if possible, to incriminate him and his fellow-prisoners. For this purpose they promised a convict his liberty and a large sum of money if he would supply information against the Protestant prisoners. This man, fetched from the galleys for the purpose, was employed to carry food and water to the cells of Matamoros and Alhama. While thus engaged he contrived to steal a letter written by, and others addressed to, Matamoros, all of which he carried to the authorities. These letters were purely of a religious character, and contained no allusion whatever to politics, yet they were dishonorably used as a pretext for action.

REMOVED TO A DUNGEON.

Early, therefore, on July 8th, Matamoros was roused from his bed, and hurried off to a most loathsome dungeon. Alhama, too, and Trigo, were removed from the cells they were occupying, and placed in solitary confinement. For three days Matamoros struggled on in enfeebled health, but on the night of July 13 he was so ill that he begged for medical aid and medicine, but both were refused him. For eight days he lay there unable to rise, but at last, through God's mercy, the fever abated, and on July 25 he was dragged out to be examined by a military commission. Though the basest means, perjury and subornation, were employed by the authorities, the political charges were not established, otherwise he would have been put to death. As it was, he was again relegated to prison in prospect of aggravated and more bitter punishment. (*The Picture in our Frontispiece, numbered 2, illustrates the Examination before the Tribunal.*)

In a letter to an English friend, dated from the prison of the Audiencia, October 5th, 1862, Manuel Matamoros writes: "My enemies, not yet satisfied, have condemned me to suffer eight years of the galleys, to inhabilitation, and to the judgment of all costs. I am only twenty-seven, and I am going to the galleys—to a horrible place which is intended for the shame and sorrow of those who labor there. But there is neither shame nor sorrow for me! My soul rejoices in Jesus, I, a poor miserable sinner, have been chosen by the Lord to suffer; and in this there is no shame, but honor for me, and I am very grateful to my Master who has granted it me."

In the spring of 1863, Mr. William Greene, the Englishman mentioned in the earlier part of this sketch, was permitted to visit Matamoros in the prison at Granada. Alhama, Trigo, and some others were also allowed to spend a short time in the cell. They read the Scriptures together, and Matamoros himself prayed with extraordinary fervor. (*The picture on our front page numbered 3, depicts this event.*) The Supper of the Lord was likewise celebrated. Mr. Greene says: "After the last loving embrace we parted, and as I descended the hill from the prison I saw this dear witness for Jesus stretching out his arms between the bars of his window, to wave me his last farewell. Oh, how indelibly is impressed upon my memory that noble countenance, beaming with love, from behind that grim grating!"

COMMUTATION OF MATAMOROS' SENTENCE.

As a consequence of an influential deputation of the Evangelical Alliance to the Queen of Spain, Matamoros' sentence was commuted, and his liberation from the prison of Granada took place early in the morning of May 29th, 1863. He arrived—sick and enfeebled by his long imprisonment, prematurely aged, and with the seeds of death sowed by confinement in a damp unwholesome dungeon slowly working in his constitution—at Malaga, and proceeded thence to Gibraltar, which was reached on May 31st. After passing a few days there, he determined to visit England, and embarked for London on June 22d. Having encountered a rough passage along the coast of Spain and Portugal, they experienced finer weather in crossing the Bay of Biscay, and finally, on June 30th, entered the mouth of the Thames, and at length Matamoros arrived in London.

Of his subsequent career we can say but little. He commenced Christian work at Lausanne, in Switzerland, and at Bayonne and Bordeaux, in France, by establishing schools for Spanish young men who felt themselves called to the work of evangelistic effort in Spain. He commenced with six pupils, and the students appeared to vie with each other in their emulation to be among the number of the future preachers of the Gospel in their native land. An institution for training young Spanish women was also opened at Pau. Having organized the work at the above-mentioned places, Matamoros went to Paris to make some arrangements; but the long railway journey from Pau, and much speaking and exertion while in the French capital, prostrated him. He returned to Lausanne on May 3d, 1866. Here he enlisted the sympathy of an affluent American lady, who with ready enthusiasm listened to his views concerning his much-loved country, and helped him in bringing twelve more young Spaniards to be educated at Pau.

CONSECRATED BY THE FREE CHURCH.

Matamoros, at his own desire, was consecrated by the Free Church of the Canton de Vaud, though they considered that he had, through the sufferings and persecutions he had endured in his long imprisonment, received from the Lord a higher consecration than theirs. But he now appeared to be gradually sinking, and from the beginning of June his friends became seriously alarmed for his health. It was deemed desirable to remove him to the Hotel Gibbon, where Mrs. McE—, his American friend, was staying, and until the moment of his death she rendered him constant and invaluable attention.

The decline of the invalid's strength was very rapid, and nothing could arrest the progress of the disease. The lungs, heart, and liver were completely disorganized, breathing was difficult, and he passed restless nights, almost without sleep. After a medical consultation it was announced to him tenderly by a friend that he might be carried off in a few days, but he replied very calmly, "Bueno! Al cielo!" ("It is well! To heaven!") A celebrated doctor of Lausanne having said that there was a ray of hope, if a suitable private dwelling-house on an eminence were secured, that Matamoros' breathing might be improved and his sufferings be rendered less intense, a beautiful villa overlooking the placid lake of Geneva was kindly lent, free of all charge, by its Christian owner, and the patient was removed to it.

The name of the new abode was Belvedere. His friends there procured him an invalid's carriage, in which he was drawn about on the green turf, abundant in its lovely garden. This gentle exercise and the magnificent view and the pleasant flowers were highly esteemed by Matamoros, and much alleviated his sufferings. (*The picture numbered 4 on our front page represents Matamoros in the garden.*)

HIS PEACEFUL DEATH.

On the morning of his death, and after passing a troubled night, he said to friends who were near him, "From earth to heaven, by the way of Golgotha. It is a beautiful journey." The Spanish students in the locality having been summoned to his chamber, he asked them to sing, and endeavored to accompany them with his dying voice. He afterward said to them, "Live very near to God—yes, very, very near. May God bless you very much." He was exhausted, and his head fell on his breast. All around him were bathed in tears. It was midday. The young people had left, and only the elder ones had remained with Mrs. McE—. Matamoros appeared to be asleep. After a few moments he awoke, and addressed some words of blessing and farewell.

After this conversation he fell asleep, and one of the Swiss pastors prayed by his bed. But none knew whether he heard the voice of supplication, or whether his soul were not then already contemplating the face of Christ in Heaven. His death was very tranquil, for God in His infinite mercy took away all pain. A storm was raging, and while the thunders rolled in the distance, on the sleeper's placid face rested a heavenly calm. At about half-past two in the afternoon there was no sign of earthly life remaining; the heavenly life in Jesus' bosom had commenced.

UP AND DOWN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
April 30, 1882.

"I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."—PHILIPPIANS 4 : 12.

Happy Paul—A Time of Social Changes—What a House is—The First Rude Homes—Their Enlargement—Grand Public Buildings and Squalid Homes—Modern Attention to the Home—Thank God for your Home—No Permanent Residence—Houses for Sale—The Race Nomadic—A Hard Day—Especial Grace Needed—I. The Move Upward—A Social Advance—Do not be Arrogant—Glorified Nuisances—Family Prayer in an English Manor-house—A Man God can Trust—Low-water-mark Street—Timon of Athens—II. The Move Downward—Rooms Rich in Association—A Solemn Thing to Leave a Home—Moving Caused by Reverse of Fortune—Contentment Intrinsic—A Grand Moving Day Coming—The New House—Children and Valuables Gone Forward—Welcome to the Tired Old People.

HAPPY Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of

WHAT A HOUSE IS.

It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The Troglodites are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the centre and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on.

Time passed on and the world, after much invention, came to build the house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After a while *the porch was born*. After a while the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding it.

There being *no windows* the people were dependent for light upon lattice work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as two or three hundred years ago in England and Scotland, so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand-mill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department.

But the home planted in the old cave, or at the foot of a tent pole, has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house, with its branches and roots, and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation. Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia, of Constantinople, St. Mark's, of Venice, St. Peter's, of Rome, are only the Raphael walls

against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations.

I rejoice that while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate, and grand court houses in which to administer justice, and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the Arch of Titus at Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter; nor have I so much interest in the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase or a queer-handled jug in use three thousand years ago, or a pitcher out of which the ancient Pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

THANK GOD FOR YOUR HOME

—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in, and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in a while you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born, and where his father was born, and his grandfather was born, and his great-grandfather was born; but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle, and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold, or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences.

Some wanted to sell, or had sold, because of financial misfortune, or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change.

Take up the City Directory of New York and tell me how few families live on Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. Take up the City Directory of Brooklyn and tell me how few people live on the Heights or on the Hill who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence.

A few days ago I saw Monticello, of Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the White House, which was President Taylor's residence, and President Harrison's residence, and President Lincoln's residence, and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case?

I tell you that the race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place, or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front

wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, *the only permanent earthly residence*. But bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

To-morrow the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be

A HARD DAY

for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will over-lift before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants.

Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the ten commandments. There is no more fearful post than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out, and the other moving in! The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January, and the first of February, and the first of March, and the first of April, will not be sufficient for the first of May.

Say your prayers to-morrow morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks! You will want supernatural help to-morrow, if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Xantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crisis of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people; so I preach this practical May-day sermon.

All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

THE MOVE UPWARD.

I. My first word then in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one add two stories to your vanity, or make your brightly polished silver door-plate the coffin plate to your *buried humility*. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they simper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder."

I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house—no sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a *glorified nuisance*. They were the terror of dry-goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept; and if compelled to stand a moment with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat of arms, and had lion couchant, or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when if they had the appropriate coat of arms it would have been a butter firkin, or a shoe last, or a plough, or a trowel.

Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of Heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fail in business, and the daughter will run off with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by a

finer house is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lavendered fool goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes, or the whirl of his cane, or the clicking of the ivory handle against his front teeth, or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha.

Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading, or wealth of bric-à-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense, do not lose your balance, do not be spoiled by your successes.

Two or three years ago, we were the guests on
AN ENGLISH MANOR.

The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half past nine o'clock in the morning, the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some twenty or thirty men servants and maid servants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, started the music, his daughter at the organ, and then the music over, the proprietor of the estate knelt down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employes to the Lord Almighty.

God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of fifty merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes. Ah my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life, do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door, or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 320 Low-Water-Mark Street, and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door.

TIMON OF ATHENS

was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord. But after a while, through lavish hospitality, or through betrayal, he lost everything. Then he sent for help to those lords whom he had banqueted and to whom he had given large sums of money, Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius and Ventidius.

Did those lords send any help to him? O, no. Lucullus said when he was applied to, "Well, I thought that Timon would come down, he was too lavish; let him suffer for his recklessness." Lucius said, "I would be very glad to help Timon, but I have made large purchases and my means are all absorbed." And one lord sent one excuse and another lord sent another excuse. But to the astonishment of everybody, after a while Timon proclaimed another feast. Those lords said to themselves: "Why, either Timon has had a good turn of fortune, or he has been deceiving us, testing our love." And so they all flocked to the banquet apologetic for seeming lukewarmness. The guests were all seated at the table, and Timon ordered the covers lifted. The covers lifted, there was nothing under them but smoking hot water. Then Timon said to his guests, "Dogs, lap! lap, dogs!" and under the terrific irony they fed the room, while Timon pursued them with his anathema, calling them fools of fortune, destroyers of happiness under a mask, hurling at the same time the pitchers and the chalices after them.

O! my friends, I would not want to make you over-suspicious in the day of your success, but I want you to understand right well there is a vast difference between the popularity of Timon, the

prosperous, and Timon, the unfortunate—I want you to know there is a vast difference in the number of people who admire a man when he is going up, and the number of people who admire him when he is going down.

THE MOVE DOWNWARD.

II. But I must have a word with those who in this May-day time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size and so much room is not required, so they move out into smaller apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and after a while, father and mother wake up to find their family just the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it.

Moving day is a *great sadness* to such if they have the law of association dominant. There are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine; we name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining hall where the festivities took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting-room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started, or a life stopped; the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, of congratulation and heart break. Every door-knob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else.

When moving out of a house I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a mute farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks tomorrow that the carmen will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever—places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized.

O! life is such a *strange mixture of honey and of gall*, weddings and burials, midnoon and midnight clashing. Every home a lighthouse against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God these changes are not always going to continue, otherwise the nerves would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamities.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold, or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy

A SMALL HEAVEN IN TWO ROOMS

and others suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of chandelier all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, or Belshazzar in the saturnalia?

Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic, it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move; you will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? all the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you to-morrow at the door of your new

home, and while I help you lift the clothes closet over the banisters, and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination, I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you have ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the dry docks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor. And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move.

Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have

A GRAND MOVING DAY.

Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? how much cash down? and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now.

Heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after a while they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation. On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn, and the granary.

Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—came in and sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of.

Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been *moving a good while*. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do; but after a while it will be toward night and we will be very tired, and then we will start for

OUR NEW HOME;

and those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains.

And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going upstairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O! house of God not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens!

"The Treasury of David:" by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A homiletical exposition of the Book of Psalms. Vol. II., comprising psalms 27 to 52; Vol. III., psalms 53 to 78; Vol. IV., psalms 79 to 103. We have not the other volumes. Price \$3 a volume, postage free. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 263.)

The March to Gorey—A Providential Meeting—Captain Vaughan Recognized by the Soldiers—The History of the Insurrection—The Attack on Vinegar Hill—Meeting with Hugh—His Narrative—The Flight to Wexford—Refuge on the Ships—An Incompetent Officer—Treachery on the Ships.

THE Captain and Sylph in front, and Corny close behind (the militiamen, with shouldered arms, on each side of them) were soon on their way for the decision of the military authorities at Gorey.

Corporal M'Ardle, filled with contempt for his prisoners, and a good deal chagrined at their escape from his jurisdiction, by an appeal to a higher power, could not suppress his feelings concerning them, and in an undertone, yet sufficiently loud to be heard by all, gave expression every now and then to his opinions.

"Hatchet-faced dog," he muttered looking at Captain Vaughan. "Shure any wan with half an eye could tell what *he* iz, a black-hearted and blood-thirsty rebel. I'd lay my life, that if all war known, its manny and manny a good loyal man that has got his death be him. Shure he's just the man that wud count no divarshun so sweet as the pikin' o' the King's thrue subjects. Indeed, I'm right glad we didn't shoot 'im, it 'id hev been a death tin times too good for him, and it's hangin' like a cur-dog that he'll git in Gorey.

"And this rebel in petticoats, beside him," he added, directing his look towards Sylph, "with all her purtinces to be a lady, is, not a doubt ov it, just as bad as her comrade. With all her dainty steps and mock modesty, there isn't an ace to choose be-tune them. And, wan that like mysel' can look into things, wud know that her purty face has beneath it a black and wicked heart."

Captain Vaughan and Sylph several times endeavored to rebuke and check this overflow of abusive accusation, and sought to show the evil-tongued corporal the meanness, foolishness, and most unchristian nature of his conduct, assailing the character of persons for the moment totally in his power and wholly unknown to him, and in terms unbecoming a civilized being, not to speak of one who, they supposed, professed Christianity.

Remonstrance, however, was useless, indeed worse than useless, it only excited the anger of the corporal and gave new spur to his rude reproaches.

An effectual termination to his gross and contemptuous epithets, however, was at hand. When a quarter of a mile from Gorey, a cavalry picket met them on the road, and Captain Vaughan to his great delight saw that the uniform of the horse-men was that of his own dragoon regiment, the Ancient Britons. To his greater satisfaction, still, he perceived when he drew nearer that the men on duty were from his own company, the men whom, with Hugh as his orderly, he had left near Prosperous, when sent with despatches some weeks before this to Duncannon Fort. Captain Vaughan's division of the Ancient Britons was now in Gorey, and hence it came about that these, his own men from his own troop, were now on patrol upon the highway, watching and guarding this approach to the town.

Captain Vaughan joyfully whispered to Sylph the discovery he had made, but kept the knowledge of it from Corporal M'Ardle; he wished to give him a startling surprise, and a lesson which he hoped would be useful to him for the remainder of his life.

Knowing that the moment of his liberation had come, now that he saw approaching a company of his own regiment, and not wishing to be recognized sooner than he desired, Captain Vaughan drew around him the large frieze coat which Farmer Dunne had given him, when he began his flight from the infuriated rebels, and thus concealed his uniform.

When he and his party arrived close up to the dragoons, he suddenly threw back his disguise, looked up into the faces of his men, and calling them by name, he said, "If you are as glad,

men, to see me as I am to see you, you'll be immensely happy."

"It's the captain. It's the captain," they shouted. "Who in the world could expect it? Thank God, sir. Why, we heard, sir, that you were killed by the rebels near Enniscorthy." And two or three of the men, not content with speaking their joy on horseback, dismounted and ran up to their restored officer, whom as a kind Christian gentleman they respected.

The effect upon Corporal M'Ardle of this recognition and greeting may be imagined. He stared, terror-stricken, and turned pale and trembled at his blind assurance. Captain Vaughan observed his tremor. Pity for the wretched man dictated pardon for his foolish self-confidence, but his future good demanded some kind of punishment.

"Come here, corporal," he said, "and make your report and transfer your prisoners."

Corporal M'Ardle, laying down his musket on the ground, came forward as he had been told, but when he drew near Sylph and the captain, he flung himself on his knees, and in piteous tones entreated forgiveness.

Upon reaching Gorey, Captain Vaughan sent Corny and Sylph on to Dublin, under a sufficient escort, there to remain until God, in His kind Providence, would enable him to rejoin them. He himself determined to abide with his regiment, to give his services in the suppression of the insurrection.

Those who are acquainted with the thrilling history of the rebellion of '98, will know that Captain Vaughan's sword was soon called into requisition. On the 9th of June, a desperate assault of the rebels was made upon Gorey, under the leadership of Father Michael Murphy and his brother priests. Twice the insurgents were driven back by the soldiery. Father Michael, with a contempt of death, then seized a standard, blazoned with a cross and the motto "Liberty or Death," and, on horseback, dashed out upon the road amid a storm of round shot and musket bullets. Taking from his pocket a handful of balls, which he declared he had caught in their flight, he cried to his hesitating followers, "Come on, boys; see, the heretic bullets cannot hurt you. You are fighting for your God and Holy Church."

Captain Vaughan, in mingled admiration and disgust, both saw and heard him. In another moment, however, the wild fanatic priest was hurled into ruin; a round shot caught him and his horse; and after it passed, nothing was to be seen on the spot where he had waved his flag but a shapeless mass of blood-stained rags and mangled flesh. Deprived of their leader the rebels sullenly and slowly drew back, leaving the ground covered with their dead.

The 20th of June saw Captain Vaughan near Vinegar Hill. Oh, what thoughts came in upon him as he again looked upon the blood-stained heights! but on this occasion the rebels were to be the assailed and not the assailants. General Lake had completed his dispositions for storming their camp at daybreak. On three sides the royal army, all moving at once, forced its way up the hill, cleared it after a hard fight, and, with terrible slaughter, drove the rebels down the southern decline before them.

Father John, who, as we know, had been rebel dictator for the time, savage and in despair hastened away with a crowd of fugitives. After many hair-breadth escapes he put himself at the head of a roving gang of murderous banditti, who, doubling backward and forward between Wexford and Wicklow, protracted through the summer the miserable struggle. Separated from his companions by accident, or in design withdrawing from them, he was recognized, though disguised, at Taghmon, near his old parish. When arrested, he struggled like a wild beast, but the vengeance he had dared had overtaken him. After a month of murder, triumph, defeat, and ruin, he closed his career on the gallows on June 26th.

When the royal army, after its victory at Vinegar Hill, moved on to Wexford, Captain Vaughan, came upon his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, and his orderly, Hugh. This latter individual gave him an intensely warm welcome, and on the first

opportunity, furnished him with an account of affairs in Wexford since, falling back with the royalists in their retreat, he entered it. What follows is actual history.

"On the day of our sore and sorrowful retreat from Enniscorthy, captain," said Hugh, "everything was in that condition of confusion and dread, that we did not miss you on the road, until a return upon our route to look you up would have been useless, and, indeed, altogether impossible. The tide of wretched fugitives on their way to Wexford was so strong and full, that to stem it was not for one moment to be thought of.

"Oh! what a state of distraction I was in upon missing you! A dreadful anxiety for you and Miss Sylph possessed me, on the one hand, and the care of those I was escorting—I mean Miss Abigail, the maid, and the three little children—pressing upon me with a heavy load of responsibility, on the other. I protest I didn't know what to do—whether to go back alone, at all risks, and search you and Miss Sylph out, or remain at my post, and fulfil the task directly incumbent upon me. In my doubt and consternation I asked guidance of our Heavenly Father, if I never did before, and besought, for Christ's sake, that I might be shown what to do.

"After some moments of hesitancy, the light seemed to dawn upon me, and I concluded, captain, to remain with those I had in charge, and continue the retreat, feeling persuaded that thus to act would meet with your approval, sir. Yet, with all my heart, I prayed for your safety—for yours, captain, and Miss Sylph's, you know—and commended you both to the Lord's kind protection. And see how He has answered my supplication."

"Yes, my faithful Hugh," said Captain Vaughan, "you cannot imagine the fearful scenes we have passed through since last I saw you. I have been repeatedly on the very brink of an awful death, but God cast His sacred shield around me, and here I am, to-day, safe and well, and right glad to see you. But I long to know something of *your* own experiences, Hugh. How has it fared with you, my friend? Come, tell me some of the thrilling events that befel you in Wexford."

"Well, indeed," answered Hugh, "I cannot say I have dreamed of such sights as have come before me. Why, I have witnessed and passed through circumstances that I never can forget through life, and which, I believe, I shall remember in eternity.

"When we—the whole crowd of us—men, women, and children, combatants and non-combatants, reached Wexford, as we did in the early morning, we found the town in the greatest state of terror and excitement. All the day before, fugitives from the wide district round had flocked in breathless, and pale with fright, bearing with them tales of fell destruction and heartless massacre.

"One lady told us, captain, how the rebels, breaking into her house when her husband was out on service with the yeomanry, and ransacking everything, took the orange-bordered screen in her drawing-room as a just ground of instant death to her and all her household.

"I and my household only escaped murder," said the lady, "upon the plea of another rebel, that immediate death would be a too merciful punishment for such wretches, and that we should be reserved for a lingering and torturing mode of execution. This cruel intention proved, however, the means of our safety," she said; "for while the rebels were busy in their plunder, and some of them getting intoxicated in the wine cellar, I, and those dear to me, took the opportunity of flight; and here, through the unfailing mercy and kindness of God, we have arrived, with life, indeed, but with the loss of everything else that belonged to us."

"Such was the tale of one fugitive," said Hugh; "and what was the effect, think you, of a hundred such tales brought into Wexford throughout the whole of that day. And when the evening came, there was no lessening of the terror, captain, for the burning houses of Enniscorthy, twelve miles away, filled the whole heavens toward the north of Wexford with an angry glow. What that meant they had not to wait very long to know. Our arri-

al toward dawn brought the tidings of defeat to the loyal cause, and of Enniscorthy, the greater part reduced to ashes, indeed, in the hands of the wicked Father John and the rebels.

"The impulse of each one was to seek safety at once, and anywhere. And the ships in the harbor appeared to most of us the best means of refuge. Down to the quays, therefore, hundreds on hundreds of us hurried. And it was then I came upon Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, whom I hadn't seen for two days. And they, like the rest, were bargaining with the ship masters for a passage across the Channel to Wales.

"Oh! what sums o' money, to be sure, these extortionate fellows pocketed for the use of their vessels!" exclaimed Hugh. "Skin for skin; all that a man hath will he give for his life." Well, anyway, this day proved that for once, at all events, the father of lies spoke what was truth. For not a few gave all they had to get a berth, ay! even standing room, in a vessel for Wales. While those who for this purpose parted with half their wealth, cannot, it's my notion, be numbered.

"Between ourselves, captain, Father John was a general too good to have for an enemy; our leaders, without doubt o' it, made a regular mess of it. Why, when Colonel Maxwell sent off to Duncannon Fort for a reinforcement, what did Colonel Fawcett, who was there with two regiments, do? He sent on before him a lot o' men with two guns, to make haste, while he himself loitered on the road. And what happened?

"Why, Father John, at the Three Rocks, surprised an' surrounded them. Above, below, before, behind, the rebels were upon them, yelling like hyenas. Five hundred muskets flashed death in the darkness. No quarter was given, and the soldiers—all but a few artillerymen, who were kept alive to serve the captured guns—perished to a man.

"Our Colonel Maxwell, when all was over, marched out of Wexford, not knowing what had happened, hoping to meet the reinforcement he had sent for on the road. He met not the force he had sent for—no, captain—but, arrived at the Three Rocks, he found Father John in a position too strong for him, with his small force, to dislodge. Back again, then, we marched to Wexford, and there all the citizens—Catholic and Protestant—who had property to lose, and feared that the town would be set on fire, entreated Colonel Maxwell not to defend it, but to leave. He refused, brave man, to consent to this, and ordered us all to our posts.

"But in the end he had to submit. The militia, hy fifties and sixties, deserted us, and our game was up. At midnight, on the 30th of May (1798), Colonel Maxwell marched his remaining men from out the town, and that was only thirty-six hours after he had entered it; and next morning the rebels took possession.

(To be continued.)

THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES.

S.S. Lesson for May 14, Mark 8 : 1-21. Golden Text, Luke 12 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IT was the unvarying experience of Jesus and His disciples that their teaching and their works of healing attracted large multitudes of people to them. Their sojourn in the coasts of Decapolis was no exception, the multitude was very great, and so intent on receiving both instruction and deliverance at the hands of Jesus, that the people had been three days in the wilderness without hoard or lodging. The very fact that the pangs of hunger did not so assert their sway as that these people were unable longer to keep up their attention, is a striking proof of the practical nature of that blessed truth, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God" (Deut. 8 : 3 ; Matt. 5 : 4). When Moses was in the mountain "forty days and forty nights, he did neither eat bread, nor drink water" (Ex. 34 : 28); there was power in the Word of God to sustain him, soul and body. It was the same with Elijah in the desert (1 Kings 19 : 8), and with our Lord Himself in the days of His sore temptation. And how often has a weary invalid made an effort to join some meeting where the Word of

God was spoken in the power of the Spirit, and has experienced

STRENGTHENING INSTEAD OF FATIGUE.

How often working-men have found physical and spiritual refreshment in seeking blessing to the souls of others after a hard day's work, in a measure in which no other kind of recreation could afford it!

As in a former instance, the Lord Jesus was the first to consider, and to provide for, the physical needs of His hearers. He "called His disciples unto Him, and saith unto them, I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat : and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way : for divers of them came from far." There may be times of supernatural strength like those which we have quoted, but we are not on that account to draw unnecessarily on the physical strength of others. For instance, when God calls us distinctly to spend a whole night or a whole day alone with Him in prayer, we may be sure the needful physical force will be imparted ; but we doubt the wisdom of holding "all nights of prayer ;" they may be very enjoyable, but we think, unless there is some special call from God, that they are apt to lay open those engaged in them to special temptation through excitement at the time, and over-fatigue afterward. Some may say, "But I need to have a longer time with God than I can have in an ordinary meeting." Thank God for the desire, and get up at three o'clock in the morning to have some time alone with God ; you will test then whether it is really His presence or that of your fellow-Christians which makes your real joy.

The disciples answered just as though the Lord had never fed the multitude on the other side of the lake. Could it have passed away from their memories ! Has His last deliverance on your behalf, my reader, passed away from your mind ? They said, "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" Jesus Himself had asked and answered this question on the former occasion (John 6 : 5). From whence ? Surely from the resources of Him who had before multiplied the loaves ; but this did not occur to them. Asa had been marvellously helped against his strong enemies, but when Baasha, King of Israel, came up against him, he sought help from Benhadad, King of Syria, and God reproved him. Later on he was smitten with disease, "yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord but to the physicians" (2 Chron. 15 : 1-12). The God who had delivered him out of the hands of the Ethiopians had a right to his confidence when Baasha came against him and when disease overtook him. One deliverance from God is a warrant to expect Him to deliver at all time, because He changes not, He is always the same. With

MARVELLOUS PATIENCE

the Lord Jesus proceeded to ask the disciples what was their present supply ; and though it was larger than on the former occasion, and the multitude, reckoning women and children, not so large, they do not seem to have expected that Jesus would interpose on their behalf. He provided for the multitude, and reserved the teaching of His disciples until the present need was met. It was but a repetition of what had formerly occurred. He took the loaves, gave thanks, and brake, and gave to the disciples to set before them ; the same with the fishes. All were satisfied, and seven baskets of fragments were gathered. In the former miracle, five thousand men, besides women and children, were present, probably from ten to twenty thousand souls. On the present occasion there were but four thousand men ; as before, it was He, not the disciples, who sent them away.

There was a burden upon His heart, but we find Him patiently waiting His time to speak of it to those disciples whose distrust of Him was almost breaking His heart. So insensible were they, that we do not so much as hear any mention of grief on their part that they had not trusted Jesus, or expected His present help. "They came into the parts of Dalmanutha. And the Pharisees came forth, and began to question with Him, seeking of Him a sign from heaven, tempting Him." Just at

this time we read of no works of healing—how could He heal?—the unbelief of the disciples hindered Him, and held back the arm which was "mighty to save." Not one of them testified to His mighty power in twice feeding the multitude and in twice stilling the wind. He "sighed deeply in His spirit." The hardness of heart among His own chosen ones prevented any blessing at that time and place. Are we by our unbelief hindering Jesus from doing anything which He is able and willing to do in our families, houses, or our own souls or bodies ? It is a tremendous responsibility to know the power of the deliverance of Jesus, and not to make use of it. The wife of

A DRUNKEN FISHERMAN

in Liverpool was visited one day by her brother, who had been some two years a converted man. "Mary," he said, "I cannot understand why our John does not get converted ; I pray for him, and get such a quickening of faith in prayer, that I am always expecting to hear that he is saved." "O John'll never be anything different," rejoined Mary. "Why, that's the very reason," said her brother ; "you are preventing his conversion." "Well, that is unkind ; you know there isn't a woman in all Liverpool who works harder to keep things together than I do ; I keep the children to school, and slave half the night to keep tidy clothes and a bit of food ; and bad as John is he always gets something to eat when he comes home, although it isn't often I get any of his earnings ; and you know I pray for him day and night ; but he'll never be any different." "Why, you've just said it," returned the brother ; "you've said, 'I pray day and night that John may be different, but he never will be different.' " God opened her eyes ; that day she prayed counting on God to make John different ; and sure enough, in about a week's time he came home from the fishery saying, "Mary, my lass, here's your John come back, but he's another John from him that went away," and then came the blessed story of his conversion on the very day that she had first prayed for him in faith.

Jesus' only answer to the Pharisees was a refusal to give them a sign from heaven ; but when alone again with His disciples in the ship, "He charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod. And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread." Why did they not ask Him His meaning ? He was there. Why do not we, when we are not sure of His will, instead of trying to work out the problem in our own puny understandings ? "When Jesus knew it, He saith unto them, Why reason ye, because ye have no bread ? Perceive ye not yet, neither understand ? Have ye your heart yet hardened ? Having eyes, see ye not ? and having ears, hear ye not ? and do ye not remember ? When I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets of fragments took ye up ? They say unto Him, Twelve. And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up ? And they said, Seven. And He said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand ?" How could it be possible that He who had manifested the illimitable wealth of His resources, should have blamed the disciples for forgetting to take bread.

They were like blind people, for they had witnessed four distinct miracles of the Lord Jesus, besides witnessing, and even working themselves by faith miraculous cures ; they had eaten of the loaves, seen the winds and waves stilled, Peter had himself walked upon the water, and yet they acted as though the mighty Saviour were not with them, and they could not perceive that the leaven of the Pharisees was just that very unreality, that very materialism, which their own unbelief and hardness of heart was working also in them. In point of fact the dullness of perception was just as much unbelief in them as was the asking for a sign in the Pharisees. This is the only occasion on which we read that our Lord in His dealings with His disciples heaped on them reproach after reproach. They were not yet endued with power from on high, and the very presence of Jesus, and the daily experience of His power, were not enough to inspire them with the faith with which they were afterward clothed by the power of the Holy Ghost,

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Anti-Chinese Immigration Bill was passed in the Senate on Friday, April 28th, by a vote of 32 to 15. Owing to some unimportant amendments made in it in the Senate, it was sent back to the House for concurrence. It is substantially the same bill as the one President Arthur vetoed except that the prohibition is for ten years instead of twenty. One of the clauses prohibits Chinese naturalization by State courts or other tribunals, and another declares that the word "laborers" shall be construed to mean *skilled and unskilled laborers* and miners. The latter section was stricken out in Committee of the Whole, but was restored by a vote of 25 to 20 in the Senate. An effort was made to prove that the treaty only authorized the exclusion of Chinese laborers, and that the attempt to put an interpretation upon it like that proposed was subject to the objection that it exceeded the limits of our rights under the treaty, but the Senate refused to listen to any proposals modifying the scope of the bill. In preparing the bill care has been taken to render it acceptable to the President. In his veto message on the first bill he recommended that provision be made for the transit across the country of Chinese subjects who might be passing from their own to foreign lands or returning. The new bill makes provision in this regard for the admitted classes of Chinese, but does not provide for laborers. The friends of the bill say that laborers are sent direct from China to Cuba and other countries, and it is only right that they should be required to return in the same way.

Ex-Secretary Blaine's Evidence Before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs caused some excitement last week. Mr. Blaine had requested to be heard on the subject of the Peruvian scandal, and the committee was, after Mr. Shipherd's allegations, naturally desirous that Mr. Blaine's version of the matter should be had. According to Mr. Shipherd's account it appeared that an attempt had been made to purchase the influence of our government on behalf of a claim suspected of being fraudulent. The conspirators desired that Chili should be bullied into accepting from Peru a money indemnity in full discharge of her claims; that then Peru, being too poor to pay it, the Landreau Company should make a bargain with Peru to advance the needed funds and work the guano deposits in return. The company was not strong enough to dictate to Chili and therefore sought to obtain the services of the U. S. Government, by means of a *bribe* of \$250,000 of Peruvian stock to Mr. Hurlbut, our minister at Lima, and by some arrangement with Mr. Blaine, the terms of which were not disclosed. It is known that we were on the verge of war with Chili when Mr. Blaine was

removed by the President, and that upon that removal our attitude toward Chili at once became more courteous and conciliatory, but the reason of Mr. Blaine's hostility to Chili was not certainly known. Few people, however, were willing to accept Mr. Shipherd's explanation, involving as it did the character of an ex-secretary of state and that of a minister at a foreign court. It was a relief to find that Mr. Blaine could give, as he did last week, an *emphatic denial to Mr. Shipherd's allegations*. He, however, omitted to explain his policy toward Chili. This question was, after all, the one the committee was appointed to discover. Mr. Blaine, after he had replied to and denounced Mr. Shipherd, was invited by the chairman of the committee to make an explanation on this head, but he said he preferred replying to questions. When, however, Mr. Belmont, of New York, interrogated him, Mr. Blaine evaded the questions, declined to give direct replies, and finally lost his temper and used abusive language to Mr. Belmont, to which the latter replied in similar fashion. So far the only plausible explanation of the Peruvian matter is the one given by Mr. Shipherd, but we may hope that some less discreditable one will yet be afforded.

The Inquiry Ordered by the House into the expenses of the Naval Department is likely to lead to some remarkable disclosures of carelessness and extravagance, if not of something worse. As a specimen fact it is stated that the engines of the Miantonomoh, a third class iron-clad, cost originally, in the time of highest prices, 1863 to 1865, \$240,522. During the eight years, 1869-1876, the Navy Department spent on repairs of these same engines \$366,851, and left them in such a condition that in the next two years \$114,417 more were spent in repairs on them; making a total charge during ten years of peace of \$481,964 spent in repairs and new machinery on the engines which cost originally \$240,522. The Miantonomoh is described in the Naval Register of this year as a third-class ironclad, laid up at League Island and *requiring extensive repairs*. Another remarkable fact in the same connection is the large stock of clothing purchased during the same period, and which was *not purchased by advertisement*. There was, it is now reported, when Mr. Robeson quitted office, a sufficient supply of some articles of clothing on hand to supply the navy for *thirty-five years*, and of others for twenty-three years.

The Senate Passed the Mississippi Improvement bill on Tuesday, April 25th. The bill was passed without a division. It appropriates six million dollars, and contains the provision prohibiting the commission which is to have charge of the expenditure from spending any portion of the money upon any work not directly connected with the improvement of the navigation of the river. If they can secure the safety of the land from overflow by the same means they are at liberty to do so, but they may not undertake any work directly intended for that purpose alone. The amendments proposed by Senators Garland, Jones, and Kellogg, were withdrawn before the bill passed. They were designed respectively to raise the amount of the appropriation to fifteen million dollars and to commit Congress to a declaration of the constitutionality of protecting the bottom lands at federal expense from the overflow of the river; and to press the construction of levees upon the favorable consideration of the commissioners.

The Death of Ralph Waldo Emerson on Thursday last removes from the world one of the best known American writers. Following so closely the death of his intimate friend, Mr. Longfellow, whose funeral he attended, the event has cast a gloom over the literary world. Mr. Emerson, though in his seventy-ninth year, had maintained his usual health up to April 19th, when the exceptionally warm weather tempted him to walk out without an overcoat; he caught cold, and three days afterward an acute attack of pneumonia set in. He rallied slightly until April 25th, from which time he slowly failed, and on Thursday, April 27th, he died placidly. Mr. Emerson was born in Boston on May 25th, 1803. His father was a Unitarian minister. The family was of English stock, the first to come to this country,

being Rev. Peter Bulkeley, who had been rector of Woodhill, Bedfordshire, England. He emigrated in 1635, and became the first pastor of Concord, Mass. Mr. Emerson's father, grandfather, and great grandfather were also clergymen. Mr. Emerson was prepared for the ministry, and during three years preached in the Boston Church formerly under the pastorate of Cotton and Increase Mather. In 1832 he resigned his charge, and since that time has devoted his talents to literature and philosophy. He visited Europe on several occasions, and while there formed an intimate friendship with Carlyle, between whom and himself there was much similarity of thought and expression. The best known of his works are "Representative Men," published in 1850; "English Traits" in 1856; "The Conduct of Life," in 1860; and "Society and Solitude," in 1870.

An Appeal to the President on Behalf of the persecuted Jews of Russia was made on April 26th, by Representative Belford, of Colorado. Judge Belford reminded the president that intervention in such a cause had been practised by civilized nations for the past two centuries. In reply the President said that he felt deeply interested in the cause of the persecuted Hebrews, and was determined to do everything that could be done with propriety to induce the Russian Government to extend the fullest protection to this class of its subjects. He had within the past few days addressed a communication to our representative at St. Petersburg directing him to invite the attention of the Czar to these reported atrocities, *to express the abhorrence* that was felt in this country in relation to their perpetration, and entreating him to exercise his authority to prevent their recurrence.

Two Explosive Packages were Discovered in the New York mails on Saturday, addressed respectively to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and to Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The circumstance that led to the discovery was the premature explosion of the one addressed to Mr. Field as it was being carried on the Elevated Road to its destination. The similarity of the package to the one addressed to Mr. Vanderbilt was then noticed, and that, on being opened, disclosed the explosive in a glass tube so placed as to be broken when the box in which it was fixed was opened. The fulminate of mercury in the tube would then ignite a quantity of gunpowder placed underneath. The detectives are busily engaged investigating the case. It is thought that the packages were sent by some one who has been ruined in Wall Street, and believing the millionaires to be responsible for the losses, took this ignoble method of revenge.

The Clergymen of Boston have Signed a memorial to the Governor of Massachusetts, in which they represent that the annual fast day is no longer kept as a time of penitence, but is made *a day of general amusement*, and they urge that fast days should only be proclaimed on occasions of great solemnity. A local journal, commenting on the action of the clergy, says, that the annual proclamation of a fast day on which nobody fasts, and people enter upon more than usual recreation, tends to destroy altogether popular belief in the duty and utility of fasting.

An Earnest Appeal was made at Worcester Mass., on April 19th, at the meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society, on behalf of the women of India. Mrs. Armstrong, who is soon to return to India to resume missionary work there, and Mrs. Durham, of New Haven, Conn., both cited facts showing the urgent need for special work among the women both of high and low caste. Mrs. Cushing, who has spent several years in India, gave interesting details respecting the Shan and Bahmo missions, the latter being a new field in Northern Burmah just occupied by the American Baptists. Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Knowlton, returned missionaries from China, were also present and imparted gratifying intelligence of the progress of mission work in China. The treasurer reported the expenditures to be \$55,819, including \$42,530 for foreign missions, \$4100 for home missions, and \$9129 for the Children's Home Mission. Thirty-four missionaries have been supported during the year.

The Sunday Closing Movement in Ohio is being attacked by the Boycotting tactics. A prominent advocate of the movement is Hon. Theodore Cook, the President of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, and he voted in favor of the bill which recently passed the Ohio Legislature enacting that liquor saloons, cigar stores, and other places of the kind should be closed on the Lord's Day. A prominent brewer is reported in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* as saying that the whiskey men, the brewers, the maltsters, the cigar and tobacco men intend to retaliate on Mr. Cook through his railroad connection, and that they will withdraw their patronage from the Southern Railroad, and not ship a pound of freight over that route that can be sent to its destination in any other way. Mr. Cook, who is a highly respected Democrat, is unmoved by the threat and states his conviction that such tactics will recoil on those who use them.

Longfellow as a Christian is the Subject of a letter to a contemporary, evidently written by an intimate friend of the dead poet. He says from personal knowledge that Mr. Longfellow was a Christian in fact as well as in name. "Those who knew him had no doubt of it. He regarded Christ as One who came from on high to save, and One who alone is the Redeemer of men, in whom trust is to be placed for what we need in life and in death." We naturally inferred from his exquisite poetry that the author was a Christian, but it is gratifying to read this direct testimony on a matter which after all is of greater moment than questions of genius or poetic gifts.

A Short Package of Gold from the Philadelphia Mint was reported recently. It was, however, subsequently found to have been an error of a banker and not of the mint. A gentleman at Reading had occasion for the use of five thousand dollars in gold, and presenting his cheque at a bank, asked for legal tender. The cashier handed him a bag of gold marked "U. S. M. \$5000." Upon inquiry he was told that it was not necessary to count the gold, as the bag had the mark *United States Mint* upon it, and that it contained the proper amount. He took the money to the office of an attorney, and made a tender of the money. After the tender was accepted the money was taken to the Farmers' National Bank and there counted, when it was found to be sixty-two dollars short. Complaint was at once made and an investigation ordered. It was then found that the bank which issued the bag had used one of the mint bags for its own purposes, and the cashier in cashing the cheque had inadvertently handed out the wrong bag. The mint mark on the bag had thus imposed on three people, owing to the fact that the mint had never been known to issue short packages. After this, people will be more cautious in trusting to the mark, although the mint's reputation is as good as ever; but it will not be forgotten that the bags bearing the mark sometimes pass through less careful hands. By a similar process doctrines have passed current when indorsed by a church which, when examined by the infallible Word of God, have been found false (Isa. 8 : 20).

The Discovery of the Phantom City is Announced in a telegram to the *North American Review* from M. Désiré Charnay, the Central American explorer. During the last few years accounts have been given by the natives of Central America to explorers of a large city they said existed in the country of the Locandones. The descriptions of the city seemed like the Arabian legends of a fairy land. It had, the natives said, white turrets gleaming in the sun, inhabitants who keep up the customs and habits of the times of the Spanish invasion, and monuments with inscriptions thousands of years old. No travellers had visited it, and Mr. Stevens and others pronounced it inaccessible. But the natives still insisted on its existence, and its wondrous beauty. At length it became known to explorers by the name of "the Phantom City." A year ago, M. Charnay, an explorer of indomitable perseverance and courage, undertook an exploration under the direction of Mr. A. T. Rice, of the *Review*, and nothing more was heard of him until his telegram a few days ago briefly announcing that in the mountainous region in the north-western part of Guatemala he

had found the Phantom City. Further details of M. Charnay's discovery are anticipated with intense curiosity. The sceptics of our day persist in asserting that the city described by the apostle John in the Apocalypse is also a Phantom City. It certainly is inaccessible by the methods they adopt, but to the child-like soul accepting in simple faith the words of Jesus and trusting in His finished work, it is accessible, and we believe that in our Father's good time our eyes will behold its beauty (Rev. 21 : 10-27).

An Eagle's Attempt to Carry off a Child Resulted in the death of both, as reported in the Denver papers. A Denver merchant was visiting some acquaintances at North Platte, Neb., during the second week of April, and while there he was startled and horrified to see from the window of the house, an eagle swoop down upon a child who was playing on the grass. The bird fastened its talons in the baby's shoulders, and soared aloft with it. The eagle, however, found the burden too heavy, as the distance from the ground increased, and after a few vain struggles to rise, it let go its hold and dropped the child. The fall and the wounds made by the eagle's talons together proved mortal, and in a few hours the little one was dead. The father of the child was able, on hearing of what had happened, to shoot the eagle while it was still hovering over the house. This is not a common occurrence, but there are many families which have been bereaved by the death of one of their members whom the great enemy of souls has attempted to make his prey. Happy are they if the soul has been saved and only the bodily life sacrificed; too often both soul and body perish under his assaults (1 Peter 5 : 8).

A Curious Old Tree that Supports other trees is described in a Southern journal. It is stated that in Columbus, Ga., there is a china tree that grew up very tall. Several years ago the top was taken off, leaving the main trunk of the tree about twenty feet high. On the top it has become somewhat decayed, but is making up for lost life by supporting a young forest, there are several different shrubs growing on its top, among others an evergreen three or four feet in height, a blackberry bush, which has put on leaves and flowers, and a water oak which is about two inches in circumference. It is said that the spectacle is a very remarkable one, and arboriculturists take great interest in it. The old tree is a type of many lives. When God has withdrawn one of His children from active service, he is frequently able to continue his usefulness in another way, by supporting others, lifting them nearer to Heaven and sustaining them with his own stalwart spiritual growth (2 Tim. 2 : 10).

An Eruption from a Submarine Volcano is believed to have been the cause of the sudden stopping of a vessel in her course recently. The captain of the *Stella*, a vessel which arrived at Baltimore on April 15th from Germany, relates that while on his voyage, the weather fair and the sea calm, his vessel suddenly halted in her course, quivering from keel to keelson, conveying the impression to those below that the ship had struck a rock. The captain, who was below looking over his chart, at once ran on deck to ascertain the cause of the shock, and, finding the weather clear and the sea tranquil, was puzzled. Neither the chief mate, who was on the quarter-deck at the time, nor the look-out could account for the strange occurrence. The captain then ordered the heaving of the lead, but found no bottom at one hundred fathoms. The pumps were sounded and the ship found to be tight. The shock lasted only half a minute, after which the ship went on as before. The captain expresses the opinion that he had encountered a tremor or submarine volcanic eruption. The remarkable feature in the affair was that the peaceful and prosperous voyage should have thus been checked when there was no warning or visible sign of danger. It is so sometimes in the voyage of life. God often checks the course of His children as well as of the wicked by sickness, or disaster, or some other means. It is well in such cases if the check turns the thoughts to Him and the cause is faithfully and prayerfully sought (Job 33 : 17-24).

ONLY TRUST HIM! ONLY TRUST HIM!
A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

"And as He entered into a certain village, there met Him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: and they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. And when He saw them He said unto them, Go show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed."—Luke 17 : 12-14.

A Fruitful Passage—One Vital Topic—Jesus Bids Sinners Believe—In Spite of Self-Condemnation—I. The Signs Commonly Looked for—Consciousness of Sin—A Blaze of Joy—Impression of a Text—Conversion Manifest from Within—Some Singular Sensation—Excitement never Saves—The Seaman and His Anchor—II. What Reason is there to Believe?—God's Witness—Jesus Himself—God's Command—The Promise—Testimony of the Saved—III. The Issue of this Faith—An Evidence of a Saving Change—Of Reconciliation—A Delightful Consciousness of Salvation—A Grand Start in Life—Grand Faith to Die With.

SEVERAL interesting topics might fairly be found in these verses. We see here the abounding fruit of sin, for here were *ten lepers in a group*, and the abundance of divine power to meet it, for they were all cleansed. So also we see how Christ must come first, and ceremonies second; first, the works of grace, and then the outward showing of it.

The Lord's tenderness toward outcasts, His attention to prayers from a distance, and His regard for the ceremonial law so long as it was in force, might each one yield an instructive meditation. I have, however, only one thought which I wish to bring under your notice, and to press upon you, perhaps almost to repetition and monotony. That thought I would engrave as with an iron pen upon the hearts and minds of all here present who desire to find eternal salvation. May the Holy Ghost imprint it upon every living soul.

These ten lepers were required by the Saviour to perform an act of faith in Him before they had the slightest evidence in themselves that He had wrought a good work upon them. Before they began to feel their foul blood cleansed, before the horrible dryness of leprosy had yielded to healthy perspiration, they were to go toward the house in which the priest lived to be examined by him and to be pronounced clean. They were to exhibit faith in Christ Jesus's power to heal them by going to exhibit themselves as healed, though as yet they were in the same condition as before. They were to start to the place where they should be examined by the priest, believing that Jesus had healed them, or would heal them, though, as yet, they had

NO INTERNAL EVIDENCE

whatever that their flesh should become as that of a little child.

This is the point I wish to dwell upon—that the Lord Jesus Christ bids sinners believe in Him, and trust their souls to Him, though they may not yet discern in themselves any work of His grace. Just as these men were lepers, and nothing but lepers, so you may be sinners, and nothing but sinners, and yet you are bidden to exhibit faith in Jesus Christ while you are just what you are. As these men were to start straight away to the priest with all their leprosy white upon them, and to go there as if they felt they were already healed, so are you, with all your sinfulness upon you, and your sense of condemnation heavy on your soul, to believe in Jesus Christ just as you are, and you shall find everlasting life upon the spot.

Now, first, I shall notice *what signs are commonly looked for by unconverted men as reasons for believing in Christ*; which, indeed, are no reasons at all; then, secondly, I shall try to show *what is the real ground and reason for faith in Christ*; and, thirdly, *what will be the issue of a faith in Christ similar to that of the lepers*.

I. First, then, I say that we are to believe in Jesus Christ—to trust Him to heal us of the great disease of sin—though as yet we may have about us no sign or token that He has wrought any good work upon us. We are not to look for signs and evidences within ourselves before we venture our souls upon Jesus. The contrary supposition is a

soul-destroying error, and I will try to expose it by showing

WHAT ARE THE SIGNS

that are commonly looked for by men. One of the most frequent is a *consciousness of great sin*, and a horrible dread of divine wrath, leading to despair. Strange to say, we constantly meet with persons who say, "I could believe in Jesus Christ if I felt more burdened by a sense of sin. I could trust Him if I were driven more entirely to despondency and to despair; but I am not depressed enough; I am not broken-hearted enough; I am sure I am not brought low enough, and therefore I cannot trust Christ. Strange notion, that if the night were darker we should see the better! Strange idea, that if we were nearer death we should have better hope of life.

Now, my friend, you are speaking and acting in distinct disobedience to Christ; for He would have you trust Himself, not on the ground of your feeling much or little, or on the ground of your feeling anything at all, but simply because you are sick and He has come to heal you, and is abundantly able to work your cure. If you say, "Lord, I cannot trust Thee unless I feel this or that," then you, in effect, say, "*I can trust my own feelings*, but I cannot trust God's appointed Saviour." What is this but to make a god out of your feelings, and a saviour out of your inward griefs?

It comes to this—that you are making a god of your despair, and a Christ out of your horrors, and so you are setting up an antichrist in the place where Christ alone should be. Come, young friend, though you have not been terrified and alarmed and heart-broken to the extent of some, will you trust Christ with your soul, and ask no questions? I pray you, trust Jesus once for all.

"Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace;
Plead His promise, trust His grace."

Many other persons think that they must, before they can trust Christ, experience *quite a blaze of joy*. "Oh," says one, "I heard a Christian say that when he found the Saviour he was so happy that he did not know how to contain himself, and he sang like a whole band of music in one—

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Oh that I could be as full of joy as these 'happy day' people!" Just so. But what mischief will you make out of that? Are you going to find evil even in our delights? Will you feed your unbelief on the joy of the Lord? What strange perversity! "Why," you say, "must I not be happy before I can believe in Christ?" What? What? Must you needs have the joy before you exercise the faith? How unreasonable! Because we tell you that such and such a root produces a sweet fruit, will you say that you must have the fruit before you will accept the root? Surely that is bad reasoning. We who have experienced this joy came to Christ in order to obtain it, and did not wait until we found it, or else we should have waited until now. We came to Jesus *just as we were*; some of us were very wretched, but we came just as we then were, and we trusted Christ, and we were made whole. Then followed joy and peace. We have known others who have expected to have a *text impressed upon their minds*. A kind of superstition has grown up that a special scripture must, somehow or other, hover over the mind, and continue there, so that you cannot get rid of it, and then you may hope that you are saved. In old families there are

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT WHITE BIRDS

coming to a window before a death, and I regard with much the same distrust the more common superstition that if a text continues upon your mind day after day you may safely conclude that it is an assurance of your salvation. I hope I have never taught you to draw any such a conclusion. Far be it from me to assist you into a confidence which has so questionable a foundation.

The Spirit of God often does apply Scripture with power to the soul; but this fact is never set forth as the rock for us to build upon. Will you

find anything in the Bible to support the supposition that the vivid recollection of a text is a seal of conversion? It has often happened that some word of God does greatly comfort the soul; but why should you demand the same? Have you any right to say, "I will not believe God's word unless He impresses it upon me?" Is it a lie, then? "No, it is true," say you. Remember, if it is not true, an impression upon your mind would not make it true, and if it is true, why do you not believe it? If it is true, accept it.

Furthermore, I would have you remember, *it is not reading the Scripture that saves you*; it is believing in Christ. What did Christ Himself say? He said to the Bible readers of his day, "Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; but *ye will not come unto me that ye might have life*." Good as the searching of Scripture is, it is nothing without coming to Christ. You will only read your own condemnation in the Bible if you remain out of Christ. Even the Bible itself may be made into a stumbling-block if you substitute Bible-reading for closing in with Christ and putting your trust in Him. Your immediate business is to trust Jesus, and no measure of reading will compensate for neglect of faith. What if no special text of Scripture were ever laid home to your heart at all, yet here it stands, "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

THAT IS YOUR BUSINESS,

my dear hearer, if you are to get peace at once.

There is another way in which some men try to get off believing in Christ, and that is, they *expect an actual conversion to be manifest in them before they will trust the Saviour*. Now, understand that Christ has wrought salvation in no man who is unconverted. There must be a perfect turning round of us—a complete conversion from sin to holiness. But that *is* salvation, and not a preparation for salvation. Conversion is the manifestation of Christ's healing power. But you are not to have this before you trust Him; you are to trust Him for this very thing. When a man with a disease goes to an eminent physician, does he say, "Doctor, I will trust you with my case when I have reached a certain stage?" "Nay," says the physician, "if you have reached that state you will be in a fair way of healing, and you won't want me." Your wisest plan is to go to your physician just as you are; and if you can be sure that he is an infallible healer, just put yourself into his hands as if you knew nothing and he knew everything, and as if you would not have a will or way in it, but would leave yourself entirely with him. That is the thing to do with the Lord Jesus, the infallible Physician of the souls of men.

Why, you poor wretched sinner, you say, "I am not a saint. I cannot be saved." Who said you were a saint? *It is Christ's work to make you into a saint*. "Oh, but I do not repent as I should." It is Christ's work to make you repent as you should, and to Him you must come for repentance. "Oh, but

"MY HEART WON'T BREAK."

It is Christ who is to break your heart—not you who are to break it, and then come to Him with it ready broken. Come to Jesus just as you are, with your hard, stony, senseless heart, and trust that and everything else to His saving power. "I do not seem even to have a strong desire," says one. Christ Himself gives every spiritual desire by His Holy Spirit. Just where you are, and as you are, trust Christ to save you, and you shall be saved. Do not look for conversion first, but expect it as the result of faith.

We have known some who have had a very curious idea, which I can hardly put into words, namely, that if they were to be saved they would *experience some very singular sensation*. They could believe in Christ if they felt in a mysterious fashion. It is rather difficult to understand people, but when I have been talking to some inquirers I have thought that they expected even a physical sensation—a sensation within their bodies. I remember one saying to me, "Sir, I was quite sure I was saved, for I felt so light." Poor simpleton, what does it matter whether you felt light or heavy! What has that to do with it? Per-

haps you were light-headed, or half out of your mind with *absurd excitement*. Beware of such nonsense. To feel light may be interpreted into being weighed in the balances and found wanting; it is a sensation which may frighten as much as console.

"Oh," says one, "but I felt so singular." Yes, and many who are now in a lunatic asylum could say the same. What does it matter what you felt? It is not feeling that will save you. Believing on Jesus will bring you the blessings of grace; but strange feelings may be produced by what you have eaten, or by the weather, or by hysteria, or a hundred other things. Do you not know that when politics are being discussed, or when some other subject is under dispute, an earnest orator will often stir men with excitement till their flesh creeps? But what of that?

EXCITEMENT DOES NOT SAVE ANYBODY.

Many are melted to tears by a novel or a play; but what is the benefit? You may be moved with religious excitement, and half the emotion may be purely physical, and there may be nothing of the grace of God in it.

The wisest way is calmly to sit down and say, "Here is God's way of salvation—salvation through His crucified Son, Jesus Christ; and He has promised that if I trust His Son He will save me from sinning, and make a new man of me, and heal me of my spiritual diseases. I will trust Him, for I am sure that the witness of God is true." By that simple and deliberate act of faith you are saved; the power to believe your God is the evidence that the cure has begun, and begun well. If you have, indeed, trusted him, Jesus has undertaken your case, and He will save you.

The best evidence is not trusting marks, signs, evidences, inward feelings, impressions, and so on; but just getting out of that and trusting Jesus. There lies the essence of the saving change, the getting from self to the Lord God in Christ Jesus. A certain mariner has a *fine anchor*, one of the best constructed anchors ever used in the navy. He has it on board his ship, and yet it is not a pennyworth of use to him. While he has it on board his ship it does not answer the purpose of an anchor; his vessel drifts with the anchor on board. He drags it out upon the deck and looks at it. What an anchor! Would not that hold in the day of storm? He admires his anchor as if it were a mass of gold. The winds howl and the waves roar, but he feels safe with his anchor on board. Fool, this anchor is of no use to you while you can see it. A ship's anchorage cannot be in the ship itself. "Suppose I hang the anchor from the side of the vessel." It is of no use there. What must you do with it? Fling it overboard. Let it down into the deep, even to the sea-bottom. It is gone. You cannot see where it is. All right! That will do.

Now, soul, fling *your anchor of trust* overboard. Do not let it hang to your feelings, or to your impressions, or to anything that is in you; but overboard let it go, deep into the waters of infinite love, and let it get a grip on Jesus. Outside of you your hope must be; for as long as your confidence is within you, or has any dependence upon yourself, it is like an anchor on board, which can only increase the weight of the ship, but certainly cannot help it in the day of storm. There is the truth. God grant you grace to accept it.

II. And now, secondly, and as briefly as I can, I want to bring forward what the reason is for our believing in Jesus Christ. What warrant have I, as a sinner, for trusting myself with Jesus Christ? No warrant whatever within ourselves need be looked for.

THE WARRANT FOR OUR BELIEVING

Christ lies in this—first, there is *God's witness concerning His Son Jesus Christ*. God, the Everlasting Father, has set forth Christ "to be the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sin of the whole world." God the Father says to men, "I am able to forgive you justly through the death and righteousness of my Son. Trust me, and I will save you." What do you want more than that? He that believeth not hath made God a liar, because he hath not believed His witness concerning His Son. Why,

surely, if God declares a thing, you do not need further evidence.

The next warrant for our believing is *Jesus Christ Himself*. He bears witness on earth as well as the Father, and His witness is true. Consider who this Christ is whom we are bidden to trust. Look at His person. He is God, "very God of very God." Can we doubt Him? He is perfect man, and He has taken perfect manhood upon Himself for our sakes. Can we doubt Him? He has lived a perfect life. When did He ever lie? Who can charge Him with falsehood? He has died "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God;" and God has accepted the sacrifice of His dear Son. What surer proof of His truthfulness can He give us than His death for us? O trembler, why wilt thou refuse thy confidence to one so worthy of it? Canst thou doubt Calvary? Wilt thou despise the cross? Wilt thou say, "I want some other warrant for trusting Christ besides His own person and His finished work?" I feel ashamed almost to be pleading here for such a thing as this.

Still, to put this in another shape, you want to know why you are to believe; your warrant for believing lies in the fact that *God commands you to believe*. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And this commandment we have received from our Master—that we preach this Gospel unto every creature under heaven; and we do preach it in His name, commanding you in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, that ye believe in Him. This divine command is *warrant enough* for you.

Moreover, there is *the promise* made to you and to every creature, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth in Him is not condemned." Do you hear that? "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." He has eternal life, he has it now. These are promises rich and free for you. What more do you want? Oh, I know not what more I can say, when Jesus commands you, when Jesus invites you, how can you stand back? O blessed Spirit, make this plain to men and lead them to believe.

I will add only this one more thing: I dare say these poor lepers believed in Jesus because *they had heard of other lepers whom He had cleansed*. Now, here stands one before you,

A REPRESENTATIVE

of many more in this place, who, if this were a fit time, would stand up and say the same. I came to Jesus full of sin, guilty and lost, with a hard heart and a heavy spirit; and I looked to Him, trusting Him alone to save me; and He has saved me. He has changed my nature, He has blotted out my sin, and He has made me love Him, and love all that is good and true and generous, for His sake. It is not I, even I, that am left alone to tell you; but, as I have said, there are thousands in this Tabernacle, at this very hour, upon whom the same miracle of divine mercy has been wrought. Therefore trust my Lord Jesus, and you shall feel the same miracle wrought upon you. Where are you, friend, who who want so much persuading for your own good?

III. I must now close with the third point, which shall not occupy you many minutes; it is this: What is

THE ISSUE OF THIS KIND OF FAITH

that I have been preaching? This doctrine of "only trust Jesus,"—what does it lead to? This trusting in Jesus without marks, signs, evidences, tokens, what is the result and outcome of it?

The first thing that I have to say about it is this, that the very existence of such a faith as that in the soul is *evidence that there is already a saving change*. "Oh," say you, "I do not see that. How can it prove that I am a new man because I trust myself with Christ?" Consider a little: it will be an evidence of a saving change already wrought, for it will show that you have come to be obedient to Jesus, and obedient upon a matter which your proud will has long struggled against. Every man by nature kicks against simply trusting in Christ; and when at last He yields to the divine

method of mercy it is a virtual surrender of His own will, the ending of rebellion, the establishment of peace. Faith is obedience. Faith is the evidence that the warfare has been ended by unconditional surrender.

It will be an evidence, also, that you are humble; for it is pride that makes men want to do something, or to be something, in their own salvation, or to be saved in some wonderful way, that they may tell other people how wonderfully they were saved. When you are willing just to be saved like a poor, good-for-nothing sinner as you are, then you are already saved from pride. I will not compliment you; you are a good-for-nothing wretch of a sinner; and if you will trust Jesus, as a man must do who truly bears that character, it will prove that you are humble, and this will be good evidence that a change has passed over your spirit.

Again, faith in Jesus will be the best evidence that you are reconciled to God, for the worst evidence of your enmity to God is that you do not like God's way of salvation. You so much dislike God that you will not have heaven on God's terms. You, the sinner, are so much at war with God that you will go to hell rather than be saved in God's way. That is what it comes to. And when you give that up and say, "Lord, so long as I can be made whole—so long as I can be made to love Thee—I am willing to be saved anyhow," there will be evidence of a great change in you. When you cry, "Lord, I will be saved in Thine own way, and I will therefore trust Christ as Thou hast bidden me," then God and you are reconciled upon a point of the chief importance. There is no battle between you now, for you are of one mind about trusting Christ.

Now, mark you, before long, sooner or later, *you will become delightfully conscious of the fact that you are saved*. Many a man is saved, and for a time he questions the truth of the gracious work, but in due time the blessing is made clear to him. When a man trusts Jesus as these ten lepers did, and acts upon his trust, good always comes of it. See the ten men! They are going toward the priest, though they have not yet felt that they are healed. They are acting upon Christ's authority, and He will not make fools of them, for they that trust in Him shall not be ashamed nor confounded. They must start on their walk before they feel the healing; but as they are going they shall feel it.

And you, too, trusting Christ without any sense of any good thing, shall not be long before you shall feel His blessed power upon your heart. I wish to speak

MY OWN EXPERIENCE

simply to help those who are coming to Jesus. While I was coming to Christ I did not know that I was coming; and when I looked to Christ, I scarcely knew whether it was the right sort of look or no; but when I felt at last that Jesus had healed me, then I knew what I had done.

Many a man wishes he was humble, and he is humble because he does not think he is humble. Many a person sighs, "I wish I had a tender heart," but I am sure that his heart is tender because he mourns its hardness. He longs to be deeply sensitive before the Lord, but it is clear that he has a tenderness which he does not himself recognize. His ideal of tenderness is very high, and properly so, and therefore he dreads falling short of it. O my dear friend, if you trust Jesus in the dark, you shall one day enter into the light; and if you never should enjoy comfort you would still be safe—if all the way between this place and heaven you should never have a consciousness of being saved, yet if you have trusted Christ, you must and shall be saved, for He cannot possibly allow faith in Him to be exercised in vain. It is

A GRAND START IN LIFE

for you, a poor sinner, to begin by trusting Christ alone, saying, "I, without anything good in me whatever, without anything that I can lay hold of as a hope for me, do cast myself, whether I sink or swim, upon Christ Jesus the Saviour of sinners, and 'if I perish, I perish.'" This is a glorious beginning. To many a saintly life such a faith in the Lord alone has been a crowning act, and yet

you, poor sinner, may exercise this same faith while yet you are a babe in Christ. You will often have to trust in this fashion in future life, and therefore it is well to begin as you will have to keep on.

You will be brought, in business, in the family, and in the various trials of life, into such a condition that you will have to exercise a faith just of the same sort as that which you begin with; I would, therefore, have you learn the lesson while you are young. You will have to say, "Though I am weakness itself, and poverty itself, and do not see how I may be provided for, yet as the ravens and the sparrows are fed, so shall I be; and therefore I cast my nakedness upon God for clothing, and my hunger upon God for food, and my very life I cast upon Him that He may preserve it to me between the jaws of death." This is grand faith, and you must begin there, for if you do not you have not begun to build on the rock. Your first course must be the live rock, or else all will be insecure. To begin well is half the battle; mind that you get a foundation which can never be moved; for life has many trials, and woe to the man whose foundation fails him.

This is

GRAND FAITH TO DIE WITH

as well as to live with. Now the curtains are drawn and the light of the sun is shut out, and the voices of friends begin to fail, and the ear is dull, and the eye-strings break. My soul, thou art now about to launch into the unseen world. What wilt thou do now? What, indeed, but faint into the arms of thy Father and thy God! Oh, my dear hearer, if you have learned to trust at the very first because of what Jesus is, and not because of what you are, then you will know how to die; for standing there, in the prospect of the great account, or rather lying there upon the bed, in prospect of the Lord's coming, fears will come, and doubts will come, and terrors will come, if you are looking within, or looking back upon your past life and trying to find a reliance there. But if you can say, "My Saviour, into Thy hands I commit my spirit; my naked soul I put into Thy pierced hands again," then may you breathe your last in peace, knowing whom you have believed, and being persuaded that He is able to keep that which you have committed to Him until that day.

When John Hyatt lay a-dying, one of his friends said, "Mr. Hyatt, can you trust your soul with Jesus now?" "Man," said he, "trust Him with one soul? That is nothing. *I could trust Him with a million souls* if I had them. I know that He is able to save all who trust Him." I want you to begin, then, as these poor lepers did, by just taking Christ at His word, and going your way in the strength of that word before you feel any hopeful change within. In this fashion when you come to die you may look out for glory and expect it though the brilliance has not yet transfigured you.

Before you pass the gates of pearl, or cross the chilly sea, you may enjoy the sight of the beatific vision by an unshattering faith. Hope that is seen is not hope; but glorious is the faith which seeth Him who is invisible, and grasps the substance of the things not seen as yet. By this power I even now anticipate the joys of the upper skies. Try, beloved, to do the same. O for more faith! It will be grand to know all heaven, though you have not seen it and felt it, because you knew and trusted the Lord of heaven. Hitherto you have found the promise true; now trust the Lord for glory as once you trusted Him for grace, and you shall find ere long that His richest promises are sure. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



A Missionary's Visit to a Chinese Hotel.

THE CHINESE INN.

MR. C. H. JUDD, of the China Inland Mission, describing a six days' preaching tour in China, says: "Our first night's resting place was at a small hamlet of about five houses, with others at a distance. We sat down in a little store; some cakes of plain rice, with a little sugar, formed my evening meal. Having omitted our dinner, we had the best of sauce—a good appetite—which made the cakes seem very nice.

"Before we had finished our supper, we found a considerable number of men and women (chiefly the latter), with children, seated on rows of seats, placed for the purpose by our host, who quietly said, 'Do not hurry over your suppers, gentlemen; but when you have done, these people will like to hear your doctrine.'

"The Chinese inn in which we were seated was open to the street. There was a high shed, under which the people sat, with such patience and evident attention, for about an hour, as I have seldom seen. The meeting over, the people dispersed to their cottages by moonlight; and we sat down in the little store for evening worship, greatly to the amazement of a few listeners. After this we retired to our bed-room, which was about six feet by four, built of unburnt mud bricks, and having no window—for which, however, there was no need by day, as plenty of light came through the holes and tiling; and, of course, there was plenty of ventilation. Wrapped in my Chinese bed I lay down; a day's walk and happy work gave such sweet sleep that it was not long before I knew not whether I was on a downy bed in England, or on hard boards in a Chinese hovel.

"The second night's bedroom was similar, with the only addition of a cesspool, which drained a pig-stye, within two feet of our bedroom door, and a straw-platted mattress to soften our bed.

"One evening we could not obtain an empty room, and therefore slept in a small thatched store built of rushes and poles. The sound of a few fowls in a hamper near my head told of more than human lodgers taken in there. In some villages neither meat nor fish could be had; but our

friends would hardly believe how good a basin of rice, with greens and bean curd, tastes, after a long journey over the hills. These hints may be useful to any who think that missionary life in China is a nice romance."

A WORLDLING'S SUNDAY AND ITS SEQUENCE.

"I CAN'T come to-day, Ruth. Papa expects company. You must excuse me coming with you to your district to-day."

The speaker, seated on the sofa, was a beautiful young lady, about twenty years of age, and the person she addressed was an old companion and schoolfellow, a year or two younger. Alice Mayburn was the only child of a wealthy city merchant, and as Mrs. Mayburn had been dead some years, Alice had become the very apple of her father's eye. No expense had been spared in her education, and her every whim, whether in matters of dress or of amusement, was freely indulged. While her mother lived Alice had been taught to walk steadfastly in the footsteps of Jesus; but Mr. Mayburn, although upright and honorable, was a man of the world. Alice herself was amiable and generous, but, like her father, she found her happiness more in the things of this life than in those of the life to come.

A very different person was Ruth Halford, and very different were her circumstances. Her father, a poor curate, in a poor and most densely populated parish, fell sick one day, after visiting a laborer's fever-stricken family, and in a few days his disease reached a crisis and he died. His devoted wife never left his bedside while he lived. The day after his funeral she was stricken by the pestilence, and that day week she lay side by side with her husband in the cold earth. Ruth was the eldest of three children, and when her mother died she was but sixteen years of age. She, and her two younger sisters were not left wholly destitute. The kindly vicar commenced a subscription, and the congregation contributed according to their means. But their means were scanty, and when

all was done Ruth found that a life of hard work was before her. She did not shrink from her duty. Though young, she had, happily acquired some of her father's solid attainments, and so was able, by daily teaching, to earn enough to keep both herself and her sisters respectably.

Alice Mayburn and she had been school-fellows and companions in her better days, and they had remained true and fast friends throughout the two years that had elapsed since then. In spite of her pressing cares, Ruth found some time for missionary work among the poor in her father's parish, and, among other things, to distribute tracts through a city district on Sunday afternoons. Anxious to lead her worldly-minded friend, Miss Mayburn, to the Fountain of Life, if haply she might drink thereof, Ruth had persuaded Alice to take part in the work. Alice's heart, however, was never in it—it was an irksome task, and not a labor of love. Ruth saw this, and, therefore, called for Alice each Sunday afternoon, on her way to the district.

"I can't come to-day," said Alice, when Ruth called on this particular Sunday. "I can't come to-day: papa expects company."

"But my dear," responded Ruth; "does your papa *desire* you to remain away to-day?"

"Well, he does not exactly *desire* it," replied Alice, a trifle peevishly; "but he does not *object*. And I am going to stay at home because I have taken a fancy to do so."

"Alice! Alice!" exclaimed Ruth hurriedly, "pray do not talk like that! You know it is only my love for you that makes me concerned about you. Why are you dressed so to-day? Who are the visitors your papa expects?"

"My dear Ruth," said Alice, moved by her friend's evident anxiety, "do not distress yourself on my account. There is no cause for alarm. My father's visitors," she added, with a touch of stateliness, "are gentlemen!"

"Alice," replied her old school-fellow seriously; "I am sure a Sunday afternoon spent in worldly society is not well spent. Good-bye now, dear; it is time for me to go."

So saying, Ruth Halford hurried off praying all the way for Alice Mayburn's soul.

* * * * *

Twelve years have rolled by, and Ruth Halford is now a happy wife and mother. It is a wild wintry night, the wind whistling shrilly among the house-tops, and the blinding rain pattering thick and fast upon the window panes.

"Please, ma'am," said the parlor-maid, opening the drawing-room door, "there is a woman down stairs who wishes to see you."

The next minute she was in the hall.

"Mrs. Marriott," said the woman, huskily, shading her face with her hand, "I have come to you to tell you—" But she could get no further. A violent fit of coughing seized her, shaking her thinly-clad frame much as the howling wind outside was shaking the leafless branches of the trees. Ruth led her gently into a side-room, and seated her before the fire. Then tenderly removing the cold white hands from the cold white face, she uttered a low cry of pain and fell upon the woman's bosom.

"Oh! Alice! Alice!" she exclaimed. "Why did you not come to me before? You are ill! you are very ill! Oh, why did you not come to me before?"

"I am ill, very ill," echoed her visitor. "I am dying. And why should I come to you before? To tell you of my father's bankruptcy and death, of my husband being a swindler, of I being a—"

"Oh, hush! hush!" implored Ruth. "Spare yourself now. When you are stronger you shall tell me all. Do not weep, there is a refuge for the weary and the bereaved still open to you."

"Oh, you know not what you ask," groaned Alice, "religion is not for such as I am. It would be shameful having turned from God in my prosperity, if I went to Him now that I am poor."

"They that are whole," quoted Ruth, "have no need of a physician, but they that are sick."

Here a violent fit of coughing seized the poor outcast and it seemed as if her life were near the close. When she ceased coughing, her weakness and prostration were pitiful to witness, and after administering to her some simple remedies Ruth conducted her to her own chamber and in a few minutes had the pleasure of seeing her fall into a childlike sleep.

Ruth was in her friend's room with the morning light arranging clothing of her own for Alice's use, and when an hour afterward she descended to the breakfast room the wanderer of the night before was unrecognizable. Very delicately and with much consideration Ruth drew from Alice the details of her sad story, very pitiful both in its sorrows and its sins.

Alice never left her friend's house while she lived. She seemed at one time to be on the way to recovery, but the hopes entertained of her life were delusive. She faded away and was soon unable to leave her room. But as health and strength declined, her faith grew from the trembling flickering spark to a bright flame, which shone with increasing brilliancy to the hour of her death. Her life from that memorable Sunday when she chose pleasure before duty had been a series of struggles



Alice Prefers to Remain at Home.

after happiness, she had drunk the cup of the world's delights to the bitter dregs, but it was not until the world had used her and cast her out that she found real happiness and then it was in the love of Him who overcame the world.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 271.)

A Glimpse into Paradise.

"Do you want anything, my good man?" asked the bookseller quietly of Roland Sefton.

"There are some books in the window by Mrs. Roland Sefton," he said, "how much are they?"

"That is the six shilling edition."

Jean Merle was on the point of saying he would take them all, but he checked himself. He must possess them all, and read every line that Felicitas had ever written, but not now, and not here.

"Which do you think is the best?" he asked.

"They are all good," was the answer; "we are very proud of Mrs. Roland Sefton, who belongs to Riversborough. That is her great uncle yonder, the first Lord Riversford; and she married a prominent townsman, Roland Sefton."

"She is famous then?" said Jean Merle.

"She has won her rank as an author," replied the bookseller. "I knew her husband well, and he always foretold that she would make her mark; and she has. He died fourteen years ago; and, strange to say, there was something about your step as you came in which reminded me of him. Do you belong to Riversborough?"

"No," he answered; "but my name is Jean Merle, and I am related to Madame Sefton, his mother. I suppose there is some of the same blood in Roland Sefton and me."

"That is it," said the bookseller cordially. "I thought you were a foreigner, though you speak English so well."

"There was some mystery about Roland Sefton's death?" remarked Jean Merle.

"No, no; at least not much," was the answer.

"He went away on a long holiday, unluckily without announcing it, on account of bank business; though Mr. Clifford, the senior partner, was on his way to take charge of affairs. There was but one day between Roland Sefton's departure and Mr. Clifford's arrival, but during that very day, for some reason or other unknown, the head clerk committed suicide, and there was a panic and a run upon the bank. Unfortunately there was no means of writing to Sefton, who had started for the continent."

"Mr. Clifford did not see any necessity for his return; but just as his six months' absence was over—not all holiday, as folks said, for there was foreign business to see after—he died by accident in Switzerland. I know the truth better than most people; for Mr. Clifford came here often, and dropped many a hint. Some persons still say the police were seeking for Roland; but that is not true. It was an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances."

"You knew him well?" said Jean Merle.

"Yes; we were school-fellows and friends," answered the bookseller, "and a finer fellow never

breathed. He was always eager to get on, and to help other people on. We have not had such a public-spirited man among us since he died. It cuts me to the heart when anybody pretends that he absconded. Absconded! Why! there were dozens of us who would have made him welcome to every penny we could command. But I own appearances were against him, and he never came back to clear them up, and prove his innocence."

"And this is his wife's best book," said Jean Merle, holding it with shaking, nerveless hands. Felicitas's book! The tears burned under his eyelids as he looked down on it.

"I won't say it is the best; it is my favorite," replied the bookseller. "Her son, Felix Sefton, a clergyman now, was in here yesterday, asking the same question. If you are related to Madame Sefton, you'll be very welcome at the Old Bank; and you'll find both of Madame's grand-children visiting old Mr. Clifford. I'll send one of my boys to show you the house."

"Not now," said Jean Merle. If Mr. Clifford was yet living he must be careful what risks he ran. Hatred has eyes as keen as love; and if any one could break through his secret it would be the implacable old man, who had still the power of sending him to a convict prison.

A shudder ran through him at the dread idea of detection. What would it be to Felicitas now, when her name was famous, to have it dragged down to ignominy and utter disgrace? The dishonor would be a hundred-fold the greater for the fair reputation she had won, and the popularity she had secured. And her children too! Worse for them past all words would it be than if they were still little creatures, ignorant of the value of the world's opinion. He bade the bookseller good-morning, and threaded his way through many alleys and by-lanes of the old town until he reached a ferry and a boat-house, where many a boat lay ready for him, as they had always done when he

was a boy. He seated himself in one of them, and taking the oars, fell down with the current to the willows under the garden-wall of his old home.

He steered his boat aside into a small creek, where the willow-wands grew tall and thick, from which he could see the whole river frontage of the old house. Was there any change in it? His keen, despairing gaze could not detect one. The high tilted gables in the roof stood out clear against the sky, with their spiral wooden rods projecting above them. The oriel window cast its slowly moving shadow on the half-timber walls; and the many lattice casements, with their small diamond-shaped panes, glistened in the sun as in the days gone by. The garden-plots were unchanged, and the smooth turf on the terraces was as green and soft as when he ran at his mother's side along them.

The old house brought to his mind his mother rather than his wife. It was full of associations and memories of her, with her sweet, humble, self-sacrificing nature. There was repose and healing in the very thought of her, which seemed to touch his anguish with a strong and soothing hand. Was there an echo of her voice still lingering for him about the old spot where he had listened to it so often? Could he hear her calling to him by his name, the name he had buried irrecoverably in a foreign grave? For the first time for many years he bent down his face upon his hands, and wept many tears; not bitter ones, full of grief as they were. His mother was dead; he had not wept for her till now.

Presently there came upon the summer silence the sound of a young, clear, laughing voice, calling "Phebe"; and he lifted up his head to look once more at the house. An old man, with silvery white hair was pacing slowly to and fro on the upper terrace, and a slight girlish figure was beside him. That was old Clifford, his enemy; but could that girl be Hilda? A face looked out of one of the windows, smiling down upon this young girl, which he knew again as Phebe Marlowe's. By-and-by she came down to the terrace, with a tall, fine-looking young man walking beside her; and all three, bidding farewell to the old man, descended from terrace to terrace, becoming every minute more distinct to his eyes.

Yes, there was Phebe; and these others must be his girl Hilda and his son Felix. They were near to him, every word they spoke reached his ears, and penetrated to his heart. They seemed more beautiful, more perfect than any young creatures he had ever beheld. He listened to them unfastening the chain which secured the boat, and to the creaking of the row-locks as they fitted the oars into them. It was as if one of his own long-lost days was come back again to earth, when he had sat where Felix was now sitting, with Felicita instead of Hilda dipping her little white hand into the water. He had scarcely eyes for Phebe; but he was conscious that she was there, for Hilda was speaking to her in a low voice which just reached him. "See," she said, "that man has one of my mother's books! And he is quite a common man!"

"As much a common man, perhaps, as I am a common woman," answered Phebe, in a gentle though half-reproving tone.

As long as his eyes could see them they were fastened upon the receding boat; and long after he gazed in the direction in which they had gone. He had had the passing glimpse he longed for into the Paradise he had forfeited. This was his place, appointed to him by God, where he could have served God best, and served Him in as perfect gladness and freedom as the earth gives to any of her children. What lot could have been more blessed? The lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places; he had had a goodly heritage, and he had lost it through grasping dishonestly at a larger share of what this world called success. The madness and the folly of his sin smote him with unutterable bitterness.

He could bear to look at it no longer. The yearning he had felt to see his old home was satisfied; but the satisfaction seemed an increase of sorrow. He would not wait to witness the return of his children. The old man was gone into the house, and the garden was quiet and deserted.

With weary strokes he rowed back again up the river; and with a heavier weight of sorrow and a keener consciousness of sin he made his way through the streets so familiar to his tread. It was as if no eye saw him, and no heart warmed to him in his native town. He was a stranger in a strange place; there was none to say to him, here or elsewhere on earth, "You are one of us."

There was one other place he must see before he went out again from this region of many memories, to which all that he could call life was linked—the little farmstead on the hills, which, of all places, had been his favorite haunt when a boy, and which had been the last spot he had visited before fleeing from England. Phebe Marlowe he had seen; if he went away at once he could see her home before her return to it. Next to his mother and his wife, he knew that Phebe was most likely to recognize him, if recognition by any one was possible. Most likely old Marlowe was dead; but if not, his senses would surely be too dull to detect him.

The long, hot, white highway, dusty with a week's drought, carried back his thoughts so fully to old times that he walked on unconscious of the noontide heat and the sultriness of the road. Yet when he came to the lanes, green overhead and underfoot, and as silent as the mountain-heights round Engelberg, he felt the solace of the change. All the recollections treasured up in the secret cells of memory were springing into light at every step; and these were remembrances less bitter than those the sight of his lost home had called to mind.

He felt himself less of a phantom here, where no one met him or crossed his path, than in the streets where many faces looking blankly at him wore the well-known features of old comrades. By the time he gained the moorland, and looked across its purple heather and yellow gorse, his mind was in a healthier mood than it had been for years. The low thatched roof of the small homestead, and the stunted and twisted trees surrounding it, seemed like a possible refuge to him, where for a little while he might find shelter from the storm of life. He pressed on with eagerness, and found himself quickly at the door, which he had never found fastened against him.

But it was locked now. After knocking twice he tried the latch, but it did not open. He went to the little window, uncurtained as usual, and peered in, but all was still and dark; there was not a glimmer of light on the hearth, where he had always seen some glimmering embers. There was no sign of life about the place; no dog barking, no sheep bleating, or fowls fluttering about the little farm-yard. All the innocent, joyous gayety of the place had vanished; yet he could see that it was not falling into decay; the thatch was in repair, the dark interior, dimly visible through the window, was as it used to be. It was not a ruin, but neither was it a home. A home might have received him within its hospitable walls, or a ruin might have given him an hour's shelter. But Phebe's door was shut against him, though he felt it would have done him good to stand within it once more, a penitent man.

He was turning away sadly, when a loud rustic voice called to him; and Simon Nixey, almost hidden under a huge load of dried ferns, came into sight. Jean Merle stepped down the stone causeway of the farmyard to open the gate for him.

"What are you doing here?" Simon inquired suspiciously.

"A wood-carver, called old Marlowe, used to live here," he answered, "what has become of him?"

"Dead!" said Simon; "dead this many a year. Why, if you know anything, you ought to know that."

"What did he die of?" asked Jean Merle.

"A broken heart, if ever man did," answered Simon; "he'd saved a mint o' money by scraping and moiling; and he lost it all when there was a run on the Old Bank over thirteen years ago. He couldn't talk about it like other folks, poor old Dummy! and it struck inwards, as you may say. It killed him as certain as if they'd shot a bullet into him."

Jean Merle staggered as if Simon had struck him a heavy blow. He had no thought of anything like this, old Marlowe dying broken-hearted, and Phebe left alone in the world. Simon Nixey seemed pleased at the impression his words had produced.

"Ay!" he said, "it was hard on old Marlowe; and it drove my cousin, John Nixey, into desperate ways o' drinking. Not but all the money was paid up; only it was too late for them two. Every penny was paid, so as folks had nothing to say against the Old Bank. Only money won't bring a dead man back to life again. I offered Phebe to make her my wife before I knew it 'ud be paid back; but she always said no, till I grew tired of it, and married somebody else."

"And where is she now?" inquired Jean Merle.

"Oh! she's quite the fine lady," answered Simon. "Mrs. Roland Sefton, Lord Riversford's daughter that was, took quite a fancy to her, and had her to live with her in London; not as a servant, you know, but as a friend; and she paints pictures wonderful. My mother, who lives house-keeper with Mr. Clifford, hears say she can get sixty pounds or more for one likeness. Think of that now! If she'd been my wife what a fortune she'd have been to me."

"Has she sold this place?" asked Jean Merle.

"There it is," he replied; "she gave her father a faithful promise never to part with it, or I'd have bought it myself. She comes here once a year with Miss Hilda and Mr. Felix, and they stay a week or two; and it's shut up all the rest of the time. I've got the key here if you'd like to look inside at old Dummy's carving."

(To be continued.)

THE INTERVAL BETWEEN THE TWO STAGES OF THE ADVENT OF OUR LORD.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B., Rector of Middleton and Canon of Cloyne.

Two Stages in Christ's Second Advent Undoubted—Will there be an Interval between Them?—The Question Answered Affirmatively—Direct Arguments in its Favor—From Analogy—Necessity for Presumed Interval—One Aspect of Christ's Coming is Its Suddenness—Events Antecedent to the Second Stage of the Advent—A Difficulty Solved—Scripture References in Proof—The First Resurrection—The Translation before the Tribulation—The "Days of Noah"—Inferred Reasons for the Interval.

(Continued from page 271.)

THE NECESSITY FOR SUCH AN INTERVAL.

Now if, in what I have thus far advanced, I have at all succeeded in removing the objections to, and in intimating first the *possibility*, and in the next place the *probability*, of the occurrence of an interval between the two stages of the Advent—I shall have so far cleared the way for more positive argument for the *necessity* of such an interval, and for further and more direct proof that such will actually occur.

The argument which first brought conviction to my own mind as to the necessity for this interval, and the certainty of its occurrence, is as follows:

When we take up the words of our blessed Lord Himself upon the subject of His Second Advent, viewed, as we should at all times endeavor to view it, in its solemn, searching, personal, practical application to ourselves, we find an Advent put before us for the sudden occurrence of which we are to be ever and always on the watch, as an event which may on any day, at any hour, at any moment, take place, and of which He solemnly warns us that when it does take place, it will be "at such an hour as we think not." (Luke 12:40.) He will come, He tells us, to raise dead saints and to change living ones, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." He will come to do this, with a suddenness upon His part, and an absence of foreknowledge upon theirs, which will find "two women grinding together at the same millstone," "two men working together in the same field," of whom one, being ready, will be "taken"; the other, being unready, will be "left." "Behold!" He says, "I come as a thief." Therefore, He bids us to be *ever* on the watch for His coming, "with our loins girt about and our lamps burn-

ing," in an attitude of unremitting expectancy, "like men who wait for the coming of their Lord when He will return from the wedding, that when He comes and knocks they may open to Him immediately."

ONE ASPECT OF CHRIST'S COMING.

He speaks of a coming of which He expressly forewarns us that it may take place "in the second watch or in the third watch." (See Luke 12 : 35-40.) He says, further, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, at midnight, at cock-crowing, or in the morning, lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping." (Mark 13 : 35-37.) Here is one aspect of the Advent. But it is not the only one. We also find our blessed Lord speaking of His Second Coming thus : "Immediately, *after* the tribulation of these days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers that are in the heavens shall be shaken" (very sure and solemn premonitory signals, these), "and *then* shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and *then* shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (no suddenness, no unexpectedness here !)

We have, further, in exact accordance with this language, the prediction of the Advent (Zechariah 14), when He comes at a time at which, after the Jews shall have been restored to Jerusalem, all nations shall be gathered in siege against them, and when, in the midst of this siege, He shall descend, and all His previously translated saints with Him, and "His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives." We have, exactly corresponding with this, the prophecy of Enoch, as recorded in the epistle of Jude, of the descent of the Lord, accompanied by His saints, in overwhelming judgment upon the world of the ungodly. And we have, lastly, the perfectly accordant prediction in Revelation 19 of the descent from the open heavens of the Son of God, followed by "the armies in heaven," to tread the winepress of His wrath, and to crush and destroy the last Antichrist and all His adherents with a judgment, the account of which is more than enough to make us shudder as we read it.

THE SECOND STAGE OF THE ADVENT.

Here is another and very different aspect of the Advent. I ask any unprejudiced person, Is it conceivable that these two stages of the Second Advent should be simultaneous? Is it not *probable* that there should be *some*, is it at all likely, or almost *possible* that there should be *no* interval between them? If there be *no* interval between them, if, unlike the First, the Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ be altogether one event, which is in its entirety to take place in a very brief period of time, then, and here to my mind is the incontrovertible point in our argument—we are solemnly bidden and enjoined to watch for, and to be in hourly expectation of, an Advent between which and us nevertheless there are several predicted events, such as the restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem, the exceeding great tribulation, the portentous signs in sun and moon and stars, the gathering of the armies of the nations in siege against Jerusalem—which must each and all occur before this Advent can possibly take place ; and not only none of which events had occurred before our blessed Lord gave utterance to these exhortations to watchfulness and expectancy, but none of which have as yet occurred : *all of which are as yet in the future.*

If this indeed be so, it is manifestly and utterly *impossible* for us to comply with these injunctions of our Lord to incessant watchfulness—just as impossible as it would be for us now, in the mid-winter to expect and to watch for the coming harvest. We know that the harvest will come, but we know that the winds of March, the showers of April, the verdure of May, the sunshine of June, the heat of July, are all between us and that harvest, and therefore to watch for and expect it now would be the height of foolishness. Not less foolish would it be for us to watch for and expect the Second Advent now, if we are to believe that there are several predicted events, each one of which must

occupy more or less time in its accomplishment, and all of which are put between us and it in the unerring Word of God. Yet to regard His Second Coming as an event which may happen any day, or hour or moment, is, as we have seen, expressly a duty enjoined upon us by the Lord Himself, and in the non-performance of which, if so be that we do not perform it, we are positively disobedient to His will, and lay ourselves open to loss.

THE ONLY SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY arising from such a view of the Advent—the only alternative that I can conceive possible between the view, on the one hand, which blindly and ignorantly overlooks and ignores the events which are positively affirmed to precede the Lord's return to the earth—and the view, on the other hand, which, recognizing these events, and regarding them as intervening between us and His coming, thereby renders all watchfulness and all expectancy of the character which He has himself enjoined, altogether out of the question. 'Tis simply this—that the stage of His Advent which we are bidden thus always to watch for and to expect, is that *first stage* of His coming for His saints to the air, and between which and us there is no necessarily intervening occurrence whatsoever ; while between this first stage, always thus imminent, and His *subsequent descent with His saints* in judgment to the earth, there will be an interval unrevealed, and possibly of no very brief duration—during which interval all the, up to that time, unfulfilled prophecies of events which are to precede the commencement of His righteous reign over this world shall be, every one of them, *exhaustively fulfilled*. Thus do we arrive, as it seems to me, at the *actual necessity* for that interval between these two stages in the Second Advent, which is the subject of our consideration at present.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES IN PROOF.

I shall now conclude with a brief reference to some few passages of God's blessed Word, which seem to me to intimate, and that not obscurely, the occurrence of such an interval, as also to shed happy light upon its purpose with regard to Christ's believing people. I refer in the first instance to Isaiah 26 : 19-21.

We find here a prophetic address to the Jewish nation, concerning true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ among them, "Thy dead shall live, My dead body shall they arise." So closely united to the Lord are these dead members of the Jewish nation, that He regards them and speaks of them as "His dead body," members of His mystical body, which, while they continue in the grave, He regards as still dead—not yet brought to life.

The address then continues, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for your dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead,"—language which proves that it is a *literal* resurrection which is here spoken of—the resurrection of the dead in Christ, which shall take place at that first stage of His Advent, His coming for His saints to the air, to which the Lord here refers.

He then addresses a further summons to these risen saints, "Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee—hide thee, as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast, for the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." Unless this summons to a place of refuge and safety during the execution of judgments upon the earth, and addressed to risen saints, refer to their being caught up to the Lord to the air, there to abide with Him in safety during the intervening period of the great tribulation, and before His final descent with them in judgment upon the earth, I can form no idea of what the passage refers to, or of how it is to be interpreted or fulfilled.

THE TRANSLATION BEFORE THE TRIBULATION.

Again in Luke, chapter 21, after our Lord has foretold the tribulation, the wrath, the judgments, the fearful signs and portents which shall precede His Advent to the earth, we read the exhortation, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be counted worthy to escape (Greek, fly out of) all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (verse 36). The Greek word here employed is, I submit, such as to

exclude the possibility of the escape from these things being effected as some have supposed, by being preserved in safety in the midst of them :—while the last clause of the passage, "And to stand before the Son of Man," would seem not uncertainly to indicate the nature of the escape, and the place of safety, which the subjects of this escape are to occupy above, while all these things are coming to pass below.

In apparent conformity with this injunction, we meet with the promise (Rev. 3 : 10) "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will keep thee from the hour of trial, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth."

THE "DAYS OF NOAH."

Again, in Luke 17 : 26, 37, we find a striking analogy instituted by our blessed Lord between the days of Noah and those of the coming of the Son of Man, one feature of which in the latter He affirms to be the taking of the one, and the leaving of the other, of the two in the bed, and at the mill, and in the field. In looking for a parallel in this respect, between the days of Noah and the period of the Advent, we find that *there was an interval of seven days* between the summons addressed to Noah by the Lord to enter into the ark, and all his household with him, and the outpouring of the waters of the flood upon the earth (Genesis 7 : 1, 10). It seems worthy of notice that St. Peter, also speaking of the resemblance between these two periods, says (2 Peter 2 : 4-9), "If God spared not the old world, but saved Noah, the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of trial, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished."

INFERRED REASONS.

Once more, turning to the book of Revelation, we are shown, in chapters 4 and 5, "in the midst of the throne and round about the throne" of the Lord a company, not of disembodied spirits, for they sit upon thrones and have crowns of gold upon their heads, but of embodied, risen, glorified saints, singing a new song to Him who has "redeemed them by His blood out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, and has made them kings and priests unto God," and adding that they shall "reign on the earth." All this, be it specially noticed, *before yet one of the seven judgment seals of the Apocalypse has been broken—one of its seven woe trumpets has been sounded, or one of its seven vials of wrath has been poured out.* This would seem to be the last link in the chain of, it may be indirect, but not for that reason, inconclusive evidence, not only that there will be such an interval as that which we are considering between the two stages in the Second Advent of our Lord ; but also that one of the blessed purposes of this interval will be the delivering and sheltering of His people from the scenes of "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," which shall then be about to be enacted upon the earth, when, in accordance with the fearfully expressive language of the same book, "Men shall seek death, but shall not find it, and shall desire to die, but death shall flee from them."

Another purpose of this interval would seem to be that of the Lord's reckoning with His servants—as represented in the parables of the talents and the pounds, and assigning to them their several positions of office and authority in His kingdom, prior to their actual entrance into, and taking possession of it, with Him ; and, further, the public completion and ratification of the union between them and Him which is spoken of as "the marriage of the Lamb," and which it is clearly intimated will take place above, and not upon this earth. I have thus endeavored to set forth, as it has presented itself to me, the line of argument whereby a searcher of the Scriptures upon the subject of the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, may satisfy himself that an interval of unrevealed duration is to occur between the Advent to the air and the Advent to the earth. The importance of the question in its bearing upon that Advent and the events connected with and consequent upon it, and more especially in its bearing upon our own personal position of watchfulness therefore, can scarcely be overrated, and must be evident to all who give any thought or attention to the subject.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Lieutenant Danenhower, of the Jeannette Expedition, arrived in Moscow on Saturday, and after a day's rest set out for St. Petersburg. It is expected that while in that city he will undergo an operation upon his eyes. The Siberian doctors informed him that the left eye would have to be removed, as its recovery was hopeless, and unless it was taken out it would probably cause the loss of sight in the other eye. He was able to give to a New York *Herald* correspondent a graphic narrative of the first year of the Jeannette's voyage, from which it appears that the hardships the explorers underwent, the tedium of their lives, and the constant danger they were in of being crushed by the ice, which pressed and ground the sides of the vessel, made the expedition one of the most remarkable in the annals of Arctic exploration. During the long Arctic night, which lasted from November 10th to January 25th, various expedients were resorted to to amuse the men and prevent them becoming dispirited. Lieutenant Danenhower says "the discipline of the ship was excellent, and during the whole twenty-one months in the pack there was but one punishment given, and *that was for profanity*." No intelligence has yet been received from the party searching for Captain De Long and his men.

The Financial Statement of Great Britain is always anticipated with some interest, it being regarded as one of the safest indications of the European trade and prospects. Mr. Gladstone on April 24th delivered his annual speech on the subject. He stated that the surplus of revenue over expenditure for the past year had been equivalent to \$1,760,000. The revenue from tea had increased, while that from *beer had fallen below the estimate*. The total revenue of the year amounted to \$430,950,000. The increased cost of the army and police for duty in Ireland had been \$2,250,000 over that of the previous year. Mr. Gladstone said *the Americans had shown extraordinary vigor and fortitude* in reducing their debt and in bearing heavy taxation for that purpose. He thought English modern history was hardly so creditable. Mr. Gladstone quoted statistics showing that in 1879-80 *fifty-one per cent of the revenue was raised from alcohol*, whereas during the past year only forty-three per cent was realized from that source. Meanwhile, although wages were lower than in the very prosperous year of 1872, the deposits in savings banks were larger. He stated that the national debt had been reduced by \$35,845,000 during the year.

The Execution of Dr. Lamson, the American physician convicted of murdering his wife's brother, in England, took place on Friday, April 28th. The prisoner had been twice respited at President Arthur's request, in order to afford opportunity for transmitting evidence of his insanity from this country. When it arrived, however, it failed to satisfy the British authorities that Dr. Lamson merited clemency, and he was accordingly hanged. Previous to his execution he wrote a letter confessing that he was guilty of the murder, but attributing his act to mental disease produced by *indulgence in morphia*, the drug which is now so freely used in American society. He forwarded a request to the authorities that his body might be dissected in order that a scientific examination of the effects of morphia might be made, but the request was denied and his body was buried in the jail yard according to the English custom.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cowper, has resigned, and Earl Spencer has been appointed to succeed him. The change is regarded as a hopeful sign by the Irish leaders. It is well known that Lord Spencer is opposed to coercion, and his appointment encourages hope that the system will be abandoned. Administered as it has been by the government, the coercion act has irritated the people while it has failed of its purpose in stopping the outrages. There are other indications of a change of principle in the government's policy. Among them are Mr. Gladstone's remarks on the bill prepared by Mr. Parnell and introduced in the House of Commons on his behalf of Mr. Redmond. Its object is to extend the benefits of the Land Act. Mr. Gladstone said the

Land Act must not be disturbed; but this opinion did not apply to the purchase and arrears clauses of it. The latter clause certainly *fell far short of its object* and should be legislated upon early in the present session. The government would approach the question impartially, listening to the suggestions of all qualified persons, and settling the question effectually. He praised the system for settling arrears sketched in the Irish bill, and said he knew that many landlords thought a settlement should be compulsory. He considered that relief should take the form of a gift and not that of a loan. Mr. Gladstone stated that he would discuss the purchase clauses on Mr. Smith's motion. He said he saw in the Irish bill *the first gleam of hope on a dark subject*, for, although he was confident of the power of the empire, compulsion, he declared was completely alien to the spirit of the constitution.

A Serious Crisis in the Affairs of Zululand is reported. The London *News* states that a deputation of Zulus, numbering one thousand persons, and including three brothers of Cetewayo, is awaiting an audience with the Governor to protest against the authority of John Dunn. Great care is necessary to prevent terrible bloodshed. Another despatch states that Governor Sir Henry Bulwer has declined to see the deputation of Zulus and has directed them to return home. John Dunn is the Englishman who became a Zulu chief after the war, and was charged before the war with having supplied the Zulus with arms and liquor.

Araby Bey, who was Formerly the Leader of the Egyptian Insurgents, but who now holds office as Secretary of War, has assumed a friendly attitude toward the representatives of the foreign Powers. The London *Times* publishes a letter from him to the British Consul at Cairo, dated April 6th, in which he declares that the European control will not be hindered in the discharge of its duty. It never has been the intention of the Egyptian Ministry, he says, to touch the rights of the controllers or trespass upon any international treaty. All rumors spread in Europe about excessive military expenditure in Egypt are unfounded.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has so far Recovered from his recent illness as to be able to resume his duties. He preached on April 9th, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle to a crowded congregation. The report of his sermon has been delayed in arriving at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, until too late for publication this week, but will appear in our next issue.

Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., the Philanthropic friend of young men, made an eloquent appeal for temperance on April 4th, at a large meeting in Exeter Hall, London. He said that during his fifty years' experience of the city he had witnessed the social ruin of many young men through giving way to the temptation of drink, men who started life with equally as good prospects as he had. Speaking as a magistrate, he said he had not the least doubt of the essential soundness of the principle of local option; and he knew that Mr. Gladstone had arrived at the conclusion that some substantial measure was requisite to diminish existing temptations to drink, and to render less numerous, obnoxious, and obtrusive those traps and pitfalls into which not only young men but men of all ages and classes too readily fell. Public-houses were far too numerous. Short of seeing them abolished altogether, which he heartily wished, he should like to see them greatly reduced. In the city of Bristol the proportion of public-houses to other houses was as 1 to 30, and as 1 to every 200 inhabitants.

The Marriage of Prince Leopold, the Youngest son of Queen Victoria, with the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, was solemnized on Thursday, April 27th, at Windsor. The ceremony was conducted with imposing magnificence. The young bridegroom, who is severely afflicted, being subject to epileptic fits and other maladies, limped to the altar with the aid of a stick, having barely recovered from the effects of his recent attack of sickness. The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in cabling an account of the proceedings, said that the Princess Helen is quite a scholar, although a simple, ladylike country girl. Her pleasure at Arolsen, which is a secluded and picturesque spot, was

found in study. The Princess is, as her portrait indicates, spontaneous and frank. She recites with taste and is quite musical. An interesting scene was witnessed when she left her father's court which indicates that the Princess was popular there. When the day of her departure was near, the maids and matrons of her fatherland came to bid her farewell, to offer her their best wishes and to present their parting gifts. One brought tapestry, others cushions and work-baskets and many trifles made or used by the home-loving people. Perhaps the most touching offering was a small engraving in a simple frame of black wood, sent by the *orphans of the Principality*, in whom the Princess has always taken a warm interest. Afterward all partook of a plentiful supper, while the young Princess moved about among the friends of her youth and childhood with a bright smile and pleasant word for all. Prince Leopold's portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 30th, 1880.

A German Emigrant Recently Sent a Significant reply to Prince Bismarck on being notified that he must present himself at a certain place in Prussia for military service under the conscription, under penalty of six months' imprisonment. He wrote: "My dear Bismarck—I feel highly flattered by your kind invitation, addressed to me at my native town, to join the German army, but am afraid I shall not be able to accept it, for I am now in England, engaged in the more useful work (as I consider it) of expounding mental science and teaching people how to make the best use of their faculties. I have altogether given up fighting since I left school. I do not know that I have anything particular to fight about now, and hardly care to engage in fighting at any one else's bidding. If you have a quarrel with anybody, I would advise you to settle it amicably if possible, or *else fight it out yourself*."

A Christian Lady-Physician now Working in the missionary field in Madras, India, in a letter recently addressed to a friend thus describes the result of concentrated labor: "Before I first began to speak to people about their sins, I think I was satisfied in trying to do good in a general way. But I was aroused from this state, one evening, by hearing an eminent Christian in a public meeting, mention the short number of years in which the entire population of India would be converted, if each year every professed Christian would succeed in converting one other. I resolved that night that I would give up trying to do good generally, and bring all my powers to bear *on one soul*. I never spoke and prayed so earnestly before, and the lady whom I selected that night is not only converted, but also her husband and others besides. Will you, too, begin in the same way to strive for the conversion of some one soul, and write me the result? Do not leave off until that soul can say that he or she has given up everything for the Master, and has found that peace which only His Holy Spirit can give. That is the only true test of thorough conversion."

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An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1882.

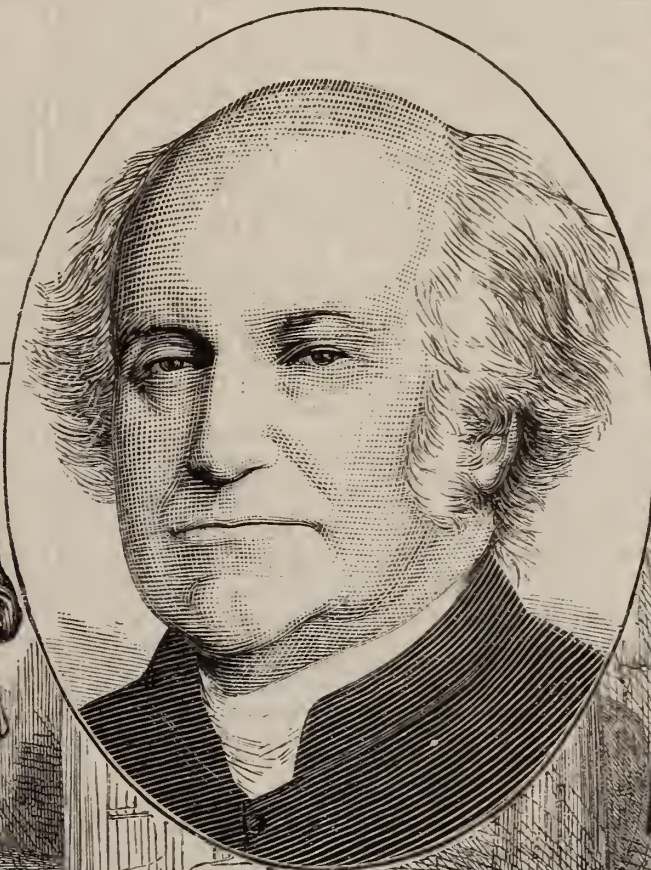
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THE LATE CHARLES P. MCILVAINE, Bishop of Ohio.

Birth and Parentage—Conversion while at College—Encounter with a Messenger from Satan—Ordination and First Charge—Marriage—Appointed Chaplain of the U. S. Military Academy—First Visit to Europe—A Sunday in Paris—Publication of Lectures on Christian "Evidences"—Conversion of an Italian Officer—Confession of a Reclaimed Infidel Postman—Elected Bishop of Ohio—Second and Third Tours in Europe—Thrilling Incident on the River Ohio—The Bishop Preaches in Rome—Interviews with the Prince of Wales—Last Days and Peaceful Death—Address on the Second Advent.

A VERY general expression of sorrow came forth from all denominations of Christians when the news was received that the good Bishop of Ohio was dead. Though he was an old man and his health had not been robust all through his life, his death was not regarded as imminent. He had gone to Europe for rest and recuperation, as he had done several times before, and it was hoped that, as on previous occasions, he would return invigorated in body and mind. But his earthly course was run, the Master had need of him and his friends here saw him no more. A sense of loss was then felt not only in the Episcopal Church, to which he belonged, but among Christians of other communions; for the Bishop had been a man of broad sympathies, ready to extend the hand of fellowship and to render hearty assistance to all followers of the Lord Jesus by whatever name they might be known among men. Both here and in Europe, where his eminent piety and high attainments attracted many friends, Dr. McIlvaine's death was mourned, and his name still occupies an honored place in the memory of the Church of Christ. It is now nearly nine years since he passed away, but it will be long before his name, his character, and his work are forgotten here, and we may be sure that in the Church above they will be held in everlasting remembrance.

Charles Pettit McIlvaine was born at Burlington, N. J., January 18th, 1799. He came of

AN ANCIENT AND DISTINGUISHED FAMILY, which traces its genealogy on the one hand to the royal House of Stuart, and on the other to the Kennerlys, a Scottish house of which the Marquis of Ailsa is the head. It was in the early part of the eighteenth century that the McIlvaine from whom the Bishop is directly descended emigrated from Scotland to this country, and settled in or near Philadelphia, Penn. His descendants subsequently resided at Bristol, Penn., where the Bishop's father, Joseph McIlvaine, was born. He entered the profession of the law, and was very successful. He removed to Burlington, N. J., where his aunt resided. She had married General Bloomfield, who served with distinction in the war of 1812, and who afterward became Governor of New Jersey. Joseph McIlvaine prospered in his adopted State and was elected United States Senator by the Legislature, which honorable position he occupied until his death in 1826. He married Miss Maria Reed, of Burlington, the niece of Joseph Reed, Washington's confidential secretary and the first Governor of Pennsylvania. All through his life Bishop McIlvaine spoke in terms of the highest veneration of both his parents, who though moving in the best society in their own State and at Washington were not ashamed of their Christian profession.

HIS CONVERSION AT COLLEGE.

Senator McIlvaine and his wife were deeply impressed with their parental responsibility, and their solicitude for the spiritual welfare of their son, the future Bishop, was incessant. He received his preliminary education at the Burlington Academy, and proceeded thence to Princeton, where he graduated in 1816. It was during his college course at Princeton that his soul was awakened by the power of divine truth, and his heart opened to the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Writing about this long afterward Bishop McIlvaine says: "It is more than fifty years since I witnessed such a revival of religion. It was in the college of which I was a student. It was powerful and prevailing, and

fruitful in the conversion of young men to God; and it was quiet, unexcited, and entirely free from all devices or means, beyond the few and simple which God has appointed, namely, prayer and the ministry of the Word. In that precious season of the power of God my religious life began, I had heard before; I began then to know."

A MESSENGER FROM SATAN.

Of this period also he wrote in 1869: "I think it was just after, or a little before I graduated at college, when I was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and about a year or eighteen months after I had been turned to the Lord, I was at my father's house in Burlington, N. J. I had a rule of going each evening at the setting of the sun to my chamber for prayer. One afternoon, as that time approached, I was sitting in the parlor with some company that had just come in. Presently I said to myself, 'The sun is down—go to your room.' But I answered to myself, 'They will go directly, and I will wait.' As I waited, the disposition to go decreased. I said to myself, 'I had better go at once,' and arose and went. I had no sooner got out of the parlor into the hall, where I was to ascend the staircase, than an indescribable dread came over me, as if some mysterious agency of terror were resisting me. I began the ascent by force. As I went up, the dread increased to such a degree that I trembled in every limb, and perspiration broke out at every pore; I took hold of the banister and dragged myself up.

"My room was at the end of a passage; I pushed forward and got hold of the handle of the door. The dread increased. It seemed a horror of great darkness. I stood for a moment questioning whether I dare open the door. I opened, and rushed to the chair at which I was accustomed to kneel at the opposite side of the room. I knelt and in broken sentences prayed, two or three times looking behind me as if I expected to see some being there. I could not pray but briefly; I rose and instantly the whole dread began to vanish away as a cloud. *I believe it was a messenger of Satan.* It was an awful encounter. It has helped me to believe solemnly in the Bible-teaching of that adversary, whom we must resist with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

HIS ORDINATION AND FIRST CHARGE.

Mr. McIlvaine's ordination to the diaconate was solemnized in June, 1820, by the venerable Bishop White, in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia. He had previously been actively engaged in Sunday-school work, and had been instrumental in connection with his classmate, afterward Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, in founding Sunday-schools near Princeton and at Burlington. While a candidate for orders he continued active in this and other Christian work, and after his ordination he received a call, which he accepted, in August, 1820, from the vestry of Christ Church, Georgetown, D. C., to succeed the Rev. Reuel Keith. This important step taken he entered upon a bright course of ministerial usefulness which continued unobscured for half a century.

In October, 1822, Mr. McIlvaine was married to one whom he "had known from her childhood," and to whom he was devotedly attached—a young lady name Emily Cox. On attaining his twenty-fourth year he was ordained priest, March, 1823, in St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, by Bishop Kemp. While still in deacon's orders, he had the honor of being elected Chaplain to the Senate of the United States, and was probably the youngest clergyman ever appointed to serve in that capacity.

APPOINTED CHAPLAIN OF WEST POINT.

In January, 1825, his health being affected by the climate of Georgetown, he accepted the appointment of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, on the river Hudson, which position he retained for about three years. Bishop Lee, who knew him well and who throughout his life was one of his most intimate friends, thus wrote of this period after Bishop McIlvaine's death: "This was an era in the history of West Point. The chapel service, which had been looked upon as a weariness, became full of interest. The cadets laid aside their books to listen to the powerful expositions of the Word, and earnest appeals to the conscience. New convictions of the truths of Christianity, and

their own personal concern therein as immortal beings, redeemed by the blood of the Cross, thrilled many souls. It is said that half the corps became Christian men, many of whom, eminent in military and civil life, adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour."

Brooklyn, N. Y., was Mr. McIlvaine's next sphere of ministerial labor. In November, 1827, he undertook the *rectorship* of St. Ann's, in which position he spent more than four years, in delightful and abundant labors for Christ; and of the impression there made there are yet many living witnesses.

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

An attack of neuralgia necessitated a period of entire rest in 1830. His physician recommended a sea voyage, and he set sail for England on March 8th. On his arrival in London he received hearty greeting from men like Lords Gambier, Bexley, Lorton, Mount Sandford, besides clergy, and Christian officers, military and naval, and seemed especially gratified by meeting the late Honorable and Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. D. Wilson, afterward Bishop of Calcutta.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

During this transatlantic trip Mr. McIlvaine paid a visit to Paris, where he witnessed the shocking reality of a Parisian Sunday. Rising from bed in the morning and forgetful of the peculiarity of the land, he was astonished to see on going to the window the market as much studded with vegetables and crowded with business and surrounded with noise as usual. After breakfast he walked out a little way to see the state of things in the street, and, writing of what he then saw, he says, "My spirit seemed loaded with *the daring atheism of this people*. I never had such an impression of a state of general rebellion against God. It is a horrible city. All the worship that I have seen in the churches is nothing better than baptized heathenism. How fast such a city must be ripening for the judgments of God! He will honor His Sabbath, if men do not."

HIS VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

Having returned to England, he visited the University of Cambridge, and was entertained by the saintly Charles Simeon, of King's College, who became an intimate friend of Mr. McIlvaine's.

LECTURES ON CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

Upon his return to Brooklyn, Mr. McIlvaine was requested by the Chancellor of the University of New York to deliver and publish a course of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. The English friends of Mr. McIlvaine were so much impressed with the great value of this work that in 1834 they unanimously decided it should be reprinted, and Dr. Olinthus Gregory undertook the editorial duty.

A very interesting fact was related in New York not long before Bishop McIlvaine's death, by St. Meille, a Waldensian pastor from the College of Florence, which shows the happy effect of a study of the Bishop's powerful book. *An Italian officer* of good family lost his young wife three months after their marriage. Deeply distressed and desolate, he withdrew from society, and occupied much of his solitude in reading a Bible which had come into his hands. Like many of his fellow-countrymen, he had imbibed sceptical opinions, and though struck with the beauty of its passages, could not receive them as the truth of God. In this condition of mind he saw, on the stall of a colporteur in Venice, an Italian translation of Bishop McIlvaine's book on the "Evidences of Christianity." At once he said, "This is exactly what I want." He purchased and studied the volume, and by God's blessing was not only convinced of the truth of Holy Scripture, but also enlightened by the Holy Spirit to believe and rejoice in its saving truths. Since that time, as a private gentleman, he has done the work of an evangelist.

AN INFIDEL POSTMAN CONVERTED.

A similarly happy effect of this work on the "Evidences" came to Bishop McIlvaine's knowledge only a few weeks before his death. He was spending a few days, during his last transatlantic trip, in London, when the postman, who from frequently bringing letters to him there knew who was staying in the house, called one day when he was

off duty, and inquired of the servant if the Bishop was in. On being informed that he was, the man seemed much moved, and asked if he might see him. This was, of course, readily granted; and at the interview (*represented in the frontispiece picture*) he said, "I greatly desired to see you and express my gratitude for the benefit I have received from your valuable work on the 'Evidences.' I was once an infidel, but now, on reading your book, by God's grace I am a believer; and as on Sunday I have no public duty as a letter-carrier, I go among some of my companions who are sceptical, and endeavor to convert them to the faith I now enjoy."

ELECTED BISHOP OF OHIO.

Mr. McIlvaine's growing popularity was strongly indicated by the anxiety to secure his services in other fields of labor. While giving earnest consideration to two important calls which he had received in 1831, on September 10th of that year he was unanimously elected to the Bishopric by the Convention of the Diocese of Ohio.

Bishop McIlvaine then went to live at Gambier, where he remained until the autumn of 1846, when he removed to Clifton, near Cincinnati. The devout and faithful spirit in which he commenced the duties of his high office characterized the whole of his Episcopate. Gentle, kindly, and affectionate in his private intercourse, when truth and principle were concerned he was unyielding as a rock. The centre of his doctrinal system, the strong foundation of his building, the sun of his firmament, the pole-star of his course, was "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." In a letter, describing the closing scene of a diocesan convention, he writes: "I have chosen a sweet hymn, 'Just as I am,' and have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn. This hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope."

SECOND AND THIRD TOURS IN EUROPE.

The combined cares and duties of the diocese and Kenyon College, of which he had undertaken the presidency, began to tell very seriously upon the Bishop's health, and made another voyage, with entire cessation from all work, absolutely necessary for his recovery; and on November 20th, 1834, he again set sail for England. He availed himself of the opportunity again to visit Cambridge and the venerable Charles Simeon, and also addressed the undergraduates of the university. He returned to his episcopal and academical duties in Ohio in May, 1835.

The third visit of Bishop McIlvaine to England was in 1853, when, in consequence of an urgent request, he attended the Jubilee meeting of the British and Foreign Society in London, as a delegate from America. He left New York on April 2d, accompanied by Mrs. McIlvaine, and was received by Bishop Sumner, with the request that they would be his guests during the ordination at Farnham Castle, in July, and also that the Bishop would preach the sermon in the chapel. Previous to their going to Farnham, the American visitors took a short tour on the continent, and during the journey the Bishop had the pleasant surprise of an invitation to the University of Oxford, to receive, in company with some other distinguished persons, the honor of the degree of D. C. L., on the occasion of the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University.

THRILLING INCIDENT ON THE RIVER OHIO.

The closing months of the year found the Bishop in the midst of his diocese again, journeying hither and thither, wherever his counsel was most needed, and his organizing skill laid under requisition for the spiritual good of destitute frontier districts, and the glory of God. On the morning of January 30th, 1855, says the *Western Episcopalian*, he started for Cincinnati, on his return from a visit to Louisville. He took the steam ferry-boat at Louisville for the purpose of crossing the river, and taking his seat in the Jeffersonville train. The day was bitterly cold, and the Ohio was full of running ice going down in large fields to the falls, which lie below Louisville. The boat became fixed in the middle of the river in a large mass of solid ice, and could neither advance nor recede. Instantly she was at the mercy of the current, and began to

move towards the falls. The imminence of the danger became at once apparent. There were two hundred passengers on board—men, women, and children—and it seemed almost certain that all must be lost. The boat and passengers were given up on shore.

WHERE WAS HELP TO COME FROM?

Some there were on board who *did* know where to look, where all true help is found in time of need. The Bishop and a Methodist minister of Louisville, named Sehon, resolved to draw the women together for prayer. And now

THE HAND OF THE LORD APPEARED.

Man could do nothing. The boat was drifting on to its apparent inevitable wreck. But—was it not God's guiding in answer to prayer?—*she struck the hidden reef* at the very commencement of the rapids! Thus was salvation effected, though at the moment it was not recognized as such. As the ice struck against the boat, it formed such a mass that it rested on the rock beneath, and constituted a breakwater; and the more violent was the onset of the ice, the more strong and massive did it become.

BOATS TO THE RESCUE.

In this passive resistance to the assaults of the current and the ice, the boat lay about two hours before help came. At length a lifeboat was launched, and three men came out in her, and took out a youth and two young women. In the course of another hour four or five boats and a flat boat manned by a gallant crew, came to the rescue. All the passengers were taken off and Bishop McIlvaine was one of those rescued by the flat boat. On the flush deck, which was even with the sides and covered with straw, about fifty men, of whom Bishop McIlvaine was one, were placed. As there was not room to stand, because of the oars, nor room to sit, they were compelled to kneel. As the crew started for their fearful trial of the falls, the captain ordered silence. When he found that the draught of the boat was only fifteen inches, he said, "It is a poor chance," and evidently thought the case very desperate. He had not expected that the boat would be so heavily loaded.

A MOMENT OF TERRIBLE SUSPENSE.

The powerful current had brought the flat boat almost to the spot where, in another instant, she was to be wrecked, and all lost in the breakers and ice, or they were to be safe. In the crisis of passing down (*as shown in our frontispiece picture*) the boat struck! It seemed that all was lost! The silence was unbroken. Grating over the rock, she was a moment free, and then struck again. Again she was free, and again struck. Her bottom grated on the reef. Not a word was spoken. The boat floated on. The captain cried out, "Try the pump!" "No water!" was the answer. God had delivered them. Three miles below Louisville, at Portland, the passengers were landed safely, with a great sense of gratitude to the intrepid pilots and their brave crew, and most deeply indebted to the mercy of God.

THE BISHOP PREACHES IN ROME.

In July, 1858, some months of absolute rest were again prescribed, as the Bishop was suffering from an overworked brain, threatening cerebral disease or apoplexy. Accordingly, he once more visited England, France, and Italy. Arriving in Rome, he preached the Gospel on the Pincian Hill, in view of the massive dome of St. Peter, with the stately palace of the Vatican by its side. Realizing the past history of the "City of the Seven Hills," and her present corruptions, he selected as the theme of his discourse John 7:37: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Before he again returned home, he once more visited Cambridge, and had conferred on him the same degree as he had previously received at Oxford. He arrived in Ohio in March, 1859, and renewed his duties with characteristic energy. In consequence of the state of his health and the increase of diocesan work, it was found necessary, in June, 1859, to elect an Assistant-Bishop, and the Convention appointed Dr. Bedell to this position. The choice was exceedingly gratifying to Bishop McIlvaine.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In the year 1860, His Royal Highness the Prince

of Wales visited Canada and the United States; and, taking Cincinnati *en route*, he and his party called upon the Bishop and remained about half an hour in his house. On the next day, which was Sunday, the royal party attended service in St. John's Church, where the Bishop preached. During the latter part of the same month, the Bishop again met the Prince at West Point, and was greeted by the young man with great cordiality; once afterward when driving in his open carriage, on recognizing the Bishop walking at some distance, the Prince at once drove up to him, stopped the carriage, and alighted to converse with him. (*Our frontispiece, represents this interview.*)

LAST DAYS AND PEACEFUL DEATH.

In the year 1873, Bishop McIlvaine visited Italy. On February 17th, he called upon his banker at Florence, and, being rather oppressed with the heat, he unadvisedly threw off his cloak, and got a severe chill. The two next days he was exceedingly languid; on the evening of the 19th, his breathing became difficult, and the next morning he was evidently seriously ill. Physicians were anxiously consulted by his friends, but, after examination, they announced that the patient was suffering from pulmonary apoplexy, with violent inflammation of the lungs, that there was really no hope of recovery, and that he might depart any hour that very day. But the Bishop lingered on until March 12th. After taking some nourishment on the evening of that day, a change suddenly came on, and he gently laid his head back on the pillow and closed his eyes. His friends were immediately with him, but though they were feeling the pulse, so quiet and gentle was the end that they could not precisely say when the spirit went into the presence of the Divine Lord. It was, indeed, a literal falling asleep in Jesus.

With reverent care the remains of the Bishop were conveyed from Florence, through France, to England, and on the evening of Easter Monday were carried to Westminster Abbey, where the body laid for four days, near the illustrious dead who have been laid to rest in this grand old sanctuary. A special service was conducted on April 18th, and among those who acted as pall-bearers were the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Harrowby, the Bishop of Winchester, and the American Minister. The remains were conveyed the same night to Liverpool, for transportation to the United States, and the final burial ceremonies were performed in Spring Grove Cemetery, Clifton, Cincinnati, on May 9th.

ADDRESS ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

A short extract from Bishop McIlvaine's New Year's address to the clergy and laity of his diocese, issued January 1, 1871, will appropriately close this sketch of his life. After referring to the war recently ended between Germany and France, and the taking of Rome from the Pope by the Italians, the Bishop said: "There is a prediction, a promise, an expectation, which stands before us continually in the Scriptures, in the fulfilment of which the joy of the people of God will be full, and for which they are expected to look and wait as the chief glory of the Church's future, the consolation of Israel. I mean the second appearing in power and glory of Him whose first coming in humiliation and suffering we have recently celebrated. . . . Present events should turn our minds with great seriousness to the *signs of those things which are coming on the earth* and give impressiveness to the exhortation of St. Paul founded on that coming as a thief in the night. It is the voice of warning that has been sounding through the ages ever since the Lord Jesus just before He went away, pronounced those words, 'Watch—for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come.' Oh, brethren, that we all may be like unto that faithful servant who waits for his Lord, that when He cometh he may open to Him immediately."

We are indebted for the foregoing details of Bishop McIlvaine's life and work to a valuable biography of the Bishop, published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of the Bible House New York, which contains, beside the facts incorporated in this sketch, many letters, extracts from addresses, and other interesting particulars furnished to the author by the Bishop's family and friends.

CHRISTIANITY AS A DELUSION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
May 7, 1882.

"He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."—EZEKIEL 21 : 21.

The Delusions of the Ages—The Delphic Oracle—Modern Delusions—Never Beneficial nor Philanthropic—The Charge Against Christianity—A Champion Delusion—What Christianity has Accomplished—Wonderful Transformations of Character—Admiral Farragut a Glorious Dupe—Saul of Tarsus—A Remarkable Feature of the Delusion—Strong Intellectuals who have Bowled before it—Prominent Infidels not Steadfast against it—Its Conquest of Music—Of Architecture—Of Avarice—Law and Medicine—It Goes to the Bereft—To the Sick and Dying—It Opens Hospitals—The Testimony of Dying Christians—A Reformed Drunkard's Experience—A Mighty Powerful Delusion—Midnight or Mid-noon.

Two modes of divination by which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if

THE WORLD LOVES TO BE HOODWINKED, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceptions practised upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century, *Johanna Southcote* came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forth to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ, Apollonius was born and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection.

The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the Temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them anyway you wanted to read them. A general coming forth to battle consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in the battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle in such words that if you put the comma before the word "never," it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never" it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the general was, "Go forth, return never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle.

So the *ancient auguries* deceived the people. The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or nations. The *sibyls* deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829, a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and playing his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his discipleship. And so in all ages, there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen one of that which has been transpiring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day TWO HUNDRED MILLION DUPES.

It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side the sea. It has conquered England and the United States.

This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Melanisia and the Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia, have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian archipelago and Borneo, and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped, it will swallow the globe. Supposing then that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose this morning to show you

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED BY THIS CHIMERA,

this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And in the first place I remark, that this delusion of the Christian religion has made *wonderful transformations of human character*. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech, and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and genial and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer meetings and churches; so complete is the delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was, as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT,

one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and seated not long before his death, at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States Government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself, and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world and die of a fever in a foreign hospital.'"

"O! no," I said, 'father, I will not be that, I will tread the quarter deck, and command as you do.' 'No, David,' my father said, 'no David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then, 'I will change, I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again, and, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity.'"

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity, it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton.

Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left, and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see."

Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." *Benjamin Rush*, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." *Isaac Newton*, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "the sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." *David Brewster*, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster saying: "O! this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." *President Thiers*, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God in whom I am glad to believe." *David Livingstone*, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. *William E. Gladstone*, the strongest intellect in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. O! if those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

Beside that, I have noticed that

FIRST-RATE INFIDELS

cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. *Goethe*, a leading sceptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." *Rousseau*, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "the majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." *Altemont*, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. O! no. After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "O! Thou blasphemous but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown."

Voltaire, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing two hundred and fifty publica-

tions, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no; in his last hour he asks for Christian burial, and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first-rate infidels; you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity.

Thomas Paine, the god of modern sceptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this land—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid and so loathsome and so drunken and so profligate and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion. But no. In his dying hour, he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy.

Powerful delusion,

ALL CONQUERING DELUSION, earthquake delusion of the Christian religion. Yea, it goes on, it is so impertinent and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the Gospel, that having conquered the great picture galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, as I showed in a former sermon, it is not satisfied until it has *conquered the music* of the world.

Look over the programme of that magnificent musical festival in New York last week, and see what were the great performances, and learn that the greatest of all the subjects were religious subjects. What was it on Friday night when three thousand voices were accompanied with a vast number of instruments? "Israel in Egypt." Yes, Beethoven deluded until he wrote the High Mass in D Major. Hadyn deluded with this religion until he wrote the "Creation." Handel deluded until he wrote the oratorios of "Jephtha" and "Esther" and "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt," and the "Messiah." Last Friday night, three thousand deluded people singing of a delusion to eight thousand deluded hearers.

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent *architecture*, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes, this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion is not satisfied until it projects itself and in one year gives, contributes, \$6,250,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side the world—people we have never seen. *Deluded doctors*—two hundred and twenty physicians meeting week by week in London, in the Union Medical Prayer Circle to worship God.

ILLUSTRIOUS DUPES.

Deluded lawyers—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of the United States, an old-fashioned evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed Church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian.

The cannibals in South Sea, the Bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams and the three thousand missionaries of the cross turning their backs on

home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchres. What a delusion!

Yea, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to *those who are in trouble*. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous; but this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: "You will be well again after a while; you are going into a land where there are no coughs and no pleurisies and no consumptions and no languishing; take courage and bear up." Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable."

This delusion of Christianity comes to *the bereft* and it talks of reunion before the throne, and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes.

SHOVEL HIM UNDER!

That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under? The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank, obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying, instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life, until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy they could only look ecstatic. Palace gates opening, they thought—diamonded coronets flashing—hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother, catch me, I am coming!"

THE DEATHBEDS OF THE DELUDED.

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital and I bring into that hospital the deathbeds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions.

I ask, "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good-night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain tops are all agleam from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me fifty years, will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen, amen!"

"Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My deathbed is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is Heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready

to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

O! my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion. Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep. O! if infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion,

GIVE ME THE DELUSION.

The strong conclusion of every man and woman in the house is that Christianity producing such grand results cannot be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born.

There are many in this house this morning, in the galleries and on the main floor, who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you here to-day? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious?

There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving your experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you, "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say, "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience, they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer meeting when he said: "On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to prayer meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course I see you.' 'Now, the time was when everybody in this town knows if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there; and, stranger, if this is a notion I want to tell you it is

A MIGHTY POWERFUL NOTION;

it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's back, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion too; lots of people are getting religion now."

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yea, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnight or midnight!

SYLPH SOMERS.

A New Serial Story, by Henry Martin, Author of "Felicia Cuffe."

(Continued from page 279.)

Treachery on the Ships—The Fugitives Carried Back—Free Passage Offered for Recantation—The Prisoners Indignantly Refuse—The Sufferings in the Prison—The Massacre on the Bridge—Release—A Barn full of Victims Burned—Captain Vaughan Rejoins Sylph—Their Marriage.

"I HAVE told you," said Hugh, "of the crowds in the ships; well, when they were filled—holds, decks, and all—with wretched and terrified men, women, and children, the vessels were moved out from the quay, but not to cross the Channel! Alas! no, sir, but merely to be anchored in the harbor. Ladies, on their knees, entreated the captains and seamen to spread their sails and make for Milford Haven. It was all in vain; these fellows had other intentions.

"A white flag was hoisted from the town; the next moment a similar flag was run up to the mast-head of each vessel in the bay; and immediately every one of the ships but two returned to the quay and the river.

"When I saw the vessels coming back, I rushed to the quay, sir, to learn the reason. From the shore I saw Abigail and Mr. and Mrs. Somerville on the deck of one of the ships that came near the landing-place, and beheld in their white faces, and heard from their trembling speech, what they feared. How could I leave them, sir, until I should find out what would be the issue? At all events, I felt riveted, as by an awful fascination, to the spot, and could not tear myself away. For long I continued thus at hand in a dreadful state of suspense, until, worn out with anxiety, I set off to the upper part of the town and found my soldier comrades had all departed, and that I was in for it.

"Making my way back toward my lodgings, it was not long until I found myself laid hold of by the rebels, and was soon, with a crowd of other prisoners, placed in the town jail.

"The feeling of those who had us in their power was, for some time, nothing at all so bloodthirsty as that which you tell me, sir, prevailed on Vinegar Hill. Indeed, for a few days, the rebels in Wexford town were carried away with a lofty sense of exultation and triumph; and their zeal, sir (would you believe it?), took the shape—for some days—of saving our souls rather than of destroying our bodies. They would drag us in batches to the Roman Catholic chapels to 'recant our heretic errors,' as they said, 'and to be baptized by a priest, and to hear mass.' Most of us were urged against our will, but, I am sorry to say," said Hugh, "that there were some few Protestants among us cowardly enough to renounce Christ, and renounce their religion, in presence of the pistol and the pike, and, to save their mortal life, pretend to be converts to the Romish superstitions.

"We deputed Mr. Somerville to be our spokesman, sir, and right well did he discharge the perilous duty that we placed upon him.

"Come, gentlemen, submit to the real kindness that we would force upon you," the priest said, addressing us. "It will be only following in the steps of many Protestants, your neighbors, who have been here this day before you. Enter, by baptism, at my consecrated hands, the door of the church; and let me tell you, once within that sacred bound not a hair of your heads shall be injured. See, there is a pass which I am authorized to give to every Protestant that abjures his heretic faith." And Father Furlong held forth in his hand a slip of paper for each of us to read. (The writing upon it ran thus: Protect, in the name of Jesus Christ, A.B., he having been made a Christian.) "With that docket in your possession signed by me," said Father Furlong, "you will be safe to go over the whole country, for not one of our men would dare to molest you."

"Mr. Somerville, however, was equal to the occasion, sir. 'I am glad to see, Father Furlong,' he said, 'that you base the right of protection upon the fact of a man being a Christian—a principle which I highly approve of. But on that ground I claim from you one of these valuable pa-

per slips that you have to furnish. I solemnly declare myself a Christian, sir; and I thank God that for years I have been able so to account myself; made so—not, indeed, by baptism, sir, but, as the pure Word of God, has it—'By faith in Jesus Christ and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' And I am happy to be able to add that I can thus speak, not only for myself, but for the most of my fellow-captives here around me."

"No more was needed, sir, to seal our doom. Fierce men, their eyes flashing with rage, closed in upon us.

"Take them away!—take them away!" shouted the infuriated priest. Out through the chapel door we were bundled; but not, in God's mercy, to instantaneous death. No! The rebels' purpose was to massacre us Protestants in batches; and to carry out this plan, we were not driven back to the jail, but to a malthouse in the town, there to pass the night, until we should be taken to execution in the morning.

"We found three other men in this extemporized prison, who had been shut in there before ourselves, and their tale was a woeful one. For three days they had been closely confined, with scarcely any food or water. And a hundred times had their jailers come in, holding pikes up to their very throats to put an end to them.

"Our houses burned, our property destroyed, our wives and children torn from us, we wished more than once they would carry out their threat," said one of the men. "And last night, so given up to despair were we, that we agreed between ourselves each to open a vein and bleed ourselves to death, and thus put an end to our misery, and even sharpened a knife upon a stone for this purpose.

"Before carrying out, however, this dreadful resolve, we thought we should pray over it; and this we did, and oh, with what an agony! Upon rising from our knees better feelings we found had taken possession of our minds. We saw that to God alone belonged the issues of life and death, and that it was not for us to force ourselves into His immediate presence. And here, fellow-captives, we continue alive," he said, "still, to abide God's will concerning us."

After passing a night of prayer to God, the prisoners were surprised just after daybreak by a message from the rebels telling their intended victims that their hour of execution had come.

"They seemed," said Hugh, "to be more than usually excited. The reason of this we did not know at the time, but it has come out since, that news had come in that the national cause, as it was called, had suffered a severe check at New Ross.

"With execrations and threats from a crowd of women that followed us, they conducted us—with pikemen on each side and back and front—to the great wooden bridge over the Slaney, and, blindfolding us, they made us all kneel down upon the bridge causeway.

"No less than ninety-eight of us had been brought out for massacre—the greater part of us from the jail where I and Mr. Somerville had passed the first night of our captivity. The rebels, one man told me, would have killed him and his comrades when out in the street at once were it not for a Mrs. Dixon, the wife of a rebel chief, who cried out—'Stay yer hands, boys, and let the people on the bridge have the pleasure of seeing the death of the cursed heretics.'

"The work of murder, was carried on," said Hugh, "with a grim and settled order. Each prisoner, when his turn came to die, was stripped nearly naked, and was then placed on his knees beside the bridge rampart. Four executioners, two in front and two behind, were then told off, with pike in hand, for the task of vengeance.

"Strange to tell, before their crime of blood they knelt down on the ground beside their intended victim, and offered a prayer from the Mass that Heaven would consecrate their heinous act and give them strength to perform it. Their blasphemous prayer over, they rose to their feet. Then, at a signal, ran upon their still kneeling prisoner, buried their pikes in his quivering flesh, raised him aloft, all writhing and gory, and pitched him over the parapet into the stream.

"In this way, sir, ninety of us, or thereabouts—some gentlemen, some magistrates, some merchants, some clergymen, others of us men of lower degree, were deliberately and cruelly murdered; our sole crime, being that we were Protestants.

"For three hours Mr. Somerville and I waited in an agony of suspense for the summons of our executioners. Yet, for all that, our coming doom neither halted nor lingered. Continuously and steadily the bridge was being cleared of its kneeling crowd of victims, and we could tell this, not only by the footsteps of the executioners coming nearer to us, as they returned, time after time, to lead off each captive to the central spot on the bridge which had been chosen for the work of slaughter, but also by the shout after shout of exultation that was raised by those looking on, as each of the condemned, when transfixed, was hurled over the parapet."

"At last only two or three were before us in the lists of death. Ten minutes or so, we judged, would only pass, and then we should be in eternity. We were surprised, however, to notice some unaccountable pause in the work of murder, and to hear a mysterious stir and a strange buzz among the assembled spectators, and then the sound of departing footsteps told us that many were leaving the bridge.

"The bitterness of death, however, over, and our minds half stunned and our feelings all absorbed, we remained upon our knees, deeming, a reprieve utterly hopeless.

"Hopeless though it seemed then, a reprieve did actually come; for after a while some of the rebels told us to rise, and when we got to our feet they took off the bandages from our eyes and marched us back to prison. A battle had been going on all the afternoon two or three miles off from the town, at a place called Foulk's Mill, and an express came in to say that the fight was going hard against the patriots, and that every man able to handle a pike was wanted in the field.

"Next day everything was changed in the town; our jailers came in and offered us arms and our liberty, and on stepping out into the street not a rebel was visible. All the green branches had been torn down and every flag and emblem removed, and men and women who a few hours before had abused and threatened us, now cowered before us in entreaty to save them from the avengers.

"Two companies of the Queen's Royals were the first to enter the town, hastening from Vinegar Hill, where two days before the troops had gained a victory.

"Oh! how we, the remnant that had escaped massacre, madly welcomed them and huzzaed! We pressed forward, we flung ourselves upon the necks of our deliverers.

"And then free, to search out those who had escaped, and to ascertain the missing, we spread ourselves in all directions through the town to satisfy our hunger of suspense.

"After a long and laborious search, Mr. Somerville and myself came upon Mrs. Somerville and her maid Abigail. They had been imprisoned in a barge on the river; beneath them the hold was covered with straw, and above them the hatchway was barred with an iron grating. There they had lain for several days with many others, women and children, furnished only with the most nauseous food, and even that in the most meagre quantity.

"It did not take long for us to give them liberty," said Hugh. "We forced the grating, and lifted the captives out, and thus it came to pass, sir, that when you and the Ancient Britons marched into Wexford, you found us waiting to receive you."

"Thank you for your narrative, Hugh," said Captain Vaughan. "And how true it is that 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble!'"

* * * * *

Our narrative, we feel, contains enough of tragic scenes, and yet our history—which is a true one—compels us to set before the reader another.

* The writer has visited this bridge recently and stood upon the spot made memorable by these foul murders. He was in his boyhood acquainted with an elderly gentleman, a neighbor, who was one of those led out for massacre on that dreadful day.

Captain Vaughan had not been long in Wexford before tidings reached him from Sylph that several of her Methodist friends had been seized and driven into captivity by the rebels.

Upon making inquiry of the authorities in Wexford town, he was told that on the day of the battle of New Ross, which has been mentioned (New Ross, a town in the South of Wexford County), on the evening of the fight a fearful tragedy was enacted a few miles off—at Scullabogue, in a barn.

Into this barn had been crowded a large number of aged men, women, and children—Protestant farmers and their families driven in from the surrounding neighborhood. And during the heat of conflict at New Ross a party of rebels coming to the barn of Scullabogue reported that the day was lost, and wildly demanded the deaths of the prisoners, protesting that they had orders to that effect.

The officer in charge, a Captain Murphy, hesitated, but a commission was produced signed by a priest. Some male prisoners not in the barn, but in farm-houses, were then brought out and shot; but this by no means satisfied the surrounding rabble. Captain Vaughan was assured that some wretches rushed for the barn, set it on fire, and consumed every one within it. Could these tidings be true? Captain Vaughan resolved that he would make inquiry on the spot.

An hour or two of hard riding brought the Captain and his men to Scullabogue, and there he soon learned that not one half of the dreadful tragedy had been told him. The barn, which had been a building thirty-four feet long and fifteen wide, was now a blackened ruin. Drawing near to it and looking in, Captain Vaughan beheld a sight that petrified him with terror. *The barn was full of blackened bodies all in a standing posture*—one hundred and eighty-four of them that had died, packed together so close, that they could not fall to the earth in their last agony. And the details furnished to the Captain by some protesters against the devilish deed—who had looked on—did not mitigate his indignation and horror.

The rebels, having firmly secured the doors of the barn outside with their pikes raised blazing faggots to the thatch, and set it on fire. The dense smoke soon, one is glad to think, suffocated many; but those who were near the walls, Captain Vaughan was told, sought every crevice and chink for air, and thus prolonged their dreadful sufferings. "The groans, the prayers, the cries, the shrieks of the expiring victims," said Captain Vaughan's informant, "sound in my ears up to this present moment." One man told him how one poor woman, making up her mind herself to die, pushed her little child beneath the barn-door, and begged a rebel outside for pitying heaven's sake to spare it. "Never!" shouted the fiend in human shape. "This is what I'll do to the heretic slawn;" and so saying he ran his pike into it as a peasant would his pitchfork into a sheaf of corn, and violently tossed it back into the devouring flames.

It was far into the autumn before Captain Vaughan could fulfil his promise to rejoin Sylph at Dublin. Here shortly afterwards their wedding took place. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville and some friends from Wales, and the trustees of Dr. Gilbert's will, and several of the Captain's brother officers, were present.

A day or two subsequently another marriage in the same church, St. Peter's, Dublin, was contracted, that between Hugh and the Protestant maid, who had been in Mr. Somerville's service at the time when he had to shut up his house and fled with his household into Enniscorthy.

The Captain and Sylph usually abode on their beautiful estate at Berwyn. The house in the Rows, Chester, however, they managed after a time to get into their hands and made it their town house.

Many of Sylph's old friends had passed into the spirit world, but a good many survived; and among them, in addition to others, she carried on anew her work of Christian instruction and benevolence. We have been informed that the remembrance of her name has not yet died out in Ches-

ter, and that she and her husband, after becoming the parents of sons and daughters, lie side by side in the Cathedral burial-place, awaiting, with Doctor Gilbert, who sleeps in the same grave, the sure and certain hope of "the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who is Himself the Resurrection and the Life."

THE END.

COMING TRANSLATION OF WATCHFUL CHRISTIANS.

By the Rev. C. H. Pember, M.A.

Consternation of those Left Behind—An Error in a Word—The Word in other Passages—The Exhortation to Watch—Some Christians will be Left—The Worldly-Minded—Only the Watchful—The Case of Judas—The Full Assembly of the Church when the Lord Appears in Glory.

THE world will one day be surprised by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of many persons in the midst of their ordinary occupations. Two men will be working in the field; one will instantaneously vanish. His bewildered comrade may still see upon the ground the garment which had been put off for labor, but the man will be gone. Two women will be grinding the daily supply of corn in the early morning; the hand of one will fail; her companion will look up and see that she is no longer in her place. Two persons will be in the same bed at night; the one will be taken away, and the other will awake to solitude and bereavement (Matt. 24: 40, 41; Luke 17: 34). As soon as this sign is given, then woe for the earth and the sea! Those who shall be accounted worthy to escape will have been removed from the world; the Holy Spirit will no longer restrain the mystery of lawlessness, nor will the judgments of God be delayed.

With regard to the meaning of the words, "one shall be *taken*," an error has sometimes been made through ignorance of the original. Comparing the clause with that of Matt. 24: 39, "the flood came and *took* them all away," some have interpreted, "the one shall be taken away in judgment, the other shall be spared in mercy." But an examination of the Greek immediately dissipates this idea. In the 39th verse the verb used means "to take away by destruction." But in the 40th and 41st verses we find a very different word which properly signifies "to receive," or "take alongside," and then sometimes, "to take with one as a companion." Thus the word is most appropriately used of those who shall be caught up to Christ, that they may walk with Him in white, that they may follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

In the 14th chapter of John it occurs in

A VERY SIGNIFICANT PASSAGE.

"For if I go and prepare a place for you, I am coming again, and will *receive* you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Here it is used of the very act of which the Lord speaks in Matthew.

Again, in another place, we are told that the Lord "*taketh*" Peter, James and John, as His companions to the Mount of Transfiguration (Matt. 17: 1). He selects three out of the twelve disciples to behold His glory; while the nine are, in the meantime, left at the bottom of the hill to struggle hopelessly with Satan in the person of the demoniac youth, and consequently to be subjected to the scorn of the world, until at length the Master is seen descending the hill in company with those whom He had taken with Him.

Surely this scene is typical of the fact that the *one is taken* to be a companion of the Lord and to see His glory, while the other is

LEFT TO AGONIZE

with the world and Satan as a further discipline; for the admonition to watch in the next verse seems to imply that both of the two are disciples.

Having thus described the sign of His presence, the Lord proceeds to urge upon His followers the necessity of watching, and intimates, by the parable of the householder and the thief, that grievous loss will be sustained by those who neglect His directions. Many other such warnings may be

found in the Scriptures, and the special object of watching is plainly set forth in the Lord's own exhortation, uttered just after He had been portraying the terrors of the last week of seven years that will close this dispensation:—(Luke 21: 24-27)—"Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Daniel 9: 27; Luke 21: 24-27, 36).

These words certainly intimate that a Christian, though sure of eternal life, is not sure of being removed before the commencement of the final Great Tribulation. This favor will be granted only to those who have progressed in holiness, only to those who have been so strengthened with might in the inner man that they have been able to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Such a growth in grace may, indeed, be attained by all believers; the power of prayer and watching is given to every man at his conversion; but he must be willing to deny himself, to take up his cross, and to follow his Master. Then there will be no doubt as to the issue: for "faithful is He that calleth you, Who will also do it."

But the Lord has no thought of translating

WORLDLY-MINDED BELIEVERS

from the toils of life into the joy of His presence, of admitting them to immortality by the gate of glory instead of the dark valley of death. Those who vainly expect such a thing are like the Jews, who would have had Christ put Himself at their head as the all-victorious King, when as yet He had not saved them from their sins. But He will not grant to the careless and slothful servant that blessing which Paul craved, yet did not receive (2 Cor. 5: 2-4)—the joy of being clothed upon, without the necessity of shuffling off this mortal coil. Hence, in His promise to the Philadelphians, He says: "*Because thou didst keep the word of my patience*, I will also keep thee from the hour of trial, that hour which is to come upon the whole world, to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3: 10).

It thus appears that not all believers will be caught up to the Lord at the commencement of his Second Advent, but

ONLY THOSE WHO ARE FOUND WATCHING.

It is, indeed, true that Paul, after speaking of Christ's descent into the air, adds, "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up," without any mention of exceptions to the rule (1 Thess. 4: 16, 17). But other Scriptures show that his words are to be regarded as a general statement, expressing what ought to be, and potentially may be, the case with every Christian. Similarly, in another place, he says, "It is appointed unto men once to die;" yet the very next verse reveals the secret that some will escape death. And in his first Epistle to the Corinthians he discloses the mystery that we shall not all sleep.

Just in the same general way the Lord said to His disciples, "Verily, I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, . . . ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." But Judas had followed Him, and was at that time one of the twelve; will he also occupy a throne in the regeneration? Nay, we know from the authority of Scripture that his own "place," to which he went, was in the realms of the lost. There need, therefore, be no difficulty in regard to the passage in the Epistle to the Thessalonians. The members of the body of Christ *will not be completely gathered* to Him until the close of the Second Advent.

Accordingly—although we have previously heard of some who were tabernacling in the heaven, of a hundred and forty-four thousand who were purchased from among men, to be the first fruits unto God and unto the Lamb, and of others who are standing on a sea of glass mingled with fire, singing their song of victory over the Beast and his image—there is no mention of a full assembly of the Church until the Lord appears in glory when He is followed by the armies (Rev. 19: 14) which are in the heaven, the different divisions which make up the one body. And then we read in Rev. 20: 5, "This is the First Resurrection."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Received the Report of the Committee instructed to investigate the affairs of the Soldier's Home, on Wednesday, May 3d. The report shows the total receipts and expenditures of the Home since its foundation, and makes several suggestions for improving its management. It also calls attention to the practice of supplying certain members of the Board of Commissioners with flowers, fruits, and vegetables from the greenhouses and gardens of the Home. The report says: "The testimony of the gardener and farmer is to the effect that products of the farm and garden to the extent of several hundred dollars each annually were delivered to the members of the commission. The continuous and regular furnishing of vegetables and fruit from the institution to these officers gave rise to considerable scandal, which should have been avoided, and the furnishing of flowers from the Home to these officers at regular and stated periods when there was an *entire absence of the same at the hospital* was, in the opinion of the committee, an abuse in the management which should not have occurred." It is deserving of note that when the same supplies were offered to the Adjutant-General, he refused to receive them. The principal source of the income enjoyed by the Home is derived from the contributions of the soldiers, who each pay a regular monthly sum toward its maintenance.

The House of Representatives Passed the Tariff Commission Bill on Saturday by a majority of 66 in a total vote of 236. This result was arrived at after a desultory debate extending over six weeks, during which some lengthy speeches have been delivered for future use as campaign documents. The real question at issue has been, not whether the tariff needs to be revised and reformed—that the majority of the speakers admitted—but what is the best means of doing the work. The bill which has now passed the House places the subject in charge of a commission of nine members to be selected from civil life by the President. "The commission is to take into consideration and to thoroughly investigate all the various questions relating to the agricultural, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mining and industrial interests of the United States so far as the same may be necessary to the establishment of a judicious tariff, or a revision of the existing tariff upon a scale of justice to all interests; and for the purpose of fully examining the matters which may come before it, the commission, in the prosecution of its inquiries is empowered to visit such different portions and sections of the country as it may deem advisable." Each commissioner is to receive ten dollars per day for his services, and in addition "travelling and other necessary expenses." The results of the investigation are to be reported to

Congress on the first Monday in December, 1882. It may be hoped that in conducting the inquiry the commissioners will not confine their attention to the needs of the capitalists, but will take into consideration the fact that the struggling poor are now enduring severe privation through having to pay heavy duties on necessities, and that the burden of taxation is pressing upon that class with undue severity.

A Committee of Five Members to Investigate the whiskey bill scandal was appointed on May 5th, at the instance of Senator Windom. The committee is instructed to inquire whether any money was raised by the promoters of the Carlisle Whiskey bill to secure its passage, and, if so, what was done with it. The Washington correspondent of a New York journal says: "It is understood that one piece of information which has reached Senator Windom, and which will be investigated, is to the effect that a certain prominent distiller was assessed \$8000 in advance to secure the passage of the Carlisle bill, and that he refused to pay the money. If a single distiller was assessed so large a sum, it is inferred that the aggregate sum raised, or attempted to be raised, was something enormous." The Carlisle bill alluded to is designed in the interest of the distillers, to release them from the necessity of giving bonds for the full amount of the taxes due on whiskey held in bond and to further their interests in other ways.

The Subject of Indian Education was Brought before the House on May 6th, when the Conference report on the Indian Appropriation Bill, was presented. It appropriates \$150,000 for the purpose of educating Indian children in government industrial schools, a number of which are located on reservations. It also permits the placing of Indian children among white families where they may be educated in return for their labor. It appropriates \$17,000 to be expended in educating Indian youth in agricultural, industrial, and mechanical schools in the several States, not more than twenty children to be placed in one State. The conference report also contains a clause appropriating \$50,000 for the establishment of two industrial schools, one near the Ponca Agency, Indian Territory, and one near the Sioux Agency, in Dakota. The results which have already attended the efforts to educate the Indian children show that in this path lie the most hopeful prospects of solving the difficult Indian problem.

The Anti-Polygamy Bill, which has Caused so much consternation in Utah, will be rendered still more stringent in its operations if the bill to amend it, introduced last week, should be passed. It provides that the first election held in Utah under the act shall be at the time fixed by law for the election, of delegate to the *Forty-eighth Congress*, and that all elections which are now by law to be held at an earlier date shall be postponed to that time; that all vacancies in office resulting from the passage of the act of March, 1882, not otherwise provided for, shall be filled by the Governor of the Territory, until other provisions be made for filling such vacancies; that in all prosecutions for polygamy, no person shall be incompetent as a witness by reason of any marriage between the witness and the accused; that the act of the Legislative Assembly of Utah incorporating the Church of Latter Day saints be annulled.

The Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers held its twenty-first anniversary on Thursday, May 4th. Mr. A. S. Hatch, Mr. William Phelps, and other friends of the mission were present to assist the indefatigable superintendent, Rev. W. C. Van Meter, in the exercises of the evening. Mr. Van Meter, who founded the mission twenty years ago, described the work that has been done. It had, he said, been begun under great discouragements, but it had been supported, and the work had not been allowed to fail in any of its cardinal principles. To the extent of the means it possessed it welcomed, sheltered, and provided for the poor. No hungry or helpless person was ever turned away from its door. It sought suitable employment for the children who grew up under its care and watched over them. It gave instruction, food, clothing, and homes to the children whose parents cannot or will not pro-

vide for them. Mr. Van Meter said also that he knew of cases of these little ones snatched from the last extremity of want and danger who have now grown up in the good Christian homes in which they had been placed by the mission, and had become worthy members of society. Fifteen thousand dollars are needed for the work of the coming year and the meeting was held with the view of showing the character of the work accomplished. The platform of the Academy of Music was crowded with two hundred children, educated at the mission, who sang choruses, glees, and hymns.

The Ohio Sunday Liquor Law, which Prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays, was put in force on April 30th for the first time since its enactment. At Cincinnati, out of over 3000 saloons some five hundred ventured to defy the new law. The majority of the saloons were closed at Cleveland. At Columbus the day is said to have been the quietest of the year, the law being strictly observed. The arrests for drunkenness, which are generally about twenty-five, were on April 30th only three. A saloon keeper of Cincinnati who was arrested for neglecting to close his place was tried by a jury on May 6th and convicted. He was sentenced to pay a fine of *one hundred dollars* and to be imprisoned for thirty days. An appeal was taken to the Common Pleas, but Ohio lawyers of eminence predict that the decision of the lower court will be sustained.

In the Fierce Prohibition Conflict now in progress in Iowa a significant fact is reported which must seriously confuse the calculations made by the opponents of prohibition. The German vote it was expected would be cast solid for the lager interest. It is now announced that the German Evangelical Association has adopted strong resolutions *in favor of the amendment*.

The Summer Retreat for Sick Children established through the munificence of the late Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Baltimore, is now organized. The secretary of the Wilson Sanitarium thus writes of the progress made: "Our trustees have purchased a tract of 160 acres, well watered and with considerable timber, a half-hour's ride by rail from the centre of the city, and with an altitude of 600 feet above tide water. The seacoast is not accessible, and the bay shores malarial. We propose to deal principally with children under two years of age, taking the mother with her infant, and, if necessary, one or two other children if they are too young to be left at home; to keep them till restored to health and then return them to their homes. The Sanitarium will be open only during the summer months, probably about fifteen weeks; the diseases those incident to bad weather, not chronic cases. We deal only with the poorer classes, and the institution will be free."

An Attempt to found a Hungarian Colony in New Jersey is being made. A movement has been noticed in Hungary for some time past among the more intelligent class of agriculturists in favor of exchanging Austrian rule for free republican institutions. The Hungarians see no prospect of attaining their ideal in their native land, and have shown a tendency to cross the Atlantic. With the view of facilitating their settlement a company has been formed to acquire tracts of land upon the best negotiable terms and conditions, and it is the intention first to secure about 100,000 acres in lots of 20,000 acres. These lots will be laid out in villages with adjacent farms, the villages to give accommodation to fifty families each, with a corresponding number of farms of from 50 to 150 acres, contiguous to each village. The land so surveyed and allotted, it is said, will be sold to the colonists at cost price. Five hundred families are expected to arrive this season.

The Daily Noonday Prayer Meeting in Washington, D. C., commenced last December through the instrumentality of Mr. George A. Hilton, is now a recognized and highly valued institution. It was commenced in faith in God, but with no little doubt as to the reception it would have in the society of the national capital. The meetings have, however, been held every day except Sunday, since they were inaugurated, there has been a large attendance, and God has used the means to the salvation of souls.

Theatrical and Musical Licenses in New York needed renewal last week, as they all expired May 1st. There were fifty-one of these places in the city last year, but as the mayor announced his intention of refusing licenses to the places in which the laws were violated relating to the sale of liquor and the admission of boys, it is probable that the number for the current year will be reduced. The cost of a theatrical license is \$500, and of a musical license \$300. By a curious arrangement the money thus raised is given to the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. This may be accepted as a practical admission that the theatre is in some measure responsible for the existence of juvenile delinquency.

An Innocent Man was Released from Prison a few days ago, in Iowa, after a year's incarceration. He was arrested, tried and convicted on a charge of swindling, but now it has been discovered that the crime was committed by a man who skilfully personated him. The real culprit has been captured, and the innocent man released. There is no law in the State by which he can recover compensation, but Governor Sherman is urging the Legislature to pass a special act to make him some atonement. This is not the first instance by a great many that through a judicial blunder the innocent has suffered instead of the guilty. So Jesus suffered and died for guilty men, but He suffered voluntarily and in His death divine justice was vindicated (Acts 2: 23).

Two Sisters Fighting over their Mother's grave was the shameful spectacle witnessed in a cemetery at Plainfield, N. J., on April 30th. The dead woman had two daughters, one of whom was a Roman Catholic, and the other a Protestant. When she died, the husband, who was too poor to pay the funeral expenses, applied to his Romanist daughter for assistance. She, however, did not help him, so he applied to his Protestant daughter, who agreed to pay them on condition that her mother should be interred in the Protestant burial ground. To this the bereaved man consented, but just as the body was lowered into the grave the Romanist daughter rushed violently upon her sister, and angrily assaulted her, and finally, picking up a club, tried to murder her, and only desisted when the police forcibly interfered. If the woman had been divinely enlightened she would not so have misconducted herself. She would have remembered what many beside her appear to forget that the place of burial will be of little account in the day when the graves give up their dead (2 Tim. 2: 19).

A Meeting at Sea of three Brothers after years of separation is described in the *Whig* of Bangor, Me. It appears that three brothers who were born at Searsport, Captain J. G. Park, Samuel Park, and Captain Charles C. Park, happened to be sailing for New York recently, when the ships on which they were sailing were becalmed off the island of Madagascar. It had so happened that all the brothers, owing to their long voyages, had not been in America at the same time for many years. Charles and Jerry had not seen each other before for six years, and Charles and Samuel had not seen each other for twelve years. They were together for one day. It must have been an interesting day for the three men in that southern cline, united by a common bond among strange surroundings, and so far from home. In some of its features it was like the meetings of all Christians here. They may not have long or frequent communications with each other, but they are bound together by their love for the same Heavenly Father, and their hopes are directed to the same Heavenly home (Heb. 11: 16).

A Desperate Struggle with a Bear is Reported in the *Troy Times*. It is stated that Mr. E. R. Derby, of Prospect House, Saranac Lake, while driving from his residence to Bloomingdale on April 28th, heard cries of distress proceeding from a ravine near the road. He immediately stopped his horses and ran to the edge of the wood. There he saw a huge bear pursuing a man. Mr. Derby crept cautiously among the trees with his revolver in his hand to within short range, when he fired, hitting the brute in the shoulder. The bear, stung with pain, stopped and turned in fury on his

new assailant. Mr. Derby dodged around the tree and fired again, the ball taking effect in the head. The only immediate result was to increase the bear's rage, and he made another attempt to seize his enemy, who now turned and ran toward the road for his life. The bear, however, gained upon him, and a tree happening to be in his path, he quickly climbed it, and, clinging to a high branch, prepared for the attack he knew the bear would make. *Presently he saw him clinging to the trunk.* Mr. Derby carried a long sheath knife, and as soon as the bear was within reach, he struck at his paws, cutting deep, but not so as to force the bear to lose his hold. As he leaned over for a more vigorous thrust, he overbalanced and fell to the ground. Then the bear, sure now of his prey, advanced *erect with gleaming eyes.* Instantly Mr. Derby saw his opportunity, and rushing toward the brute drove his knife through his heart. Shaken, bruised, and bleeding, his clothing torn to shreds, he made his way to the nearest house, where his wounds were dressed. It was a narrow escape from what at one period of the struggle seemed certain death. But men when threatened with such a death fight desperately; in their struggles with a fiercer and more deadly enemy who assails them with temptations they often make but a faint struggle, and are speedily overcome (Eph. 6: 12, 13).

An Escaped Prisoner was Struck by Lightning near Mobile, Ala., recently. The deputy sheriff had him in charge, but the prisoner, who possessed gigantic strength, overpowered his captor and succeeded in getting away. Nothing was heard of the prisoner for some days, but then Sheriff Burke received a note from him stating where he was and that he desired to give himself up. The sheriff immediately proceeded to the place indicated, where he found the runaway at the point of death. He stated that after making his escape he had wandered around and had managed to obtain a gun, when, seeing a storm coming on he took refuge in an old building to escape the fury of the elements. He placed his gun at his feet, and had just fallen asleep when the building was *struck by lightning.* The electric fluid, evidently attracted by the gun, passed close to his head, passed downward, peeling the skin from his body, and thence into the gun, bursting the barrels. The man was seriously, if not fatally, injured, and it was remarkable that the very weapon he procured as a means of defence led to his injuries. Like the storm that tossed the ship on which Jonah sailed toward Joppa, this storm proved to the wrongdoer that before God's vengeance human devices are of no service (Levit. 26: 28).

A Young Lady only Fourteen Years of Age rescued a man from drowning at Montgomery, Va., recently. Two commercial travellers driving in a buggy while passing New River Ferry drove into the water to wash the buggy. In the water the horse became unmanageable and plunged into the deep part of the river. One of the men while trying to cut the horse loose, fell out and sank, but the other got safe to land. On the other side of the river Miss Lillie Bryant sat in a canoe engaged with some juvenile fancy work. She saw the accident, and promptly seizing the paddles she soon had her canoe at the spot where the man went down. The man who had made his way to the shore, however, called to the girl to come to the bank for him, as he thought she was not strong enough to rescue his comrade unaided. The girl obeyed, and then the man took the paddles. But in his unskilful hands the canoe made no progress, and he was glad to give them up to the girl, who quickly shot to the spot where the drowning man was making his last frantic struggle for life. Happily he was not too much exhausted to seize the canoe as soon as it was within reach, and climb into it, and so was saved. His companion's confidence in himself, however, very nearly resulted in the loss of life. Something very like this often occurs in the crisis of the soul. Meddlesome people want to try various expedients for relieving anxious souls, when all that is needed is to bring the lifeboat of Christ's sacrifice within their reach, and that has often been done by a child (1 Cor. 1: 27, 28).

THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD JESUS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel."—2 Timothy 2: 8.

The Blessing on the Doctrine—A Grand Truth Proclaimed by Men not Angels—The Resurrection a Great Fact—I. Its Bearings on other Truths—A Tangible Proof of Another Life—Of the Resurrection of the Body—The Seal of Christ's Claims—A Guarantee of His People's Resurrection—A Picture of New Spiritual Life—II. Its Bearings on the Gospel—The Gospel of a Living Saviour—A Powerful Saviour—The Safety of Believers—III. Its Bearings on Ourselves—Results of Remembering it—Trials Vanish—Hope of Victory—End of Hoplessness—Futility of Opposition to Christ—His Cause not to be Crushed.

FROM *long sickness* my mind is scarcely equal to the work before me. Certainly, if I had ever sought after brilliance of thought or language, I should have failed to-day, for I am almost at the lowest stage of incapacity. I have only been comforted in the thought of preaching to you this morning by the reflection that it is the doctrine itself which God blesses, and not the way in which it may be spoken; for if God had made the power to depend upon the speaker and his style, He would have chosen that the resurrection, grandest of all truths, should have been proclaimed by angels rather than by men. Yet He set aside the seraph for the humbler creature. After angels had spoken a word or two to the women their testimony ceased.

The most prominent testimony to the resurrection of the Lord was at the first that of holy women, and afterward that of each one of the guileless men and women who made up the five hundred or more whose privilege it was to have actually seen the risen Saviour, and who therefore could bear witness to what they had seen, though they may have been quite unable to describe with eloquence what they had beheld.

Upon our Lord's rising I have nothing to say, and God's ministers have nothing to say, beyond bearing witness to the fact that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead. Put it in poetry, tell it out in sublime Miltonic verse, it will come to no more; tell it out in monosyllables, and write it so that little children may read it in their first spelling-books, and it will come to nothing less. "The Lord is risen indeed" is *the sum and substance* of our witness when we speak of our risen Redeemer. If we do but know the truth of this resurrection, and feel the power of it, our mode of utterance is of secondary consequence; for the Holy Spirit will bear witness to the truth, and cause it to produce fruit in the minds of our hearers.

Our present text is found in Paul's second letter to Timothy. The venerable minister is anxious about the young man who has preached with remarkable success, and whom he regards in some respects as his successor. The old man is about to put off his tabernacle, and he is concerned that his son in the Gospel, should preach the same truth as his father has preached, and should by no means adulterate the Gospel. A tendency showed itself in Timothy's day, and the same tendency exists at this very hour, to try to get away from the simple matters of fact upon which our religion is built, to something more philosophical and hard to be understood. The word which the common people heard gladly is not fine enough for cultured sages, and so they must needs surround it with a mist of human thought and speculation. Three or four plain facts constitute the Gospel, even as Paul puts it in the fifteenth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians: "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures."

Upon the incarnation, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus our salvation hinges. He who believes these truths aright hath believed the Gospel, and believing the Gospel he shall without doubt

find eternal salvation therein. But men want novelties; they cannot endure that the trumpet should give forth the same certain sound, they crave some fresh fantasia every day.

"THE GOSPEL WITH VARIATIONS"

is the music for them. Intellect is progressive, they say; they must, therefore, march ahead of their forefathers. Incarnate Deity, a holy life, an atoning death, and a literal resurrection—having heard these things now for nearly nineteen centuries they are just a little stale, and the cultivated mind hungers for a change from the o'd-fashioned manna. Even in Paul's day this tendency was manifest, and so they sought to regard facts as mysteries or parables, and they labored to find a spiritual meaning in them till they went so far as to deny them as actual facts. Hence there had arisen a certain Hymenæus and Philetus, "Who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already; and overthrow the faith of some." Turn to verse seventeen and read for yourselves. They spirited away the resurrection; they made it to mean something very deep and mystical, and in the process they took away the actual resurrection altogether. The Apostle Paul was very anxious that Timothy at least should stand firm to the old witness, and should understand in their plain meaning his testimonies to the fact that Jesus Christ of the seed of David rose again from the dead.

This morning I wish to do three things. First, let us *consider the bearings of the resurrection of Christ upon other great truths*; secondly, let us *consider the bearings of this fact upon the Gospel*, for it has such bearings, according to the text—"Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my Gospel;" thirdly, let us *consider its bearings on ourselves*, which are all indicated in the word "Remember."

I. First, then, beloved, as God shall help us, let us consider

THE BEARINGS OF THE FACT

that Jesus rose from the dead.

It is clear at the outset that *the resurrection of our Lord was a tangible proof that there is another life*. Have you not quoted a great many times certain lines about "That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." It is not so. Our divine Lord went to the undiscovered country, and He returned. He said that at the third day He would be back again, and He was true to His word. There is no doubt that there is another state for human life, for Jesus has been in it, and has come back from it. We have no doubt as to a future existence, for Jesus existed after death. We have no doubt as to a paradise of future bliss, for Jesus went to it and returned. Though He has left us again, yet that coming back to tarry with us forty days has given us a sure pledge that He will return a second time when the hour is due, and then will *be with us for a thousand years*, and reign on earth. His return from among the dead is a pledge to us of existence after death, and we rejoice in it.

His resurrection is also a pledge that the body will surely live again and rise to a superior condition; for the body of our blessed Master was no phantom after death any more than before. "Handle me, and see." Oh wondrous proof! He said, "Handle me and see;" and then to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side." What deception is possible here? The risen Jesus was no mere spirit. He promptly cried, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." "Bring me," said He, "something to eat;" and as if to show how real His body was, though He did not need to eat, yet He did eat, and a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb were proofs of the reality of the act.

Now, the body of our Lord in its risen state did not exhibit the whole of His glorification; for otherwise we should have seen John falling at His feet as dead, and we should have seen all His disciples overcome with the glory of the vision; but, still, in a great measure, we may call the forty days' sojourn—"The life of Jesus in His glory upon earth." He was no longer despised and rejected of men; but a glory surrounded Him. It

is evident that the raised body passed from place to place in a single moment, that it appeared and vanished at will, and was superior to the laws of matter. The risen body was incapable of pain, of hunger, thirst, and weariness during the time in which it remained here below—fit representative of the bulk of which it was the firstfruits. Of our body also it shall be said ere long, "It was sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it was sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory." Let us, then, as we think of the risen Christ, rest quite sure of a future life, and quite sure that our body will exist in it in a glorified condition.

I do not know whether you are ever troubled with doubts in connection with the world to come as to whether it can be true that we shall live eternally. Here is the respect which makes death so terrible to doubters; for while they have realized the grave, they have not realized the life beyond it. Now, the best help to that realization is a firm grip of the fact that Jesus died and Jesus rose again. This fact is proved better than any other event in history; the witness to it is far stronger than to anything else that is written either in profane or sacred records. The rising of our Lord Jesus Christ being certain, you may rest assured of the existence of another world. That is the first bearing of this great truth.

Secondly, *Christ's rising from the dead was the seal to all His claims*. It was true, then, that He was sent of God, for God raised Him from the dead in confirmation of His mission. He had said Himself, "Destroy this body, and in three days I will raise it up." Lo, there He is: the temple of His body is rebuilt! Before men's eye the seal is manifest!

SUPPOSE HE HAD NEVER RISEN.

You and I might have believed in the truth of a mission which God had given Him; but we could never have believed in the truth of such a commission as He claimed to have received—a commission to be our Redeemer from death and hell. How could He be our ransom from the grave if He had Himself remained under the dominion of death?

A third bearing of His resurrection is this, and it is a very grand one—*The resurrection of our Lord, according to Scripture, was the acceptance of His sacrifice*. By the Lord Jesus Christ rising from the dead evidence was given that He had fully endured the penalty which was due to human guilt. "The soul that sinneth it shall die"—that is the determination of the God of heaven. Jesus stands in the sinner's stead and dies: and when He has done that nothing more can be demanded of Him, for He that is dead is free from the law. You and I are clear from the claims of the law because Jesus stood in our stead, and God will not exact payment both from us and from our Substitute; it were contrary to justice to sue both the Surety and those for whom He stood.

And now, joy upon joy! the burden of liability which once did lie upon the Substitute is removed from Him also; seeing He has by the suffering of death vindicated justice and made satisfaction to the injured law. Now both the sinner and the Surety are free. This is a great joy, a joy for which to make the golden harps ring out a loftier style of music. He who took our debt has now delivered Himself from it by dying on the cross. His new life, now that He has risen from the dead, is a life free from legal claim, and it is the token to us that we whom He represented are free also. Listen! "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again." It is

A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW TO FEAR

when the apostle says that we cannot be condemned because Christ has died in our stead; but he puts a double force into it when he cries, "Yea rather, that is risen again." If Satan, therefore, shall come to any believer and say, "What about your sin?" tell him Jesus died for it, and your sin is put away. If he come a second time, and say to you, "What about your sin?" answer him, "Jesus lives, and His life is the assurance of our justification; for if our Surety had not paid the debt He would still be under the power of death."

Bear with me while I notice, next, another bearing of this resurrection of Christ. *It was a guarantee of His people's resurrection*. There is no logic more imperative than the argument drawn from union with Christ. God has made the saints one with Christ, and if Christ has risen all the saints must rise too. My soul takes firm hold on this, and as she strengthens her grasp she loses all fear of death. Now we bear our dear ones to the cemetery and leave them each one in his narrow cell, calmly bidding him farewell and saying—

"So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, dear saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade."

It is not merely ours to know that our brethren are living in heaven, but also that their mortal parts are in divine custody, securely kept till the appointed hour when the body shall be reanimated, and the perfect man shall enjoy the adoption of God. We are sure that our dead men shall live; together with Christ's dead body they shall rise. No power can hold in durance the redeemed of the Lord. "Let my people go" shall be a command as much obeyed by death as once by the humbled Pharaoh who could not hold a single Israelite in bonds. The day of deliverance cometh on apace.

Once more, *our Lord's rising from the dead is a fair picture of the new life which all believers already enjoy*. The regeneration which has taken place in those who believe has changed our spirit, and given to it eternal life, but it has not affected our body further than this, that it has made it to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, and thus it is a holy thing, and cannot be obnoxious to the Lord, or swept away among unholy things; but still the body is subject to pain and weariness, and to the supreme sentence of death. Not so the spirit. There is within us already a part of the resurrection accomplished, since it is written, "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." You once were like the ungodly, under the law of sin and death, but you have been brought out of the bondage of corruption into the liberty of life and grace; the Lord having wrought in you gloriously, "according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places."

Now, just as Jesus Christ led, after His resurrection, a life very different from that before His death, so you and I are called upon to live a high and noble spiritual and heavenly life, seeing that we have been raised from the dead to die no more. Let us joy and rejoice in this. Let us behave as those who are alive from the dead, the happy children of the resurrection. *Do not let us be money-grubbers*, or hunters after worldly fame. Let us not set our affections on the foul things of this dead and rotten world, but let our hearts fly upward, like young birds that have broken loose of their shells—upward toward our Lord and the heavenly things upon which He would have us set our minds. Living truth, living work, living faith, these are the things for living men; let us cast off the grave-clothes of our former lusts, and wear the garments of light and life.

II. Now, secondly, let us consider
THE BEARINGS OF THIS FACT OF THE RESURRECTION UPON THE GOSPEL;

for Paul says, "Jesus Christ was raised from the dead *according to my Gospel*." I always like to see what way any kind of statement bears on the Gospel. I may not have many more opportunities of preaching, and I make up my mind to this one thing, that I will waste no time upon secondary themes, but when I do preach it shall be the Gospel, or something very closely bearing upon it. Those who have a taste for the superfluities may take their fill of them, it is for me to keep to the great necessary truths by which men's souls are saved. My work is to preach Christ crucified and the Gospel, which gives men salvation through faith.

I hear every now and then of very taking sermons about some bright new nothing or another. Some preachers remind me of the emperor who had a wonderful skill in *carving men's heads upon cherry*

stones. What a multitude of preachers we have who can make wonderfully fine discourses out of a mere passing thought, of no consequence to any one. But we want the Gospel. We have to live and die, and we must have the Gospel. Certain of us may be cold in our graves before many weeks are over, and we cannot afford to toy and trifle; we want to see the bearings of all teachings upon our eternal destinies, and upon the Gospel which sheds its light over our future.

The resurrection of Christ is vital, because first it tells us that *the Gospel is the Gospel of a living Saviour*. We have not to send poor penitents to the crucifix, the dead image of a dead man. We say not, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" We have not to send you to a little baby Christ nursed by a woman. Nothing of the sort. Behold the Lord that liveth and was dead and is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of hell and of death! Behold in Him a living and accessible Saviour who out of the glory still cries with loving accents, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." I say we have a living Saviour, and is not this a glorious feature of the Gospel?

Notice next that *we have*

A POWERFUL SAVIOUR

in connection with the Gospel that we preach; for He who had power to raise Himself from the dead, has all power now that He is raised. He who in death vanquishes death, can much more conquer by His life. He who being in the grave did, nevertheless, burst all its bonds, can assuredly deliver all His people. He who, coming under the power of the law, did, nevertheless, fulfil the law, and thus set His people free from bondage, must be mighty to save. You need a Saviour strong and mighty, yet you do not want one stronger than He of whom it is written that He rose again from the dead. What a blessed Gospel we have to preach—the Gospel of a living Christ who hath Himself returned from the dead leading captivity captive.

And now notice, that we have *the Gospel of complete justification* to preach to you. We do not come and say, "Brethren, Jesus Christ by His death did something by which men may be saved if they have a mind to be, and diligently carry out their good resolves." No, no; we say Jesus Christ took the sin of His people upon Himself and bore the consequences of it in His own body on the tree, so that He died; and having died, and so paid the penalty, He lives again; and now all for whom He died, all His people whose sins He bore, are free from the guilt of sin. You ask me, "Who are they?" and I reply, as many as believe on Him.

A PROOF OF SAFETY.

Once again, the connection of the resurrection and the Gospel is this, *it proves the safety of the saints*, for if when Christ rose His people rose also, they rose to a life like that of their Lord, and therefore they can never die. It is written, "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him," and it is so with the believer; if you have been dead with Christ and are risen with Christ, death has no more dominion over you; you shall never go back to the beggarly elements of sin, you shall never become what you were before your regeneration. You shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of Jesus' hand.

Brethren, I cannot stop to show you how this resurrection touches the Gospel at every point, but Paul is always full of it. More than thirty times Paul talks about the resurrection, and occasionally at great length, giving whole chapters to the glorious theme. The more I think of it the more I delight to preach Jesus and the resurrection. The glad tidings that Christ has risen is as truly the Gospel as the doctrine that He came among men and for men presented His blood as a ransom. If angels sang glory to God in the highest when the Lord was born, I feel impelled to repeat the note now that He is risen from the dead.

III. And so I come to my last head, and to the practical conclusion:

THE BEARING UPON OURSELVES.

Paul expressly bids us "Remember" it. "Why," says one, "we don't forget it." Are you sure you do not? I find myself far too forgetful of divine truths. We ought not to forget, for this first day of the week is consecrated for Sabbath purposes to constrain us to think of the resurrection. On the seventh day men celebrated a finished creation, on the first day we celebrate a finished redemption. Bear it, then, in mind. Now, if you will remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David rose from the dead, what will follow?

First, you will find that *most of your trials will vanish*. Are you tried by your sin? Jesus Christ rose again from the dead for your justification. Does Satan accuse? Jesus rose to be your advocate and intercessor. Do infirmities hinder? The living Christ will show Himself strong on your behalf. You have a living Christ, and in Him you have all things. Do you dread death? Jesus, in rising again, has vanquished the last enemy. He will come and meet you when it is your turn to pass through the chill stream, and you shall ford it in sweet company. What is your trouble? I care not what it is, for if you will only think of Jesus as living, full of power, full of love, and full of sympathy, having experienced all your trials, even unto death, you will have such a confidence in His tender care and in His boundless ability that you will follow in His footsteps without a question. Remember Jesus, and that He rose again from the dead, and your confidence will rise as on eagles' wings.

Next remember Jesus, for then you will see how your present sufferings are as nothing compared with His sufferings, and you will learn to *expect victory over your sufferings even as He obtained victory*. Now, then, when you are called to suffer, think—"Jesus suffered, yet Jesus rose again from the dead; He came up out of His baptism of griefs the better and more glorious for it, and so shall I!" Wherefore go you into the furnace at the Lord's bidding, and do not fear that the smell of fire shall pass upon you. Behold in the risen One the type and model of what you are and are to be! Wherefore fear not, for He conquered! Stand not trembling, but march boldly on, for Jesus Christ of the seed of David rose from the dead, and you who are of the seed of the promise shall rise again from all your trials and afflictions, and live a glorious life.

We see here, dear brethren, in being told to remember Jesus that *there is hope even in our hopelessness*. When are things most hopeless in a man? Why, when he is dead. Do you know what it is to come down to that, so far as your inward weakness is concerned? I do. At times it seems to me that all my joy is buried like a dead thing, and all my present usefulness and all my hope of being useful in the future are coffined and laid underground like a corpse. In the anguish of my spirit, and the desolation of my heart, I could count it better to die than to live. You say it should not be so. I grant you it should not be so, but so it is. Many things happen within the minds of poor mortals which should not happen; if we had more courage and more faith they would not happen. Ay, but when we go down, down, down, is it not a blessed thing that Jesus Christ of the seed of David died, and was raised from the dead? If I sink right down among the dead men yet will I hold to this blessed hope, that as Jesus rose again from the dead, so also shall my joy, my usefulness, my hope, my spirit rise.

This downcasting and

SLAYING IS GOOD FOR US.

We take a deal of killing, and it is by being killed that we live. Many a man will never live till his proud self is slain. O proud Pharisee, if you are to live among those whom God accepts, you will have to come to the slaughter-house and be cut in pieces as well as killed. "This is dreadful work," saith one, "this dividing of joints and marrow, this spiritual dismemberment and destruction." Assuredly it is painful, and yet it were a grievous loss to be denied it. Alas, how many are so good and excellent, and strong and wise, and clever, and all that, that they cannot agree to be saved by grace through faith. If they could be reduced to less

than nothing it would be the finest thing that ever happened to them.

Lastly, this proves *the futility of all opposition to Christ*. The learned are going to destroy the Christian religion. Already, according to their boastings, it has pretty nearly come to an end. The pulpit is effete, it cannot command public attention. We stand up and preach to empty benches! As you see—or do not see. Nothing remains for us but to die decently, so they insinuate. And what then? When our Lord was dead, when the clay-cold corpse lay, watched by the Roman soldiery, and with a seal upon the enclosing stone, was not the cause in mortal jeopardy? But how fared it? Did it die out? Every disciple that Jesus had made forsook Him, and fled, was not Christianity then destroyed? Nay, that very day our Lord won a victory which shook the gates of hell, and caused the universe to stand astonished.

Matters are not worse with Him at this hour! His affairs are not in a sadder condition to-day than then. Nay, see Him to-day and judge. On His head are many crowns, and at His feet the hosts of angels bow! Jesus is the master of legions to-day, while the Cæsars have passed away! Here are His people—needy, obscure, despised, I grant you, still, but more numerous than they were when they laid Him in the tomb.

HIS CAUSE IS NOT TO BE CRUSHED, it is for ever rising. Year after year, century after century, bands of true and honest hearts are marching up to the assault of the citadel of Satan.

The prince of this world has a stronghold here on earth, and we are to capture it; but as yet we see small progress, for rank after rank the warriors of the Lord have marched to the breach and disappeared beneath the terrible fire of death. All who have gone before seem to have been utterly cut off and destroyed, and still the enemy holds his ramparts against us. Has nothing been done, think you? Has death taken away those martyrs, and confessors, and preachers, and laborious saints, and has nothing been achieved? Truly if Christ were dead I would admit our defeat, for they that are fallen asleep in Him would have perished; but as the Christ liveth so the cause liveth, and they that have fallen are not dead; they have vanished from our sight for a little, but if the curtain could be withdrawn every one of them would be seen to stand in his lot unharmed, crowned, victorious.

"Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" These are they that were defeated! Whence, then, their crowns? These are they that were dishonored! Whence then their white robes? These are they who clung to a cause which is overthrown. Whence then their long line of victors, for there is not a vanquished man among them all? Let the truth be spoken. Defeat is not the word for the cause of Jesus, the Prince of the house of David. We have always been victorious, brethren; we are victorious now. Follow your Master on your white horses, and be not afraid! I see Him in the front with His blood-stained vesture around Him, fresh from the wine-press where He has trodden down His foes. You have not to present atoning blood, but only to conquer after your Lord. Put on your white raiment and follow Him on your white horses, conquering and to conquer. *He is nearer than we think*, and the end of all things may be before the next jibe shall have come forth from the mouth of the last new septic. Have confidence in the risen One, and live in the power of His resurrection.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Vol. IV. of *The Christian Herald and Signs* of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1881, with complete index. Price, \$3 including postage: ten per cent. less to ministers and the trade.



The Clergyman's Death.

A CLERGYMAN'S SUDDEN DEATH.

THERE were many sorrowful faces in Brookville, and many tears were shed in the usually cheerful and prosperous community when the news was spread through the village that Dr. Turner, the revered and beloved pastor, had died suddenly in his library. More than thirty years he had preached the Gospel in the village church, and gone in and out among his people carrying the good tidings of salvation into their homes. The village contained no other man so much respected. If there was sickness in a house, his visits were expected as regularly as those of the physician, and people used to say that they did the patients as much good. His cheery manner, his gentle sympathetic voice, and above all, the sweet consolatory words he spoke, induced a calm equanimity very favorable to recovery. If a quarrel occurred, Dr. Turner's decision was accepted as final, and no one thought of going to law after the good old clergyman had heard both sides and expressed his opinion of the merits of the dispute. So it came about that the worthy clergyman was a power for good outside his legitimate sphere; men who did not profess religion liked him, and would say that if all religious people were like him they should think better of the church. It was therefore no feigned or formal sorrow that agitated the village when it was known that he was dead.

"How did he die?" "Who was with him?" were the two questions most frequently on the people's lips. Not much was known for a few days, but then some of the details were told. Dr. Turner's son had returned from a European trip a few days before, bringing with him the lady he had married in Germany. The old gentleman had given his son and daughter-in-law a warm welcome, and the latter was in the library with him when he died. No one else was there, and the young lady had come from the room to call the servants and to tell them the clergyman was ill and needed assistance. The physician was summoned; he examined his patient and pronounced

him dead of an apoplectic seizure. That was all that was known.

There was more, however, that might have been told, but it was more than a year before Brookville knew it. Dr. Turner's only son, his dearly loved boy, whom he always thought and spoke of as a boy, even after he became a man, was intended for a clergyman. His education was planned with that object, and when he went to Europe it was with the expectation that on his return he would aid his father in his work, and eventually succeed him. The servants, however, noticed that he had never once attended family prayers since his return. Sometimes he had a headache and kept his room, at others he had gone out for an early walk and had not returned. Neither he nor his young wife ever presented themselves at the household service.

On the morning of the clergyman's death, the servants heard Dr. Turner greet his daughter-in-law affectionately as she entered the room just after they rose from their knees, and they heard him ask her to meet him in the library that morning. She went there, and Dr. Turner with all kindness, delicacy, and courtesy spoke to her about the concerns of the soul. She answered him with brutal frankness; told him that she had repeatedly urged her husband to tell a secret he was reluctant to tell. As he had not had the courage to do so, she said, she would do it herself. The clergyman's son was an avowed Atheist, and she had been an actress in a German theatre. The good old man heard no more. Falling back in his chair he felt as Eli felt when he heard of his sons' deaths and the loss of the ark of God. He cried out, "Oh, Absalom, my son! my son!" and then his eyes closed, never more to open in this world. His daughter-in-law started from her chair, gazed at him with a look half surprised half contemptuous, and then called for assistance. It was too late, her revelation of her husband's fall had snapped the strings of life, and the good old clergyman was with his God.

When at the last great day the secrets of all



The Broker's Purchase.

hearts are revealed, it will be found that many a death has been caused, many a useful life shortened, by sorrow over the apostasy or misconduct of dearly loved children, for whom many prayers have been offered and on whom many hopes were fixed.

THE BROKER'S PURCHASE.

"WILL you let me see a chest of drawers you have?" said a man whom Mary Watkins saw at the door of her humble apartments when she opened it in answer to a sharp imperative knock. The question made her sick at heart, for she knew what it meant. Her husband must have sold the drawers to get the money for rum. She admitted the man, who immediately walked up to the article of furniture he wanted to see, and commenced his examination. There was no need to ask if that was the one he wanted, for the room was too bare of furniture to admit of any mistake. One by one the pretty chairs and tables and pictures and ornaments Mary had been so proud of in the first days of her married life, had been sold. Everything of any value was gone beside the chest of drawers, which her mother gave her when she was married, and this she had clung to in memory of her mother, and when she moved into the wretched lodging from the little cottage they used to live in, she brought her mother's gift with her.

Mary was once a pretty girl, though now her red eyes and haggard face would make any one doubt the assertion. But only four years before, Mary was so pretty and winsome that several young men asked her to leave her service as parlor maid and be married. But Mary was in no hurry to marry. She refused her suitors, but two of them were so persistent that they would not take no for an answer. One of them was a bricklayer whom she knew first in her village home when both went to the same school and who sought her out in the city when she went there and had been kind to her. He was very good and Mary liked him, but he was a little dull and countryfied in his manners and very careful of his money—"niggardly," Mary

called him. The other suitor was a city man. Mary did not know how he earned a living, but he was always well dressed and always ready to spend money in presents or little treats of one kind or another. A generous open-handed man; and though Mary instinctively felt that her country suitor Robert had more sense and prudence, she was dazzled by James's city manners and generous ways.

Eventually James was accepted and they were married. Robert came to see them the first week afterward and frankly told the young husband that he had been a suitor for Mary's hand and had been rejected. He bore them no ill will, however, he said, for he knew he was but a rough sort of fellow that a girl was not likely to take a fancy to, and he hoped, they would be happy.

James, with his customary heartiness, grasped Robert's hand, called him a real good fellow and told him he would be pleased to have him as a friend. So it came about that Robert was a frequent visitor to the cottage, and both husband and wife liked to have him there. The good honest fellow was too honorable to cause James to be jealous of him and he was useful in many ways.

James, however, began to neglect his home. He made some acquaintances whom he had better have avoided, and soon, every evening billiards and pool occupied his time and he came home a little unsteadily after midnight. Then he was discharged from the factory where he worked, and he could not obtain another engagement. Then the furniture was disposed of for bread, and the young couple moved into the dingy lodging where the broker called to see the chest of drawers. Before this, James and Robert had quarrelled. When Robert saw him coming away from the pool-room on his first visit there he had spoken to him of his danger. He used plain language for Robert was not accustomed to refinement of speech, and James called him a canting Methodist and advised him to mind his own business. High words had followed, and there would have been blows only Robert remembered in time that Mary would think badly of him if he struck her husband.

Robert, however, contrived to keep an eye on James and his wife and learned how things were going. He heard of the furniture being sold and made a friend of the broker who bought it. Somehow, the furniture never appeared in the broker's store. He might buy a clock or a picture of James on Monday, but it was always sold before Tuesday morning and no one saw where it went. Robert knew too that Mary's favorite chest of drawers was now the only thing left her of her treasures, and when he heard that the broker had gone to her lodgings he knew well enough what his business was. He waited a few minutes and then followed, and for the first time since the quarrel Mary saw him face to face just as the broker was looking at his purchase, and she with her hands clasped was looking at his movements.

James did not come home that night, he was too much ashamed of selling the chest of drawers to think of returning; but Robert knew where to find him, and very soon Robert, for the first time in his life, was sitting down in the back parlor of a saloon reeking with the fumes of lager and stale tobacco smoke. James was seated opposite him, looking



The Martyrdom of Two Missionaries in New Guinea.

the very image of misery. James said he had resolved never to go home again. He was a poor lost wretch, and he was hesitating whether he would tramp to another city out west and begin life anew, or fling himself in the dock, and he looked just then as if the latter alternative was the one he would choose. Robert took him out of the saloon at last, made him have a cold bath and then gave him a good meal. By this time James was sober but with his head almost splitting with pain. Then Robert led him into a large hall where some Christian temperance people held meetings every night and gave him into the hands of a kindly old gentleman who knew how to get at the hearts of just such men. There Robert left him, and two hours later when he called for him James was in a more hopeful condition. He had signed the pledge, he had made up his mind never to touch his enemy again, and, what was of more importance than all, knowing well his weakness, he had been taught where to look for help.

This was Robert's opportunity; taking him by the arm he led him out of the city by the well-remembered route to his former home. When they arrived at the cottage Robert opened the door with a key from his pocket, and entering he showed James the old rooms with all the furniture in, which he had sold, and Robert had bought from the broker. James saw as in a dream that everything was placed as Mary had been used to have it, and that out of the scattered fragments the home had been carefully reconstructed. He sat down and burying his face in his hands cried like a child. Then Robert, putting his hand on his shoulder, told him his plans. He would give James his old home and the furniture, if he adhered to his resolution to abstain from liquor, and he might have it at once.

Mary was quickly found and brought to the old place, and there in the restored home she and her husband commenced their new life. James worked steadily and lived frugally, and Robert has been repaid every cent he expended, and has the happiness of seeing on his regular visits to the cottage, where he now receives a hearty welcome, that his kindness has been the means, under God, of rescuing one soul from perdition and another from a life of misery.

MARTYRDOM OF TWO MISSIONARIES.

THE Rev. James Chalmers, the indefatigable missionary in New Guinea (a large island north of Australia, and belonging to the Dutch), has just

been making a tour among the towns and villages in which the Gospel seed has been sown, and, though tardily and sparsely, is nevertheless producing fruit. Speaking of the Motu tribe, which exercises the chief influence in the entire region, Mr. Chalmers says, 'They must have been a terrible lot in the past. I have heard much from themselves of piracy, murder, and robbery, and along here they tell terrible tales. A Motu chief in one of our meetings, speaking of the past and present, concluded by saying, 'Since the arrival of the foreigners (teachers) we have changed, and will continue to change.'''

The following particulars with reference to events which unhappily led to the murder of the two missionaries, Dr.

James and Mr. Thorngren, by the natives of Yule Island, in August, 1876, possess a melancholy interest.

'The missionaries had gone in a vessel to Yule Island, to purchase necessities, when one young man came to try to sell them feathers, which the missionaries did not want. Dr. James and Waunaea told him to leave. This they say was the beginning of the trouble. He went home, quietly arranged a party, slept in the bush, and before daylight went off to the vessel. On nearing the vessel they said, 'We want to sell yams.' The yams were taken on board, and while Dr. James was counting the beads to pay for them he was struck with a club and afterward speared. Mr. Thorngren was struck at from aft, fell overboard and was never seen again. When the people in the village heard of it, they were very sorry, and ever since the assassins have been looked upon with anger, as they have been the cause of keeping the white man away.

'I asked them, 'What now?' 'Let us make friends, and never again have the like.' I explained to them the object of our coming here, and that they must not think we are to buy everything they bring, and must not be angry when we refuse to give what they demand. We do not come to steal their food or curios, and, if we do not want them, they can carry all back; we are not traders. They said, 'Tamate, now let it be friendship; give up your intention of going to Mekeo (inland district) and come to-morrow, and we shall make friends and peace.'''

Next morning Mr. Chalmers carried into effect his intended visit, and says of it: 'The chief of Paitana and two followers, with my friend Lauma, of Lolo, waited to accompany me. When near the village we heard loud wailing, and Lavao, who was leading, thought it better we should wait for the old chief, who was some distance behind.

'Then began speechifying, presenting of cooked food, betel-nuts, pig, and feathers. When all was finished, I gave my present, and said a few words in the Motu dialect. The real murderer of Mr. Thorngren sat near me, dressed for the occasion, and four others who were in the canoe stood near the platform. I spoke to them of the meanness and treachery of attacking, as they attacked Dr. James and Mr. Thorngren. They said, 'What now, then?' 'Oh, maino (peace) it must be; we are friends,' I said. 'I am not a trader, but have come to teach of the only one true God and His love to us all in the gift of His Son Jesus Christ.'''

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 286.)

A London Garret.

How familiar, yet how different, Marlowe's cottage seemed! Roland knew all these carvings, curious and beautiful, which lined the walls and decorated every article of the old oak furniture. But the hearth was cold, and there was no pleasant disorder about the small house telling its story of daily work. In the deep recess of the window-frame, where the western sun was already shining, stood old Marlowe's copy of a carved crucifix, which he had himself once brought from the Tyrol, and lent to him before finding a place for it in his own home. The sacred head was bowed down so low as almost to hide the face under the shadow of the crown of thorns. At the foot of the cross, in delicately small old English letters, the old man had carved the words, "Come unto me all ye that be weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He remembered pointing out the mistake that he had made to old Marlowe.

"I like it best," said the dumb man; "I have often been weary, but not with labor; weary of myself, weary of the world, weary of life, weary of everything but my Phebe. That is what Christ says to me."

Jean Merle could see the old man's speaking face again, and the fingers moving less swiftly when spelling out the words to him, than when he was talking to Phebe. Weary! weary! was it not so with him? Could any man on earth be more weary than he was?

He loitered back to Riversborough through the cool of the evening, with the pale stars shining dimly in the twilight of the summer sky; pondering, brooding over what he had seen and heard that day. He had already done much of what he had come to England to do; but what next? What was the path he ought to take now? He was in a labyrinth, where there were many false openings leading nowither; and he had no clue to guide him. All these years he had lain as one dead in the coil he had wound about himself, but now he was living again. There was agony in the life that he had entered into, but it was better than the apathy of his death in life.

He returned to London, and hired a garret for a small weekly rent, where he would lodge until he could resolve what to do. But week after week passed without bringing to his mind the solution of the problem. Remorse had given place to repentance; but despair had not been succeeded by hope. There was nothing to hope for. The irrevocable past stood between him and any reparation for his sin which his soul earnestly desired to make. An easy thing, and light, it would have been to put himself into the power of his enemy, Mr. Clifford, and bear the penalty of the law. He had suffered a hundredfold more than man's justice would have exacted. The broken law demanded satisfaction, and it would have been a blessed relief to him to give it. But that could never be. He could never bear the penalty of his crime without dragging Felicity into depths of shame and suffering deeper than they would have been if he had borne it at first. The fame she had won for herself would lift up his infamy and hers to the intolerable gaze of a keen and bitter publicity. He must blacken her fair reputation if he sought to appease his own conscience.

He made no effort to find out where she and his children were living. But one after another, in the solitude of his garret, he read every book Felicity had written. They gave him no pleasure, and awoke in him no admiration, for he read them through different eyes from her other readers. There was great bitterness of soul for him in many of the sentences she had penned; now and then he came upon some to which he alone held the true key. He felt that he, her husband, was dwelling in her mind as a type of subtle selfishness and weak ambition. When she depicted a good or noble character it was almost invariably a woman, not a man; it was never a man past his early manhood. However varied their circumstances and temperaments, they were in the main worldly and

mean; sometimes they were successful hypocrites, deceiving those nearest and dearest to them.

It was a wholesome penance to him, perhaps; but it shook and troubled his soul to its very depths. His sin had ruined the poor weak-minded drunkard, John Nixey, and hastened the end of dumb old Marlowe; these consequences of it must, at any time, have clouded his own after-life. But it had also wrought a baneful change in the spirit of the woman whom he loved. It was he who had slain within her the hope, and the love, and the faith in her fellow men, which were needed for the full perfecting of her genius.

When Felix returned from his brief and clouded holiday to his work in that corner of the great vineyard, so overcrowded with busy husbandmen that they were always plucking up each others' plants, and pruning and re-pruning each others' vines, till they made a wilderness where there should have been a harvest, he found that his special plot there had suffered much damage. John Nixey, following up the impression he had so successfully made, had spread his story abroad, and found ears willing to listen to it, and hearts willing to believe it.

The small provident club, instituted by Felix to check the waste and thriftlessness of the people, had already, in his short absence, elected *another* treasurer of its scanty funds; and the members who had formed it, working men and women who had been gathered together by his personal influence, treated him with but scant civility. His evening lectures in the church mission-house were sometimes scarcely attended, while on other days there was an influx of hearers, among whom John Nixey was prominent, with half a dozen rough and turbulent fellows like himself, hangers-on at the nearest spirit vaults, who were ready for any turn that might lead to a row. The women and children who had been accustomed to come stayed away, or went to some other of the numerous preaching-places, as though afraid of this boisterous element in his little congregation.

Now and then, too, he heard his name called out aloud in the streets by some of Nixey's friends, as he passed the prospering gin-palaces with their groups of loungers about the doors; but though he could catch the sound of the laugh and the sneer that followed him, he could take no notice. He could not turn round in righteous indignation and tell the fellows, and the listening bystanders, that what they said of his father was a lie. The poor young curate, with his high hopes and his enthusiastic love of the work he had chosen for the sake of his fellow-men, was compelled to pass on with bowed head, and silent lips, and a heart burdened with the conviction that his influence was altogether blighted and uprooted.

"It isn't, true, sir, is it, what folks are tellin' about your father?" was a question put to him more than once, when he entered some squalid home, in the hope of giving counsel, or help, or comfort. There was something highly welcome and agreeable to these people, themselves thieves or bordering on thievery, in the idea that this fine, handsome, gentlemanly young clergyman, who had set to work among them with so much energy and zeal, was the son of a dishonest rogue, who ought to have been sent to jail, as many of them had been.

Felix had not failed to make enemies in the Brickfields by his youthful intolerance of idleness, beggary, and drunkenness. The owners of the gin-palaces hated him, and not a few of the *rival religious sects* were, to say the least, uncharitably disposed towards one who had drawn so many of their followers to himself. There was very little common social interest in the population of the district, for the tramping classes of the lowest London poor, such as were drawn to the Brickfields by its overflowing charities, have as little cohesion as a rope of sand; but Felix was so conspicuous a figure in its narrow and dirty streets, that even strangers would nudge one another's elbows, and almost before he was gone by narrate Nixey's story, with curious additions and alterations.

It was gall and wormwood to Felix that he was unable to contradict the story in full. He could say that his father had never been a convict; but no inducement on earth could have wrung from

him the declaration that his father had never been guilty of fraud. Sometimes he wondered whether it would not be *well to own the simple truth*, and endure the shame; if he had been the sole survivor of his father's sin this he would have done, and gone on toilsomely regaining the influence he had lost. But the secret touched his mother even more closely than himself, and Hilda was equally concerned in it. It had been sacredly kept by those older than he was, and it was not for him to betray it. "My poor mother!" he called her. Never, before he learned the secret burden she had borne, had he called her by that tender and pitiful epithet; but as often as he thought of her now his heart said, "My poor mother!"

As soon as Canon Pascal returned to England Felix took a day's holiday, and ran down by train to the quiet rectory in Essex, where he had spent the greater portion of his boyhood. Only a few years separated him from that careless and happiest period of his life; yet the last three months had driven it into the far background. He almost smiled at the recollection of how young he was half a year ago, when he had declared his love for Alice. How far dearer to him she was now than then! The one letter he had received from her, written in Switzerland, and telling him in loving detail of her visit to his father's grave, would be forever one of his most precious treasures. But he was not going to share his blemished name with her. He had had nothing worthy of her, or of her father, to lay at her feet, while he was yet in utter ignorance of the shame he had inherited; and now? He must never more think of her as his wife.

She was at home, he knew; but he sternly forbade himself to seek for her. It was Canon Pascal he had come down to see, and he went straight on to his well-known study. He was busy in the preparation of next Sunday's sermons, but at the sight of Felix's dejected, unsmiling face, he swept away his books and papers with one hand, while he stretched out the other to give him such a warm, strong, hearty grip as he might have given to a drowning man.

"What is it, my son?" he asked.

There was such a full sympathetic tone in the friendly voice speaking to him, that Felix felt his burden already shared, and pressing less heavily on his bruised spirit. He stood a little behind Canon Pascal, with his hand upon his shoulder, as he had often placed himself before when he was pleading for some boyish indulgence, or begging pardon for some boyish fault.

"You have been like a true father to me, and I come to tell you a great trouble," he began in a tremulous voice.

"I know it, my boy," replied Canon Pascal; "you have found out how true it is, '*The fathers have eaten sour grapes*,' and the children's teeth are set on edge." Ah! Felix, life teaches us so, as well as this wise old Book."

"You do not know all," stammered Felix; "how can you know?"

"Phebe told me," he answered, "six months since. And now you and I can understand Felicity. There was no prejudice against our Alice in her mind; no unkindness to either of you. But she could not bring herself to tell the truth against the husband whom she had wept and mourned over so long. And your mother is the soul of truth and honor; she could not let you marry while we were ignorant of this matter. It has been a terrible cross to bear, and she has borne it in silence. I love and revere your mother more than ever."

"Yes!" said Felix with a sob. He had not yet seen her since coming to this fateful knowledge; for Phebe and Hilda had joined her at the sea side where they were still staying. But if his father had gone down into depths of darkness, his mother had risen so much the higher in his reverence and love. She had become a saint and a martyr in his eyes; and to save her from a moment's grief would be a cause worth dying for.

"I came to tell you all," he went on, "and to say I cannot any more hope that you will give Alice to me. God alone knows what it costs me to give her up; and she will suffer too for a while, a long while, I fear; for we have grown together

so. But it must be. Alice cannot marry a man who has not even an unblemished name to offer to her."

"You should ask Alice herself about that," said Canon Pascal quietly.

A thrill of rapture ran through Felix, and he grasped the shoulder, on which his hand still rested, more firmly. What! was it possible that this second father of his knew all his disgrace and dishonor, how his teeth were set on edge by the sour grapes which he had not eaten, and yet was willing that Alice should share his name and his lot? There was no fear as to what Alice would say. He recollected how Phebe spoke, as if her thoughts dwelt more on his father's sorrow and sad death, than on his sin; and Alice would be the same. She would cover it with a *woman's sweet charity*. He could not command his voice to speak, and after a minute's pause Canon Pascal continued—

"Yes! Alice knows all about it. I told her beside your father's grave. And do you suppose she said, 'Here is cause enough for me to break with Felix?' Nay, I believe if the sin had been your own, Alice would have said it was her duty to share it, and your repentance. Shall our Lord come to save sinners, and we turn away from their blameless children? Yet I thought it must be so at first, I own it, Felix; at first, while my eyes were blinded and my heart hardened; and I looked at it in the light of the world. But then I thought of your mother. Shall not she make good to you the evil your father has wrought? If he dishonored your name in the eyes of a few, she has brought honor to it, and made it known far beyond the limits it could have been known through him. The world will regard you as her son, not as his."

"But I came also to tell you that I wish to leave the country," said Felix. "There is a difficulty in getting young men for our colonial work; and I am young and strong, stronger than most young men in the Church. I could endure hardships, and go in for work that feeblers men must leave untried; you have taken care of that for me. Such a life would be more like old Felix Merle's than a London curacy. You let your own sons emigrate, believing that the old country is getting overpopulated; and I thought I would go too."

(To be continued.)

SEEING AND CONFESSING THE CHRIST.

S.S. Lesson for May 21, Mark 8 : 22-33. Golden Text, Matt. 16 : 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WE now find our Lord at Bethsaida; we have no intimation whether the disciples accompanied Him. But the people of the place did not leave Him without occupation; "they bring a blind man unto Him, and besought Him to touch him." They knew that He had healed many by a touch, and they seem to have made up their minds that this was the right way of healing. How many there are who come to Jesus for healing of the soul or of the body, and represent to themselves that His power must be exercised in a certain way, that they must pass through just such an experience as they have heard some one describe, and which has made much impression upon them, and after appealing to the Lord, and giving themselves, as they think, into His hands, they continue watching their symptoms, feeling *their spiritual pulse*, and considering whether each phase of feeling as it arises, answers to their idea of what they ought to feel; they do anything else than abandon their case into His hands.

It is even so with many who come to the Lord or bodily healing, they imagine that some miraculous and very startling change is to come upon them, at the very instant when believing Christians are praying for them; and instead of trusting themselves out of their own hands, and leaving God to work the cure in His own way, they get into despair about it, because it has not been worked in their way, forgetting that their own making of plans is the hindrance to the healing, because they are not entirely given up into His hands.

Perhaps somebody had said to the blind man, 'He will only come and touch you once for one

moment and immediately you will be able to see.' What, then, must have been his astonishment, when Jesus took him "by the hand, and led him out of the town!" Jesus had power to heal him without this delay, why did He not do it? why does He not heal all who apply to Him perfectly and at once? Our beloved Lord must first prove whether they are willing to be led by Him, and to trust Him implicitly, to let Him take them which He will and do with them what He will. It was

A TOUCHING SIGHT,

the mighty Healer, yea the mighty God, leading the poor blind man, and he, knowing nothing, only that the hand which held him was the hand of the great Healer. The noises of the town died away as they went on; where was he going to? what was going to happen? It mattered not, Jesus was responsible. This is the true position for those who seek bodily healing.

When Jesus had led the blind man in his blindness out of the town, away from all his associations, and to a place where he could not know his own way back and had nothing to fall back upon but Jesus, He spit on his eyes, and put His hands upon him, and asked him if he saw aught. "And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking." In many cases, both of spiritual and of physical healing, there is a partial restoration; but that is very imperfect sight which sees men as trees, the man needed another application of the hands of Jesus. He did not attempt to perfect the cure by some method of his own, he had given himself over to the Lord, and although this was different from every other cure of our blessed Lord's, the blind man did not withdraw himself in discouragement or despair. And Jesus "put His hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly." The cure was as complete as though it had been accomplished all at once, and the blind man had learned to trust the leading of Jesus; this he would have missed had the cure been absolutely sudden. Jesus "sent him away to his own house, saying, Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town."

Why was this? Jesus had other work to do than simply the healing of the body; all through the time of His ministry He was occupied in preparing His disciples for their future work. He went out with them "into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi; and by the way He asked His disciples, saying unto them, Whom do men say that I am?" It was

AN UNUSUAL THING

to hear the Master speak of Himself. He spoke often of the Father, but of Himself scarcely ever. The time, however, was drawing nearer when the disciples must be left alone, and He sought to manifest Himself more clearly and really to them. "They answered, John the Baptist; but some say Elias; and others, One of the prophets." Herod, John the Baptist's murderer, was he who first broached the idea that Jesus was the Baptist risen from the dead. Some students of the prophetic Scriptures may have given currency to the idea that Jesus was Elias, of whom it was prophesied, "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord" (Mal. 4 : 5). "And He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?" *This was the vital question*; second-hand faith, faith in the opinions or doctrines of others could never save a man. The Lord did not only say, "Whom think ye that I am," or as He afterwards asked the Pharisees, "What think ye of Christ?" but "Whom say ye?" what is the testimony which ye are ready to bear before the world? "Whom say ye that I am?"

There was one disciple on whose heart the reproaches of Jesus, because of their unbelief, had left a deep impression. He who had once walked upon the water, as well as witnessed the repeated miracles of the loaves and the stilling of the tempest, was beginning at last to understand. Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. 16 : 16). "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

Reader, what is your testimony of Jesus?

WHAT DO YOU SAY

about Him? Nothing? Then surely you do not think He is worthy to be spoken of. Do you say, I believe in His redemption, in His power, in His love, and yet you never tell others what He has done for you? What do you say about Jesus? And what does your life say about Jesus? Do you find that people come to you and ask you the secret of your happiness, seek to know why the worries and vexations which wear them so much never touch you, and do you tell them the great things which Jesus the Son of God has done for you? Or perhaps there is no such tale to tell, perhaps, on the contrary, your life is saying that a man or a woman can be a member of a church and yet be unkind and uncharitable; can have a sense of forgiveness and yet remain in debt; can teach in a Sunday-School while making no stand against liquor, against smoking, or vanity in dress; is saying of Christ that He was guilty of exaggeration when He said of His disciples, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world?"

Are you professing to be a disciple of Jesus without denying yourself? without taking up your cross? without forsaking all that you have? although Jesus said none could be His disciple who did not these things? Are you saying that you belong to Him, but that you have struck out an easier path than that which the Lord pointed out? Are you saying, I believe, and therefore I have eternal life, without loving my enemies, without ceasing to resist evil, without shining as a light in this dark world, without being its salt, without in fact doing anything which is inconvenient or troublesome?

Whom then do you say that Jesus is? Surely you make Him to be a false prophet, or your life makes you to be a false professor. There is but one real path of life, and that is "the narrow way," just as there is but one entrance, "the straight gate," and they who think that they are ingenious enough to make belief in Christ for the forgiveness of their sins a substitute for holiness of life, will find themselves terribly mistaken, for "without holiness no man can see the Lord" (Heb. 12 : 14). Reader, is Jesus the Christ of God to your soul? What, then, is He worth to you? Soul, body, family, reputation, business, time, money? Then let all be given over to Him and His undivided possession. Everything which a man holds back from Jesus is a thing more prized than He.

Jesus "charged them that they should tell no man of Him," i.e., "that He was Jesus the Christ" (Matt. 16 : 20). "And He began to teach them" many things, which they could not have learned until they knew that He was Christ: "that the Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again." This was altogether unpalatable, they were looking for Him to become the reigning Messiah, who should deliver them from the Roman yoke, who should deliver them from all their political enemies, and fulfil all the glorious promises made to the Jews in the Old Testament (Jer. 33 : 5-8; Ezek. 34 : 37; Zeph. 3 : 8-20).

They expected the kingdom to be restored to Israel, and had no idea of death or resurrection. And Peter, the very man who had so boldly and fully confessed Him, took upon himself to rebuke Him. He said, "Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee" (Matt. 16 : 22). "But when He had turned about and looked on His disciples, He rebuked Peter, saying, Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men." Death and resurrection are not pleasant topics to the natural man, and yet the life of God comes to us only through death and resurrection. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal" (John 12 : 24, 25). All confessing Christ is death to the natural man, because it is at a cost to our honor, our reputation, and all which we naturally hold dear, but this is the very spring of that life eternal which is by the faith of the Son of God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Lieut. De Long and his Party have been found; all dead. Such was the melancholy intelligence cabled by Engineer Melville on May 5th. The news was not unexpected, for when it was known that with provisions almost exhausted, and with the party suffering from frostbite and unable to travel, he had entered a wilderness devoid of game, only the most sanguine could hope for his safety. Nevertheless the certainty of the death of the eleven brave men is very distressing. De Long passed so near food and shelter without knowing of them; there were so many means by which he might have been relieved had his whereabouts been known, that vexation mingles with regret that so brave a man should have died from starvation. Only the brief telegram announcing the discovery of the eleven bodies with the books and papers has as yet arrived, and more detailed intelligence is anxiously expected.

Engineer Melville is now Engaged in a search for the boat's crew commanded by Lieutenant Chipp. It will be remembered that when the Jeannette went down, the gallant explorers were distributed in three boats. The boats kept together during the long voyage to the Lena, but when near land were separated in the night by a gale. The party under the guidance of Danenhower and Melville arrived safely and providentially met with assistance. De Long's party wandered about without success for several days, when the captain sent two sailors forward to obtain assistance. These two are now well and with Melville's party; the other members of De Long's party perished. Of Lieutenant Chipp and his party nothing has been heard, and it is now feared that the boat must have capsized in the gale which separated the boats, and all have been drowned. Engineer Melville is, however, endeavoring to gain tidings of them.

The Resignation of Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland, was announced on May 2d by Lord Granville, in the British House of Lords, and by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons. The resignation, following so closely on that of Lord Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, prepared the Parliament for the other intelligence Mr. Gladstone proceeded to impart. He stated that Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, the three imprisoned members of Parliament, would be released at once, and the cases of the other suspects would be reconsidered, with a view to their ultimate release. Mr. Gladstone also stated that a large number of other suspects would be released, and that the government, instead of renewing the Coercion act, would introduce a measure remedying the administration of justice in Ireland. The releases would be on the government's sole responsibility. Mr. Gladstone stated that Mr. Forster had resigned because he was not willing to share this responsibility. He warmly praised the manner in which Mr. Forster had performed his duties, and expressed regret at his retirement. On Thursday, May 4th, Mr. Forster made a personal explanation of the reasons of his withdrawal from the office of Secretary for Ireland. He confirmed the report that there was a difference between himself and the rest of the cabinet in regard to the release of the suspects, which release he condemned. He said he could not agree to release the suspects unless he got from them a *public undertaking to cease opposing the execution of the law.* As he could not obtain that he could not remain in office. He would have released the suspects if Ireland had been quiet, or if the government had had full powers; but he could not agree to an unconditional surrender.

The Selection of Mr. Forster's Successor was anxiously anticipated during the early part of last week by the English public. It was expected that Mr. Chamberlain, the representative in the cabinet of the Radical wing of the Liberal party, would be appointed. It was known that in the cabinet he had opposed coercion, and that he had no confidence in the policy of Mr. Forster. He, however, declined the office, and urged Mr. Gladstone to give the office to an Irishman. It was eventually announced that the new Secretary was Lord Fred-

erick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire and brother of the Marquis of Hartington. It was then believed that the appointment was a compromise. Mr. Gladstone, it was said, was afraid that he would lose the support of Lord Hartington, who represents the aristocratic Whig element in the cabinet, and therefore selected his brother as a pacificatory expedient. Other politicians regarded the selection as an intimation that Mr. Gladstone intended to take charge himself of the Irish administration, and therefore appointed a comparatively unknown man who would faithfully and implicitly obey his instructions. The Irish members and the Radical press, however, considered the appointment an indication of a weak and vacillating policy.

The Startling Intelligence of the Assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly appointed Secretary of Ireland, was cabled here on Saturday evening last. Lord Frederick Cavendish went to Dublin with Earl Spencer, the new Governor of Ireland, on Saturday afternoon. They had remained at Dublin Castle engaged in the transaction of official business until six o'clock that evening, when each drove to his respective residence. After dinner Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, permanent Under Secretary for Ireland, went for a walk in Phoenix Park. They were both strolling along, when a car drove up containing four men, two of whom jumped down from the car and attacked Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, *stabbing them both several times in the throat and breast.* The victims struggled hard for life, and in the struggle became separated, their bodies being found some ten paces apart. The tragedy occurred about ten minutes after seven o'clock in the evening, and in broad daylight. The upper part of the bodies were perforated in a shocking manner and presented a ghastly sight. That of the chief secretary displayed dreadful wounds, in addition to which his left arm was also broken and torn, as if he had put it up to protect his breast. Both were quite dead. The assassins made their escape unobserved, and though many people were walking in the park near the spot where the cowardly crime was committed, no one noticed the struggle. Both the victims had large sums of money on their persons, but neither this nor their gold watches were taken by the murderers. It is evident, therefore, that the motive for the crime was not robbery. The remarkable feature of the case is that Lord Frederick Cavendish went to Ireland to pursue a policy of peace and conciliation.

A Manifesto was on Monday last Issued by the Land League leaders denouncing the crime. It was indorsed by Parnell, Davitt, and others. It was doubtless issued to disarm the indignation evoked against an organization which is largely responsible for the anarchy now existing in Ireland. If the leaders are sincere the murderers will be captured; for though the Land League leaders are doubtless ignorant of the perpetrators of the deed, there must be many of their followers who know who they are, and who would give information if Parnell desired it. Two theories are advanced to account for the murder. One is that it was intended to kill Mr. Burke, who advised and directed the coercion proceedings; and that when Lord Frederick Cavendish went to his assistance, the assassins killed him not knowing who he was. The other theory is that certain agitators seeing that an amicable settlement of the land question was probable, and fearing that such a settlement would ruin the agitation by which they are thriving, struck a blow which they supposed would prevent the settlement being made.

The Emigration of the Jews to Palestine is now a prominent topic among statesmen as well as in religious circles. The London correspondent of the New York *World* says: "The whole of the Jews of Southern Russia are possessed with an enthusiasm for emigration to the Holy Land. Deputations arrive every day from all parts of Russia to confer with Mr. Oliphant, but as the Russian Government prohibits the collection of money, although hundreds of thousands of roubles are ready, it is not safe to place them anywhere.

The government also takes care that no rich Hebrew shall leave the country. Consequently great practical difficulties attend this remarkable exodus. The last news is a discouraging report. The Sultan of Turkey is opposed to any further emigration to the Holy Land. Mr. Oliphant has left Lemberg and gone to confer with the Palestine committees at Yassy, Galatz, and Bucharest. He then will go to Constantinople to see the Sultan."

Mr. Moody's Reply to the Invitation Sent to him and Mr. Sankey by London clergymen and laymen to spend a year in their city, has been published in the English journals. Mr. Moody wrote: "We wish to return thanks to the friends who so kindly invite us back again to their city. We feel it a privilege that we would enjoy to work again where so many of God's people would be praying for a blessing on the preaching and singing of the Gospel. Owing to so much uncertainty in our plans, a delay has been caused in answering the letter, which we regret could not be avoided. In thinking over the work, we have felt that London could not possibly be visited before next autumn, and as a number of the towns in England, as well as Wales and Ireland, have urged strongly that visits should be made there, the question arose whether it would not be better to postpone the visit to London till the autumn of 1883, using next winter in the smaller cities. As this is so far in the future, it seems impossible that definite plans should be made now."

The Persecution of the Jews of Russia is still in progress in several cities of the empire. At a meeting of the Russian cabinet on May 3d, General Ignatieff recommended the adoption of measures to facilitate the emigration of the Jews. A vote was taken on the proposal, and it was unanimously rejected. General Ignatieff became greatly excited and quitted the assembly. A despatch to the London *Times* from Berlin says: "Secretary Frelinghuysen's despatch to Mr. Hoffman in regard to the treatment of Russian Jews has produced a most favorable impression in liberal circles. The United States is hailed as having taken the place of England as the champion of the down-trodden and oppressed."

"The Women of India for Christ" is the motto and aim of missionary enterprise in that many-millioned land. At a recent meeting in Glasgow, Scotland, the Rev. J. Ross, formerly of Calcutta, took as typical the case of a young man, who really seemed to love the Saviour and was almost persuaded to avow his attachment, but who stood back. "Why?" "Because," said the young man, "I have a mother. I am an only child; my mother does not object to my becoming a Christian; she believes that the religion of Jesus is the religion of the coming time. 'But wait,' she says, 'till I die; for if you become a Christian, my relatives will never let me speak to you again; and if I were to be baptized, it would break my mother's heart.'"

"The Treasury of David:" by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A homiletical exposition of the Book of Psalms. Vol. II., comprising psalms 27 to 52; Vol. III., psalms 53 to 78; Vol. IV., psalms 79 to 103. *We have not the other volumes.* Price \$3 a volume, postage free. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1882.

16th Year. No. 20.—New Series.

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H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

CLAREMONT HOUSE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HELEN.



The Marriage of Prince Leopold of England to the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont on April 27.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THURSDAY, April 27th, 1882, was a festive day in the ancient town of Windsor, England. The town was crowded with distinguished visitors and the streets were gay with flags and floral decorations. The occasion was the marriage of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, to the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, in Germany. Here and there were neat monograms, with the letters "L. H." and often, especially in the High Street, were to be noticed the words, "God bless them both."

Booming of cannon and ringing of bells announced at half past eleven o'clock the setting forth of the royal procession from Windsor Castle, the Queen's residence, to the chapel where the ceremony was to take place. Her Majesty and the bride received an ovation along the short distance traversed from the brilliant crowds gathered on the lawns. Guards of honor were massed at the entrance of the chapel. On the arrival of the procession at the chapel the clash of arms by the saluting troops and the acclamations of the spectators were incessant until the great curtains parted for the last time to admit the last of the pageant, to be resumed again after the ceremony. Inside the chapel, which was opened shortly after eleven o'clock, the scene was very brilliant. Fitful gleams of sunshine falling through the painted windows lit up and brought into full relief the curiously carved oaken panels of the choir, the banners, the helmets, the mantles and the swords of the Knights of the Garter.

At twelve o'clock the clergy marched up to the altar, followed quickly, after a blast of trumpets, by the first procession, which was formed as follows: The Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Cambridge and Princess Louise, the Prince and Princess Christian, and Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. *The Princess of Wales and her three daughters*, all dressed in light blue flowered silk, then took their seats on the right and left of the altar rails. Another blast of trumpets proclaimed the advent of the Queen's procession, Sir George Elvey's march being played while they walked up to the altar. The Queen was dressed in black with deep lace all over the skirt. On her head was a *small Imperial Crown*, and as a brooch she wore the Kohinoor, wearing over her shoulders the Order of Leopold. After the Queen had bowed to the altar, she took a seat near the altar rails, every one remaining standing, and Princess Beatrice, and Princess Victoria of Wales, who had come in after, remained standing behind her. Another call from the heralds, and Prince Leopold entered to the "Wedding March," wearing the uniform of a colonel, and *resting on a stick*. He had as his supporters the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Hesse on the right and left.

A grand flourish of trumpets at 12.30 announced the coming of the bride. The Princess seemed nervous, and held her father, Prince Waldeck, and her brother-in-law, King of the Netherlands, and her supporters, by the hands. The bridesmaids bore her train, which was over six yards in length, and made, like her dress, of pale cream silk, with *Gloire de Dijon* roses for trimming; and the bride wore on her head primroses, violets, and white heather, with a huge bridal veil. When she reached the altar she bowed to the Queen and Prince Leopold, and knelt for a few moments. When she rose the Archbishop of Canterbury advanced to the altar rails and commenced the service, reading the impressive words in a low tone, the responses being answered in a low tone by the Princess and Prince. At this moment the sun, which was overclouded before, burst out and lit up the whole congregation with every imaginable color from the *ancient stained-glass window*.

The sight was indeed beautiful as the choir finished, and every one knelt down to receive the benediction. When this had concluded, the Queen advanced to meet Prince Leopold, and first kissing him on both cheeks, congratulated and kissed the Duchess of Albany, who turned afterwards to her mother and father, and received a like salute from them. Prince Leopold also kissed his mother-in-law, the Princess of Waldeck. Congratulations

were accorded to the youthful pair by all present amid the thunder of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* which was played by the organ, assisted by the Queen's private band under the old wall, the cloisters resounding with the melody.

H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD,
Duke of Albany.

Birth in 1853—His Accident at Darmstadt in 1878—His Visits to the Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst—Studious Habits and Public Speeches—Is made a "Freeman" of London—Opening of Firth College, Sheffield—Unveiling of the Temple Bar Memorial.

PRINCE LEOPOLD GEORGE DUNCAN ALBERT, the fourth and youngest son of the Queen, was born at Buckingham Palace, April 7th, 1853. Within a few days after his birth the Queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold of Belgium: "I can report most favorably of myself, for I have never been better or stronger. Stockmar will have told you that Leopold is to be the name of our fourth young gentleman. It is a mark of love and affection to you which I hope you will not disapprove. It is a name which is dearest to me after Albert's, and one which recalls the almost only happy days of my sad childhood. To hear 'Prince Leopold' again will make me think of all those days. His other names will be George Duncan Albert, and the sponsors the King of Hanover, Ernest Hohenlohe, the Princess of Prussia, and Mary Cambridge. *George* is after the King of Hanover, and *Duncan* is a compliment to dear Scotland."

The young Prince was not baptized till the 28th of June, when the service was performed at the chapel in Buckingham Palace, and the sponsors named by the Queen were present in person.

Prince Leopold has never enjoyed robust health, and an accident he met with by slipping while stepping into a carriage has not tended to improve it. It prevented his attending the wedding of his brother, the Duke of Connaught, in March, 1879. He was to have been one of the Duke's "groomsmen" on that happy occasion, but while at Darmstadt, whither he had gone after the death of his sister, the Princess Alice, in December, 1878, this accident befell him, and his condition for some time occasioned no little anxiety. Occasionally paragraphs appear in the English papers giving reports of his health which indicate that the Prince is seldom free from illness in some form.

After the crushing blow which fell upon the Empress Eugenie by the loss of her only son, Louis Napoleon, in 1879, it was noticed that in the visits of the Queen to Chiselhurst she was generally accompanied by her son, Prince Leopold. He went with the Queen on her first visit of condolence, and both his Royal Highness and the Princess Beatrice were admitted to the chamber of mourning. The Queen was observed to be in the deepest grief, shedding tears as she entered the saloon, while Prince Leopold and his sister were also overcome by emotion.

It has been generally understood that Prince Leopold has, for several years, been a close and earnest student, and the speeches which he has delivered on public occasions have given no slight evidence of the breadth of his reading and of a certain enthusiasm in his pursuit of the pleasures of literature.

One of Prince Leopold's speeches was delivered at the annual meeting of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb. There was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen present, and it was exceedingly interesting to note that the addresses of Prince Leopold and other speakers on the occasion were interpreted to the deaf and dumb by the sign language as they were delivered. In the course of his remarks the Prince said: "We should be naturally led by the contemplation of the luxuries and comforts around us to feel a keener sympathy for those whom God has so terribly afflicted. I know not whether the day will ever come when, in our country, *as in America* and in most of the European communities, the State will take the education of the deaf and dumb under its own fostering care; but of this, at least, I am confident, that the possibility of such an event can in no wise acquit us of the duty that their present un-

cared-for condition imposes upon us. We should rather strive earnestly so to fulfil this obligation that is laid upon us, that we may be able hereafter to pass it on to other hands with no arrears of uncompleted labor, no sorrowful list of sufferers, whose intelligence might have been developed, and whose whole lives might have been brightened, had our exertions been more timely and more sustained."

In October, 1875, Prince Leopold, to use a common expression, "took up" the freedom of the City of London. He was entitled to this privilege; his father having been a freeman of the City it became the son's by right of patrimony. It is required of those who are admitted formally to declare their obedience to the Lord Mayor, and to express their readiness to preserve all the rights and privileges of the City. In the case of personages of high rank the day on which the freedom of the City is conferred upon them is usually one of popular rejoicing in the City, and on the occasion of Prince Leopold's admission the court in Guildhall was filled with one of the largest assemblies of the year. Mr. Chamberlain Scott, in addressing him, said that his Royal Highness was the last of the sons of the revered father who had enrolled themselves as freemen in right of citizenship.

Prince Leopold, in reply, said that although it was true that, according to the constitution of the City, he was entitled by right of birth to the privileges of the City of London freemen, he did not on that account feel less inclined to set a high value on the kind and courteous manner in which these privileges had been conferred, nor could he omit to thank them most heartily for the handsome casket in which that freedom was bestowed, and, which he assured them, he should ever prize as a memorial of the honor that day done him. He said further: "Were I not immediately connected by family traditions with your ancient and honorable corporation, I must, nevertheless, have esteemed it a high honor to be associated with the long list of illustrious men who have, from time to time, been placed upon your rolls, and to be connected with a body which has ever been so remarkable for its loyalty in the truest sense of the word, and for its attachment to the laws and institutions of this country."

Prince Leopold has frequently officiated at the opening ceremonies and inauguration of public buildings. Apart from the unveiling of the Temple Bar Memorial, on November 8th, 1880, the most noteworthy affair of the kind was in September, 1879, on the occasion of opening Firth College, Sheffield. This magnificent building, which cost more than \$100,000, was given to the town of Sheffield by Mr. Firth, one of the most successful and benevolent manufacturers.

The following remarks made by the Prince on that occasion show that he has not failed to take a high view of the responsibilities of wealth and station. He said: "The privileges of making a marked and visible difference in human well-being and of seeing some great institution rise and flourish at your bidding, is one that can, perhaps, be more readily enjoyed by the great magnates of commerce and manufacture than by any other class. They, with their unfettered fortunes, must seem enviable in this respect to men who, apparently in possession of large incomes, are hampered by the extensive claims made upon them by their landed estates or other hereditary duties, who are compelled to restrict the aid they give to cause such as this to small and fitful donations. Those men who, with great wealth at their disposal, elect to spend it in mere sumptuousness and luxury, are repaid, indeed, by admiration from certain persons and of a certain kind; but how far richer is the reward of those who, after spending what is needed to maintain with dignity their place in society, devote the remainder toward furthering the happiness of their fellow-men! Far-off generations shall rise up and call such men blessed, and the name they leave behind them shall be ranked with such names as those of Peabody in London, of Owen at Manchester, of Mason at Birmingham, of Firth at Sheffield."

In the *London Gazette* of May 24th last, an announcement was made, that the Queen had been

day twelve months ago there were a number of people in the room, and my little boy asked them all to go out except me; and then he said to me, 'Father, will you take me on your knee?' I took him on my knee, and he put his arms round my neck and said, 'Father, will you not give yourself to Christ?' I could stand it no longer, and there and then I gave myself to the Saviour."

A Woman Shut Out.—Mr. Porter (Missionary) said: "A woman from the Dennistown district wished to attend one of the Circus meetings, but when she got there, she found that she was shut out. She felt disappointed, and all along Gallowgate the words of Scripture appeared to be ringing in her ears, 'And the door was shut!' and she was really alarmed. She passed our open-air meeting just as we were asking people to come into the mission-hall. She stopped to listen, and accepting the invitation, she came inside. She was noticed to be weeping during the address. She was afterward spoken to, and induced to enter the inquiry-room, where she found that though one door was shut, another was open, and the Holy Spirit led her into the kingdom of God. She gave herself to Christ and went away rejoicing in Him."

A Lump in the Throat.—A Young Man Related that "Three weeks ago I came to this house and found peace. Previous to that friends had spoken to me, but I had always put the matter off. I came down to this meeting, not with the intention of getting any good, but to please my friends. When, however, I got in, I was brought into a kind of circle, and Mr. Moody gave me in charge of Mr. Drummond, saying to him, 'Don't let him go.' I was brought up near the pulpit, and I never felt so much out of place in my life. If Mr. Moody had not said to Mr. Drummond, 'Don't let him go,' I should have gone out; but I knew that if I got up he would have been after me. I felt a lump in my throat as if I were going to choke. Mr. Drummond spoke to me and showed me the necessity of deciding then and there, and I accepted Christ. Then this lump just melted away. My brother is here to-night, having also given himself to Christ."

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

S.S. Lesson for May 28, Mark 8: 34-38; 9: 1. Golden Text, ver. 34. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

AFTER Peter, the bold confessor of Christ, had manifested his repugnance to the cross and his little understanding of the truth that his Master must pour out His soul unto death, Jesus, who never lost patience with His poor fallible disciples, went on teaching them. "When He had called the people unto Him with His disciples also, He said unto them, Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." The Lord Jesus denied Himself, *i.e.*, put Himself out of the question, in the whole of His human life; no consideration for His own comfort, honor, convenience, or anything else which could affect Him, was allowed to weigh for an instant. It never occurred to Him to think how much He would prefer one kind of life to another. He did always those things which pleased God (John 8: 29), and therefore He put it out of His power to be inconvenienced; living, as He did, in the life of another, He put it out of His power to exercise choice; His Father chose for Him, He had no likes or dislikes, and thus He could not consider whether He liked Nazareth best or Capernaum, whether the carpenter trade or some other was most to His mind. His vocation was to deny Himself, to work out the will, and carry out the thoughts of His Father which was in heaven. And it is equally the vocation of every one of His followers to put self out of the question.

"I DON'T LIKE"

is the language of self, and every one who uses it is living for self. I am so sensitive, or "so nervous" is again the language of self, it means "I am to be considered, and allowance is to be made for me." The constant complaints we hear of the conduct of others is evidence that self still has a place, and a very large place, in the thoughts and life of the complainant. Our privilege as children

of God, our position as being crucified with Christ, our only tenable place as His followers, is that of self-denial, *i.e.*, self-ignoring, the non-recognition of the claims of self, the non-acknowledgment of its rights and being.

As identified with Christ we cease, if we are practical, to be identified with self, and our lesson of to-day is to put this in practice; for only so far as we really deny ourselves, are we really following Christ. When such questions arise as with regard to the indulgence in stimulants, *in smoking*, in extravagance in dress, in the wearing of ornaments, in the pursuit of a course of study or of art; this is the test for a Christian, "Do I in this thing indulge myself or deny myself? Am I thereby becoming more or less like Jesus? Am I therein hallowing His name, increasing His kingdom, doing His will; or am I honoring my name, seeking my honor or profit, doing my will?"

Again, in a question of the treatment we receive at the hands of others, if we deny self we do not think of how we are affected by what they do or say, do not think of what they owe to us, but what we owe to them. In denying our own self, we let Christ step into its place, and only that which affects Him affects us; the matter is not how a thing touches us, but how it touches Him. When in the days of Joash the King of Judah,

ZECHARIAH THE PRIEST

was stoned in reward for his faithfulness in testifying against idolatry, his heart resented the injustice and wickedness of the king and people, and he said with his dying breath, "The Lord look upon it and require it" (2 Chron. 24: 20-22). The claims of self were consistent with the spirit of the Old Testament, which enjoined, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But after the Lord Jesus had brought in "the royal law," and taught by His own life and by His doctrine the denial of self, how great a change was wrought. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was stoned, just as Zechariah had been, for his faithful testimony; but instead of any bitter thought of vengeance, the Spirit of Christ in him led him to pray for his murderers, saying with his dying breath, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts 7: 60).

When Jeremiah the prophet was smitten and put in the stocks by Pashur the son of Immer the priest, because of his fearless witness, he cried to God for vengeance against his enemies, and cursed the day in which he was born; the impatient and revengeful feelings clearly showing how much of self existed in his heart (Jer. 20: 2, 11, 12, 14). When, however, Paul the Apostle was in the same case at Philippi, beaten and put in the stocks because of his faithful testimony, he, like Stephen, put self quite out of the question; instead of words of impatience he prayed and sung psalms; instead of thoughts and words of vengeance he would not so much as escape from the prison, of which God himself had opened the doors, until he had saved the life of the jailer who had so much injured him, and led his soul to Christ.

Who can fail to see that self consideration, though it might behave a child of God under the Old Testament, is quite incompatible with following Christ under the New Testament! Reader, what is your standard? That of the Old Testament? Then claim no more to be a follower of Christ. Are you saying, "Well, I don't see why a man shouldn't stand up for his rights, I cannot be trodden on." Very well, maintain your ground, but don't do it under the name of Christ, don't assume to do it as a Christian. Do you say, "I see no harm in smoking, in personal adornment, in novels, in dancing," etc. Well, if you take that ground in common with worldlings, hold it, but do not do it under the name of Christ, for the "no harm" religion is not the following of Christ. On

FIVE DIFFERENT OCCASIONS

the Lord Jesus taught the words which follow: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it." First, at the time of the calling of His twelve apostles (Matt. 10: 39); secondly, on the occasion mentioned in our subject, given also in Matt. 16: 25, and Luke 9: 24; thirdly, in those solemn words which follow

the parable of the Gospel feast, when He said that he who did not hate his own life, bear his cross, come after Him and forsake all that he had could not be His disciple (Luke 14: 26, 27, 33); fourthly, in connection with His coming again (Luke 17: 33); and lastly, in response to Philip and Andrew's message that there were some Greeks who would see Jesus (John 12: 25). "Thou canst not see my face and live," said Jehovah to Moses (Ex. 33: 20), we must die to self, and be crucified with Christ if we would see Jesus.

Now if we renounce our own rights in favor of Jesus and die to our own self interest what do we gain? We win Christ. If, on the contrary, we seek our own and sacrifice God's interest to ours, what do we gain? This is the question which the Lord went on to ask, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Perhaps Solomon was more in a position to answer this question than almost any other man; he says: "Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was

NO PROFIT UNDER THE SUN.

... For what hath man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun?" (Eccl. 2: 10, 11, 22.) If "Solomon in all his glory" found "no profit under the sun," when all kinds of things earthly were at his disposal; if after having put them to the test he found them to be vanity and vexation of spirit, "what can the man do that cometh after the king?" O how constantly has it been proved that they who have the most of this world are the most miserable and dissatisfied of people!

God has created us with capabilities for communion and fellowship with Him, the void of our nature can be filled with nothing less than God, and the miserable attempt to satisfy the immortal with that which is temporal, issues only in the loss of our ill-used souls. O what an unspeakable loss is the loss of the soul, the casting away and neglecting that being which is capable of union with God, and which can never die! A lost fortune leaves its former possessor still possessed with life and faculties, a lost reputation leaves nevertheless possibilities of hope, but a lost soul!

IRREPARABLE LOSS!

To lose his soul or life a man loses, sells, exchanges himself, and for what? Only corruption. What amount of so-called pleasure, what height of earthly honor, what measure of the world's riches will compensate for the loss of a soul? And yet how fearfully little we think about the state of those who are hurrying on to perdition! "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" When once lost how regain it, what give to bring it back? If a man dies in the attempt to grasp all that the world can give him, what shall or can he give to recover that life? If a man exchanges his immortal soul for the miserable things of time, who shall restore to him his forfeited soul?

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." How many there are who are ashamed of Jesus and of His words when they are brought into company with unbelievers and worldlings! How many make an apology for any recognition of God which they make, as though to excuse themselves for intruding the name of God into His world which these worldlings have usurped! How many there are who are shocked at the mention of God, as though an impropriety had been committed! Believers fall under this God-dishonoring influence, and lest they should lose ground with such friends are content to keep silence. But this saving their own life, this fear of censure, this unholy consideration for others, this fear of being called uncharitable, is called in the Bible being ashamed of Christ and His words. It is letting self reign and dominate instead of losing our own life.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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in every part of the United States and Canada, and casual copies ought invariably to be ordered through them, and not from the office of the paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President Signed the Anti-Chinese Immigration Bill on Monday, May 8th. This long-disputed measure is now law, and its effects, good or ill as they may be, will soon be apparent. Under the new law no more Chinamen can come by sea to the United States for ten years, though the statesmen who framed the measure, with a curious lack of sagacity, omitted to provide explicitly against their coming *across the Canadian frontier*—an omission that may eventually lead to complications with the British Chinamen. Certificates of identity will be furnished to Chinamen already in the country, and penalties provided for the offence of forging or transferring such certificates; but it is probable that *the difficulty of identifying the Celestials*, whose faces to the ordinary observer all seem very much alike, and the manual skill they display in copying writing, will enable them to evade the law to some extent, and will lead to perplexing disputes.

The Senate Passed the Tariff Commission Bill on Tuesday, May 9th, by a vote of 35 to 19. Six Democrats voted with the Republicans in favor of the bill, and two Republicans and Senator Davis, of Illinois, Independent, voted with the Democrats against the bill. Petitions are now pouring in on the President in favor of gentlemen eligible for seats on the commission. The President's decision on the composition of the commission is expected with some anxiety, though it is generally expected that if the members are not strict party men the result will be that one or more minority reports will be presented, and Congress will have to deal with the subject on its merits and without regard to the report of the commission. In any case, however, *a definite delay is secured*; the people will continue to pay the heavy tariff rates and another large surplus will accumulate for those who want appropriations to prey upon.

The House of Representatives Received on Thursday, May 11th, from its Committee on Education and Labor, the bill to extend aid to the common schools. It provides that for the next five years there shall be annually appropriated the sum of \$10,000,000 to aid in the support of free common schools, which amount shall be known as the common-school fund, and which shall be apportioned to the several States and Territories according to the number of their illiterate population over ten years of age. An amount not exceeding five per cent of the sum apportioned may be used for the education of teachers in public schools.

The Examination of Senator Blair in Reference to his connection with the Peruvian business has not rendered that perplexing matter any more comprehensible. The senator admitted having accepted a retainer from Mr. Shipherd, which he

returned when the matter seemed likely to be investigated by Congress. The services rendered by the senator in return for the fee seem to have been chiefly of a character designed to influence the State Department, and to have derived their principal value from the friendship existing between the senator and the secretary. Senator Blair refused to produce his correspondence with Mr. Shipherd, contending that the correspondence was, as between counsel and client, privileged, and confidential. It is unfortunate that a frank and open explanation of this very remarkable affair is not given either by Mr. Blaine or Senator Blair. The public is *unwilling to accept Mr. Shipherd's version*, reflecting as it does so seriously on men of eminence. But when explanations were requested of the secretary, who might naturally have been expected to be anxious to vindicate himself, he lost his temper and abused his questioner and his accuser; and when the senator was examined he pleaded counsel's privilege. It is time we knew whether this country in dealing with two friendly nations in their unhappy quarrel, acted uprightly and fairly, or attempted to take a mean and dishonorable advantage of their weakness.

Secretary Robert Lincoln's Energy in Forwarding relief to the distressed sufferers by the Mississippi floods is making a name once hated through the Southern States a very popular one there. The *Herald*, of Vicksburg, Miss., says: "He has let no opportunity pass to show the Southern people kindness. He has worked side by side with the Southern Governors for the relief of the overflow sufferers, and we are sure Robert T. Lincoln has been praised oftener since he has been at the head of the War Department by Southerners than by Northerners. His thoughtful kindness and his attention to the details, are proof that his heart was in the work. The Southern people are impulsive, warm-hearted, and extremely grateful, and we are correctly expressing their sentiment for the Secretary of War."

The Sunday Closing Law in Cincinnati is effecting a marked change in the observance of the day in that city. In a letter written by one of the citizens, the statement is made that "the law and order people saw on Sunday, May 7th, their greatest triumph for a generation." The announcement of the mayor that every saloon-keeper whose place was found open would be *arrested on sight* and no bail allowed, was a great fright to the saloon-keepers, and actually prevented the entire three thousand, with two exceptions, from opening their doors. The two who defied the mayor were promptly arrested. The result was a remarkably quiet Sunday. The police stations have not been so free of prisoners on Sunday night within the memory of the present officers as they were on May 7th. A remarkable feature of the day was the very general approbation with which the reform was received. People from whom the law and order party had no reason to expect the slightest sympathy said that the improvement was remarkable, and they hoped it would continue.

Prohibition is Taking Root in Missouri, if the statement contained in the call for a convention, recently issued, is not the product of the over sanguine advocates of the movement. The framers of the call say: "The growth of the prohibition sentiment in this State since our last convention has been absolutely marvellous, and the Executive Committee has no doubt of ultimate success in the near future, if we but put forth the proper effort."

An Appeal Issued by the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, is likely to meet with a prompt response when the circumstances are published, as requested, by the press. Its object is to assist young women who are dependent upon their own exertions for support, and who are striving to become self-supporting. Thousands of such young women avail themselves of the varied kindnesses which the association offers to them. A few statistics drawn from the report for 1881 describe the methods of work. Out of 1700 applicants at the employment bureau nearly 1200 secured positions. The industrial department gave out sewing to the number of nearly 2200 garments, paying remunerative prices to over 100 seamstresses, and instructed 62 girls in na-

chine and hand sewing. The board directory assisted 335 young women in finding safe, comfortable homes, and 225 women in securing boarders. In the free educational classes about 300 young women between the ages of 18 and 35 years have been instructed during the season, of whom about 150 have been fitted for lucrative positions. The association has a free circulating library of over 6000 volumes, and a reading room open day and evening to all who will avail themselves of its privileges. The annual cost of the work is *seven thousand dollars*, and the committee have a guaranteed income of only *two thousand*. They need \$5000, and invite contributions from those who appreciate the importance of helping friendless girls to resist the temptations of a great city.

The American Bible Society Held its Sixty-sixth annual meeting on May 11th. The annual report states that during the past year the American Bible Society has issued, for use in this country alone, 353,454 Bibles and 649,984 copies of the New Testament, besides separate portions of the Bible. In the last forty years it has issued 12,856 Bibles *for the blind*. To the immigrants landing at this port during the year have been given 73,740 Bibles and Testaments—in German, 32,051; Swedish, 17,173; Danish, 13,121; English, 8717; Italian, 1025; French, 726; Welsh, 435; Bohemian, 160; Dutch, 101; Flemish, 75; Hungarian, 57; Polish, 33; Russian, 26; Spanish, 22; Slavic, 18. In addition to this, 27,355 Testaments in various languages were placed on outgoing vessels, to be given to steerage passengers while on their way to this country, making the total distribution to immigrants 101,095 copies of Scripture.

A Gigantic Undertaking is Contemplated by the American Bible Society for this year. The directors announce that the Society is about to prosecute the fourth general supply of the United States with the Scriptures. The greatness of this undertaking can hardly be overestimated, as it involves visiting fifty-two millions of people, scattered over an immense country, where the wisest plans which may be devised can be made successful only by the united efforts of all who love the Bible and desire that it should have its appropriate place in every home in the land. The managers enter upon a work of such magnitude because "they have implicit confidence that the friends of the society will not only give them their hearty co-operation, but also supply the necessary funds. It is their purpose to make this general supply more thorough and complete than any which has preceded it."

A Blessed Revival is Reported from Burlington, Iowa. A Christian journal reports that there have been more than two hundred converts, and inquirers are multiplying. Rev. Dr. Spinney, pastor of the First Baptist Church, is holding meetings nightly, assisted by Rev. O. L. Leonani. The interest is spreading all over the city. Prayer-meetings have been started in the public schools, and recently in one school-room there were seventy-nine scholars assembled at the noon-day hour, presided over by one of their number.

Prayer answered after Nine Years.—At the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting last week, a gentleman returned thanks for prayer answered in the case of his son, in whose behalf he first asked prayer nine years ago. Three years ago this son seemed to be leaning toward scepticism; but he has seen his folly and has turned to the Lord. He expresses himself as convinced that he was led astray by Satan, and now he says he has come back to the cross.

Temperance Testimony from a Penitentiary.—The opinions of convicts may not as a rule be regarded as entitled to peculiar attention, but when the subject of the origin and promotion of crime is in question they can certainly claim to speak with authority. The new liquor law of Ohio was explained on Sunday, May 7th, to the congregation assembled in the chapel attached to the penitentiary at Columbus, which consisted of 1500 persons, mostly prisoners. The prisoners were then asked to give an expression of their views with regard to the necessity for such laws. At once over a *thousand right hands* were held up, showing their approval of the new laws.

A Romantic Wedding was Solemnized at cranton, Pa., on May 6th. A young man three days previously received a letter from New York announcing the arrival there of a young lady from England whom he despaired of ever seeing again. He promptly journeyed to New York, and taking her with him to Scranton, they were married the same evening. The young man came to this country about a year ago, leaving his betrothed behind him in England. There she was urged to abandon him for a richer suitor. To escape the importunities of worldly friends, she collected all she had, which was only just sufficient to pay her passage across the Atlantic, and landed at *Castle Garden almost penniless*. But she wrote to Scranton and her necessities were soon relieved. The risk of finding the lover unfaithful or averse to marriage, would have deterred many girls from undertaking such an enterprise, but in this case the girl knew her lover's character and felt she could safely trust in him. If anxious souls could be brought to exercise a like faith in Jesus, safety for the voyage of their life and their happiness through eternity would be assured (2 Timothy 1 : 12).

A Tramp's Offer of Fifty Cents at his Own auction caused some amusement at Richmond, Ky., two weeks ago. The circumstances are narrated by a local journal. "A crowd gathered in front of the court house where the services for one ear of a stout active young man who had been convicted of vagrancy were offered to the highest bidder. Whether there was a doubt prevalent as to his ability or industry is not stated, but for some cause or other the auctioneer was unable to obtain a higher bid than forty-five cents. When the tramp saw that he was about to be knocked down for that sum, he offered fifty cents himself. But his bid stimulated others, and he was finally sold for one dollar to Mr. William J. Collins, who intends to set him to railroad work. The tramp's estimate of his own value, as indicated by his bid, was probably based on his capability to pay, not on his opinion of his own worth. Few men compute their value so low a figure, though many are willing to sacrifice body and soul in the service of Satan, whose variable wages are death and destruction (2 Cor. 1 : 14, 15).

A Wife's Signature on a Letter she Sent to her husband caused an amusing difficulty in Cincinnati, O., recently. The husband usually called her by a fond name implying his deep love for her, and the wife, cherishing this indication of his affection, so signed a certain letter she sent from her home in Boston to her husband, who was staying in Cincinnati. The pet name bore no resemblance to her real name, but the husband's knowledge of his wife was too intimate for him to doubt who had sent the letter. Some business, however, connected with the transmission of money, rendered it necessary for the husband to produce his wife's signature, for the satisfaction of the post-office clerks. He found then that although he was certain that his wife had written the letter, the clerks were unable to identify the signature as being that of the lady whose formal name they had on their books. A similar difficulty occurs sometimes when answers to prayer are discussed with unbelievers, who call them coincidences, though the Christian is well assured to whom he is indebted for the coincidence (Psa. 34 : 4-6).

A Hundred Dollar Bill Concealed Twenty years ago was recovered recently by the man who hid it. The *Gazette*, of Little Rock, Ark., says that a few days ago a poor old man was observed wandering about the corridors of the old State House, examining the walls very minutely. He conducted his search with considerable patience, and though no one could understand what the old fellow could find to interest him in the masonry, nothing was said to him. At last he was observed to insert his knife in one of the cracks in the wall, and presently, after much effort, he brought out a piece of paper, which, being unrolled, proved to be a hundred dollar bill. It seems that during the war, when General Steele was commander of the post at Little Rock, a Missourian named Robert H. Crowley, of Price's command, was made prisoner of war, and confined temporarily in the State House. From there Crowley was taken to Camp

Chase, where he remained until the close of the war. When taken prisoner he had on his person the one hundred dollar note, and fearing it would be taken from him, he took the opportunity while waiting in the State House, to roll it up and push it into this crack in the wall, where it lay undiscovered for twenty years. The events of his imprisonment and the absorbing occupations that followed his release caused the incident to pass from the old man's mind, but a short time ago it was recalled to his mind when he was pressed for money. He then resolved to visit the State House at Little Rock, and look for the bill. It is probable that he would have remembered it earlier had he been in dire poverty. It was with him as it is with many people in the concerns of the soul, the hidden treasure of promise is unsought until a time of trouble comes (Hos. 13 : 6).

A Scripture Text Quilt of an Original Design has recently been completed by a lady residing in Pittsburg, Pa. The quilt, which is considered quite a curiosity, has a foundation of white linen, each block or square has worked upon it a complete Scripture text in cross-stitch with scarlet thread, headed with a capital letter and surrounded with an ornamental border. No two of the squares are alike. The whole of the fifty-first Psalm is in the centre, followed by many familiar and precious passages. The quilt has been the work of years, and the lady who has had the patience to complete it is encouraged by the hope that the eighty-one texts which are embroidered there may some day give consolation and, in a silent way, do good to some weary soul.

Locomotives Running Wild Caused a Singular series of collisions at Hartford, Conn., on May 11th. The Hartford correspondent of the *New York Times*, in the course of a communication to that journal, describes the occurrence. A switch engine coming from East Hartford came across the Connecticut River bridge just as a freight train was passing over the main track from a siding. The engineer and fireman of the switch engine, fearing a collision, jumped off their engine, which struck the freight engine, throwing it partially from the rails, and then ran wild about two miles, entering the yard, where it came in collision with another engine, just detached from a passenger train, tearing off the tender of the passenger engine and throwing out the engineer, leaving it also to run wild to the engine house, where it ran into another engine. The switch engine, which ran in without a driver, was badly smashed, and keeled over on its side. The other engines were somewhat injured. Happily no lives were lost, though several of the railroad employees were injured. These machines, useful as they are under intelligent guidance, become instruments of destruction without it. But even they are not more destructive to themselves and others than are human beings without Divine guidance (Jer. 10 : 23).

A Bondsman's Fidelity to his Trust is Described in a Boston Journal. A gentleman in Norfolk County, Mass., who managed a considerable amount of trust property, became insane, and his affairs were found in a very bad condition. As guardian for some minor children whose entire property was in his hands, he failed to account for the money intrusted to him, and the sureties on his bond, one of whom was Rev. George A. Thayer, were called upon to make up the deficit. The co-surety with Mr. Thayer went into bankruptcy, and thus his amount of the claim was voided, but Mr. Thayer, on receiving his notice from the lawyer, immediately surrendered every dollar he had, and pledged himself to make good the full amount of the bond, although in so doing he well knew that it would require all his salary except what the necessities of life actually demanded. This promise he fulfilled, and the children have not suffered the loss of a cent of the money misappropriated. The fulfilment of the obligations incurred through the misconduct of another thus involved the bondsman in the loss of the fruits of his labor, and was a case of cruel hardship. Every one must sympathize with him, but how few appreciate the sacrifice made by the Great Surety of the human race in voluntarily laying down His life for them (Isa. 53 : 5).

"AT THY WORD."

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing : nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net."—Luke 5 : 5.

Peter's Appeal to a Grand Principle—A Motto and a Rule—I. For the Affairs of Ordinary Life—A Long Financial Darkness—The Misery of the Unemployed—Disappointments of Life—In Business—In Training Children—Christ has no Need of Cowards—II. In Spiritual Profiting—Those Hoping to Find Salvation—In Importunate Prayer—In Striving After Holiness—III. In Our Life Business—The Warrant for Preaching—Those who Never Let Down the Net—Peter's Disappointment—No Real Revival Since Pentecost—Peter Overcame his Love of Ease—His Reason—A Personal Letting Down—Immediate Action—A Directory of Service.

How very much may simple obedience partake of the sublime ! Peter went to catch up the net, and let it down into the sea, and he said as naturally as possible, "At Thy word I will let down the net ;" but he was there and then appealing to one of the grandest principles which rules among intelligent beings, and to the strongest force which sways the universe : "At Thy word." Acting in conformity with the word of our Lord we feel ourselves to be in order with all the forces of the universe, travelling on the main track of all real existence. Is not this a sublime condition, even though it be seen in the common deeds of everyday life ?

It is wonderful to think of the fisherman of Galilee letting down his net in perfect consonance with all the arrangements of the ages. His net obeys the law which regulates the spheres. His hand consciously does what Arcturus and Orion are doing without thought. This little bell on the Galilean lake rings out in harmony with the everlasting chimes. "At Thy word," saith Peter, as he promptly obeys, therein repeating the watchword of seas and stars, of winds and worlds. It is glorious thus to be keeping step with the marchings of the armies of the King of kings.

God, who sees a world in a drop, sees wonders in the smallest act of faith. Do not, I pray you, think that sublimity lies in masses, to be measured by a scale, so that a mile shall be sublime and an inch shall be absurd. We measure not morals and spirituals by rods and chains. The common act of fishing at Christ's word links Peter with all the principalities, and powers, and forces which in all ages have known this as their only law—"He spake, and it was done He commanded, and it stood fast." We too shall have

FELLOWSHIP WITH THE SUBLIME

if we know how to be perfectly obedient to the word of the Lord.

This ought to be the rule of all Christians for the whole of their lives—"At Thy word." This should direct us in the church and in the world ; it should guide us in our spiritual beliefs and in our secular acts, "At Thy word." I wish it were so. We hear boastings that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants. *It is a mere boast.* Few Protestants can honestly repeat the assertion. They have other books to which they pay deference, and other rules, and other guides, beyond, and above, and even in opposition to, the one Word of God. It ought not to be so. The power of the church and the power of the individual to please God shall never be fully known till we get back to the simple yet sublime rule of our text, "At Thy word."

I am just going to hammer upon that phrase this morning as God shall help me : "At Thy word." This rule has many applications. First, I shall somewhat repeat myself by saying that *it ought to apply to the affairs of ordinary life ;* secondly, *it should apply to matters of spiritual profiting ;* and thirdly, and here I shall enlarge, *it ought to find its chief application in our great life business, which is being fishers of men.*

I. "At Thy word" should apply to all

THE AFFAIRS OF ORDINARY LIFE.

I mean, first, as to continuance in honest industry. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." Many a man in the present trying crisis is half ready to throw up his

work, and run away from his business, because he has toiled all night and taken nothing. Truly, the *financial darkness* has lasted long, and does not yet yield to the dawning, but yet Christians must not murmur or leave their posts. Oh tried ones, continue to be diligent in your business, still provide things honest in the sight of all men. Labor on in hope. Say just as Peter did, "Nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it:" you know that truth full well; know this also, that the Lord will not forsake His people.

Your best endeavors will not of themselves bring you prosperity; still, do not relax those endeavors. As God's word to you is to quit yourselves like men, and be strong, gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and stand fast. Throw not away your shield, cast not away your confidence, but stand steadily in your rank till the tide of battle turns. God has placed you where you are, move not till His providence calls you. Do not run before the cloud. Take down the shutters to-morrow morning, and display your goods, and let not despondency drive you to anything that is rash or unseemly. Say, "Nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net."

If I am speaking to

THOSE WHO ARE OUT OF WORK

just now, searching for some place where they can provide bread for themselves and for their families, as is their duty, let them hear, and ponder. If any man does not do his best to provide for his own household he comes not under a Gospel blessing, but he is said to be worse than a heathen man and a publican—it is the duty of us all to labor with our hands that which is good, that we may have to give to the needy as well as to those dependent on us. If after having gone about this city till your feet are blistered you can find nothing to do, do not sit at home next Monday sulkily saying, "I will not try again." Apply my text to this painful trial, and yet again sally forth in hope, saying with Peter, "We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net."

Let men see that a Christian is not readily driven to despair: nay, let them see that when the yoke is made more heavy the Lord has a secret way of strengthening the backs of His children to bear their burdens. If the Holy Spirit shall make you calmly resolute you will honor God much more by your happy perseverance than the talkative by his fine speeches, or the formalist by his outward show. Common life is the true place in which to prove the truth of godliness and bring glory to God. Not by doing extraordinary works, but by the piety of ordinary life is the Christian known and his religion honored. At God's word hold on even to the end. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

It may be, too, that you have been endeavoring in your daily life to acquire skill in your business, and you have not succeeded, or you have tried to acquire more knowledge, so that you could better fulfil your vocation, but hitherto you have not prospered as you could wish. Do not, therefore, cease from your efforts. Christians must never be idlers. Our Lord Jesus would never have it said that His disciples are a sort of cowards who, if they do not succeed the first time, will never try again. We are to be patterns of all the moral virtues as well as of the spiritual graces; therefore, at the bidding of the Lord, work on with mind and hand, and look to Him for the blessing. "At His word" let down the net once more; He may intend largely to bless you when by trial you have been prepared to bear the benediction.

This will apply very closely to those who are laboring hard in the *training of children*. It may be that with your own children you may not have succeeded yet; the boy's spirit may still be wild and proud, and the girl may not yet have yielded to obedience and submission. Or you may be working in the Sunday-school, or in the day-school, trying to impart knowledge, and to fashion the youthful mind aright, and you may have been baffled; but if it is your business to teach, do not be overcome. Stand to your work as though you

heard Jesus say, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men." Earnestly, then, at His word again let down the net.

I counsel you, dear friends, in everything to which you set your hands, if it be a good thing, do it with all your might; and if it be not a good thing, have nothing to do with it. It may be possible that you are called to teach the age some moral truth. In most generations individuals have been called to carry out reforms, and to promote progress. You are bound to love your neighbor as yourself, therefore as you have opportunity do good unto all men. If you have tried, and hitherto have not won a hearing, do not give up your point if it is a good thing, and you are a Christian man; never let it be said that you were afraid or ashamed.

I admire in *Palissy the potter*, not only his Christianity, which could not be overcome by persecution, but his perseverance in his own business of making pottery. His last farthing and his last breath would have gone in discovering a glaze, or bringing out a color. I love to see such men believers. I should not like to see our Lord followed by a set of cowards who could not fight the common battles of life; how should such as these become worthy of the lordlier chivalry which wrestles with spiritual wickedness in high places? It is for us to be bravest among the brave in the plains of common life, that when we are summoned to higher fields, where still greater deeds are needed, we may go there trained for the higher service.

It is evident to me that the Lord intends that our faith should not be penned up in a pew, but should walk the shop, and be seen in every walk of life. The great principle of my text fell from the lips of a working-man, and to the working-man I return it; it was connected with a net and a boat, the implements of his labor, and with these common things I would link it; and I would say to all who serve the Lord, in this present evil world—in the name of God, if you have anything to do, be not so desponding and despairing as to cease from it, but, according to His word, once more go forward in your honest endeavors, and, like Peter, say, "I will let down the net." This may prove a word in season to some who are weary of the hardness of the times. I shall rejoice if it nerves an arm or cheers a heart. Have faith in God, my tried brethren. "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

II. *In matters of spiritual profiting* we must at the word of Christ let down the net again. I put this, first, to those who have been up to this Tabernacle a great many times, heartily, if I am to believe them.

HOPING TO FIND SALVATION.

You have prayed before the sermon began that the Lord would really bless the sermon to you. Now, mark, I do not understand you at all; I cannot make you out; because the way of salvation is open to you at this very moment, and it is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You have nothing to wait for, and all your waiting is sinful. If you say you are waiting for the stirring of the pool, I tell you there is no pool to be stirred, and no angel to stir it. *That pool was dried up long ago*, and angels never go that way now. Our Lord Jesus Christ shut up Bethesda when He came, and said to the man lying there, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." That is what He says to you. You have no business waiting; but as you are, and are here this morning, I would earnestly invite you at the word of Christ, who has hidden us preach the Gospel to every creature—"believe and live." Let down the net once more, and let it down this way; say, "My Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

But I will now speak to others present, who have been letting down their nets, in vain, perhaps, in the form of *importunate prayer*. Have you been praying for the conversion of a relative, or pleading for some other good thing which you believe to be according to the will of God, and after long pleading—pleading in the night, for your spirit has been sad—are you tempted never to offer that petition any more? Now then, at Christ's word, who said that men ought always to pray and not to faint—at Christ's word, who says, "Pray without

ceasing," let down the net, and pray again. Not because the circumstances which surround you are more favorable, but simply because Jesus bids you, continue in prayer; and who knows but that this very time you will meet with success!

Or have you been *searching the Scriptures to find a promise* which will suit your case. Do you want to get hold of some good word from God that will cheer you? Shoals of such fish are around your boat; the sea of Scripture is full of them; fish of promise, I mean, but, alas! you cannot catch one of them. Nevertheless, try again. Go home this afternoon, and search the Scriptures again with prayer, and beseech the Holy Spirit to apply a precious portion to your heart, that you may by faith enjoy the sweetness of it; and who knows but you shall this very day obtain your desire, and receive a larger blessing than your mind can fully contain, so that in your case also the net shall break through the fulness of the favor.

Or it may be you have been laboring a long while after *some holy attainment*; you want to conquer a besetting sin, to exercise firmer faith, to exhibit more zeal, and to be more useful, but you have not yet gained your desire. Now, then since it is the Lord's mind that you should be "perfect in every good work to do His will" do not cease from your purpose, but at His word let down your net again. Never despair. That temper of yours will be conquered yet; that unbelief of yours will give way to holy faith. Let down the net, and all the graces may yet be taken in it, to be yours for the rest of your life. Only at Christ's word still labor for the best things, and He will give them to you.

Or are you seeking just now *the closer presence of Christ*, and a nearer fellowship with Him? Are you yearning after a sight of His face—that face which doth outshine the morning? Do you wish to be brought into His banqueting-house to be satiated with His love? And have you cried in vain? Then cry once more, "at His word," for He bids you come to Him; His loving voice invites you to draw near. At His word press forward once again, let down the net once more, and joys await you unspeakable, surpassing all you have hitherto experienced.

III. The great principle of our text should be applied to

OUR LIFE-BUSINESS.

And what is the life-business of every Christian here? Is it not soul-winning? That we may glorify God by the bringing of others to the faith of Christ is the great object of our remaining here on earth; otherwise we should have been caught up to swell the harmony of the heavenly song. It is expedient for many wandering sheep here below that we should tarry here till we have brought them home to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

Our way of winning men for Christ, or, to use His own metaphor, our method of catching men, is by letting down the net of the Gospel. We have learned no other way of *holy fishery*. Men with great zeal and little knowledge are inventing ingenious methods for catching men, but for my part I believe in nothing but letting down the Gospel net, by telling out the story of the love of God to men in Christ Jesus. No new Gospel has been committed to us by Jesus, and He has authorized no new way of making it known.

Our Lord has called all of us to the work of proclaiming free pardon through His blood to all who believe in Him. Each believer has a warrant to seek the conversion of his fellows. May not every man seek to save his brother from the burning? Must not Jesus smile on any man's endeavor to deliver his neighbor from going down to eternal death? Has he not said, "Let him that heareth say, Come?" Whosoever hears the Gospel is to invite others to come to Christ.

"Oh, but," they say, "you ought to advance to something higher than the mere elementary doctrine of grace, and give the people something more in keeping with the progress of the period." We shall not do so while Jesus bids us go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. If we do what He bids us the responsibility of the matter rests no longer with us. Whatever comes

of it we are clear if we have obeyed orders. A servant is not to justify his master's message, but to deliver it. This makes it a joy to preach, this doing it "at Thy word." Our business is to do what Christ tells us, as Christ tells us, and to do this again and again, so long as we have breath in our bodies. The commanding word cries ever to us, "Preach the Gospel, preach the Gospel to every creature!" Our justification for setting forth Christ crucified, and incessantly bidding men believe and live, lies in that same word which bade Peter walk the sea, and bade Moses fetch water out of a rock.

The result of this preaching will justify Him who commanded it. No man at the last will be able to say to the Saviour, "You set your servants an impossible task, and you gave them an instrument to wield which was not at all adapted to produce its end." No, but at the closing up of all things it shall be seen that for the salvation of the elect there was nothing better than a crucified Saviour, and to make that crucified Saviour known there was no better means than

THE SIMPLE PROCLAMATION

of His word by honest lips in the power of the Spirit of the Lord.

Brethren, you that teach in the school, or you that preach from the pulpit, or distribute tracts, or speak personally to individuals, you need not be afraid but what wisdom will exonerate herself from all charges, and vindicate her own methods. You may be called a fool to-day for preaching the Gospel, but that accusation, like rust on a sword, will wear off as you use the weapon in the wars of the Lord. The preaching of the word soon puts down all clamors against itself; those clamors mainly arise because it is not preached. No one calls the Gospel effete where it is smiting right and left like a great two-handed sword. Our reply to the outcry about the failure of the pulpit is to get into it and preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

What shall I say to any of my fellow-Christians who profess to be called of God, and to be Christ's disciples, and yet never do let down the net? Is it so that you are doing nothing for the truth? that you never disseminate the Gospel? Is it so that you call yourselves lights of the world, and yet never shine? that you are sowers of the seed, and yet forget that you have a seed-basket? Am I addressing any members of this church who are in this respect wasting their lives? Are you mocking God by a fruitless profession which you never try to make fruitful? I have not the strength with which to condemn you, but I would to God your own conscience might fulfil that office.

This great London of ours is growing *heathenish to the very core*, and yet our Lord has given the Gospel into the hands of His churches; what can be the reason of the indifference of the godly? If we keep this Gospel to ourselves, verily coming ages will condemn us as cruel to our posterity. Succeeding generations will point to our era, and say, "What sort of men were these, that had the light, and shut it up in a dark lantern?" In a century to come, when others shall stand in this city, and walk these streets, they will say, "A curse upon the memory of the ministers and people who failed in their duty, who came to the kingdom in a solemn time, but never realized their calling, and so missed the end and object of their being!"

Now, brethren, this warrant from Christ is one which, if we be in the state of heart of Simon Peter, will be omnipotent with us this morning. It was very powerful with Simon Peter. For, observe, he was *under the influence of a great disappointment*, yet he let down the net. "We have toiled all the night." Some say, "We have had all this Gospel preaching, and nothing has come of it." When was that? I hear a good deal of this talk, but

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

"Oh," you say, "you know we have had a great deal of revival a little while ago." I do not know anything of the sort. We have had flashes of light here and there, but comparatively so little that it is a pity to make so much of it. Moreover, considering the little that has ever been done for it, the spread of the Gospel has been marvellous,

Look at Gospel-work at the present moment *in India*! People say that the Christian faith is not spreading. I say that it is spreading wonderfully as compared with the labor expended and the sacrifice made. If in that land you spend a penny and get a thousand pounds, you have no right to say, "What is that? We want a million." If your desires are thus exacting, prove their sincerity by corresponding action. Increase your outlay. The harvest is wonderful considering the little seed, but if you wish for more sheaves sow more. The Church has had an enormous return for what little she has done.

In England there have been partial revivals, but to what have they amounted? A flash of light has been seen in a certain district, but darkness has still remained supreme over the length and breadth of the country. The papers have reported a great work in a certain spot, but if the papers had reported the places wherein there has been no revival we should have had a different view of things! A little corner at the top of a column would have sufficed for the good, and column after column would not have sufficed to make known the black side of the situation.

The fact is the Church has scarcely ever been in a state of universal revival since the day of Pentecost. There has been a partial moving among Christians every now and then, but the whole mass throughout has never burned and flamed with the earnestness which the grand cause demands. Oh that the Lord would set the whole Church on fire! We have no cause whatever for disappointment. In proportion to the little effort put out great things have come to us; therefore

LET US GET TO OUR NETS AGAIN,

and say no more about the night in which we have toiled.

But next, this command in Peter *overcame his love of ease*. Evidently he was tired when he said, "We have toiled all the night." Fishing is hard work, especially when no fish are caught. It is natural to wish to be excused from further toil when you are already weary with unrewarded labor. I have heard some Christians say, "You know I had my time in the Sunday-school years ago, and then I used to work too much for my strength." No doubt their efforts were stupendous in the remote ages of their youthful zeal; we can hardly imagine what they must have been like, for no relic remains to assist our conceptions. At this time they feel authorized to take things easy, for they owe no more to their Lord, or at least *they do not intend to pay any more*.

Is it so that any one of us can cease from service when it is plain that we do not cease from receiving mercy at the Lord's hands? Are we not ashamed of the case when it is plainly put? "Take it easy." Yes, soon, very soon, we shall take it easy, for there will be rest enough in the grave. Just now, while souls of men are perishing, to relax our efforts is wickedness.

Moreover, the command of Christ was so supreme over Peter that he was *not held back by carnal reason*, for reason would say, "If you could not catch fish in the night you will certainly not do so in the day." Night was the special time for taking fish on the Gennesaret lake, and by day, when the garish sun was lighting up the waves, and letting the fish see every single mesh of the net, they were not likely to come into it; but when Christ commands, the most unlikely time is likely, and the most unpromising sphere becomes hopeful. No act is out of season when Christ commands it. If He says, "go," go at once, without deliberation. Say not "There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest." "The fields are white already to the harvest." Peter lets down the net at once, and wisely does he act at Christ's word.

The lesson to you and to me is this: Let us do as Peter did, and let down the net *personally*, for the apostle said, "I will let down the net." Brother, cannot you do something yourself with your own heart, lips, and hands? Sister, cannot you do something yourself with your own gentle spirit? "I was thinking about getting half a dozen friends to form a committee to relieve the poor around us." Nothing will ever come of it:

the poor will not get a basin of soup or a hunch of bread. Set about it yourself. "But I think I might get a dozen to come together, and organize a society." Yes, and then move resolutions and amendments all day long, and finish up with passing votes of mutual approbation. You had better

GET TO WORK YOURSELF

as Peter did.

And you had better do it *at once*, for Peter immediately let down the net, as soon as ever he had launched out into the deep. You may never have another opportunity; your zeal may have evaporated, or your life may be over. If a church can be so awakened that each individual gets to work in the power of the Holy Spirit, and all the individuals combine, then how many souls will be captured for Jesus! Multitudes of souls are lost to the blessed Gospel because of our broken nets, and the net gets broken because we are not well united in the holy service, and by our unwisdom cause loss to our Master's cause. Ministers need not become worn out with labor if all would take their share; one boat would not begin to sink if the other boats took a part of the blessed load.

Now, brothers and sisters, I close by saying that if I have accomplished anything this morning by the help of God's Spirit, I hope I have made you ready to accept the following

DIRECTORY OF SERVICE

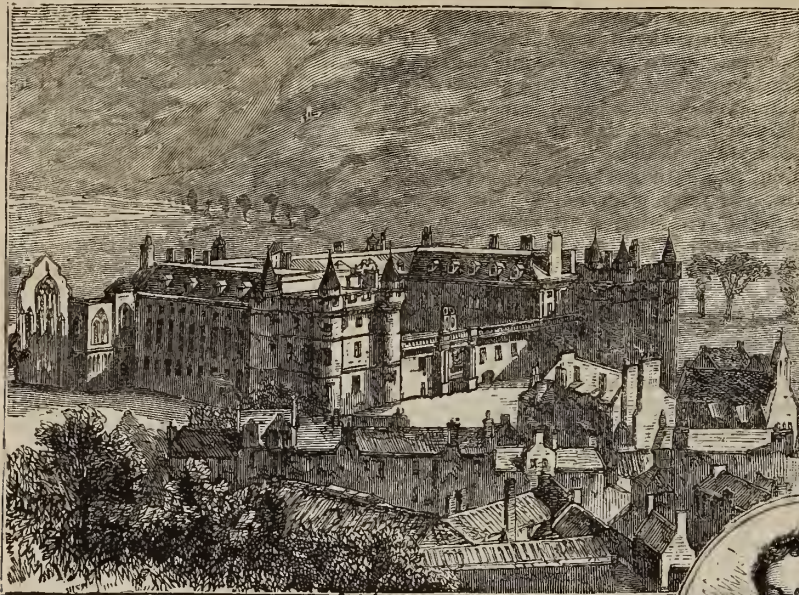
drawn from the text. The way in which to serve God is to do it at His word. I pray that none of us may sink into serving the Lord as a matter of routine. May we never fall to serving Him in our own strength. We must preach, teach, and labor in His name, because we hear Him bidding us do it. We must act at His word. If this were the case we should work with much more faith, with much more earnestness, and with much more likelihood of success.

It is a blessed thing to see Christ sitting in the boat while you cast out the net. If you catch a glimpse of His approving smile as He watches you, you will work heartily. We must labor in entire dependence upon Him, not preaching or teaching because in our judgment it is the right thing to do—Peter did not think so—but because Jesus gives the word, and His word is law. You may not work because you have any expectation of success from the excellence of your work, or from the nature of the people among whom you labor, but because Jesus has given you the word. You stand there doing a thing which critics sneer at as absurd, but you do it in all confidence, believing that it must be wise, because Jesus bids you do it.

I remember well how some of our brethren used to talk to us. They said, "You preach the Gospel to dead sinners; you bid them repent and believe. You might just as well *shake a pocket-handkerchief over a grave* and bid the corpse come out of it." Exactly so. They spoke the truth; but then I would delight to go and shake a pocket-handkerchief over graves and bid the dead live if Jesus bade me do so. I should expect to see the cemetery crack and heave from end to end if I were sent on such an errand by the Lord. I would accept the duty joyfully.

The more absurd the wise men of our age make the Gospel out to be, and the more they show that it is powerless to produce the end designed, the more will we persevere in our old method of preaching Jesus crucified. Our resolves are not to be shaken by that mode of reasoning. We never did draw our argument for preaching the Gospel from the work itself, but from the orders given us to do it, and we should rather be acting upon the responsibility of Christ than upon our own. I would rather be a fool and do what Christ tells me, than be the wisest man of the modern school, and despise the word of the Lord. I would rather lay the responsibility of my life at the feet of Him who bids me live according to His word than seek out an object in life for myself, and feel that the responsibility rested on my own shoulders. Let us be willing to be under orders to Christ, willing to persevere under difficulties, willing to begin anew in His service from this very hour. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Luke 5:1-26.]



Holyrood Palace as seen from Calton Hill.



The Scene of Rizzio's Murder.

HOLYROOD PALACE.

"THE Abbey of Holyrood, in Scotland," says the London *Graphic*, "preceded the Palace. It was erected by David I., King of Scotland, that 'sair sanct for the Croon,' as James VI. called him, when he found how much of the royal revenues of Scotland had been alienated to abbeys, and convents, and cathedrals. The tradition is that when David was hunting near the spot he was about to be transfixed on the antlers of a stag at bay when the apparition of the Holy Rood came in between and drove off the animal; and so the pious king endowed an abbey there to manifest his gratitude. The 'Canongate Arms'—a cross above a stag's head—commemorate the legend.

The old part of the palace was erected by James V., and contains Queen Mary's Rooms and the Picture Gallery, or Throne Room. In these apartments Mary was married to Darnley, and afterward to Bothwell. Here her favorite Rizzio was murdered as he clung for protection to her dress. Here she gave entertainments in the French fashion to her nobles, and captivated all hearts by her beauty and address. Here she encountered the one man, *John Knox, whom she could never bend to her will* by the fascinations of her person or speech, of whom Earl Morton said over his grave that he 'never feared the face of man,' and who said of himself, when asked if he was not afraid to speak so boldly to his Queen: "Why should the fair face of a gentlewoman fley me? I hae looked in the face o' mony angry men, and have not been fleyed abuv measour." Here the Young Pretender held his Court while the Castle was in possession of the Government, and here he returned in triumph after the Battle of Prestonpans. The Picture Gallery is now abandoned to the tourist, except when the Scottish nobles meet to elect representatives to the British House of Lords, and the Queen's High Commissioner to the General Assembly holds his quasi-state receptions.

The chapel is early Gothic, and the east window a fine example of the later and more ornate style. Charles I. was crowned King of Scotland in the chapel, and it was the scene of many other interesting scenes in Scottish history. But it fell into bad odor with the populace as a place which so late as the time of James VII. was identified with *Roman Catholic worship*, and it was wrecked by an Edinburgh mob at the Revolution. One of the most curious adjuncts of the Palace is the peculiar-looking old building known as Queen Mary's Bath-Room, where she is said to have enhanced her personal charms by alutions in milk and white wine. Queen Mary figures so largely in Scottish traditions that one requires to be a little sceptical of stories in which her name occurs. There is hardly a decent mansion in Scotland which does not boast a Queen 'Mary's Room.'

The following is a brief account of the circum-

stances of
THE
TRAGEDY
with which
the "supper
room" in
Holyrood
Palace is associated:



Mary Queen of Scots.

Mary, not having been treated with candor and openness by the English Queen (Elizabeth), whose advice she had sought in regard to her marriage, now resolved that she would follow the dictates of her own heart, and marry as she thought fit. While agitated by such feelings, Mary saw the Lord Darnley, the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, who, with his father, had lately returned to Scotland. This young nobleman could boast of a royal descent, his grandmother being a sister of Henry the Eighth, and he himself, next to Mary, the nearest heir to the English throne. He was now in his twenty-first year, and had not yet displayed that weak intellect and the low vices which betrayed themselves after his marriage. It was the misfortune of the Scottish Queen that she acted under impulses. She had been deceived by Elizabeth, and she determined to show that she could choose for herself. This ill-advised union had terrible consequences. Although the marriage to Darnley was sanctioned by a convention of her nobility held at Stirling, the event was none the less a blunder and a calamity. It gave great offence to the Scottish reformers, because the family of Lennox was believed to adhere to the Catholic faith; and though Darnley, who now bore the name of King Henry, went often to the Established Church he could not by this exterior compliance, gain the confidence and regard of the ecclesiastics.

At first Mary loaded her husband with benefits and honors, but when she had a closer view of his weakness and vices, she began to see the danger of her profuse liberality, and was resolved henceforth to proceed with more reserve and caution in the favors which she might extend to him. Noticing this marked change in her bearing toward him, his resentment expressed itself in forms which only increased her disgust. Enraged at her imagined neglect he vowed vengeance against every one whom he deemed to be concerned in the bringing about of the change.

There was in the Court at this time one David Rizzio, who had of late obtained an extraordinary degree of confidence and favor with the Queen of Scots. He was a Piedmontese, of humble birth, son of a teacher of music. Mary's secretary for French despatches having incurred her displeasure she promoted Rizzio to that office, which gave him frequent opportunities of approaching her person and insinuating himself into her favor. The favorite was of a disagreeable figure, but not past his youth; and though the opinion of his criminal correspondence with Mary might seem of itself un-

reasonable, if not absurd, a suspicious husband could find no other means of accounting for that lavish and imprudent kindness with which she honored him.

Rizzio, who had connected his interests with the Roman Catholics, was the declared enemy of the banished lords, and by promoting the violent prosecutions against them, he had exposed himself to the animosity of their numerous friends and retainers. Morton, the Chancellor, insinuating himself into Darnley's confidence, employed all his art to inflame the discontent and jealousy of that prince; and he persuaded him that the only means of freeing himself from the indignities under which he labored was to bring the stranger to the fate which he was supposed to merit. On March 9th, 1566, Mary was supping in private with Rizzio and others of her servants in the room depicted in our illustration. The King entered the room by a private passage, and stood at the back of Mary's chair. Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and other conspirators, being all armed, rushed in after him; and the Queen of Scots, terrified at their appearance, demanded of them the reason of this rude intrusion. They told her that they intended no violence against her person but meant only to bring that villain, pointing to Rizzio, to his deserved punishment. Rizzio, aware of the danger, ran behind his mistress, and, seizing her by the waist, called aloud for her protection, while she interposed on his behalf with cries, menaces, and entreaties. The impatient assassins, regardless of her efforts, rushed upon their prey. Douglas, seizing Henry's dagger, thrust it in the body of Rizzio, who, screaming with fear and agony, was torn from Mary by the other conspirators, and pushed into the ante-chamber, where he was despatched with fifty-six wounds. The unhappy princess, informed of his fate, immediately said she would weep no more, but think now of revenge, as subsequent events proved she did, to some purpose.

MR. GRAHAM'S MATRIMONIAL SCHEME.

"It is for you to consider, Harry, but I think that is an offer many a young man would be glad to accept." So said Mr. Robert Graham, and Mr. Graham's opinion of a bargain was considered unerring in business circles. When Mr. Graham gave advice on a matter of business, which was seldom, it was almost always followed, and was always justified by results. As a rule, however, he kept his own counsel, and his register of real estate, his bank account, and the stocks he had in the safe deposit vaults proved that, as he was wont to say, he "knew a good thing when he saw it." He was a man of about sixty years of age, well preserved, carefully but plainly dressed, and with a general air about him of being comfortably endowed with the good things of life. When he thus commended an offer to Harry Fielding, Mr. Graham leaned back in his chair, rested his hands on the top of his stick and awaited a reply.

At Mr. Graham's last words Harry Fielding rose from his seat and with a face pale as death, and a gesture of entreaty, said, "You do not know what you ask, sir." It was a critical moment, and Harry was quite aware of the fact. All he had, his position in society, even his education he owed to Mr. Graham, who had been his friend and benefactor since that day, now twenty years ago, when he returned a poor friendless orphan from the cemetery where the people had buried both his parents. Then there seemed nothing before him but a life of hardship and bitter poverty. His father was a poor clergyman, who dying left little more than sufficient means to pay funeral expenses. But Harry was a bright intelligent boy, and Mr. Graham took a fancy to him. He sent the boy to school for a year and resolved that if Harry turned out well and "showed grit," he would do more for him. Harry's reports were uniformly good and his teacher's opinion coincided with that of

Mr. Graham that if the boy were well trained there was "stuff in him to make a man." Mr. Graham had speculated in many things in his time, but having had no sons of his own, this experiment was novel to him. He persisted in regarding it as a speculation, though he did not define in his own mind the shape in which he expected the profit would accrue. But Harry was educated, and sent to a university, where he acquitted himself creditably. Then he was sent to Heidelberg, in Germany, to study, and after that to make a tour of Europe. Mr. Graham recommended to him two professions, either of which he was prepared to assist Harry to pursue. He might be either a lawyer or a physician. Harry had chosen the latter and returned to America to commence this special preparatory study.

It was during this period that Mr. Graham one morning paid him a visit in his comfortable quarters, and made the offer previously referred to. That offer was a brilliant one from a financial standpoint. Mr. Graham proposed to give him a large income and to make him his heir, *on one condition*. Among Mr. Graham's business acquaintances was a millionaire, the owner of a mine in Colorado, who had only recently made his appearance on the Atlantic coast. He had no education, was low and vulgar in his manner, but enormously rich. He had an only daughter, who inherited her father's tastes and disposition, and would inherit his wealth. Harry had already seen her and noticed, although he had not spoken to her, how coarse and vulgar, and ill-bred she was, and how trite and commonplace was her conversation. New to city life, she "adored the theatre," had been to all the horse races, and had never read a line since she left school except in novels. She never went to church, as her father did not go, and when she was once persuaded to go, much against her will, she said she had "heard enough of all that at boarding-school and did not want to go again."

In brief, Mr. Graham's proposal was that Harry should make Leonora's acquaintance, should become her suitor, and share her fortune. Then it was that Harry said to him, "You know not what you ask." There was something more than repugnance to the scheme in his mind. Harry was already in love, and the mere thought of unfaithfulness seemed to him like treason. His father had taken into his house the child of a distant relative,



Mr. Graham's Proposal Rejected.

left an orphan while an infant, and the two children had been playmates until the clergyman's death. After that Harry had kept up an acquaintance with Addie, and had seen with delight that she grew up as good as she was beautiful. She had, while young, given her heart to Jesus, and it was through the instrumentality of her prayers and pleadings that Harry himself was converted. When he returned to America, the friendship, confined to letter-writing during his absence in Germany, was renewed with ardor on both sides. They had "taken sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company." Thus when Mr. Graham urged him to marry, for the sake of wealth, one with whose tastes he had nothing in common and desert one whom he tenderly loved, Harry Fielding refused, respectfully, but firmly. But Mr. Graham was not accustomed to being thwarted, and it was plain he was irritated by his protégé's manner and words. However, he had confidence in Harry's sense and shrewdness, so he refused to accept his rejection of the offer, and said Harry would think better of it in a day or two.

It was a terrible ordeal for Harry Fielding. Not that he wavered in his love for Addie. Had he done so, the vision of her gentle face as he saw it across the church the next day, where she sat with a poor little invalid child from her class in the Sunday-school nestling in her arms, would have recalled him to his allegiance. But he could not forget how much he owed to his benefactor, nor how deeply the old gentleman would be wounded by his apparent ingratitude. Harry was not ungrateful and almost any sacrifice but this one he would have made had Mr. Graham demanded it. But not this. He must be firm, and he had the mortification of being upbraided with ingratitude and of listening in pain to the old man's indignant remonstrances, which closed with the intimation that not another dollar would Harry receive from him.

It was over at last and Harry had time to recover from his pain. Then he set diligently to work to prepare for the approaching examination, which if he passed successfully would open the way for him to an honorable career. At last the momentous day came, and Harry saw with delight his name placed in the position of honor on the list of successful competitors. Several years passed in a hard struggle, but slowly though surely the name of Dr. Fielding was becoming famous in the city. Kind and attentive to the poor, his skill was talked of in fashionable circles and wealthy patients sought his services. Then he and Addie were married, and few men had a happier home, for it was a home in which love of God was the ruling motive, the guiding principle of life.

Never once during those years of conflict did he meet Mr. Graham, but when he was married, Harry went to call on the old gentleman to whom he owed so much. But he was repulsed, "Mr. Graham was busy and declined seeing him," said the servant, who answered Harry's ring. So they had never met. But one evening when after an arduous day among his patients, Dr. Fielding was resting at home he was summoned in haste, and to his surprise found that it was Mr. Graham who needed his services. The old man was very ill, and Harry saw at once that, though he might recover from the attack then on him, his days could not be many.

The meeting between the two was an affecting one. The old man was softened by illness, and in his loneliness craved the presence of some one beside the hired men and women around him. His thoughts turned to the boy he had befriended, and he was glad when he saw him at his bedside. After prescribing for Mr. Graham's present need Harry left, but next day, returning with his wife, he brought Addie to the sick-room and introduced her to the patient. She was a tender and devoted nurse, and when Mr. Graham slowly regained strength he said she had nursed him back to life, and begged piteously that she would not leave him again alone. It was finally settled that the doctor and his wife should remove to Mr. Graham's residence, and there they remained brightening and cheering the last years of the lonely old man. He was thankful then that his matrimonial scheme for Harry's benefit had collapsed; and when after many prayers and much pleading he began with trembling to trust in Christ for salvation, he humbly blessed God who had led him, by a path he knew not, into a haven of peace.

The Work at the Carmel Chapel in the Bowery, New York, has now been in progress ten years. At its anniversary last week Rev. John Dooley thus summarized its results: Since the work began in May, 1872, 7380 religious services have been held, with an average attendance of 61,000 each year. Over a thousand persons gave evidence of conversion. The place has been a resort for men in need and distress, 54,000 of whom have been aided, 9538 were provided with situations, 75,037 with lodgings, and to 775,560 meals have been furnished. In closing, Mr. Dooley stated that for ten years the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Work had been working harmoniously together. New premises have now been secured at 243 Bowery, where the Y. M. C. A. will conduct the services. The Carmel Chapel will also continue its work.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 303.)

Haunting Memories.

FOR a few minutes Canon Pascal was lost in thought. If Felix was right in his apprehension, and the whole story came out in the police court, there were journals *pandering to public curiosity* that would gladly lay hold of any gossip or scandal connected with Mrs. Roland Sefton. Her name would ensure its publicity. And how could Felicity endure that, especially now that her health was affected? If the dread of disclosing her secret to him had wrought so powerfully upon her physical and mental constitution, what would she suffer if it became a nine days' talk for the world?

"I will get your rector to exchange curates with me till we can see our way clear," he said. "He is Alice's godfather, you know, and will do it willingly. I am going up to Westminster in November, and you will be here in my place, where everybody knows your face, and you know theirs. There will be no question here about your father, for you are looked upon as my son. Now go away, and find Alice."

When Felix turned out of Liverpool Street station that evening, a *tall, gaunt-looking workman* offered to carry his bag for him. It was filled with choice fruit from the rectory garden, grown on trees grafted and pruned by Canon Pascal's own hands; and Felix had helped Alice to gather it for some of his sick parishioners in the unwholesome dwelling-places he visited.

"I am going no farther than the Mansion House," he answered, "and I can carry it myself."

"You'd do me a kindness if you'd let me carry it," said the man.

It was not the tone of a common loafer, hanging about the station for any chance job, and Felix turned to look at him in the light of the gas. It was the old story, he thought to himself, a decent workman from the country, out of work, and lost in this great labyrinth of a city. He handed his bag to him, and walked on along the crowded thoroughfare, soon forgetting that he was treading the flagged streets of a city; he was back again, strolling through dewy fields in the cool twilight, with Alice beside him, accompanying him to the quiet little station. He thought no more of the stranger behind him, or of the bag he carried, until he hailed an omnibus travelling westward.

"Here is your bag, sir," said the man.

"Ah! I'd forgotten it," exclaimed Felix.

"Good night, and thank you."

He had just time to drop a shilling into his hand before the omnibus was off. But the man stood there in front of the Mansion House, motionless, with all the busy sea of life roaring around him, hearing nothing and seeing nothing. This coin that lay in his hand had been given to him by his son; *his son's voice* was still sounding in his ears. He had walked behind him taking note of his firm strong step, his upright carriage and manly bearing. It had been too swift a march for him, full of exquisite pain and pleasure, which chance might never offer to him again.

"Move on, will you," said a policeman authoritatively; and Jean Merle, rousing himself from his reverie, went back to his lonely attic.

Felicity was slowly recovering her strength at the seaside. She had never before felt so seriously shaken in health, as since she had known of the attachment of Felix to Alice Pascal; an attachment which would have been quite to her mind, if there was no loss of honor in allowing it while she held a secret which, in all probability, would seem an insuperable barrier in the eyes of Canon Pascal.

This secret she had kept resolutely in the background of her own memory, conscious of its existence, but never turning her eyes toward it. The fact that it was absolutely a secret, suspected by no one, made this more possible; for there was no gleam of cognizance in any eye meeting hers which could awaken even a momentary recollection of it. It seemed so certain that her husband was dead to every one but herself, that she came at last almost to believe that it was true.

And was it not most likely to be true? Through all these long years there had come no hint to her in any way that he was living. She had never seen or heard of any man lingering about the home where she and her children lived, all whom Roland loved, and loved so passionately. Certainly she had made no effort to discover whether he was yet alive; but though it would be well for her if he was dead—a cause of rest almost amounting to satisfaction—it was not likely that he would remain content with unbroken and complete ignorance of how she and her children were faring. If he had been living, surely he would have given her some sign.

There was a terrible duty now lying in her path. Before she could give her consent to Felix marrying Alice she must ascertain positively if her husband was dead. Should it be so her secret was safe, and would die with her. Nobody need ever know of this fraud, so successfully carried out. But if not? Then she knew in herself that her lips could never confess the sin in which she had shared; and nothing would remain for her to do but to oppose with all the energy and persistence possible the marriage either of her son or daughter. And she fully believed that neither of them would marry against her will.

Her health had not permitted her hitherto to make the exertion necessary for ascertaining this fact, on which her whole future depended—hers and her children's. The physician whom she had consulted in London had urged upon her the imperative necessity of avoiding all excitement and fatigue, and had ordered her down to this dull little village of Freshwater, where not even a brass band on the unfinished pier or the arrival of an excursion steamer could disturb or agitate her. She had nothing to do but to sit on the quiet downs, where no sound could startle her, and no spectacle flutter her, until the sea-breezes had brought back her usual tone of health.

How long this promised restoration was in coming! Phebe, who watched for it anxiously, saw but little sign of it. Felicity was more silent than ever, more withdrawn into herself, gazing for hours upon the changeful surface of the sea with absent eyes, through which the brain was not looking out. Neither sound nor sight reached the absorbed soul, that was wandering through some intricate mazes to which Phebe had no clue. But no color came to Felicity's pale face, and no light into her dim eyes. There was a painful and weird feeling often in Phebe's heart that Felicity herself was not there; only the fair, frail form, which was *as insensible as a corpse*, until the spirit came back to it. At such times Phebe was impelled to touch her, and speak to her, and call her back again, though it might be to irritability and displeasure.

"Phebe," said Felicity, one day when they sat on the cliff, so near the edge that nothing but the sea lay within the range of their sight, "how should you feel if, instead of helping a fellow-creature to save himself from drowning, you had thrust him back into the water, and left him, sure that he would perish?"

"But I cannot tell you how I should feel," answered Phebe, "because I could never do it. It makes me shudder to think of such a thing. No human being could do it."

"But if you had thrust the one fellow-creature nearest to you, the one who loved you the most," pursued Felicity, "into sin, down into a deeper gulf than he could have fallen into but for you—"

"My dear, my dear!" cried Phebe, interrupting her in a tone of the tenderest pity. "Oh! I know now what it is preying upon you. Because Felix loves Alice it has brought back all the sorrowful past to you, and you are letting it kill you. Listen! Let me speak this once, and then I will never speak again, if you wish it. Canon Pascal knows it all; I told him. And Felix knows it, and he loves you more than ever; you are dearer to him a hundred times than you were before. And he forgives his father—fully. God has cast his sin as a stone into the depths of the sea, to be remembered against him no more for ever!"

A slight flush crept over Felicity's pale face. It was a relief to her to learn that Canon Pascal and Felix knew so much of the truth. *The darker*

secret must be hidden still in the depths of her heart until she found out whether she was altogether free from the chance of discovery.

"It was right they should know," she said in a low and dreamy tone; "and Canon Pascal makes no difficulty of it?"

"Canon Pascal said to me," answered Phebe, "that your noble life and the fame you had won atoned for the error of which Felix and Hilda's father had been guilty. He said they were your children, brought up under your training and example, not their father's. Why do you dwell so bitterly upon the past? It is all forgotten now."

"Not by me," murmured Felicity, "nor by you, Phebe."

"No; I have never forgotten him," cried Phebe, with a passionate sorrow in her voice. "How good he was to me, and to all about him! Yes, he was guilty of a sin before God and against man; I know it. But oh! if he had only suffered the penalty, and come back to us again, for us to comfort him, and to help him to live down the shame! Possibly we could not have done it in Riversborough; I do not know; but I would have gone with you, as your servant, to the ends of the earth, and you would have lived happy days again—happier than the former days. And he would have proved himself a good man, in spite of his sin; a Christian man, whom Christ would not have been ashamed to own."

"No, no," said Felicity; "that is impossible. I never loved Roland; can you believe that, Phebe?"

"Yes," she answered in a whisper, and with downcast eyes.

"Not as I think of love," continued Felicity in a dreary voice. "I have tried to love you all; but you seem so far away from me, as if I could never touch you. Even Felix and Hilda, they are *like phantom children*, who do not warm my heart, or gladden it, as other mothers are made happy by their children. Sometimes I have dreamed of what life would have been if I had given myself to some man for whom I could have forfeited the world, and counted the loss as nothing. But that is past now, and I feel old. There is nothing more before me; all is gray and flat and cold, a desolate monotony of years, till death comes."

"You make me unhappy," said Phebe. "Ought we not to love God first, and man for God's sake? There is no passion in that; but there is inexhaustible faithfulness and tenderness."

"How far away from me you are!" answered Felicity with a faint smile.

She turned her sad face again toward the sea, and sat silent, watching the flitting sails pass by, but holding Phebe's hand fast in her own, as if she craved her companionship. Phebe, too, was silent, the tears dimming her blue eyes, and blotting out the sea-view before her. Her heart was very heavy and troubled for Felicity.

"Will you go to Engelberg with me by-and-by?" asked Felicity suddenly, but in a calm and tranquil tone.

"To Engelberg!" echoed Phebe.

"I must go there before Felix thinks of marrying," she answered in short and broken sentences; "but it cannot be till spring. Yet I cannot write again until I have been there; the thought of it haunts me intolerably. Sometimes, nay, often, the word Engelberg has slipped from my pen unawares when I have tried to write; so I shall do no more work till I have fulfilled this duty; but I will rest another few months. When I have been to Engelberg again, *for the last time*, I shall be not happy, but less miserable."

"I will go with you wherever you wish," said Phebe.

It was so great a relief to have said this much to Phebe, to have broken through so far the icy reserve which froze her heart, that Felicity's spirits at once grew more cheerful. The dreaded words had been uttered, and the plan was settled; though its fulfilment was postponed till spring; a reprieve to Felicity. She regained health and strength rapidly, and returned to London so far recovered that her physician gave her permission to return to work.

But she did not wish to take up her work again.

had long ago lost the charm of novelty to her, and though circumstances had compelled her to write, or to live upon her marriage settlement, which in her eyes was to live upon *the proceeds of a* successfully carried out, her writing itself had become tedious to her. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" and there is much vexation of spirit, as well as weariness of the flesh, in the making of many books. She had made enemies who were spiteful, and friends who were exacting; she, who felt equally the irksomeness of petty enmities and of small friendships, which, like gnats buzzing monotonously about her, were now and then ready to sting. The sting itself might be trivial, but it was irritating.

Felicita had soon found out how limited is the circle of fame for even a successful writer. For one person who would read a book, there were fifty who would go to hear a famous singer or actor, and a hundred who would crowd to see a clever acrobat. As she read more she discovered that what she had fondly imagined were ideas originated by her own intellect, was, in reality, the echo only of thought long since given to mankind by other minds, in other words, often better than her own. Her own *silent claim to genius* was greatly modified; she was humbler than she had been. But she knew painfully that her name was now a hundred-fold better known than it had been while she was yet only the wife of a Riversborough banker. All her work for the last fourteen years had placed it more and more prominently before the public. Any scandal attaching to it now would be blazoned farther and wider, in deeper and more enduring characters, than if her life as an author had been a failure.

The subtle hope, very real, vague as it was, that her husband was in truth dead, gathered strength. The silence that had engulfed him had been so profound that it seemed impossible he should still be treading the same earth as herself, and wearing through its slow and commonplace days, sleeping and waking, eating and drinking like other men. Felicita was not superstitious, but there was in her that deep-rooted, instinctive *sense of mystery* in this double life of ours, dividing our time into sleeping and waking hours, which is often apt to make our dreams themselves omens of importance.

She had never dreamed of Roland as she did of those belonging to her who had already passed into the invisible world about us. His spirit was not free, perhaps, from its earthly fetters so as to be able to visit her, and haunt her sleeping fancies. But now she began to dream of him frequently, and often in the daytime flashes of memory darted vividly across her brain, lighting up the dark forgotten past, and recalling to her some word of his, or a glance merely. It was an inward persecution from which she could not escape, but it seemed to her to indicate that her persecutor was no more a denizen of this world.

To get rid of these haunting memories as much as possible, she made such a change in her mode of life as astonished all about her. She no longer shut herself up in her library; as she had told Phebe, she resolved to write no more, or attempt to write, until she had been to Engelberg. She seemed wishful to attract friends to her, and she renewed old acquaintanceships with members of her own family which she had allowed to drop during these many years.

No sooner was it evident that Felicita Sefton was willing to come out of the extremely quiet and solitary life she had led hitherto, and take her place in society both as Lord Riversford's daughter and as the author of many popular books, than the current of fashion set toward her. She was still a remarkably lovely woman, possessing irresistible attractions in her refined face and soft yet distant manners, as of one walking in a trance, and seeing and hearing things invisible and inaudible to less favored mortals. Quite unconsciously to herself she became *the lion of the season*, when the next season opened. She had been so difficult to know, that as soon as she was willing to be known invitations poured in upon her, and her house was invaded by a throng of visitors, many of them more or less distantly related to her.

To Hilda this new life was one of unexpected

and exquisite delight. Phebe, also, with her genuine interest in her fellow creatures, and her warm sympathy in all human joys and sorrows, enjoyed the change, though it perplexed her, and caused her to watch Felicita with anxiety. Felix saw less of it than any one, for he was down in Essex, leading the tranquil and not very laborious life of a country curate, chafing a little now and then at his inactivity, yet blissful beyond words in the close daily intercourse with Alice. There was no talk of their marriage, but they were young and together. Their happiness was untroubled.

(To be continued.)

JEWISH EMIGRATION TO PALESTINE.

By Mr. Laurence Oliphant.

THE *London Times* inserted on February 15th a letter from Mr. Laurence Oliphant, dated from the Athenæum Club, London, suggesting that in consequence of the persecution of the Jews in Russia their emigration to Palestine should be actively promoted. The following are some extracts from the letter:

As the condition of the Jews in South-Eastern Europe has occupied my attention for three years past, and as I spent all the year 1879 and the following spring in Syria and Constantinople, endeavoring to carry out a *colonization scheme* for their relief, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say a few words on the subject. The dominant idea of the Eastern Jew, whatever may be that of his co-religionist in Western countries, is to return to Palestine. The more wealthy members of the community desire to become landed proprietors on the soil which is endeared to them by the most cherished traditions. They are deterred from doing so partly by the fear that they may be subject to extortions from the local officials, and partly by their ignorance of agricultural pursuits. Nevertheless more than one wealthy Jew is carrying on farming operations successfully in Palestine, and a colony was formed about five years ago near Lydda, from the elders of which I have received a report of which the following is an extract:

"We have divided our territory, which is about five miles by one and a quarter, into 100 lots, possessed now by about 80 families. The well-to-do among us, who have settled on the hills, and built there stone houses, are in a fair way of getting on, but the poorer part, who had little more than their 30 Napoleons to buy a lot, could but afford to erect earthen huts, near the river, where they suffered greatly from malaria this summer. It is, therefore, of the utmost necessity that they also retire to the hills and build them stone houses. To aid our brethren in this undertaking we would gladly pledge all our land—nay, all we possess. If through your means, honored sir, the necessary capital of \$12,500 might be raised on the security of the land, you would most undoubtedly confer an immense benefit, not only on us, but on the whole of Israel. For the eyes of all our brethren are directed on us in doubt and fear. If, unhappily, we should not succeed, the good cause would receive a heavy blow, not to recover for a long time."

I have also received a letter from the Emigration Society of Botuschany, in Moldavia, in which the president says, "We have formed here a society of 1000 citizens, who are decided to realize the idea of colonizing Palestine," and begging for advice and assistance. A similar society exists in Galatz, and a large number of families have subscribed the funds necessary to emigrate to the Holy Land. The president writes to know "how we should proceed to carry out our idea; how many acres of land we ought to count for each family; whether in husbandry implements, cattle, etc., help would be granted to us at the outset?"

Another letter I have received from Cucu, in Roumania, describes the formation of a Palestine colonization society in that place, its aims and objects. The president writes: "It is our fixed resolve to emigrate to the land of our fathers, but we entreat you to afford us, when we arrive there, the opportunity of obtaining pecuniary advances for the purposes of cultivating the ground and purchasing the implements. We are perfectly confident that by laboring in the sweat of our brow we

shall repay our debt according to the demand of the loan society. We therefore beseech you to complete the great and meritorious work you have undertaken, and to lay the foundation of the re-establishment of our people in their ancient land."

There is also an important society at Bucharest of the same character, from which I have received similar urgent appeals. So much as regards Roumania, where the Jews have passed through many periods of persecution. In regard to Russia, the correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle*, in a letter dated Jerusalem, January 26th, writes:

"The movement for emigration to Jerusalem appears to extend more and more in Russia. From divers places envoys have arrived here charged to secure eligible sites for their brethren, who are to follow in the spring of 1882. A Russian gentleman has assured me that many Jewish capitalists in Russia are firmly

RESOLVED TO SETTLE.

at Jaffa, in order to erect factories there. I have seen letters from old rabbis of the strictest orthodoxy, declaring that whoever puts his hand to the working of the soil of the Holy Land acts more meritoriously than he who passed his time day and night with study of the Beth Hamedrash."

The consequence of this movement, prematurely extruding without advice and protection from an influential quarter cannot but be disastrous to the unhappy emigrants who will pour into the country slenderly provided with funds, and for the most part ignorant of the rudiments of agriculture.

The Mansion House Committee for the Jews should advance moneys out of the funds as loans to emigrants under certain conditions, to be hereafter specified. In the case of those emigrating to America, which would be the poorer class, these advances would probably be merely to assist in their passage thither; in the case of those desiring to become agriculturists in Syria or Palestine, they would be lent to cover the preliminary expenses of agricultural operations when necessary; but the emigrants to these countries should be selected in the first instance from among the wealthiest class.

The mere fact that it was known that such a committee existed would generally be sufficient to restrain the local officials from indulging in those excesses which they practice with impunity upon the unprotected peasant. By an old law, which has never been repealed, favoring colonization in Turkey, great privileges are accorded and facilities for settlement are offered by the Ottoman Government to immigrants. In fact, there are no better nor juster laws than those affecting the tenure of land in Turkey, when they are properly applied.

In a word, while assistance might be rendered by the committee to Hebrews emigrating to all parts of the world, *the Jewish emigration to Palestine* should be as much as possible controlled, and specially supervised by it. The immigration should be gradual and almost tentative in the first instance. The wealthier Jews would do well to employ only native labor at first, introducing their poorer co-religionists by degrees. That farming is a most profitable pursuit in the Holy Land is evidenced by the success of Mr. Sursuk, and others who have tried it. There are large tracts of rich waste land in certain parts of the country, to which three years' occupation confers a prescriptive title, and the peasants are generally ready to sell, a rich proprietor being always able to make more money out of his land than a poor peasant, while the condition of the latter is improved when he is protected by the proprietor and cultivates on shares.

Mr. Oliphant adds: "In my book, 'The Land of Gilead,' I have given all the information in my power, together with a sketch of the scheme which I proposed to the Porte, and which the special political complications of two years ago alone prevented my carrying out. But I have no reason to think that the Turkish Government would be unwilling to encourage Jewish immigration into Palestine, provided the immigrants became Turkish subjects, which, under the conditions suggested in this letter, they would, for their own advantage, certainly be glad to do."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke have not been captured, although a reward of *fifty thousand dollars* has been offered for such information as will lead to their detection. Several men have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the plot, but the indiscriminate proceedings of the police show that as yet they have no trustworthy clue to the criminals. Information was given to the police by two draymen that may serve, in the improbable event of the assassins being arrested, in identifying them. The draymen state that, while driving toward Dublin soon after the murder was committed, they met a car containing four men, being driven very rapidly from the scene of the tragedy. Their description of the car tallies with that given by other persons who saw it in the park, and the draymen give a very minute description of the dress and appearance of the four men, with whom they had an altercation. It is now clear that the murder of the Secretary was intended, and was not, as was at first thought, possibly an accident resulting from his interference on behalf of Mr. Burke. It has been remembered that during the procession in Dublin when Lord Spencer, the new Governor of Ireland, Lord Cavendish, and the other officials went in state to take the oath of office, a man inquired three times whether Lord Frederick Cavendish was in the procession. The Chief Secretary at last lifted his hat and told his name. The man replied, "Thank you; that will do." The opinion prevails that the assassins were men detailed for the purpose from America and were not connected with the Land League. This is confirmed by the manner of the murder, which, treacherous as it was, involved some danger to the assassins from the resistance of the victims. The Land League method is to shoot from behind a hedge or a wall.

A Bill for the Repression of Crime in Ireland was introduced by the British Government on May 11th in the House of Commons. It provides that in districts where the law is defied prisoners may be tried by three judges *without a jury*. It gives power to search for secret apparatus of murder, such as arms and threatening letters; power to enter houses by day or night under a warrant of the Lord Lieutenant; power to arrest persons prowling about at night, and unable to give an account of themselves, who are to be dealt with summarily; power to arrest strangers and to remove foreigners who are considered dangerous to peace. Secret societies are to be dealt with summarily, and membership thereof will constitute an offence under this act. Cases of aggravated assault are to be treated in a summary manner. Power is given to repress intimidation and unlawful meetings. Newspapers containing seditious and inflammatory matter are to be suppressed, and the proprietors required to enter into recognizances not to repeat the offence. Compensation for murder and outrage will be required of the districts where they occur. Outrages are to be dealt with summarily by courts which are to consist of two stipendiary magistrates. The Lord Lieutenant is to have power to proclaim districts to which this act may be applied. Mr. Parnell denounced the measure as the most stringent ever proposed, and Mr. Dillon warned the government that it would provoke more assassinations. He said the only way to deal with Ireland was to accept the aid of himself and his friends. He was, however, promptly informed that the government did not propose "to look to men steeped in treason for aid in protecting life and property."

The New Chief Secretary for Ireland appointed to succeed Lord Frederick Cavendish is Mr. George Otto Trevelyan. The selection has been favorably received by the Irish party and by the country generally. Mr. Trevelyan is an advanced liberal, and is known to sympathize with the popular party in Ireland. He is known in literary circles as the nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay, and in politics as the persistent advocate of the admission to the franchise of agricultural laborers. It is believed that the new Coercion Bill will be executed with moderation by Mr. Trevelyan and Lord Spencer, who are jointly responsible for its operations. Both men are known to entertain kindly feelings toward the Irish tenants, and to sincerely desire an improvement in their condition.

A Pathetic Letter from the Widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish was read by Lord Spencer to a deputation which waited upon him in Dublin, on May 12th. Lady Cavendish wrote: "I would never grudge the sacrifice of my darling's life if it only leads to putting down the frightful spirit of evil in Ireland. He himself would never have grudged it if thereby death could do more than life." Such an expression shows how much the distressed classes in Ireland lost by the death of this emissary of peace. Unhappily, the spirit of lawlessness called up by the agitators, they are now unable to control, and this crime will probably render of conciliation difficult if not impossible.

Another Crisis in Egypt is Reported. A cablegram from Cairo, dated May 10th, says, Egypt is in a state of revolution. The Ministry, in violation of the organic law, have summoned the Chamber of Notables over the head of the Khédive. Their nominal object is to settle the difference which has arisen between them and the Khédive, but it is considered that the latter's deposition may be regarded as virtually achieved in favor of a government under Arabi Bey, unless immediate intervention occurs. The Khédive, at a private audience, declared that he was resolved not to give way at any cost. He said he relied upon material support from England and France, by whose advice he had been governed. The intervention of Turkey is threatened, but it is expected that both England and France would resist any attempt at coercion emanating from Constantinople. Germany and Russia, on the other hand, are believed to be encouraging the Sultan to insist upon his rights as the suzerain of the Khédive. There is a general sense of insecurity prevailing throughout Egypt, and foreign merchants are sending away their valuables and their families to places of safety.

A Strange Proposal Emanates from the Anti-Vivisectionists of France. M. Pasteur, in view of the opposition now displayed toward the experiments on living animals, suggested at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences that criminals condemned to death might be invited to allow themselves to be experimented upon, on the understanding that if they survive they should be let off with some modification of the original sentence. The *London Record* remarks on the proposal: "It is scarcely probable that M. Pasteur's suggestion will be acted upon; though it would be difficult to say why men who have taken one life should not have the opportunity given them of saving many. M. Pasteur considers that such reflection would help to console the penitent murderer; and with really amiable assassins such would doubtless be the case."

The Students and Friends of the Rev. C. I. Spurgeon's Pastors' College celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of the institution on April 17th. It was stated that since the commencement of the work six hundred and twenty students have been educated in the college and four hundred and sixty-four of that number are now laboring in the cause of Christ. Of the others some have died and others, owing to permanent ill-health, have been compelled to abandon the work of the ministry. Last year the expenses of the institution amounted to \$34,415. It has been the practice since the foundation of the college for each student after becoming settled over a church to make an annual report of the results of the year's work. From the reports received at the anniversary it appears that during 1881 the total number of additions to the churches over which Mr. Spurgeon's students preside, was 7814. In the course of a brief speech, Mr. Spurgeon explained that the brethren came up once a year not to exchange sermons, because that would be as *unprofitable as exchanging clothes*; they came for interchange of ideas and to cheer one another in their work. The sight of a friend sometimes acted as a tonic and this he (Mr. Spurgeon) had often realized, and especially had he done so when a few days ago the *Bishop of Rochester had called at Westwood to pray with him in sickness*. The brethren educated in the college had common struggles, and banded together by common sympathies the clan still increased, and their object was to stir one another up in their work. Fallible themselves, the pastors had to do with fallible flocks, and so needed the wisdom of God in the discharge of the duties of their more than royal post. It was possible to make a *play of preaching*, but if done in reality it had to be done in the power of the Most High. The brethren constituted a salvation army, and he prayed that the Lord might be in the midst of them.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, English Journals say, are continuing their mission at Glasgow, with very rich tokens of the Divine blessing. In the Cowcaddens district where special evangelistic meetings were held, there has been a great awakening, and the inquiry and after meetings were exceedingly well attended. The bible classes, testimony-meetings, and prayer-meetings also bear remarkable evidence to the depth and reality of the work which is progressing. The services in the Circus also have been the means in God's hands of leading many of the worst sinners to Christ, among them being some of the most degraded and *notorious drunkards* of the city. At the noon prayer-meeting ten minutes are now given each day for special intercession on behalf of nebrates.

The British Journal which is the Recognized organ of the medical profession in that country is called the *Lancet*. Some time ago it was accustomed, when alluding to religion, to speak of eternal truth with scepticism with a tendency to ridicule. It is gratifying to notice that a change has now taken place in its tone. In an article published in the *Lancet* of April 15th on "Scepticism in the Medical Profession," it says: "Such scepticism as is alleged to prevail in the medical profession would be especially untimely and unaccountable at this stage of our history and progress, seeing that *recent discoveries in science* have thrown new light on the facts of nature and on the subjects of Revelation, removing many stumbling-blocks out of the way of belief, and conspicuously confirming the faith of the Christian."

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OBTAINABLE THROUGH THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND AT THE OFFICE OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882.

16th Year. No. 21.—New Series.

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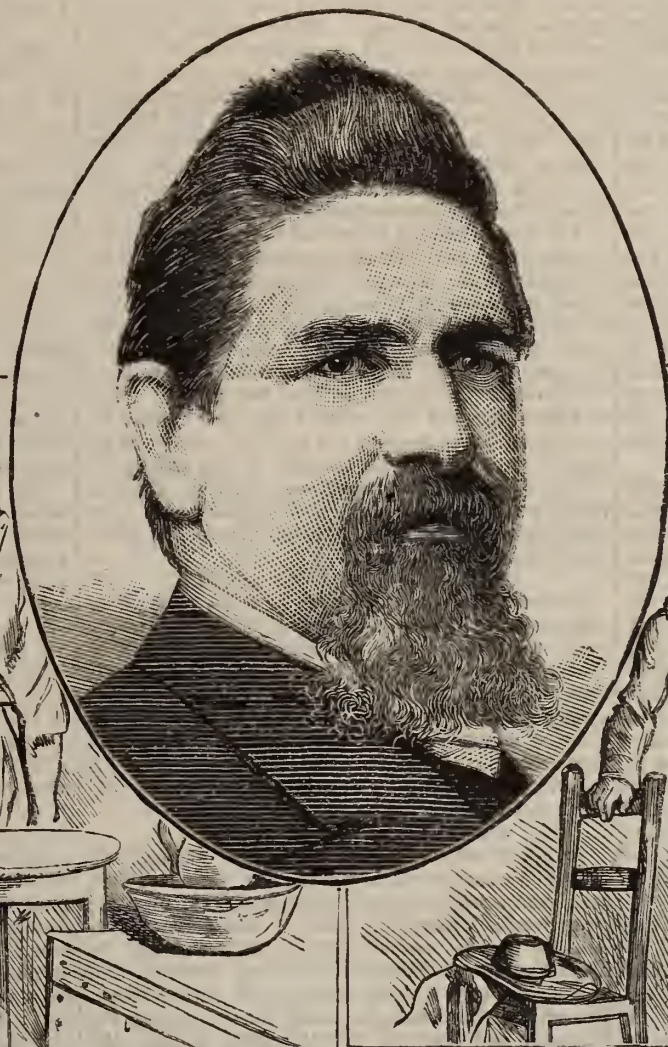
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THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN,

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IN presenting in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the portrait of a missionary whose labors for Christ in China have been signally blessed of God, the thought of the benighted condition of that strange land is involuntarily called up. During the present and preceding sessions of Congress we have heard much of "*the heathen Chinese*." Eloquent members have enlarged on his ignorance, his superstitions, and his vices, and have at length succeeded in prohibiting for ten years his coming to this country. Without expressing any opinion as to the wisdom or policy of this specimen of the legislative wisdom of Congress, and without entering on the question of the motives that have prompted Congress in its Anti-Chinese policy, there can be no doubt that the charge of heathenism is well founded. It is impossible to make a tour in the laundries of Mott Street, New York; of Chinatown, San Francisco; or of the various localities in any of our great cities where the Celestials abound, without being appalled by the gross darkness of their lives.

Their industry and honesty are admitted even by their enemies, but those persons who visit them in their homes, and the general public who see their funerals and other public ceremonies, know that their minds are degraded by idolatry and superstition, and that their souls seem closed to the light of the world as it shone in Jesus. Their opium-smoking and eating still further debase them, and only in comparatively few instances does Christian teaching reach their hearts. But if their heathenism appals us here, where it is surrounded by Christian influences and in contact with western civilization, we are oppressed by the conception of what it must be in their own land, where two hundred and fifty millions of people, five times the population of the United States, are crowded together, and social custom and family influence exercise a deepening influence and confirm them in their opposition to the truth.

The imagination fails adequately to grasp the immensity of the field on which the handful of Christian missionaries in China are laboring. Only recently opened to the admission of missionaries, China is for the most part in utter ignorance of the Gospel, and though many devoted men have consecrated their lives to the work of preaching and teaching in China they have yet done little more than prepare the way for future laborers. Among these self-sacrificing men who, leaving country and kindred, have voluntarily incurred privation and hardship, and risked health and life that those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death might learn of Him who came to seek and to save the lost, the Rev. Griffith John occupies a conspicuous place, as well by reason of his untiring energy and active labor, as by the success with which God has honored him.

Rev. Griffith John is a native of Swansea, in Wales. He is now fifty years of age and more than half his life has been spent in China. In early youth he was deprived by death of both his parents, but not before their Christian teaching and pious example had made an indelible impression on his soul. While still very young he became united with a Christian church and sought opportunities of usefulness. It is stated that when he was only fourteen years of age, he gave evidence of pulpit power, and on more than one occasion preached a sermon full of Welsh fire and vigor and of Gospel truth. He was, however, counselled by judicious Christian friends to abstain for a time from preaching, and to devote his energies to study and to the acquirement of theological knowledge.

For two years he abandoned preaching, but at the end of that time, when only sixteen years old, he

began again to declare the Gospel from the pulpits of village churches. He was able at that period to exert a remarkable influence over his audience, moving them to tears, or calling up on their faces smiles of joy as he poured forth his wealth of words.

HIS ACADEMICAL CAREER.

Still it was evident to himself as to others that special training and discipline would be beneficial to him, that he might be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The consequence was that he began to prepare himself for an academical course by a diligent study of the English language, and in 1850, in the eighteenth year of his age, he entered Brecon College. After studying with unwearied application and unqualified success in this institution for rather more than three years, he removed to Bedford, where, under the supervision of an experienced minister, nominated by the London Missionary Society, he devoted his attention more fully to Biblical and theological themes, and concentrated all his efforts upon efficiently preparing himself for foreign missionary work.

For some time his heart had been greatly stirred by what he learned of the condition of the millions of heathendom. His soul responded to the appeals which he heard on missionary platforms on behalf of the South Sea Islands and Africa; at times, also, he was deeply stirred by contemplating the campaigns of the missionary pioneers of India—William Carey, Marshman, and Ward; but it was to China that his eyes turned day and night with an indescribable longing; it was the burden of his nightly prayer, and he yearned to go among its millions of Christless men and women, that he might awaken them from stolid apathy and snap the fetters of a cruel superstition which for centuries had held them captive.

SET APART FOR MISSION WORK.

At last in April, 1855, when he was twenty-three years old, Mr. John was solemnly dedicated to the work he loved, in the Congregational Church at Swansea, which he joined on a profession of his faith in Christ some years before. The scene was a very remarkable one for its solemnity and for the glowing words in which the missionary designate recounted the leading features of his life, and his reasons for wishing to occupy the particular field of service to which he had now been devoted.

HIS ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAI.

A month after his consecration to evangelistic and missionary work in China, Mr. John set sail, and after a voyage extending over several months, he arrived at Shanghai. Here it was deemed prudent for him to remain a while, in order that he might familiarize himself with local customs and habits, and gird up his strength for future work. He remained at Shanghai until 1861, studying the language and learning the Mandarin dialect—the tongue of educated men, courtly ceremony, and official life, and exceedingly difficult to acquire—as well as the *patois* or dialect of the province—and in this way laid a firm and solid foundation for future work among all classes of the natives. At the same time he was accustomed to preach frequently in the city itself, and in various parts of the province. The Rev. W. R. Thompson, foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society, asserts that so earnestly did Mr. John study, and with so rare an aptitude for the acquisition of the language had God endowed him, that "when he had only been fifteen or eighteen months in the country, he could preach in Chinese so well as to command the admiration of an English Consular officer who was well acquainted with the language."

REMOVES TO HANKOW IN 1861.

But all this was preparatory discipline, schooling and equipping him for the wider and more difficult sphere of Christian enterprise at Hankow, with which Mr. John's name is now associated. Hankow is one of the largest inland cities of China, and the largest trading steamers can navigate the six hundred miles of the river Wangpoo, or Wusung, by which the city is linked to the Yellow Sea. Mr. John was the first missionary employed in Central China, and so well had he utilized the period of his stay at Shanghai, that he was able to commence the work of preaching Christ immediately on arriving at his new station.

From this point as a centre, he has extended his work on all sides. He has travelled, chiefly on foot, over large portions of nine out of the eighteen provinces of the Empire, and was himself the first to preach the Gospel in four of them. The records of the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices he labors, show that in 1868 he spent four months in an extended missionary campaign, in the course of which he travelled over three thousand miles, and penetrated into regions where the glad tidings of salvation had never been heard before. In 1880 a similar expedition was undertaken by him through the provinces of Hupeh, Kiangsi, and Hunen.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STATION.

Hankow has been the centre of his work. It is the central mission station in the empire, and one of the most important. Not only has the city an enormous resident population, but it is a centre of trade, and consequently multitudes are arriving and departing who come from all parts of the country. By means of these visitors not a little has been done in the diffusion of the Gospel, for many have attended the services at the mission and carried to their friends in distant cities intelligence of the work. A new church is now being erected for his meetings, in the High Street of the city. He has also enlisted the agency of the press in his Master's service, and has done much to promote missionary literature through the empire. In this department may be especially mentioned an able paper on the "Ethics of the Chinese," which has called forth high commendations from those most competent to pronounce on its merits.

His first visit to England after commencing his labors in China was in 1870, after an absence of fifteen years, and he completed a second visit last February, rendered necessary by the illness of his wife, whose earnest devotion is not second to his own.

MRS. GRIFFITH JOHN,

has labored with great success among the foreign sailors who visit Hankow. Mrs. John has opened several homes for the men, at their principal places of resort, which have proved great blessings and prevented much evil. (*The panel on the left hand side of the frontispiece portrait represents one of these homes.*)

GAMBLING AND OPIUM SMOKING

are the universal vices of China, the former being practised in a variety of ways, and strangely mixed up with their most commonplace and most sacred observances. In their temples they toss the *prognosticating sticks*, in the hope of winning a good omen from some favorite idol. In the public streets the peddler has his gaming table, which regulates his transactions with his poorest customers. The missionaries tell us that so enslaving is this vice, that the Chinese gamble themselves out of good society into bad, out of debt and into it; and, when the habit has mastered the most tender feelings of their nature, they do not hesitate to stake their wives and children, and even play with their own slavery as a stake.

MR. JOHN VISITS THE DENS

with great frequency, where the gambler and the opium-smoker spend their time, for the purpose of preaching "liberty to the captive" and salvation through Christ.

Only those who live in China can realize what a terrible curse the use of opium is in that broad land, how it deadens the intelligence and hardens the heart to the reception of the message of the Gospel, and therefore stands as a serious barrier in the pathway of missionary work. A few years ago the *China Mail* published appeals from some of the women sufferers themselves, from which, as an evidence of the prevalence of the vice, we make the following extract:

"We women make a public statement; afflicted and distressed, we make a mournful complaint. Bowing down, we beg that regulations may be established for prohibition in the villages. When, in youth, we went to the homes of our husbands, we did not suffer from cold and hunger; but, from the time our husbands and sons smoked opium, the children that were dressed—our daughters in green, our sons in red—in the twinkling of an eye came to rags; ornamented halls and grand houses

vanished in smoke. They who before protected their families are themselves reduced to the appearance of beggars. The beds have no coverlets; the household utensils have no food left in them. Hungry, there is nothing for them to eat; cold, there are no clothes for them to wear. The fault surely with opium. In this distress it is difficult to give expression to the feelings that fill the breast. There is no tear we shed that is not red with blood."

It is to such people, the authors and the victims of the misery which is wrought, that Mr. John pays constant visits, announcing fearlessly that Christ can save even unto the uttermost, and the result is that large accessions of truly converted men are made to the Church. (*The picture numbered 2, our frontispiece, illustrates one such visit.*)

HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.

As a specimen of Mr. John's mode and matter of address, we give the following from his speech at the farewell meeting in Westminster Chapel, London, in February last. The assembly stood up as a mark of respect when the eminent missionary rose to speak. He said,

'CHINA IS A GREAT FIELD

for work, for its population is enormous, and it is on the eve of a vast material development. Railways and telegraphs will soon be constructed, and should like to give a Christian direction to the revolution which is about to take place.

"It is twenty-six years since I went out to China, but I shall go out with more faith now than then. The promises of God are a great source of inspiration. Christianity has been spoken of as one of the religions of the world, but it is essentially differentiated from them. Philosophical Buddhism, sheer atheism, and popular Buddhism is gross superstition. *Confucianism is a system of morals*, but it has nothing to say about God or the future life. Christianity gives a living, personal Saviour to men, which no other religion does. While I reach the Atonement I want more than a dead Christ. I want a living Christ, ever present with me.

"Some seven or eight years ago I felt dissatisfied as a Christian man, feeling that there were privileges promised in the Bible which I had never realized, and I felt dissatisfied with my power of service. But after much time had been given by myself and my people to prayer, a veritable baptism of the Holy Ghost seemed to come upon us. Those who had been babes in Christ—Jesus became men, and spoke with boldness of Christ to the unconverted Chinese. The whole atmosphere of the Church seemed to be changed."

THE COURAGE OF CHINESE CONVERTS.

In the same speech Mr. John spoke in an impressive manner of the Christian courage and contempt of life, when duty demands self-abnegation, which characterize the vast majority of the Chinese converts. On one occasion the missionary was in great peril from an infuriated band of half-drunken desperadoes of the most reckless description, to whom, at an earlier hour of the day, he had been pointing out the wickedness of their course, and the way of deliverance both from the power and consequences of sin. As by a preconcerted arrangement they rushed, yelling, toward him, and hurling at his head missiles and filth of a most disgusting character.

The few Chinese Christians who accompanied him, without saying a word, or giving a look of angry deprecation, quietly surrounded Mr. John and another missionary who was on a visit to Hanow, and formed a complete body-guard around them, and though there were several very "ugly" men from the mob, which was not only animated by bitter hostility, but also evidently determined to inflict serious injury on the missionary, neither Mr. John nor his friend received harm, though several of the brave defending company were somewhat seriously hurt. (*The panel in the lower section of our frontispiece is an attempt to represent this act of courage on the part of the Christian natives.*) It is to this land that the churches in America and Europe send a missionary now and again, at intervals few and far between, and which the *China Inland Mission* especially is trying to furnish with an increasing staff of devoted men and

women, who, for Christ's sake are prepared to endure fatigue, privation, and hardships, and death itself, if only they can win a passage for the Gospel amid such a mass of perishing humanity. Since its beginning in 1866, under the auspices of the well-known and honored Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the Inland Mission has encountered many difficulties, but year after year it has proved itself true to its high vocation, and to-day there are between seventy and eighty godly, earnest, and efficient missionaries in the field. But, what are these among so many? Let our readers pray that the Lord of the harvest may speedily send forth more laborers into His harvest.

DR. SIMS.

His Conversion—Desire for Mission Work—Graduates at Aberdeen University—Joins the Congo Mission.

"NONE of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" says the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and his words are constantly being fulfilled in the sense in which he intended them and in other senses. Very remarkably have they been fulfilled in the dedication of Dr. Sims to missionary work. It is but a few short months since Mr. Adam McAll laid down his life in the cause of Christian missions in South Africa and already one Christian has been so deeply impressed by the account of his life and death that he has volunteered to go out to the same land to labor in the same cause.

Dr. Sims, who is now medical missionary of the Congo Inland Mission, and whose portrait accompanies that of his confrère, Mr. Appel, on page 332, was born in Leicestershire, England, and is now twenty-five years of age. From his earliest years he received a careful religious training from his godly mother, who was very prayerful, humble, and sincere, and led a consistent Christian life. It was from her excellent example of faith and trust in Christ that her son was led to read his Bible and pray; and it was through her teaching and prayers that he was led to realize the necessity of seeking pardon through the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ.

HIS CONVERSION

took place under the ministrations of the Rev. J. E. Matthews, Swanwick, Alfreton, who prepared him for confirmation by the Bishop of Worcester, in 1874.

HIS DESIRE TO BECOME A MISSIONARY

was owing instrumentally, to the same clergyman. This devoted minister continued to watch over him with godly care, and helped him in the early stages of his religious life. Having an intense love of missionary work, Mr. Matthews never ceased in private and in public to encourage interest in it in others, and induced men, when suitable, to offer themselves for the mission field. To his testimony and prayers, Dr. Sims and three others of his friends are indebted for the impetus which led them to devote themselves to this important work. Dr. Sims was first led to think of becoming a medical missionary by the reading of Dr. Henderson's life in Shanghai, and Dr. Elmslie's in Kashmir; and the idea was further developed by the powerful testimony borne to medical missions by his intimate friend Miss Annie Butler, late of the London Medical Mission, and also by seeing the valuable aid rendered by the Medical Mission in Birmingham.

ENTERS ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

His desires having become known to his friends, and his missionary spirit recognized, they generously helped him forward with his purpose. Dr. Thompson Crabbe, of the Birmingham Medical Mission, advised him to enter the University of Aberdeen, where he remained four years, working hard in his classes, and distinguishing himself in anatomy, botany, surgery, zoology, physiology, and chemistry. He had succeeded in taking a high place in some of these branches, gained a medal in zoology, and graduated last year with qualifications in medicine and surgery. In his student days he was not idle in his Master's service. When time and opportunity offered he spoke at Gospel and temperance meetings, and privately to the hospital patients, when undeterred by the authorities,

and had the joy of knowing that souls were blessed through his instrumentality. In the work of the Birmingham Medical Mission he also took a considerable part.

BECOMES A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Dr. Crabbe being compelled at one time to remain on the Continent of Europe for several weeks, Dr. Sims was called upon to undertake his duties, and commenced his life work by earnest preaching, visiting, and healing, endeavoring to soften the hearts of many who were hardened by every form of sin and vice. The testimonies he at that time received from patients, relieved in body and soul, greatly delighted and encouraged him, and tended to confirm him in the wisdom of the choice he had made in devoting himself to missionary work. He afterwards became a surgeon in the country, where he was content to abide until such time as the Lord gave him a sphere of labor more in accordance with his heart's desire.

JOINS THE CONGO INLAND MISSION.

One quiet Sunday afternoon he read the account of the death of Mr. Adam McCall, and was so moved by it that he immediately offered himself to Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness for work on the Congo. He visited the Institute, Harley House, Bow, of which a picture appeared with the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 19th last. There he was warmly welcomed, and after a careful consideration of the missionaries' letters and journals, and acting on the advice of those qualified to help him in coming to a decision, he felt it to be the guiding hand of God, and resolved to go and open the first medical mission on the Congo. He was gladly accepted for this branch of labor, as a fellow-helper in the Gospel of Christ, and at the end of this month he will (D.V.) set sail for the Congo.

HIS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

It is his intention to build a cottage hospital and dispensary at Stanley Pool, 350 miles up the Congo, on the main stream, where he hopes to preach to the patients as a whole, and deal with them individually, not merely as a physician, but as a missionary, in the widest sense of the term. Circumstances permitting, he will, with his colleagues, open schools, and establish an industrial station on the model of those already existing in Africa, using every effort to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people. He trusts that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will not forget himself and his associates in their difficult and dangerous mission.

A Lady among Lepers.—There are Four Asylums in India which have been established by Christian generosity for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the victims of leprosy. They are located at Almorah, Subathu, Ambala, and Dehra. Mrs. Dr. Newton, of Dehra, gives the following account: "The poor creatures generally come sick, miserable, ragged, and dirty—in fact, utterly forlorn. One day last February, raising my eyes from the book in which I had been writing the list of applicants for medicines, I saw before me a neat, well-dressed young man, belonging evidently to a very respectable class of house servants. No second glance was needed to tell me why he had come—his face was covered with the peculiar swellings of tubercular leprosy, the worst form of the disease. He had come for medicine, he said. I told him he should have some which I hoped would do him good, but could not promise that it would cure. He lingered. I asked, 'Is there anything else I can do for you?' 'Yes,' said Clarkson, the manager, 'he has come to stay.' 'Come to stay!' I repeated; 'this place is for those who are poor and helpless.' 'I have no father nor mother; no one to take care of me,' he said, 'and I have this disease; but,' he added, eagerly, 'I will go away as soon as I get well.' Poor fellow! I could not deceive him with vain hopes. I told him that he should stay, that we would do all we could for him, but there was no cure for his disease. I shall never forget the look of utter, hopeless wretchedness which came over his face as he realized the truth. Oh, that we may lead him to Christ, in whom he will find health and life abundant for evermore."

HAVE CHRISTIANS ANY RIGHT TO WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, May, 21, 1882.

"They that use this world, as not abusing it."—I. CORINTHIANS 7:31.

Inefficacy of a "Religion of Don't"—A Lawful Use of the World—The Children Welcome to their Father's Mansion—Sympathy Wasted on Christians—The Claim of God's Children for Enjoyment—What is Right—I. Indoor Recreations—Music—An Antidote to Dissipation—II. The Gymnasium—A Benefit to Spiritual Health—III. Parlor Games—Home Should be the Most Attractive Place—IV. Field Sports—Fresh Air Needed in Theology—V. The Pleasure of Doing Good—Power of Small Means—A Magnificent Equipment—Help for a Blind Man—A Poor Lad—A Sick Man—A Struggling Tradesman—The Most Magnificent Recreation on Earth—Two Poor Boys in Prospect Park—Sinful Pleasure—Killed in a Grog-Shop—An Account to be Given—A Great Theatre.

FOR the last hundred years the Church has spent much of its time in denouncing hurtful and dangerous amusements—a cautionary work most important and necessary; but it seems to me that we have stopped short of the mark. Having been so long in telling the people what they must not do, it seems to me about time to tell them something they may do. This world will never be reformed by

A RELIGION OF "DON'T."

My text implies that there is a lawful use of the world as well as an unlawful use of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is that the former masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him.

For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this expenditure of color, this gracefulness of lines, this mosaic of the earth, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest in which tree branches flute, and winds trumpet, and thunders drum, and all the splendor of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arch bridge of colors on the buttresses of broken storm cloud? For whom did God hang the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men, but more especially for His dear children.

Suppose a man build a large mansion and lay out around it beautiful grounds at vast expense, and there are deer and statuary and fountains, and every botanical and horticultural luxury, and then he spreads a banquet to celebrate the completion of the work, will he send his children down into the cellar, or turn them out on the barren fields, while strangers come in and sit at the banquet? O, no. He will be very glad to have his neighbors and friends and strangers come in to rejoice with him at the festival, but all his children must be home that day. And I have to tell you that while the beautiful banquet of this world, and this grand mansion of the world with all its surroundings, may partially be enjoyed by those who are strangers to God's grace, the chief place, the best place, is for the sons and the daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

When a man becomes a Christian he is not put on the limits, but turned out into a larger sphere. What does the Bible mean when it says "all are yours?" Why it means all—-all innocent hilarities, all innocent amusements, all innocent beverages. "All are yours." When a man becomes a Christian he becomes not less of a man but more of a man. Yonder is a factory with a thousand wheels, but it is low water. Now only fifty of the thousand wheels are in motion, but after a while the spring freshets come, and the floods roll down, and now all the thousand wheels have bands on them and are in motion. Before a man becomes a Christian only part of his nature is in activity and employment. The grace of God comes in with powerful floods of mercy and new impetus to action, and now instead of the fifty faculties, or the fifty wheels, there are a thousand all in play and in full motion. Vastly more of a man since he became a Christian than before he became a Christian.

If any of you had dolorous sympathy with the large multitudes of people who two weeks ago thronged these aisles, standing up to profess faith in Jesus Christ, you only wasted your sympathy. If you said within yourself: "Now, those people are going down into hardship and trial and trouble; why didn't they stay a while and enjoy the world, and enjoy the felicities of this life, and then after they had enjoyed this world, in time to get ready for the next, give their hearts to God?"—they need none of your sympathy.

Before I get through I think you will get the intimation that those who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships, and those who come into the kingdom of God have the joys and the satisfactions. I mean this morning to serve a writ of ejectment upon all those, all the sinful and the polluted, who have squatted on the domain of worldly pleasure, and I am going to claim the inheritance of the sons and the daughters of the Lord Almighty. It seems to me wrong to stand Sabbath by Sabbath and year by year before people in whom there is a divine principle demanding recreation and amusement, and say this is wrong and that is wrong, and the other thing is wrong, without showing them *something that is right*.

So this morning, I shall go into a field not usual for sermonizing, but I shall preach what I think all common-sense men and women will conclude is a practical sermon while I show you styles of amusement and recreation which are not only necessary but healthful—good for the body, good for the mind, and good for the soul, and answer hundreds of questions which are asked me, although in some cases only answering the questions incidentally and indirectly.

I. First, I commend to you in the way of INDOOR RECREATIONS

and amusements, *music, vocal and instrumental*. Among the first things created was the bird. Why? Because God wanted the world to have music at the start. And this infant world, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, so beautifully serenaded at the start is to die amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet; so that as the world had music at the start, it is going to have music at the last. I am glad there are so many homes in which music has been brought as a charm and as an education and as an elevation. What a delightful thing it is to have children brought up amid the sound of cultured voices and amid musical instruments.

If you can afford the time and the money—I say, if you can afford the time and the money—have in your house harp, or flute, or piano, or organ. Just as soon as the child's hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach that hand to pick out the harmony. And I say to all these young men, try the power of music upon your moral character, and in your entertainments and in the proper occupation of your hours of silence and solitude. Many a young man has been kept away from the temptations of this life because, although he has had only one room perhaps in a boarding house, in that room he has had some instrument of music that was his charm in time of solitude and temptation. There is something in it to soothe pain, to quell passion, to reclaim dissipation, to strengthen the immortal soul.

II. I go further and I commend to all the people who are asking for innocent amusement and recreations

THE GYMNASIUM.

I am glad to know that one has been established in connection with our Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn, and that nearly all our colleges and seminaries that are worth anything have gymnasiums. It is an outrage to turn a young man out after four years' curriculum with destroyed bodily health however much an institution may have cultured his intellect. There is something about a gymnasium that is very charming and very elevating, and it is free from dissipation and from the temptations that come around many other forms of amusement. Some of you understand the virtue of such entertainments and recreations. Others of you perhaps do not.

There are Christians who have been mightily benefited in their spiritual condition by such an

institution. There are Christians who go all their life writing doleful things about their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them except an incompetent liver. There are people who have an idea that in order to be pious they must be poorly. Because Robert Hall and Richard Baxter were invalids all their life, and yet achieved great usefulness, these people have an idea they must go through the same sickness to the same grandeur of character. Now, I will tell you, people of my congregation, that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and if with proper physical exercise, you could get rid of it. Take advantage of all that there is of health in such an institution.

There are multitudes of Christians who have a their prospects of Heaven blotted out by clouds of tobacco smoke. They shatter the vase in which God has placed the jewel of eternity. They have a splendid intellect in a ruined body. Grand machinery capable of driving a steamer across the Atlantic fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Now, my friends, take all the advantage there is in the gymnasium for the elevation of body and elevation of mind, and elevation of soul. It is of servable always that if you start out two men with equal consecration of soul, but the one is healthy in body and the other is unhealthy, the man who healthy will always accomplish the most good.

The world has scoffed a great deal at what calls

"MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY,"

but in the great test of triumph for the future in the millennial glory it will all be muscular. With such a puny set of Christians as we have got in this day we will never capture this world for God, I tell you. It is outrageous that a man with good physique given by the Lord should allow to go into sickness and into ruin, and instead of spending his life in behalf of some great enterprise, in behalf of God and the truth, spending his days in studying what it is good to take food dyspepsia! A ship that ought to have all sail set with every man at his post, having all the hands employed in stopping up the leakages. What you could through the gymnasium or similar institutions work off your querulousness and one-half your mental and physical disorder, how can you turn your back upon such a grand medicament?

III. I commend also to you among indoor sports and recreations,

PARLOR GAMES

and amusements. We might make our homes hundredfold more attractive than they are. You will never keep your boy away from outside dissipation until you make your domestic circle brighter than any other place he can find. Do not scold and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were your once yourself. Let your children be young.

Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity, although you never liked sportfulness. You liked just as much as your children do. Some of you were full of mischief you have never indicated to your children or your grandchildren, and you never got up in the morning until you were pulled out of bed! Do not stand before your children pretending to be specimens of immaculate goodness. Do not, because your eyesight is dim or your ankles are stiff, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the first lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not shrink with the rheumatism wondering how the children can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that the spirits are so radiant. Trouble comes soon enough to them. Dark days will come soon enough to them, and heart breaks and desolation and bereavement will come soon enough. Do not try to forestall it. Do not try to anticipate it. While the clouds come on the sky it is time enough to get out the reef tackle.

Introduce into your parlors those innocent games which are the invention of our own day, and those that have come down from other days: chess and charades and battledore and tableaux and calisthenics and scores of others that young people suggest and those that are suggested to you, many of them having on them not one taint of iniquity

And then you will want to *take your family out with you* sometimes. Beware, O man, if you never take your family with you to those places where you go for amusement. It is always a good sign when I see families going together to places of amusement.

IV. I go further—and this bright sunshiny day makes the suggestion—and commend to you

FIELD SPORTS.

I hail the croquet ground, and the sportsman's gun and the fisherman's rod, and archery and lawn tennis, and scores of other amusements belonging to the fields. The fact is, there is something so unhealthy in city life that when the taker of the census says there are in the city four hundred thousand people there are only two hundred thousand, since it generally takes about two men to amount to one man, there is something so unnerving, so exhausting, in our metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunshine.

I cry out in behalf of the Church of God as well as in behalf of all healthful secularities, we want more sunshine and

FRESH AIR IN OUR THEOLOGY

as well as in our secular literature. The reformers of the world go into the studies, and they sit and they sit, and they study and they study, and they get morbid and bilious and think everything is going to ruin. It is not going to ruin; it is going on to salvation; and those of us who are the children of God are not on the way to a penitentiary but to a palace, and this world is not going to be all desert, it is going to be all garden.

We want more sunshine in our theology. How are you going to get people in the kingdom of God—drive them in? You cannot drive them in. How does this old book say they are to be got in? "I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." You cannot drive them in. We want more fresh air and sunlight in our theology. So I wish that every winter our ponds and lakes might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater, but now that warm weather has come I wish that the graceful oar might dip the stream and the eventide be filled with the song of the boatman, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow. O! I am glad there are so many field sports, so that men may come back with strength in the arm and lustre in the eye, and ruddiness in the cheek and courage in the heart.

In this great battle now opening against the powers of darkness there is need not only of a consecrated soul but a strong arm and stout lungs and steady nerve, and healthful physique. I am glad there are so many recreations, some of them indoor, some of them outdoor, that are good for the body, good for the mind, good for the soul, and it is time that the church of God woke up; instead of standing and saying all the time, "don't do this, and don't do that, and don't do the other thing," tell the people of something they may do.

V. I come now—for I want my sermon to be climactic—I come now to

A GRANDER RECREATION,

and that is *the pleasure of doing good*. I have known a young man cross and sour, and queer, and feeble of body and mean of soul, disgusting everybody, under a heavenly touch transformed into a man buoyant and blissful, the earth and the heavens breaking forth into music. "O!" says some one, "I admit that that must be a great recreation, doing good, and I would employ that mode if I had the means." You have the means. "O," says some one, "my means are extremely limited; you would be surprised how small my means are, and I can't employ that mode of recreation." My brother, have you two hands? "Yes." Have you two feet? "Yes." Do you suppose that during the coming year you could devote ten dollars to charities? "Yes." Will you during the year be able to give *twenty-five hundred cheerful looks* to the desponding? "Yes." Would you during the coming year have five thousand words of encouragement if you should seek for them? "Yes." Magnificent equipment you have.

To-morrow morning on the way to the ferry you see a case of real destitution, for sometimes there is a call from God in such a case, and you can see

right through and know the difference between a sham case and a real case of destitution. You contribute two pennies out of those ten dollars you are going to give during the year, and as the pennies rattle down into the blind man's hat he hears it and says, "God bless you, thank you, thank you, thank you." You look indifferent. You pass down with cultured indifference for fear some one is looking at you. You look as if you were not elated, but from scalp to heel you feel a thrill. No need of denying it. You feel a great satisfaction in having made that man happy.

Forenoon passing along, you see a *poor lad* trying to get a wheelbarrow up over the curbstone. He has failed in the attempt. You say, "Here, stand back, let me try that," and you push the wheelbarrow over the curbstone, you put it down, you start on. The poor lad is so surprised he has not even thanked you. You go on looking indifferent, but O! how thrilled you are. There is a great satisfaction, body, mind, and soul. You are made better. You are recreated.

After a while, perhaps in the middle of the afternoon, going along on some business errand, you see a *sick man*. He is not poor, he does not want any of your money, he has ten times more money than you have, but he is sick, O! so very sick, so despondent. Now you try on him one of those cheerful looks, one of those twenty-five hundred cheerful looks, one of those twenty-five hundred sympathetic, loving looks. You look at him as you pass. It thrills him. You are thrilled. You pass on. You do not tell any one the story, but in body, mind, and soul you feel it. You know

IT HELPED THAT SICK MAN.

On your way home you come by the store of a man whom you know very well, who is not getting on very well in business. *He is embarrassed and discouraged*. You go in and say, "Why you have a nice store here. Business, I think, will be better after a while in your department. Sometimes there comes a strange lull in certain styles of business, but you will get over this; after a while there will be plenty to do, I have no doubt. Besides that, I have some friends whom I will introduce to you, and I think they will trade with you. Good bye!" "Good bye!" he says. Thrilled again through and through with a holy satisfaction.

You get home. Somehow the *door plate is brighter* than it used to be, and you pass in the door, and everything is bright. It seems as if you never had such a beautiful supper as you have that night. And then after a while you are seated by the fire and you sing a little and you talk a little, and whistle a little, and you say after a while in an outburst, "Well, I don't know what is the matter with me; I never felt so splendidly in all my life."

I will tell you what is the matter with you. You gave two pennies out of the ten dollars that you are going to give during the year; you helped the boy up with his wheelbarrow; you gave ten or fifteen of the twenty-five hundred cheerful looks; you gave twenty, or thirty, or fifty of the five thousand cheerful words you are going to speak. That is what is the matter with you.

Why the most magnificent recreation on earth, for body, mind, and soul, is doing good. Some of you have tried it. You know it better than I do, the whole story. Some of you, I have no doubt, have given a lad sixpence just to see him hop and skip and jump. There are such men and women in the world, thank God. I cannot tell you the story. You can tell it better to me. But I will tell you I never had so bright a time

IN PROSPECT PARK

as one day when I was on the lake in a boat. I had been through the park hundreds of times, sometimes riding with very radiant friends, delightful friends; but I never had such a time as that day. I was in a boat on the lake in the park and two ragamuffins on the banks said, "Here, mister, won't you give us a ride?" I said, "Certainly." So I pulled up to the bank and said, "Get in;" so they got in, one of them at one end the boat and the other at the other end the boat. Well, to hear those lads chatter and to see the joy they had in their hearts, shining out in their faces!

for God knows they had not had many boat rides—they had done the most of *the journey of life on foot, and bare foot*. One of them said to me, "Mister, it seems to me I have seen you somewhere." Said I, "Perhaps you have; you may see me again some time." They tried to guess who I was, and I tried to guess what their names were, and after about half an hour I put them on the bank, and I really did not know whether they had given me a ride, or I had given them a ride. I think they gave me a ride! O! it was a little thing to do, but you all know the joy of having made somebody else happy.

Now, what is the use of choosing out bad amusements when there are so many innocent ones. Go forth to your healthful entertainments and recreations. Why will you stop your ears to a Heaven full of songsters in order to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why will you turn your back on a mountain side abloom with wild flowers, and adash with glittering torrents, in order with blistered feet to climb up the hot sides of a fire-belching Cotopaxi.

I admit that

THE PATH OF SINFUL PLEASURE

seems to open brighter than the path of Christian pleasure. The young man says, "Come, now, *I am going to have a good time*. Never mind the economy. I'll get money. If I can't get money one way, I'll get it another. Come on. The road is smooth. Clear out. Crack the whip." On they dash over the highway. "Fill high the cups, boys. Drink! Drink to health, drink to long life, drink to plenty of rides like this."

Hardworking men standing by the road say: "I wonder where those men got their money. We have to work. We can't do that thing. They don't work and yet they have plenty of money." They go on down in their merriment. They swear, they swagger. The midnight hears their guffaw. They jostle decent people off the sidewalk. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee, and when some man draws before them the picture of their coming doom, they say, "Who cares," or to some one giving them kindly advice they say, "Who are you?"

Passing along some night in the street, you hear a shriek in a grogshop and the rattle of a watchman's club and the rush of the police. What is the matter? *Killed in a grogshop fight*. He is carried home and the old people come and wash the blood off of the wounds and close the eyes in death. They forgive him; although he cannot ask it now, they forgive him. And the mother will go out into her little garden and gather the sweetest flowers she can find, and she will twist them into a garland for the still heart of her wayward boy, and will push from his swollen brow the long locks which were once her pride, and the air will be rent with the father's outcry as he says: "O! my son, my son, my poor boy, would God I had died for thee. O! my son, my son, my son, my son!"

The day is coming when we will have to give

AN ACCOUNT FOR OUR AMUSEMENTS,

for sinful amusements, if we have indulged in them, and if we have led anybody else into them. It seems a very smart thing to get into sin yourself and lead somebody else into it, does it not? So smart to get some one else into sin. There are young men who pride themselves on that. It is the pride of their life that having gone into sin they got somebody else on the same road. But they will have to answer for all this.

I see before me

A GREAT THEATRE.

It is the theatre of the Judgment. Scene, the last day. For stage, the rocky earth. Enter lords, dukes, princes, clowns, beggars. No sword, no tinsel, no crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For galleries, the clouds with angel spectators. For curtain, the Heavens rolled together as a scroll. For applause, the clapping hands of the sea. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce, those that tried to serve God and serve sin at the same time. For the last scene of the fifth act, the tramp of nations to receive their doom—some to the right, some to the left!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Fallen at Her Post.—At one of the Glasgow Conference meetings, Mr. Scroggie said: "I had a letter last night telling me of the death of a dear lady who has worked a good deal with Mr. Sankey. She lived at Eyemouth, a village on the coast, and she had been working day and night among the widows and children of fishermen who were drowned in the great storm of the 14th of October last. Her friends entreated her to go away and take a rest, as she was killing herself, but she said, 'How can I go away and leave these weeping widows and fatherless children?' I saw her the day after the storm, and she told me of the many homes that were stripped of their bread-winners. She said, 'I wasn't able to speak a single word. I felt it would be like tantalizing the poor mothers and children; but I would go and sit for half an hour beside a broken-hearted widow and her children, and I would weep with them. By and by her almost ceaseless labors and anxiety severely told upon her, and she was at last persuaded to go south for a change. She got as far as Reading. On March 22d, she said she felt weary, and she would go to bed. She went to sleep and slept far into the next day. Friends thought she was getting a refreshing sleep, and would not disturb her. Going to her bedside they found that she was just breathing; she was very weak, and she never woke up again in this world. Her spirit went to be with Jesus. I have seen at Eyemouth those strong men break down and cry like children as she was singing, 'Almost persuaded.'"

The Disappointed Mariner.—Mr. Scroggie said: "I remember my brother telling me that he was once coming from the south, and in the same compartment with him there was the mate of a vessel. He had been away on one of those distant voyages, trading on the Chinese coast, and he had not seen his wife or children for three years. He was full of joy at the prospect of again meeting them. As soon as his vessel got to London, he took the first express north, and he was talking about the children the whole of the way, telling their names and saying he thought they would hardly know him; he was sure the youngest would not. At one of the stations where the tickets were looked at, the official said to our friend, 'You are in the wrong train, and must come out.' 'No,' he said, 'it's all right; I was told to get in here, and I want to be home to-night.' 'You must come out,' said the official. 'No,' said the man, 'I must be at my destination to-night,' and the railway man had almost to pull him out of the carriage. 'When shall I get a train for such-and-such a place,' he anxiously asked. 'Not till tomorrow,' said the railway servant; and my brother in telling me the incident, said he never saw such a look of sadness and disappointment on a man's face. But, oh, my friends, what is that to the Lord Jesus passing by and leaving a soul behind for eternity?"

Spiritual Twins.—Mr. Graham, who stated that on the previous Sunday he had spoken with seventeen inquirers, thirteen of whom decided for Christ, said: "Lately, at one of the meetings on the south side, I went into the inquiry-room. A man and his wife entered. They were both very anxious, and I asked them to sit down. The woman was shaking all over, and the husband said, 'Don't be agitated, dear. There is nothing to be agitated about.' Then he said he did not believe in instantaneous conversion. I said, 'I believe you will find instantaneous conversion all through the Bible.' I then began to speak to his wife. I referred her to the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and the 6th verse—'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' She turned round almost immediately and said, 'Oh, Jemmy, don't you see it, don't you see it?' It is laid upon Jesus—your sin and mine,' and she began to plead with her husband there and then. I thought I had been mistaken, and said, 'How long have you been a Christian?' She said, 'I have just seen it this moment,' I turned to her

husband and said, 'There is instantaneous conversion sitting beside you.' This broke him down altogether, and he began to weep. She continued to plead with him, and he at once accepted Christ. They were born of God in the same hour."

In Jail for Preaching.—Mr. Bundy said: "I recollect once preaching at Toledo, in Spain. A crowd assembled, and I was trying to preach with all the strength God had given me, when a policeman told me I must not preach there, I must go where the thoroughfare would not be stopped up. I went to some distance along the street, and began again, but once more I was interfered with and told I must go elsewhere. I then took up my stand on a vacant piece of ground, and almost immediately a policeman came and seized me, and took me off to jail. I then got under the staircase and again began to speak of Christ. The officers came to me and said, 'If you will promise not to make such a disturbance and gather up such a lot of people you can go.' I said as Paul did, 'You have brought me in here *publicly*, and now you are going to thrust me out *privately*. I had been in jail a good many times in the devil's service, but this was the only time I got in for serving God; but God delivered me in a very short time, and blessed my testimony outside and inside the prison."

Why the Child Died.—"Another Inquirer was a young mother. She was very anxious, and wept much. She told me that her husband had been converted the Sunday before at the National Hall. Then she began to weep afresh, and said, 'My darling little girl died three weeks ago. My husband and I were both very careless about spiritual matters. We did not go to any place of worship, and were quite callous. But when my child died I began to think that she had gone to heaven, and if I did not become a Christian I should never see her again. I could not bear to think of that; and I have been very much troubled since. Perhaps she was taken away from us to recall to our minds the reality of a death and of eternity.' That mother went away rejoicing in Christ."

A Wife's Solicitude Rewarded.—A Lady said that she induced her husband to attend a service at the Temperance Institute, and while he was there she was praying earnestly that he might get light, and be led to Christ. On his return home he announced that he had been converted, and he was trusting in the Saviour. The happy wife found that her husband was "born again" at the very moment she was praying for him.

A Sceptic's Mesmerism.—At the Young Converts' Meeting, U. P. Church, Berkeley Street, March 28th, an intelligent man said: "I am changed from my indifference and scepticism to a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I did not at one time believe. I spoke to a friend on the subject of my conversion, and he flippantly said, 'It is *mesmerism*—Mr. Moody has mesmerized you.' I said, 'If mesmerism can convict one of sin, can create a desire for holiness, can create a wish to walk after righteousness, praise the Lord for mesmerism! but it is the grace of God, and you will perhaps find that out some day.'"

A Young Man's Confession.—"This Day four weeks I was led into this church in great anxiety about my soul, but I did not see my way to Christ that night. I went home, and my dear wife, who is a Christian, endeavored to lead me to the Saviour. On the following night I went to another meeting, and Mr. Moody said: 'Those who are willing to take Christ just simply say, "I will";' and after a few others had accepted the kind challenge, and taken Christ in that way, I followed their example. Since that time I have been filled with an inconceivable joy. This night fortnight I came here with the intention of confessing Christ, but I hadn't the courage to do so at the first meeting, though I did it at the second, and I felt burdened because I had not had more courage. I wish now, therefore, to say I have found Christ, and He is unspeakably precious to my soul."

Drunk for Eight Years.—A Respectable young man said: "For sixteen years I was a drunkard, and for eight of those years I was almost every day more or less intoxicated. It is two years

ago on the 11th of April since the Rev. Mr. Hutcheson came to my house and asked me if I would simply trust Jesus as my Saviour, and ask Him to take away the craving for strong drink? I said, 'I will,' for I was needing something to save me as I could neither eat nor sleep. But God in His infinite mercy at once renewed my appetite. I asked the minister how I should get on afterwards and he said, 'Watch and pray—trust the Lord.' I said, 'Am I to pray continually?' He said, 'Yes, pray without ceasing.' I did so, and I have been kept ever since. Fourteen months after I had been a teetotaler, I lost the craving for tobacco. The first time I was drunk was when I was thirty years of age. I won a stake in the St. Leger horse race, and in this way got hold of a large sum of money, and an old man said, 'You had better spend a pound for the table.' But, thank God that sort of thing is all over now."

Another Son of Bacchus Saved.—Mr. Simpson said: "At the meeting for the intemperate at the Circus, on Saturday night, one hundred and eleven anxious souls stood up desirous of finding Jesus as their Saviour, and about four hundred of the audience declared to have done with drinking. The case of the reclamation of a great drunkard has just been mentioned; I should like to repeat another. It is that of a man who was at the meeting on Saturday night week, who had been on the 'spree' since the Fast Day. Night and day he had been drinking. Three of his neighbors brought him to the meeting, but he went away undecided. On Tuesday night last, a friend was looking for some one to speak to, when this inveterate drunkard was pointed out to him. Some Christians were speaking to him, and my friend brought under his notice and explained to him the last three verses of the 6th chapter of 2d Corinthians, and before the closing sentence was reached, the poor drunkard found Christ as his Saviour. On Saturday night last he came again, his face beaming with joy, desiring to give thanks to God for having saved him from such an iniquitous curse, with so great salvation."

THE MAN CHILD.

Revelation 12:5.

The Main Incidents in Christ's Life Repetitive Visible Church Symbolized by the "Woman". The Divine Seed the Invisible Church yet to be Manifested—The Mystic Man Child must be Jewish—Objections to Dr. Seiss's Interpretation—Dr. De Burgh's Criticism—The Birth of the Man Child a yet Future Event—The Translation of the 144,000—"A Great Sign"—The Double Fulfilment—(1) The Ascension of Christ Personal—(2) The Ascension of Christ Mystic—Predicted Power and Rule.

CERTAIN Christian mystics, both ancient and modern, have held that the life of Christ, at least in its main incidents, is to be repeated alike in the history of the Christian Church and the experience of the individual believer. And this idea, though it may at first sight appear somewhat strange, will upon reflection be found to contain a large measure of truth. Although not distinctly stated in the pages of Holy Writ, it nevertheless belongs to the class of spiritual analogies in which, as in curiously wrought caskets, so much of the hidden treasure of Scripture is to be discovered by the scribe well instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven.

For example, the analogy above suggested gives us the key, as I apprehend, to the interpretation of the vision contained in Revelation 12 respecting the Woman, the Man Child, and the great Red Dragon.

Dr. Anderson, in his work "The Coming Prince," says, "I purposely pass over chapter 11: because of the exceptional difficulties which attend the interpretation of it," and feels himself compelled to fall back, as "the only reasonable interpretation he has seen, on that of the late Dea Alford, who regards the 'Man Child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron,' and who was 'caught up to God and His throne,' as being the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Woman as representing that people 'of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came' (Rom. 9:5); though he has to admit that the objections to this view are considerable: 'First, past historical facts are thus intro-

duced into a vision of the future, and I am not aware of any other instance of this in Scripture. Secondly, the main features of the vision, after verse 5, are not accounted for by the facts." (P. 181.)

Dean Alford's confidence in the correctness of the view which he adopts is very strong. "The Man Child," he writes, "is the Lord Jesus Christ, and none other." "And," he adds, "this result is a most important one for the fixity of reference of the whole prophecy. It forms one of those landmarks by which the legitimacy of various interpretations may be tested; and of which we may say, notwithstanding the contradiction sure to be given to the saying, that every interpretation which oversteps them is thereby convicted of error. Again, the exigencies of this passage require that the birth should be understood literally and historically, of that birth of which all Christians know."*

Now, so far as the supposition goes, that the vision of the bringing forth of the Man Child includes a reference to the historical birth of the personal Christ, Dean Alford's position seems to me to be unassailable; but that its interpretation must be thus restricted by no means follows; nor, indeed, for the reasons assigned by Dr. Anderson, as well as others, can it be established.

THE REV. SEISS'S VIEW.

But, let us turn for a moment to some of the alternative interpretations which have been suggested, such as that of Dr. Seiss, who affirms, with a confidence equal to Dean Alford's, that the Man Child symbolizes the true or invisible Church.

He says: "The Church of God exists, or is to be contemplated, in a twofold form: First, in the wide or general form of the whole congregation of those joined together in the confession of the Divine Word, and in the observance of the Divine rites and ordinances; and, second, in the narrower form, which embraces only those who are true believers, and are really the children of God; 'for all are not Israel who are of Israel.' In the one view the Church is a visible body, made such by the having of an outward call of God, by joining in an external fellowship, and by the use of the outward means and instruments through which God collects and edifies His Church. This we call the *visible Church*, or the Church in that aspect of it in which it is recognizable by man, and becomes a subject of human history. It is the Church thus viewed—that is, the general congregation of God's confessing people—that is symbolized by this wonderful Woman.

"With this assembly, however, many are outwardly connected whom the Holy Ghost has not regenerated, and who are not in reality the genuine children of God. A very great difference therefore exists between such members and those who have fully entered into their calling, and become partakers of that spiritual renewal and enlightenment which makes them truly the children and elect of God. . . . And this inner and narrower circle of the professed people of God we call the *invisible Church*; not because its members are not as visible as any others, nor yet as a Church separate and apart from the visible Church; but with respect to that feature in their case, that we cannot now see and certainly decide as to the fact of their being of the regenerate and elect.

"Now if the Woman (in this twelfth chapter of the Revelation) is the *visible Church*, who can that divine seed which she carries and nurtures within her body be but just these genuine children of God, whose characteristics are yet hidden, and who are only to be manifested at the great day, to wit, the *invisible Church*. Those who constitute the invisible Church are in the visible Church and for the present are still joined to the visible Church as the most important part thereof. They are her chief treasure. The visible Church exists for their begetting and nurture. Where she is, they are also. It is with them that she ever travails and cries out, and agonizes herself, that they may be brought safely to the birth and manifestation as the sons of God. The picture is as true and exact as it is beautiful, and as true of one age and dispensation as it is of another. Nor is there a single item in the whole case which does not go to strengthen the over-

powering proof that this is what we are to understand by this *mystic Child*."

"The circumstances narrated hitherto have their *locus* on earth, and in particular Judea and Jerusalem: but at verse 19 the scene changes, for we read: 'And the Temple of God was opened in Heaven,' etc., while the same is the scene of the vision of chapter twelve, which, evidently in continuation, thus commences: 'And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven.' Where—in this last verse of chapter eleven—I would say we have also a distinct intimation that the Jewish people are concerned in the vision which follows—in the mention of 'the Ark of the Testament (or Covenant)' seen in the Temple opened in Heaven."† Hence we see that the Man Child must, in a certain sense, be *Jewish*, and that His birth only takes place after the sounding of the *seventh trumpet*.

OBJECTIONS WHICH MAY BE URGED.

One objection of a general character to Dr. Seiss's interpretation is this, that it is not the usage of the New Testament to attribute either *regeneration* (=conception), or *resurrection* (=birth) to the Church. Believers are born again of the Holy Spirit—not of the Church, and to regard the "visible Church" as our mother, or to talk of "Holy Mother Church" savors far more of Romanism and Lutheranism, than of Scripture. It is an altogether un-Scriptural conception, at the root of which lies, as a concealed but cankerous worm, the false and pernicious dogma of baptismal regeneration. "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have all been made to drink into one Spirit" (John 3:36; 1 Cor. 12:12-13). Even when St. Paul speaks of "Jerusalem which is above and free; which is our Mother" (Gal. 4:26), he is speaking of a city and a covenant, not of the visible Church on earth. Another objection to Dr. Seiss's interpretation is that he regards the birth of the Man Child as to be fulfilled in the resurrection and rapture of the saints at Christ's Second Advent. He seems to forget, however, that about that time "the visible Church" will become "the apostasy," which Christ has "spued out of His mouth" (Rev. 3:16), and whose true portrait is to be found in the harlot of chapter 17, rather than in the Divine and heavenly woman of this vision, who is clothed with the sun," and has "the moon under her feet," and whose brow is encircled by a diadem of twelve lustrous "stars."

As regards the identification of this woman with the Church of God, Dr. de Burgh advances an objection more apparent than real—viz., the circumstance of the Dragon's persecution of the Woman's remaining seed, after her own retirement into the place prepared for her of God. "For how," as he asks, "can the Church (the woman) be in safety from the Dragon, and her members (the remnant of her seed) at the same time exposed to his power?"

Still, if the identification of the Man Child with the true Christian Church—the mystical body of Christ—be accepted as only partial, and confined mainly to the period of the first resurrection, there is doubtless a measure of truth contained in it, inasmuch as, in accordance with the pregnant analogy referred to at the commencement of this paper the history of *Christ personal* is—in a certain degree—repeated in the history of *Christ mystical*.

THE REAL EXPLANATION OF THE MYSTERY.

The real fact is that the birth of the Man Child must find its final and exhaustive accomplishment in some event which is yet future.

The Man Child represents the "hundred and forty and four thousand" sealed ones of Revelation 14 (not chapter 7, who are Jews) to whom it shall be granted to "rule the nations with a rod of iron," according to the Lord's promise in chapter 2:27; and who shall be placed out of the reach of

the Dragon watching for their destruction, by being literally "caught up to God and His throne," in other words, translated at the first stage of Christ's coming in the air, in accordance with Isaiah 26:20: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." They are seen, in Revelation 14, "standing on the Mount Zion," that is, "the heavenly Jerusalem," see Heb. 12:22; and "singing a new song before the throne." This is somewhat the view taken by the Rev. Richard Chester, and also by Dr. de Burgh, in his "Exposition of the Revelation," fifth edition; though these writers differ in what may be called points of detail.

The appearance in heaven of the woman who gives birth to the Man Child is spoken of at the commencement of the chapter as "a great sign." It is, the apostle tells us, in the first place, a *sign*, σημεῖον, a word which occurs here for the first time in the Apocalypse, and which signifies not simply that the object to which it is applied is a "wonder," as the Authorized Version has it, but the adumbration of some spiritual reality, or actual event belonging to the future. And we are further informed that it was "a great (μέγα) sign." In itself the vision, as the seer beheld it, was of a very sublime and imposing character: "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Let a painter try to embody the description, and it will at once be seen how remarkable and impressive was the spectacle. But the "greatness" of this sign must properly be understood in reference to the person or event signified. Hence the calling out and rapture of a Jewish remnant in the last days, as supposed by some, will not meet the necessities of the case; the vision is too sublime, the imagery too splendid, the accompanying events too momentous to be thus exhausted.

A well-known scientific writer has described the production of what he calls a "generalized portrait" by the combination of many particular portraits. "I threw," he says, "magic-lantern portraits of different persons on the top of one another, on the same screen, and elicited a resultant face which resembled no one of the components in particular, but included all. Whatever was common to all the portraits became intensified by combination; whatever was peculiar to each portrait was relatively too faint to attract attention, and virtually disappeared." In like manner, if we regard the present vision of the Man Child as finding a *partial* fulfilment in the birth and ascension of the personal Christ, and its *plenary* fulfilment in the separation and detachment of 144,000 watchful, living Christians (the wise virgins) from among the general body of true Christians, and their ascension to God's throne, we shall attain the comprehensive meaning of the Divinely-suggestive symbol.

TWO HARMONIZING INTERPRETATIONS.

We thus have the two separate interpretations, as it were, one on the top of another, and the light of Divine inspiration shining through both of them. There is a double fulfilment, *year-day* and *literal-day*. First, the ascension of *Christ personal* about 500 years before the 1260 years of the Papal Antichrist's chief power; and secondly, the ascension of *Christ mystical* (the 144,000 wise virgins) about 500 days before the 1260 days of the future democratic infidel Antichrist's chief power.

Of the personal Man Child Christ we read, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." So, also, of saints it is said, in the 149th Psalm: "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand; to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron; to execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all His saints" (Ver. 5-9). And in Rev. 2:27, "To him that overcometh will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron."

* "Lectures on the Revelation," vol. ii., pp. 323-5.

† "Exposition of the Book of Revelation," 5th edition, p. 212.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate, after a Protracted Contest, Confirmed the nomination of Colonel Worthington to be Collector of the Port of Boston, Mass., on Monday, May 15th, by a vote of 38 to 14. The nomination has been the subject of more comment than other appointments, because of its similarity to the famous struggle over the New York Collectorship. On this occasion the protest against the appointment arose from the section of the party which in the New York case were gratified by the change. It was contended, however, by those Senators who voted for confirmation, that the cases were not precisely parallel, inasmuch as Colonel Merritt was displaced to make room for Judge Robertson, whereas Colonel Worthington succeeds an officer whose term had expired. Senators who opposed the confirmation, however, urged that all nominations made on the principle that dictated that of Colonel Worthington and Judge Robertson are objectionable. It was, however, noticed that Senator Miller, of New York, who owes his elevation to the dispute over Judge Robertson, on this occasion voted against confirmation, although he is not reported as having explained his apparent inconsistency.

New Indictments Against the Star Route conspirators were returned on May 20th, by the Grand Jury of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia. These have become necessary owing to discovery of defects in those now set down for trial, which will be dismissed in favor of the new presentments. The charges are substantially the same in both cases, but four allegations of overt acts, committed outside of the statute of limitations, have been omitted. Twelve new overt acts have been inserted, the acts being in making fraudulent claims against the government based on the fraudulent allowance for increase allowed by Second Assistant Postmaster-General Brady. The name of J. L. Sanderson is omitted from the list of the accused. Mr. Rerdell will be included, as he still persists in his refusal to surrender the books and documents he formerly offered to Mr. MacVeagh, who for some unaccountable reason neglected to accept the offer, and so failed to obtain possession of the most conclusive evidence it was possible to present to the court.

An Important Report from the Committee on Civil Service was presented to the Senate by Senator Pendleton on May 15th, urging the adoption of the bill reported in March last. The report expatiates on the evil influence the spoils system exerts upon the President; it maintains that instead of devoting his time to great questions of statesmanship he must spend most of it in weighing in the balance the political considerations that shall determine the claim of this friend or that political

supporter to the possession of some office of profit or honor under him. The President of the Republic conceived by the Constitution and the Chief Magistrate of to-day, it is maintained, are two entirely different public functionaries. There has grown up such a perversion of the duties of the Presidential office, such a prostitution of it to ends unworthy the great idea of its creation, imposing burdens so grievous and so degrading to all the faculties and functions becoming its occupant, that a change has already occurred in the character of the government itself, which, if not corrected, will be permanent and disastrous. In this department the report avers "political influences and compensations have come to dominate and subordinate all other considerations, and the distribution of official spoils has come to be the lawful prerogative of political ascendancy. Offices have come to be sought and bestowed as so many charities, furnishing support to the needy, and exacting in return partisan service, not as so many trusts, imposing duties on the holders." These facts were notorious before the report was presented, but it is well that they should be thus officially placed on record.

The Approaching Season is Awaited with some anxiety by the medical scientists in the South. A prominent journal thus remarks on the apprehensions of an outbreak of yellow fever: "Below the thirty-fourth parallel there has been practically no winter, and the spring has been early, warm, and humid. Besides, a vast territory has been inundated, which, when the waters retire, will expose an unusual amount of dead vegetable matter to the ferment of summer. Three of the conditions supposed to favor the development of yellow fever are thus found to be present. The past three years have been unmarked by yellow fever in the United States, and therefore the germs of previous epidemics must be viewed as now dead. If, then, yellow fever is strictly an exotic, it only depends upon a vigilant quarantine maintained throughout the season to insure that the summer will pass without a case of local origin. If, on the contrary, despite the gates of import being barred, sporadic cases appear in the Gulf States, it must be acknowledged that the disease is no longer an alien, but has permanent settlement in the United States, subject only to climatic conditions for its periodical outbreaks. This being once established, the efforts of the authorities should be directed to the improvement of local sanitary conditions rather than to cutting off commerce during one-half the year."

The Rev. C. F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., as President of the School of Christian Philosophy, has, with the assistance of the committee of able men who have joined the school since its session last summer, prepared a very attractive programme for this year. The session will be held again in the Warwick Woodlands on Greenwood Lake, which have been much improved and beautified since last year. The lecture course includes the names of Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale, Dr. Lyman Abbott, W. Morris Butler, of Middletown, Professor George T. Ladd, of Yale, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Dr. Washington Gladden, of Springfield, Professor Charles A. Young, Dr. Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, Professor Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, and Professor John Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin. The session will commence July 11th, and will hold meetings daily, morning and evening, until July 25th. In these days of scientific scepticism, it is impossible to place too high a value on the work of this school, proving as it does that scientific knowledge and culture are in no way antagonistic to simple Christian faith.

The Unanimous Decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the assassin Guiteau, was announced on Monday, May 22d. The only point in the bill of exceptions presented by Guiteau's counsel on which it was feared there might be a divergence of opinion was that of the jurisdiction of the court, owing to the President having died in New Jersey. But on that point the judgment is very explicit. It is thus summarized by the *Washington Post*, "The Court holds that the bullet fired at the President by Guiteau on the 2d of July, at the

railroad station in this city, was the cause of death, and that the trial could only have been held in Washington; that the death of the President New Jersey, except as affected by a local statute, could not change the jurisdiction. The assassin had not been in New Jersey, had committed no offence against New Jersey laws, and the fact of the victim being removed to Elberon prolonged his life or save it if possible, could not be made to affect the character of the crime." The *Post* further says: "After the delivery of the opinion the prisoner will be taken at once to a solitary cell in the jail where he is now confined and placed under a continual guard, better known as death-watch. Every action will be observed up to the fatal moment and not a word will be permitted to be spoken to him except by his spiritual adviser or by persons specially authorized by the ward. General Crocker, who has entire charge of and responsibility for the assassin, from this time on until his execution." The miserable man has written another letter repeating the blasphemous claim he proclaimed at his trial, that his act was inspired.

A Reformatory for Inebriate Women about to be opened in Chicago. A journal that city says: "The directors of the Washington Home, of Chicago, have purchased the military school property at Lake View, and will fit it up as a reformatory for inebriate women. The demand for such an institution has appeared in application for the admission of women to the reformatory in the city. In Boston the women's inebriate reformatory has 249 inmates, and is doing a successful work. It is startling to find so many women in this country seeking the help of such an institution, in trying to escape the ruinous appetite drink."

An Invitation to Messrs. Moody and Sank to return to Chicago has been extensively signed that city. The movement originated with the Evangelistic Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and on a recent Sunday the invitation was offered for signature in the churches of the city. President Magoun, in presenting the matter at the First Church, in Dr. Goodwin's absence, spoke of recently meeting the evangelists England, and of his impression that such an invitation would be favorably entertained by them. The Methodist ministers in their weekly meeting heartily indorsed the call and pledged co-operation.

A Confidential Retired Liquor Dealer has some curious disclosures to a *Times* reporter last week which ought to interest all who do not abstain from intoxicants. He said in the course of his conversation: "If I should give you the trick of the trade and with my name this city would be a hot place for me. But few liquor drinkers have the faintest idea in regard to the extent of the evil of adulteration. For instance, more than two thirds of the stuff sold for brandy in this country is the meanest kind of poison. It is manufactured from an oil of cognac. Gin is considered a safe drink by thousands, who believe that it is the only liquor which escapes adulteration. They are mistaken. In most of the gin sold there will be four parts of vitriol, oil of turpentine, oil of almonds, sulphuric ether, and extract of grains of paradise. It is in the manufacture of whiskey, however, that the adulterators do their finest work. You can purchase oils and essences from which 'whiskey of any age' can be produced. This style of whiskey when tested will show sulphuric acid, caustic potassa, benzene, and nux vomica, and other poisons. This is the sort of stuff that bores into the coatings of the stomach and creates ulcers. I porter you will find opium, henbane, capsicum, cocculus indicus, copperas, tobacco, and sulphuric acid. In beer, alum, opium, nux vomica, green copperas, vitriol, sub-carbonate of potash, and jalap are used. Of course, ale of this character is dangerous to drink. If you don't believe me, drop in at any of the beer shops near the wharves of the East or North Rivers and drink one of the 'schooners' that are sold for five cents. If it does not produce complete nausea it will surely cause intoxication." We have plenty of opportunities of observing the evil moral effects of these intoxicants; these revelations show how fearful must be the physical damage they effect.

A Momentous Quarter of an Hour was Spent by a farmer on May 1st at Cumberland, Md. He went to the city from his home thirty miles off to purchase a plough. On his way back to the depot he passed the room where the special services in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad work are conducted. *Mr. George A. Hilton*, who has throughout interested himself in these services, thus describes what followed. "As the farmer passed the door with his plough on his shoulder he stayed to read the notice of the meeting, and having to wait fifteen minutes until the western express train started, set his plough down at the door, and came in to spend the spare time. He had not listened many minutes before he was upon his knees seeking earnestly for forgiveness, and the result was that when he started again for his home he went rejoicing in the possession of seed that no farm can produce and no money buy."

A Five-Figure Cheque on a Shingle was once cashed by a bank at Oakland, Cal. The incident is recalled by the death, on May 1st, of *Mr. Joseph C. Palmer*, the gentleman who drew the cheque. *Mr. Palmer*, in the early days of California, was a member of the firm of *Palmer, Cook & Co.*, a bank which did an immense business. It is related that once a depositor called to draw *twenty-eight thousand dollars* from the bank. *Mr. Palmer's* consent was necessary, but he had been called away to attend to some duty at a lumber yard some mile or more from the bank. Thither the depositor hastened and made known his wants and the necessity of having them attended to at once. *Mr. Palmer* could find neither pen, pencil, ink, or paper. But without a moment's hesitation he picked up a shingle, borrowed a piece of red chalk, and with it wrote a cheque on the shingle in large and distinct letters for *\$28,000*. This was promptly honored when presented. It is probably the only instance on record of such a cheque being drawn and honored; but in this case the paying teller accepted the instructions of his principal, though conveyed in an unusual manner, without hesitation. Would that Christian men were as ready to obey the intimations of God's will, even if they are revealed in unlooked-for ways and are opposed to preconceived notions. The apostle Peter showed this readiness on one memorable occasion (Acts 10: 10-23).

A Letter Arrived at Milwaukee, Wis., on May 10th, which had gone astray from its destination about five thousand miles. It was mailed at Mannheim in Germany, and was written to a person residing at Warbheim, a place only a few miles off; but owing to a defect in the address it was put in the American mail bag and sent to Milwaukee, whence it was sent back to Germany. It may be hoped that after its journey of ten thousand miles it will eventually reach the person for whom it was intended. The writer of the letter, receiving no answer, is not at all unlikely to blame the person to whom he wrote, or the post-office, or any one but himself, until his blunder is exposed. When we hear men say that they do not get answers to their prayers we may well question whether they have made a similar blunder in not observing the conditions on which alone God will answer prayer (Heb. 10: 22).

A Sorrowful Scene was Witnessed on Saturday last in *Jerry McAuley's Mission Hall*. There, surrounded by tearful faces, was laid a coffin in which were the remains of a victim of vice. *Dr. North*, who conducted the funeral services, briefly sketched the sad history of the dead girl. He said she was only twenty-eight years old when she died. She had been brought up in the fear and love of God, was well educated, and had been a *Sunday-school teacher* at Greenbush, near Albany, where she resided with parents who were most loving and kind to her, up to her marriage, four years ago, when she came with her husband to reside in New York. Here temptation and trouble came upon her, and by stages, easily understood by those who have labored among the fallen, she drifted into a haunt of vice in a *notorious locality* in the city. As long as she retained her beauty and her health she was held in this mundane hell, and, as she told with a loathing terror, obliged to witness scenes which filled even her,

fallen as she was and for most of the time under the influence of liquor, with horror and disgust. At length the usual result of dissipation came in a sudden breakdown of health. Then she was cast into the street under the escort of a servant, who was instructed to take her to a groggery, fill her with liquor and leave her to die. On hearing this she clung to the servant's arm and begged to be taken to some Christian people. She was eventually conducted to *Jerry McAuley's Mission*. There her cries were heartrending. "I am lost, lost," she said. "Pray for me, if God will have mercy on such a one as I." *Mrs. McAuley* talked and prayed with her, and succeeded in calming her agitation and directing her to the Saviour. After a while she said: "Mrs. McAuley, I am dying; can you find me a place to lay my weary head and quietly end my shameful life?" On hearing this *Mrs. McAuley* said: "Yes, poor child, I will see you cared for to the last." *Mrs. McAuley* took her to the *Magdalen Home*, where she remained until she died. She was sensible up to the last moment of her life, and was not only peaceful, but joyous in her faith that Christ had forgiven her sins.

"The Christian Army," Organized by *Bishop Fallows*, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is engaged in work closely resembling in object and methods the Salvation Army in England. The bishop reports that the army in Chicago is now reaching at least two thousand different persons a week, and that during the few months since its organization not less than two hundred and fifty persons have been hopefully converted.

A Life was Sacrificed for a Dog in Chicago recently. The *Chicago Tribune* says that a woman sixty-four years of age was crossing the North Western track when a train approached. The woman cleared the track with some difficulty, but looking back she saw her pet dog still in front of the approaching train. She turned, and reaching over, seized the animal and flung it out of the reach of danger. But in doing so she overbalanced, and falling was crushed under the engine wheels. There is something very sad in such a calamity, and it is impossible to avoid regretting that the woman should not have held her own life more precious than to imperil it for that of a dog, however dear it may have been to her. It is, however, only another instance of affection lavished on unworthy objects which is but too common; and it often happens that the soul, which is of far more value than natural life, is sacrificed rather than some cherished passion shall be surrendered (Matt. 5: 28, 29).

Poisoned by the Thorn of a Rose is the strange cause assigned for the death of a citizen in New York, who expired in great agony on May 10th. On Sunday, April 30th, while arranging a bouquet on his dinner-table, he scratched his thumb on one of the thorns on the stem of a rosebud. At the time he did not notice it, nor were the three trifling scratches on the thumb discovered until he began to feel pain some hours afterward. Within twenty-four hours from the time of the infliction of the wound inflammation set in, and the scratches developed into painful wounds. The family physician, was called, and, despite the best known methods of treatment, erysipelas set in, and was followed by abscesses of the hand and the lower part of the forearm. Other physicians were called in consultation, the abscesses were lanced; but, though every treatment that modern surgical and medical science has devised in such cases was tried, blood poisoning resulted. Intense suffering followed, which continued until he died. Whether the injury from the rose-thorn was the absolute cause of disease and death the attending physicians will not state as a certainty, though no other local cause leading to the final result can be ascertained. It is probable that the seeds of disease were already in his system, which the trifling injury only served to develop. Analogous cases are often met with in moral and spiritual life. An amusement usually regarded as harmless, a glass of wine offered in friendship, may be the cause of arousing a demon within, which, like a tiger that has tasted blood, rages until the victim is destroyed (1 Cor. 8: 13).

MY HOURLY PRAYER.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe; and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually."—Psalm 119: 117.

Two Notes from the Same Bell—Prayers the Shadows of Coming Blessings—I. The Upholding—A Danger Implied—The Believer Upright—The Way Slippery—Hell Place on the Grimsel Pass—Cunning Foes—The Height to which God Elevates—Most People do not Keep Upright—How God Keeps His People Upright—By Angels—By the Ministry—By Chastisement—By Constant Occupation—II. Two Blessed Results—Safety—From all Real Harm—From Grievous Sin—Safe in his Dealings—Watchfulness—Heedless and Too Bold—Must be Continual—Prayer in Business and Recreation—Nervous People—In Prosperity and Adversity—In Old Age—In Death.

"HOLD thou me up." This is no novelty as a prayer; we have met with it many a time. Another form of it lies hard by. Look at the verse immediately before the text, and see it there in another shape. "Uphold me." I know of no difference in the two prayers, "Uphold me" and "Hold me up;" they are *two notes from the same bell*, and they teach us that the Psalmist's mind was full of the petition, for he was conscious of his need of this upholding—this holding up.

You notice that in the first prayer "Uphold me," it is for very life that he entreats for this upholding. "Uphold me according unto Thy word, that I may live; and let me not be ashamed of my hope." He feels that unless fresh grace shall flow into his soul his spiritual life must utterly fail. Do not forget this; let it give weight to your pleadings. But in the second of the two verses—the one which makes our text—he looks for more than life as the result of upholding; he looks for safety, a life of unsullied holiness and consequent restfulness and security. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually." Both verses show you the importance of the prayer, and both together will, I hope, enlist your earnest attention to what I may have to say upon it.

A prayer is the shadow of a coming blessing. Therefore do we pray, because the blessing is coming. It is said that prayer cannot alter the purpose of God. Of course it cannot. It does not alter it, but indicates it; and since people are moved to pray this way or that way by the Spirit of God, it is because the Spirit knows the mind of God, and his movement to pray is a revelation of the mind of God to the praying one.

Now, I conceive that it is always according to God's mind to hold His servants up. He delights not in their slips or falls—to suppose such a thing were blasphemous. "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." God is pleased with the steadfastness of His chosen, He smiles upon the firmness of their standing. God would not have one of His people even dash his foot against a stone, and hence He sets the angels to guard them. If they do trip in their walk He is quick to restore them, for He cannot endure that they should lie in the mire.

This prayer shows in David a great sense of the need of being upheld, a strong conviction that God could uphold him, and an expectation and hope that He would surely do so in answer to his prayer. May we appropriate this prayer with somewhat of David's feeling, deeply conscious of utter helplessness, fully believing that the omnipotent grace of God can meet that helplessness, and confident that He will hear our cry and answer us and uphold us to the end. Let us believe that our heavenly Father will keep us from falling, but let us be well assured that apart from His keeping our soul will fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

First I shall speak of *God's holding us up*, and then of the *two blessings that come out of it*, namely, safety and watchfulness. "I shall be safe," and "I shall have respect unto Thy statutes continually."

I. First, then.

UPHOLDING

—God's holding us up. It implies a danger, an that danger takes many forms.

The true description of a believing man's life is, that he walks in his uprightness. The figure is not hard to understand. "God made man upright, though He hath sought out many inventions." The very form and figure of man's body teach us that we are not made to go on "all fours," gazing at the earth from whence we sprang, but erect upon our feet, looking upward to the heaven toward which we tend by God's rich grace. You know what is meant by an upright man, a man who does not lean this way or that, and who is not biassed or inclined to that which is wrong. The upright column is the only one which can stand alone, and he who is upright is independent, taking his stand, maintaining his place without a buttress to keep him in it. A very pillar of the earth is such a man. He may say, like David, "The earth is dissolved: I bear up the pillars thereof."

So have I seen amid vast masses of surrounding ruin a goodly pillar lift its capital aloft as if it laughed at destruction. There is something bright and cheering about the thought of the believer being an upright man; but the danger is that he many not continue upright. Columns, slowly undermined, lean to this side or that, and their fall is near. Unseen earthworms sink the hidden bases of pillars and cast them down, and secret vices have thus brought down full many a noble character.

A Christian man is a pilgrim, and he makes progress in his march to glory so long as he walks uprightly. But will he keep his uprightness? No; he is certain not to keep upright unless he be upheld, for

THE WAY IS SLIPPERY.

Ah, how slippery do some find it! It is as a hill of ice, and at some points it is more treacherous than usual. Those who have ever gone over the *Grimsel Pass* will remember that on one side of it, in descending, there is a place they call "Hell Place," because the road is narrow and shelving, and the precipice on that side is exceedingly deep, while the path is singularly smooth. Drippings of rain water, and sometimes considerable runnels, flow over the red rock, and keep it polished as the floor of a royal salon; and though they chip out grips across the road that there may be a foothold, yet most travellers find it best to leave their mules and tread with timid footsteps over the slippery way. I have a lively recollection of that marble floor; I think they called it porphyry, but it had no charms for me.

Most of us have had a "Hell Place" in our journey to heaven. You remember Joseph's slippery way, and how God upheld him, else had he fallen, never to rise. David had the like, and his fall was grievous. I say that there is scarce a man who has not had some glassy bit of road where, at the best, his feet had almost gone, his steps had well-nigh slipped, and he had been down on his face if almighty grace had not interposed. Nor is the best part of the road without its dangers. Believe me, no foot of the way is safe to the careless. I have noticed that more men *sin without temptation* than with it, and that the heaviest falls occur upon perfectly level road where there does not seem to be a stone to catch the foot. Oh, take heed! Take heed! for there is not one point in the journey, from the setting out at the wicket-gate even till you reach the river's brink, which has not dangers in it; and the prayer is always in season, "Hold Thou me up!"

But that is not all, for there are

CUNNING FOES

that seek to trip us up. They lay snares for us; they dig pits; they cast their nets across the way.

Perhaps some of you are happily free from temptations in your own households, and possibly some are free from distinct temptation from the world. I congratulate you; but very few of us are in that condition. Our foes compass us about like bees. Some threaten; others flatter. A few would bribe us; more would bully us. The bad would deceive, for they put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; and the best of men, if you follow them too closely, may mislead you. Trust ye not in any brother; neither lay hands upon any human guide. There is One that can conduct you safely, but if you do

not follow *Him* you will soon slip with your feet.

Many watch for our halting; and if they could find us tripping they would report it with glee to all the sons of Belial. Therefore have we good need to say, "Hold Thou me up." Specially is there such need to those of you who work in shops where ungodliness is in the ascendant so that religion is held in ridicule. Great need is there in the cases of children of ungodly parents with a father who will, if he can find you doing a little amiss, make a great deal of it. Equal necessity is there to you young men who meet with conceited coxcombs who talk philosophy and rail at our old-fashioned faith. You should pray, "Lord, hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

Nor is this all, though it is quite enough; for sometimes, dear friends, the difficulty of keeping our balance is not caused by the way itself, but by *the height to which God may elevate us*. There are brethren whose position is high, whose brain might long ago have reeled had not infinite mercy held them up. I know those who have not a tenth of their popularity or a hundredth part of their influence, who nevertheless give themselves mighty airs. These lofty-minded gentlemen are in the greatest danger. Let me speak of these grandees; with all due reverence let me take them at their own value for once, though I should be sorry to be forced to complete the purchase.

My dear friend, when you are getting on in the world and prospering, something whispers, "You are a clever fellow," and when you have won respect by your talent, then again a voice sweetly sings, "You are a highly superior person." At such times you are in serious peril. It happens to most of us at times to have done so well as to have won the approbation of our little circle; and then the temptation is quite great enough—though it comes not from thousands, or even from hundreds, but from half-dozens—for us to feel that we are somebody; then the brain grows dizzy, and the danger is great. Anything which leads to self-esteem leads to the utmost jeopardy. If you have a lowly opinion of yourself, I congratulate you; for this is a main element of safety.

The prayer is all the more needful for one other reason, namely, that *the most of people do not keep upright*. Go forth into the world to-morrow.

BORROW THE LANTERN

of Diogenes, and try if you can find an honest man. You will succeed, but when you have done so, take security for his keeping so. On the exchange, in the market, almost everywhere, the bulk of men are not upright, they are down on all fours. There is a great gold scramble, and they are clutching at it with all their might. Get money. Get money. Is not that the world's own favorite teaching—get it honestly if you can; but, if you cannot get it in that way, get it how you can. Puff; lie; cheat; do anything; only make a fortune. He is the cleverest fellow who can grasp the most gold. That is the picture of the business world—a nursery floor of grown-up children scrambling on all fours.

But you say—they do not lie. No, no; only white lies. No, they do not cheat; only it is "the custom of the trade," you know. "Now, do not talk," they say to me, "what do you know about it?" More than you think, perhaps, for lookers-on see more than players. "But, sir, business is business." I know it is, and business has no business to be such business as it often is. Woe to the man whose business will destroy his soul. Woe, double woe to the man whose business destroys the bodies and souls of drunkards! *Woe three times over to the wretch who fattens on the iniquities of his fellow men, and gets rich by their damnation, and yet pretends to religion!*

But I am wandering; it is because so many people lean this way, or that way, or go altogether on all fours, that it is not the easiest thing in this world for a man to stand bolt upright. He ought to say, "If the world's fate hung on a lie, and I by speaking the lie could save it, I would speak the truth." If our life depended upon doing what God would not approve, we ought rather to die than sin. Such should be the resolve of the believer, and he should ask for grace to carry it out. Lord, hold Thou me up; keep me upright. Whatever

happens, do not let me be any other than *an upright, downright, perpendicular man*, knowing the right thing, speaking the right thing, doing the right thing, by Thy grace, even to the end.

But you see the danger; the text suggests it me. To my ear there is a sharp sound in it. It is almost a cry of sudden alarm. It is as if one felt himself falling, and cried aloud, "Hold me up." The deep descent yawns before him, the earth glides from under him, he cannot regain his footing, and piteously he implores, "Hold Thou me up." It has come to this pass, that there is no end of the man unless a power beyond his own shall uphold him. O Lord, see Thou to it.

HOW DOES GOD KEEP HIS PEOPLE UPRIGHT?

He has many ways of doing it; and hence you may pray very hopefully. He can preserve you by angels: "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." How many stones you and I might have dashed our feet against if it had not been that we have received mysterious intimations which have put us on our guard. Often and often have I been inwardly admonished, and so preserved from evil. We never knew where it came from, but perhaps the Lord sent the singular intimation by an angel whose noiseless wing came and went, and we knew not of the messenger though we felt the message. God works mightily this way with many who are obedient to His will.

At other times God holds up His people by the ministry of the word. I have often been told that when you have come in here, I, not knowing anything of your case, have nevertheless spoken to you exactly; and you have had the admonition, or the encouragement, and direction, which you needed at this point and that. To many of you my voice has been as the oracle of God, and that in the verse of a hymn, or in the chapter chosen, or in the pointed remark in the sermon. Is it not so? Could not many of you bear testimony to it? God's word wherever it is faithfully spoken is a wall of fire round about God's people.

Often God keeps His people upright, and holds them firmly,

BY CHASTISEMENT.

When roughly smitten you feel as though you were a child falling over a precipice, half dazed by his terror; and think that your father has taken hold of you, and, by severely shaking you, has awoke you and saved you. I have seen a driver give a horse a flip because he was getting sleepy and had stumbled; that cut woke up the creature and he went with a sure foot afterward. The Lord has often saved us from a sad fall by a sharp chastisement. "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

It is clear that our gracious Lord can hold us up by many methods; we are very far from having hinted at the tithe of them. I have known Him preserve His people by giving them great aspirations, high ideals, noble desires. With his eye of the stars the sailor boy is steady at the masthead. I have known Him hold up His servants by giving them plenty to do—by putting them into the Sunday-school and interesting them with the children or drafting them into the Loan Tract Society, and keeping them there. It is a grand way of keeping us right—never to let us have an idle ten minutes nor a spare napkin to wrap a talent in.

The supreme power which upholds us is the Holy Spirit, who, dwelling in us, warns us against evil, sets us on our watch-tower against temptation, and incites us to all manner of good things, and helps us to stand in the evil day. How much we owe to the love of the Spirit! He keepeth the feet of the saints.

II. Briefly, I desire to show the

TWO BLESSED THINGS

that come out of this holding up.

If God uphold us, then, according to the text we shall be *safe*. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." It is a great point to be safe; though there are some who prefer to be sharp. Some are always trying little dodges by which they would take advantage of their neighbors. "A sharp fellow, that," cries one. "A desperately clever man," says another. "Hardly know where to find him," hints a third. "Rather sharper than hon-

est," mutters a fourth. Just so. Now, if God hold you up, *I do not say that you will be clever*, but you will be what is a deal better: you will be safe.

"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe;" that is, you will be safe *from all real harm*. Suppose that you should meet with great troubles in business, you will still be safe if God upholds you, so that you do not lose your integrity. So long as we do not lose a good conscience we have not lost much if we have lost all beside. He that damages his character has sustained

THE WORST DAMAGE

a mortal man can know; but he that is held up—kept upright—has been kept safely. It may be that he shall be slandered; but if he knows that before God he has walked uprightly he shall be "safe."

You shall be safe, too, from descending into *grievous sin*. The man who is held upright shall not insensibly sink lower and lower, as some do. Alas, I have seen the godly man put forth his hand unto iniquity. At first he seemed excused. No one could blame him. It was an hour of dire necessity, and that he was overcome and did a questionable thing was not much to be marvelled at, though it was enough to make an angel weep that such a man as he should stoop to it. After once doing the questionable thing, he had spoiled the chastity of his conscience, and he was open to a grosser ill, and he fell into that grosser ill, yet still it was not such a fault as the world would much condemn.

A little farther and but a little farther, and he committed a crime that made the godly cast him off and the wicked exult over him. "Howl, fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen!" For you and for me there is no safety in any degree of bending. We must stand upright or we cannot stand at all. "Hold Thou me up"—*up, up*—"and I shall be safe." But if I begin to incline downward in any way I am not safe. He that leans will fall; but the upright will stand, for God is able to make him stand even unto the end.

The man that walks uprightly, and is kept in God's way, is "safe"; and I venture to give another meaning to that word "safe"—namely, that he becomes *a safe man in his dealings* with others. If you catch a man playing the double-shuffle at any time, let him play it for himself, and not for you. Never link yourself in business with a person who is capable of doing an unrighteous action. Sink or swim for yourself, but never set foot on board such a coffin ship. Sooner or later it will go to the bottom. May God make you to be upright, that you may be a safe man, true and trustworthy; for men delight to trust in men when once they find them "safe." If you would possess the best of human friends, you will be happy should you meet with the man who in youth was an ardent Christian and has continued so throughout a generation. In times of stress and trial when others fell he stood upright and incorruptible. Under slander he has smarted, but he has outlived the reproach, and disproved every false report. To-day his name is the guarantee of truth, the watchword of honor. Where he leads others feel it safe to follow; they wait till he speaks, his judgment rules the board. Because the Lord kept him upright he grew to be safe in the esteem of his neighbors, and now he is as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the storm. May God make you such a man. The way to such honor lies by that prayer, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

But, lastly, when a man knows that he is "safe" by God's grace, does he then become idle and careless, and think he may do as he likes? No, listen: "I shall be safe, and *I will have respect unto thy statutes continually*."

WATCHFULNESS

attends such sacred safety, and is at once its fruit and its sign.

A holy man—a man made holy by God's grace—has great respect to every command of God. Before he moves he looks round him to see whether he shall transgress by his proposed movement. You have heard of the child whose mother said, "John, you have broken one of the commandments," and he answered, "Mother, those com-

mandments are awfully easy to break." With such natures as ours sin is a very easy thing. You break the law before you know it; and unless a man has respect unto all the commandments he will soon be trespassing and getting into mischief. We ought in our daily life to walk as one that has to tread among eggs or delicate china.

Heedless and Too-bold soon rush into sin; but the genuine believer feareth always. "You are very jealous of how you act," said one to a saint of God.

"Yes," he replied, "I serve a jealous God." "You are too precise," said another. "That is a crime," said he, "that God will never charge any of His children with." A conscience tender as the apple of an eye is what we want. To be alarmed even at the distant approach of sin is the safeguard of a child of God.

Those who dally with vice will rue such dalliance when it cannot be undone. If somebody told me that there was a cobra at the far end of my room, I should look round me for the door; I think such venomous creatures are near enough if they remain in their native jungles; I do not desire their interesting society. So should it be with sin. We should flee from it at once, avoiding its first appearance, hating it in thought and word before it hatches into act, abhorring even the garment spotted by the flesh.

This holy jealousy to do the Lord's will must last continually. "I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually." I will always try to obey. I will always endeavor to avoid any transgression of the law. Now, dear friends, you see, this safety comes, and this special tenderness towards God's law comes of God's holding us up, for He holds us up so that we never go down. Under His incessant upholding we shall be "safe," and we shall be conscientious, but not otherwise. A few minutes' folly may ruin years of character. The man that is not held up goes down, and rolls in the mire, and he never is a conscientious man or a "safe" man, perhaps, for the rest of his life.

I know some that I hope are God's people, but they have not been upheld so as to be always complete in their integrity, and consequently they are not "safe." They are people that we have to watch over with great care, for we are afraid of them. We could not trust them to lead, for their example is a lame one. Moreover, they are not keenly, sensitively conscientious. They can go to much greater lengths than the Lord Jesus would approve, and yet they are members of the church, and pretty talkative members too. May God improve them and mend them. They need it, but God alone can do it, for they do not take their minister's plain hints.

So I close by commending to you, my dearly beloved in Christ, the prayer of the text, "Hold Thou me up."

EVERY MORNING

before you see the face of men register this prayer in heaven, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe, and I shall have respect unto Thy statutes continually." Are you going down stairs without that prayer? Then you may fall into sin at the breakfast table. You may lose your temper, and a trifle not worth noticing may put you off the tram lines for the day. Therefore pray ere the car moves.

You have taken your hat and your gloves, and you are going off to the city. Does it happen that there you meet careless, godless men? Are you tempted there? Then as you get into your train, or as you trudge along the pavement, breathe the prayer, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." You can meet the worst of men without fear. Did you say that you are not going to the city to-day? It is a day's excursion, is it? You are going into the country to see friends, or you are to make holiday with a few companions? All well and good. You may have such recreations very properly; but now is a special time for the prayer, "Hold Thou me up."

No, but that does not happen to be your lot. You are not indulged with a day's pleasure; you are going to perform a service surrounded with difficulty. It tries your brain and frets your heart. It is more than you feel at all able to carry through, and yet you must do it. Now is your peculiar time

of need. Now is the hour to pray, "Hold Thou me up." I have known young brethren who, when first they have gone to a bank, have been so anxious to have their balances right, and when they had gone round collecting have been so careful to be correct that they have made great errors; not through any dishonesty, but simply through their blundering because they were too excited. In their consuming anxiety to be exact they have confused themselves into error.

DO NOT BE NERVOUS,

but be prayerful. Ask the Lord to help you. Ask Him to help you about everything—about casting up a column of figures. My Lord Jesus counts the very hairs of His children's heads, and He will help them in their little things as well as in their great things; you may ask that you may have favor in the sight of those that employ you, and God will give it you if it be good for you. Only cry, "Lord, help me to do right; and if I make a mistake let it be a mistake; but do Thou hold me up and upright to the end."

But it may be, dear friends, that you are prospering. God is giving you success, and the desire of your heart has come to you. Be sure to pray earnestly, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe," for it is a dangerous thing for a child of God to prosper in this world, and yet it is a danger which many unwisely covet. If you are growing rich and great, pray God to hold you up. Or it may be that you are now going down into adversity. Things have gone wrong with you, as you think. You have to give up that fine house and lovely garden. You are moving into small rooms now. You need have small expenses, for your income has shrunk terribly. You hardly know how you shall support your wife and children. Now pray, "Hold Thou me up." Ask Him to uphold you still; He is able to do it, and as willing as He is able.

Ah, some of you are getting old; I respectfully commend to you this prayer as suitable for the close of life. Young people, you must pray, for your passions are strong, and your wisdom is little. O young men and maidens, pray each one of you, "Hold Thou me up." But, oh, dear aged brethren, excuse me who am so much younger, when I solemnly add, to you is this word of warning sent. Cease not to plead for upholding grace. Horses sometimes fall.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL;

the drivers grew careless, and thought there was no further need for caution, and down went the horse. The worst falls I have ever seen in the church of God have happened to elderly men, men of experience and years. All through Scripture we meet with cases of the aged falling into sin. Mind that. They boast their experience and wisdom; and then the devil laughs in his sleeve and makes fools of them.

And when we get to Jordan's brink, and the chill stream begins to rise to our ankles, what a blessing it is that the Lord will hold us up. "Courage, brother!" said Hopeful to Christian, when he was up to his neck in the stream—"Courage, my brother! I feel the bottom, and it is good." And so they joyfully crossed over and climbed the hill whereon the Celestial City was built. And there, I think, among the songs that we shall sing unto our Well-beloved this will be a peculiarly sweet one, "When I said, My foot slip-peth; Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 119: 113-128.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Dr. Sims.



Mr. H. M. Stanley's Meeting with Dr. Livingstone.



Mr. W. Appel.

MR. WILLIAM APPEL.

Continental Education—Religious Impressions—Conversion—Preparation for Mission Work—Christian Efforts—Call to the "Regions Beyond."

MR. WILLIAM APPEL, whose portrait appears on this page, was born in London on July 3d 1860. At the age of seven years he was sent to Hanau, near Frankfort-on-Maine, Germany, where he remained over four years for the purpose of receiving a continental education. During this period of his life he was a witness of many of the stirring scenes connected with the war between France and Prussia.

On his return to England in 1873 to continue and complete his studies, he found that he had quite forgotten the language of his childhood; but by the aid of a German teacher he soon made rapid progress in the acquisition of his native tongue. Having finished his educational course, the next thought before his mind was as to how he should spend his life, and, after some deliberation, he finally settled upon a commercial career.

Up to this time he was entirely a stranger to the grace of God, and, although leading a strictly moral life under the guardianship of his parents, was seeking only the fleeting pleasures which this life can afford. After a time, however, and without any apparent outside influence, he became dissatisfied with himself and was deeply impressed with his need of Christ, and of the reality of the Christian life. No one had ever spoken to him about his soul's salvation, and this Divine leading can only be attributed to the Spirit of the Lord calling forth his young servant to the work which He had for him to do.

Having been convinced that true happiness could not be derived from the world's pursuits he tried to live the life of a Christian, but failed in the attempt, made in his own strength, and became much discouraged with his religious experience. One Sunday evening while living in London, not knowing what place of worship to go to, and without any direct object in view, he found his way to a hall where the Rev. M. Baxter, *Editor of The Christian Herald*, was preaching on the speedy Second Advent of Christ, and here he became thoroughly impressed with the necessity of a

COMPLETE CHANGE OF HEART.

With this conviction before him he left the meeting; and that night, in his own bedroom, he took the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and consecrated his life to God. This change was the turning-point in his life. He attended religious meeting at every opportunity, and took the deepest interest in Christian work in London. His mind was attracted to foreign missionary work by attending

a class conducted by Mr. Richard Hill, Secretary of the China Inland Mission. He soon became impressed with the great need of the heathen in foreign lands, and was, at this time, much engaged in prayer on their behalf.

One night he found that not only had he been praying for the heathen, but had also, *unconsciously, offered himself* to God, if need be, for foreign service, by repeating the familiar words, "Here am I, send me." His interest in foreign mission work, after this, continued to increase; and his sympathies were chiefly drawn out on behalf of Africa. For a length of time he labored in various ways in London, in connection with various agencies of Christian usefulness.

GOD'S CALL TO THE "REGIONS BEYOND."

At this time he realized the distinct call of God to the "Regions Beyond," and at once communicated his convictions to his friends. He heard of Mr. Guinness's Training Institution for Foreign Missions, and after a time made application and was duly accepted as a student at Harley House, where he has remained in training for nearly two years and a half, with the object of going to the Congo region of Central Africa. His studies in the Institution have been largely of a scientific character, which will, undoubtedly, prove of the greatest help to missionary enterprise in the wide field which he is about to enter.

Mr. Appel has of late availed himself of a course of study in connection with the Royal Geographical Society, and has also been provided with the necessary instruments, which will enable him to help forward, in addition to missionary effort, the important work of geographical research. During his residence at Harley House, Mr. Appel, by his kind and courteous disposition, earned for himself the respect and esteem of his fellow-students, who now follow him with many prayers for his future usefulness and prosperity.

MEETING OF DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. H. M. STANLEY.

OUR illustration above, depicts a memorable incident in the life of the great missionary-explorer of the region to which Dr. Sims and Mr. Appel, whose portraits appear beside it, are going. Dr. Livingstone had penetrated far from his base of supplies in 1870, and so long was it since any communication had been received from him that fears were entertained of his death. Still he had so often been given up as lost and had returned, that his friends clung to the hope that he still lived. It was reserved for an *American newspaper correspondent* to set the doubts and fears at rest.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the representative of the *New York Herald*, at Madrid, the capital of

Spain, undertook the task of searching for the explorer. He landed at Zanzibar, on the Africa Coast, in January, 1871, from which point he set out for Ujiji. At that time Livingstone was provisionally journeying toward the same place from the west, as Stanley was approaching it from the east. After months of hard marching and imminent peril, bravely encountered and providentially escaped, Stanley and his party, on October 28th 1871, obtained a view of Lake Tanganyika.

Having feasted their eyes on this wonderful prospect, they hurried on with eager footsteps toward Ujiji, now close at hand. At length the sight of the town gladdened their eyes, for there they believed, if anywhere, tidings of Livingstone would be obtained. The American flag was flying out to the breeze, and when near the town muskets were fired to rouse the little town, which as yet knew nothing of the strange and unexpected visitors now at its gates. The natives hurry up by hundreds to ask what all this means, this fusillading, shouting and flag-flying. Arabs run up breathlessly to meet the party and ascertain where they came from. "Where is Livingstone?" is Stanley's first inquiry. Suddenly a man, a black man, at the young American's elbow, shouts in English, "How do you do, sir?" "Hallo! who in the world are you?" replies Stanley. "I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone," is the gratifying answer, and with the speed of the wind runs towards the town.

Stanley's own account of the discovery and interview is as follows: "We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a great triumphal procession. As we move, they move; all eyes are drawn toward us. The expedition at last comes to a halt; the journey is ended for a time, but I alone have few more steps to make. There is a group of the most respectful Arabs, and, as I come nearer, I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it; his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume;' and he says, 'Yes, *Finis coronat opus*.' The object of the long and perilous journey was achieved, and after giving Livingstone much needed succor and receiving his directions as to sending on assistance, Stanley returned to the coast while Livingstone continued his last long journey.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES.

It is not often that a more thrilling story is told than that related of an adventure which befell a party of Russian travellers one moonlight winter

night, in a forest in the interior of the country. A Russian merchant, with his family, travelling from St. Petersburg to their home in Central Russia were be-
 ated at a small posting town. The next stage must be travelled by sleigh, and it lay for some distance through a forest which had the bad reputation of being infested with wolves. None, however, had been seen for several months, and even when they had seemed to have lost much of their natural ferocity. Travellers, therefore, had been more venturesome and no fatality had occurred.

The merchant had good reason for hastening his journey. Both he and his wife were longing to reach home, for the unsettled state of the country and other reasons of a private nature made them uneasy when away. But when he announced his intention of proceeding at night, many warning protests were raised. Some prudent friends advised the party to remain in the town that evening and defer their journey till the morrow, and so great was the fear of venturing through the forest by moonlight that no driver could be found brave enough to undertake the journey.

Growing desperate, double fares were offered to induce some one of the sleigh-drivers to run the risk. Bribes of money proving insufficient, recourse was had to plentiful libations of their favorite spirit, and then heated with the liquor that had been freely supplied, one driver more reckless than the rest engaged to be ready to start in a few minutes, but his companions were successful in dissuading him, and so the merchant resolved to drive himself. He and his servant were both well armed, and wrapping up his wife and child to protect them from the cold, the party started for the run across the forest, just as the silver moon was rising over the horizon.

The distance to be travelled was not great, and the horses were fresh, and needed no urging to extra speed. It seemed as if a sense of the dangerous enterprise in which they were engaged animated them, and Orloff had not proceeded far from the confines of the town before he remarked to his wife that at the rate at which they were then travelling it would not be long before they would reach the first house in the next town. Scarce had the words passed from his lips before his ears were greeted with the distant baying of wolves. Well knowing that ere many moments were over they would be up with the sleigh, Orloff urged the already frightened steeds to increased speed, and handing the reins to his servant seized his gun and prepared for an encounter with the foe.

These preparations were only just completed when out from a cluster of tall pines some dozen wolves rushed. The howling creatures, with tongues protruding, and eyes glaring red, gained upon the travellers; but Orloff resolved to sell life dearly, and prepared, if need be, rather to lose his horses than that he or those dear to him should fall a prey to the appetite of the ferocious creatures now panting close in their wake. Just at this moment the wolves attacked one of the two foremost horses, and at the same time one bolder than the rest made a rush at the sleigh. Orloff fired, and



A Russian Merchant's Encounter with Wolves.

happily the shot told, and the wolf rolled over in the snow dead. The attention of the wolves was diverted from the sleigh to their fallen companion, which they at once commenced to devour, and all their energy was devoted to the rending and tearing of the victim thus provided.

It would have been easy while they were thus engaged to have sent a volley into the pack, but the necessity of husbanding ammunition was clear, and the merchant employed redoubled efforts to gain the outskirts of the town. Its welcome lights were now clearly visible across the snow, and if the next mile could be passed without the pack overtaking them they were safe. Their lives now hung on the race between their horses and the wolves on their track. They held their breath with terrible excitement. Again the ominous bay of the pack was heard, and looking back they could see them coming nearer. Now the merchant changed his tactics. He was so near the town that he might venture a chance shot. As soon, therefore, as the foremost wolf came within range he fired, and then taking advantage of the momentary closing in of the wolves, he fired again, hoping thus to provide his assailants with a full meal on each other. His scheme was successful. A long stretch of road lay between him and his enemies, and in a few minutes the hoofs of the horses were ringing on the bridge which marked the entrance to the town.

It was a narrow escape, such an one as leaves an indelible impression on the memory of those who pass through it. Between life with its joys and pleasures, and a horrible cruel death there was but a step, and those alone know the intensity of such a moment who have been in a position in

which they did not know whether the step would be taken or not. At such times men do their best and try all they know. The cause is that life is sweet and the danger of losing it imminent. But even if saved death eventually comes. We must die some time. It is strange that knowing this and knowing too that eternal life may be secured, men do not strive to obtain that endless joy with the earnestness they do to gain the smaller and limited boon of prolonged life on earth (John 6 : 40).

A Wrong Ticket. — A man said to Mr. Moody lately : "I thank God I can say that I am saved. Up to January, 1881, I was what may be termed a moral-living young man in a country parish. I was, however, far from God. Up to the date given, I was a Sabbath-school teacher, and I then was awakened by the Holy Spirit, though I did not think He was the Holy Spirit. I came to Glasgow on the 1st of February last, and went on a Sunday evening about a month afterward to the St. Andrew's Hall. However, I had a *wrong ticket*, and I was turned from the door. I wandered into Buchanan Street, and went into a meeting there. The text was 'Prepare to meet thy God.' The sermon did not seem to affect me ; but I placed myself in the way of the preacher, and had a conversation with him. He said, 'Are you on the road to heaven?' The time was when I could have said 'I hope so,' but I could not truly say so

now. He invited me to his house, and then we had some conversation, and in the end I saw there were but two sides to the question, either to decide for Christ or not—I was led to decide for Christ, and I have been resting on Him ever since."

COBWEEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 319.)

The Voice of the Dead.

IN his lonely garret in London, Jean Merle was living in an isolation more complete even than that of Engelberg. There he had known at least the names of those about him, and their faces had grown familiar to him. More than once he had been asked to help when help was sorely needed, and he had felt, though not quite consciously, that there was still a link or two binding him to his fellow-men. But here, *an unit among millions*, who hustled him at every step, breathed the same air, and shared the common light with him, he was utterly alone. "Isolation is the sum total of wretchedness to man," and no man could be more completely isolated than he.

Strangely enough, his Swiss proclivities seemed to have fallen from him like a worn-out garment. The narrow, humble existence of his peasant forefathers, to which he had so readily adapted himself, was no longer tolerable in his eyes. He felt all the force and energy of the life of the great city which surrounded him. His birthright as an Englishman presented itself to his imagination with a splendor and importance that it had never possessed before, even in those palmy days when it was no unthought-of honor that he might some day take his place in the House of Commons. He

called himself Jean Merle, for no other name belonged to him; but he felt himself to be an Englishman again, to whom the life of a Swiss peasant would be a purgatory.

Other natural instincts were asserting themselves. He had been a man of genial, social habits, glad to gather around him smiling faces and friendly voices; and this bias of his was stirring into life and shaking off its long stupor. He longed, with intense longing, for some mortal ear into which he could breathe the story of his sins and sufferings, and for some human tongue to utter friendly words of counsel to him. It was not enough to pour out his confessions before God in agonizing prayer; that he had done, and was doing daily. But it was not all. The natural *yearning for man's forgiveness*, spoken in living human speech, grew stronger within him. There was no longer a chance for him to make even a partial reparation of the wrong he had committed; he felt himself without courage to begin the long conflict again. What his soul hungered for now was to look at his life through another man's eyes.

But his money, economize it as he might, was slowly melting away. Unless he could get work—and all his efforts to find it failed—it would not do to remain in England. At Engelberg he had secured a position as a wood carver, and his livelihood was assured. There, too, he possessed a scanty knowledge of the neighbors, and they of him. It would be his wisest course to return there, to forget what he had been, and to draw nearer to him the simple and ignorant people, who might yet be won over to regard him with goodwill. This must be done before he found himself penniless as well as friendless. He therefore set aside a certain sum; when that was spent he must once more be an exile.

Until then, it was his life to pace to and fro along the streets of London. Somewhere in this vast labyrinth there was a home to which he had a right; a hearth where he could plant himself and claim it for his own. He was master of it, and of a wife, and children; he, the lonely, almost penniless man. It would have been a small thing to him now to pay the penalty the law could demand of him. A few years more or less in Dartmoor Prison would be nothing to him, if at the end of them he saw a home waiting for him to return to it. But he never sought to look at the exterior even of that spot to which he had a right. He made no effort to see Felicity.

He stayed till he touched his last shilling. It was already winter, and the short, dark days, with their thick fogs, made the wintry months little better than one long night. To-morrow he must leave England, never to return to it. He strayed aimlessly about the *gloomy streets*, letting his feet bear him whither they would, until he found himself looking down through the iron railings upon the deserted yard in front of the Houses of Parliament. The dark mass of the building loomed heavily through the *yellow fog*, but beyond it came the sound of bells ringing in the invisible Abbey.

It was the hour for morning prayer, and Jean Merle sauntered listlessly onwards until he reached the northern entrance and turned into the transept. The dim daylight scarcely lit up the lofty arches in the roof or the farther end of the long aisles, but he gave no heed to either. He sank down on a seat and bent his gray head on the back of the chair before him. The sweet solemn chanting of the white-robed choristers echoed under the roof, and the sacred and soothing tones of prayer floated past him. But he did not move or lift his head. He sat there absorbed in his own thoughts, and the hours seemed only as fleeting minutes to him. Visitors came and went, chatting close beside him, and the vergers, with their quiet footsteps, came one by one to look at this motionless, poverty-stricken form, whose face no man could see; but nobody disturbed him. He had a right to be there, as still, and as solitary, and as silent as he pleased.

But when, after three or four hours, Canon Pascal came up the long aisle to evening prayers, and saw again the *same gray head* bowed down in the same despondent attitude as he had left it in

the morning, he could scarcely refrain himself from pausing then and there, before the service proceeded, to speak to this man. He had caught a momentary glimpse of his face, and it had haunted him in his study during the interval, until he had half reproached himself for not answering to that silent appeal its wretchedness had made. But he had had no expectation of seeing it again.

It was dark by the time the evening service was over, and Canon Pascal hastily divested himself of his surplice, that he might not seem to approach the stranger as a clergyman, but rather as an equal. The Abbey was being cleared of its visitors, and the lights were being put out one by one, when he sat down on the seat next to Jean Merle's, and laid his hand with a gentle pressure on his arm. Jean Merle started and lifted up his head. It was too dark for them to see each other well; but Canon Pascal's voice was full of friendly urgency.

"They are going to close the Abbey," he said; "and you've been here all day without food, my friend. Is there any special reason why you should pass a long, dark winter's day in such a manner? I would be glad to serve you if I can. Perhaps you are a stranger in London?"

"I have been seeking the guidance of God," answered Jean Merle, in a bewildered yet unutterably sorrowful voice.

"That is good," replied Canon Pascal; "that is the best. But it is good also at times to seek man's guidance. It is God, doubtless, who has sent me to you. As His servant, I earnestly desire to serve you."

"If you would listen to me under a solemn seal of secrecy!" cried Jean Merle.

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Canon Pascal.

"Is it a confessor you want?"

"I am not a Catholic," he answered; "but there is a strong desire in my soul to confess. My burden would be lighter if any man would share it, so far as to keep my secret."

"Does it touch the life of any fellow-creature?" inquired Canon Pascal; "is there any great crime in it?"

"No; not what you are thinking," he said; "there is sin in it; ay, and crime; but not a crime like that."

"Then I will listen to it under a solemn promise of secrecy, whatever it may be," replied Canon Pascal. "But the vergers are waiting to close the Abbey. Come with me; my home is close by, within the precincts."

Jean Merle had risen obediently as he spoke, but, exhausted and weary, he staggered as he stood upon his feet. Canon Pascal drew his arm within his own. This simple action was to him full of a friendliness to which he had been long a stranger. To clasp another man's hand, to walk arm-in-arm with him, he felt keenly how much of implied brotherhood was in that. He was ready to go anywhere with Canon Pascal, almost as a child guided and cared for by an older and wiser brother.

They passed out of the Abbey into the cloisters, dimly lighted by the lamps, which had been lit in good time this dark November evening. The low, black-browed arches, which had echoed to the footsteps of sorrow-stricken men for more than eight hundred years, resounded to their tread as they walked beneath them in silence. Jean Merle suffered himself to be led without a question, like one in a dream. There seemed some faint reminiscence from the past of this man, with his harsh features, and kindly, genial expression, the deep-set eyes, beaming with a benign light from under the rugged eyebrows, and the firm yet friendly pressure of his guiding arm; and his mind was groping about the dark labyrinth of memory to seize his former knowledge of him, if there had ever been any. There was a *vague apprehension* about him lest he should discover that this friend was no stranger, and his tongue must be tied, even though what he was about to say would be under the inviolable seal of secrecy.

They had not far to go, for Canon Pascal turned aside into a little square, open to the black November sky, and stopping at a door in the gray, old walls, opened it with a latch-key. They entered a

narrow passage, and Canon Pascal turned at once to his study, which was close by. As he pushed open the door, he said "Go in, my friend, I will be with you in a moment."

Jean Merle saw before him an old-fashioned room with a low ceiling. There was no light beside the warm, red glow of a fire, which was no longer burning with yellow flame, but which lit up sufficiently the figure of a woman seated on a low stool on the hearth, with her head resting on the hand that shaded her eyes. It was a figure familiar to him in his old life—that life which lay on the other side of Roland Sefton's grave. He had seen the same well-shaped head, with its soft brown hair, and the round outline of the averted cheek and chin, a thousand times in old Marlowe's cottage on the uplands, sitting in the red firelight as she was sitting now.

All the intervening years were swept away in an instant—his bitter anguish and unavailing repentance—the long solitude and gnawing remorse—all was swept clean away from his mind. He felt the strength and freshness of his boyhood come back to him, as if the breeze of the uplands was blowing softly yet keenly across his throbbing and fevered temples. Even his voice caught back for the moment the ring of his early youth as he stood on the threshold, forgetting all else but the sight that filled his eyes. "Phebe!" he cried; "little Phebe Marlowe!"

The cry startled Phebe, but she did not move. It was the voice of one long since dead that rang in her ears—dead, and faithfully mourned over; and every nerve tingled, and her heart seemed to stay its beating. Roland Sefton's voice! She did not doubt it or mistake it. The call had been too real. She had answered to it too many times to be mistaken now. In those days of utter silence, when dumb signs only had passed between her and her father, Roland's pleasant voice had sounded too gladly in her ears ever to be forgotten or confounded with another. But how could she hear it now? The voice of the dead! how could it reach her? A strange pang of mingled joy and terror paralyzed her. She sat motionless and bewildered, with a thrill of passionate expectation quivering through her. Let Roland speak again; she could not answer his first call!

"Phebe!" She heard the cry again; but this time the voice was low, and lamentable, and despairing. For in the few seconds he had been standing, arrested on the threshold, the whole past had flitted through his brain in dismal procession. She lifted herself up slowly and mechanically from her low seat, and turned her face reluctantly toward the spot from which the startling call had come. In the dusky red light stood the form of the one friend to whom she had been faithful with the utter faithfulness of her nature. Whence he came she knew not—she was afraid of knowing. But *he was there himself*, and not another like him. There was a change, she could see that dimly; but not such a change as could disguise him from her. Of late, while she had been painting his portrait from memory, every recollection of him had been revived with keener vividness. Yet the terror of beholding him again on this side of death struck her dumb. She stretched out her hands toward him, but she could not speak.

"I must speak to Phebe Marlowe alone!" said Jean Merle to Canon Pascal, and speaking in a tone of irresistible earnestness. "I have that to say to her which no one else can hear. *She is God's messenger to me.*"

"Shall I leave you with this stranger, Phebe?" asked Canon Pascal.

She made a gesture simply; her lips were too parched to speak.

"My dear girl, I will stay, if you please," he said again.

"No," she breathed, in a voice scarcely audible.

"There is a bell close at your hand," he went on, "and I shall be within hearing of it. I will come myself if you ring it however faintly. You know this man?"

"Yes," she answered.

She saw him look across at her with an encouraging smile; and then the door was shut, and she was alone with her mysterious visitor.

They stood silent for a few moments ;—moments which seemed hours to Phebe. The stranger—for who could be so great a stranger as one who had seen many years dead?—had advanced only a step or two from the threshold, and paused as if some invisible barrier was set up between them. She had shrunk back, and stood leaning against the wall for the support her trembling limbs needed. It was with a vehement effort that at last she spoke.

"Roland Sefton!" she faltered.

"Yes!" he answered, "I am that most miserable man."

"But you died," she said with quivering lips, "fourteen years ago."

"No, Phebe, no," he replied; "would to God I had died then."

Once more an agony of mingled fear and joy overwhelmed her. This dear voice, so lamentable and hopeless, so well remembered in all its tones, told her that he was still living, whom she had mourned over so many years. But what could this mystery mean? What had he passed through? What was about to happen now? A tumult of thoughts thronged to her brain. But clearest of all came the assurance that he was alive, standing here, desolate, changed, and friendless. She ran to him, and clasped his hands in hers; stooping down and kissing them, those hard worn hands, which he left unresistingly in her grasp. These loving and deferential caresses belonged to the time when she was a humble country girl, and he the friend very far above her.

"Come closer to the fire, your hands are cold, Mr. Roland," she said, speaking in the old, long-used accent of her early days, as she might have spoken to him while she was yet a child. He threw a few logs on the fire, and drew up Jonathan Pascal's chair to the hearth for him. She felt spellbound; and as if she had been suddenly thrust back upon those old times.

"I am no longer Roland Sefton," he said, sinking down into the chair; "he died, as you say, many a long year ago. Do not light the lamp, Phebe; let us talk by the fire-light."

The flicker of the flames creeping round the dry wood played upon his face, and her eyes were fastened upon it. Could this man really be Roland Sefton, or was she being tricked by her fancy?

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

S.S. Lesson for June 4, Mark 9: 2-13. Golden Text, John 1: 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

DURING the whole period of His ministry, our blessed Lord was carrying on His disciples' education and preparing them to be witnesses of His resurrection and His Messiahship. He had unfolded to them something of the cost which following Him involved, and the question might have presented itself: "Is that which we gain really worth such a sacrifice?" He had said unto them, "Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." But the meaning of these words was entirely hidden from them until after six days, when "Jesus took with Him Peter, and James, and John, and led them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and He was transfigured before them." We know not whether even then they recognized the fulfilment of their Lord's prediction. But they gazed upon that face shining as the sun; upon that shining raiment "exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them." He was

THE SAME, YET DIFFERENT,

human and yet invested with supernatural glory. The kingdom of God in that glorified form was come with power, the Man Christ Jesus was manifest in glory, weakness was changed to strength, humiliation exchanged for wondrous radiance. The three apostles were in society such as they had never known before: "There appeared unto them Elias, with Moses; and they were talking with Jesus."

Dull as were the disciples, their spiritual sensibilities were awake enough to make them cry,

"Master it is good for us to be here." But they did not say that which would perhaps most have rejoiced their Master's heart, "Now, Lord, we begin to see that it is worth while to lose our own lives for Thee." It is a common thing for Christians to like well enough to get into a good, warm, spiritual atmosphere where faith is in active operation, and where the power and reality of the presence of God can be felt. But there are few who are willing so to forsake all that they have and to give themselves up so unreservedly to God, that He can fill them with His Spirit and make them continuously inhale and exhale a spiritual atmosphere. How often we hear believers talking of good times which they have had in such and such a meeting, how they felt the presence of God, how the things of time seemed to loose hold upon them, and it was as though heaven were begun; and yet, no sooner were they in other surroundings than all was changed, the world resumed its power, and they succumbed to the influence of minds not in harmony with God.

Peter said, "Let us make three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." O how little knew Peter of the Master's heart! If he had his way, there would have been no atonement made for his sins, or for the sins of others, three men would have had a season of unspeakable joy, and then they and the whole world beside would have perished. But is not this just the spirit which actuates the large number who are seeking spiritual enjoyment in attending meetings, who are drinking in all the refreshment they can, yielding themselves up to all the excitement, and yet not yielding themselves as living sacrifices to be at God's disposal; to do, to say, to suffer, to endure, all to which He may call them?

MARY MAGDALENE

drank more deeply into the spirit of her Lord when, after she had found Him again, whose sepulchre she had so mournfully and faithfully watched, He sent her to tell the message of resurrection and she went. Surely she might have said, "It is good for me to be here, entreat me not to leave Thee." But to do the will of Jesus at any cost to herself, was dearer to her than to enjoy Jesus, and yield to self-satisfaction. Peter "wist not what to say" (Luke says he knew not what he said), "for they were sore afraid." Afraid and yet happy! Perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. Until the disciples had learned implicit confidence in their Lord, they were not in a condition to make tabernacles for the glorified; they were permitted to look upon the glories of a spiritual body, but they had yet to complete their education and their service in their own natural bodies.

While Peter "thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is My beloved Son; hear Him" (Luke 9: 34, 35). After his selfish wish, Peter lost sight of Jesus and of His saints. Their discourse about His death which He should accomplish at Jerusalem ceased, and only three astonished and perplexed disciples were left enveloped in the cloud. Peter, who had rejected the cross, who had said to the Lord about His death, "Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee;" Peter was not prepared either to understand, or to enter into their discourse. And the disciples, who were struck with terror when their Lord had walked upon the water, were filled with fear now. O how they needed to be saved from fear, to be established in their confidence, to learn unbounded reliance upon Him whom they owned to be the Christ, the Son of the living God! And yet they have transmitted their fear and inconsistency through all generations of believers until this day.

Who is there among the children of God who does not own Jesus to be the Christ, yet who relies on Him as such? Who claims the wonder-working power of the Son of the Most High God, in his life, as it was exercised in the life of Jesus Himself? Who expects to do the works which He did, and yet greater (John 14: 12)? God has long patience with His poor weak children, and when He cannot bring us up to His glory, He comes

down to our weakness. He spoke out of the cloud, to comfort and strengthen the failing hearts of the disciples, and said, "This is My beloved Son; in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him" (Matt. 17: 5).

Peter, speaking later on of this time, says, "And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount" (2 Peter 1: 18). How came it then that the same Peter denied his Lord with oaths and curses, when the very things came to pass which He had predicted? O how clearly we see that no past experience, and no measure of knowledge, can keep a child of God from sin; if God does not keep him, he must fall. Peter had faith, knowledge, zeal, devotion, and yet because he relied on himself he fell.

"HEAR HIM,"

this was the message from heaven, and this is the will of God. Let our ears be open all day long to all which Jesus says, and we cannot go wrong; but O how slow we are to shut our ears to our own desires, imaginations, and preconceptions, and to hear Him.

John bore testimony to the transfiguration of Jesus, and said, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." Peter dwelt more on the voice from heaven, John more on the Person of Him who spoke; the one was impressed with the authority, the other with the grace (the undeserved love) and the truth and righteousness of his Lord. The voice of God dispersed the cloud; "suddenly when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves." They had been vouchsafed a glance into the future, when Christ will come down with His glorified saints to reign over, and to commune with, men upon the earth (Rev. 5: 10; Luke 19: 17, 19; 1 Cor. 6: 2). But that time was not yet come, the reigning Messiah, on whom their hearts were set, must first be the suffering Messiah, the cross must precede the crown, for "before honor is humility" (Prov. 18: 12).

"And as they came down from the mountain, He charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead." This was not the first occasion when Jesus had spoken to them about His resurrection, but it so ill accorded with their own ideas, that no ray of light upon His meaning penetrated their souls; so "they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean." He had told them He must be killed and rise again, they had seen Him raise the daughter of Jairus, and knew thereby that He had power over death; but that He should die was so contrary to their thoughts that they could not admit it, and they were consequently all at sea about His teaching.

"They asked Him, saying, Why say the scribes that Elias must first come? And He answered and told them, Elias verily cometh first, and restoreth all things; and how it is written of the Son of man, that He must suffer many things, and be set at nought." This repetition of His former declaration made no impression on them; they heard as though they heard it not. And He continued, "But I say unto you, That Elias is indeed come, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed, as it is written of him." "Then the disciples understood that He spake unto them of John the Baptist" (Matt. 17: 13).

O how this glorious transfiguration of our Lord holds out to us the glory which shall be revealed when the time is come for "the manifestation of the sons of God," when "this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality," when we shall all be changed, although "we shall not all sleep" (1 Cor. 15: 51, 53), when we shall realize the end of the groaning to which we and the creation are subject, even "the redemption of our body" (Rom. 8: 23). But transfigured bodies require transfigured souls, and even now the transformation is being made, for they who behold "as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. 3: 18).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The New Bill to Assist Irish Tenants who are in danger of eviction for the non-payment of arrears of rent was introduced in the British House of Commons on May 15th by Mr. Gladstone. The proposed arrangement is that where no rent has been paid since November, 1878, the tenant shall pay one year's rent, the government will pay one year's rent on his behalf, and the owner will be required to remit the remainder. The government will appropriate the necessary amount from the confiscated property of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone explained that the bill was limited to tenancies up to \$150, Griffiths' valuation. The bill is to be administered by a land commission, which will be assisted by a county court judge, before whom the tenant will be obliged to prove inability to pay arrears. Either the landlord or the tenant may apply to the commission.

The Irish Police are Still Searching Unsuccessfully for the murderers of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke. A Dublin despatch says that the police have discovered that the car in which the murderers escaped was hired by a stranger from a stable in the southern part of the city, and was returned about eight o'clock on the evening of the murder. The police hope to be able to trace the driver. The assassins dispersed when the car returned to the stable on the night of the murder. The police merely suspect who the driver is. They have the man under surveillance, and he may be arrested, but the detectives have no chance of bringing home his guilt unless an informer comes forward.

The Treaty of Kilmainham is the Phrase Applied to the arrangement made between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, under which the latter recovered his liberty. It was strenuously insisted upon, at first, both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell that the release had been unconditional, but on May 15th Mr. Parnell rose in the House of Commons and read a copy of the letter he had written from his prison, which had been submitted to the Cabinet and had led to his release. This letter stated Mr. Parnell's views of what it was necessary to do in order to satisfy the Irish party. These views were that on the question of arrears a settlement had become imperatively essential, and if this were of a satisfactory kind it would enable the Irish party to show the small tenants that they were being met with justice and generosity, from which he confidently hoped that by the efforts which they would then strenuously and unremittably be able to make, outrages and intimidation would be stopped. Mr. Forster, the ex-Secretary for Ireland, was present in the House and had with him the original letter submitted to the Cabinet. At the close of Mr. Parnell's statement Mr. Forster produced the letter, which was read. From this it appeared that Mr. Parnell had omitted to read a most important section, in which he had said: "This will enable the Irish party in future cordially to co-operate with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles." This omitted passage the House of Commons regarded as equivalent to a promise that if Mr. Parnell were released he would support Mr. Gladstone on party questions. This had so much the appearance of a bargain, the existence of which both gentlemen had emphatically denied, that no little excitement was caused, in the midst of which one member said that the compact with the suspects "was unexampled in infamy." He declared that the statements of Mr. Gladstone might be verbally accurate, but they were substantially inaccurate.

Mr. Parnell has Explained to a Correspondent of the New York Herald his object in treating with the government for a release from prison. He said, we saw evictions, daily increasing in number, of poor tenants utterly unable to pay rents; 7000 persons having been evicted during the first quarter of this year. We had every reason to fear that during each ensuing quarter the number would increase, and that there would be 21,000 persons evicted for the current quarter, and possibly many more, as we know that the greater proportion of small tenants in the counties of Sligo, Donegal, Leitrim, Mayo, Galway, Kerry, and parts of Roscommon, where the famine reached such an extent

in 1879-80, had merely settled temporarily with their landlords by paying them six and twelve months' rent on account. They were still liable for arrears to the extent of from three to five, and in many cases seven and eight years, and in some instances fifteen years; and that as time went on, if no settlement of the arrears question took place, they would be literally turned out in thousands during the coming winter. On the other hand outrages were daily increasing in number and gravity. We were threatened with this Coercion bill, which has been introduced in the House. The situation summed up then was—wholesale and daily increasing evictions, stringent and even severe coercion with savage retaliation." Under these circumstances he said he considered himself justified in making the offer he had done. The statement, it is understood, was made by Mr. Parnell for circulation in America in the hope that it might lead to a recovery of his popularity here, which his bargain with the government has impaired.

A List has been Published of the Outrages committed in Ireland during the first quarter of the year. It shows that there were six murders without a single conviction. Altogether 1417 outrages were committed, for which only fifty-one persons were apprehended. Of these twenty-one were convicted.

Another Attempt to Blow up the Mansion House in London, where the Lord Mayor of that city resides, was made on May 12th. A telegram to the New York Herald says, "A suspicious-looking canister was discovered outside of the Mansion House at half past nine o'clock P.M. It was suspended by a brass hook to the railing in front of the building. Attached to it was a lighted fuse, which was extinguished by a policeman. The fuse was made of rag soaked with paraffine, and was inserted in a hole in the box. The box was full of blasting powder. It is twelve inches long and six inches in diameter. The police around the Mansion House and other city buildings have been doubled, and many reserve policemen have been called out for extra duty."

The Garfield House Home in England for working girls was opened on Wednesday, May 17th. Mr. James R. Lowell, our Minister at the British Court, performed the inaugural ceremony. He has himself contributed \$250 toward the expenses of founding the Home. It is situated on Brixton Road, London. A luncheon was served at which there was a large assemblage, including the Countess of Jersey, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. William H. Gladstone and Canon Spence. Mr. Lowell said he had been drawn to the opening of the Home, first, by the name of Garfield, and, second, by his own real interest in the object of the institution. He referred to the good the Peabody buildings had done in London. Letters of regret at their inability to be present were read from Mr. Spurgeon, Lord Salisbury, Lord Cairns, and the Lord Mayor of London.

The Ring Theatre in Vienna Destroyed by fire on December 8th, 1881, appears to have been a regular death-trap. On the first day of the trials of the persons charged with responsibility for the catastrophe, the manager of the theatre conveyed a vivid impression of the bad arrangement of the structure by declaring that *the passages were all labyrinths*, and that after having been there for weeks he could never find his way to his own office or even to the staircase leading to it without guidance.

The Crisis in Egypt has Ended in the Submission of the Ministers to the Viceroy. The despatches say: "The Cabinet completely submitted to the Khédive. They kissed his hands and garments, implored his pardon and expressed loyalty. The Khédive received them coldly. He said he would sink personal differences to save the country, which was placed in serious danger. The Ministers withdrew humiliated. The English squadron, consisting of six vessels, has arrived in Suda Bay. It is reported that the Turkish squadron in the Archipelago has been ordered to Suda Bay. The French squadron has also arrived in the same harbor. The Khédive was advised by the English and French Consuls to pardon the Ministry. The English Consul issued a proclamation declaring

that the presence of the Anglo-French fleet is purely amicable, and that no occupation would take place if the negotiations with the Egyptian Government were successful. The attitude of the army is still doubtful. The whole country, excepting the army, is loyal to the Khédive.

Prince Victor Napoleon, whom Prince Louis Napoleon named in his will heir to the tradition and claims of the Napoleons, in a recent letter written from Heidelberg in Germany, says: "I am leading here a life of study and work. My sole thought is to become worthy of the name I bear and to prepare to serve my country well when duty calls me to do so." He adds, however, that he is loyal to his father, Prince Napoleon Jerome, and should always resent any attempt to advance himself before his father.

The Proposals for a Truce Between Chili and Peru were presented to the Peruvian representative by Mr. Trescott, the United States Envoy, on April 26th, on behalf of Chili. The principal condition was that Chili should keep the province of Tarapaca as a conquest and that Peru should be obliged to sell to Chili the Peruvian province of Arica. The proposals were promptly rejected, and Señor Elmore, the Peruvian Minister at Washington, in commenting upon the news, says that the province of Tarapaca is worth \$1,000,000,000, and that under the proposed arrangement Chili would virtually buy the province of Arica with Peruvian money derived from the province of Tarapaca.

The Colonization of the Jews in Palestine is a project of which Mr. Oliphant is still sanguine. He is reported as saying that in Palestine, the Jews, provided they have some money of their own, will be able to form a compact body, which will represent the most prosperous and intelligent element of the local population. Mr. Oliphant states that he is going to Roumania in order to hold a consultation with the local committees of emigration, and thence to Constantinople and Palestine. The Sultan, he now says, displays the greatest willingness to receive the Jews, and has promised to extend many privileges to them on their settling in Palestine.

The Losses Russia has Sustained by the anti-Jewish riots are thus summarized by the St Petersburg newspaper correspondent. He says "According to trustworthy data the material damage done by the anti-Jewish movement, including houses, breadstuffs and other property destroyed and money taken away by the emigration of Jews, amounts to \$110,000,000, all lost to Russia. To this must be added the losses resulting from the prevention of labor and profit, not only of the Jews, but of others during the riots, and from the stagnation of trade generally, which would increase the total by many more millions."

A Monument in Memory of William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible into English, is to be erected in London. At a meeting of the committee charged with the execution of the project, held in London recently, it was agreed that J. E. Boehm, the eminent sculptor should prepare and place a bronze statue ten feet in height upon a granite pedestal, on a site granted for the purpose, on the Thames Embankment. The expense of the monument will be \$12,000 toward which \$6000 have already been guaranteed by subscribers.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 6 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1882.

16th Year. No. 22.—New Series.

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Mr. BROWNLOW NORTH, the Scottish Evangelist.—Three Scenes in his Life.

MR. BROWNLOW NORTH,
The Eminent Scottish Evangelist.

Birth in 1810—Parentage and Ancestry—School Life—Visit to Corfu—"The Grand Tour"—Narrow Escape from Death at Cheltenham—Goes to Ireland and Marries in 1828—Ruined by Gambling—Removes to Boulogne—Enlists as a Volunteer in the Army of Dom Pedro, in Portugal—Return Home, and Settlement in Scotland—A Memorable Dinner—Student-life—His Ordination Prevented—Return to the Old Life—Convinced of Sin while Playing Cards—Constrained to Pray in the Presence of a Domestic—Begins to Work for Christ—First Address in the Open Air—His Twenty Years' Evangelistic Work—Preaches in Scotland—The Great Ulster Revival—First Visit to London—Evangelistic Labors—His Last Harvest—A Singular Procession—Illness and Death.

IT is well that examples of conspicuous instances of the omnipotent grace of God should be brought prominently before the attention of believers, as well for their encouragement in persevering prayer as for an incentive to them in seeking every opportunity to lead even the worst of sinners to the Saviour. This is one of the reasons why THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week publishes the portrait of the eminent evangelist Mr. Brownlow North, with a sketch of his eventful life. As it will be seen, his remarkable energy and his wonderful eloquence were signally blessed of God to the conversion of sinners, though for many years, in spite of his early Christian training and notwithstanding continual prayer to God for him, he led a godless, wicked life.

Brownlow North, one of the most eminent and successful evangelists of the present century, was born at Chelsea, near London, England, on January 6th, 1810. His father was the Rev. C. A. North, Rector of Alverstoke, Hants, and his grandfather was Dr. Brownlow North, who was successively bishop of the sees of Lichfield, Worcester, and Winchester. The family has produced several members who have exercised an appreciable influence on the community, both in Church and State.

From a very early period the boy gave unmistakable evidence of considerable shrewdness and much natural quickness of mind. At nine years of age he was sent to Eton, and remained there until he was sixteen. He was a great favorite with his fellow-scholars, and though by no means an industrious pupil, he gained a great reputation as a swimmer, and for athletic accomplishments generally. The prayers and pious training of his mother, who was a most godly woman, bore as yet no fruit in the wild and wayward character of her boy, who was not simply indifferent to her affectionate admonitions, but, unhappily, manifested the strongest aversion to all that was good.

In 1825, his father died, and young Brownlow was removed from Eton, and went out to Corfu with his cousin, Lord Guildford, who was Chancellor of the Ionian Islands, where he had founded a Theological College, in which it was hoped that his young relative might be induced to continue his studies. Nothing, however, seemed able to subdue the wild, high spirits of the lad; and Lord Guildford, after finding one day that the window of his class room had been made the winning post and last jump of an amateur steeple-chase, which Brownlow had got up, regretfully sent him home to England again, as beyond his control.

"THE GRAND TOUR."

He was then sent abroad with a tutor, to make, as it was then termed, "the grand tour;" but this experiment, owing to an unfortunate selection of a tutor, proved as unsatisfactory as the preceding, for discovering his tutor in a gambling saloon the first night after their arrival in Paris, he insisted, under penalty of exposure, that all the books they had brought with them from home should be left behind at Paris, as unnecessary encumbrances. Afterward, on the journey to Rome, he won from the unhappy tutor at play all the money with which he had been entrusted to defray the expenses of the tour, so that their position became completely reversed; the pupil was now master, and the tutor only tolerated as a useful and humble companion.

Upon his return from the Continent he joined his

mother, who then resided at Cheltenham. He was now *seventeen* years of age, and being very fond of dancing and riding, he found in that fashionable town both these pleasures in profusion. So great an impression did he make upon his fair partners, and so unprincipled was he, that he proposed to no fewer than nineteen ladies in one winter, and was accepted by them all!

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

His propensity for riding, which developed itself in galloping up and down the promenade, a long straight boulevard, would undoubtedly have been attended with fatal consequences, had not a merciful Providence watched over him and interposed to save his life. He was racing with one of his companions, and had just been successful, when his hair-brained rival challenged him again to another contest. They started at full speed, and when coming down the hill and round a corner, there stood right before them a heavy travelling carriage and a pair of post chaises. To avoid a collision was clearly impossible, and Brownlow went dashing on and *straight against the body of the carriage*. His companion was thrown over the top and received such serious injuries that he shortly died. (*This scene is depicted in the left hand section of the upper portion of our front picture.*)

This melancholy event made Cheltenham no longer agreeable to him, so having several friends in Ireland, he determined to cross the Channel, and try

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

There one attraction at least he found potent, for the daughter of a highly-esteemed Protestant clergyman so captivated him, that he made her an offer of his hand, and was married to Grace Ann, second daughter of Rev. Dr. Coffey, of Galway, on December 12th, 1828, *before he had completed his nineteenth year.*

About this period, however, great, and to him most important, changes had taken place in the circle of his relations. His kind old friend Earl Guilford had died, and been succeeded in the earldom by his uncle Francis, his father's eldest brother. Brownlow was now the next heir to the peerage, for his uncle was childless. Naturally an austere man, he had no sympathy with the youthful extravagances of his nephew, and when the death of his wife took place, he decided upon marrying again. He did so, and became the father of a family, and his grandson now perpetuates the name, Dudley Francis, Seventh Earl of Guildford.

RUINED BY GAMBLING.

His expectations of a fortune and a peerage being thus doomed to disappointment, and his young wife having borne him two sons, the question of maintenance became one of most pressing importance to Brownlow North. His sole income was derived from his fees as registrar of the diocese of Winchester and Surrey, to which office he had been appointed when quite a youth, by his grandfather, the bishop. At this time he was in receipt of about \$1500 per annum, a sum quite insufficient for his habits; so to improve his finances he had recourse to the gaming-table, and with such bad success that he lost a much larger sum than he could pay; he therefore concluded to leave England for Boulogne, taking his wife and children with him.

There for some time he amused himself as before; but finding his funds running low, and wishing for fresh excitement, he sent his sorrow-stricken wife and children home to his mother, and started off as

A VOLUNTEER FOR DOM PEDRO'S ARMY

in Portugal. After an interval of several months, Dom Pedro's affairs being settled, the prodigal returned home, to be forgiven; and in the summer of 1835 he accompanied his brother-in-law to Scotland. His wife and two children went with him; and from that time till his death, more than forty years afterward, Scotland was the land of his adoption and the home of his choice.

Gay, pleasure-seeking, and ungodly though he was, it must not be imagined that he had no up-braidings of conscience, no stirrings of the Holy Spirit, and no seasons when he resolved to forsake self and sin, and seek the Lord. On the contrary, like most persons who have been trained at a

Christian mother's knee, he was, during his life, the subject of deep religious impressions, these impressions more than once awakened those who yearned for the salvation of his soul, hope that he was about to give himself to Christ, but, alas! all his fair promises of amendment faded as the morning cloud or the early dew.

A MEMORABLE DINNER.

The cause of the deepest religious conviction which he experienced, previous to his awakening and conversion, was a conversation which the late Duchess of Gordon, a godly woman, had with him at the dinner-table at Huntly Lodge. He was staying in Huntly at the time, engaged in shooting, and utterly careless and ungodly. Some of his friends having written to the Duchess, urging her to take some notice of him, with the object of withdrawing him from his evil courses and companionships, she gave him an invitation to dinner. When at dinner, Brownlow North sat beside his generous hostess, and suddenly said to her with much gravity, "Duchess, what should a man do who has often prayed to God and never been answered?" She looked inquiring in the face, and said quietly, so as not to be overheard by others, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts" (James 4:3). His countenance changed, and he indicated much perturbation of mind during the remainder of the evening. (*The right hand panel in the upper portion of frontispiece represents this incident.*)

BECOMES A STUDENT AT OXFORD.

Not long after this his heart was further softened and impressed by the dangerous illness of a second son, Brownlow, to whom he was much attached, and by perusing a little book which the Duchess of Gordon had given Mrs. North to read to her sick child. So deep and apparently hopeful was this impression, that he determined to change entirely his mode of life, commence a course of study at Oxford, and take a degree with a view to entering the ministry of the Episcopal Church. A few months later he matriculated at Magdalen Hall as a Gentleman Commoner. Though he did not know even the Greek alphabet when he began his self-imposed task, such was the power of his memory, and so intense his application, that he passed his examinations with credit and distinction.

INTENDED ORDINATION PREVENTED.

For a considerable time after entering Oxford he corresponded regularly with the Duchess of Gordon, who had also written to some of her friends to look after him there. When he was almost ready for ordination, and had obtained the promise of a curacy at Olney, the bishop was made acquainted, by an anonymous letter, with some of the excesses of his early years; which led him to make further inquiry. North had also some qualms of conscience in the matter, for he afterward told his friend the Duchess of Gordon, that at a private interview the bishop said to him, "Mr. North, if I were in your position, and you in mine, would you ordain me?" to which he candidly replied, "*My Lord, I would not.*"

THE OLD LIFE OF PLEASURE.

After this he threw himself openly into his old life of pleasure and sin. He forgot God, and wished that God would forget him. In 1845 he took moors for shooting in Scotland. His influence and example upon his friends and associates, and upon the whole neighborhood, was very pernicious. He delighted in shocking the Christian principles of his neighbors, and on a Sunday, when other people were going to church, he would often be seen driving along the road in a dog-cart with his gun or fishing-tackle, for a day's sport.

CONVINCED OF SIN WHILE PLAYING CARDS.

In the beginning of November, 1854, while he had still health and vigor to relish sport upon the moors as much as ever, his thoughts were often troubled about his relationship to an insulted and neglected God. Prayer was still ascending for him, and the great crisis in his spiritual history was at hand. One night, *while he was sitting playing at cards*, he was unexpectedly filled with the greatest concern about the safety of his soul. The occasion of his anxiety was a sensation of sudden illness, which led him to think that he was going

e. He said to his son, "I am a dead man; take me upstairs." As soon as this was done, he threw himself down on the bed. His first thought then was, "Now, what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell, and what good will these things do me, for which I have sold my soul?" At that moment he felt impelled to pray for mercy. He afterward said—

CONSTRAINED TO PRAY.

"I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet all there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to cry for mercy, and that was the presence of the maid-servant in the room, lighting my fire. Though I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, yet it was a balance with me, a thing to turn this way or that, I could not tell now, whether I should wait till that woman left the room, or whether I should fall on my knees and cry for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees before that girl, and I believe it was the turning point with me." (*This episode is represented in the left hand picture of the lower portion of the frontispiece.*) On the following day he announced publicly to his friends staying in the house, and to others by letter, that from that instant he had become a changed man.

Thus suddenly arrested, awakened, and reformed, it was some time before Mr. North found peace through a loving faith in Christ. He underwent a severe and long period of deep spiritual conflict, which made the strong man become feeble through the intensity of his emotion and the protractedness of his distress.

HOW A LONG SPIRITUAL FIGHT WAS WON.

At length he was delivered out of all his distresses and perplexities, and the following is his own description of how the fight was won, and the peace of God was gained. "I had risen from my bed in my soul agony—I was unable to sleep—and had gone into my closet to read my Bible. The portion I was reading was the third chapter of Romans; and as I read the twentieth and following verses, a new light seemed to break in on my soul. 'By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in God's sight.' That I knew. But then I went on to read, 'But now, *now*, the righteousness of God *without the law* is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ *unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference.*' With that passage came light into my soul. Springing from my chair, I cried, 'If that Scripture be true, I am a saved man! That is what I want; that is what God offers me.'"

BEGINS TO WORK FOR CHRIST.

And now the light having been kindled, it must shine; the fountain having been opened, its waters must flow forth. About eleven months after his *awakening* at Dallas, he felt it to be his duty to render some service for the Lord, but thought he could not. It was suggested to him that he might at least distribute tracts, but he felt that to do so would make himself ridiculous, and that the people would laugh at him and call him mad. At last he resolved to try, and putting a number of tracts into his pocket, he went into the most secluded part of Elgin, in which he was then living. The first person he met was an old woman, who amazed him by accepting his tract *without laughing at him*. To another old woman whom he saw coming down the road he presented another tract, and she received it *with thanks*. The third he gave to a policeman, who said, "Thank you, Mr. North." He recorded it as his experience after fourteen years' trial, that only on one occasion was a tract refused, and that was by a professed infidel, and yet he had systematically given away tracts to persons of all ranks, in all sorts of places.

FIRST ADDRESS IN THE OPEN AIR.

In 1856 a providential circumstance led him to believe that the Lord was calling him to *speaking*, and not to hold his peace. He had gone to England to see his beloved mother, and when in London,

he went one Sunday afternoon to visit a young man from Scotland, who had been appointed Secretary to a Young Men's Christian Institute. This young man used to spend his Sunday afternoons in street preaching. Mr. North accompanied him to one of his stations, and the young man began to address a promiscuous but not very numerous assembly. His words, however, did not *tell*, and were received at first with indifference, and soon with angry opposition and a torrent of the very foulest blasphemy.

Mr. North was beginning to doubt the wisdom of thus casting pearls before swine, when several voices were heard calling upon *him* to speak. "We'll hear that stout man with the dark eyes." Thus called on, he felt constrained to speak. Instantly every eye was fixed on him. He riveted and retained the attention of all; and when he met the blaspheming sophistry of the infidel, he manifestly carried the bulk of his audience along with him. When addressing to them a closing personal appeal, he was forced to stop through sheer exhaustion and want of breath. Many cried out, "Go on, sir, we want to hear more." But he was physically unable to say more. An old man in the crowd exclaimed, with glistening eyes, "Sir, your words should be written in letters of gold."

HIS 20 YEARS' EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Of his grand and triumphant work for Christ during the following twenty years which culminated in his death, we have no space to give full details on the present occasion. Perhaps there is no one of his contemporaries to whom spiritual and vital religion in Scotland owes more than to Brownlow North. He gave it an aggressive force and character which it was not exercising when he came forth as its herald, and under his leadership evangelical religion, instead of standing on the defensive, assaulted the strongholds of worldliness in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, with undaunted determination and success.

Being thoroughly assured that the Lord would have him preach the Gospel in the towns and villages of Scotland, with characteristic energy he threw himself enthusiastically into the work, giving up without hesitation his settled home. Having begun to preach in the Free Churches of Dallas and Forres in the beginning of July, 1856, he subsequently consented to preach in many of the churches of Morayshire and the adjoining counties. Wherever he went the Lord accompanied His Word by awakening the careless, and stimulating the negligent to consideration for their souls. In 1859 he was formally recognized as an Evangelist by the Free Church of Scotland.

THE GREAT ULSTER REVIVAL.

In the early part of 1859, that remarkable work of grace broke out in the north of Ireland, which must ever rank as one of the most notable revivals of modern times. It had been preceded by the great American revival of 1858, and was succeeded by the revival in Scotland of 1860. Mr. North passed over to take part in the wonderful work which was then progressing, and, in company with the *Rev. Grattan Guinness*, drew immense audiences in Londonderry, Belfast, Ballymena, and many other places, when hundreds of persons were prostrated by the suddenness and strength of their convictions of sin, and found peace, with forgiveness, at the foot of the cross.

EVANGELISTIC LABORS IN ENGLAND.

During the years which intervened between 1860 and his removal from Elgin to London, in 1871, he had spent much of his time in England, visiting most of the large towns and cities, with increasing success. Having fixed his residence in London he consecrated himself anew to the work of the Lord, and carried on his campaign with unabated interest, and in the next three years visited on his glorious errand a large number of the towns in the South and Southwest of England, and everywhere his solemn message was owned and blessed to the conversion of souls.

HIS LAST HARVEST IN SCOTLAND.

In 1874-5, Mr. North was permitted to reap another harvest of rich blessing in the great city of Glasgow. In the earlier months of the former year, while Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were holding their memorable meetings in the various dis-

tricts of Glasgow, Mr. North was at work in the large and populous parishes which girdle that city—Govan, Partick, and Hillhead.

A SINGULAR PROCESSION OF WORSHIPPERS.

Wherever he went he readily gained the ear of the populace, and very speedily had taken loving possession of their hearts. The announcement that Brownlow North was expected to speak in any church or public building was sufficient to attract eager listeners from quiet country homes far remote from each other, and for miles around. He was advertised to preach at Lochwinnoch, in the West of Scotland, but in consequence of the recent heavy rains, the whole district was covered with water, in some places to the depth of several feet.

But a number of people, undaunted by the discomfort and difficulty of locomotion, appeared at the meeting, who had finished a most toilsome journey, and got across the deepest part of the flood by walking along the top of a wall on the roadside. The singularity of this long procession of serious and solemnized worshippers going homeward in the still, gloomy night, marching in single file along the narrow path of stone, on either side of which lay a wide waste of waters, will long be remembered by many in the parish. (*The illustration in the right hand panel of the lower portion of our front picture represents the scene.*)

But the hour at length came when the Master summoned His servant home from his labor to his reward. The Vale of Leven Young Men's Christian Association had invited him to conduct a series of services which they had arranged for in the town of Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, and on October 24th, 1875, he preached in the Public Hall of Alexandria, to a crowded and attentive congregation. About 1200 persons were present. He preached for nearly an hour in his usual pointed and searching style, but was nearly prostrated by the effort. He preached, however, in the Free Church on the Wednesday and Friday following.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It was on this Friday evening, while he was speaking on the 86th Psalm, to between six hundred and seven hundred persons, that he was struck down with illness. From the first, the physician who was summoned, took a gloomy view of the case, as both his heart and liver were seriously affected. For a week he rallied occasionally, and his anxious friends alternately hoped and feared. One of those who attended him, afterward told a stranger, who spoke to him on the concerns of his soul, that it was while watching by Brownlow North's dying bed that he was first impressed with the fact that there is reality in religion.

A friend who was present till the last likened him in his closing hours to "a great ship of war slowly entering the harbor, the sails all furled, the guns unshot, the excitement and the perils of the voyage over, and the desired haven reached." On November 9th, the Gates of Pearl swung back upon their hinges, and at the age of sixty-five, he entered into the presence of his Lord.

Escape of Lord Shaftesbury's Son from

Kaffirs.—At the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, recently held in London, the Earl of Shaftesbury narrated as a practical evidence of the influence of mission work, the following incident: "My son, who went out with Sir Bartle Frere, was commissioned to go on a political mission through Kaffirland. One day he turned a corner, and on the slope of a hill he saw a house filled with armed Kaffirs. He gave himself up for lost, as he was worth plundering, having some horses and firearms with him, and jewelry and money. He thought he would take a bold step, and so he walked into the house, when he was met by a Kaffir chief in a red blanket, who accosted him with the inquiry as to whether he had not seen him before. He replied, 'Very likely you have.' 'Were you not in the house of the missionary lately?' He replied, 'Yes, I was there.' 'That is sufficient, then, you may go in safety, for I will do you no harm,' and he went safely through Kaffirland to Cape Town."

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"And called his name Samson: and the child grew, and the Lord blessed him."—Judges 13:24.

Exploits of Samson's Eventful Life—The Wedding-day Riddle—Four Practical Lessons to be Learned from the Text—I. Physical Power is not always an Index of Moral Power—II. The Damage Physical Strength can do if it be Misguided—III. Great Physical Power must Crumble and Expire—IV. We shall be brought into Judgment for the Employment of our Physical Organism—An Old Scotch Minister on Robert Pollock—The Judgment.

THERE are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and the mirthful; but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our morning sermon.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At eighteen years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down towards Timnath, a lion came out upon him, and, although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare, and made his bones crack, and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding heft of his heel.

Passing along after a while the same place, he turned into the thicket to see the remains of the monster that he had slain. Under the hot climate all the perishable particles of the lion had disappeared, and under the rain and the sun the skeleton had been washed and bleached until it was as pure and white as a vase of porcelain or a tank of gold. Into this skeleton the bees had gathered their honey—the sweetness of grass tops, the juice of the pomegranate, the aroma of the wild flowers which had stood in the gloom of the thickets, pale nuns in Nature's convent!

ON THE WEDDING-DAY,

Samson had propounded a riddle—a riddle so foolish that it has been recorded as a warning for those who, without talent for facetiousness, attempt that sort of thing. By the treachery of his wife the riddle was easily guessed by the Philistines, and Samson in his indignation slew thirty people. Further to avenge the wrong done him, he sets on fire three hundred foxes, and these terrified creatures in their alarm rush into the corn-shocks and the vineyards, until the whole land is ablaze with desolation. Surrounded one day by three thousand men, this giant picks up a jawbone from the wayside, and mows down the armed men as in a harvest field the full-head grain tumbles under the swing of a sickle.

Coaxed and over-persuaded by a woman who had almost pestered his life out, he tells the secret of his strength—that it lies in his long hair. His hair is shorn, and he becomes as weak as other men. Then his eyes are put out, and he is thrown into prison. But his hair begins to grow, his strength begins to come back, and one day, while three thousand people were ridiculing Samson in the temple of Dagon, he lays hold of the pillars and brings down the building in wild and thunderous wreck, nothing escaping save the groans of three thousand crushed idolaters.

I call your attention this morning to some practical lessons to be learned from the physical strength of Samson, drawing also some illustrations from our modern times.

I. First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is

NOT ALWAYS AN INDEX

of moral power. He was a huge man. The lion found it out, and the three thousand men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and out-gianted by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickliness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian.

Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day, and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle, have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of lifelong infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can, and walk twice as far, and work twice as long, will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power. If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo—if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics,"—if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain—then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what He has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be

GIANTS IN MORAL POWER.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright, and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright. With every thump of the heart there is something saying, "Work! work!" and, lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, and with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ. They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage, or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might, and tugging away trying to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.

It is a most shameful fact that much of the business of the Church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than a hundred volumes, and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Edward Payson never knowing a well day; yet how he preached, and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to swim in a sea of glory! And Robert M'Cheyne, a walking skeleton; yet you know what he did in Dundee, and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends because of his illnesses not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "rise and progress of religion" in the church and in the world.

Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and persistence. Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so that often in his pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about

heaven until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more work, perhaps than almost any well man in his day, while many of the clergy of his time were getting the gou on fat salaries, or, with horn and hound out on the fox-chase. Oh! how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not as great in moral and spiritual stature.

In this connection I might call to your mind that man whose death a few years ago excited so much attention (W. M. Tweed). When he was living, I gave you my idea of his business, and I gave it to you in unmistakable terms. When a man is living is the time to arraign his sins. Then, if he is arraigned falsely, he can answer. It is cowardly to assault the grave. That man has gone into the eternal world, and it is not our business to declare his destiny. The day of judgment will explain to all the universe, and give full satisfaction. But I call your attention to the fact that to no man in our country did God give more physical endurance. He was

THE SAMSON OF OUR AGE,

with nerves of iron and endurance unparalleled.

Whether he used that strength in slaying lions of sin, and pulling down temples of wrong, you know. God certainly gave to no man more magnificent opportunities of showing what a giant could do. Adjoined to such a body, had there been a soul full of love to God and majestic endeavor to improve the spiritual condition of the world, he might have challenged anything but omnipotence. While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of prayer, achievements of self-denial, achievements of Christian endurance, I call upon men of health to-day—men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

II. Behold also in the story of my text illustration of the fact of

THE DAMAGE THAT STRENGTH CAN DO

if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil—this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by the guessing of his riddle, he robs and kills thirty people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief, and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body, or mind, or any faculty of social position and wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and loafing about your stores and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the church—they do not do the damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage.

The men with sharp pen that stab religion and throw their poison all through our literature; the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice, and make truth and honor bow to their golden sceptre.

MISGUIDED GIANTS.

Look out for them! In the middle and the latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty; but they did but little mischief. They were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in those days.

Who can calculate the soul-havoc of a Rousseau, going on with a very enthusiasm of iniquity, with fiery imagination scizing upon all the impulsive natures of his day? or David Hume, who employed his life as a spider employs its summer, in spinning out silken webs to trap the unwary? or Voltaire, the most learned man of his day, marshalling a great host of sceptics, and leading them out in the dark land of infidelity? or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrollable grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinating periods of the world's existence—the decline and fall of the Roman Empire—a book in which, with all

* Last Tuesday being a legal holiday THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press one day earlier than usual, consequently an interesting sermon by Dr. Talmage, which has not before appeared in these columns, is inserted this week in place of his last Sunday morning sermon, which will be published at the first opportunity.

splendors of his genius he magnified the errors of Christian disciples, while with a sparseness of price that never can be forgiven he treated of the Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy?

Cæsar Borgia, Hildebrand, Robespierre, Byron, misguided giants. O, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort, I want you to understand your power, and I want you to know that *that power devoted to God* will be a crown on earth to you typical of a crown in heaven; but misguided, bedraggled in sin, administrative of evil, God will thunder against you with His condemnation in the day when millionaire and pauper, master and slave, king and subject shall stand side by side in the judgment, and money-bags, and judicial ermine, and royal robe shall be riven with the lightnings.

III. Behold also in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that *great*

PHYSICAL POWER MUST CRUMBLE

and expire. The Samson of the text long ago went away. He fought the lion. He fought the Philistines. He could fight anything, but *Death was too much for him*. He may have required a longer grave and a broader grave; but the tomb nevertheless was his terminus. So it was with the Samson of our own day.

There never was so grand a fight for life as that man made. He fought Death back from the ballot-boxes of election, fought Death back to the deck of a Southern steamer, fought Death back to South Carolina, fought him back to Florida. Then here came a turn in the battle, and he fought Death back to New York, and fought Death back to Troy, and fought Death back to Saratoga! It was the most tremendous battle for life I ever read of, but *unsuccessful*. Ah! if the giant of the text and the giant of our century could not finally succeed in the contest against Death, we of lesser fibre and lesser strength I think will have to surrender.

What! do you tell me that the muscle of the arm must be shrunken, that the tongue must be palsied, that the foot must halt in its march, and halt forever? Yes. If the giant of the text surrendered, and the giant of our century surrendered, we shall surrender. By prudence, by good habits, by the enthronement of moral principle, we may *postpone the hour*; but come it must and come it will.

If, then, we are to be compelled to go out of this world, where we are to go to? Shall we stand here trying to decide the destiny of

MEN LIKE TWEED

while we have not decided our own? Why, you make me think of a sea captain who, caught in a cyclone, bothers himself about whether the ship belonging to the White Star Line and the ship belonging to the Cunard Line are going to outride the tempest, while he forgets all about his own ship, which is already within the roaring of the Newfoundland breakers.

Oh, my friends, we have *an immortal nature* we must get into harbor. This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former I know. Dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white-robed, whose sins Christ has slain? or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God,

WE HAVE A CHAMPION.

He is so styled in the Bible. A Champion who has conquered death and hell, and He is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If we follow in the wake of that Champion, death has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in Him shall have his dying pangs alleviated and his future illumined.

IV. In the light of this subject, I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been rightly considered by five men in this house, and that is the fact that *we must be brought into judgment for the employment of*

OUR PHYSICAL ORGANISM.

Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society, or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of sermons are preached to invalids. I preach this sermon this morning to stout men and healthful women. We must *give to God an account* for the right use of this physical organism.

These invalids have comparatively little to account for, perhaps. They could not lift twenty pounds. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. In the preparation of this subject I have said to myself, how shall I account to God in judgment for the use of a body which never knew one moment of real sickness? Rising up in judgment, standing beside the men and the women who had only little physical energy, and yet consumed that energy in a *conflagration of religious enthusiasm*, how will we feel abashed!

Oh, men of the strong arm, and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it were a physical energy, or a mental acumen, or a spiritual power?

HARK! IT THUNDERS.

That day advances, and I see some one who in this world was an invalid, and as she stands before the throne of God to answer she says, "I was sick all my days. I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could in being kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say, "Well done, faithful servant." And then there will come up one who will say, "I went on crutches, all my days. It was very hard for me to get about, but I tried to serve the Lord, and I tried to be patient under all my infirmities, and though I have not many stars in my crown I rejoice that I have been *able to do something for Jesus*." "Well done, faithful servant," says Jesus; "well done."

And then a little child will stand before the throne, and she will say, "On earth I had a curvature of the spine, and I was very weak, and I was very sick; but I used to go out and gather flowers out of the wild wood and bring them to my sick mother, and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the wild wood. I didn't do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say, as He takes her up in His arm and kisses her, "Well done, well done, faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

What then will be said to us—we to whom the Lord gave physical strength and continuous health? Hark! it thunders again.

THE JUDGMENT! THE JUDGMENT!

I said to *an old Scotch minister*, who was one of the best friends I ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote 'The Course of Time'?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well; I was his classmate." And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Robert Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which all other days were made as Robert Pollock had, and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day, he says, among other things:

Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds,

And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales,
And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put sack-cloth on:

And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,
And gather all thy waves into a groan, and utter it.
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.

The occasion asks it, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

What Robert Pollock saw in poetic dream, you and I will see in positive reality, the judgment! the judgment!

JEWS FLOCKING TO JUDEA.

THE persecution of Jews in Russia continues with such severity that thousands of them are emigrating to Syria and Palestine. The great problem as to how Scripture prophecies regarding their restoration to Palestine would be fulfilled is now being solved. The marvel used to be what circumstances could ever lead to the Jews returning to Judea. Now we see that the moving cause is to be persecution driving them unwillingly out of Russia and Poland. This constitutes the most remarkable sign of the speedy approach of the Second Advent of Christ. (Ezekiel 38, etc.)

On May 2d the Committee of Russian Ministers considered a series of regulations for the treatment of the Jews, which have been prepared at the Ministry of the Interior. These regulations are accompanied by a general report on the Jewish question, and the position of the Hebrew population in Russia. The report is described by the more Liberal organs of the press as being of the nature of a general indictment against the whole Jewish race, accusing them of every conceivable crime.

It is proposed to make more absolute the existing penal prohibitions against the purchase by Jews of land or houses; to make their residence in any but the larger towns contingent on the consent of the surrounding Christian inhabitants; to enforce more stringently the laws confining their right of residence to specified districts, and to prohibit them from tavern-keeping in any but the larger towns. The *first* of these measures is said to be suggested by the complaints of the peasantry as to the scarcity of land. The *second* will simply place the Jews in the villages at the mercy of the peasants, who will be tempted to extort money from them for the permission to remain in their homes, and will force them to submit quietly to every species of ill-treatment, under pain of banishment should they complain. The *third*, by crowding the Jews together, makes their gaining of a livelihood by trade alone more difficult, and prevents the possibility of their assimilation with the other races in the empire; while the *fourth*, which purports to have for its motive the necessity of checking the demoralizing influence of tavern keeping, will only cause the houses to change hands, to the pecuniary damage of the Jews, and to the presumable detriment of the morals of the Christians who will succeed them in the trade.

Alarming accounts have been received from Poland of a fresh outbreak of fanaticism against the Jews. A town in the district of Warsaw is reported to have been laid in ashes.

The crowd of Jewish fugitives fleeing from Russia grows daily, and the relief committees are powerless to deal with the terrible distress. Doubts are now raised whether it will be possible or desirable to despatch so many emigrants to America. Baron Bleichröder suggests that some should be forwarded to those parts of Turkey where railways are been constructed; and he has promised to intercede to get the emigrants employment on the works.

Trains of Jewish emigrants from Russia have arrived at Lemberg in Austria. They were mostly children and women, whose lineaments bore witness of the awful terror and misery these unfortunate people have had to suffer. The fugitives were entertained by a committee of ladies, and were sent to Hamburg with a great number of other emigrants in the evening. Two thousand Jews have already emigrated from Warsaw in Poland, but much greater is the number of the expelled from Kiev and Moscow. The Governor of Odessa, General Gourko, is reported to have said that he would not be able efficiently to hold in check the persecutors of the Jews with the military forces under his command, and he has declared in favor of the proclamation of martial law. The landowners in Southern Russia are already beginning to feel the consequences of the expulsion of the Jews.

As the corn trade with foreign countries was almost entirely in their hands, the utmost confusion and disorder have been introduced into those departments of industry dependent upon this important branch of Russian commerce.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Breaking the Wine Bottles.—At the Prayer meeting, April 25th, speaking of the "burning of the books" as related in Acts 19, Mr. Jack said: "I remember a revival that broke out in the North, and one effect of it was that the people took the whiskey barrels and rolled the contents over the rocks into the sea. I recollect, too, being in Kells, when a lady named Miss Scott asked a number of temperance reformers to go to her residence and see her break the bottles of wine in the wine cellar which she had inherited, and pour the liquor down the sewers. Her intention she faithfully carried out. The Tweed ultimately received the contents of her cellar. A physician complained of the waste, saying that the wine might have been given to the infirm, but whatever view be taken, no one was made intoxicated by the wine."

A Publican's Death.—At the Testimony Meeting on April 24th a young man said: "I thank God that He has saved my soul. It is about a month ago, when you were preaching at the church in Brown Street. What impressed me was the story you told about the Yorkshire farmer going to London, and finding and forgiving a prodigal, whom he led to Christ. I had a godly mother, but when she died I went headlong into drink again, having for some time previously resisted temptation; in fact, I had been a Good Templar for three years. It was by seeing the death of a saloon keeper, a comrade of mine, that I began to think what a miserable thing a drunkard's life is, and how awful his end, and I resolved to reform when I first came to Glasgow. Through faith in Christ I have now found eternal life."

A Blacksmith Born Again.—At the Meeting on April 24th, a speaker said: "A week ago I went to the workshop of a blacksmith, a notorious drunkard, and asked him to go to the Circus meeting, but he refused. I prayed for him and at last he consented to attend. A lady spoke to him about his soul, and he was led to Christ and went home rejoicing. His wife told me that for ten years her husband had not been a single Sunday without strong drink; in fact, the Sabbath was a terror to her. But now he is clothed and in his right mind, and testifying to what the Lord has done for him. I went to his smithy just before I came to this meeting, and he told me that he had been up and at work since six o'clock. He never used to rise until nine or ten o'clock on the Monday morning, as he required an extra rest to sleep off the fumes of whiskey."

Wines and Spirits in the Way.—Mr. Campbell White read the following letter: "Dear Mr. Moody—I tried but could not pray for the proposed special efforts to be put forth to reach the mass of drunkards in Glasgow. A voice within me cried, 'Put away the cursed thing.' Now, I have long considered myself a very pious Christian, and an exemplary head of a family, but wines and spirits I regarded as a sort of domestic necessity in well-ordered families, and I did not see occasion to give up the usage of good neighbors; but when this cursed thing had to be prayed against for the benefit of others, I had either to remove it from my tent or go perilously near the portion of Meroz (Judges 5: 23); and for the same reason I resolved to approach the matter with clean hands. I know now you will see a manifestation of Jesus's saving power which will surprise even you."

Two Medical Students Won for Christ.—Mr. Campbell said: "I had the privilege a few nights ago of speaking to two young students of medicine at the university, as they were leaving the Circus. As I put my hand on the shoulder of one of them, I said, 'Are you not going to stay?' He replied, 'I am not at all anxious; it is only the anxious who are invited to stay.' I said, 'Stop awhile, and we will reason on the matter a little.' There in the shadow of the curtain which hangs over the doorway we began our conversation, and in a short time the young man got interested. The tears began to trickle down his face, and his soul was evidently deeply stirred. We had talked together for three-quarters of an hour, when his friend came forward, reminding him that it was late, and ask-

ing him if he were not going. He added, 'You can come back and hear more another time.' I said to the weeping one, 'Are you inclined to go?' He said, 'I am not particularly anxious to go; I should like to hear more.' The friend who had brought him into the meeting, and who was a Christian, now approached, and I said, 'Will you just take your acquaintance in hand and go with him, for he also seems anxious about his soul.' He did so; and leaving the place about an hour afterwards, I saw the two going along leisurely together, though it was pouring with rain, and in earnest conversation about Christ and Him crucified. Three weeks since the second young man was converted in the National Hall."

The Man in the Ditch.—Mr. Scroggie said: "About eighteen years ago three ministers were walking on a country road a little north of Aberdeen. It was late at night, and they had been attending a meeting in the country. As they went along they noticed a countryman scrambling on all fours out of a ditch. One of the ministers said, 'I must go and speak to that man.' The two others tried to dissuade him, telling him it was of no use, and that he would get nothing but abuse. But the minister said, 'The Spirit of God bids me, and I must speak to him.' By this time the man had got out of the ditch. The minister began to speak to him, whereupon the fellow took off his coat and wanted to fight him. The minister said, 'I can fight, but not with your weapons'; and getting down on his knees, he began to pray very earnestly for the man. As he pleaded, God touched the man's heart, and he got down on his knees beside the minister. By the time the minister had finished his prayer, the drunkard was ready to be spoken with; and he was pointed to a sin-forgiving God. They stopped at the first cottage on the road, and asked the people if they could lodge the man for the night. After looking at him, the cottier said, 'Why, we have just been holding a prayer-meeting for that very man—HE IS MY BROTHER! We have had a special prayer-meeting to-night to ask God for his salvation.' Five years afterward, when that friendly minister told me this story, he said that the man was still standing a living witness to the power of God, and he was being used as a great blessing to others."

A Lady Stopping a Fight.—At one of the prayer-meetings in Glasgow, Mr. Stoughton said: "I was greatly struck by a story told me by a lady who has been working for many years in Gospel temperance work. She was going along the street one day with her husband, when she saw two men fighting. She went up to them and asked them to desist. They did so. Then she said, 'Are you going to stop in the town?' 'No,' they said, 'we are going away at six o'clock.' It was then four o'clock. She said, 'Come to my house and have tea!' They looked surprised, but after a little hesitation they accepted the invitation. They went with her, had tea, and then the lady said, 'Perhaps you would like to hear me sing something?' They said, 'Yes, we should,' and on her asking them what they would like, they proposed a drinking song. The lady had often visited the saloons, and knowing the song, she sang it, there being nothing morally objectionable in it. 'Now,' said the lady, 'I have sung something to please you, and I want to sing something to please myself.' She then sang one of Mr. Sankey's solos, and the men were melted to tears. She next spoke to them about their souls, and having seen them off at the station, made earnest prayer for their conversion to Christ. About two years afterwards, the lady was speaking in a mission hall in the same town, and when the meeting was over a man came up to her and said, 'Don't you remember me?' She said, 'No, I haven't any knowledge of you.' He said, 'Don't you remember stopping me and another man fighting?' The lady then remembered the circumstance. He said, 'What you then said and did was the means of my conversion. I am now working for the Lord.'"

Music in the Drunkard's Ears.—At a Temperance prayer-meeting, Mr. Barclay said: "Of late we have seen wonderful work. During the past year we have been holding special Gospel temperance meetings in connection with the Carrubers' Close

Mission, and some of the worst people in the have been saved. About a month ago a woman who was one of the most notorious drunks attended one of these meetings, and heard that God could save every drunkard. It sounded like music in her ears. She had so frequently broken the pledge that she had given herself up lost. Her friends were well connected, but she living in the home for inebriates. Hearing the full tidings, she there and then accepted the Jesus Christ and besought him to deliver her from this horrid curse of drink. He did it. She changed her life so told upon the inmates of this place that they began to say, 'What is it; how has come about?' and the woman said, 'It is the Jesus Christ who has saved me from the drink.' They inquired, 'Could some of those friends come here?' and so this woman wrote a letter. Some of us soon afterwards went down. Our brother, Mr. Dunn, was the first to speak, and mighty power of God was in the meeting. Several women stood up and cried to God for mercy in midst of the meeting. One hundred and seven these notorious drunkards have been reclaimed, and many of them have given themselves to Christ. One poor woman entered the Home last week she had been there many times before—and said, 'This is not the same place I have been before. There used to be nothing but oaths, curses, but now there is nothing but hymn-singing and prayer to God.' We find the blue ribbon great use; it is a profession that the wearer done with drink."

THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Bible Name of Egypt—The Past History of the Land—Napoleon's Career—Rivalry between France and England—The Political Importance of Egypt—The Fall of the Turkish Empire—The Suez Canal—Financial Collapse of Egypt—French and English Interest in Egypt's Predicted Future—England and Russia—Near Fulfilment of Prophecy.

EGYPT is just now brought so prominently before the public mind, in consequence of its critical political condition, which threatened but a few weeks ago to precipitate a crisis, the ultimate results of which it was difficult to foresee; that it may not be unprofitable if I here attempt somewhat to supplement what has been already said regarding its prophetic future, as well as its present condition.

THE BIBLE NAME OF EGYPT.

Mizraim, the Bible name of Egypt, is supposed by many writers to be the name of a patriarch, as much as it occurs as such in the list of Noah's descendants in Genesis 10: 6; but as the word itself is a dual form, meaning, according to Sayce, "the two Mazors" or "fortifications," most probably denotes Lower and Upper Egypt, the latter being properly called Pathros, or "land of the south," from which circumstance, well as from its geographical position in relation to Palestine, may have arisen the fact that in prophecies of Daniel the ruler of Egypt is designated "the king of the south" (Daniel 11).

That this is a fact; that the identification of sovereign of Egypt with "the king of the south" is no mere speculative opinion, may be learnt from the seventh and eighth verses of the eleventh chapter of Daniel, where we are told that one of the royal family of Egypt "shall come with an army and shall enter into the fortress of the king of the north, and shall deal against them and shall prevail, and shall also carry captive into Egypt the gods, with their princes, and with their precious vessels of silver and gold; and he (i.e., the bearer out of the roots of the daughter of the king of the south mentioned in verse 6, now himself become ruler of Egypt) shall continue more years than the king of the north. So the king of the south shall come into his kingdom (i.e., Egypt, as shown in the preceding verse), and shall return into his own land."

THE PAST HISTORY OF THE LAND.

It is not necessary on the present occasion that I should refer to the past history of Egypt. "The Land of Ham," or Chem, as the Arabs call it, has

now, ever been a land of "wonders," and its history has scarcely been less wonderful than architectural and geographical peculiarities. After ranking as one of the first of the nations many centuries, it was conquered first by the Persians, under Cambyses, B.C. 525, and in more recent times by the Turks, under whose debasing cruel rule the solemn prediction of Ezekiel has literally fulfilled: "It shall be the basest of kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations. For I will diminish it, that they shall no more rule over the nations" (Ezekiel 29:15).

It was in connection with the important events which immediately followed the great French Revolution at the close of the last century, that Egypt again became something more than a geographical expression, in the estimation of sovereigns and statesmen of Europe. The essence of those whom the great English statesman, George Canning, denominated "the without God," was not long permitted to exercise unchecked its reign of blood and terror.

A GREAT MILITARY USURPER

One whose name as well as his career served to reflect him in many minds with the predicted final Antichrist—was raised up to occupy the place of the "eldest son of the (Romish) church," to make an end of the "Holy Roman Empire," to carry the Pope himself in humiliating captivity to Fontenoy. Napoleon's armies triumphant occupied nearly every capital in Europe, but he subsequently proved that his commission, scourge sent by God, was specially restricted to territories of the apostate church of Rome. In England, Russia, and in the East he was merciless; his career of conquest was arrested by his march to Moscow, which ended in that disastrous retreat in which his army perished amid the snows of Russia, and after the deadly wound at Waterloo the captive eagle was left to pine out its remaining days amid the solitudes of the barren rocks of St. Helena.

It does not seem out of place at the present time in the history of Egypt, which is so strikingly connected with the rapid evolution of the prophetic future, to recall the fact that it was the scene of the first Napoleon's victory over the Sultan, when he sought to inspire his troops by telling them that forty centuries looked on them from the summits of the pyramids. Indeed, the conquest of the East, beginning with Egypt, had been the original object of his vaulting ambition, and accordingly the youthful hero of Austerlitz and Arcola, after reducing the Sardinians and Persians to abject submission, set sail, in 1798, for the Nile, filled with dreams of eastern conquest as illustrated the history of Alexander the Great.

His, however, was not to be; by the invasion of Egypt he manifestly exceeded his commission, although, after defeating both the Mamelukes and the Turks, he entered Cairo as a conqueror, and his French fleet was annihilated by Nelson in the bay of the Nile very shortly afterward, by which his victory his army was imprisoned in Egypt, and finally defeated by Sir Ralph Abercromby, and compelled to capitulate. In these events it is difficult to think, not to see a foreshadowing of what still to take place in the not distant future.

RIVALRY BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The old rivalry between France and England for supremacy in Egypt, though just at present inactive, is by no means dead, and must, it is to be feared, again end in the arbitrament of the sword; for the virtual if not the nominal possession of Egypt by England has now become a matter of vital importance to the latter, and inspired policy as well as political exigencies, plainly demand that it must shortly become *un fait accompli*. The mission of the ships of Chittim (i.e., us; comp. Daniel 11:30 with Numbers 24) in connection with the working out of the destiny of Egypt is not, we may rest assured, by means as yet fulfilled. A mightier and more powerful enemy than France has yet to feel their way.

It is to return to the recent history of Egypt, and the termination of the great revolutionary

war, Egypt continued as before to be a Turkish province; but in 1806 the able and energetic Mehemet Ali Pasha was made Viceroy of Egypt, and was succeeded by his son, Ibrahim Pasha, who in 1831 defeated the Turks, invaded Syria, and would in all probability have achieved his independence had he not, in 1840, been compelled to submit to the armed intervention of England. It was his son, Said Pasha, who granted the charter of concession to the great Suez Ship Canal Company, formed for the purpose of restoring the connection between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, of which I shall have to speak presently.

THE POLITICAL IMPORTANCE OF EGYPT.

Among the present circumstances which give such grave importance to "the Egyptian Question" in the eyes of the statesmen of Europe in general, and those of Great Britain in particular, the four following seem especially to call for mention:

1. The intimate connection of the future of Egypt with the impending fall of the Turkish Empire.
2. The creation of a new route to India by the making of the Suez Canal.
3. The financial collapse of Egypt, originating the present Anglo-French financial control.
4. The conflicting interests of England and France in Northern Africa.

THE FALL OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

As regards the first of these "problems of practical politics," as they may well be called, it is the universal conviction, not of "crazy prophecy-mongers" alone, but of well-informed politicians throughout Europe, that the final downfall of the Turkish Power in Europe can only be a question of a few years; and strange to say, by none is this conviction more strongly felt than by the Turks themselves, the year 1883 having even been fixed upon as the limit of the era within which the Crescent is to return to Asia, and the Cross supplant it on the towers of Stamboul. Now the question is, when this event takes place—as soon take place it must—when "the sick man" at last dies, and his possessions are scrambled for by a number of hungry and not over-scrupulous heirs, *to whose share is Egypt to fall?* Neither Germany nor Austria, nor even Russia, if once in possession of Constantinople, have any special interests in Egypt; but with England and France, to say nothing of Italy, the case is different; the question of the virtual possession of Egypt being to England, as I have already said, a vital one.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

2. Of course the vast importance to England of the question who is to have dominion over Egypt, arises from the existence of the Suez Canal, which has made the latter country practically the key to India. With that key in any other hands it would be in perpetual danger. For, of a truth, if the saying of the great Napoleon, that "whatever European nation obtained possession of Egypt could conquer India," was true when he uttered it, how much more true has it become since the opening of the Suez Canal. Lord Palmerston, at least, was not blind to the political consequences of the scheme when it was first mooted, and steadily opposed its execution; moreover, the natural difficulties were enormous; but nothing can prevent the working out of the designs of Providence: in spite of English opposition, in spite of the desert sands, the great work was finally accomplished, the canal was opened in 1869, and thereby, it is not too much to say, the future destiny of two continents was materially affected.

THE FINANCIAL COLLAPSE OF EGYPT.

3. It was after the brilliant but prodigal career of Ismail Pasha, who succeeded his brother Said in 1863, that the financial collapse took place, out of which the Anglo-French financial control and the present crisis have both originated. It so happens that the bulk of the Khédive's creditors are either English or French, and this circumstance gives France the right to be associated on equal terms with England in the adjustment of Egyptian finances on behalf of her bondholders. Now this Anglo-French "control" not only contains within itself the seeds of future serious complications between the two countries, but the present Egyptian

national movement, as it is called, and of which the recent military *émeute* was only a grave symptom, owes its origin and much of its strength thereto.

The Egyptian fellaheen are an ignorant, over-taxed and suffering people, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should regard the action of England and France in a very unfavorable light. "You have remedied the fiscal administration," they indignantly cry out, "but only for your own selfish interests, that your bondholders may be paid. What have you done for us? Have you listened to our demands for justice? Have you lightened our burdens? Are we one iota the better off because of your interference?" Hence the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," and the rapid spread of the movement.

"Notwithstanding the apparent lull in the situation at Cairo," writes a correspondent of the *Telegraph*, "there seems to be ground for apprehension as to the future. Everywhere there are manifestations of a grave character. The Khédive is dissatisfied, and has no confidence even in Sherif Pasha. The outlook is a gloomy one, and it will be interesting to watch the coming proceedings of the Chamber of Notables."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH INTERESTS.

4. But the financial difficulty is, it is much to be feared, not the only one likely, sooner or later, to bring England and France into collision in reference to Egypt. By her recent invasion of Tunis, in the subjection of which state she is at the present moment engaged, at a great loss of life and treasure, France has clearly revealed her intention of becoming supreme in North Africa. When the conquest of Tunis is accomplished, that of Tripoli will doubtless follow, and then, if not before, must come the question of Egypt.

Now, as has already been observed, neither Germany, Austria, nor Russia have any paramount interests in Egypt; but when, on the collapse of the Turkish power, the time for the distribution of the territories still ruled by the Sultan shall have fully come, it will exactly suit the policy of these powers to bring about a rupture between France and England, so that while they are fighting over Egypt, Russia may swoop down upon Armenia and Constantinople, while Austria occupies the Balkan peninsula, and Germany finds compensation by the absorption of Holland and Denmark, Belgium being handed over to France as an equivalent for the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Politically viewed it will thus be seen that the present aspect of the "Egyptian Question" is sufficiently dark and threatening.

(To be concluded.)

A Dying Idiot Girl's Song.—Mrs. Wall, of Rome, Italy, says that a woman, whom she calls M. S., was brought to Christ by means of suffering and tribulation. At Naples she was led to attend an evangelical meeting, but she never understood the Gospel, thinking the object was rather political than religious. She came with her husband to Rome, but, not being able to procure employment, he was led away by evil companions, and with them committed a theft, for which he was imprisoned for four years. At this time, in the bitterness of her grief, left with two children, a little boy of four and a girl of fourteen, quite an idiot, she came to the meetings for the poor, hoping to get a little relief, and was converted to Christ. Last winter she was obliged to go to the hospital, and it was with the greatest difficulty she could get any one to receive her idiot child, not even by paying. The poor child had never spoken, and could only make a strange noise. When she wanted food, if it was not given her, she would bite even her mother. The only thing in which she showed any reasonable interest was singing. Her mother could often quiet her, when everything else failed, by singing some of the hymns she had learned at the meetings for the poor. One day in September she persisted in making her mother sing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus;" while listening the child was taken with convulsions, and in two hours she closed her eyes, and without a struggle passed from this world, which to her had been so full of clouds and darkness.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has Passed the Bill to Distribute the unappropriated portion of the money awarded to the United States by the Geneva Arbiters in the Alabama dispute. The bill, which has already passed the house with only two dissentients, passed in the Senate by a vote of 38 to 12. The President is believed to be opposed to the proposed method of dividing the money, but in view of the large majorities by which it passed the Senate and the House it is believed that he will not veto it, as the majorities are sufficient to pass it over his veto. The bill revives the Court of Commissioners. The order of precedence for claimants on the fund is first those who suffered direct damage from Southern cruisers; and second, those who paid heavy war risks as insurance premiums. It will be remembered that both these classes of claims were expressly barred out at Geneva, but having received the award Congress is of opinion that it has the right to distribute it according to its own ideas of right, and rejected a proposal that the money unawarded should, as a matter of justice, be returned to England.

A Contested Election Case in South Carolina occupied the attention of the House of Representatives during the greater part of last week, and fears are entertained that it may result in a deadlock. This would be exceptionally inconvenient at this time when so few appropriation bills have been passed. From the speeches made, it appears that at the last election in South Carolina the seat was claimed by the Democrats for Mr. O'Connor, while the Republicans insisted that his opponent, Mr. Mackey, was duly elected. Mr. O'Connor died before taking his seat, and a new election was ordered; but as the Republicans claimed that Mr. O'Connor was never elected, they did not put a candidate in the field, and Mr. Dibble, a Democrat, was in consequence, elected. The question now before the House is as to the validity of Mr. Dibble's claim to the seat.

A Most Humiliating Report has been Issued by the committee appointed by the Legislature of New York State to investigate the methods of insurance receiverships. The committee severely censures the receivers and the judge of the Supreme Court, who was most active in appointing them. It charges that in the cases of insolvent insurance companies the receivers have unreasonably delayed the distribution of the assets, have made excessive charges, have employed legal advisers unnecessarily, and have frequently performed no kind of work whatever in return for their enormous fees, but have employed deputies paid out of the estate to perform their duties. The report also censures the judge for appointing such men. This scandal is exceedingly heinous on account of the

condition of the people who incurred loss. The sufferers in most cases were widows and orphans whom the failures plunged into abject poverty. It seems doubtful whether the wrongdoers can be punished under the law as it now exists, but it may be hoped that the exposure may prevent a recurrence of the offence, and lead also to the enactment of a law under which offenders may be punished.

The House of Representatives has Passed the important bill introduced by Mr. Crapo for extending the charters of the national banks by a vote of 125 to 67. The majority was made up of 103 Republicans and 22 Democrats. The minority consisted of 56 Democrats, 8 Greenbackers, and 3 Republicans. Several amendments were introduced, but they were lost. The most persistent effort to change the character of the bill was made on a proposal to issue more greenbacks to take the place of the notes issued by the banks. Mr. Crapo's bill as it finally passed the House provides that any national bank may, two years before its charter expires, renew it for a period not longer than twenty years. It must redeem all its notes prior to extension and issue new ones readily distinguishable from its old ones.

Mr. Shipherd Proposes to Publish the Documents in proof of his charges against the ex-Secretary of State in the Peruvian matter. Among them he asserts is a letter from President Garfield, and copies of correspondence which passed between the State Department and Lima. The Investigating Committee invited him to present all documents in his possession relating to the case, but Mr. Shipherd declined. It is most important that the real facts of the case should be known to the public, but it is doubtful whether Mr. Shipherd's intended method will have that effect.

Prohibition in Kansas is Still much Under discussion in political circles, which are divided in opinion as to the effect it has had upon the prosperity of the State. Some of the State journals say that the State was never more prosperous and the population never increased more rapidly. As to the political aspects of the question one of them sums up the situation thus: "At least three-fourths of the Republican voters of the State are prohibitionists, while the Democratic party is divided upon the subject, with the organization of the party probably in the hands of the anti-prohibitionists. The discussion of the Gubernatorial question, which has a near relation to the same subject, has developed the fact that there is no public man in Kansas with either the courage or temerity to take the field as an avowed opponent of prohibition."

The Conviction of General N. M. Curtis on Thursday, May 25th, was a surprise to the politicians. The jury found the defendant guilty of having received \$5 for political purposes from Peter Vogelsang, a messenger in the Custom House. Also of having received a check for \$80 from Charles Treichner, employed as an auditor in the Custom House. The counsel for General Curtis gave notice that he would move for an arrest of judgment on the ground that the conviction was unconstitutional, and June 2d was fixed as the date for argument on the motion. General Curtis was allowed to go on his own recognizance. Some consternation was caused in official quarters by the intelligence of the result of the trial, as if the law is stringent enough to convict the receiver of assessments, it is strong enough to punish those who pay them.

The Peabody Trust Fund Invested in Tennessee bonds at six per cent, has not drawn any interest, it appears, since the repudiation policy has been adopted. Mr. Peabody, when he gave these bonds to the Institute, advised the trustees not to sell them at a discount, believing that the State would pay them in full, principal and interest. From the Peabody Educational Fund, the State of Tennessee has received down to 1881 \$247,650. Mr. Enoch Pratt has now made an appeal to the Governor and legislature of the State for a reconsideration of the claim. "I cannot think," he says, "that a State which has been the recipient of this large bounty from Mr. Peabody—a free gift to its people—would willingly or knowingly destroy

or injure an institution which he had greatly heart by a refusal or failure to pay to that institution its just dues. I understand that the State of Tennessee protects its own educational institution making, in its settlement with its creditors, an exception in their favor; and it seems but just that the Peabody Institute, which is educational in its operations, should be included in the same provision of law, especially since the State has already received from Mr. Peabody's educational fund sum nearly equal to the original debt due this institute." A report is current that Mr. Pratt's appeal will find support in influential quarters.

The Immigration of the Past Month has been unprecedented in the history of the country. The returns for the Port of New York alone were no less than 70,376, an increase of 9100 over the same month in 1881. The total arrivals from January 1st were 142,716, against 109,123 for the same period last year. Of the arrivals during April, 1882, 28,533 were Germans. The other nationalities were represented as follows: Ireland, 7836; Sweden, 7189; Italy, 6391; England, 6186; Holland, 2691; Norway, 2282; Denmark, 2057; Switzerland, 1794; Scotland, 1199; Austria, 956; Russia, 775; Bohemia, 579; Hungary, 405; France, 385; Poland, 19; Wales, 117; Belgium, 99; other countries, 41. Such figures show how unspeakably important is that the efforts made to spread the knowledge of the gospel among these new arrivals should not be relaxed.

Provision for the Widows and Children of the gallant men who lost their lives in the Jeannet Expedition will be made by Mr. James G. Bennett who fitted out the expedition. The New York Herald says that, "with or without the action of Congress or of the public, care will be taken of the widow and orphan of De Long, and not of the alone but of every widow and every orphan of the men who sailed with the Jeannette and have perished." It is gratifying to learn that Lieutenant De Long had this assurance before starting on his perilous voyage, and that almost the last words uttered by the magnanimous commander of the Jeannette to Mr. Bennett were a recognition of the event of possible misfortune to himself which he fully contemplated and knowingly ventured, care would be taken of his wife and child. In that dreary arctic solitude in which brave men lay down to die it must have been consolatory to them to know that the loved ones at home would not be left to the mercies of Congress.

The Serious Illness of Rev. Thomas Harrison "the Boy-Preacher," is announced. He went to Tiffin, Ohio, at the conclusion of the series of services in Cincinnati, and while there was prostrated by disease induced by nervous exhaustion. On one service had been held at Tiffin when Mr. Harrison was laid aside.

Major J. H. Cole is now Holding Special services in the Tabernacle, Cleveland, Ohio. The services commenced on May 21st, when nearly three thousand persons were crowded together to hear the distinguished revivalist. Large numbers of awakened souls attended the after meetings to the conclusion of the service, and it is believed that many of them found peace in believing. There are indications that a great work has been started in the city, and that the Holy Spirit is working mightily among Christians and unbelievers. Morning as well as evening services are being held every day in the week except Saturday.

The Old Salutation with a Changed Signal now often observed on the Baltimore and Ohio Company's Line as the result of God's blessing on the labors of Miss Jennie Smith and her fellow laborers. Until recently the ordinary salutation to the employes of the company when two freight trains met and swiftly passed each other would be a hand raised aloft with a *playing card* in it. Latterly, however, by the blessing of God, card-playing is not so general as it used to be among the employes. The customary mode of recognition still kept up, but now it is by no means an uncommon sight to see in the hand held up a Bible, or the same precious book waved in reply from the other train.

A Counterfeiter's Estimate of the Value of his soul was described at the Fulton Street prayer meeting on Monday. A city missionary said he knew a young man who had been arrested by God's grace in his wild career of sin. He was a good counterfeiter, and when his old comrades saw that he was leaving them they sent him *five hundred dollars*, and said there was plenty more if he would come back to the old life. He told a friend who was earnestly seeking his salvation, that he kept the five hundred dollars for two days, but then he thought him that his soul was worth more than that, and so he returned the money. He became a Christian, and is now not only a very happy Christian, but he has received such a start in an honest business life, as few men have.

A Fraudulent Vendor of Ocean Passage orders was arrested in New York last week. A Brooklyn lady three months ago purchased at his office for twenty-seven dollars a paper purporting to be an order on Messrs. Schrader & Co., of Bremen, for a passage from Germany to New York. She sent the order to her brother in Germany to enable him to emigrate to America. Her brother, however, returned the order with the information that *it was worthless*, and the vendor was accordingly arrested. It is possible, however, to purchase orders for such voyages which will be honored on presentation. There are many people expecting to get to Heaven in much the same way. Payments of money to priests, large sums of money given to religious institutions or bequeathed to hospitals are some of the ways in which people try to buy their way into the heavenly city. All such persons are deceived as surely as the purchaser of this trans-Atlantic order was. There is but one way, and that is by Christ, and money does not help in that solemn transaction (Isa. 55 : 1).

Spiritualism has Driven Mad a Prominent citizen of Yonkers, N. Y. Last week there was brought before Justice S. D. Gifford a gentleman whom his friends desired to have committed to the asylum. He formerly occupied a high position in the city, had been editor of a local journal, and had taken an active part in educational matters. But some months ago his attention was attracted to Spiritualism, and he commenced attending séances. It was noticed that the subject soon monopolized his thoughts, and he seemed never contented but when he was either at a séance or was studying the subject in books. A short time ago it became evident that his mind was unsettled, and during the past two weeks he gave evidence of being completely demented. Judge Gifford after examining him signed the order for his committal. It would be well if people before falling under the fascination of *this sinful pursuit* considered this sad case. They should understand that spiritualism is nothing else but communion with demons, against which we are explicitly warned (1 Tim. 4 : 1-4).

A Lawsuit in the Courts for Twenty Years reached another stage in its progress at the recent session of the Supreme Court. A traveller with a large quantity of valuable baggage went one day in 1862 to the Philadelphia depot to take the cars for Chicago. Some dispute arose just as the train was about to start, over a charge for extra baggage, and the passenger thereupon left the car and said he would not travel by the Pennsylvania route. It was too late then to have the boxes taken off the baggage car, and they went through to Chicago. The night after their arrival there the Chicago Railroad Depot was destroyed by fire, and the boxes were consumed with the other property. Then the owner brought suit for damages, which has been tried with varying results in different courts. The litigation has gone on for twenty years, the decision of one court being reversed by another. The recent verdict awards the traveller as compensation, \$13,248, but the railroad company have now carried the case to the Court of Appeals, so the final issue is not yet reached. This protracted contest has been caused by the technicalities of the law, which are often responsible for *delay in justice*, in spite of the efforts of statesmen and upright judges; and sometimes it has happened in this and other countries that a suitor has grown old and died, without ever getting

his rights. Sceptics have often pointed to the prosperity of the wicked and the adversity of the religious as evidence that the same defect exists in God's government of the world, forgetting that a day is coming in which God will vindicate His own people and all wrongs will be set right (Rom. 2 : 5-11).

A Gold Watch worth Five Hundred Dollars was presented last week, to John L. Rooney, the heroic fireman, who rescued a young lady from the upper window of the Potter Building at the fire on January 31st. The story of the fireman's heroism is well known, for those who witnessed the act were impressed with the courage of the man, who mounting the ladder and standing on the highest step, clinging to the stone dressing of the window on which the young lady stood, and bearing *her whole weight as she placed her foot in his hand*, he passed her down in safety to the man below him, who bore her to the street. The watch was presented to Mr. Rooney at the Seventh Presbyterian Church, New York, which was crowded by the firemen and the friends of the young lady. When it was presented the fireman briefly tendered his thanks, saying he had *only done his duty* on the occasion, and seemed surprised that any one should have thought he had done anything extraordinary. There were not a few present who in that scene and in the fireman's self-depreciation saw a type of a great day yet to come when those will be rewarded who have been instrumental in saving souls from the burning (Matt. 25 : 31-40).

A Cigar-Smoker's Costly Undertaking is described in a New Haven journal: "Two lawyers were sitting together and smoking, when the tobacco habit became the subject of conversation and a proposal to stop for a stated time was made. They finally entered into an agreement whereby neither was to smoke for two weeks, with the understanding that should either fail to keep his bargain he was to forfeit to the other a certain number of cigars for every smoke, on the basis of geometrical progression—two for the first smoke, four for the second, eight for the third, etc. When the two weeks expired it was found that one of the parties to the bargain had smoked none, but the other had been unable to limit himself to less than 26 cigars. Calculating the cost of cigars at \$58 per 1000, the cash forfeit is but a few cents short of \$3,892.315. It is not likely that the smoker calculated the prodigious amount of the penalty he was piling up, or if he did, just smoked on in sheer hopelessness. When he discovered how much he owed as the result of his self-indulgence, he must have quailed at the situation. Those awakened sinners who, in stead of accepting Christ's redemption, freely offered, endeavour to work out their own salvation by trying to keep the law, find themselves confronted with an obligation to which this smoker's penalty affords a faint analogy (James 2 : 10).

A Corpse Twenty Years Unburied was finally interred at Palmyra, N. J., recently. It seems that in 1862 a child of a man named Henry Coy died, and the father, being unwilling to have the child buried, had the remains sealed up in a bronze casket, which he stored away in a room in his residence. A year later two more of his children died, and they were put in caskets and disposed of as the first one was. All attempts to induce the father to have the remains buried, failed. In all his travels through the country *the bodies were taken with the family*. He at one time lived at Camden, where he manufactured surgical instruments, and had been a resident of Philadelphia and other places. He finally settled one and a half miles from Palmyra, where he lately died at the age of 61 years. It is stated that he would sit for hours in the room with the caskets, and seemed to take pleasure in being with them. It is seldom that parents, however passionately they love their children, are not willing that they should be buried after death. Then they generally realize that it was the soul and not the body, after all, that they loved. If they realized that fact while their children lived, many of them would be more in earnest in seeking the good of those children's souls, and less anxious that their bodies should be fashionably attired (Eph. 6 : 4).

HEALED OR DELUDED? WHICH?

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace."—Jeremiah 8 : 11.

"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me and I shall be saved: for Thou art my praise."—Jeremiah 17 : 14.

A National Affliction—The Only True Remedy—Surface Cures—A Sterner Task—No Consciousness of Spiritual Sickness—No Desire for Cure—A Special Message from a Sick Bed—Beware of Counterfeits—I. Easy to be Falsely Healed—Many Deceived—False Trusts—In External Religion—In Orthodox Doctrines—Deception Self-Aided—Sure to be Fashionable—Does not Require Thought—Nor Self-Denial—Nor Spirituality—They End in Disappointment—II. Seek True Healing—A Healing that Stands the Test—Temptation and Labor—III. Go Where it May be Had—The Lord's Son a Physician—Christ's Patients do not Die.

THE people among whom Jeremiah dwelt had received a grievous hurt, and they felt it, for they were invaded by cruel enemies, their goods were plundered, their children were slain, and their cities burned. Jeremiah, with true love to his nation, warned them that *the cause of all their trouble* was that they had forsaken their God. They had turned aside from the living God, and had made gods of the idols of the nations round about them, and so had provoked Jehovah to jealousy. Therefore He chastened them sorely, and plagued them again and again, even as He had threatened them from of old. He took up the quarrel of His covenant, and he made them smart indeed.

Jeremiah tried to show them that *the only way to be healed* of their hurt was to be healed of their sin; that if they would give up their idolatry and all the infamous wickedness that grew out of it, and turn to the true God and obey His commandments, then brighter days would come. Their conscience must have told them that all this was true; but, alas! Jeremiah preached to them in vain. As the old classic prophetess Cassandra was doomed for ever to speak the truth and never to be believed, so was Jeremiah; the people heard him, but they regarded him not.

Meanwhile, certain pretenders to prophecy opposed Jeremiah, and sought to win the confidence of the nation. They came with "Thus saith the Lord" upon their lips, blasphemously pretending to be speaking in the name of Jehovah when Jehovah had not sent them, nor did they seek His glory. These suggested to the people easier remedies than repentance; they should make an alliance with Egypt, and in that way beat off the Assyrians; they should send a certain amount of tribute to the great king, and thus buy off his armies. They buoyed up the people's hopes with vain confidences, and took them off from repentance and return to God.

No good came of their teachings—they did but film the wound of the nation and left the deadly venom still within. The hopes which they excited lasted but for a little time, and then died out in blank despair. They had not touched the root which bore the wormwood. They had made light of the national sin. They had healed the hurt of Judah slightly, saying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

To-day God's servants who are the true successors of the prophets have a task before them sterner even than that of the ancient seers. It is not ours to point to smoking ruins and the carcases of the unburied dead—plain evidences of a grievous hurt; but our work is to deal with

SPIRITUAL SICKNESS.

and to come among a people who confess no hurt. Great multitudes of our hearers do not welcome the news of a heavenly remedy because they are not aware that they are sick. They are not only sound in wind and limb, but in head and heart. From the crown of their head to the sole of their foot they have scarce a blemish in them, or if they have some little spot here and there, yet they are much superior to the general run of mankind, and need no special spiritual surgery.

A physician who has to commence his practice by convincing his neighbors that they are sick has

not a very hopeful sphere before him. Such is our work; we have first of all to declare in the name of the God of truth that man is fallen, that his heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, that he is a sinner doomed to die, and such a sinner that there is no reclaiming him unless the Ethiopian can change his skin and the leopard his spots.

Truths so humiliating to human pride are by no means popular; men prefer to hear the smooth periods of those who parade the dignity of human nature. The very phrase grates on my ear; talk of the dignity of a dunghill and you are as near the mark. Man, viewed as fallen, descends below the level of the beast which perisheth, for the beast hath not offended against its Creator. See how Adam's proud descendants rage against this truth; to persuade them of it is a work so hard as to be utterly hopeless unless the Spirit of God Himself shall undertake it. It is a divinely wise arrangement that He has undertaken it; as it is written, "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall convince the world of sin."

When that great labor is accomplished we have yet another remaining, namely, to excite in men a desire after healing. Many there are who confess their disease, but the disease of sin has wrought in them a spiritual lethargy, so that they find a horrible rest in their lost estate, and have no longing to rise to spiritual health, of which, indeed, they know nothing. They are guilty, and willing to remain guilty; inclined to evil, and content with the inclination. Hundreds live and die in this condition. They know that there is a wrath to come on account of sin, but they put far from them the evil day, and amuse themselves with the mirth of the present. Ah, me! but we must bring them out of this. They will perish unless they are quickened out of this indifference; they will sleep themselves into hell unless we can find an antidote to the opiates of sin.

After these things are done, we have but stormed the outworks of the castle, for there still remains another difficulty. Convinced that they want healing, and made in a measure anxious to find it, the danger with the awakened is lest they should rest content with an apparent cure, and miss the real work of grace. We are perilously likely to rest satisfied with a slight healing, and by this means to miss the great and complete salvation which comes from God alone. I wish to speak in deep earnestness to every one here present upon this subject, for I have felt the power of it in my own soul. To deliver this message I have made a desperate effort, *quitting my sick bed without due permit*, moved by a restless pining to warn you against the counterfeits of the day.

I have taken two texts; first, that I may show how easy it is for us to be deluded into a slight healing, and secondly, that I may plead with you to seek real healing, and, lastly, that I may plainly show where the true healing is to be had according to the teaching of our second text, "Heal me, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved."

DELUSION EASY.

I. First, then, we sorrowfully assert that it is very easy for us to be the subjects of a false healing. You will kindly understand that I am not going to talk about the inhabitants of the Island of Laputa; I am now speaking straight to every one of you, and I am setting myself in the middle pew that my keenest sentence may enter my own bosom as well as yours. I say, we are all of us in danger of being the subjects of a false healing; ministers, deacons, elders, church-members, aged professors, and young beginners—all alike.

We might infer this from the fact that no doubt a large number of persons are so deceived. If a large number of persons are so, then why should not we be? The tendency of other men is probably in us also. Why not? Are there not many persons who consider that all is well with them because they have been observant of church ordinances from their youth up, and their parents were observant for them before they actually came upon the stage of responsibility. They have been attentive to religion from their own point of view; they are never absent from their pew; they like to be at prayer meetings; they enjoy everything that has

the stamp of Christianity upon it, and therefore they enquire no further, but take their safety for granted. They are afraid of digging too deep, and so they are satisfied with having a form of godliness. Though they have felt no change of heart, and no renewal of spirit, they nevertheless believe that all is well with them, at least they hope so, and therefore they are at ease in Zion. This is a poor, slovenly soul surgery which will end in eternal death. Beware of it, I pray you, while yet a work of grace may be wrought upon you.

I am afraid, too, that many who do not rely upon religious forms yet confide in *doctrinal beliefs*. They are sound in the faith—Orthodox, Evangelical, and Calvinistic. They heartily detest any doctrine that is not Scriptural. I am glad to find that it is so with them; but let them not rest in this. *To cover a wound with a royal garment* is not to heal it, and to conceal a sinful disposition beneath a sound creed is not salvation. Believe what you may, even though you should know the whole truth of God, yet if your faith never changes your heart nor affects your life you will be in no way superior to the devil who believes; nay, you may not be quite so good as he, for devils believe *and tremble*, and to believe without trembling is a stage lower down. Oh, my dear hearer, I implore you do not rest content with such a slight healing as this.

DRY DOCTRINE MAY KILL;

it is only living truth, wrought in us by the Spirit of God, that can make alive.

Depend upon this, that *if there is a chance of our being deceived at all we are always ready to aid in the deception*. As a rule, we are all inclined to think too well of ourselves. I dare say that if any cautious flatterer will assure me that I am a very wise person, I shall before long come to the conclusion that he is a remarkably sensible and far-seeing individual. If any one should accuse you of a virtue which you never possessed, if he would but persevere long enough with his pleasing insinuation, you will begin to smile inwardly, and hint to your conscience that there are latent excellencies about you which this man with prophetic glance has discovered. The devil, who knows the exact bait for poor human nature, finds it easy to pacify an anxious mind by presenting a false salvation and persuading the heart that all is well, while in fact nothing is well. A little feeling of natural regret flits over the mind, and the false fiend whispers, "It is repentance." "Oh, yes," says the ready dupe, "I am a penitent." A little presumptuous cozening of ourselves into comfort is indulged and the deceiver sings, "Hail, precious faith."

How pleased we are when we jump to the conclusion that we have passed from death unto life, and are, indeed, the servants of the living God. We do not look back to see whether there was any new birth, whether there was any change of heart, whether there was any giving up of sin, whether there was any laying hold on righteousness, whether there was any severance from self and union to Christ. Those inquiries may be troublesome, and therefore the irksome duty of self-examination is cried down as unbelief, and we are bidden to shut our eyes and make up our minds that all is right. "Believe that you are well and you are well," seems to be the Gospel of many, but it is not the Gospel of Jesus. But it is so easy thus to jump into fancied security that many take to it.

We are almost all of us on the side of that which is most easy and comfortable to ourselves; the exceptions to this rule are a few morbid spirits who habitually write bitter things against themselves, and a few gracious souls whom the Holy Spirit has convinced of sin who would comfort themselves if they could, but dare not do so. They are dying for want, and yet their soul abhorreth all manner of meat. I do not suppose I shall do any good this morning except to this last class, and they are few; but the word I shall speak will reach *their* ears I know, and I pray God it may drop into their hearts to comfort them. Take this, then, for granted, that there are many ways of being slightly healed, and we are most of us likely to be pleased with one or other of them.

Slight healing is sure to be fashionable among a great many, because it requires so little thought.

People will do anything but think according to the Word of God. They will both think and speak against the revealed will and truth of God, but to consider what the Lord hath said is not at all to their mind. They bring forward as philosophy notions which read like passages of a comedy. He seems to be most honored nowadays who will invent the most monstrous theory, and stand to it. O sirs, it is a grievous pity that men should be lost for want of thought. I would fain hold you by the sleeve and beg you to remember and consider. Because superficial religion only requires so much churchgoing, or attendance at sermon, or so many half-guineas, so much repeating of pious phrases, and listening to pious periods, it suits the thoughtless; but as to seeking after God by meditation, prayer, confession, faith, they cannot; away with it!

Superficial religion also will always be fashionable *because it*

DOES NOT REQUIRE SELF-DENIAL.

A man may be outwardly religious and yet be a private tippler, but he cannot be a true Christian at that rate; such secret defilement he must abandon. That, however, is a blow too near the root for many, they like not so sharp an axe as that. Or perhaps he has enmity toward his brother. Now he can go to mass or attend early communion, and yet hate his brother, but he cannot go to heaven and do that. He cannot be a regenerate man and do that. He may be following all the while some secret lust, and yet be a great man in his church, so long as he can keep his wantonness hidden away from prying eyes. A superficial religion suits the *unclean gentleman*; but genuine godliness will not allow a darling lust to live.

Do you wonder that vital godliness is at a discount when it proclaims war to the knife against a lifelong indulgence. It is with Christ as it might be in surgery. Two eminent practitioners profess to deal with the *disease called polyphus*. The first declares that he can work an effectual cure, but it must be understood that he uses the knife freely. He believes no cure to be possible unless all the roots of the growth are taken away. He will not pretend to half measures; the whole thing must be eliminated, or he can work no cure. On the other side of the street another surgeon of great name depends upon an outward application which, in quite a painless manner, acts upon the diseased part, and according to his statement secures the desired result. He says, "My friend goes too deep and makes too much of the matter. Come in here; the disease is a mere bagatelle. I will end the mischief without cutting and hacking." You can readily guess how popular this last gentleman will be if he can gain public confidence. *But what will be the end of it?* That is the point. If the sharp and deep cut of the first surgeon ministers to ultimate health, and is absolutely needful to a cure, is it not best? If, in the second case, the end of all those honeyed words is but the covering up of a foul loathsomeness, which will breed corruption and hasten death, is it not a wicked deception? Yet the most of men are so foolish as to choose the worse of the two in the affairs of their souls.

Slight healing, also, is sought by men, because *it does not require spirituality*. There are multitudes of men who, if the kingdom of heaven were to be had by outward actions, no matter how difficult, would at once commence the task. Say, "You must save so many hundreds of pounds and buy heaven," and they would starve themselves until they had hoarded up the money. Anything that could be done by the body would be cheerfully attempted, but true religion is spiritual, and carnal men cannot get at it; it is high above, and out of their sight. Hence it is that the slight healing which comes of formalism and ceremonies, seeing it deals with outward manipulations, at once attracts them.

But, my dear hearers, let me warn you with all the energy I possess against ever being satisfied with any of the slight healings that are cried up nowadays, because they will *all end in disappointment*, as sure as you are living men. I could wish that they might speedily so end while yet you could begin again, and begin aright. Remember that if

you pass through this life deceived there will await you an awful undeceiving in the next world. I will not try to depict the man who finds himself lost for ever, though he died in the odor of sanctity. What will be his horror when he finds himself cast out, and hears the Lord Jesus say, "I never knew you." Your minister knew you, the leacons knew you, the members knew you, but the Lord Jesus never did, for you had no heart-fellowship with Him and were not in heart a believer in Him. O brethren, if there be any error about your profession get it right *now*.

II. Be it ours to

SEEK TRUE HEALING.

But then, as we have already said, this true healing must be radical. Oh, pray to have it so! The healing which we need must go to the root of the business, and work a thorough change. Such a work is described in Scripture as a creation—"created anew in Christ Jesus;" it must be a resurrection—"And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Now I ask you, my dear brethren, whether you can undertake this? Creation and resurrection, do these lie in your power? You can do nothing of the kind, and so you are driven to my second text, "O Lord, heal me, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved."

Now go a step further. The healing we want must be a healing from the guilt of sin. My anxious friend, you must be no longer guilty; you must be free from fault. Every offence you have ever committed must be washed right out, even the least stain of it must vanish, and it must be as though it had never been, and you must be as though you never had offended at all. "How can that be?" say you. It is clear it cannot be by anything that you can do; and this again drives you to the prayer of my text, "Heal me, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved." How can it be? Only by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ our Saviour. He took the sin of His people upon Him; became their substitute and representative, bore their iniquity, and was made a curse for them, and in consequence they are set free, cleared, and justified.

But you must not only be free from sin, you must be *freed from sinfulness*; a work must be wrought in you, my dear brother, and in me, by which we shall be clean rid of every tendency to do evil. We cannot enter into heaven with sinful tendencies; corruption and depravity cannot be endured before the throne of the thrice holy Jehovah. The very roots and rootlets of sin must come out of the nature which is to share the abode of God. Does not this drive you to despair? Does not this make you cry, "Heal me, O God, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved?" It ought to do so, and in so doing it will work your safety.

In answer to your cry the eternal Spirit shall come upon you, creating you anew in Christ Jesus. He shall come and dwell in you, and shall break down the reigning power of sin, putting it beneath your feet. Though this defeated foe shall strive and struggle like a serpent with his back broken, yet it has its death wound, and cannot regain its former dominion. It will struggle so long as you are in this life, but it must ultimately die and you shall attain perfection.

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again."

No tendency to sin, no affection toward evil, no fear of relapse, nor danger of apostasy shall remain, but there shall be in us the living and incorruptible seed, and we shall be the members of Christ's body.

It is most desirable to be so healed in soul as to stand the test of this present life. I have known friends discharged from the hospital as healed of disease who were bitterly disappointed when they came into everyday life; a little exertion made them as ill as ever. A person had a piece of diseased bone in the wrist; it was taken out by the hospital surgeon, and the arm seemed perfectly healed, but when she began to work the old pain returned, and it was evident that the old mischief

was there still, and that a part of the decayed bone remained. Thus some are saved, so they think, but it is only in seeming, for when they get into the world, and are *tried with temptation*, they are just the same as they used to be. They have not received a practical salvation; and nothing but practical salvation is worth having. A sham cure is worse than none. If a bone is ill set it is often necessary to break it again, and it sometimes seems to me that certain converts want their hearts to be broken again that they may be truly comforted. If any man here has been healed, but his arm will not work for Jesus and for righteousness, it needs breaking again; and I should not mind if my sermon should break it, so long as he was driven to Christ to get it set in the right fashion. If you cannot resist the temptations of this life, depend upon it your salvation is a mere myth.

We want to have a salvation that will bear the test of sickness, and the strain of death, so that a man may lie back in his bed and say, "I do not fear to die; Jesus Christ has made me perfectly whole, and among the healed ones before His throne I shall shortly stand and sing His praises world without end." Oh, my dear hearers, could you die so? Have you a hope which will bear the light of your last hours? If you have not, do not let this day close until you have found it. I beseech you at once cry to Jesus to save you in His own effectual way.

III. I close by saying, let us go

WHERE TRUE HEALING IS TO BE HAD.

It is quite certain that God is able to heal us of all our sins; for He who created can restore. Whatever our diseases, nothing can surpass the power of omnipotent love. The Lord is so fond of healing sin-sick souls, that He had but one Son, and *He made a physician of Him* that He might come and heal mankind of their deadly wound; and He being made a physician came down among us, and sought out for His patients, not the good and excellent, but the most guilty, for He said, "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Jesus, then, the beloved Physician, is able and willing to meet the case of every one of us.

As I turned over my text while coming here I was charmed with the encouragement which it offers to the very chief of sinners, for these may say to themselves, "Is it, after all, God's work to save? Well, then, He can save a great sinner as well as a little sinner." If salvation were of works or of merits then many persons would evidently be excluded from hope, but if it is entirely of grace then none are excluded; and if the power be found in God and not in us, then the same power which can save the most moral young man, can save the most dissolute and debauched person; and the same grace which can save the godly matron can save the impious harlot. The power of God is equal to any miracle. The mercy of God can go any length.

I know while I am preaching that certain of you say, "He does not mean me; I am too great a sinner." On the other hand, another class imagine that they are not sinful enough, so they also fancy that the discourse is not meant for them. Oh that you would give up this wicked perversity, and know that all truth that applies to you is meant for you. I have heard of *Robert Burns* that, on one occasion when at church, he sat in a pew with a young lady whom he observed to be much affected by certain terrible passages of Scripture which the minister quoted in his sermon. The wicked wag scribbled on a piece of paper a verse which he passed to her. I fear that the substance of that verse has been whispered into many of your ears full often:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you."

This sermon is meant for those who think themselves angels as well as for those who know themselves to be sinners. Cease from all dreamy confidences; arouse yourselves from proud self-content, and come to Jesus the Saviour, who alone can save from sin and death.

I love my text because it gives security for the future. "Heal me, and I shall be healed." Certain theologians appear to doubt the lasting nature of the divine cure, and fancy that *Christ's patients may die* after all. Would they have us pray, "Lord, heal me, and I shall not be healed?" Yet that would be the way to pray if we may fall from grace and perish. If you are saved by a priest or by yourself you may be lost, but if God saves you you never will be lost. That which God doth He doeth for ever. The Lord never puts His hand to a creation which He leaves unfinished. He that is born again cannot be unborn. We may unravel all that is of nature's weaving, but that which is

GOD'S WORKMANSHIP

defies the powers infernal. There stands the promise, sure forever—"I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

Dear friends, if you are saved, pray the Lord that you may be saved indeed; and if you are not saved, get ye to Him and pray Him to begin His good work within your souls. I am often anxious about this congregation. I do not want to build up in this place a host of hopes that are ill founded. I felt that I must come and deliver this message at this time, though I am quite unfit to be among you. I have not delivered it as I hoped to do; still there it is, and unto God I commend it. If I preached this morning I was told I should suffer a month's relapse as the consequence of it, but I ran the risk, because *I could not be quiet till I had delivered my soul*.

Let us be true men, true to the core; sincere right through and through. Let us pray God that there may be a work of grace in us, and not the mere outgrowth of human will, and fancy, and self-flattery. If there be any who have not even felt the slight healing, I am glad they have not. May their wounds never be bound up till Jesus binds them. May none of us ever think of health except it come from beneath the wings of the Sun of righteousness. May we all stand together and gaze with tearful eyes upon the cross of our Lord. He is all my salvation, all my desire, and all my praise. If I perish, it shall be at His feet. If I live, it shall be in His service. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
Psalm 51.]

The Tenacity with which Rum Holds its Victims was illustrated lately in the case of a man who, apparently dead, was borne by four men to one of the London hospitals on a recent Sunday afternoon. He had been drinking whiskey till bleeding from the stomach had come on. The doctors pronounced his condition to be precarious. Restlessly he tossed from side to side, and terrible was the fear and anxiety depicted on his face, till at last, raising himself up in bed, he said, in a voice of agony, "*Dying!* Oh, God, I *can't* die! I *can't* die!" "Lie down and keep quiet, or you certainly will die!" was the reply. "But why is death so terrible to you?" "Oh, I have sinned; sinned so that I *cannot* meet God. I have—" and then came the confession of a fearful sin. "Even that God can forgive," was the quiet rejoinder, "if you truly repent and evermore flee from that sin. Would you now continue in it, if you could?" "Oh, no, no!" was the eager response. Anxious that he should rest, the Sister permitted no further conversation, but that evening, as the men gathered round for prayers, "our brother now dangerously ill," was specially recommended. Weeks passed by, and contrary to expectation, the patient recovered, and some of his history was told. He was an organist, a beautiful musician, and after his convalescence his great delight was in playing on the piano. Alas! alas! the love of liquor was not overcome. With recovering health came the love of sin again. Many months after he called to see the Sister. Through liquor he had lost his place as organist, and now, broken down in health, nerve, and spirit, he had joined a party of wandering musicians. With shaking hand and trembling voice he said, "It is of no use, Sister. I *cannot* give up the liquor." Another victim of the many hundreds who yearly perish through rum.



Mr. Vaughan's Embassy.

MR. VAUGHAN'S EMBASSY.

A DELICATE mission was that undertaken by the Rev. Herbert Vaughan. He was waiting in the parlor of a city mansion to see the wife of the man who sent him as an emissary to plead for him. He waited but a few minutes, and then the lady entered. She was young and beautiful, but her face showed traces of tears and she looked inflexible.

"I come from your husband, Mrs. Temple," said the clergyman, "and I am anxious that you should reconsider your decision and give him another trial."

"Do you know the circumstances that led me to make my decision?" Mrs. Temple asked. The clergyman silently bowed his head in assent.

"Then," said Mrs. Temple, "you will not be surprised when I say that what you ask is impossible. I can say to you, as a clergyman, what I could not say to others. My husband has during the past two years led a life of uninterrupted dissipation; he has outraged my feelings as a wife, and he has not refrained from personal violence. I have forgiven him over and over again, and he knew perfectly well, a week ago, that the next occasion of his coming home intoxicated I should leave him and return to my father's house. Notwithstanding this he again drank to excess and returned here with two gentlemen in the same disgraceful condition as himself, who insulted me in his presence. I am therefore fully resolved on keeping my word, and you see I have had my trunks packed ready to depart to-morrow."

Mr. Vaughan knew all these facts before he started on his mission, and he was therefore fully prepared to hear such a decision. But he was not a man easily rebuffed, and he was determined if possible to prevent the separation of husband and wife. "Mrs. Temple," he said, "I am not here to blame you, or to say that you are taking an unmerciful step, but I beg you to consider some facts I have to tell you of. I know you love your husband, and I am sure he loves you. If this terrible curse were removed once for all I believe you would never leave him. Is it not so?"

"You are right," said Mrs. Temple; "but that news I never expect to hear. If I could be assured

of that I would be the happiest woman in this city to-day."

Mr. Vaughan rose, and extending his hand, said, "I am going to produce to you a proof that what you wish is realized. Your husband is a saved man."

The look of painful, joyful intentness that came over the wife's face as she heard these words was impressive. Mr. Vaughan said no more, but went his way. In an hour he returned, bringing with him the man who had sinned against God, against his wife, and his home. He left husband and wife together, feeling that the interview would be too sacred for a third party to witness. Then the husband told how in his despair at finding his wife was about to leave him, he had gone out intending to drink himself into forgetfulness, but had been induced by Mr. Vaughan, whom he met, to attend a gospel temperance meeting. There he was brought to a sense of his condition, and he had given his heart to Jesus. With the strange joy that filled his heart had come a consciousness of deliverance from the power of the glass, and a conviction that Christ could and would keep him from falling. "Ethel," he said, "I am saved from the fire, my chains are broken, and if you can forgive me as God has forgiven me, for Christ's sake, I am sure He will hold me up and I shall never grieve you again." That confidence has been justified, and Mrs. Temple has never had cause to regret that she listened to Mr. Vaughan's appeal.

WEE WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

I HAVE looked on many interesting scenes and witnessed many thrilling spectacles in this and other lands, but looking back at near the close of an eventful life I find one scene imprinted more deeply on my memory than any other. I must leave the metaphysicians to account for the fact, I am not concerned with the cause, but I am sure of its existence.

That scene is not of mortal conflict between men fierce and desperate, thirsting for each other's blood; nor of horrible conflagrations grand in their terrible beauty in which lives were being sacrificed; nor of a noble ship driven by the waves on



Wee Willie and his Mother.

the rocks, and her crew battling with the billows for dear life. All these I have seen and shuddered at, and their memory I suppose will never be blotted out, but the scene that comes most frequently before my mental vision is one very different from those. It is that of a lady with a child in her arms. She was standing in a garden and the dark background of foliage cast the figures into strong relief. It is a quarter of a century now since my eyes rested on that picture, and the lady's head is now white with the snows of age and the child is a stalwart man with children of his own, but as I sit here in the dim twilight every detail of that scene is as distinct before me as on that day twenty-five years ago.

I will tell you how it was that I was so deeply moved. I was preparing for a long journey which would occupy me for three months. I had travelled over the ground on two previous occasions, my business requiring that I should visit the principal cities of all the Southern and Western States every three years. I had been married five years when the time for the tour I am now speaking of came due. I did not know how it was, but the prospect of the journey depressed me. It had not done so before, but as I made my arrangements a presentiment of coming ill which I could not shake off haunted me, and when the morning of my departure came I was almost broken-down with a foreboding of which I was not a little ashamed. I concealed it as well as I could, for I would not have the dear wife and little boy I was leaving, troubled by my imaginary woe. I kissed them tenderly, pressed them to my breast for a moment, and left them.

Two months of my journey were accomplished and nothing had occurred to justify my presentiment, and I was beginning to chide myself for my weakness in allowing myself to suffer needlessly. I worked hard and by unexpected facilities I had met with, was two weeks ahead of time. This was a distinct gain, but it had its disadvantages. I had left at home a list of places to which letters might be sent at specified dates, and by pushing forward I left several of these places before any letters from home could arrive. But I left with the postmasters addressed envelopes with instructions

to send on to me any letters that came, and pressed on with my face homeward. I arrived at Philadelphia, intending to stay there one or two days, and then I hoped to start on the most delightful stage of the journey, the one that had home for its terminus. My first visit was to the post office, and there I got a package of letters—the first I had received in five weeks. They had followed me from place to place increasing in bulk until now I had them in my hands. Shall I ever forget the emotions of the next hour as I read them? It was mental agony. My wife and child were both ill—had been ill for weeks. There were letters in the well-known handwriting, and then letters from the doctor written at my wife's request. These last were brief, and the doctor could give me no hope of those dear lives. That was all. The latest date was two weeks back, and as I read the letters I realized that at that moment my wife and child might be lying in the cemetery.

I cannot describe my journey home. I dare not telegraph. I wanted to know the truth, but had not the courage to ask. I must go home. Would it be home or the mere husk from which the corn was gone. Half dazed, in dogged dull desperation I travelled on, and at last I laid my hand on the gate of my garden. My heart seemed to stand still with dread, and I leaned for a moment against the fence to brace up my nerves. Then I turned, and the scene I have spoken of met my gaze. There stood my wife with my boy in her arms. She saw my approach from an upper window, and disregarding the doctor's orders snatched up the child and came into the open air for the first time since her illness to give me welcome. You can understand now why that scene is indelibly impressed on my memory.

As I think now of my agony when I did not know but that my treasured ones were dead, and of my joy when I discovered that they lived, I see a deeper meaning than I ever did in the words in which the beloved disciple describes the love of God (John 3:16).

DARING RESCUE OF A CHILD FROM AN EAGLE'S NEST.

It was a brilliant autumn afternoon, and the reapers were busy in the fields of a fertile valley. Before their flashing scythes and old-fashioned reaping hooks the golden grain was quickly falling, for every man and woman there was making extra exertion to finish the work before sundown. There was the more need for this because the weather-wise among them recognized in the clouds around the *summit of the mountains* at the foot of which they were working, sure indications of an approaching storm. All were absorbed in their toil, while the children, who had been brought into the fields by their mothers, played among the sweet stubble, or, if too small for frolic, lay comfortably wrapped in shawls in a sheltered spot within easy reach. Not far away lowered the rugged mountains overlooking the sea, and on the frowning cliffs many a strong-winged eagle had its eyrie.



A Mother's Heroic Rescue.

While the reapers were thus busily engaged, an eagle flew over the field. It was one of the most powerful birds of the species, and though the people were too busy to look at it, the whirr of its wings was plainly heard. But an eagle in those parts was no uncommon sight, and its presence occasioned no remark. But in a moment loud shrieks of alarm were heard from the sheltered nook where the children were, and turning to ascertain the cause they were horror-stricken to see the monster eagle soaring aloft with a tiny babe in its talons.

It was a sight to appal any beholder. If the eagle proved strong enough to carry its burden to its nest a fearful death awaited the little creature; and if the weight were too great the eagle would probably drop it to be dashed to pieces on the ground. There was no need to inquire who was the mother of the babe. Her pallid face and her clenched hands, her eyes rivetted on the soaring bird, revealed her identity.

She stood a few moments speechless, but when she saw the eagle alight on a rock where a dark shadow indicated a crevasse in which its nest was doubtless built, she uttered a low cry, and seizing her reaping hook she started on her way up the mountain. Her course was watched from the valley below with bated breath. The first few yards up the mountain could easily be scaled, but above, the cliff was almost perpendicular, and more than one of her companions believed she would only add the sacrifice of her own life to that of the child. They gazed at her with straining eyes until they saw her reach the summit of the rock. The eagle saw her too, and rising above her head, as on hands and knees she approached the nest, it

swooped upon her fiercely. But the woman had retained her reaping hook through her ascent, and now, with all the desperation of her heart and all the strength of her arm, she struck at her deadly foe, and the robber of her child. Those below saw that the blow had told, for the bird fell maimed and helpless down the mountain side.

Then the brave woman made her way trembling with anxiety to the nest, and to her inexpressible joy saw her darling alive and unhurt. She clasped it in her arms with a cry of thankfulness, and commenced her perilous descent. It was a dizzy task, but maternal love steadied her brain, and she was soon once again in the valley among her companions, who thronged around her congratulating her on the success of her perilous adventure.

She did no more reaping that day, her agitation and her exertion had been more than her woman's nature could easily bear, and beside she could not trust her rescued darling out of her arms lest some other evil might befall it. Hurrying to her home, she poured out her heart in thanks to God for His providential care.

Such a feat is an evidence of what maternal love will dare and do for its object, and it is only by such illustrations, feeble as their resemblance is, that we can grasp any conception of what must be the love of Christ for sinful men when He came to this world to suffer and die that they

might be saved (Rom. 5:7, 8).

COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 335.)

Within and Without.

ROLAND'S was a *scarred and wrinkled face*, blistered and burnt by the summer's sun, and cut and frostbitten by the winter's cold; the hair was gray and ragged, and the eyes, far sunk in the head, met Phebe's with a despairing and uneasy glance, as if he shrank from her close scrutiny. His bowed shoulders and hands roughened by toil, and his worn-out mechanic's dress, made such a change, that perhaps she acknowledged reluctantly to herself, that if he had not spoken as he did she might have passed him by undiscovered.

"I am Jean Merle," he said, "not Roland Sefton."

"Jean Merle?" she repeated in a low, bewildered tone, "not Roland Sefton, but Jean Merle?"

But she could not be bewildered or in doubt much longer. This was Roland indeed, the hero of her life, come back to her a broken-down, desolate, and hopeless man. She knelt down on the hearth beside him, and laid her hand compassionately on his.

"But you are Roland himself to me!" she cried. "Oh! be quick, and tell me all about it. Why did we ever think you were dead?"

"It was best for them all," he answered. "God knows I believed it was best. But it was a *second sin worse than the first*, Phebe. I did the man who died no wrong, for he told me as he lay dying that he had no friends to grieve for him, and no property to leave. All he wanted was a decent

grave; and he has it, and my name with it. The grave at Engelberg contains a stranger. And I, Jean Merle, have taken charge of it."

"Oh!" cried Phebe, with a pang of dread, "how will Felicita bear it?"

"Felicita has known it; she consented to it," said Jean Merle. "If she had uttered one word against my desperate plan, I should have recoiled from it. To be dead while you are yet in the body; to have eyes to see and ears to hear with, and a thinking brain and a *hungry heart*, while there is no sign, or sound, or memory, or love from your former life; you cannot conceive what that is, Phebe. I was dead, yet I was too keenly alive in Jean Merle, the poor wood-carver and miser. They thought I was imbecile; and I was almost a madman. I could not tear myself away from the grave where Roland Sefton was buried; but oh! what I have suffered!"

He ended with a long shuddering sigh, which pierced Phebe to the heart. The joy of seeing him again was vanishing in the sight of his suffering; but the thought uppermost in her mind was of Felicita.

"And she has known all along that you were not dead?" she said in a tone of awe.

"Yes, Felicita knew," he answered.

"And has she never seen you, never written to you?" she asked.

"She knows nothing of me," he replied. "I was to be dead to her, and to every one else. We parted for ever in Engelberg fourteen years ago this very month. Perhaps she believes me to be dead in reality. But I could live no longer without knowing something of you all; of Felix and Hilda; and I came over to England in August. I have seen all of you, except Felicita."

"Oh! it was wicked! it was cruel!" sobbed Phebe, shivering. "Your mother died believing she was going to rejoin you; and I, oh! how I have mourned for you!"

"Have you, Phebe?" he said sorrowfully; "but Felicita has been saved from shame, and has been successful. She is too famous now for me to retrace my steps, and get back into truthfulness. I can find no place for repentance, let me seek it ever so carefully and with tears."

"But you have repented?" she whispered.

"Before God? yes!" he answered, "and I believe He has forgiven me. But there is no way by which I can retrieve the past. I have forfeited everything, and I am now shut out even from the duties of life. What ought I to have done, Phebe? There was this way to save my mother, and my children, and Felicita; and I took it. It has prospered for all of them; they hold a different position in the world this day than they could have done if I had lived."

"In this world, yes!" answered Phebe, with a touch of scorn in her voice; "but cannot you see what you have done for Felicita? Oh! it would have been better for her to have endured the shame of your first sin, than bear such a burden of guilt. And you might have out-lived the disgrace. There are Christian people in the world who can forgive sin, even as *Christ forgives it*. Even my poor father forgave it; and Mr. Clifford, he is repenting now that he did not forgive you; it weighs him down in his old age. It would have been better for you and Felicita if you had borne the penalty of your crime."

"And our children, Phebe?" he said.

"Could not God have made it up to them?" she asked. "Did He make it necessary for you to sin again on their account? Oh! if you had only trusted Him! If you had only waited to see how Christ could turn even the sins of the father into blessings for his children! They have missed you; it may be, I cannot see clearly, they must miss you now all their lives. It would break their hearts to learn all this. Whether they must know it, I cannot tell."

"To what end should they know it?" he said.

"Don't you see, Phebe, that the distinction Felicita has won binds us to keep this secret? It cannot be disclosed either to her or to them. I came to tell it to the man who brought me here under a seal of secrecy."

"To Canon Pascal?" she exclaimed.

"Pascal?" he repeated, "ay, I remember him now. It would have been terrible to have told it to him."

"Let me think about it," said Phebe, "it has come too suddenly upon me. There must be something we ought to do, but I cannot see it yet. I must have time to recollect it all. And yet I am afraid to let you go, lest you should disappear again, and all this should seem like a dreadful dream."

"You care for me still, Phebe?" he answered mournfully. "No, I shall not disappear from you; I shall hold fast by you, now you have seen me again. If that poor wretch in hell who lifted up his eyes, being in torments, had caught sight of some pitying angel, who would now and then dip the tip of her finger in water and cool his tongue, would he have willingly disappeared from her sight? Wouldn't he rather have had a *horrible dread* lest she should disappear? But you will not forsake me, Phebe?"

"Never!" replied Phebe, with an intense and mournful earnestness.

"Then I will go," he said, rising reluctantly to his feet. The deep tones of the Abbey clock were striking for the second time since he had entered Canon Pascal's study, and they had been left in uninterrupted conversation. It was time for him to go; yet it seemed to him as if he had still so much to pour into Phebe's ear that many hours would not give him time enough. Unconstrained speech had proved a source of ineffable solace and strength to him. He had been dying of thirst, and he had found a *spring of living waters*. To Phebe, and to her alone, he was still a living man; unless sometimes Felicita thought of him.

"If you are still my friend, knowing all," he said, "I shall no longer despair. When will you see me again?"

"I will come to morning service in the Abbey to-morrow," she answered.

After speaking to Canon Pascal for a few minutes, with an agitation and reserve which he could not but notice, Phebe left the house to go home. In one of the darkest corners of the cloisters she caught sight of the figure of Jean Merle, watching for her to come out. For an instant Phebe paused, as if to speak to him once more; but her heart was over-fraught with conflicting emotions, while bewildering thoughts oppressed her brain. She longed for a *solitary walk homeward*, along the two or three miles of a crowded thoroughfare, where she could now feel as much alone as she had ever done on the solitary uplands about her birth-place. She had always delighted to ramble about the streets alone after nightfall, catching brief glimpses of the great out-door population, who were content if they could get a shelter for their heads during the few short hours they could give to sleep, without indulging in the luxury of a home. When talking to them she could return to the rustic and homely dialect of her childhood; and from her own early experience she could understand and look at their wants, from their standpoint, while feeling for them a sympathy and pity intensified by the education which had lifted her above them.

But to-night she passed along the busy streets both deaf and dumb, mechanically choosing the right way between the Abbey and her home, nearly three miles away. There was only one circumstance of which she was conscious—that Jean Merle was following her. Possibly he was afraid in the depths of his heart that she would fail him, when she came to deliberately consider all he had told her. He wronged her, she said to herself indignantly. Still, whenever she turned her head she caught sight of his tall, *bent figure and gray head*, stealing after her at some distance, and never losing her. So mournful was it to Phebe, to see her oldest and her dearest friend thus dogging her footsteps, that once or twice she paused at a street corner to give him time to overtake her; but he kept aloof. He wished only to see where she lived, for there also lived Felicita and Hilda.

She turned at last into the square where their house was. It was brilliantly lighted up, for Felicita was having one of her rare receptions that evening, and in another hour or two the rooms would be filled with guests. It was too early yet,

and Hilda was playing on her piano in the drawing-room, the merry notes ringing out into the quiet night. There was a side door to Phebe's studio, by which she could go in and out at pleasure, and she stood at it trying to fit her latch-key into the lock with her trembling hands. Looking back she saw Jean Merle some little distance away, leaning against the railings that enclosed the Square garden.

"Oh! I must run back to him! I must speak to him again!" she cried to her own heart. In another instant she was at his side, with her hands clasping his.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "what can I do for you? This is too miserable for you; and for me as well. Tell me what I can do."

"Nothing," he answered. "Why, you make me feel almost as if I had sinned again in telling you all this. I ought not to have troubled your happy heart with my sorrow."

"It was not you," she said, "you did not ever come to tell me; *God brought you*. I can bear it. But oh! to see you shut out; and inside, yonder, Hilda is playing, and Felix, perhaps, is there. They will be singing by-and-by, and never know who is standing outside, in the foggy night, listening to them."

Her voice broke into sobs, but Jean Merle did not notice them.

"And Felicita?" he said.

Phebe could not answer him for weeping. Just yet she could hardly bring herself to think distinctly of Felicita; though in fact her thoughts were full of her. She ran back to her private door, and this time opened it readily. There was a low light in the studio from a shaded lamp standing on the chimney-piece, which made the hearth bright, but left all the rest of the room in shadow. Phebe threw off her bonnet and cloak with a very heavy and troubled sigh.

"What can make you sigh, Phebe?" asked a low-toned and plaintive voice. In the chair by the fire-place, pushed out of the circle of the light, she saw Felicita leaning back, and looking up at her. The beauty of her face had never struck harshly upon Phebe until now; at this moment it was absolutely painful to her. The rich folds of her velvet dress, and the soft and costly lace of her head-dress, distinct from though resembling a widow's cap, set off both her face and figure to the utmost advantage. Phebe's eyes seemed to behold her more distinctly and vividly than they had done for some years past; for she was looking through them with a dark background for what she saw in her own brain.

She was a *strikingly beautiful woman*; but the thought of what anguish and dread had been concealed under her reserved and stately air, so cold yet so gentle, filled Phebe's soul with a sudden terror. What an awful life of self-approved, stoical falsehood Felicita had been living! She could see the man, from whom she had just parted, standing without, homeless and friendless, on the verge of pennilessness; a dead man in a living world, cut off from all the ties and duties of the home and the society he loved. But to Phebe he did not appear so wretched as Felicita was.

She sank down on her seat near Felicita with such a feeling of heart-sickness and heart-faintness as she had never experienced before. The dreariness and perplexity of the present stretched before her into the coming years. For almost the first time in her life she felt worn out; physically weary and exhausted, as if her strength had been over-taxed. Her childhood on the fresh, breezy uplands, and her happy, tranquil temperament, had hitherto kept her in perfect health. But now she felt as if the sins of those whom she had loved so tenderly and loyally touched *the very springs of her life*. She could have shared any other burden with them, and borne it with an unbroken spirit and an uncrushed heart. But such a sin as this, so full of woe and bewilderment to them all, entangled her soul also in its poisonous web.

"Why did you sigh so bitterly?" asked Felicita again.

"The world is so full of misery," she answered, in a tremulous and troubled voice; "its happiness is such a mockery!"

"Have you found that out at last, dear Phebe?" said Felicitia. "I have been telling you so for years. The Son of Man fainting under the Cross—that is the true emblem of human life. Even He had not strength enough to bear His cross to the place called Golgotha. Whenever I think of what most truly represents our life here, I see Jesus, faltering along the rough road, with Simon behind Him, whom they compelled to bear His cross."

"He fainted under the sins of the world," murmured Phebe. "It is possible to bear the sorrows of others; but oh! it is hard to carry their sins."

"We all find that out," said Felicitia, her face growing wan and white even to the lips. "Can one man do evil without the whole world suffering for it? Does the effect of a sin ever die out? What is done cannot be undone, through all eternity. There is the wretchedness of it, Phebe."

"I never felt it as I do now," she answered.

"Because you have kept yourself free from earthly ties," said Felicitia mournfully; "you have neither husband nor child to increase your power of suffering a hundredfold. I am entering upon another term of tribulation in Felix and Hilda. If I had only been like you, dear Phebe, I could have passed through life as happily as you do; but my life has never belonged to myself; it has been forced to run in channels made by others."

Somewhere in the house behind them a door was left open accidentally, and the sound of Hilda's piano, and of voices singing, broke in upon the quiet studio. Phebe listened to them, and thought of the desolate, broken-hearted man without, who was listening too. The clear young voices of their children fell upon his ears as upon Felicitia's; so near they were to one another, yet so far apart. She shivered, and drew nearer to the fire.

"I feel as cold as if I was a poor outcast in the streets," she said.

"And I, too," responded Felicitia; "but oh! Phebe, do not you lose heart and courage, like me. You have always seemed in the sunshine, and I have looked up to you and felt cheered. Don't come down into the darkness to me."

(To be continued.)

THE AFFLICTED CHILD.

S.S. Lesson for June 11, Mark 9: 14-29. Golden Text, ver. 23. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

WHEN the Lord Jesus descended from the Mount of Transfiguration, and "came to His disciples, He saw a great multitude about them, and the scribes questioning with them. And straightway all the people, when they beheld Him, were greatly amazed, and running to Him saluted Him." What was the matter? The disciples had sought to do an act of power, a spiritual act, one which they were empowered and commissioned to do.

AND THEY HAD FAILED.

The scribes were not slow to avail themselves of the occasion, to question and criticise the power and the authority of these disciples. No doubt words of satirical contempt were being spoken, their influence with the people was being lessened, and the poor disciples were in sore trial. Jesus "asked the scribes, What question ye with them? And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto Thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit: and wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him: and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away;" "and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth again, and bruising him hardly departeth from him" (Luke 9: 39).

Who that is acquainted with epileptic patients can fail to recognize the symptoms in this vivid and painful description. In Matthew's Gospel the father says, "Lord have mercy on my son; for he is lunatic, and sore vexed: for oftentimes he fall-eth into the fire, and oft into the water" (Matt. 17: 15). Those who have heard that sudden crying out, who have witnessed the foaming at the mouth, the bruising and tearing of himself by an epileptic, the sudden fall and the constant danger to life in which such a poor afflicted one lives, cannot fail to see how closely this case resembles those which they have seen. O may God bring many

such into real contact with the infallible, the great Physician!

Then came the sad disclosure, "And I spake to Thy disciples, that they should cast him out, and they could not." Jesus had sent these disciples "forth by two and two, and gave them power over unclean spirits" (Mark 6: 7); where was the power gone? What had happened to them? Alas! we shall find that these disciples had been occupied in their hearts as to which of them should be the greatest, and it was this which had drawn away their eyes from Jesus to themselves, and crippled their faith. The father, too, had made a mistake, he brought the child to Jesus, but instead of waiting for an opportunity of speaking with Him, he applied to the disciples. Let us never fall back upon a disciple because we cannot wait for Jesus. Jesus "answereth him, and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? Bring him unto me." Here was the remedy. In every sickness, whether of soul, or body, or spirit,

CONTACT WITH JESUS

is a certain cure. The Father hath "given to the Son to have life in Himself," and "the Son quickeneth whom He will" (John 5: 21, 26). "And they brought him unto Him: and when he saw Him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming." The spirit which possessed the child knew that his time was short, and sought to do his worst.

How often have we seen in cases of conversion, that a sinner has fallen into the lowest depths of sin just before the enemy was forced to loose his hold, and give him up to a conquering Redeemer! How often before a believer has been delivered from the power of inbred besetting sin, it has taken the worst and strongest forms! And just so have we seen in cases of epilepsy. Before being finally delivered through the power of the name of Jesus, the poor patient has had the most terrible fits, accompanied sometimes with pain, although previously when taken in the fit he was completely unconscious. Jesus "asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child." It may be that in looking back to the commencement of his malady, a poor sick one might recognize some lesson unlearned, some message of God neglected, of which the sickness was meant to remind him; the teaching of Job 33: 14-28, seems to imply that this is the purpose of God in permitting sickness. The education of His children is so precious in the sight of God, that He is often obliged to make use of sickness and trials of other kinds, in order fully to subdue their stubborn wills. But if we understand the purpose of our God and submit ourselves fully to Him, He who doth not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men (Lam. 3: 33), is more willing than we believe to heal the sickness, and to lead His child by a gentler method.

The father answered, "Of a child. And oftentimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters to destroy him: but if Thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us. Jesus said unto him,

IF THOU CANST BELIEVE,

all things are possible to him that believeth." O how many come to Jesus saying in their hearts, "If thou canst." They look at past experience of failure, and think their chances to get any remedy is small, they have always been overcome by such and such a besetment, how can they expect entire deliverance? it would belie all their former experience. True; but this is what faith always does, it belies every bit of experience we have, it brings us a new order of things; the hand of the Almighty is at work, for faith connects human impotence with Almighty power; and then nothing is impossible.

While the father (who was in this case the responsible party) remained unbelieving, the child could not be healed, because the work which his soul needed was not accomplished. Straightway he cried out with tears, "Lord I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." While he said, "If Thou canst" he put it out of Jesus' power to help him; there was something of implied reproach for the failure of His disciples, and there was no humbling

of himself; but when his heart was broken, and he took his place as one needing help, and as one believing in the present help of Jesus, the hindrance was gone. Then Jesus "rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dunest and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him." There was a last terrible struggle, the enemy did not easily let go his hold on the poor victim of his cruelty, "the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said He is dead." He was dead to all his past, to his sad humbling experience, but He who is the resurrection and the life was there, and He took the hand which He had delivered from the dominion of the evil spirit, "and lifted him up; and he arose." Until the spirit was cast out, Jesus dealt only with the father of the child, and with the evil spirit, but the Lord had something to do with the child as soon as he was delivered.

We have come across blessed instances of entire deliverance from epilepsy through the power of the name of Jesus. In the case of a young French girl, her soul had first to be saved, and immediately upon her finding peace with God, we told her of the power of Christ to deliver, prayed with her, and the fits, which had recurred every alternate day for a considerable period of time, and which were exceedingly violent, making it impossible for her to learn, ceased entirely from that moment. In another case a young man in the north of Germany, made use of the name of Jesus, beseeching deliverance from continually occurring fits of epilepsy. When, after praying a second time, the fit returned, he said to God, "Lord if these fits can glorify Thee, and if I can bear them in the name of Jesus, let them come; but I will bear nothing which I cannot bear in the name of Jesus." The next time a fit occurred, he was conscious of its approach, and cried out aloud, "Im Namen Jesu," i.e., "In the name of Jesus," whereupon the fit ceased; and since then he has always been conscious when a fit was coming on, and in every instance, the power of the name of Jesus, spoken in faith, has delivered him.

We know of another instance in Switzerland much of the same nature, except that the poor young man, an earnest Christian, had become apparently so weak mentally, that his recovery was the more marvellous; he had sometimes twenty-four fits in one day, but has been entirely delivered for the last twelve months, and is now in business, if he has not already entered a missionary college, his great desire being to tell among the heathen what the Lord has done for him in soul and body.

SPIRITUAL EPILEPSY.

There is a spiritual, as well as a physical epilepsy. How many there are who, believing in Christ to a certain extent, have nevertheless a dumb spirit, and cannot say a word for Jesus; the spirit of self which possesses them, leads them into all kinds of dangers, all kinds of falls; they are constantly deploring these falls and backslidings, and yet the fit of anger, or of pride, or of evil speaking, or of envy, or of impurity, comes again, until they are almost in despair. They need deliverance, the evil thing must be cast out, and then they will be free for the service of their God.

When Jesus "was come into the house, His disciples asked Him privately, Why could not we cast him out?" "And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you. Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting" (Matt. 17: 20, 21). There is a wider meaning in fasting than is sometimes imagined. Besides the absolute refraining from food, there is the denial of the will, the tastes, the predilections, all of which clears the channel for the grace of God, and leaves freer play for the movements of His Spirit. If we, who are His children, are not able to do works of spiritual power which He has commissioned us to do, He is not responsible, it lies at the door of our unbelief, our looking away from God, or of our fulness of self. Lord save us from ourselves. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Discussion of Mr. Gladstone's Scheme to relieve Irish tenants of their burdens of debt shows that the measure is far more thorough and beneficial than was at first supposed. By its first provision the bill gives as a gift one year's rent to every tenant whose rent is valued at and under \$150, who happens to be in arrears, and in consideration of the payment of one year's rent it wipes out all arrears of rent and allows him to start fresh in the world. To accomplish this the State will have to pay the land owners ten million dollars on account of the debt now owed by the tenants. This sum will be paid out of the public fund, which tenants will not be asked to pay back. It is calculated that the tenants of Ireland are now indebted to the landowners by arrears of rent to the amount of \$40,000,000, which the owners will be required to forgive, so that the Irish peasant will profit to the extent of \$50,000,000 as the result of Mr. Gladstone's bill. How wide-reaching and effective the arrears bill is may be judged from the fact that it will affect to a greater or less degree no less than 585,000 tenants, representing in round numbers 3,500,000 persons, who are now described by Mr. Gladstone as being at the mercy of the landlords. The landowners too do not appear to be so much opposed to the scheme as might have been expected. They will have to forgive the tenants a very large sum of money, but it is probable that they have regarded the debt as altogether lost, and the money to be paid jointly by the government and the tenant as a condition of the remission of the remainder, is more than they could reasonably have expected to recover.

Disunion has Appeared in the Ranks of the Irish politicians. Mr. Parnell's leadership was on Tuesday, May 23d, openly disowned in the House of Commons by fifteen Irish members who have hitherto acted implicitly under his instructions. Mr. Parnell was desirous of expediting the measure to relieve the tenants of their burden of debt, but, in order to do that, it was necessary that the bill for the suppression of crime which had precedence of it should advance a stage. Mr. Parnell, while determined to vote against the latter, wished that the hopeless struggle against it should not be maintained, fearing that if it were, the rent bill would be delayed; he therefore informed the House that although his party were firmly opposed to the Coercion bill and would vote against it at every stage they would not obstruct it. But Mr. O'Donnell, one of the released suspects, rose and stated that he would not hold himself bound by Mr. Parnell's promise, but would obstruct the bill by any and every means. Mr. Parnell then walked out of the House followed by a few of his friends. This split in the Irish party is believed to proceed from Mr. O'Donnell's ambition. He is reported as being jealous of Mr. Parnell, and being desirous of assuming the position of leader of the Irish party. Mr. Parnell's temporary unpopularity in Ireland proceeding from the suspicion that he has made a bargain with Mr. Gladstone, afforded an opportunity of which Mr. O'Donnell was prompt to avail himself. At this juncture it is most unfortunate for Ireland that there should be disunion among her representatives in Parliament.

An Ultimatum has been Presented to Egypt by the Representatives of England and France. It appears that although the ministry made their submission to the Khédive as mentioned last week, they still remained opposed to the foreign controllers, and as the Khédive was resolved on supporting the English and French ministers, the breach between him and his cabinet was not healed. The presence of the Anglo-French squadrons in Egyptian waters appears to have exasperated Arabi Bey and his colleagues, who have commenced warlike operations by laying a line of torpedoes along the coast. The situation having become so alarming, the English and French ministers on May 25th presented an ultimatum to the Khédive in which they say: "Whereas the President of the Chamber of Notables has proposed as the only means of ending the disturbance of the country, the temporary removal of Arabi Bey from Egypt, with retention of rank and pay, and the resignation of the Ministry; and whereas

these conditions can prevent the misfortune menacing Egypt, we recommend them to the serious attention of the Ministry, and if necessary *the two governments will exact their due fulfilment.* In intervening in the affairs of Egypt, England and France have no other object than the maintenance of the *status quo*, and they will use their good offices with the Khédive to obtain general amnesty." The presentation of this document has brought the conflict to a crisis from which it is feared there will be no issue possible but war, which may lead to European complications.

The Postponement of the Coronation of the Czar of Russia for one year has been decided upon in consequence of the danger apprehended from Nihilistic plots. A despatch from Tilsit states that the decision was taken at a council of the Russian imperial family at the Peterhof Palace, and was caused by the receipt of alarming information touching the projects of the nihilists. The European Press confirms the report and states that the information of the projects of the nihilists which caused the postponement was received at St. Petersburg from *foreign police*. The German Embassy at St. Petersburg was also warned that the German Crown Prince Frederick William would incur great danger if he attended the coronation as there was a deep, undiscovered conspiracy against the Czar and his guests.

An Important Speech Delivered by Michael Davitt last week shows that the concessions Mr. Gladstone is now making to the Irish people, extensive as they are, will not diminish discontent or prevent the spread of the agitation. Michael Davitt, addressing a meeting of Irishmen at Manchester, said nobody lamented the recent murders more than he, and nobody was readier to prevent such crimes in future. He declared that without the presence of police and military the property of Irish landlords would not be worth a month's purchase. He said there could be *no alliance between Irishmen and English Whigs until landlordism was completely abolished.* The government could not grapple effectually with a secret movement when it was made to appear that such movement was only for the protection of a wronged people. He declared that if Mr. Gladstone was earnest in his efforts to suppress crime he must go to the source of all agrarian outrage and remove landlordism, sweep away Dublin Castle and show that he could repose the same confidence in Ireland as in Canada.

The Russian Jews are Alarmed by the Publication of an official order which they apprehend will lead to further outbreaks in spite of its ostensible friendliness. It is ordered by the Czar and his ministers that the Jews shall henceforth be prohibited from settling outside of towns and villages, except where Jewish settlements already exist. All contracts of purchase or tenancy with Jews are provisionally suspended. It is also announced that by order of the Emperor the government is firmly resolved to punish inexorably all outrages against the persons and property of Jews, seeing that the latter are under the protection of the laws, which are equally binding upon all subjects of the Czar. Governors and other authorities are therefore commanded on their personal responsibility to take timely measures to prevent or suppress outrages against Jews. The regulations in regard to the Jews are only temporary, in view of the *final solution* of the question.

An Alliance between Austria and Russia so far as their policy toward Turkey is concerned, has been concluded. The intelligence is ominous, because it shows that a policy of distrust affects the whole European Continent. It is stated in the cablegrams of the week that the motives which have led to the alliance were incited by the conviction that Germany was plotting to set Russia and Austria at variance, in the hope that war might break out between the two nations and both might be weakened. It is manifest to the careful student of prophecy who intelligently watches the course of events that the predicted general European war will not be much longer delayed.

Dr. Somerville, the World's Evangelist, who has just returned to England from an evangelistic tour in Germany, attended the noon meeting for

prayer at Glasgow, on April 24th, and briefly expressed his thanks to Almighty God for His preservation and assistance during the four and a half months' of mission work in Germany. Illustrating the importance of sinners taking advantage of their opportunities, Dr. Somerville said, at a subsequent meeting in the Circus: "When I was lately in Germany, a person who had been in the West Indies told me that in the Island of Trinidad there is a harbor which is so much shut in that, unless the wind be blowing in a particular direction, the vessels there cannot get out to sea. It so happened that there had been a long continuance of wind in one direction, and there were three vessels that were shut up in the haven unable to get out. One night the wind changed, and one of the three vessels steered out to sea. The captains of the other two thought, 'Oh, there is a change come over the atmosphere, and we will still take a holiday, and we will sail to-morrow.' The vessel that sailed away reached home in Great Britain, unloaded her cargo, took on board another cargo, and then sailed back to Trinidad; and when she got there she found the two ships she had left three months before! The wind had again changed during that night, and they had not had another opportunity in all those three months of leaving their moorings."

An Italian Professor Converted.—A Protestant clergyman narrates the following incident, which occurred recently in Rome, Italy. One Sunday the text was Matt. 8:23: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." In the church there was a professor of physical science in the university, Signor C., who came to me at the close of the service and with great emotion seized my hand and said, "I thank you for your discourse. That sermon was made for me. I am that poor leper of whom you spoke." After this we had many private conversations, and this unbeliever joyfully surrendered before the evidences of Christianity. More lately he has told me of the changes which have taken place in his home; and now three ladies of his family come with him to the house of God and truly relish the unfolding of Scripture. These successes point to a vast awakening in Italy before long, if not to the entire overthrow of the Papacy.

The Issue of Bibles, Testaments, and Portions of the Word of God by the British and Foreign Bible Society during the past year is thus summarized in the annual report of the society held in London on May 3d. Notwithstanding the intense eagerness with which the Revised New Testament in English was expected and welcomed, the home issues of Holy Scripture by the society have been 9200, and the foreign issues have been 83,300, more than last year. The Testaments called for at home have been only 38,000 fewer, those called for abroad have been 39,000 more this year than last. And the whole demand for Testaments in every tongue has again not fallen far short of a million. Understanding by copies Bibles, Testaments, and Portions taken together, the total issues at home have been 1,509,000, and those abroad 1,429,000, in all 2,938,000 copies, or nearly 10,000 a day for the working days of the year and these figures bring up the Bibles, Testaments and Portions supplied by the society since its formation to 93,953,000 copies.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 6, Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinion of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers of prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1882.

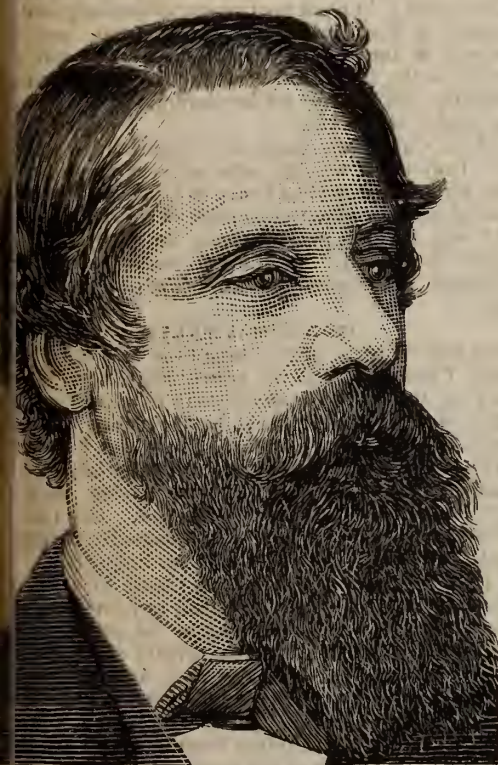
16th Year. No. 23.—New Series.

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THE LATE LORD F. CAVENDISH.



THE LATE MR. T. BURKE.



THE RT. HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.



The Scene of the Assassination of Lord CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

THE DOUBLE ASSASSINATION IN IRELAND.

The Meaning of the Crime—Prophetic and Secular Warnings of an Impending Storm—America's Concern in the Tragedy—Responsibility for the Crime—The Victims—Lord Frederick Cavendish's Career—Mr. Thomas Burke's Devotion to his Country—Mr. W. E. Forster's Life—Details of the Horrible Deed—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Remarks.

THE most popular of living secular authors thus writes in one of his recently published works, of the present condition of society and its ominous warnings: "In secret and in the open alike, there is a vast power growing and growing, increasing in volume and bulk from hour to hour, from year to year; none can tell in what fashion it will reveal itself. But you may depend upon it that when the spark does spring out of the cloud—when the clearance of the atmosphere is due—people will look back on the revolutions of 1688, and 1798, and 1848 as mere playthings. The great revolution is still to come; it may be nearer than some imagine." Those words were written by a man who probably never devoted ten minutes of his whole life to the study of unfulfilled prophecy; yet he, regarding society from a purely secular standpoint, arrives at conclusions and utters warnings as to the future time of trouble, identical with those of the men whose views are based on the predictions of the Bible. *The storm is surely coming* and the penetrating gaze of the secular student observes its approach as clearly as does the reverent student of God's Word. Among the signs of the gathering tempest, not one has been witnessed of late years more significant than the murder on May 6th of the two government officials in Ireland.

We have more concern with this crime than America usually has with crimes committed on a foreign soil. Our sympathies are enlisted for the Irish people ground down by long centuries of poverty, hardship, and injustice. That sympathy has shown itself in practical form, for when the Irish people were hungry our hands fed them, and when they needed assistance to carry on a struggle against injustice, American gold was freely sent to them. There is consequently at this crisis a voice raised throughout England that America is largely responsible for the horrible crimes committed a few weeks ago. That such a charge is unjust we are well aware; no nation under the sun is more firmly opposed to cowardly assassination than are the citizens of this great republic. But unhappily we have in our midst men alien in instinct and in principle to ourselves, whose voices are raised above those of the ordinary citizens and who, we grieve to say, approve such crimes. They applauded the murder of the Czar of Russia and they rejoice with diabolical malignity in all such crimes. Within sight of the spot where these words are written lives a man whose voice is accepted as a law by thousands of his countrymen, and he—Jeremiah O'Donovan, better known as O'Donovan Rossa—had the shameless effrontery in speaking of these murders on behalf of his people to say: "We call upon all our brothers in America, particularly the Advanced Nationalists, to aid, by every means within their power, the men who have carried out this execution, and we hereby further declare that they deserve well of their country." At this juncture we owe it to ourselves and our principles to speak out boldly and unequivocally in repudiation of such a man and his utterances.

Nor can we consider this awful tragedy without taking into account the responsibility which must be shared by Mr. Parnell and his coadjutors of the Land League. It is true that Mr. Parnell has denounced the crimes, but he has not denounced them as crimes, but as blunders—blunders which interfered and threatened to thwart his projects. These are not the first murders by many that have been committed by his followers. Other less distinguished men, helpless women, and tender children, have been murdered and mutilated by these savages without evoking a word of protest, and now his regret is chiefly that the victims were so prominent and so universally respected that he fears the indignation excited by their fate may retard his schemes. Of their intrinsic wickedness he has no

word to say, any more than he had of the previous outrages.

Miss Parnell, too, does not conceal, even so much as her brother is crafty enough to do, her opinion of the crimes. In a letter to the *London Times* she said that if there are any persons who are surprised that the assassin's arm is not idle, they must not forget that there is such a thing as *human nature among Irishmen*. Mr. Egan, another prominent Land Leaguer, is still more explicit in revealing the motives which have prompted the deed of blood. He said "Ireland is used to repression. It has kept the national spirit alive. Nothing would be more dangerous to Ireland than a long term of peace." It is with the object of preventing such "a long term of peace," which would terminate the occupation on which these miserable creatures thrive, that the murders were committed.

THE VICTIMS

were chosen with this end in view. Had Mr. Forster been murdered it might have been said that the personal share he had in imprisoning the Land Leaguers might have provoked personal malignity, of which his murder was the outcome. But Lord Frederick Cavendish was a man who had done Ireland no wrong, and he had gone over to that country as a special messenger of peace. The assassins and the men who directed them fired on a flag of truce, and have thus placed themselves on record as implacable enemies to reconciliation as well as the most cowardly villains of the age.

LORD FREDERICK C. CAVENDISH, whose portrait appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, was the second son of the Duke of Devonshire, the head of a family which has filled a conspicuous place in the history of England. The eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire is the Marquis of Hartington, who was chosen by the Liberal party to succeed Mr. Gladstone as leader of the party when that gentleman, in chagrin at his defeat in 1874, resigned his office and left the party he had led into disaster to make their way out of it as they best could. The Marquis of Hartington led the party out of its humiliating position, and when victory once more crowned its banners he nobly retired from his position and Mr. Gladstone was again placed at its head. The Marquis of Hartington is unmarried, and therefore it was not improbable that his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, might at some future day inherit the estates and the proud title of his father, the Duke of Devonshire.

Lord Frederick was born at Compton Place, Sussex, November 30th, 1836, and was therefore at the time of his tragical death in his forty-sixth year. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge—where his father had studied and had left an honorable record as second wrangler. Lord Frederick was intended for a diplomatic career. As a preliminary training for public life he became private secretary to Lord Granville, who has devoted his whole life to foreign affairs and who has twice been appointed Foreign Secretary of England. Afterward Lord Frederick became private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, who was warmly attached to the young man, and has always shown a kindly regard for him. It is reported that he never was enamored of departmental work. In 1864 he married the Honorable Lucy Caroline, the second daughter of Lord Lyttelton, thus becoming by marriage a nephew of Mr. Gladstone. He then settled down to a comparatively quiet life. He had no difficulty in securing from the Yorkshire electors a seat in Parliament as member for the North-west Riding, and he was hailed as a welcome acquisition by the statesmen there as an able and useful member. He was content to allow his brother, the Marquis, to monopolize all the Parliamentary honors, but he was a reliable party man, always voted straight, and his name was regularly recorded in all the important divisions. He was very popular with his party, and the Northwest Riding was very proud of him. He was more genial than his elder brother, the Marquis of Hartington, and was generally liked.

When Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister again in 1880, Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, with a salary

of \$10,000 a year. He used to sit close to Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and filled the position admirably. Since his preferment he spoke more frequently in the House than before, and it was evident that he took a more active interest in affairs of the nation. He never, or very seldom, made a set speech, for he was afflicted with a defect in his speech and it was evident that his stammering tongue would prevent his ever becoming a brilliant orator, but when he had anything to say it had the advantage of being brief, terse, and to the point.

When Mr. Gladstone determined on releasing the suspects and reversing the coercion policy Mr. Forster resigned. In doing so he explicitly warned the government that the change would result in a fresh outbreak of crime and he would not be responsible for it. But Mr. Gladstone was determined in his resolve, and as he could not himself be Irish Secretary, as he already holds two offices in the government—those of Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he selected Lord Frederick Cavendish for the post, as being a man who having once been his private secretary he could rely upon for carrying out his policy faithfully. After the tragedy he thus testified to the worth of Lord Cavendish: "I must say that one of the very noble hearts in England has ceased to beat, and he ceased at the very moment when it was just devoted to the service of Ireland, full of love for the country, full of hope for her future, full of capacity to render her service."

Lord Cavendish leaves no children. His widow is a truly noble woman, who even in the hour of her bitter anguish thus wrote to Lord Spencer: "I would never grudge the sacrifice of my darling's life if it only leads to putting down the frightful spirit of evil in Ireland. He himself would never have grudged it if thereby death could do more than life."

MR. THOMAS BURKE,

who was murdered at the same time as Lord Frederick Cavendish, was the permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland. He was born in 1829, and on the 29th of this month would have reached his 53rd year. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. William Burke, of Knocknagur, County Galway, his mother, Fanny Xaveria Tucker, having been a niece of the late Cardinal Wiseman. His father resided at Bruges, and he was educated in Belgium and Germany, and was a proficient linguist.

From the time he entered the Castle in 1865, to the hour of his death, with hardly any intervals for recreation, he was unremitting in his attention to his official duties. He was private secretary to Lord Carlingford, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Hartington while they were Chief Secretaries for Ireland. Though he belonged to the Liberal party he strictly and with implicit fidelity carried out the views and directions of the government of the day. From the habits acquired during so many years of office he was extremely cautious and reserved; to some, indeed, he appeared haughty; but he was a cheerful companion and much beloved by his intimate friends, who deeply feel his loss. *He was a Roman Catholic*, and his presumptive heir was his cousin, Sir John Lionel Burke.

His personal merit and administrative ability were warmly eulogized by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster in the House of Commons on May 8th, the former of whom said: "In the death of Mr. Burke we are robbed of one of the ablest, the most upright, the most experienced, the most eminent members of that Civil Service to which we owe so much in the government of the country in the hands of its permanent officers."

Mr. Forster was even more lavish in his eulogy, saying: "There is no Member of Parliament present who knew Mr. Burke so well as I did. The country and the Queen have never had a more faithful, a more upright, and a more truly honorable and unselfish servant. His industry, his devotion to his duty, were something more than is scarcely ever known. For more than two years he never had a fortnight's holiday. Day after day, from morning till night, he plodded on with work which to him was most distasteful, with the silent dignified reticence that belonged to him, uncompromisingly and resignedly, without acknowledgment

and without much praise; and we all thought he was safe from such a visitation as this which has happened to him. Not many months ago I wrote and told him that I thought I ought to press him to accept additional emolument. He said he was satisfied with the respect of those who worked with him and the confidence of those who were above him, and he entirely forbade me to ask him to accept any reward.

"I think I never met with a man so completely without prejudice, so completely and absolutely fair, and so determined to do justice to all classes, and that in a country where it is sometimes difficult to be done. *The tenant-farmer never lost a former friend than in Mr. Burke, who treated his own tenants well, and who always stood up for tenants in a place (the Castle) where they sometimes think their interests are forgotten.* Over and over again he has pointed out to me in the interests of the tenants cases of hardship on the part of the landlord, and of all men I have met in Ireland, or have heard or read of, he was the most ready to denounce injustice." That is the character of the murdered man, over whose death the professed friends of the tenant-farmers of Ireland are now rejoicing.

THE RT. HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., whose portrait also appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, is a typical Englishman. He was born in the town of Bradpole, Dorsetshire, in 1818. His parents being of the Society of Friends, he was sent to school at one of their own institutions, known as the *Friends' School*, at Tottenham. Mr. Forster began while yet a young man to take an intelligent interest in all kinds of public matters, and soon put himself into contact with philanthropic aims and efforts. He is one of those quiet natures which are full of noble purpose, and incapable of knowing that misery is within his reach without making an effort to help and save the suffering ones.

Mr. Forster has travelled extensively in America, and has made many friends both in the Northern and Southern States. In 1846-47 he visited some of the Irish counties which had been devastated by the famine, and distributed a relief fund which had been raised by the Quakers. A vigorously written pamphlet which he penned on this occasion manifested the lively and sympathetic interest which he took in public affairs.

It was on the question of education that Mr. Forster gained so much celebrity; for he was Vice-President of the Council, and accepted the responsible task of introducing that famous Educational Bill providing free public schools, which will ever be associated with his name. He met with stern opposition, especially from the leading spirits of the Bible-ignoring Birmingham League, because the bill permits the *reading of the Bible* (without note or comment) in common schools. Nothing, however, shook his faith in the measure. He saw further into the matter than his opponents, and he was most anxious to establish a principle as nearly as possible such as the greatest number could accept, while it would benefit the whole nation. Mr. Forster adhered to the main principles of his bill, never vacating his place in the House until, in 1872, his measure had passed the third reading unimpaired by the opposition in Parliament.

It was only a few days before the assassinations that he resigned his office owing to a disagreement between himself and other members of the Cabinet on the question of coercive legislation for Ireland, which he insisted upon, as indispensable.

THE MURDERS.

Lord Frederick Cavendish on his appointment to office at once proceeded to Ireland and on Saturday, May 6th, he took part in the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Lord Spencer as the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. After taking the customary oath of office Earl Spencer and Lord Cavendish were for some time engaged in the Castle upon business relating to the release of eighty more of the imprisoned suspects and other matters. Desiring to enjoy a little of the refreshing air of a summer-like evening, Lord Cavendish walked from the Castle to the Lodge, appropriated to his use as Chief Secretary, a picture of which appears on page 364. His way lay through the Phoenix Park,

and but a short distance from the Viceroy's residence where he had promised to dine with Earl Spencer after he had called at his own residence. Mr. Burke was also at the Castle, but being detained some time after Lord Cavendish left he took a car to the Phoenix Park gate, and there dismissing the driver, joined Lord Cavendish, and they walked off together toward the Lodge. They were unarmed, as they apprehended no danger, especially under what seemed the auspicious inauguration of a policy of conciliation. Suddenly they were set upon by four men, who, armed with knives, made a deadly onslaught upon them.

A boy named Jacobs states that, while bird-nesting in the park, he saw about 200 yards from where he was, near the road, a group of men who seemed to be wrestling. He thought they were roughs, and did not pay much attention to them. He then saw two men fall to the ground, and the others, four in number, jump on a car and drive rapidly off towards Chapelizod, which lies in the direction opposite to the city. A Mr. Maguire and a friend, riding on tricycles, had passed Mr. Burke and Lord F. Cavendish shortly before the murder. They were then on their way along the main road through the park. Returning only six minutes later, the tricyclists found the Chief Secretary lying on the main road in the centre of the carriage way, and Mr. Burke prostrate upon the pathway. Both were in large pools of blood.

Mr. Maguire immediately informed the police of what he had seen, and the police, proceeding to the scene of the murder, conveyed the bodies to Steeven's Hospital. On examination it was found that Mr. Burke had received several stabs near the region of the heart, and that his throat was cut almost completely across. His clothes were much torn, and his hands bore marks suggestive of a fierce encounter with his assailants. Lord Frederick had been stabbed in several places about the chest; one wound was through the right lung and was very deep. Both men were dead.

The murder must have been deliberately planned, and there is reason to believe that it was also intended to murder Earl Spencer had he not been mounted on horseback. The supposition that Lord F. Cavendish was not the intended victim, and that to the assassins he was unknown and not likely to be obnoxious is refuted by the fact that as the procession passed through Dame Street earlier in the day, near the Castle, a man stood near the carriage in which Lord F. Cavendish, Mr. Jeukinson, and the Hon. Mr. Spencer were seated, and asked whether Lord F. Cavendish was in the procession. He received no answer, and, moving on, repeated his question, without eliciting a reply. He asked a third time, and then Lord F. Cavendish, raising his hat, said, "I am Lord F. Cavendish." The man replied, "Thank you, that will do," and went away. A man similarly attired was observed in the park near the scene of the murder.

His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant had ridden by the scene of the tragedy only a short time before, accompanied by his private secretary and an aide-de-camp, also on horseback. His Excellency was in the grounds to the south of the Viceregal Lodge, and saw a scuffle on the road, which he thought was a drunken brawl, and sent a constable to see what was the matter. But by that time the fatal deed was done.

THE NEWS IN LONDON

and the provinces, of the sanguinary deed, was one of unqualified horror and detestation. The *Court Circular* says:

"Her Majesty received with deep grief the horrible news of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary, and of Mr. Burke, Under-Secretary, for Ireland."

The Queen, on receipt of the news from Mr. Gladstone, telegraphed to Lady Frederick Cavendish her great grief at the dreadful outrage that had filled her heart with sorrow. But on royal hearts the grief of others sits lightly, and on the very day when the poor mutilated body of the young man was being interred amid general sorrow in the vault at Chatsworth, Queen Victoria, with a glaring lack of decent regard for propriety,

was holding a public reception with the usual festivities.

Mr. Gladstone, who received a telegram announcing the tragedy on Saturday night, is reported to have been almost paralyzed with astonishment. The Marquis of Hartington, the eldest brother of the deceased, was at a reception then being held by Lord Northbrook when he received the news. The Marquis was terribly affected. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, accompanied by Lord Hartington and Lady Louisa Egerton (the deceased nobleman's sister), proceeded between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night to where Lady Cavendish was staying and gently unfolded the news to her ladyship. The scene which took place was one of a most painful character. The bereaved lady, on hearing of the untimely death of her noble husband, told to her though it was without any revelation of the hideous details of the foul crime, swooned in the arms of the grief-stricken relatives and friends who stood around. She, however, with wonderful self-command, soon recovered from the wild outbursts of grief and became more composed, though her condition was distressing in the extreme. The Marquis of Hartington, although he entered the house, yet never saw Lady Frederick, fearing that the meeting would be of too painful a character.

The terrible news was alluded to in many of the London churches.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

in his introductory prayer, said their hearts grew heavy in passing along the streets and observing the announcements of the dreadful news from the sister isle. He prayed that the bonds of social life might not be altogether severed, and that peace might yet rest on that distracted country. While the tyrant oftentimes fell at the hands of the oppressed, it could not be asserted that the latest victims were in any sense tyrants, or the representatives of despots; they were, on the contrary, men actuated by a desire to serve their fellow-men. In his prayer, Mr. Spurgeon devoutly remembered the Queen and Her Majesty's Ministers at the present critical time, supplicating that the former might enjoy many years of happiness and peace and that the latter might receive strength and guidance in their conduct of the nation's affairs.

PHOENIX PARK,

in which the terrible tragedy was enacted, is the glory of Dublin. It had its origin in a command of Queen Elizabeth, but was not completed until the reign of Charles II. Although it does not possess the tall and ancient trees which give so much beauty to Hyde Park, London, and the adjacent Kensington Gardens, the Phoenix Park is considered by many to be the fairest and grandest of all enclosures of the kind in the British Islands. It lies to the west of Dublin, and covers the enormous space of 1753 acres; of these 160 are occupied with the garden ground surrounding the Viceregal Lodge, the official summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is a long, white, two storied building, and though insignificant in elevation and architectural adornment, contains apartments sufficiently numerous and capacious for the assemblage of a court. *This building is shown on page 364.*

Not many hundred yards from the Viceregal residence is that of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, which is also surrounded by a demesne. *A picture of the building also appears on page 364.* Dublin Castle and the Chapel Royal, a view of which appears on page 365, originated in the desire of John the "Landless," son of Henry II., to protect the city on the Liffey. To use his own words, "It was to be raised in a competent place, as well to curb the city as to defend it." It was commenced in 1205, and took fifteen years to complete it. From time to time Parliaments and courts of law were held within its walls. It was not until Queen Elizabeth's reign that it became a Viceregal residence. The building presents an unsymmetrical and gloomy aspect, though there are gorgeous apartments and magnificent chambers within. The *Chapel Royal* is the front portion of the Castle. On the same page is a picture of *Kilmainham Jail*, where Mr. Parnell and the other suspects were confined.

WHAT ARE OUR DEPARTED CHRISTIAN FRIENDS DOING NOW?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
June 4, 1882.

"Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."—EZEKIEL 1:1.

Heavenly Visions for the Desolate—A Question Often Asked—An Inferential Answer—Temperaments that Survive Death—I. Celestial Happiness of the Artistic Soul—Genius in a Heavenly Studio—II. The Delight of Heavenly Music—Haydn's Acknowledgment of the Source of all Light—III. Work for Christian Soldiers—The Cohorts in the Air Fighting for the Right—IV. Glorified Mathematicians and Metaphysicians—V. The Heaven of Explorers—VI. Of Students—Historical—Astronomical—Legal—Medical—VII. The Heaven of the Sociable—Royal Neighbors—VIII. The Minister's Heaven—The Philanthropists in Heaven—The Bell of the Heavenly Cathedral—All Employments Suspended for Worship—The United Doxology.

EZEKIEL, with others, had been expatriated, and while in foreign slavery was standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal, in the text, called the river of Chebar; the illustrious exile had visions of Heaven. Indeed, *it is almost always so* that the brightest visions of Heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yea, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow has banished.

The text is very particular to give us *the exact time* of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year, and in the fourth month, and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may not we have some such vision this morning, and it be in the sixth month and in the fourth day of the month?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the Heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk.

After God has made a nature He never eradicates the chief characteristics of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of the temperament neither will death eradicate them.

You have, then, only by a *sum in subtraction* and a *sum in addition* to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in Heaven what in their best moments they did on earth. The reason that so many people never start for Heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it.

We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here to next Christmas. We like to hear the Hallelujah chorus, but we would not want to hear it all the time for fifty centuries. It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of Heaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as especial

and celebrative to be the exclusive employment of the Heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day, or a Fourth of July, or an autumnal Thanksgiving as though it were all the time that way.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense conclude that in Heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many

DIFFERENT EMPLOYMENTS

in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of Heaven; but will that abolish employments? No more than loves on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love, abolishes earthly occupation.

I. In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in *the fine arts* are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at, and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven?

Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art, on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at

THEIR OLD BUSINESS YET

but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio.

Raphael could now improve upon his masterpiece of Michael the archangel now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the Holy Family now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the Last Judgment after he has seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here; but I am persuaded that the grander studios and the brighter galleries are higher up by the winding marble stairs of the sepulchre, and that Turner and Holman Hunt and Rembrandt and Titian and Paul Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painters yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten-thousand fold. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that He might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skilful, more multipliant.

Do not, therefore, be melancholy among the tapestries and the bric-à-brac and the embroideries and the water colors and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say: "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say: "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourgs celestial.

II. I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of Heaven that it cannot all be figurative. The Bible over and over again speaks of

THE SONGS OF HEAVEN.

If Heaven had no songs of its own a vast number of those of earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in Heaven who know "Coronation" and "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal

orchestra need only once tap his baton and all Heaven will be ready for the hallelujah.

CANNOT THE SOUL SING?

How often we compliment some exquisite singer by saying "There was so much soul in her music." In Heaven it will be all soul until the body after a while comes up in the resurrection and then there will be an additional Heaven. *Cannot the soul hear?* If it can hear then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household when some member leaves for Heaven as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years, because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are.

You ask me, "Do they have *real harps* and *real trumpets* and *real organs*?" I do not know. Some wisecracks say positively there are no such things in Heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains and all the hills and all the forests and all the metals of the earth and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs.

Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall and there he heard his own oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward Heaven and said, "*It comes from there!*" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction.

Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward Heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in Heaven and it will ever have its highest throne in Heaven; and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at *the headquarters of harmony*. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone with them to Heaven.

III. Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit are now in

ARMIES CELESTIAL

and out on bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christians, and when they fight they fight on the right side. Now when these, our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit, entered Heaven they entered the celestial army.

The door of Heaven hardly opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said, "The armies which are in Heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some Heavenly campaign, they volunteered right away. There must needs be in Heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to Heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, groanless, painless. Angels of evil to be fought down and fought back. Other rebellious worlds to be conquered. Worlds to be put to the torch. Worlds to be saved. Worlds to be demolished. Worlds to be sunk. Worlds to be hoisted.

Beside that, in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the Heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men, so few churches against so many grog-shops, so few pure printing-presses against so many polluted printing-presses; and yet we are buoyant and courageous,

because while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of the truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side.

I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O! God, open our eyes that we may see them. The military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua, and Caleb, and Gideon, and David, and Samson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now having gone up on high are coming down the hills of Heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Yonder they are—coming, coming. Did you not hear them as they swept by?

GLORIFIED MATHEMATICIANS.

IV. But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and their delight in mathematics. There was more poetry for them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door: "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like Heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in Heaven spent some of their time with the higher branches of mathematics.

So of our transferred and transported *metaphysicians*. What they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit unsheathed—now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in Heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in Heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics.

V. What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now?

EXPLORING YET,

but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin no more in disabled "Erebus" pushing toward the North Pole, Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded "Jeannette" from the ice, Christian Livingstone no more amid African malarial trying to make revelation of a dark continent; but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without Alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

VI. What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open before them—geologic, ornithologic, conchologic, botanic, astronomic, philosophic. No more need of Leyden-jars, or voltaic piles, or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole milleniums before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was born. History of one world, history of all worlds.

What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about

what the *aurora borealis* was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for themselves.

What are our departed

CHRISTIAN CHEMISTS

doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved ten thousand questions which once puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity, so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from our side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by *strange influences* which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. Agassiz standing amid his student explorers down in Brazil coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying, "Gentlemen, let us pray; we must have divine illumination; we want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks; He made them; let us pray"—Agassiz going right on with his studies forever and forever.

But what are the *men of the law*, who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession—what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from flight of humming bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God Himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

DEPARTED CHRISTIAN PHYSICIANS.

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing art, doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in Heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skilful doctors of New York and Brooklyn had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him—Abercrombie, who, after many years' doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him.

I should not wonder if my old friend *Dr. John Brown*, who died last month in Edinburgh—John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends"—John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was skilful a physician and world-renowned author—I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to Heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

VII. But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality.

WHAT A PLACE TO VISIT IN,

where your next-door neighbors are kings and queens. You yourselves kingly and queenly. If they want to know more particularly about the first Paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the Heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch covenant-

ers, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time revivals, they have only to go over and ask Whitefield and Wesley and Livingston and Fletcher and Nettleton and Finney. O! what a place to visit in.

If eternity were one minute shorter it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately *fond of flowers* turned into Paradise! Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has twelve kinds of fruit at once, and bearing the fruit all the year round!

VIII. What are our departed Christian friends doing in Heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the *Gospel ministry*? They are

VISITING THEIR OLD CONGREGATIONS.

Most of those old ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to Heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yea, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the Gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom through the kindness of the printing-press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and in other lands—letters coming from New Zealand and Australia and uttermost parts of the earth, as well as from nearer nations, telling me of the souls I have helped—I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry engaged in that delectable entertainment, undertaking now.

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all

DEPARTMENTS OF USEFULNESS

were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of Northern and Southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded; George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth busier since death than before.

THE TOMBSTONE NOT THE TERMINUS

but the starting post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now, they can handle the omnipotent thunder bolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation, save the revelation of the scars, that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary, the Christ of the awful massacre with its hæmorrhage of head and hand and foot and side—the Christ of the shattered mausoleum—Christ the sacrifice, the star, the Son, the man, the God, the God-man, the man-God.

But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—

THE CATHEDRAL BELL OF HEAVEN.

What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshippers all coming through the aisle. Make room for the conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All Heaven gathering around Him. Those who loved the beautiful come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music come to listen to His voice. Those who were mathematicians come to count the years of His reign. Those who were explorers come to discover the height and the depth, and the length and the breadth of His love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in Heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the morning star. The men of the law come to look at Him who is the Judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at Him who was wounded for our transgressions.

All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto Him who washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end!" Amen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Power for the Pulpit.—**Mr. Galloway**, in speaking of the power of prayer, said: "We are told that Livingstone before he preached the great sermon at Shotts, when five hundred sinners were converted to Christ, spent the whole previous night in prayer. William Burns, who was perhaps one of the most successful ministers Scotland has ever seen, never entered the pulpit without wrestling for an hour on his knees with the Lord. The saintly Robert Murray McCheyne's experience was the same; he waited at the Throne of Grace before he ascended the pulpit, and there was shed upon him the invincible power of God."

Two Hundred Victims a Day.—**Sir William Collins** said: "A few years ago, at the time of the Blantyre explosion, when about two hundred men were suddenly swept into eternity, that circumstance awakened the whole country from one end to the other, from the Queen down to the most humble of her subjects. But is it not a terrible thing that *every day*, from January to December, there are two hundred immortal souls falling into a drunkard's grave and an eternal hell, and the Church is not uttering a sufficiently vigorous warning to those who are in the grasp of strong drink!"

Purging the Roll.—**Mr. Jack Related** the circumstances that led to his adopting the principle of total abstinence: "I was going home with my minister one night after we had been engaged in 'purging the Church roll'—and a good many names were struck off monthly through intemperance—when we were accosted by a drunken man who had been a matter of prayerful solicitude to us, and producing a whiskey bottle from his pocket, he desired the minister to take a dram. I shall never forget the agonized look on the minister's face, as he stood under the gas lamp. That night when I got home I found the kettle boiling, and the usual preparation made for taking my glass of toddy, but the remembrance of the scene I had just witnessed was too much for me. I said to the servant, 'No, thank you, not to-night.' That sad spectacle below the lamp-post was the means of my becoming an out-and-out teetotaler."

An Atheist's Death-Bed.—**A Young Man** from India said: "I was brought to the Lord on the 3rd of February last. Up to that time I was an atheist. When I was converted I wrote a letter to a friend informing him of my conversion, and I received one in reply, in which he told me that he, too, had been brought to the knowledge of Christ. In the letter he said, 'My conversion took place at the death-bed of my uncle. It was from him I received my atheistical views, and when I went to his bedside he was apparently in a state of torture, both of body and mind. A few hours before his death he called me to his bedside and said, "Charles, I am a lost soul. I see the misery of spending my days without God. I am condemned forever. Yes, my dear boy, there is a God and there is also a hell. The latter is for me. Take my mother's Bible and seek the truth for yourself. It is lying in my trunk, it has not been opened by me for nine years." He died shortly afterward. I could bear it no longer. I fell on my knees and prayed to the God of my father and mother, and, thank God, I found peace.' I have written to all my friends about my conversion, particularly those to whom I spoke about atheism."

A Reclaimed Drunkard's Story.—**At the Circus** on April 21st, a well-dressed artisan gave the following testimony: "It gives me great pleasure to stand here to-night and testify what the Lord has done for me. I took to drinking when I first got my journeyman's pay, and I went on from that until I was forty years of age, drinking all I could beg or borrow. I had often joined temperance societies, and slipped, and rejoined, and again slipped. One time I had been drinking for a fortnight. I was in a 'fearful' state. I was going to join another Good Templar's Lodge when a friend met me and said 'Bob, you should go to the Bethany Hall and sign the pledge there; it won't cost you anything.' I said, 'That will suit me, as my wife generally had to pawn something to raise the

shilling when I entered a Good Templar's Lodge.' So drunk as I was, I went and signed the pledge. The next night I went to the Gospel Temperance Tent. I was afraid any one should see me and I took a run in. Some nights afterwards I was induced to stay to the after-meeting. A gentleman pointed me out the 53d chapter of Isaiah and the 5th verse, and I received the Lord Jesus there and then, and from that day to this strong drink has never passed my lips. I was once tempted. There was something did not please me at home, and I was standing near a public house, when a Christian woman came up and tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me 'What is amiss?' I told her, and she prayed with me in the street. The craving for drink has never come back. It will be four years next August since I joined the Gospel Temperance Union."

Nearly a Suicide.—**The Rev. F. von Schulembach**, German Secretary International Committee, Y.M.C.A., New York, said on May 2d: "A year ago I was invited to visit Dubuque, a city on the Mississippi River, and I was requested to give my experience. The next morning the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. brought to me a gentleman and said he wished to speak to me. We went into a private room, and then he asked, looking earnestly into my face, 'Have you been a drunkard?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'for many years, and was near coming to the gallows.' He said, 'You are my man, then. Last night I was on the brink of jumping into the Mississippi River, when a friend passed me and said, 'Let us go and hear that Dutchman.' I said, 'I have no time to hear anybody. You go, but never mind me.' He said, 'But where are you going?' I said, 'I don't care to say.' However, he made a joke about you and got me to accompany him. Now, I want you to be honest, and tell me it is true that Jesus remembers the prayers of a man?' I said, 'It is true.' 'Now,' he said, 'I will give you my history in a nutshell, and then if you are a liar it costs you your life.' I said, 'You are in earnest—so am I.' Then he told me that he had been a wealthy man three times in his life, but he had spent all his money in strong drink, and ruined not only himself but his family and everybody connected with him. Then he said, 'I can live no more unless there is a rescue from strong drink.' I said, 'We will pray together,' but he said, 'I cannot pray.' I said 'All right, I will pray and then you follow suit,' and I had not been long praying before he began. When we rose from our knees he said, 'My good man, now I know what you know—that Jesus saves me.' That man is now a noble merchant in the Mississippi Valley, and he testifies to-day that Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost."

A Fishwife's Prayer.—**Mr. Gallocher** said in the Glasgow Circus: "When I was in the north, a woman came to the meetings, who had been forbidden by her husband to do so. He was a fisherman, away at sea, and he threatened terrible things to her if she attended the meetings. However, she came, and was led to give herself to Christ. She expected her husband home on the following Saturday, and she knew what a miserable life to expect from him if he became aware that she had been at the meetings. On the morning after her conversion she called where I was staying and inquired, 'Is there not a passage in Scripture which says, "If two of you agree as touching anything"—where is it?' I found the passage, and she asked, 'Have you faith?' I said, 'What for?' 'To believe that before John comes home Jesus will save his soul?' My faith was never put to such a test before. She reminded me that God holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and said 'God can move his heart there as well as on land.' So we prayed. John came home from the voyage quite sober and serious—a thing that was very unusual with him. She told him his dinner was ready; but he said he was not ready. Then she burst out, 'Thank God; do you know I have got saved since you left?' He opened his eyes with astonishment, and his wife locked the door and said, 'I will tell you how He did it.' Then she rehearsed all that had taken place, and she said, 'John, if you want Him to save you just ask Him to do it.' He got down on his knees, but said he could not pray. She said

to him, 'Jesus says "If two of us agree about anything He will do it." If you want to be saved ask Him.' Then the man cried out to God to save him. It turned out that among the fishermen were some men who had recently been converted, and they had been quoting verses of Scripture and singing hymns, which had much impressed him. On the Saturday night the woman came and told me that she had not only now got a Saviour, but converted husband."

THE CHILD-LIKE BELIEVER.

S.S. Lesson for June 18, Mark 9: 30-50. Golden Text, Isa. 57: 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE unclean spirit, having been cast out of the child, as we saw in last week's lesson, Jesus and His disciples "departed thence, and passed through Galilee." This had been the scene of many of His mighty works, but He kept His presence there secret. Something else was occupying Him than the healing of the sick, the casting out of devils or even the preaching of the Gospel.

HE TAUGHT HIS DISCIPLES.

O that all disciples knew their need of teaching! Our work for God will soon become threadbare and superficial, if we do not get the teaching and the testing of Jesus. He taught them the unwelcome lesson of the cross; it was the third time He had brought it before them. They heard the words, that "the Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill Him; and after that He is killed, He shall rise the third day." But no amount of repetition sufficed to prepare them for the trial of their faith which was at hand; "they understood not that saying and were afraid to ask Him." O how often has Jesus sought to impart some lesson to us, and we have been distracted or filled with preconceptions, and thus have heard as though we heard not, and the lesson has been lost, and we have thus driven Him to lay His hand upon our bodies or upon our children or circumstances, that by some means He might gain our ear.

He came to Capernaum; no multitude thronged Him, He had other work to do. Being in the house He turned on His disciples with the question, "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" They could not get away from the eye which was reading their souls; they knew that Jesus could detect the very thoughts of men, for they had heard Him answer them. They were confused: "They held their peace, for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest." Here was the secret of their want of power with the possessed child. Was it not the most natural thing that each should vie with the other for power and influence? Is not this human nature? Yes, truly, but this is exactly opposed to the divine nature of the Lord Jesus. What made them so ashamed? There was something in the presence of their Lord which put to shame any such thoughts. He who had emptied Himself, and taken upon Him the form of a servant (Phil. 2: 7), was there with them, and every thought of self-exaltation was unbecoming in His presence.

He sat down quietly and called the twelve. He did not get out of patience with them, or turn away with a sigh of despair; He waited to put them right when they were so wrong, and said, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all." There is a greatness in being nothing which marks real superiority, in rejoicing more in the blessing on the labors of others than on one's own. There is an ignoble littleness and meanness about jealousy, strife, envy, and all those passions which the considering of others in relation to ourselves, produces; and nothing gives us such real power over others as to be dead to ourselves. Others always try to reach us and overpower us through our self-love; if that is absent we are impregnable, and thus it is that the least becomes the greatest and the last first. "And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them; and when He had taken him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me."

The conscience of one of His disciples was aroused under this

NEW LIGHT :

And John answered Him, saying, Master, we saw thee casting out devils in Thy name, and he followeth not us : and we forbid him, because he followeth not us." John had acted according to his light ; but O how little he knew the depth of selfishness there was in that plea for forbidding a work of power, "He followeth not us." What, then, must the poor possessed ones wait for these disciples, who had been proved incapable in at least one instance, and on whom therefore they could not place full dependence, when a man was at hand who had enough of God's power to cast out devils successfully? Yet so speaks sacerdotalism, speaks sectarianism, so speaks self ; but, blessed be God, so speaks not Jesus. He said, "Forbid him not ; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." Here is

THE TRUE TEST

Whether a man or a woman is to be allowed, what is he doing? and in whose name? Is he really winning souls? and is he winning them in the name of Jesus, and in the power of the Holy Ghost? Is she bringing men in body, soul, and spirit into their true and natural relation to their unoffended and justly offended God? Then Jesus says, Forbid him not, forbid her not, "for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part."

O how many men have set themselves above God the Holy Ghost, and while they would not deny a work to be spiritual, and wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, have yet condemned it, because the worker followed not with them. But does the virtue in the miracle or in the name by which it is wrought? The following verse is sufficient answer: "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

THE NAME OF CHRIST SANCTIFIES

The giving of a cup of cold water as much as the working of a miracle, and this little service shall obtain a reward while the same is not said of that which man would hold the greater. The aim of our Lord in all His teaching was to lead His followers to self-emptiness and self-abnegation, to "hide pride from man" (Job 33 : 17). Still speaking with reference to the little child whom He had set in their midst and afterwards taken in His arms, He said, "And whosoever shall offend" (or cause to stumble) "one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

Let us take care how we cause to offend, or offend in the way of, one of Christ's little ones. If they learn a spurious, superficial, *theoretical Christianity* from seeing it in our lives, we are responsible for doing them an eternal injury. Every inconsistency of an older Christian has the tendency to sow unbelief in the heart of a child, and many a child has a sore struggle between the respect due to parents as such, and the painful conviction that father's and mother's Christianity does not come up to the Bible standard, and that either that standard is unattainable and God's demands are impossibilities, or else there is something wrong about the parents' religion, and confidence in one or the other must give way.

He went on to show how to measure advantages, temporal and eternal ; "If thy hand cause thee to offend (see marg.) cut it off : it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than, having two hands to go into hell, into the fire which never can be quenched ; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The hand is the man's chief member, for work, defence, etc., the hand one, a man becomes helpless ; but better helpless, far than lost. Let a hand go, let an eye go, let a foot go, but let the immortal soul be saved, let God be glorified.

Some say, "Well, I cannot say that my business glorifies God, but I have a large family, they must be fed and cared for, and in point of fact I cannot afford to renounce that which brings me in so large a profit." Brother, does that business cause

thee to offend? then Jesus says, "Cut it off and cast it from thee." You may leave the consequences to that God for whose sake you make the sacrifice, He will be responsible. "I would dress plainly, or speak in a meeting, but people would think it so strange they would think I demeaned myself." Let them think it, they will never think so little of you as God calls you to think of yourself. God teach us to live a life which we live at a cost, knowing that it is worth the while.

"For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt." Salt preserves from corruption ; God has promised to make us "partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust" (2 Pet. 1 : 4). God's nature, this is the salt, the preserving element. Christ in us, the life which we now live in the flesh lived by the faith of the Son of God, this is true salt, no sparing of the hand, or eye, or foot, all crucified with Christ. Salt is good ; but if the salt have lost his saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? If the man who possesses Christ turns again to the beggarly elements of the world, places himself again under the dominion of self, and the salt becomes savorless, wherewith will ye season it? God looks for reality, demands reality, child-like simplicity and dependence, and child-like transparency. Self is the principle of corruption, Christ of conservation, therefore, "Have salt in yourselves and have peace one with another."

DR. BOARDMAN'S NEW HOUSE IN LONDON FOR FAITH HEALING.

Dr. Boardman's Letter—An Extraordinary Cure—Joseph Moody's Affliction—His First Visit—He Walks with Assistance—His Complete Cure—Another Application—Opening of Bethshan—Mrs. Baxter's Narrative.

LETTER FROM DR. BOARDMAN.

THE increasing inquiry on every hand with regard to healing through faith is constantly bringing us into contact with cases in which a short visit, or a few letters, will not suffice for removing the difficulties and doubts about it, and securing the full, unreserved faith that accepts healing at the hands of the Great Physician. This has pressed upon us the need of having a house opened as a home for the time for such as require it, where they can, at as little expense for living as may be, have necessary comforts. This has resulted in the opening of such a home under the name of "Bethshan," at Stoke Newington, a London suburb, in which those desiring it will be received to board, at prices varying according to the accommodation required. God has of late given many tokens of His response to our faith.

THE CASE OF JOSEPH MOODY,

of Grimsby, Yorkshire, has already been before the public in a partial form, and has excited much interest, especially in his own town. After correspondence, he came up to London, and entered our house while a meeting was in progress, walking on crutches, with his right leg stretched out straight before him, and sat down with his leg resting on top of one of his crutches. When the opportunity was given for requests, he told us that he had been *lame as we saw him six years*, that he had not put his foot to the floor during the last three years, and could not do it without agonizing pain ; that his case had baffled the surgeons, his great toe had been cut off, but it did no good, and all remedies had failed, and now he had come up to London to see if the prayer of faith would avail.

We prayed for him unitedly in the meeting, and anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord, in obedience to the Word in the Epistle of James 5 : 14, 15, claiming the promise that the prayer of faith should save the sick and the Lord would raise him up, and if he had sinned, his sins should be forgiven him.

HE THEN AROSE,

and, without his crutches, walked about the room supported in part by us. At the end of a week he came again, having meanwhile received much light, and again was prayed for and anointed, and again walked with less support and with greater ease many times more round the room and down the steps into the hack. At the end of another week

he was again prayed over and anointed, and rose and walked ten, or perhaps twenty, times round the room without support and down to the hack stand—no inconsiderable distance—accompanied, but not supported, by a Christian friend, and the next day returned by train to Grimsby.

Several weeks have since passed, and through interest excited there, two prayer-meetings a week have been held, attended with wonderful blessing ; twelve or more have asked prayer in them for healing, and six have opened correspondence with us on the subject.

A few days since a citizen of Grimsby wrote saying his little son had some time since dislocated his elbow, and it had been set, but the joint was immovable, and asked if we could do anything for it, and said he was led to write by seeing the man who used to go about on crutches, with his leg out before him, walking on his foot in the street without crutches or cane, and upon inquiry was told by him that it came through us. Could we do as much for his son, and what would be the fee? Evidently he was thinking of surgical skill, and did not understand that the healing was not by human power, but by the power of the Lord ; and that His fee now, as of old, is not money from the one healed, but the healed one himself, spirit, soul, and body, freely given up to Him.

THE OPENING OF THE HOME

on Wednesday, May 10th, was a very interesting and impressive scene. Mrs. M. Baxter thus writes of the services :

The Lord Himself was with us, and drew out the hearts of many in believing prayer, that the primitive holiness and power of Christ's church as in Apostolic times might be revived. Addresses were given by Drs. Boardman, McKillian, and others. Some precious testimonies were also given to healing, both spiritual and physical, which had been already experienced at Bethshan and elsewhere.

A sister from Tunbridge Wells said that she had been a sufferer from spine, heart, and other diseases, but had been enabled during a few days residence at Bethshan to accept Jesus as Healer of spirit, soul, and body, and she could say she was healed.

A brother from Dorking said, that just a fortnight ago he arrived at the house, so ill with consumption that the doctors could do no more for him ; he could hardly climb up the steps. But at the tea-table that same evening he felt the power of God in the house. His soul was greatly blest, and in a few days he was well. I may add that this brother, being a carpenter by trade, has been hard at work for us several days past, having recovered his strength. A gentleman, who was acquainted with him at Dorking, rose and testified to the state of extreme illness and weakness in which he had left Dorking a fortnight ago.

A sister from Germany testified to restoration, after seven years' complete powerlessness from severe spinal disease, during which time she could endure neither sound, light, nor movement. God first brought her soul into liberty, gave her consciousness of the power of the cleansing blood of Jesus, and then in one moment healed her body.

A brother named Brown, who had been a confirmed drunkard for twenty-five years, said that he first received hope of salvation from a Christian man accosting him and calling him brother. He came to Jesus for salvation from sin, and God healed him of his past. But the appetite was not overcome, and he went again to God, saying, "Thou has saved my soul, deliver me from this desire for liquor," and God did it. Meeting a Christian man one day while he had a pipe in his own mouth he felt ashamed, went to God and asked deliverance also from this desire, and God healed him of his love of tobacco. But his body had been injured by drinking and smoking ; he suffered from constant hæmorrhage, alternating with rush of blood to the head. Coming to Dr. Boardman's meetings God discovered to him how fully he was still under the power of self, and he felt ashamed and crushed. Then God healed him, and in answer also to prayer delivered him from an irritable temper. This man can say, "Behold, God is my salvation."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

In the Senate a Much Needed Bill was Introduced on May 29th by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, to establish a uniform system of proceedings in cases of bankruptcy. Senator Hoar explained that it was based upon the Lowell bill, but that, while containing many of the provisions of that measure, it reserved all the exemptions under State laws and varied from it in some material particulars. Those who have had opportunities of examining this bill aver that the particulars in which it differs from the Lowell bill are, as the senator said, very material. If the published accounts of it are correct it in no way resembles that bill except in unimportant details. The subject is a very important one, and there is no nation on earth that has yet succeeded in dealing with it in an intelligent manner. It may be hoped that Congress will not allow any bill to pass which will increase the confusion and wrong already existing, but will insist on a fair and impartially just law being enacted.

An Important Amendment to the Bank Charters Extension Bill appears to find favor in the Senate. The Finance Committee, which now has the bill under consideration, proposes to strike out of the bill as sent up by the House the requirement of ninety days' notice for the retirement of national bank circulation, and insert a new provision in lieu of it. The new provision on this subject is to allow deposits of currency for the purpose of releasing security bonds and retiring circulation, to a maximum amount not exceeding \$3,000,000 per month, the release of the bonds to be made in all cases in the exact order of the reception of the deposits by the respective banks.

The House of Representatives Awarded the seat in Congress for the second district of South Carolina to Col. E. W. Mackey on Wednesday, May 31st, by a vote of 150 to 3. The contest was one of a very exciting character, and many violent speeches were made during the continuance of the deadlock, which the Speaker failed to control. An angry debate arose on the subject of a new rule which was adopted by the House to prevent obstruction in contested election cases. The obstructive tactics which led to the adoption of the rule were prompted by the opinion held by the Democrats that the Committee on Elections had not thoroughly investigated the charges of fraud on which the claim of Colonel Mackey in the South Carolina case was based. After Colonel Mackey had taken his seat the House proceeded to adjudicate the contested election for the second congressional district of Florida. In this case the seat was held by Mr. Finley by virtue of a certificate alleging that he received a majority of 1152 votes. It was contested by Colonel Bisbee on the ground of fraud and intimidation. This is the fourth time that this particular seat has been contested. After a short debate Colonel Bisbee was

seated by a vote of 141 to 9. A third election case was decided on Saturday in which Colonel William M. Lowe was seated for the Eighth Alabama District in place of General Joseph Wheeler. Other cases are still to be adjudicated, but it is stated that they will not be considered at present.

The Trial of the Star Route Gang was Commenced on Friday, June 2d, when Colonel George Bliss, as counsel for the Government, presented the case against the defendants in an exhaustive speech of four and a half hours' duration. Colonel Bliss described the star route service, the functions and powers of the officers of the department, and the ways in which service has been increased and expedited for the benefit of those interested. He then explained the laws and regulations of the department relating to this particular branch of the postal service, and from the tabulated statements and other results of the investigation, presented facts and figures which showed the magnitude of the alleged frauds. Finally, Colonel Bliss took up the routes on which the indictment is based, and showed how much of the pay had gone to the men who did the work, and how much to the nominal contractors in Washington. The selection of the jury has been the subject of some remark, and the fact that Judge Wylie allowed to the government only three challenges while the defence was allowed twenty-eight, occasions apprehension that the trial will not result in a verdict in which the country will have confidence.

Prohibition will be a Prominent Issue in Michigan during the forthcoming Electoral campaign. The temperance party is advocating the repeal of the law taxing saloons, and proposes to substitute for it a prohibitory statute. The moderate party prefer the tax system, and claim that it operates to the discouragement of the traffic. They state that since it has been in operation it has reduced the number of saloons in the State from 6444 to 4000, notwithstanding there has been a large increase in population. The prohibitionists say that though the present system has reduced the number of saloons it has not diminished the consumption of liquor. They say that there is as much whiskey sold in the 4000 saloons to-day as there was in 6444 a few years ago.

The Establishment of Temperance Restaurants in Washington is, it is gratifying to learn, a marked financial success. A visitor to Washington thus writes to a contemporary of his observations: "I was very glad to find a temperance restaurant, called the Temple Café, on Ninth Street, opposite the Patent Office, very well patronized. At meal-hours there was a constant run of customers of both sexes." At this restaurant rooms are to let, which are usually full, and many applicants for lodgings are sent to respectable private houses near by. It has been found necessary to enlarge the accommodations for another year. "The meals at this establishment are excellent, the attendance good, and the prices moderate. There is another temperance restaurant a few doors down, on the same street, with the attractive title of Holly Tree, of which I heard favorable accounts. The great number of female clerks employed in the Patent Office and Post-Office render such establishments in their vicinity specially useful."

Lieutenant Danenhower and his Three Companions of the Jeannette Expedition arrived in New York on Sunday, May 28th, in the Steamer Celtic, of the White Star Line. The lieutenant was welcomed by his parents and brother and several relatives, who went down the bay in a tug to meet the steamer. A reporter who went on board says: Those who had met Danenhower before he sailed on the unfortunate expedition, saw many marks of suffering in his appearance. His figure was thin and wasted, his cheeks were fallen away and covered with a pallor that showed through the bronze of former years. He wore a full beard, and black goggles. His carriage was erect and firm, his demeanor, during the first moments of excitement, perfectly quiet and calm, his voice low and filled with soft modulations. His address to all was frank and cordial. He manifested great concern at the unfavorable impression of Assistant Engineer Melville, which Danenhower's

narrative, published a few weeks ago, has induced. He expressed fear lest Engineer Melville should be too hastily criticised and misjudged the delay of forty days before pushing on in sea of the first and second cutters. He said: "About the details of his conduct I do not wish to say anything until he arrives; but this I will add, that great injustice has been done him by the critics that have been passed upon him. It's very easy here to sit in judgment, but it's very unfair. I want to say that I never intended to reflect upon him in the least in my published statement. Respecting the Jeannette, about the seaworthiness of which many false statements have been made, Lieutenant Danenhower said: "The impression that the Jeannette was unseaworthy is all wrong. Her model was described as peculiarly fitted for Arctic exploration, and I don't believe that a better ship or a stronger hull ever entered the Arctic Ocean."

The Great Strike in the Iron Districts Commenced on June 1st. At Pittsburgh, Pa., 25,000 men are out of employment. At Milwaukee, W. 3000 men left work. In Cincinnati 1500, and Chicago 1200 are on strike, and in several towns in Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, smaller detachments are out. It is roughly estimated that the aggregate number of men who will strike, will be locked out, will not be far short of 150,000. Every one will deplore that the contest should have resulted in a strike. Such an issue involves both capitalists and operatives in a loss, and excites feeling between the classes which is not easily allayed. Between the statements of employers on the one hand, and employed on the other, it is difficult to arrive at a sound and just judgment but it does seem that the points involved might have been submitted safely to a board of arbitration with advantage. The best use of trade unions is that they constitute a representative body with which employers can deal, but in this case the union seems to have been unable to avert the conflict. It may be yet that the dispute will be submitted to arbitration. This mode of settlement has been tried with beneficial results in England and other countries.

A Cowardly Attack on a Tract Distributor was made by Roman Catholics in New York on Sunday, May 28th. He is a young Frenchman who came to this city to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but was converted, and is now assisting Pastor Seguin in his mission to French Roman Catholics. The tracts were distributed on Sunday, May 21st, and two of them, entitled respectively "My reasons for leaving the Church of Rome," and "Do you need a Friend?" excited the wrath of the priests. An appeal to the people was made in one of the Romanist churches from the altar on the following Sunday, and the priest told them to burn the tracts, adding that "they would know how to treat the impostor." That hint was sufficient, and immediately after the service the young man was found, and set upon by a band of ruffians, men and women, beaten on the head and body and thrown into the gutter in a bleeding state. We are often told that the Church of Rome has abandoned her old methods of riot and violence, but this incident occurred only a few days ago in the metropolis of America.

The Directors of the English Colony at Rugby, Tenn., have made an application that may eventually result in rescuing the colony from complete collapse. They have applied to the Emigration Commissioners of New York for the settlement of two or three hundred families of industrious working people. The commissioners will have no difficulty in supplying the colonists from the enormous influx of immigrants with just the men who are needed, and who will be glad to go there. A responsible journalist says: "The beauty of the site is great, the climate is fine, and the soil is excellent. As the immigrants who will be selected will not be lazy or afraid to work, Rugby may yet be a source of satisfaction to Thomas Hughes, although it will differ from what he hoped for. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Hughes always said Rugby was not meant exclusively for the English, but that any industrious farmers or mechanics would be welcome."

A Daring Feat was Performed at Scranton, Pa., on May 26th. A man was driving a high-spirited horse at a furious speed, when the bridle-bit broke. The horse thus freed from restraint dashed ahead, and it seemed inevitable that not only the driver, but the people who were in its way, would be killed. The driver, however, saw the danger and promptly devised a way of averting it. Jumping on to the horse's back he leaned forward and grasping the horse by the nostrils he brought it to a dead stop, thus saving his own life as well as those of other people. A situation so desperate could only be dealt with by an expedient equally desperate, and in this case, happily, it was successful. When we see men who have cast aside the restraints of morality and religion, rushing headlong to destruction we can but wish that there were some such way of arresting them before it is too late (Isa. 37 : 29).

Self-Reproach led to a Suicide in Memphis, Tenn., recently. A quiet, peaceable young man residing at Georgetown, Ohio, was attacked some months ago by a band of ruffians armed with knives and pistols. He knew his life was in danger, and drawing his revolver he fired twice, killing one of the desperadoes at each shot. He was tried for the murders and was honorably acquitted, it being clearly proved that he fired in self-defence. But he could not acquit himself, and the consciousness that he had slain two men preyed on his mind. Three or four weeks ago he removed to Memphis, hoping that change of scene might have the effect of obliterating the haunting memory. But it was useless; he grew increasingly miserable, and finally his reason became impaired and in his despair he committed suicide. Those people who are flattering themselves that there is no such thing as endless punishment would do well to consider this event. It shows how insupportable is the torture of an awakened and accusing conscience (Isa. 66 : 24).

A Remarkable Accident Occurred in a Delaware City recently. A young lady sat in her home cleaning a pair of kid gloves with gasoline. She put the gloves on so that they might not lose their shape in the process of cleaning, and the soiled creases might be thoroughly renovated. When they were clean, she kept the gloves, on waiting for them to dry, but the spirit was a long time evaporating and the lady grew impatient. At last she went to the fire and opening the stove door held her hands before the glowing coals. In a moment the evaporating spirit formed a connection between the fire and her hands, and the gloves burned like lighted gas. Her hands and arms were severely burned, and but for the arrival of assistance, in reply to her screams, she would have been burned to death. The incident is a type of some cases of moral disasters. Minds steeped in immoral and sensational literature or corrupted by the conversation of bad companions, when suddenly brought in contact with the fierce fire of temptation find in themselves inflammable material which renders their fall inevitable without divine help (1 Cor. 15 : 33).

A Death-Bed Marriage was Solemnized in New York last week. On Tuesday, May 30th, a group of sorrowing friends surrounded the bed of a lady to witness her marriage to the husband of her choice. More than twenty years ago the lady had accepted this offer of marriage, but insuperable obstacles intervened to prevent the union. The two lovers were separated and for many years never met. About a year ago they came together in New York, and the old love was renewed. No obstacles existed then, and their marriage was arranged to take place on May 30th. Wedding dresses were purchased and all details settled; but, two weeks before the appointed day, the lady caught a severe cold, and pneumonia set in. Under this attack she rapidly sank, and on the morning of the day fixed for the wedding the physicians pronounced her case hopeless. Her mind, however, was dwelling on the union, and it was decided to gratify her wish that it should still take place. Accordingly the clergyman attended, and the marriage ceremony was performed. It was clearly a relief to the bride's mind, but she only lingered a few hours and then died in her husband's

arms. There must have been a strange conflict of emotions in the minds of the two people in being united in face of the immediate separation. It has sometimes been given to dying Christians to realize very vividly their relation to Jesus of which marriage, as the Apostle Paul shows (Ephesians 5), is a mystical type; but with the espoused Christian the joy of union is unmingled with the sorrow of dreaded separation. In dying he goes to its fuller realization, for that union is eternal (Hosea 2 : 19, 20).

A Curious Characteristic of Spiders was Described at the last meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences by Dr. Henry McCook, who has devoted considerable time to the study of the habits of those animals. Dr. McCook has taken care of a brood of young spiders, whose webs form a decoration for his library window. He has observed that the spiders have a remarkable love of light, and that they occupied the lines of the webs on which the beams of his study lamp fell with most effect. He was curious to ascertain whether that fact was only a coincidence, and he therefore moved his lamp so that its light fell on another portion of the web, leaving the part the spiders occupied in the shade. They all quickly moved from the dark to the light part, where they remained until the lamp was again moved, when they went back to the former position. It would be well if the same characteristic could be observed in men in relation to spiritual light, but it often happens that they are opposed to the light, which reveals to them their own depravity, and prefer their natural darkness. (John 3 : 19).

A Boy Refused three Dollars Last Week Offered him as a reward for a deed of heroism. A little girl, seven years old, the daughter of Captain Vickery, of Tonawanda, slipped while stepping on board a yawl in the dock on May 30th and fell into the water. A brave lad, named Alfred Moran, witnessed the accident and instantly jumped into the water and swimming to the spot brought the child safe ashore. When Captain Vickery received his little daughter and heard of the affair, he offered the boy all the money he had with him, which happened to be three dollars. Moran thanked the Captain, but declined accepting the reward, saying simply enough that he "did not do it for money." The refusal was not due to the smallness of the sum offered, but to the consciousness that a service of that nature was not one for which money could be a compensation. We can readily understand the boy's refusal, but when the salvation of the soul is in question there are not a few people who think that God will accept their gifts to charitable purposes and their bequests, as compensation, forgetting that He requires the consecration of themselves as well as their money to His service (Rom. 12 : 1).

A Fatal Advertisement appeared in a New York journal not long ago. The advertiser stated that he desired the acquaintance of an intellectual young lady friend. Two young ladies at a boarding-school, one of whom belonged to a wealthy Cincinnati family, read the advertisement, and it was agreed that one of them should answer it as a joke. It was done and the girl's letter received a prompt reply. Then, still in fun, a regular correspondence was commenced, in which the girl's vanity and other weaknesses were cleverly stimulated. At last a clandestine meeting at a restaurant was arranged, and the fascinating man soon induced the girl to believe herself in love with him. After a few more meetings she was persuaded to consent to a secret marriage, attracted to the scheme chiefly by its romantic aspect. Only a few days after the ceremony she heard that she had been cruelly deceived. The marriage was a fraud, one of the man's dissolute companions having dressed himself up to represent a clergyman. The poor victim of the sham marriage was almost beside herself with shame and grief. Afraid to meet her parents, she fled to a poor-house, where sorrow completed the fatal effects of a disease contracted in her escapade and she died heartbroken. This is only one of many cases constantly occurring in which vanity and a foolish love of romance have led to ruin and death (Prov. 13 : 20).

A FEAST FOR THE UPRIGHT.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."—Psalm 84 : 11, 12.

David's Love for God's House—Without Superstition—Who the Blessing is for—A Word for the Gloomy—For the Humble—For the Weary—For the Poor—For the Foreboding—I. God Provides Blessings in their Fulness—II. Blessings in their Counterpoise—Two Golden Scales—The Sun of Prosperity—Dangers of Sunstroke—Danger in being Conspicuous—III. Blessings in their Order—Light before Salvation—Grace before Glory—IV. Blessings in Preparation and in Maturity—The Infant Class in God's School—Those who Boast of Perfect Sanctification—Where they Mistake—What is Glory?—V. Blessings in Universality—The Comprehensive Clause of the Deed.

IN this Sabbath Psalm the writer rejoices in the house of God. He evidently loves the place of godly assembly, the place where prayer and praise were offered by the united tribes of his people. But brethren, there was *no superstition* in this love. He loved the house of God because he loved the God of the house. His heart and flesh cried out, not for the altar and the candlestick, but for his God. True, his soul fainted for the courts of the Lord, but the reason was that he cried out for the living God, saying, "When shall I come and appear before God?"

Brethren, it is well to take an interest in the place where you gather for worship. I am always glad when brethren are moved to contribute toward the necessary maintenance of the building and the provision for its cleanliness and propriety. I hate that God should be served in a slovenly way. Even the place where we meet to worship should show some sign of reverence for His name. But still our respect for our place of assembly must never degenerate into a superstitious reverence for the mere structure, as though there were some peculiar sanctity about the spot, and prayer offered there would be more acceptable than elsewhere.

The great object of our desire must be to meet with God Himself. In hearing, the point is to hear the voice of God. In singing, the charm is truly to praise the Most High. In prayer, the main object is to plead with God, and so to speak that our cry comes up before Him, even into His ears. Let us always recollect this, and never rest content with merely going to a set place. Let us reckon that we have failed if we have not met with God. Let us come up hither with strong desire for communion with the Lord in spirit and in truth.

The Psalmist also knew right well that the spiritual law runs through everything; he perceived that

CHARACTER IS AN ESSENTIAL,

not only to acceptable worship, but to all real blessedness. In our text he speaks not of those who visit the temple, but of *those who walk uprightly*, and trust in God. There is no necessary blessedness in visiting tabernacles and temples. In all assemblies for worship the question is, Who are they that gather? Are their hearts in God's ways? Are their souls thirsting after God? The promises are very rich; but to whom are the promises made? What if they are not made to us? Then, the richer they are the more sorrowful will be our loss of them.

Before I unfold the inexhaustible treasures of this marvellous portion of Scripture, I want to dwell upon this fact, that these things are for a special people. *The blessing is to the man that walks uprightly*; the true-hearted man, whose course is sincere, righteous, honest, and just. He stands firmly, and he walks erect; he does not bend and lean toward the right or to the left; he has no sinister motives or crooked policies; he is straight as a line, and is not to be swayed by any side winds. It is a very suggestive figure; an upright man is not twisted, or doubled up, or wrongly inclined, or tortuous in his ways and thoughts; he stands on the square, and is distinctly perpendicular. This is the man who will enjoy the blessing from the God of Israel. *Sin is a twist*, and it is a twist that robs us of the blessing in our text.

I would say to every child of God who can claim the character I have been describing, come you to the text and freely enjoy it. What, does no star of hope shine in your midnight sky? Do clouds surround you and thicken into an impenetrable gloom? Come you to the text, for "the Lord God is a sun." Here is an end to all your darkness. When He appears the night vanishes, and your light has come. Are you in great danger? Do perils surround you?—temptations from the world, assaults of Satan, uprisings of your own corruption? Do you feel as if you moved in the centre of a fierce fight? Is it as much as you can do even to hope that you will escape the fiery dart? Come you to the text, then, and behold how He that keepeth Israel has provided for your safety. Read the blessed words, "The Lord God is a shield." He is a broad shield that shall cover you from head to foot, and quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. Here is perfect safety for all who take Jehovah to be their helper. "The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul."

But peradventure you tell me that

YOU FEEL EMPTY

of all good, and dry of all joy. Spiritual life is at a very low ebb with you. You can scarce believe, much less reach to full assurance. You scarcely feel enough life to exhibit the tenderness you sigh for, and you cannot reach to the faith you desire. I hear your groaning, but come along with you. Here is the exact word for you: "The Lord will give grace." His rich free favor waits to bless the undeserving, and it is so strong and influential that those who have nothing in themselves may at once receive every precious thing. The God of all grace will give grace.

"Ay," say you, "I have grace, but I find that the gracious life is a very struggling one. I am contending from day to day with my inward corruptions; and, besides, the infirmities of old age have been creeping upon me for years, and I feel them so bitterly that I wish for the wings of a dove that I might fly away and be at rest." Friend, you need not fly far. The text promises you the best possible rest. The Lord who says that He will give grace now tells you that He will give glory. Wait a little longer. The sun which shineth more and more will come to perfect day. "It is better on before." Glory will soon be in your actual possession—much sooner than you think. Between you and heaven there may be but a step. Perhaps ere another sun has risen on the earth you may behold the face "of the King in His beauty in the land that is very far off." At any rate, here is comfort for you; the same Lord who will give grace will also give glory.

Do I hear another brother sighing because he is in the depths of poverty? And is that poverty not only of bread and of water, but a poverty of soul? Do you feel straitened in spirit, and so weak that you can hardly call a promise your own? Yet, dear brother, if you are trusting in the Lord, and He has helped you to walk uprightly, do not hesitate, but come to the text and dip your bucket into this deep and overflowing well, and fill it up to the brim; for what does the text say? "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Here is everything for nothing; everything for you; everything to be had at once according as you shall require it. It is God's word, not mine, God's own sure word which gives you all this blessing. Come, then, quit the dust and the darkness. Mount into brightness, and rejoice in the Lord your God, who bids you shout for joy.

Have you fears about the future? I need not stay to tell you how sweetly the text will lull them all to sleep. Yet suffer me these few sentences. Do you fear the darkness of future trial? The Lord God is your sun. Do you fear dangers which lie before you in some new sphere upon which you are just entering? The Lord will be your shield. Are there difficulties in your way? Will you need great wisdom and strength? God's grace will be sufficient for you, and His strength will be glorified in your weakness. Do you fear failure? Do

you dread final apostasy? It shall not be. He who gives you grace will, without fail, give you glory.

Is not this a glorious text? It overpowers me. It is a gem of priceless value. I feel as if I could not place it in a proper setting, but must needs hold it up just as it is, and turn it this way and that, and bid you mark how each facet flashes forth the light of heaven. It is a true Koh-i-noor among the gems of promise. It is so many-sided, so transparent, so brilliant; it belongs to the King of kings and He bids us wear it this day. What shall I hope to say which will be worthy of this supreme Scripture? How can my words set forth fitly this word of the Lord?

I. First, then, out of five particulars, here are, for God's people,

BLESSINGS IN THEIR FULLNESS,

for "the Lord God is a sun."

The blaze of my text almost blinds me. It does not say, "God is light," though that is true, for He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all; but the words are, "The Lord God is a sun." Then, if God is mine, I have not only light, but I have the source of light. I have for my possession the central sun from whom all light comes to this world. We have heard of one who received apples from a friend and was grateful; another was more highly favored, for his friend planted his garden with fruit trees. You and I have fruits from God; and therein we are favored. Ay; but we have the Lord Himself, and thus we have the tree of life, and a perpetual supply most fresh, sweet, and constant.

God is a sun; that is infinity of blessing. No man among us can conceive the measure of the light and heat of the sun. I suppose that calculations have been made by which the heat of the sun has been thought to be estimated; but the calculations must be beyond all ordinary numeration. Concerning the sun, his light, heat, and influence are beyond conception great. His light and heat have been continually streaming forth throughout many ages, and yet they are unabated to this hour; all that has come forth of it is far less than that which still remains. For all practical purposes the light and heat of the sun are infinite; and certainly in God all blessedness is absolutely infinite.

Further, if God be called a sun it is to let us know that we have obtained an immutability of blessedness, for He is "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." God is not love to-day and hate to-morrow; He saith, "I am God, I change not." There are said to be spots in the sun which diminish the light and heat which we receive; but there are no such spots in God; He shines on with the boundless fullness of His infinite love toward His people in Christ Jesus. Had ever man such a task as I have in trying to speak of what is altogether unspeakable? Who shall fully extol this sun? Stand you out in the open and look the sun full in the face for a little; and when blindness threatens you learn how little we can know of the greater sun, the Sun of righteousness. And if thought fails, what shall speech do? How can it be possible for men to speak aright on such a text as this—"The Lord God is a sun."

II. Now, secondly—and this is a deeply interesting point—this glorious word of God gives us

BLESSINGS IN THEIR COUNTERPOISE.

Let me explain myself. One blessing alone might scarcely be a blessing; for in being too great a blessing it might crush us. We may have too much of a good thing. We want some other boon to balance the single benediction. So notice here, "The Lord God is a sun and shield." "Sun and shield" hang before my eyes like two golden scales. Each one adds value to the other.

When God is a sun to His people it may be He warms them into temporal prosperity with His bright beams, so that their goods increase, their body is in health, their trade succeeds, and their children are spared to them; they are grateful to God, and joyful because of the blessings which He has bestowed upon them. He gives them their heart's desire. He permits them to enjoy the blessing of this life as well as the promise of the life that is to come.

Yet danger lurks herein. You have heard of sunstroke, and prosperous persons are very apt to feel it. Our poor heads cannot bear the full beams of the sun of prosperity; we are smitten down with pride, or carelessness, or worldliness, or some other ill. It is trying for the soul to bask in the unclouded sun. Temporal gains are blessings in themselves, but such is our poor nature that we do not make blessings of them, but we often make idols of them, and then they become curses. What a sweet mercy it is that when God prospers His own children, and is a sun to them, He comes in at the same time and acts as their shield. The same God who is the pillar of fire to the hosts of Israel is also their pillar of cloud.

When everything is bright with us the Lord knows how to sober His children's spirits so that they use, but do not abuse, the things of this life. Even when they most abound with worldly joys He makes His people feel that these are not their heart joy. He shades us from the noxious effect of wealth and content. He maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith. He suffers not the sun to smite us by day. Is not this a gracious style of counterpoise?

"The Lord God is a sun and shield," too, when He shines upon us spiritually. Oh, how I do rejoice in the sunny side of spiritual life; I do not always get it; but when I do reach it how happy I am. The Lord has ways and means of letting His people be as happy as they can be; but yet not happier than they ought to be. He gives them grace so that they can be full of assurance, and yet full of holy fear; always rejoicing and yet never presuming; lifted up and yet lying low before the Lord. He gives them a well-mixed experience, and so forms an all-round character. While He is to them a sun producing rapid growth, he is also a shield forbidding their being burned up; He is their great Benefactor, but also their wise Chastener, and in both alike He blesses them.

Look at the text another way. When the sun shines upon a man he is made the more conspicuous by it. Suppose a hostile army to be down in the plain, and a soldier in our ranks is sent upon some errand by his captain. He must pass along the hill-side. The sun shines upon him as he tries to make his way among the rocks and trees. Had it been night he could have moved safely, but now we fear that the enemy will surely pick him off; for the sunshine has made him conspicuous. He will have need to be shielded from the many cruel eyes.

Christian men are made conspicuous by the very fact of their possessing God's grace. Ye are the light of the world, and a light must be seen. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. If God gives you light, He means that light to be seen; and the more light He gives you the more conspicuous you will be. He is your sun, and He shines upon you; you reflect His light, and so become yourself a light; and in doing so you run necessary risks. The more brightly you shine the more will Satan and the world try to quench your light. This, then, is your comfort. The Lord God who is a sun to you will also be a shield to you.

Consider the text yet again, still keeping to this idea of counterpoise. "The Lord God is a sun," and a sun manifests a thing, and this manifestation is not always a joy to us, but we need a defence with it. When the Lord shines in upon the heart of His people they begin to see their sin, their guilt, their fall, their corruption; and then the Lord is a shield, and they are not overcome by the discovery. When they see the danger at the same time they see the defence, and when they see the disease they see the remedy. It is a blessed thing not to see sin except at the same time we see the Saviour. If a man could see all his past sin, and all his present danger, and all the trials of his future life, he might lie down in despair, unless at the same time he was made to perceive that, if the Lord be a sun to reveal our danger, He is also a shield to secure our safety.

III. Very briefly let me submit to you the third idea, namely,

BLESSINGS IN THEIR ORDER;

for there is a due and meet succession in my text: "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory."

The Lord is to us first a sun and then a shield. Remember how David puts it elsewhere—"The Lord is my light and my salvation." Light first, salvation next. He does not save us in the dark, neither does He shield us in the dark. He gives enough sunlight to let us see the danger that we may appreciate the defence. We are not to shut our eyes and so find safety, but we are to see the evil and hide ourselves. Ought we not to be very grateful to God that He so orders our affairs?

Then notice the order of the next two things—grace and glory; not glory first; that could not be. We are not fit for it. Neither in body nor in soul are we fit for glory before grace. We could not possibly receive glory while we are sinners, for a glorified sinner would be a strange sight. Grace must first blot out our sin. To take the rebel from the prison and put him among the children would be dangerous work unless his crime were pardoned and himself reconciled to his king. Grace must come in to change the nature. Grace must change, regenerate, sanctify, or we cannot take our places among the perfected ones. Glory without grace would be mockery.

Blessings in their order. Treasure this up, for it may be a ground of comfort to you. When you get clamoring for number seven, it may, perhaps, calm you a little if you remember that you must first have number six. Plod on step by step. Walk without fainting from one stage to another, and you shall surely come unto the Mount of God.

IV. Fourthly, and again briefly,

BLESSINGS IN PREPARATION

and blessings in maturity. "The Lord will give grace and glory." Grace is glory in the bud; you shall see the rod of Aaron full of blooming graces; but this is not all—glory is grace in ripe fruit; the rod shall bear ripe almonds. The Lord will give you both the dawn and the noon, the Alpha and the Omega, grace and glory.

Let us be very grateful that God does deal in preparatory mercies. If He had provided heaven, and we were to make ourselves fit for it, we should never get there. Ay, and there are many stages of spiritual experience which are not to be attained unless God gives us preliminary educating grace to come at them. The blessing is that all that is needful to reach any gracious attainment is as much promised as the blessing itself.

Is it so, my poor friend, that you cannot this morning lay hold of a promise? You are such a babe in grace. Well, our heavenly Father has an *infant class in His school*, and a nursery in His house; He will teach you as a child, and give you a child's portion upon which you shall feed, and by which you shall grow. Do not be afraid to ask of God the beginnings of things. Suppose we need to be helped to overcome an irritable temper, let us not be ashamed to own the need, but confess it and pray for help. Do we need grace to bear our little daily trials? Then let us seek everyday grace. "The Lord will give grace and glory."

Brethren, we shall need much training to fit us to sing among the choristers above. Discords and false notes abound, and we must be tutored out of them into a richness of sweet tones and ordered harmonies. If we look into ourselves carefully we shall be shocked with the sight of our own unworthiness to mingle with perfect beings. I do not know how you feel about yourselves, but I grow worse and worse in my own judgment. I hope that I am more sanctified in many respects, but I am also more conscious of my need of fuller sanctification. The fact is that the more light a soul obtains the more it perceives its darkness and lamentations.

The more God makes you holy the more unholy you will judge yourself to be. No man groans so deeply, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" as the man who is nearest to complete deliverance from all evil. The last relics of sin are more horrible to the godly man than the full empire of sin to the newly awakened. Even the very thought of sin, the fitting of it through his soul like a bird across the sky, becomes a calamity to the full-grown saint, and he cries out against it. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

He who glories that he is

PERFECTLY SANCTIFIED

must either have lowered the standard of holiness or else he has an *overweening conceit* of his own excellence. He who does not daily struggle against sin is in darkness and error, and I fear the life of God is not in his soul. In proportion as God has dealt with a man he will cry out for a something yet beyond him, and press forward to that which is before. Oh, how I long to be perfectly rid of sin and of every liability to fall into it. And here is the mercy—that the Lord will give grace. All the grace that is wanted to make you absolutely perfect God will bestow. He will reveal His righteousness from faith to faith, and we shall go from grace to grace. Faith shall lead on to full assurance, hope shall brighten into expectancy, love shall flame into burning zeal, and so we shall rise on eagle's wings from grace to glory. Not only the light of the lamp in its full brilliance, but the wick and the oil and the trimming, the Lord will give.

BLESSINGS IN MATURITY.

Now, here I am altogether beaten. What shall I say of glory? What do I know of it? Matthew Wilks once said, "Man is the glory of the world; the soul is the glory of man; grace is the glory of the soul; and heaven is the glory of grace." This is true; but still what know any of us of glory in its heavenly sense? The Lord will give us nothing less than glory. We deserve shame; he will give us glory. We deserve misery, but He will give us glory. We deserve condemnation, but He will give us glory. We deserve death and hell, but He will give us glory.

What is glory? He that has been in heaven five minutes can tell you better than the sagest divine that lives; and yet he could not tell you. Nay, the angels could not tell you, you could not understand them. What is glory? You must enjoy it to know it. Glory is not merely rest, happiness, wealth, safety; it is honor, victory, immortality, triumph. You know what men call "glory" here below. The people climb to the house-tops and throng the streets, and sound the clariens because a conqueror has returned from war and brings with him huge spoils. See how he stands erect, drawn in his chariot by milk-white steeds. Follow him up the Via Sacra to the Capitol at Rome. Men count him happy because he is surrounded with glory. What is this glory? Smoke, noise, dust, and oblivion, that is all.

But glory as the Lord uses the term, what is it? It is that which surrounds himself, for He is the King of glory. It is that which crowns every attribute, for we read of the glory of His power and the glory of His grace. It is the outcome of all His plans and thoughts and works, for in all things He is glorified. It is that which His dear Son inherits, for He has entered into His glory. We shall be with Him where He is, and shall behold His glory. Yes, it is of this unutterable thing that we shall partake, and that so soon! "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

V. Now, fifthly and finally,

BLESSINGS IN THEIR UNIVERSALITY.

I have noticed that the lawyers, who will always go into particulars as much as ever they can in their deeds—an excellent method of adding to their fees—yet usually are obliged to sum up with a general clause which includes all they have said and all they ought to have said; they use some sweeping final sentence to comprehend all the mentionable and unmentionable, all that can be recollected and all that might be forgotten. Now, the last part of my text is of that character—"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Is there some good thing which does not come to us by the Lord's being our sun? We shall not lose on that account. Is there another good thing which cannot be included in God's being our shield? We shall not be deprived of that. Is there some good thing that cannot be comprehended in grace? I cannot imagine what it can be, but if there be such a thing we shall not miss even that. Is there some good thing that is not comprehended even in glory? Well, it does not matter, we shall have it; for here stands the boundless promise—"No good

thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

"Well," says some one, "but God has denied me many good things!" Ay, then they would not be good things to you. What has God done to you, then? "He has made me to be sickly in body. He has caused me to be poor, and I am tried in many ways." In this He has fulfilled His word, that no good thing should be withheld from you. I have known a father who boasted that he never laid a hand on his children by way of chastising them. I sometimes wished that he had done so, for his children were a sad plague to all who called at the house. Now, that father was withholding a good thing from his children—a touch of the birch would have been most wholesome. Our heavenly Father never says of any of His elect, "I never laid a hand upon them;" but it is written, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."

God had one Son without sin, but He never had a son without chastisement. O thou who art tried and afflicted, the Lord has not withheld from you the blessing of His rod. Accept trials from God, and believe that they are tokens of His love. If there is anything you wish for, and cannot get it from God, then, depend upon it, it would not be a good thing for you. If there is any apparently evil thing which comes to you plenteously, and you would gladly avoid it, depend upon it, it really is a good thing or else the Lord would not have sent it to you.

"Alas," cries one, "there are many good things which I have not received."

WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?

What does the text say? It does not say, "I will force all my children to enjoy every good thing." No, but, "No good thing will He withhold." There are thousands of mercies that we do not enjoy, not because they are withheld, but because we do not take them. We are not straitened in God, but in ourselves. We are empty because we do not accept the fulness of Christ. If we were to be introduced into some of the depots in London that are full of articles most rich and rare, and the owners were to say, "Now take whatever you please," we should help ourselves with a degree of liberality; but when the Lord takes us into the storehouses of His grace we have not faith enough to ask large things.

We might have ten times as much—ten thousand times as much—if we would. Many of God's people are pining on a pittance when they might feast in plenty. They are eating the coarsest meal, and wearing the roughest garment—I mean spiritually—and going about sighing and crying, and doubting and fearing, and all the while there is the bread of heaven on the table for them, and the robe of Christ's righteousness is prepared for them to wear. They might dwell at heaven's gate, but they condemn themselves to the dunghill.

Come, brothers, let us change all this, and if the Lord has said, "No good thing will I withhold," let us put Him to the test. Among other things, let us ask Him to give us more joy in the Lord—a fuller assurance and confidence in Him; and He will give it to us. Do not let us be poor by self-inflicted poverty, but let us rise to the riches which are presented to us in this blessed text. May the Lord feed you upon this choice portion, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"The Treasury of David:" by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A homiletical exposition of the Book of Psalms. Vol. II., comprising psalms 27 to 52; Vol. III., psalms 53 to 78; Vol. IV., psalms 79 to 103. We have not the other volumes. Price \$3 a volume, postage free. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.



The Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin.



The Chief Secretary's Lodge, Dublin.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE GREAT STRIKES.

THE labor troubles which have issued in the stoppage of the iron works of Pittsburg, Pa., at Milwaukee, Wis., at Detroit, Mich., and other places in all parts of the country, causing thereby serious loss to the capitalists and much privation for the operatives formed the subject of Dr. Talmage's lecture last Friday evening. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is extensively read in all the places now agitated by these conflicts; it therefore publishes Dr. Talmage's advice to capitalists and operatives in the hope that it may tend to the healing of a breach which must have a disastrous effect on both parties to the struggle.

Dr. Talmage said: Unless there is sudden compromise, all kinds of business will feel the shock of the strikes. This causes a great sadness in every intelligent mind, first, because a compromise might have avoided it. The workmen, April 1st, laid down the scale of prices at which they would work. The manufacturers flatly refused the proposition. Both fall back and propose to tire each other out. Perhaps the workmen asked too much. Perhaps the manufacturers were paying too little. If a few mediators had gone out from each side the difference could have been adjusted and the smoke above Pittsburg and Cincinnati would have been as thick to-day as ever. The trouble will be ended by a compromise. *Why not end it at the start with a compromise?* To every intelligent man, whether capitalist or laborer, this state of things is deplorable. First, whole communities and large classes are made sour, irritable, and wrathful. Maledictions meet each other half way between the manufacturer's office and the home of the laborer. They wish each other ill.

Another sadness is in the fact that
THE THRIFTY WORKMAN

who has a little money in the savings bank or out on bond and mortgage very soon takes it out, or takes it up, to meet present requirements. There must be bread on the table, the children must have shoes, there must be more than the usual appearance of thrift lest there be a prospect of giving in and a necessity of ending the strike. *A strike always means suffering.* The blow comes hard both upon capital and labor, but heaviest upon labor. In all the labor strikes since the world stood the workman gets the worst of it. Capitalists have money ahead if they never made another dollar in all their lives they could live on a past surplus; but the vast majority of toilers, though they may have laid up something for a rainy day, must not have the rainy day too prolonged.

Another sadness is in the fact that political

demagogues take advantage of such things and ferment the disturbance and block up the way of adjustment. We are told that many of the manufacturers are willing to raise the wages and that many of the employes are willing to moderate their demands; but there are those who are ready to frustrate all amicable arrangements. The trouble is that all classes of men have among them those who want to be bosses. The most of the capitalists do not think for themselves; the most of the laborers do not think for themselves. There are boss capitalists and boss laborers who want their way. Indeed, the human family is divided into two classes—those who boss and those who get bossed.

FIVE THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES.

I warrant you I could pick out ten representative capitalists and ten representative workmen who, in one afternoon's session would settle this industrial grief, save millions of dollars and suffering indescribable and illimitable. I cry out in behalf of the imperilled financial interests of the whole country for arbitration. Capital will never help itself by fighting labor, and labor will never get any advantage from combating capital. They go up together or they go down together. Show me any year in the history of the country when capital was prosperous and I will show you a year when labor was prosperous and *vice versa*. Let either interest be stricken between the eyes and all interests of the land stagger and reel and fall.

But there is no doubt that in all parts of the land *capitalists are imposing upon labor*. They own the New York Legislature and Pennsylvania Legislature, with a few notable exceptions; they own Congress for the most part; they ride over the necks of the people. We have over five thousand millionaires in this country. It is a *bad sign of the times* when one man dies worth forty millions and another worth eighty millions, and our richest men are not dead yet. It wants no very great wisdom to see that there are people in this land who have more than their share. I do not wonder that sometimes men lose their equilibrium and strike, although it is unwise to strike, since a strike means less bread, less fuel, less good clothes and less honor.

I expect before labor gets its rights fully established in this country it will have to drive back the encroachments of capital on the one hand, and the outrageous despotism of trades unions on the other.

LET ALL MEN BE FREE.

I suppose that many of our trade unions are wielding a despotism, and that workmen are driven and stopped and imposed upon as much by people of their own craft as by the capitalists. If a man

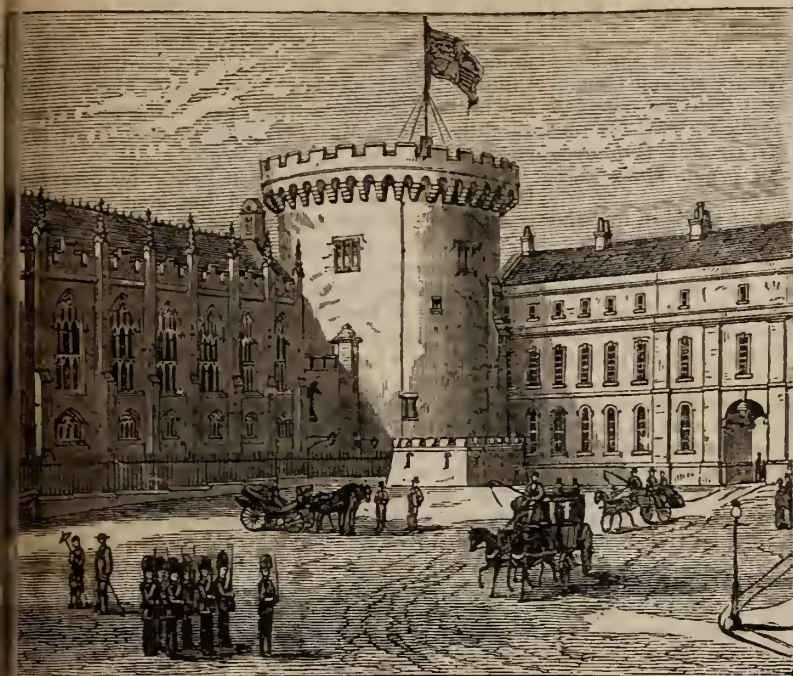
has a mind to stop work let him stop, but he has no right to stop me. If a man prefer to go to the poorhouse let him go, but he has no right to compel me to go along with him. I would have this country so free that when a man wants to quit work he can quit work, and when he wants to go ahead no trades union shall hold him back. Free hammer! Free trowel! Free yardstick! Free spindle! Free furnace! Free dockyard! Free men!

THE CONVERSION OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

THE bright island of Ceylon lies set in "dark purple spheres of sea," and fanned by the "spicy breezes" it seems a favored spot indeed. In sharp contrast to the Red Indian's simple creed of a Great Spirit creating and superintending all things, of a happy hunting-ground where the spirits of departed chiefs enjoy very substantial felicity, are the strange refinements of Buddhism. No personal God; no individual future; nay, no individual present; such are some of the strange negations of Buddhism. Meanwhile, do the followers of "the light of Asia" find it a satisfactory light of life? One, at least, did not.

Charles Edward D'Alrew, was educated as a Buddhist priest, but put off his priestly robes that he might support his mother and family as a native doctor. He came in contact with a missionary (Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin), and in the course of conversation they frequently spoke of Christianity. The Buddhist listened, as might be expected, chiefly that he might find arguments against the new system thus obtruded on his notice. He made no objection, however, to reading the Epistle to the Romans in Shinghalese. The 1st chapter astonished him, as holding up to his view sins common among his countrymen, and even, alas! among his Buddhist priests. "The light of Asia" indeed warned its followers that they had evil passions, and must by all means get rid of them if they would enjoy peace, but being only a light shining calmly over the heads of the multitude, it could never reach those who loved darkness.

But the words in the 2d chapter, about that law which is written in the heart, came home to the Buddhist presently. "Do you ever," inquired his friend, "feel anything make you unhappy when you have done what you know to be wrong?" "Yes, I do; it makes me very miserable." "Do you find that you have any power over this which troubles you, that you can drive it away?" "No, I have tried, but I can't drive it away." "Do you think this witness of the heart is a bad thing, or a good one?" "Bad it can't be; it tells me when I do wrong." "Do you think it comes from your-



Dublin Castle, the Seat of Government in Ireland.



Kilmainham Jail, where the Suspects were Imprisoned.

self?" "No, else I would put it away." "Then do you think that what St. Paul says may be true, and it may come from God, whose very existence you deny?" "It may be so," he answered, and quitted the room in deep thought.

At different times he renewed the subject of the law written in the heart. The missionary, very wisely, did not press him on the subject, but left his own convictions to work. At last he exclaimed one day, "Is there any peace to the conscience, and pardon of sin, in the Christian religion? I have been trying and trying according to Buddhism, but there is no pardon and no peace." Then God's messenger delivered God's message. "Emmanuel—God with us," was the substance of that message. The glad tidings reached the listener's soul: "From this day I am a Christian," he said.

His resolve caused bitter grief and anger to his family. They taunted him with interested motives; they wanted to be a paid agent of the society; they said. But no, he continued to earn his bread by his former calling, only preaching the gospel whenever he could. He could appeal to the Christian's strongest testimony—a changed heart and a *changed life*. Once, he had defrauded the people about his medicines, and practised deceit; *now*, he had put away all lying, practical or verbal. Once, he had given way to anger whenever he happened to feel it, and had abused and ill-treated his wife; *now*, as became the "servant of the Lord," he was "slow to wrath." He appealed to his family, above all to his wife. Were not these things so? Was he not a changed man? "Yes," his wife admitted, "that was true; he had acted differently of late. But anything," she added, "was better than your becoming a Christian." She had not yet learned to know the tree by its fruits.

He continued to do all in his power to lead his family to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He had sent, and also to speak to others of the pardon and peace which Buddha knew not of. About four or five years after his conversion he fell into a consumption, and presently it became clear that he was dying. Mr. Dowbiggin came to see and to speak with him of the love of Christ, and the immortal life which death and disease cannot reach. The dying man had no doubt of the pardon he had sought years ago; in him was the promise fulfilled: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The Christian's hope in death seemed to impress those who had been apparently callous to his life. "We are satisfied that he was happy, we believe he is happy now," said his relatives. "I was troubled when he renounced Buddhism and be-

came a Christian. *I am not sorry now*," said his mother. Thus was Christ glorified in His servant's death, and thus did Charles Edward D'Alrew enter the higher service, which is wrought out in joy and rest, in place of weariness and sorrow.

VISIT OF MISSIONARIES TO A KING.

AT the noon prayer-meeting in Glasgow, on May 9th, Mr. Soltan, who has lately returned from the mission field in China, gave an account of the opening up of the mission in western China. He said: "Brother Stephenson and I resolved to go down to Burmah. We desired to reach a spot near where the English Consul had shortly before been murdered. When we reached Rangoon the people looked upon our enterprise as perfectly impossible, and even some of the missionaries tried to persuade us not to go. We got as far as Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, and the Lord inclined the heart of one of the missionaries who could speak the language to go with us. We went before the King of Burmah (father of the present monarch), the head of the idolatrous system, and who was opposed to any other religion being taught in his dominions. We were admitted into his presence, and taking off our shoes we went before him.

Knowing that it is almost futile to obtain from an Oriental all you ask from him, we asked just three times as much land as we required for our mission station, saying there were three of us, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an American. He said the people would kill us, but we told him that we had a Gospel that would make bad subjects good subjects, and if he could not govern them we would try and by our preaching make them obedient to him. He was amused at this, but God inclined his heart to grant our request, and notwithstanding his repulsion to any other religion besides his own, he granted us all we asked; and not only that, but he gave us as a gift about £10 each, contained in a bag, and a little silver box each, in which to keep our present.

We planted our mission station, and remained there not a fortnight, as had been foretold by our friends, but for seven years, and now a district is opened to the Gospel which had been closed for hundreds of years."

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 351.)

In his Father's House.

PHEBE could not answer Felicity, for the darkness was round her. Until now there had happened

no perplexity in her life, which made it difficult to decide upon the right or the wrong. But here was come a coil. The long years had reconciled her to Roland's death, and made the memory of him sacred and sorrowfully sweet, to be brooded over in solitary hours in the silent depths of her loyal heart. But he was alive again, with no right to be alive, having no explanation to give which could reinstate him in his old position. And Felicity! Oh! what a cruel unwomanly wrong Felicity had been guilty of! She could not command her voice to speak again.

"I must go," said Felicity, at last. "I wish I had not invited visitors for to-night."

"I cannot come in this evening," Phebe answered; "but Felix is there, and Canon Pascal is coming. You will do very well without me."

She breathed more freely when Felicity was gone. The dimly-lighted studio, with the canvases she was at work upon, and the pictures she had painted hanging on the walls, and her easels standing as she had left them three or four hours ago, when the early dusk came on, soothed her agitated spirits now she was alone. She moved slowly about, putting everything into its place, and feeling as if her thoughts grew more orderly as she did so. When all was done she opened the outer door stealthily, and peeped out. Yes; *he was there*, leaning against the railings, and looking up at the brilliantly-lighted windows. Carriages were driving up and setting down Felicity's guests. Phebe's heart cried out against the contrast between the lives of these two. She longed to run out and stand beside him in the darkness and dampness of the November night. But what good could she do? she asked bitterly. She did not dare even to ask him in to sit beside her studio fire. The same roof could not cover him and Felicity, without unspeakable pain to him.

It was late before the house was quiet; and long after midnight when the last light was put out. That was in Phebe's bedroom, and once again she looked out, and saw the motionless figure, looking black amidst the general darkness as if it had never stirred since she had seen it first. But while she was gazing, with quivering lips and tear-dimmed eyes, a policeman came up and spoke to Jean Merle, giving him an authoritative shake, which seemed to arouse him. He moved gently away, closely followed by the policeman, till he passed out of her sight.

There was no sleep for Phebe; she did not want to sleep. All night long her brain was awake and busy; but it found no way out of the coil. Who can make a crooked thing straight? or undo that which has been done?

When Phebe entered Westminster Abbey the next day the morning service was already begun. Upon the bench nearest the door sat a working man, in worn-out clothes, whose gray hair was long and ragged, and whose whole appearance was one of poverty and suffering. She was passing by, when a gleam of recognition in the dark and sunk-in eyes of this poor man arrested her. Could he possibly be Roland Sefton?

The night before she had seen him only in a friendly obscurity, which concealed the ravages time, and sorrow, and labor had effected; but now the daylight, in revealing them, cast a chill shadow of doubt into her heart. It was his voice she had known and acknowledged the night before; but now he was silent, and revealed only by the daylight she felt troubled and distrustful. Such a man she might have met a thousand times without once recalling to her memory the handsome, manly presence, and prosperous bearing of Roland Sefton.

Yet she sat down beside him in answer to that appealing gleam in his eyes, and as his well-known voice joined hers in the responses to the prayers, she acknowledged him again in her heart of hearts. And now all thought of the sacred place, and of the worship she was engaged in, fled from her mind. She was a girl at home again, dwelling in the silent society of her dumb father, with this voice of Roland Sefton's coming to break the stillness from time to time, and to fill it with that sweetest music, the sound of human speech. If he had lost every vestige of resemblance to his former self, his voice only, calling "Phebe" as he had done the evening before, must have betrayed him to her. Not an accent of it had been forgotten.

To Jean Merle, Phebe Marlowe was little altered, save that she had grown from a simple rustic maiden into a cultivated and refined woman. The sweet and gentle face beside him, with the deep peaceful blue of her eyes, and the sensitive mouth so ready to break into a smile, was the same he had seen when, on *that terrible evening* so many years ago, he had craved her help to escape from his dreaded punishment. "I will help you, even to dying for you and yours," she had said. He remembered vividly how mournfully the girlish fervor of her manner had impressed him. Even now he had no one else to help him; this woman's little hand alone could reach him in the gulf where he lay; only the simple, pitiful wisdom of her faithful heart could find a way for him out of this misery of his into some place of safety and peace. He was willing to follow wherever she might guide him.

"I can see only one duty before us," she said, when the service was over, and they stood together before one of the monuments in the Abbey, "I think Mr. Clifford ought to know."

"What will he do, Phebe?" asked Jean Merle. "God knows if I had only myself to think of I would go into a convict-prison as thankfully as if it was the gate of heaven. It would be as the gate of heaven to me if I could pay the penalty of my crime. But there are Felicity and my children; and the greater shock and shame to them of my conviction now."

"Yet if Mr. Clifford demanded the penalty it must even now be paid," answered Phebe; "but he will not. One reason why he ought to know is that he mourns over you still, day and night, as if he had been the chief cause of your death. He reproaches himself with his implacability both toward you and his son. But even if the old resentment should awaken, it is right you should run the risk. Why need it be known to any one but us two that Felicity knew you were still alive?"

"If we could save her and the children I should be satisfied," said Jean Merle.

"It would kill her to know you were here," answered Phebe, looking round her with a terrified glance, as if she expected to see Felicity; "she is not strong, and a sudden agitation and distress might cause her death instantly. No, she must never know. And I am not afraid of Mr. Clifford; he will forgive you with all his heart; and he will be made glad in his old age. I will go down with you this evening. There is a train at four o'clock,

and we shall reach Riversborough at eight. Be at the station to meet me."

"You know," said Jean Merle, "that the lapse of years does not free one from trial and conviction? Mr. Clifford can give me into the hands of the police at once; and to-night may see me lodged in Riversborough jail, as if I had been arrested fourteen years ago. You know this, Phebe?"

"Yes, I know it, but I am not afraid of it," she answered.

She had not the slightest fear of old Mr. Clifford's vindictiveness. As she travelled down to Riversborough, with Jean Merle in a third-class carriage of the same train, her mind was very busy with troubled thoughts. There was an unquiet joy stirring in the secret depths of her heart, but she was too full of anxiety and bewilderment to be altogether aware of it. Though it was not more than twenty-four hours since she had known otherwise, it seemed to her as if she had never believed that Roland Sefton was dead, and it appeared incredible that the report of his death should have received such full acceptance as it had everywhere done.

Yet though he had come back, there could be *no welcome for him*. To her and to old Mr. Clifford only could this return from the grave contain any gladness. And was she glad? she asked herself, after a long deliberation over the difficulties surrounding this strange reappearance. She had sorrowed for him and comforted his mother in her mourning, and talked of him as one talks fondly of the dead to his children; and all the sacred healing of time had softened the grief she once felt into a tranquil and grateful memory of him, as of the friend she had loved most, and whose care for her had most widely influenced her life. She could not own yet that she was glad.

Old Mr. Clifford was sitting in the wainscoted dining-room, his favorite room, when Phebe opened the door silently, and looked in with a pale and anxious face. His sight was dim, and a blaze of light fell upon the dark, old panels, and the old-fashioned silver tankards and bright brass salvers on the carved sideboard. Two or three of Phebe's sunniest pictures hung against the oaken panels. There was a blazing fire on the hearth, and the old man, with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and his hands clasped lightly, was watching the play and dance of the flames as they shot up the chimney.

Some new books lay on a table beside him, but he was not reading. He was sitting there *in utter loneliness*, with no companionship except that of his own fading memories. Phebe's tenderness for the old was very great; and she paused on the threshold gazing at him pitifully; while Jean Merle, standing in the hall behind her, caught a glimpse of the hearth so crowded with memories for him, but occupied now by one desolate old man, before the door was closed, and he was left without.

"Why, it's little Phebe Marlowe!" cried Mr. Clifford gladly, looking round at the light sound of a footstep, very different from Mrs. Nixey's heavy tread; "my dear child, you can't tell what a pleasure this is to me."

He had risen up, and stood holding both her hands and looking fondly into her face.

"This moment I was thinking of you, my dear," he said. "I was inditing a long letter to you in my head, which these lazy old fingers of mind would have refused to write. Sandon, the bookseller, has been in here, bringing these books; and he told me a queer story enough. He says that in August last a relation of Madame Sefton's was here, in Riversborough; and told him who he was in his shop, where he bought one of Felicity's books. Why didn't Sandon come here at once and tell us then, so that you could have found him out, Phebe? You and Felix and Hilda were here. He was a poor man, and seemed badly off; and I guess he came to inquire after Madame. Sandon says he reminded him of Roland—poor Roland! Why! I'd have given the poor fellow a welcome for the sake of that resemblance; and I was just thinking how Phebe's tender heart would have been touched by even so faint a likeness."

"Yes," she murmured.

"And we could have lifted him up a little; quite a poor man, Sandon says," continued Mr. Clifford; "but sit down, my dear. There is no one in the wide world would be so welcome to me as little Phebe Marlowe, who refused to be my adopted daughter."

He had drawn a chair close beside his own, for he would not loose her hand, but kept it closely grasped by his thin and crooked fingers.

"You have altogether forgiven Roland?" she said tremulously.

"Altogether, my dear," he answered.

"As Christ forgives us, bearing away our sins Himself?" she said.

"As Christ forgave us," he replied, bowing his head solemnly.

"And if it was possible—think it possible," she went on, "that he could come back again, that the grave in Engelberg could give up its dead, he would be welcome to you?"

"If my old friend, Sefton's son, could come back again," he said, "he would be more welcome to me than you are, Phebe. How often do I fancy him sitting yonder in Sefton's chair, watching me with his dear eyes!"

"But suppose he had deceived us all," she continued, "if he had escaped from your anger by another fraud; a worse fraud! If he had managed so as to bury some one else in his name, and go on living under a false one! Could you forgive that?"

"If Roland could come back a repentant man, I would forgive him every sin," answered Mr. Clifford, "and rejoice that I had not driven him to seek death. But what do you mean, Phebe? why do you ask?"

"Because," she answered, speaking almost in a whisper, with her face close to his, "*Roland did not die*. That man, who was here in August, and called himself Jean Merle, is Roland himself. He saw you, and all of us, and did not dare to make himself known. I can tell you all about it. But, oh! though he has bitterly repented, there is no way for him to atone for his sin. He cannot come back among us, and be Ronald Sefton again."

"Where is he?" asked the old man, trembling.

"He is here; he came with me. I will go and fetch him," she answered.

Mr. Clifford leaned back in his arm-chair, and gazed toward the half-open door. His memory had gone back twenty years, to the last time he had seen Roland Sefton, in the prime of his youth, handsome, erect, and happy, who had made his heart ache as he thought of his own abandoned son, lying buried in a common grave in Paris. The man whom he saw entering slowly and reluctantly into the room behind Phebe, was gray-headed, bent, and abject. This man paused just within the doorway, looking not at him but round the room, with a glance full of grief and remembrance. The eager, questioning eyes of old Mr. Clifford did not arrest his attention, or divert it from the aspect of the old familiar place.

"No, no, Phebe!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford, "*he's an impostor*, my dear. That's not my old friend's son Roland."

"Would to God I were not!" cried Jean Merle bitterly, "would to God I stood in this room as a stranger! Phebe Marlowe, this is very hard; my punishment is greater than I can bear. All my life comes back to me here. This place, of all other places in the world, brings my sin and folly to remembrance."

He sank down on a chair, and buried his face in his hands, to shut out the hateful sight of the old home. He was inside his Paradise again! and behold, it was a place of torment. There was no room in his thoughts for Mr. Clifford; it was nothing to him that he should be called an impostor. He came to claim nothing, not even his own name. But the avenging memories of the past claimed him, and held him fast bound.

Even last night, when in the chill darkness of the November fog he had watched the house which held Felicity and their children, his pain had been less poignant than now, within these walls, where all his happy life had been passed. He was unconscious of everything but his pain. He could

not hear Phebe's voice speaking for him to Mr. Clifford. He saw and felt nothing, until a *gentle and trembling hand* pressing on his shoulder as feebly and as tenderly as his mother's, made him look up into the gray and agitated face of Mr. Clifford bending over him.

"Roland! Roland!" he said, in a voice broken by sobs, "my old friend's son, forgive me as I forgive you. God be thanked, you have come back again in time for me to see you, and bid you welcome. I bless God with all my heart. It is your own home, Roland, your own home."

With his feeble but eager old hands he drew him to the hearth, and placed him in the chair close beside his own, where Phebe had been sitting, and kept his hand upon his arm, lest he should vanish out of his sight.

"You shall tell me nothing more to-night," he said, "I am old, and this is enough for me. It is enough that to-night you and I have pardoned one another from 'the low depths of our hearts.' Tell me nothing else to-night."

Phebe had slipped away from them to help Mrs. Nixey to prepare a room for Jean Merle. It was the one that had been Roland Sefton's nursery, and the nursery of his children, and it was still occupied by Felix, when he visited his old home. The homely hospitable occupation was a relief to her; but in the room that she had left the two men sat side by side in unbroken silence.

(To be continued.)

THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Continued from page 343.)

The Bible Name of Egypt—The Past History of the Land—Napoleon's Career—Rivalry Between France and England—The Political Importance of Egypt—The Fall of the Turkish Empire—The Suez Canal—Financial Collapse of Egypt—French and English Interests—Egypt's Predicted Future—England and Russia—Near Fulfilment of Prophecy.

BUT what of

EGYPT'S PREDICTED FUTURE?

For light on this point we must of course turn to the Prophetic Word, and the portion thereof from which we specially derive instruction is the eleventh chapter of the book of Daniel. The authenticity and inspiration of this chapter, from the fifth to the thirty-fifth verse, has, we are aware, been called in question; doubts being entertained even by so cautious and evangelical a writer as Dr. Seiss. But these doubts are not shared either by Dr. Tregelles or Dr. Pusey, and we shall here assume that the whole of this chapter forms an authentic portion of the later prophecies of Daniel. Still it must be admitted that the narrative is extremely intricate, and that a clear and consistent interpretation of it is by no means easy. Nevertheless the main points can, I think, be satisfactorily indicated. They may conveniently be put thus interrogatively:

1. *How is the chapter to be divided?* Assuming with the best expositors that it is from our present standpoint, partly historical and partly still prophetic, and that between these two portions a break of indefinite duration must be supposed, the question arises, Where does this break occur? On this point three different opinions are entertained.

(a.) By some all the predictions of the chapter, down to the 20th verse, are applied to the Seleucidæ and Ptolemies; the transition to the closing days of this dispensation and the reign of Antichrist being supposed to be made at the commencement of the 21st verse.

(b.) By others the history of Alexander's successors, as here given, including the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, is held to extend to verse 32; the break occurring in verse 33 and verse 36 bringing in the Antichrist.

(c.) Lastly, a third class of expositors, with whom I am disposed to identify myself, are of opinion that from verse 21 to the end is the history of one and the same person, and that verses 5-20 relate to the condition and conflicts of the kingdoms of Syria and Egypt prior to his rise: consequently, that the long break or interval occurs be-

tween verses 4 and 5. The grounds upon which this conclusion is based are the following:

First. In the parallel vision in chapter 8, the point at which the division occurs between that which is past to us and that which is still future, manifestly is at the statement of the fourfold division of Alexander's kingdom between his four generals (verse 32); all that follows referring to "the latter time of their kingdom" and the rise of the great persecuting power, which must be future. This exactly corresponds with the 4th verse of the eleventh chapter and with that alone.

Secondly. The language of the 20th verse, "Then shall stand up in his place" (*margin*), seems to imply immediate succession. The king of the north, whose destruction is recorded in the 19th verse, would seem to be at once succeeded by the "raiser of taxes" spoken of in verse 20; which is inconsistent with the idea of the break finding place at the end of the former verse. The same expression, "in his place shall stand up," occurs, it will be observed, again in the 21st verse.

Thirdly. The planting of "the abomination of desolation" is mentioned in the 31st verse, and as it is unquestionably to this passage that our Lord refers in Matthew 24, *when speaking of events yet future*, the supposition that the break occurs at the end of verse 33, is put altogether out of court. It remains, therefore, that the line of demarcation must be drawn between verses 4 and 5, and that at no other point in the chapter is a long interval admissible.

2. *What power is indicated under the title of the King of the North?* There need be no hesitation in answering, *Syria*. "The two kingdoms of Syria and Egypt," says Dr. Tregelles, "have an importance which the other two parts of Alexander's empire have not, because of their bounding the Holy Land on two sides, and the only communication by land between them passing through that country. The names of 'north' and 'south' appear to be taken from their relative situation with regard to Jerusalem." The titles "king of the north" and "king of the south" are, therefore, to be understood geographically.

But we have another means of identifying the king of the north. From Daniel 8:9, it is clear that when the tenfold division of Cæsar's Roman Empire shall take place, four out of these ten will be the revival of the four kingdoms into which Alexander's vast dominions were divided, viz., Egypt, Greece, Thrace with Bithynia, and Syria, and inasmuch as it is simply impossible to suppose that either the king of Greece or the king who shall rule over the country anciently known as Thrace can be called "the king of the north," both these kingdoms lying rather to the west of Palestine, that title must be applied to the future ruler of Syria.

3. *How can we explain the enormous resources predicated of Egypt and Syria as represented by the kings of the south and the north?* Already, as is well known, the tie which unites Egypt to Turkey is of the slightest, and when the final collapse of the latter takes place, if not before, that tie will be severed. On the other hand, nothing is more probable than that Armenia should achieve its independence, and with some adjacent territories reconstitute the ancient kingdom of Syria. But even so, though nominally independent, both Egypt and Syria would necessarily be, comparatively speaking, relatively weak and minor states, nor would either of them possess the latent capacity of development into such great powers as the kings of the south and the north are represented as being in the vision we are considering. For both these sovereigns evidently have the command of vast riches, and are able to place mighty armies in the field.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

If we suppose, however—what the political circumstances of the present time render all but certain and what the indirect evidence of prophecy tends not a little to confirm—that though both possessing a *quasi* independence and autonomy, Egypt will actually be under the protectorate of Russia, then the difficulty is at once removed, for it will appear that, in the great game of war described, Egypt and Syria are but, as it were, the

pawns moving under cover of more powerful pieces. In this case England and Russia become practically the king of the south and the king of the north respectively, and thus not only is a national, and, if I may so express myself, a living interest infused into the prophecy, but the intervention of "the ships of Chittim" (Cyprus being now a British possession) on behalf of the king of the south is explained (Daniel 11:30).

4. *What part is Antichrist to play in relation to the future of Egypt?* Assuming that the "vile person" introduced into the vision at the 21st verse is the last personal Antichrist, who is also designated in the following verse "the prince of the covenant," i.e., the prince who makes the covenant with many for one week in chap. 9:27, it appears from the following part of the vision that he will make no less than three separate attacks upon Egypt (Daniel 11:25, 29, and 42). In the first two of these he will be unsuccessful, being defeated on the second occasion by "the ships of Chittim," but the third time he is victorious, for we read in the 42d verse: "He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries; and the land of Egypt shall not escape. But he shall have power over the treasures of gold and of silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt: and the Libyans and Ethiopians shall be at his feet."

Thus, so far as this prophecy of Daniel is concerned, the curtain falls upon Egypt at the very nadir of her strange, eventful history; defeated, impoverished, overthrown, prostrate at the feet of the last Antichrist. But, happily, this is not the last word which inspired prophecy has to say concerning her. Egypt is once more to arise from the dust, take her place among the nations, and to be associated in Millennial blessedness with Israel and Assyria; for in Isaiah 19:22-25 we read, "The Lord shall smite Egypt; He shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them. In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the earth: whom the Lord shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance."

EGYPT'S PREDICTED DESTINY AT HAND.

It appears, then, from the statements of Daniel and Isaiah that a great destiny is still in reserve for Egypt, with which it would seem that England is to be in measure associated; and that the time for the evolution of that destiny is even now at hand many converging signs serve to convince us. Ten miles from the ancient city of Thebes, in Egypt, certain Arabs discovered the other day a receptacle of the dead, never before opened from a very remote period. Between thirty and forty well-preserved mummies were found in this subterranean chamber, and when examined by experts they proved to be those of kings, queens, princes, princesses, and hierophants, removed, doubtless, to this place of safety from their splendid tombs or pyramids on the occasion of some foreign invasion.

Among them was the veritable body of the Rameses, who has been identified with the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The inscriptions and cartouches of the case forbade any doubt, the ceremonies, as they were one after the other unrolled, revealed further proofs of identity, and when the last linen bandage was at length removed, there was the face which had fixed its frowning gaze upon Moses, and borne with iron impenitency the ten plagues of Egypt. And almost simultaneously with this and other strange and startling revelations of Egypt's past, the not less strange and startling political movements of our day, viewed in connection with the intimations of the more sure word of prophecy, are tracing out for us with almost stereoscopic distinctness the outlines of Egypt's future. Even now the predicted ten kingdoms are on the very eve of their formation, and then there remains only the revelation of the Lawless One to bring on that last unparalleled crisis, whose deepest darkness is to be irradiated and dispersed by the uprising of the eternal Sun of Righteousness.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Death of General Garibaldi is the most prominent event cabled from Europe during the past week. The distinguished soldier patriot died on Friday evening, June 2d. He had been suffering for some time from bronchitis, which at his advanced age and in his enfeebled condition rendered a fatal termination probable. It was not, however, expected that his death would have occurred so soon. Early on Friday morning the members of his family residing in Genoa and Rome, were summoned to the veteran's home at Caprera, indications being observed that the end of his eventful life was at hand. He grew worse during the day, and at a few minutes after six o'clock in the evening he expired. He was nearly seventy-five years of age, and the best part of that long life had been passed in the service of his country. His name will live in the hearts of his countrymen as a symbol of disinterested patriotism and self-sacrifice, and the whole world admired him for his devotion and his heroism. A portrait of Garibaldi and a sketch of his eventful life will appear in an early number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Party now Engaged in a Search for Lieutenant Chipp of the Jeannette and the crew of his boat was heard from on May 31st. Count Ahlefeldt telegraphed from Irkutsk that Lieutenant Harber and Master Schuetze arrived at Wyitini April 28th. They had a most horrible journey, most of the time travelling on horseback up and down the mountains. The post road along the river was spoiled by water, and the river ice was too weak for any kind of communication. It is calculated that the Lena will be free from drift ice in the beginning of June. They are busy building two boats and a dory on the American system. They have bought a large barge, making it seaworthy, to be used in case the steamer of Sibiriakoff proves useless. The party are all well.

An Effort to Induce the British Government to ask aid from the Executive of the United States in combating the Irish difficulty is being made. Mr. Forwood, late Mayor of Liverpool, in a letter to the London *Times* says that his experience during the recent Fenian activities convinces him that the outrages in Ireland are perpetrated by the hirelings of a small knot of Fenians in America. To suppress these, he says, American co-operation is indispensable. This can only be secured by showing that the American conspirators are a distinct organization from the Irish nationalists and can be dealt with without interfering with the Irish vote. "England has a right to ask America to strangle Fenianism in the place of its birth."

"The Revolution" is the Title of an Editorial in a leading British journal in which the situation in Ireland is discussed. The writer says: "A considerable section of society is just now suffering from *real panic*. The scare created by the Phoenix Park assassinations has not yet passed. It has been revived by the suspicion of assassins in England. A dread, the like of which has not within the memory of many been experienced before, has fallen upon the polite world. Cabinet ministers and subordinate members of the government are attended by *escorts of police*. Dynamite is suspected to lurk in every sack and basket." The article then goes on to speak of the land question in Ireland and England, and the great increase of idle men in London, its explanation being that there is no market for superfluous labor in the agricultural districts while in the towns the supply is deplorably excessive. While the presence of these idle classes in London may be thus accounted for it is obvious that fears are entertained of a rising there, having connection with the Fenian troubles.

The Liberation of the Last of the Irish Suspects is the hope held out by Earl Spencer, the present Governor of Ireland. He said to a deputation of the Corporation of Limerick which waited upon him recently, that he trusted shortly to be able to release every prisoner held under the Coercion act. It is nevertheless evident that this lenity does not proceed from any concession on the part of the Irish leaders nor because there is any diminution in the list of crimes committed under the

auspices of the Land League. The attitude of the Irish leaders may be inferred from a speech delivered on May 30th by Mr. Sexton, Member of Parliament for Sligo, who, addressing his constituents, said that the land movement wrung the land act from a reluctant and ignorant legislature. He violently condemned the repression bill. In reference to the alien clauses he expressed doubt whether the relations of England and the United States are so friendly that it is advisable for the former to try and embitter them still further. The Irish party, he said, felt it to be their duty to meet every proposal of the bill with *stern and resolute opposition*. There were no splits in that party. The triumph of the land movement in a year or two he believed was certain. The repression bill, to which Mr. Sexton is so violently opposed, does not, it must be remembered, press on the law abiding classes, but is devised to render the arrest and conviction of murderers more simple and efficacious.

Reforms are Promised to the Russian People by the Czar. An announcement has been published that "Alexander III., anxious to appease the people, has decided to grant reforms." Two commissions will be constituted to consider the question of central institutions and the share in the administration to be given to the people. A committee to examine local institutions is already in session. General Loris Melikoff, whose liberal opinions have hitherto made him unpopular with the court party, is the supreme head of all the commissions. A manifesto is to be issued informing the people that the Czar, being desirous of giving effect to these reforms at the same time as his coronation takes place, has postponed the latter ceremony for a year. This statement will doubtless be understood by the Russians.

The Persecution of Jews in Russia Continues with severity. Jewish houses are set on fire in some of the smaller towns of Southern Russia almost daily. In Kieff the position of the Jews is reported as desperate. There is some talk of expelling them from the town altogether. But a deputation of Christians has waited upon the governor urging him not to perpetrate such a cruel deed, as, if he does, it will be sure to be followed by numberless bankruptcies. His only reply was, that he must abide by and carry out the instructions he receives from St. Petersburg. A very significant sign of the times is the appearance of a circular urging the Jews to make common cause with the Nihilists. The fact of such an appeal having been made shows the possibility there is of the present circle of revolution being widened by the sufferings inflicted upon the Jews. There is no knowing to what a people maddened by despair may not consent for the purpose of retaliating upon their persecutors.

Mr. John Bright, the Eminent English Statesman, paid a high compliment to America in a speech delivered on June 1st at the opening of the Birmingham Central Library. He dwelt particularly upon the growth of literature in America. *He recommended the study of the American poets, especially Whittier, the best gifts of whose genius were on the side of freedom.* He also recommended the study of Bancroft's history of the United States as conveying knowledge of some of the most important events of the last century and showing how the colonies grew to what will soon be the greatest nation on the face of the globe.

The Egyptian Difficulty is now Almost as Important a subject of discussion across the Atlantic as the state of Ireland. It became known on Thursday, June 1st, that Araby Bey had rejected the ultimatum presented by England and France, and that he had been reinstated in office by the Khédive. It was fully expected that this step would have led to armed interference by the two European powers, but instead of that an international conference has been proposed and invitations have been despatched to all the European powers to participate in it. The Conference will be held at Constantinople. It is believed that mutual jealousy, combined with pressure from Germany, Austria, and Russia, prevented the occupation of Egypt by English and French troops.

It is predicted by diplomatists that Turkey will be deputed by the Conference to temporarily occupy Egypt and restore order. England and France have hitherto been solicitous that Turkish intervention should be avoided, but intimations have now been given by both governments that they would consent to it in the present emergency. The British Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs stated in the House of Commons that it had been deemed advisable to consult the other European governments as to the settlement of Egyptian affairs. He said it might be objected that the Conference would cause delay, but the government believed, on the contrary, that it would expedite a settlement. It had been suggested to the Sultan that it was desirable that the Turkish flag be displayed in Egyptian waters and that the Turkish Commissioners be conveyed to Egypt thereunder. Admiral Seymour, he said, had been instructed to take steps to protect the Suez Canal.

A Disastrous Fire has Occurred in Switzerland. The village called the "Raux de St. Veran," in the High Alps, formerly the scene of *Felix Neff's labors*, has been totally destroyed by fire. Owing to the peculiar construction of the houses, which are partly built of wood, and the lack of water, in less than three hours thirty-two houses, comprising the whole of the village, were burned to the ground. The wretched inhabitants have had to take refuge, for the time being, in the neighboring villages, where they have found a temporary shelter in the stables and outhouses of their neighbors. The total loss is estimated at over \$40,000, and nothing was insured. Half the inhabitants are Protestants and descendants of the ancient Vaudois. The pastors appeal, on behalf of their parishioners, to their fellow-Christians to come to their help, in order that they may rebuild their hovels before the return of next winter.

An Important Legal Decision has been Rendered by the law courts of Austria. It is thus described by the secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance: "Without entering into details we may say that the question to be decided was whether parents, who had for conscience sake left the Romish Church, should be *allowed to bring up their children* according to their own religious convictions or not. The government had decided in the negative, and ordered, under pain of compulsion, that such children were to be taken to the Romish priest for baptism and for instruction. In the case which has just been tried Dr. Joseph Kopp, the lawyer, kindly volunteered his services on behalf of the aggrieved parents. He spoke most energetically and warmly, laying particular stress on the fact that his clients, though but poor and simple persons, were actuated by earnest religious principles. The Supreme Court of Law has now cancelled the government order, and decided that, according to Austrian law, parents have the responsibility and the privilege of determining the religious status of their children. This final verdict is of inestimable value to numerous Protestant Christians throughout the country."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

16th Year. No. 24.—New Series.

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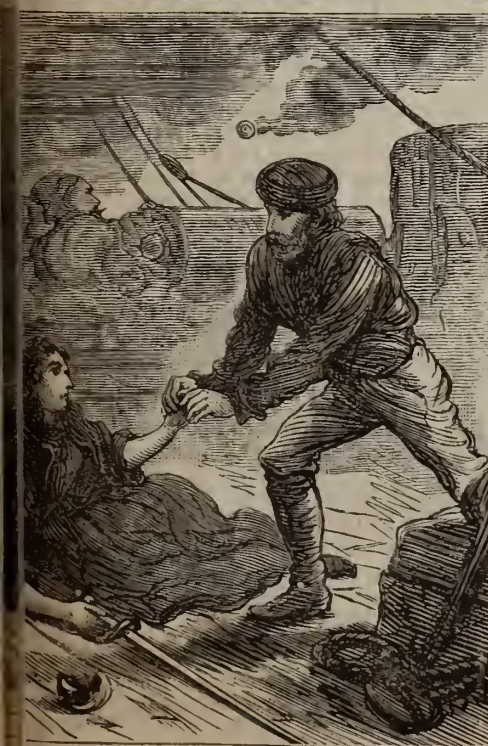
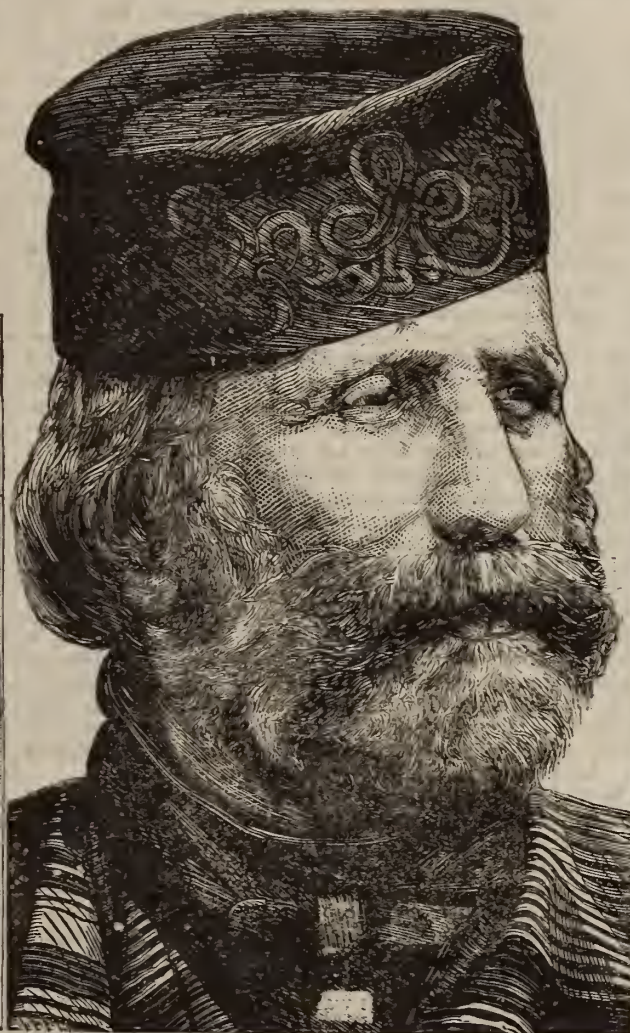
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The Late GENERAL GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, and Scenes in his Life.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

The Great Italian Patriot.

Character of the Hero—His Devotion to his Country—Birth and Early Life—A Youthful Escapade—Permitted to become a Sailor—Condemned to Death—Escape to America—His South American Campaigns—His Marriage with Anita—Tortured by his Captors—Anita's Intrepid Conduct in a Naval Battle—In Italy Again—His Vain Struggle for Rome—Anita's Death—Flight to New York—His Home in Staten Island—Returns to Caprera—His Last Campaigns—Latter Years and Death.

THE aphorism that "Truth is stranger than Fiction," has had no more conspicuous illustration in modern times than in the life of the noble old patriot who breathed his last two weeks ago. Such a life in its simple grandeur, its heroic daring, and its rare disinterestedness stands without complete parallel in the annals of the world. Were the exploits of Garibaldi set down in the pages of romance, unvarnished though they might be, the author would be charged with gross exaggeration. They would be incredible did we not see in actual existence their practical results. United Italy standing to-day strong in its own strength and growing stronger day by day, where thirty-five years ago a host of petty grand dukes, despotic kings, an alien emperor, and a cruel cowardly pope held sway, is a monument to the genius and courage of the hero of Caprera such as never before was reared to mortal man. The world has cheered and glorified many great generals in ancient and modern times, but it has never had cause for such enthusiastic applause as it had when this simple patriot soldier with a handful of brave men behind him, having driven the tyrants out of Italy and liberated the people, retired to his little rocky island, to lead his quiet unassuming life.

Such a man, however numerous his blunders and his faults, we cannot do otherwise than honor. The unselfish character is all too rare in the world, and it is not meet that he who gave his whole life to hardship, privation, and danger, that others might be free and happy, should lose the world's gratitude as well as the world's titled honors. Let his name live enshrined in the hearts of all lovers of freedom, and let his example prompt us in our lower spheres to be ready for acts of kindness and disinterested service. We, too, though we may not lead armies and emancipate enslaved nations, may give up our rest, our ease, our property, that our fellow-men living under the bondage of Satan, the worst of all tyrants, may be delivered through our great Captain from their chains and enter into that liberty to which truth is the only entrance gate.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born on July 22d, 1807, at Nice, on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. His father was a sea captain and his grandfather had been a shipowner, and the boy as he grew up had the restless, roving disposition to which

A SAILOR'S LIFE

seems the only satisfactory outcome. But his mother was a rigid Roman Catholic, and her great ambition was to see her boy a priest of that Church. She planned his studies with that end in view, hoping that a careful training might eradicate his restlessness and dislike of the quiet paths of life. Giuseppe, however, had little love for theological study and loved better to wander over the mountains enjoying the bracing air, or to plunge into the bay and disport himself in the wild waves. But that he could not have wholly neglected books is evident from the fact that he was an accomplished linguist, and was thoroughly acquainted with the history of his own and other countries.

Even in early boyhood his love of adventure was apparent. When only thirteen years of age, he and one or two companions seized a small boat lying in the bay and set sail for Genoa, a hundred miles away, but the little party did not reach their destination, for Garibaldi's tutor, a priest of his mother's selection, saw them start and went promptly to the Garibaldi home and gave warning. Giuseppe's father started after the boys and brought them back. Not long afterward another instance of his intrepidity occurred, for seeing a companion struggling in the water, the boat in

which he was, having been upset in a storm, young Garibaldi swam out after him and brought him safely ashore (see illustration).

By this time his mother was convinced that she must abandon her cherished hopes, and Garibaldi was permitted to indulge his desire for a seafaring life. He made several short voyages, and at last at the age of twenty-one, he found himself second in command on board the brig Cortese, bound for the Black Sea. During this voyage they were overhauled three times by Greek pirates, and when they reached Constantinople, they had been stripped of everything, even the clothes from their backs, and were obliged to land clad in pieces of matting which happened to have been in the hold of the ship, and were overlooked by the pirates. He made several voyages to the East, and on one occasion having been attacked by serious illness in Constantinople, he was nursed and cared for there by an Italian physician, Garibaldi with characteristic independence spending the period of his convalescence as tutor to the physician's sons.

The young sailor was soon at sea again, sailing sometimes under his father and at others under other sea captains, but wherever he went his leisure time was given to the study of his country's history and to dwelling mournfully on her humiliation and degradation. With such a nature as his sorrow was not likely to remain untranslated into action, and Garibaldi ardently longed for the opportunity of doing something toward the deliverance of Italy from her corrupt rulers, clerical and lay. He heard of Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, whose dreams and theories, impracticable though they were, became the seed from which the harvest of Italian unity eventually grew. God in His government of the world has repeatedly used such instrumentality for the deliverance of the peoples. First the visionary with his noble theories, his wild but beautiful dreams finding sympathy in other breasts; then those men moved by the vision do the necessary rough fighting, and afterward the shrewd, cool, calculating diplomatist gathers in the fruit of their labors, and the man who dreamed the dream and was called a fanatic sees his vision fulfilled and his hopes realized.

Mazzini welcomed the daring young sailor and enrolled him in the ranks of those pledged to fight when the time came for the freedom of Italy. Before Mazzini's plot was ripe for execution it was revealed to the government of Piedmont by a traitorous colleague of Mazzini, and the conspirators, among whom was Garibaldi, barely escaped with their lives. Garibaldi escaped to Marseilles, in France, and there for the first time saw his name in print. It was in 1834 and at that time the printed notice of the young enthusiast, who lived to the age of seventy-five and then died calmly in his bed, was that he was condemned to death for conspiring against the government. He managed to get on board an outward bound ship and eventually landed in South America.

His heart was in Italy. His country was divided and broken up. Part of it was ruled by the Pope, a wicked, cruel, corrupt man; part of it by King Bomba of odious memory; part by the Duke of Modena, who strangled the patriots in prison; part by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a hateful tyrant, and part of it by Charles Albert of Piedmont, the most liberal of them all, but even he had condemned Garibaldi to death. It was a spectacle to rend the heart of a patriot, and the noble spirit of the young exile was oppressed with its horror.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Garibaldi did not spend his time in idle sorrow. He found at Rio Janeiro, where he landed, many Italians, exiles like himself from the land of their birth, and under his leadership such funds as they had were clubbed together and a vessel fitted out to trade between Rio Janeiro and Cape Frio. But Garibaldi was not a successful trader. He was too generous, too little disposed to take care of his own interests, and too fearful of causing loss to others. The little enterprise was not a brilliant success, and soon Garibaldi's sympathies were enlisted in a more congenial adventure. Don Gonzales was President of the Republic of Rio Grande, and was doing battle for independence against the great Empire of Brazil. In this unequal war

Garibaldi found employment such as he loved, here he gained the training and experience which he afterward turned to so good an account in native land.

Garibaldi's offer of service was received by Gonzales and his colleagues with open arms, a privateer was soon equipped and placed under the command of Garibaldi with a crew of 100 exiles. Garibaldi named his ship "Mazzini" in honor of his Italian leader, and sailed under the flag of Rio Grande to do battle against an emperor. Their first adventure was a success peculiarly gratifying to Garibaldi. They captured a larger than their own belonging to an Austrian merchant resident in Brazil, which, says Garibaldi, "added a great relish to the capture, much as it belonged to one of the bitterest enemies of my country."

The second adventure on board the Mazzini was not nearly so agreeable; in fact, in this our nearly lost his life. While running between Brazilian ships, which accompanied them for an hour, the Mazzini had her decks swept by murderous fire; Garibaldi was shot through the neck, and thought he was dying. While Garibaldi lay thus almost lifeless upon deck, his followers crowded all sail, and sought refuge in the bay of Guleaguay; but, unfortunately, the born flag of Rio Grande was not regarded friendly in this republic, so the crew of the Mazzini and their apparently dying leader were consigned to a prison, where Garibaldi slowly recovered thanks to the skill of a physician who attended him.

Garibaldi was allowed during convalescence to reside in a Spanish family, Andreas by name, for months, and the Government of Guleaguay paid him five francs a day for the use of his ship. The seeming laxity of the guard set over him at the prison convinced Garibaldi that the government intended him to escape; so, not wishing to disappoint them, he set off one dark stormy evening, but was recaptured after wandering for two days in a mountainous country with but little food. A horrible episode in his life was in store for him on his return to Guleaguay about which he could never speak without an untimely shudder, and then which there is no known episode in Garibaldi's career. He was punished by his wrists for the space of two hours, the hope of forcing him by torture to confess was who helped him escape. But he was determined not to denounce any of his followers, and he breathed a word of information concerning the fate of his leader.

We feel sure that this episode in his life would dispute, for the old general bore the mark of his death on one of his wrists, and the cord gnawing into the flesh, and the iron was well known and talked about by all the patriots in those parts, and the arm for many years afterward was quite disabled.

After undergoing this torture, Garibaldi remained for two months in prison, after the last of which time the governor, finding it impossible to get any information out of him, gave him permission to depart, without ever having been brought to trial, and without ever having heard another word of his indignant protest against the ill-treatment of his detention. He then made his way to Rio Grande, where he engaged in the land campaign under Gonzales.

Gonzales, however, deemed Garibaldi's services at sea more important than his land warfare. Garibaldi, who had no desire other than to be where he could be most useful to his country, willingly obeyed. But while he was engaged for the equipment of his vessel an incident occurred which affected all his future life. He

HIS FUTURE WIFE.

engaged in the prosaic occupation of washing his clothes by the river side. When he made acquaintance he found her a true soldier's lass, brave, dauntless, and as intrepid as Garibaldi himself. She willingly accepted the young soldier's offer, and from that time became his inseparable and devoted companion in the battlefield as well as in the camp. Their honeymoon was passed on board Garibaldi's ship, where Anita was always on deck, even in the fiercest naval battles. In the engagements, which was with an imperious

of war, which lasted five hours, the Brazilian commander was shot, and the ship retired. "I experienced," says Garibaldi, "during the fight, one of the most cruel emotions of my life."

WHILE ANITA WAS ON DECK, CHEERING OUR MEN, SWORD IN HAND,

a cannon-ball knocked her down, and two men who were close by. I sprang toward her, expecting to take her up dead, but she rose safely. (See illustration.) The men were killed. I then begged she would go below. "Yes, I will go," she answered, "but only to drive up the cowards who have gone down there to hide." And so she did, and they came up looking terribly ashamed at their discovery, and the more so that a woman was behind them."

The year 1847 was a time of

NATIONAL UPHEAVAL IN EUROPE, and Garibaldi heard with emotion that the Italian patriots were moving in organization for a struggle. He had done all he could for Rio Grande, he had been made a general, land and money had been voted him, which he had refused, and he had settled down once more as a trader. But the news of a rising in Italy was like a trumpet in the ears of a war horse, and promptly disposing of all he had in America, he and his family and a band of faithful Italian comrades set sail for Italy. He arrived in March, 1848, and found the country in a worse condition than when he had left it twelve years before. The whole Continent of Europe was in a revolutionary ferment. Thrones crumbled and fell, and Poles, Hungarians, and Italians were fighting against the huge nightmare of despotism which oppressed Europe.

Piedmont was oppressed by Austria; Garibaldi raised a force of volunteers, and marched down the valley of the Ticino. King Charles Albert forbade Garibaldi from entering Piedmont, as it would be a violation of the armistice arranged between himself and the Emperor of Austria. Garibaldi cared neither for Emperor nor King. The Austrians had heard of his American exploits and had a wholesome dread of him, and they determined to attack him. Garibaldi was awake to the movement. He selected his position, and lay down for a few hours' rest. Half-an-hour later the cry was raised, "The Austrians are coming!" Garibaldi sprang up, and in ten minutes was ready to meet them. Dividing his force into two columns, he met 1200 disciplined troops with only about 500 irregulars. The fight lasted some time, when Garibaldi cried, "Charge all together!" The answer was a cheer, a rush, a storm of bullets, and the Austrians were driven away.

Arriving subsequently at a small seaport in the Adriatic, Garibaldi learned that the spirit of liberty had reached the City of the Seven Hills. The palace of the Quirinal, where the Pope then was, was besieged by the populace, who demanded the formation of a Democratic Cabinet and a National Convention. The Pope refused, and ordered the Pontifical troops to disperse all public assemblages. But the people were not to be put down, and the Pope was compelled to fly from Rome to Gaeta.

On the 2d of January, 1849, a grand demonstration in honor of the constituent Assembly took place, and banners were placed round the statue of Marcus Aurelius. On the pedestal of this statue the decrees of the public were read to the people—and the *Papacy had fallen from its temporal throne*. The Pope protested, and appealed for help to Austria and France.

France was at that time a Republic with Louis Napoleon as President. He had fought when a youth for Italian independence and the Italian patriots believed they had his sympathies. But they were deceived. A French force, numbering 3000 men, commanded by General Oudinot, landed at Civita Vecchia, on the 24th of April, 1849, with assurances of amity, and thus secured a peaceful reception for the French troops. When the mask was lifted the French General was in possession of the fortress of Civita Vecchia, and resistance was impossible. The morning of the 29th of April brought intelligence to Rome of the arrival of the French. The Assembly called a permanent sitting and the situation was discussed.

Suddenly, amid the excitement of the city, the

cry ran along the streets, "Garibaldi! Vive Garibaldi!" The people marched on before him, a huge, gathering crowd, filling the air with their caps and flying handkerchiefs, shouting, "He is here—he is here!" The enthusiasm was indescribable. The people hailed him as a deliverer.

Early on April 30th General Oudinot advanced from Civita Vecchia to Rome. Garibaldi ordered a charge, and the French were routed. In the middle of May the Neapolitan army advanced toward Rome with the object of establishing the Pope as absolute master in temporality. Garibaldi met it at Palestrina, completely routed it, and returned victorious to Rome on the 24th of May.

On the 3d of June the French renewed their attack upon Rome. For several days the conflict went on. On the 10th of June Garibaldi made a great sortie. He instructed his soldiers to put their white shirts over their uniforms, lest, in the darkness, friends might be mistaken for foes. The French thought they were fighting an army of ghosts. But at length it was necessary to capitulate, and on July 3d, 1849, the French entered Rome, and in their rear came the villain who blasphemously called himself the Vicar of Christ, the Pope of Rome. Garibaldi and his men quitted the city on the previous day.

The leader of this army without a sovereign, a state, or a flag, had taken from the military chest enough money to satisfy the immediate wants of his men, and had sold his watch to provide for his own personal expenditure. From Tivoli to Terni, to Arezzo, to San Marino he marched, closely pursued by the French, and disappointed in all his hopes of provoking a popular rising. With only 1800 old men and boys, hungry and in rags, he reached the little republic among the Apennines, where, the Austrians having come up and threatened San Marino for conniving at his escape, he disbanded his forces and fled by night with Anita and a few followers.

ANITA'S DEATH.

She was about to become a mother and was worn with fatigue, but she refused to be left behind, asked laughingly if he wished to abandon her, and toiled on to the shores of the Adriatic. The fishers of Cesenatico lent them thirteen small boats in which to make for Venice, but a storm came up and nine were captured by the Austrians. The other four reached the mouth of the Po, where Anita, dying, was landed. She lay for some hours in a cornfield, her head on Garibaldi's knee, while Leggiero, his comrade in South America, kept watch near by. The Austrians passed close to the cornfield, and finding nine of Garibaldi's comrades near by hurried away with the prisoners, whom they publicly murdered in a brutal manner.

When the Austrians had gone some peasants came to Garibaldi's aid and helped him to carry Anita to a cottage, where, as he laid her on a bed, she died. The peasant promised to bury her body, and conjured her husband to escape.

Garibaldi tore himself away from the corpse, his heart almost broken with grief, and with his friend Leggiero travelled through Tuscany, often eating and talking with the Austrian scouts, and, at last, on the 7th of September, reached Genoa, where for a while they were detained in honorable captivity. Thence Garibaldi went to Sardinia, whence he was warned by the French, and where he first made the acquaintance of the savage beauty of Caprera; thence to Gibraltar, whence he was warned by the English, and thence to Tangier, from which port, after a stay of a few weeks, he sailed for Liverpool and

NEW YORK.

Thus driven away from every spot where he set his foot, the warm welcome none so well as Americans know how to give to the true nobles of the earth, cheered the heart of the great Italian patriot. He received a perfect ovation in the American metropolis, and a room was placed at his disposal in the City Hall where he might receive his friends. But Garibaldi had crossed the Atlantic grieving over the failure of his hopes, oppressed by the loss of his beloved and faithful wife, and was anxious for nothing so much as retirement from observation. With an Italian exile, Meucci

Salvi, he formed an acquaintance, and the two men commenced business as candle manufacturers.

Our illustration of

GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND,

on page 380, represents the building still standing where Meucci Salvi, the tenor, and Garibaldi, established a tallow-candle factory in 1851, and the venerable Antonio Meucci still lives, and shows the memorials of Garibaldi's exile and the evidences of a friendship which the lapse of thirty years did not cool; and when in after years Garibaldi was at the height of his fame and thousands of people were huzzing and kissing his hand, it was with delight that he received from America a long thin box in which he found three gigantic candles, one red, one green, and one white, with the following note pinned to them: "A present for General Garibaldi, to make a tricolored illumination with on the Campedoglio when he gets to Rome."

At Clifton Garibaldi lived very quietly, fishing off the dock or hunting in the woods, working, and rarely visiting the city. In 1853 he returned to his old profession and sailed to China, California, and South America. Returning to New York he sailed for Europe in command of a small trading vessel, "the Commonwealth," receiving an enthusiastic welcome, somewhat to his surprise, at Shields, England, and meeting with no unfriendly manifestations from the authorities at Genoa. For some time he continued to follow the sea, commanding a Genoese steamer, and so found himself able to buy a portion of the much-coveted island of Caprera.

Garibaldi settled down

AT CAPRERA

in 1856 to be in readiness for the outbreak of the Italian revolution, to which he saw events were fast tending. In 1859, at the beginning of the war between France and Sardinia on the one hand and Austria on the other, the King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, invited Garibaldi to form a corps and join his forces. Garibaldi accepted the invitation, and summoned to him warriors from all parts of Italy. Separated from the main body of the Sardinian Army, Garibaldi started into Northern Lombardy and encountered several detachments of the Austrian forces and defeated them. All through the war he did good service for the Italian cause.

The subsequent events of Garibaldi's career are too well known to need more than a brief recapitulation here. In 1860, when the revolt broke out in Sicily against the Neapolitan rule, Garibaldi took advantage of it, and got up an expedition on his own account, notwithstanding the efforts of Victor Emmanuel to put a stop to it. Two steamers, the Piemonte and the Lombardo, embarked about a thousand volunteers of all nationalities, who landed in a few days at Marsala, captured Palermo, and by July of the same year rendered Garibaldi actually master of the whole of Sicily. He was proclaimed Dictator, and a few weeks later, notwithstanding all the protests and efforts of the European powers to preserve the Bourbon rule in Naples, he crossed the Straits and entered that city.

His fame had now reached its climax, though the Sicilian and Neapolitan campaigns were probably the least adventurous and dashing of all he had undertaken. The animosity toward the Bourbons of Naples was so great throughout their dominions that their soldiers deserted the ranks, and the population everywhere opened the gates to Garibaldi with tokens of the greatest enthusiasm.

Garibaldi, however, had no desire to make himself ruler of the country he had conquered, and he announced that he should lay the newly liberated provinces at the feet of the King of Piedmont. Five millions of Italians had proclaimed Garibaldi their liberator; the work he had done he did all alone without aid from the King; on the contrary, with opposition from him; yet he entered Naples with the cry of "Long live Italy and King Victor Emmanuel," and a few weeks later the whole south of the peninsula was added to the dominions of the House of Savoy. On the 21st of October a

(Concluded on page 380.)

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
June 11, 1882.

"The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee."—I. COR. 12 : 21.

What a Strike Means—All interested in an Early Settlement—How it may be Effected—I. By a Complete Canvass of the Whole Subject—Identical Interests—II. Relief through Co-operative Associations—Established on Rum and Tobacco Savings—What Trade Unions may Accomplish—III. Relief through Forecast and Providence—A Young Man's Effort to Buy a Sealskin Sacque—A Church Ruined by the Centennial—Grand and Mean Savings—A Forty Dollar Present—IV. Employers taking their Employees into Confidence—How one Employer Avoided Strikes—V. Religious Rectification—A Word to Capitalists—The Deaths of Two Employers—A Word to Laboring Men—Congratulations—Eternal Holiday.

THIS week I have been in the Carolinas, and I saw the coming on of such a harvest as has never been witnessed in that clime; and whatever story the speculators in fruit and the speculators in grain may tell you, there will be reaped from all parts of this land a *mighty crop*, and there is going to be plenty to eat and plenty to wear.

At this time of prosperity one hundred and fifty thousand workmen halt in their industries. Some persons suppose that this stopping is of no very great importance, since the toilers have gone out on a picnic and all seems mild and beautiful and pleasant; but every picnic comes to an end, and men are the same in all ages, and hunger and starvation always mean violence. So that the only safety for the people in this land is as soon as possible to have this great labor trouble adjusted and the strike stopped and the mills opened.

The most alarming and appalling part of the whole business is that skilled labor is about to be imported from beyond the sea, and that many of those who have quit their toil have quit those places of occupation forever; and any man who has any sympathies, any man who has any patriotism, any man who has any love either for God or the human race, ought to be praying now; and every man who has any Christian views of

THIS IMPORTANT CONTEST

between capital and labor ought now utter them in most emphatic style.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a *great piece of mechanism* controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and Labor interdependent. No such thing as independence.

I come in and I wave the *flag of truce* between these two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.'"

I. That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is, that Labor and Capital are to be brought to a better understanding by

A COMPLETE CANVASS

of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they all go down. When one rises they all rise. There will be an equilibrium after a while. There never has been an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society eventually will be good for all classes of society, and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually and in time be bad for all.

Every speech that Labor makes against Capital postpones the day of permanent prosperity. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor postpones the day of permanent prosperity. When Capital maligns Labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When Labor maligns Capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful labor-

ers. If the capitalists would draw their glove, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders, or type-setters, on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops. While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed a hundred or five hundred hands.

The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross.

II. Again: There is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 813 co-operative associations. They have 340,000 members, they have a capital of \$18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of \$63,000,000.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into co-operative associations when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread, and they have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for *rum and tobacco*, and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over \$100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over \$1,500,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending the money in those directions, should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money to be put into a co-operative association, and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for *over dress and over style and over living* on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about

TRADES UNIONS.

You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not painters band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Hadyn Societies? Do not newspaper men band together in Press Clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds.

When they are doing *their legitimate work* they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag, and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

So with trades unions, if they have a really legitimate position; but what practical good could ever come from such an association as is to be found in Manchester, England, called the Manchester Bricklayers' Association, which has enacted this law: "Any man found running the work beyond a regular speed shall be fined two shillings and sixpence for the first offence, five shillings for the second offence, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisted in, shall be dealt with as the committee think proper." *Talk about tyranny!* There is no tyranny on earth like that of such a trades union. Of course, no good man would have any sympathy with such an institution as that.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco, and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual, and religious improvement? What a different state of things we would have in this country, and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them; I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said, "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them; they took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta, or the ball club, or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions—O! we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

III. I remark again: the laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn, all of them learn,

FORECAST AND PROVIDENCE.

Vast numbers of them put down their income and they put down their expenses, and if the income meets the expenses that is all that is necessary. I know laboring men who are in a perfect fidget until they have spent their last dollar. They fly around everywhere until they get it spent.

A case came under my observation where a young man was receiving \$700 a year, and earned it by very hard work. The marriage day came. The bride had received \$500 as an inheritance from her grandfather. She put the \$500 in wedding equipment. Then the twain hired two rooms on the third story. Then this man, who had most arduous employment, just as much as he could possibly endure, got evening employment so he could earn a few dollars more, and by this extra evening employment almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he take this extra evening employment? Was it to lay by something for a rainy day? No. Was it to get a life insurance so that if he should die his wife would not be a pauper? No. It was for the one purpose of getting his wife a \$150 sealskin sacque. I am just giving you a fact I know. The sister of this woman, although she was a very poor girl, was not to be eclipsed, and so she went to work day and night, and toiled and toiled and toiled almost into the grave until she got a \$150 sealskin sacque! Well, the news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hardworking people, and they were not to be overcome in this

way, and they all went to work in the same direction, and practically said, though not literally: "Though the Heavens fall we must have a seal-skin sacque!"

A clergyman in Iowa told me two or three years ago that his church and the entire neighborhood had been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. First one family would go, then another family, and finally it was not respectable not to go to the Centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The church and the neighborhood ruined in that way.

Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace, prepare for war. In time of prosperity prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice, and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah! my friends, it is not right, it is not honest. He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has got no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him, taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxuriant, until he stumbles against a tombstone and falls in, and they all get down into the poorhouse. That is not common honesty.

I am no advocate of skinflint saving. I abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence. There are some people who are disgusted if they see anything like economy, such as a man might show in turning down the gas in the parlor when he goes out. There are families actually embarrassed if you ring their doorbell before they have the hall lighted. There are people who apologize if you surprise them at the table. Now, it is mean, or it is magnificent to save just according to what you save for. If it is for the miserly hoarding of it, then it is despicable, but if it means better education for your children, if it means more house help for your wife when she is not strong enough to do much work, if it means that the day of your death shall not be a horror beyond all endurance because it is to throw your family into disruption and annihilation and the poorhouse—then it is magnificent, if it is to avoid all that.

Some of these older persons remember very well *Abraham Van Nest*, of New York, one of its Christian merchants. He was often called mean because he calculated so closely. Why did he calculate closely? That he might have the more to give. There was not a Bible society, or a tract society, or a reformatory institution in the city of New York but he had his hand in it. He denied himself many luxuries that he might give to others the necessities. He has been many years reaping his reward in Heaven; but I shall never forget the day when I, a green country lad, came to his house and spent the evening, and at the close of the evening as I was departing he accompanied me to the door, accompanied me to the steps, came down off of the steps and said, "Here, De Witt, is \$40 for books; don't say anything about it." It is mean or it is magnificent to save according as you save for a good or for a bad object.

I know there are many people who have much to say against *savings banks and life insurances*. I have to tell you that the vast majority of the homesteads of this country have been the result of such institutions, and I have to tell you also that the vast majority of the homesteads of the future for the laboring classes will be the result of such institutions. Savings banks and especially life insurance companies have had great stress of weather during the past few years, but those that have come out and through all the storm have proved themselves invulnerable they are most valuable institutions for the community. It will be a great day for the working classes of England and the United States when the workingman can buy a barrel of flour instead of flour by the small sack, when he can buy a barrel of sugar instead of sugar by the pound, when he can pay cash for coats and hats and shoes rather than to pay an additional amount for the reason that he has to get it all charged.

CONFIDENCE BETWEEN THE PARTIES.

IV. Again I remark: Great relief is to come for the laboring classes of this country by appreciation on the part of employers that they had better take their employes into their confidence. I can see very easily, looking from my standpoint, what is the matter. Employes seeing the employer in seeming prosperity do not know all the straits, all the hardships, all the losses, all the annoyances. They look at him and they think, "Why, he has it easy and we have it hard." They do not know at that very moment the employer is at the last point of desperation to meet his engagements. Now, there is the trouble, my friends.

I know a gentleman very well who has over a thousand hands in his employ. I said to him some years ago when there was great trouble in the labor market, "How are you getting on with your men?" "O!" he said, "I have no trouble." "Why," I said, "haven't you had any strikes?" "O! no," he said, "I never had any trouble." "What plan do you pursue?" He said, "I will tell you. All my men know every year just how matters stand. Every little while I call them together and say, 'Now, boys, last year I made so much—this year I made less; so you see I can't pay you as much as I did last year. Now, I want to know what you think I ought to have as a percentage out of this establishment, and what wages I ought to give you. You know I put all my energy in this business and risked everything, put all my fortune in it and risked everything. What do you really think I ought to have and you ought to have?' By the time we come out of that consultation we are unanimous; there never has been an exception. When we prosper we all prosper together; when we suffer, we all suffer together, and my men would die for me."

Now, let all employers be frank with their employes. Take them into your confidence. Let them know just how matters stand. There is an immense amount of common sense in the world. It is safe always to appeal to it.

V. I remark again: Great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the

RELIGIOUS RECTIFICATION

of it. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a penny, while in China it takes a half-dozen pieces of coin, or a dozen, to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity and infidelity depress everything. The Gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How do I account for this? I account for it on the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in his establishment—made by the same God, to lie down in the same dust, and to be saved by the same supreme mercy.

It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of Heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart, you will enter Heaven. So you see it is a *democratic religion*. Saturate our populations with this Gospel and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift set in. Let me say

A WORD TO ALL CAPITALISTS.

Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe with the sun and the moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal,

Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who two or three weeks ago died in New York, leaving in his will \$40,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God? how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of \$40,000,000 how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving forty millions of dollars and not one cent to God. It is a *disgrace to our civilization*. Or as illustrated in a letter which I have here—I shall only make reference to it—concerning a man who departed this life during this year leaving between five and eight millions of dollars. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stifled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follow such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune. O! capitalists of the United States, be your own executors. Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward—discharge your responsibility.

My word is

TO ALL LABORING MEN

in this country. I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburgh, and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also at the *opportunities for your children*. Your children are going to have vast opportunities. They are above men of fortune. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work.

I congratulate you also on your *opportunities of information*. Plato paid one thousand three hundred dollars for two books. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children. A working man goes along by the show window of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that information; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for fifty cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as this day and the day that is coming.

I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ,

THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH.

He toiled himself, and He knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get His grace in your heart and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow scattering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired, He will rest you. Are you sick, He will give you help. Are you cold, He will wrap you in the mantle of His love.

Who are they before the throne. "Ah!" you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil." Yes, they were. You say, "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were; but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian working man and for every Christian working woman will be the beginning of *eternal holiday*.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Cabman's Wife.—At one of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Glasgow meetings on May 5th, Mr. Jack stated: "I remember speaking to the wife of an old cabman. He had been reclaimed from a life of drunkenness, and was under deep concern about the salvation of his wife. It was really pitiable to see him, and she long remained in a state of darkness. I met with her one night under the vestibule of our church, and wished to speak to her about these matters. She pleaded the claims of her family, and particularly of her *blind daughter*, and said she must hasten home. I placed my hand on her shoulder and said, 'My good woman, has it never struck you that you are as blind as that girl?' In the course of time she was brought to know the Lord, and now she is a happy Christian woman."

"As Bad as Any one in Glasgow."—A Middle-aged man said: "On the 28th of March, in Dr. Aikman's church, I was born again. I had a great struggle. I was a good bit of a sceptic, and much given to strong drink; in fact I was about *as bad as any one in Glasgow*. Since that time I have had no desire for beer or whiskey, and I can now pass the publican's shop as easily as an iron-monger's. I have had peace and happiness ever since. Mr. Moody: 'Have you erected a family altar?' Man: 'Yes, sir; and we now take in the *Christian Herald*, it was never in my house before that.'"

"The Wild Man of the Woods."—A Working man said: "I wish to acknowledge Christ's saving power in my own case. It is not a fortnight since I was about the biggest drunkard there was in Glasgow. I have liked the drink since I was fifteen years of age. Mr. Muir saw me in the street and induced me to go to the meeting in the Circus. I was then drunk, and, as Mr. Simpson put it, I was 'The wild man of the woods.' I sat in the pit, but I did not like to sit among respectably-dressed people, and a man said he would find me a nice quiet place in the gallery where no one would see me; but he was mistaken, for God saw me, and before I left I found peace in Christ, and now I am on my way rejoicing."

Christ Among the Swedes, Great Revival in Sweden.—Mr. Franson (a Swede) spoke of a visit of a number of Swedish emigrants to the Circus, where they were addressed for about fifteen minutes in their own language. They then had an inquiry meeting in the stables, and about forty of them were born again. Mr. Franson also spoke of a recent *remarkable awakening* that had taken place in Sweden. During the past six or seven months from 75,000 to 100,000 people there had given themselves to the Lord. God's people had received a quickening, and the awakening was largely due to formalism, coldness, and stiffness being driven from the church. There had also been a wonderful work among the Sunday-school children."

A Colonel Led to Christ by Miss Daniell.—Colonel Anderson said: "I thank God that I had the privilege to meet with that honored servant of His, Miss Daniell, in Plymouth, four years ago. Until I was 41 years of age, the devil never had a better servant than I was. I was the prime mover in all kinds of sports and gayeties wherever the British flag floated—horse-racing, card-playing, and the service of the devil generally. On the 17th of May, 1878, the Lord met me, and I have had nothing but peace and happiness ever since. Miss Daniell wrote on a piece of paper, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' and said, 'Now you sign that to-night, or make God a liar.' That drove me before the Lord, and from that hour I have known the inexpressible pleasure of His service."

A Grocer's Assistant said, at the Christian Institute on May 8th: "I bless God that I am saved through faith in Christ. I was first roused by a question put to me in my own bible-class by one of the boys. In January, February, and March last, I was an assistant in a grocer's shop where they sold spirits, and I was disgusted by professing Christians coming in and asking for a bottle of this and a bottle of that, and then having it made

up like a parcel, that people might not know what they had bought. I was troubled about this, and spent all night in prayer, till about half-past four o'clock in the morning, when I felt I should have to give up my situation. I told my master that I could no longer serve him and serve God. He offered to give me a larger salary, but I felt it to be my duty to leave. When there were so many persons applying for the situation, he said I should make one more of the number out of work. 'No,' I said, 'My Father has a situation for me in the hollow of His hand.' God very soon gave me a situation. It was three or four times better than the one I had given up, and that without seeking. The Lord never forgets those who honor Him."

A Notorious Infidel Saved.—Rev. Mr. Howie (Govan) said at the prayer-meeting at Glasgow on May 10: "We have many cheering cases. Let me mention one. It relates to a man who last night found Christ in his own home. He had been a *notorious infidel*, sitting up till four or five o'clock in the morning reading infidel books. He was a member of the infidel association and occasionally spoke at the meetings. A member of my congregation met with him and occasionally spoke a few kindly words to him. He got interested, and one Wednesday night he started to come to our meeting but did not find the place. Strange to say on the Saturday afternoon following, he was in the railway collision that occurred at Govan, and he was so severely injured that he lay on a sick bed for nine weeks. During this time he got anxious about his soul. Last night one of my elders spoke to him for about an hour, and at the end of that time he got light. The elder asked me to go and see him. I did so between 10 and 11 o'clock. The man was full of joy, he had quite different thoughts about God and his fellow-men. He had opened his heart to receive the Lord Jesus."

Death in the Young Ladies' Academy.—Speaking in the Paisley Road Free Church, Dr. Moxey pointed to the many uncertainties of life, and enjoined on his hearers the necessity of immediate decision for Christ. He illustrated his remarks by saying, "About a year ago I had the privilege of addressing the members of a young ladies' school, in Edinburgh, and the whole of them, twenty-six in number, were brought to the Lord. A month afterward one of them died, called suddenly before her God. But before departing she gave a triumphant testimony. Asked if she were afraid to die, she said, smiling while, 'No; for I am going to be with Jesus.' A short time ago I again addressed the pupils of the academy. There were amid them several new faces, and among others I noticed the sister of the young lady I have referred to. She was still clad in the sombre garments of mourning. I mentioned the incident of her sister's death, and I remember asking 'Who will be next?' You may say it will be me, because I am so much older than you are. But who can tell? A fortnight later, the young girl who had so comparatively recently lost her sister, was called hence. Death is very near to all of us."

The Merchant's Bond.—At the Circus Meeting on May 5th, Mr. Campbell, a local merchant, said: "A short time ago I was very sick, over-work and keeping late hours had brought on a state of extreme nervous prostration. I went to one doctor, who said, 'What do you drink? You must take sherry.' Some time afterward I consulted another medical man, who said, 'Oh, you must not drink sherry, whiskey is what you must take.' and a third doctor I consulted said, 'No, don't take whiskey, you must drink claret.' I was extremely anxious about a young man employed by us who was giving way to habits of intemperance, and I said, 'Look here, so and-so, I am willing to enter into a bond with you. If you'll sign the pledge for a year I'll do the same.' We entered into such an engagement, and though the young man did not keep his word, I did. As soon as I gave up the drink I began to get better, and when the year was out I was a strong man once more. Then came the question of putting the drink off my table altogether. I said to myself at first, 'Wine may help me; I can get my young friends to come to dinner, and then can take them to an evangelistic meeting.' But I found that some of them got

rather too much wine, and the evangelistic meeting did not do them much good, so I determined to take up the cross for Jesus Christ, by banishing the drink altogether, and I have never repented my decision."

THE BACKGROUND OF THE APOCALYPSE.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Apocalypse Unparalleled in Literature—Its Sublime Imagery—The Four Horses and Their Riders—Celestial Phenomena—The New Jerusalem—What is the Permanent Background?—The Vision of the Throne, the Elders, and the Living Creatures—The Seat of the Most High—The Altar before the Throne—Grand Transformation Scene—Awful Silence in Heaven—The "New Song" of the Redeemed.

THE great drama of the Apocalyptic judgments, even when considered merely as a series of symbolic visions seen by the inspired seer of Patmos, while rapt "in spirit on the Lord's-day," stands alone in the range of universal literature for the sublimity of its imagery, as well as for the awe-inspiring character of its action. That imagery is borrowed alike from the heavens above, from the earth beneath, and even from the dark regions under the earth. Heaven, earth, and hell are laid under contribution for figures by which to set forth the greatness of the Divine purposes, the grievousness of the Divine judgments, and the glory of the Divine issue. And yet this imagery is never either unworthy or incongruous; it never sinks below the dignity of the solemn theme; it never, with the one possible exception of the wild beast,* having seven heads and ten horns, falls to the level of the monstrous or the grotesque.

GRANDEUR AND IMPRESSIVENESS.

On the other hand, where, unless it be in the pages of the older Hebrew prophets, shall we match the grandeur and impressiveness of many of the vivid word-pictures which this book presents? Take, for example, the going forth of the four horses, as the first four seals are broken, in their startling contrast of colors and riders—from the splendid and spotless charger of the great warrior who goes forth "conquering and to conquer," to the ghastly creature of corpse-like hue bestrode by the grim form of death; the chosen champions of heaven, as it were, entering the lists and taking their place to play their awful part in the coming tournament of God. What a terrific scene, again, is that presented to us under the sixth seal, when, as amid the convulsive throes of expiring nature, the sun becomes black as sackcloth of hair, the moon becomes as blood, and the stars are rained down to the earth, like the unripe fruit of the fig-tree shaken by a mighty wind, while the very heavens are rent asunder like a burning scroll, and every mountain and island is moved out of its place!

Lastly—for we may not linger in this wondrous picture gallery—we have in the crowning vision of the New Jerusalem descending from heaven, "as a bride adorned for her husband," with its walls of jasper, its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, and its foundations of precious stones, a complex symbolism, a revelation of glory and of joy, which has touched the heart and fired the imagination of humanity as no other revelation ever did. Whether we regard it as a literal reality or as a wondrous piece of symbolism, it stands alone in its altitude of peerless beauty, as a realization of

THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING HOME.

Its glory has shone through the tears and assuaged the sorrows of saints and martyrs, the persecuted and afflicted, in all ages of the Church's history. The pious monk has embalmed his conception of it in a hymn, the long-drawn melody of which is the echo of its own inspiration; the prisoner in the dungeon, as his thoughts have dwelt upon its accumulated splendors, has felt as though his prison walls had dissolved, and he was already the freeman of that "city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Surely it is not too much to say, that if it be still true—as true it

* Which is introduced for the special purpose of linking the Apocalypse with the Book of Daniel.

hat "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither entered into the heart of man the things which hath prepared for them that love Him," there is at least one sense in which this has ceased to be so since John saw this vision of the New Jerusalem, and wrote it for the inexhaustible joy and exaltation of God's strangers and pilgrims on earth.

But my object in the present paper is not to enlarge upon the wonderful character of the Apocalyptic imagery in general, but rather to draw attention to the fact, commonly quite overlooked, of the high of great importance as enabling us to realize more completely the grandeur and significance of the representations of this sublime book—namely, that the whole action of the Apocalyptic drama is, so to speak, played out on a stage which has a permanent background, the relation of which to the occurrences described, it is necessary to realize if we would not miss much of the impressiveness and the meaning of the latter.

WHAT IS THE "PERMANENT BACKGROUND"? This permanent background—the scenery, if a poetic allusion may be permitted—which remains unchanged up to a point presently to be indicated, is the great vision of the throne, the elders and the living creatures, recorded in Rev. 4:2-11.

Put into other words, and endeavoring to indicate more clearly the relation in which the various objects which it includes stood to one another, it may be thus described: The central and most prominent feature in the whole scene, and that which it would seem first arrested the seer's attention, was a throne; "the throne of the majesty in the heavens," spoken of in the Epistle to the Hebrews; and though neither its form nor appearance is described, it was doubtless "high and lifted up," like that which Isaiah saw in the corresponding theophany which he describes (Isaiah 6:1-4).

Upon this throne "One was sitting;" but if John does not describe the throne, far less does he attempt to describe its Divine occupant. Indeed, that he saw was rather a glory than an actual form; with sublime ambiguity he says, "He that was to look upon like a jasper and a sardius." The "jasper" most probably indicated the color and splendor of the diamond, with which the red of the sardius mingled in mystic wonderful combination. Arranged in a circle or half circle around this throne the seer next observed, upon a lower level, four and twenty lesser thrones, and seated upon them four and twenty human forms—these of grave and venerable "elders" clothed in white robes and wearing crowns of gold; thus combining the emblems of priesthood and royalty.

Within the circuit of these lesser thrones and supporting, as it were, the great central throne itself, which rested on their hinder parts, were four cherubic forms, having severally the *Heads of a Lion, a Calf, a Man, and an Eagle*; while round the central throne, encircling the formless glory which occupied it, was a beautiful bow of emerald green. All these things formed in a sense a single object, the equipage of the Most High; in the forefront of which burned seven lamps of fire, while round it, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a sea of glass translucent as crystal.

Such was the sublime background upon which the seer gazed; nor was it simply as a lifeless and tinted picture; on the contrary, it was instinct with a Divine life and motion. The cherubim were in ceaseless motion day and night, crying, "Holy, holy, holy," and ever and anon the elders rose from their royal seats, and, removing from their heads the golden crowns which encircled them, cast them down before the central throne in token of profoundest worship, saying, "Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power, for Thou didst create all things, and because of Thy will they are, and were created."

Now what I desire by these remarks specially to impress on the reader's mind, is the fact that this entire scene or background, as I have called it, continued within the sphere of the seer's vision throughout the whole course of the Apocalyptic

judgments as contained in the seals, the trumpets, and the vials; in other words that the whole of the action described from the beginning of the fifth chapter to the middle of the nineteenth took place IN THE PRESENCE OF THE THRONE, the elders, and the cherubim. That this was the case can clearly be proved from the passing references to one or other of them which occur throughout these visions.

Thus, when the Lamb takes the seven-sealed book of the inheritance, he does so standing "in the midst of the throne, and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders." Again, as the Lamb, having received the book, breaks its first four seals, the voices of the four cherubim are heard successively saying, as with a loud voice, "Come"; so also, under the sixth seal, the various classes of the dwellers on the earth are represented as saying to the rocks and mountains, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

Again, in connection with the description given in the seventh chapter of the "great multitude which no man could number," we are not only told that they were "standing before the throne and before the Lamb," but reference is made to the simultaneous worship of "the elders and the four living creatures;" while one of the elders actually enters into conversation with John respecting their identity and destiny. In like manner, of the hundred and forty-four thousand seen standing on the Mount Zion, in the fourteenth chapter, it is said: "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four living creatures and the elders." Again, when, in the following chapter, the seven angels who have the seven last plagues come out from the temple in heaven, it is "one of the four living creatures" who delivers to them the seven golden vials full of the wrath of God. And, lastly, in the nineteenth chapter, after the awful destruction of Babylon, it is said: "And her smoke goeth up forever and ever. And the four and twenty elders and the four living creatures fell down and worshipped God that sitteth on the throne, saying, Amen; Hallelujah."

THE ALTAR BEFORE THE THRONE.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, however, that whereas in the vision of the fourth chapter, above quoted and described, there is no allusion to the Jewish tabernacle or its furniture, yet, in the sixth chapter, on the opening of the fifth seal, the seer tells us, "I saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God," etc., and this altar is apparently the altar of sacrifice—corresponding to the brazen altar of the tabernacle—for Alford says, "the peculiar form of the word *slain* which follows seems to imply this."

Yet, again, in the eighth chapter, on the opening of the seventh seal, we read: "And another angel came and stood over the altar, having a golden censer, and there was given unto him much incense, that he should add it unto the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne." (Rev. 8:1-2, R. V.) Here, then, we have reference made to the golden altar, which, in the tabernacle, occupied its position in the holy place, and which is here located "before the throne." A similar allusion to "the golden altar" is made in the ninth chapter, on the sounding of the sixth trumpet; and then, in the eleventh chapter, on the sounding of the seventh trumpet, we meet with the more explicit and comprehensive statement: "And there was opened the temple of God that is in heaven, and there was seen in His temple the ark of His covenant."

While, lastly, in the fifteenth chapter, before the pouring out of the seven vials, John says: "And I saw, and the temple of the tabernacle of the testimony in heaven was opened: and there came out of the temple the seven angels that had the seven last plagues, arrayed with precious stones, pure and bright, and girt about their breasts with golden girdles. And one of the four living creatures gave unto the seven angels seven golden bowls full of the wrath of God." And here observe particularly that, though the scene would seem to be the temple, "the living creatures"—and, as we learn from chapter 19:4, the elders and the throne—are still simultaneously present.

Thus we have mention made—first of the altar of sacrifice, which, in the tabernacle, stood in the outer court—then of the golden altar, which had its position in the holy place; and, lastly, of the Holy of Holies, with the ark of the covenant within it. And all this, in combination with the scenery of the heavenly vision in the fourth chapter, which remains permanent throughout. How is this to be reconciled? Is the explanation this—which, if true, is surely very beautiful?—that, as the visions of the Divine Judgment proceeded, the scenery of the temple grew up, as in

A GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE

around the unearthly, heavenly glories described in the fourth chapter; till, subsequently, the judgments being ended, and their blessed result attained, the "great voice out of the throne" shall be heard, saying: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell among them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God" (Rev. 21:3).

In brief conclusion, let me illustrate, in two or three instances, the additional completeness and impressiveness imparted to some of the scenes of the Apocalyptic drama by the realization of their relation to the background of the fourth chapter. Thus, for example, in the case of the vision of the "great multitude which no man could number" (chap. 7:9-17), what a new sublimity does it add to the picture, when we see them, as it were, occupying, in their countless, white-robed masses, the heretofore vacant glassy sea, which stretched, like a crystal pavement, over the wide space between the throne, the elders and the cherubim, and the seer himself. "The celestial scene," as Alford says, "becoming filled with this innumerable throng; its other inhabitants remaining as before." While their loud and unceasing cry, "Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb," mingles with the anthems of the elders and the cherubim, and is overpowered only by the voices and thunders proceeding from the eternal throne.

AWFUL SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

Again, when we are told that, on the opening of the seventh seal, "there followed a silence in heaven about the space of half an hour"—this statement, most impressive in itself, become infinitely more so when we consider all that it involves, if so be that the principle of interpretation here advocated be kept in mind. It involves the conclusion that the cry of "Salvation unto our God" died upon the lips of the great multitude. It involves the conclusion that the sublime anthem of the elders ceased. It involves the conclusion that the "Holy, holy, holy" of the cherubim was no longer heard. Yea, it involves the conclusion that, from the throne itself, the "voices and thunders" which awed all heaven, became silent. The very life of heaven was arrested; the heart of the universe stood ominously still; and, had that silence lasted more than half an hour, it had surely ceased to beat.

THE "NEW SONG."

Lastly. In the case of the glorious vision of the "hundred and forty and four thousand standing on the Mount Zion"—elevated, it would seem, above the countless multitude already referred to—each one in that sea of upturned faces radiant in the light of the Divine signature unstamped upon each brow—how much is the sublimity of the spectacle increased by the consideration that their wondrous "new song," which no man could learn save themselves, was sung "before the throne"; and, that as the great tide of unique melody swelled upon the Apostle's enraptured ear, it gathered volume as it rolled inward, till it burst in thunder around the enthroned Lamb! And how exquisite a consolation must it have been to the burdened heart of the seer to perceive how, even while the righteous judgments of God were desolating the earth, heaven was becoming more and more populous. How the celestial scene which, when first disclosed, presented as its sole creature inhabitants the elders and the cherubim, became the Temple of the Lord, thronged with adoring worshippers; till at length—so far, at least, as this present age is concerned—the Father's house was filled, and the Saviour's soul was satisfied.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President Sent to the Senate on Wednesday, June 7th, the nominations for the Tariff Commission. They were William A. Wheeler, of New York (chairman); John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts; Henry W. Oliver, Jr. of Pennsylvania; Austin M. Garland, of Illinois; Jacob A. Ambler, of Ohio; John S. Phelps, of Missouri; Robert P. Porter, of the District of Columbia; John W. H. Underwood, of Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana. The momentous character of the work committed to the hands of the Commission is generally appreciated, and as it was felt that the future commercial welfare of the country depended in no small degree on the report the Commission will render, the list of names selected by the President has been carefully scanned. The result is considered generally satisfactory, and it is believed that an impartial investigation will be made. The names were thus placed by Mr. Morrill, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, who said, "There are probably not less than four men upon it who would be called revenue tariff men, headed by John S. Phelps, of Missouri; one or two strongly protective men, two or three moderately so, and the others would probably be in favor of reducing the revenue to the proper wants of the government without injuring the business interests of the country." Ex-Governor Phelps and ex-Vice-President Wheeler have declined to serve on the Commission, and a petition has been sent to the President asking that two practical business men may be nominated for the vacant places.

The Army Appropriation Bill Occupied the attention of the Senate during the early part of last week. The principal feature in dispute was the limit of age for compulsory retirement of officers. It had been originally fixed at sixty-two, but on Monday, June 5th, an amendment was passed changing the limit to sixty-four. The amendment was framed for the purpose of excluding General Sherman from the immediate operation of the law, he being now sixty-two years of age. A motion was made to except Generals Sherman, Schofield, Hancock, Howard, and Terry from the operation of the law, these officers having received the thanks of Congress for conspicuous military service. It was lost by a heavy majority. As the measure stands, no exceptions are made to compulsory retirement at the prescribed age, but General Sherman alone will continue to receive his full pay. In this form the bill, which has more significance than appears on its surface, was finally passed by the Senate.

The House of Representatives Passed the Deficiency Bill last week and proceeded to the discussion of the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, but did not complete it before adjourning on Saturday. The chief obstacle to its passing is the recommendation of the committee

that the staff of clerks in the Executive Department should be increased by 7522 persons, which will increase the appropriation to nearly twenty million dollars. On this question Mr. Kasson, in the interest of Civil Service Reform, moved that the additional clerks to be appointed should be selected from among persons not under eighteen nor more than fifty years of age; that each person selected, after passing a proper examination, should receive at first only a temporary appointment for a term not exceeding six months; that he should be subject to removal at any time if found to be physically, mentally, or morally disqualified; that after six months of satisfactory service he should be entitled to receive an appointment for the term of three years, during which he should not be removed except for cause, unless his services should not be required during the full period because of the falling off of the amount of work to be done; and that in making appointments preference should be given to suitable persons from States and Congressional Districts whose "quota" of government appointments is not full. Mr. Kasson's amendment was, however, ruled out by the chairman, though it is probable that some such provision will ultimately be enacted.

The Ohio Republican Convention, Which has been anticipated by the party with not a little apprehension, assembled on June 7th. Since the Pond Liquor Bill has been declared unconstitutional, the liquor stores have all been reopened, and it has become evident that the whole subject will have to be considered and finally settled. Thus the election, which was not regarded as important so far as the offices to be filled were concerned, became serious in view of the temperance question. Before the Pond Bill passed the liquor trade in Ohio was unrestricted, as the Constitution prohibited license but did not prohibit the sale of liquor. The Pond Bill imposed a tax on the liquor dealer and required him also to give a bond. As a result of the recent legal decision there is a demand for an amendment to the Constitution, and it is this question on which the election will probably turn. The Republicans are between the Prohibitionists, numbering 16,000 votes, on the one hand, and the Germans on the other, and both parties were anxious to see how far the platform adopted would go. The Convention passed a clause declaring the party in favor of amending the Constitution so as to permit of the taxation and regulation of the liquor traffic, and that all laws upon the statute books must be enforced, which includes the Sunday act. This is considered unsatisfactory by both Prohibitionists and the liquor dealers.

An Appalling List of Youthful Criminals has been made up by the New York *Sun* from the local journals of the respective States. The whole of the crimes mentioned were committed in one and the same week. A boy of Belleville, Ill., killed the girl who rejected his addresses on account of his dissipation. Two Arkansas boys quarrelled over a rabbit hunt, and one slew the other with an axe. A St. Louis boy stabbed the playmate who teased him for his ignorance of English. A West Virginia boy shot his rival in a girl's affections. A Virginia boy confesses the poisoning of two persons. A Texas boy shot a little girl because she refused to put down a pail when he ordered her to. A Kansas boy is on trial for intentionally drowning a playfellow. Two Wisconsin boys maltreated a child nearly to death. Three boys pleaded guilty to highway robbery in Chicago. An Iowa boy is a forger. A Missouri boy set fire to a house. A New Mexico boy shot a baby. A Colorado horse-thief is aged 8 years, and none of the other criminals mentioned was over 16.

The Opening of Dr. Cullis's New Faith Cure House in Boston was celebrated with a very interesting service on May 23d. The Faith Cure House is described as a large double cottage built in handsome style, on the Grove Hall grounds, and furnished, though as yet only partially, with simple elegance. It has been built entirely from the voluntary offerings of those who have been healed in answer to the prayer of faith. Dr. Cullis, in the course of a dedicatory address, stated that this was the seventh dedication held in eleven years, on the Grove Hall grounds, and it marked in some

respects a new departure in the work. Six years ago the desire had come to him to found a Faith Cure House. People who came from a distance had to go to hotels and boarding-houses where they sometimes came under worldly sceptical influences which affected their souls. The \$4000 which had been given to the house had come in small voluntary offerings during the last ten years from those who had been healed; \$100 had come in yesterday for the purpose, and \$5 that day. People who came might stay one day, three days, four days or a week, till they were satisfied that they were healed. People did not need to be afraid that no one would die, for there is a time appointed for all. He had seen many taken to glory without any sickness, but old age. In the course of these twelve years hundreds and hundreds of people had come to him for prayer, some from long distances. One young man, for instance, had come to him from New Brunswick, and was then about to return.

The Chautauqua Foreign Missionary Institute has issued timely notice of its annual exercises. It invites all friends of missions, foreign and home, in every denomination and from every land, to its fourth annual gathering, in the beautiful grove beside Lake Chautauqua. The great day will be: Opening day, C. Teachers' Retreat at C. School of Languages, July 8th; Memorial Day, C. Literary and Scientific Circle, July 9th; Closing Exercises, C. T. R., July 28th; Mid-Season Celebration, Saturday, July 29th; Fourth Anniversary, C. F. M. I., Monday, July 31st; Ninth Annual Assembly Opening, August 1st; Closing Exercises, C. F. M. I., Thursday, August 3d. Memorial Day Anniversary, C. L. S. C. Late reports of all missionary work are desired, that they may be seen in the missionary reading room at Chautauqua; these may be sent to the Secretary, Mark's parsonage, Buffalo, N. Y., to C. P. Hart.

An Interesting Ceremony was Witnessed in the city of Washington on May 23d when ground was broken for the new Christian Church, to be erected as a memorial of President Garfield. No programme had been arranged, but the work began with a very pretty act. Two little four-year old girls, one of them the daughter of the pastor Mr. Power, turned up the first sod, which was wheeled away by a boy of six summers. All the congregation who were present then handled the spade for a moment in turn before the field was abandoned to the workmen.

The Christian Work Among the Railroad employes conducted by Miss Jennie Smith, assisted by Miss Adelaide Sherman, Mr. George Perin, Mr. Hilton and others, is making remarkable progress. The meetings at Grafton, W. Va., are such as have never before been witnessed in that locality. Ninety conversions are already reported there, and ministers and church members are working heartily in the cause. God is signally blessing the work of this earnest band of evangelists. Since the work commenced at Martinsburg, W. Va., on March 4th, over nine hundred persons have professed saving faith as the result of the divine blessing on their labors.

The Cleveland Journals Report the Hopeful progress of the revival services conducted by Major Cole. The Christian workers of the city are rendering good service to the movement by organizing a procession which perambulates the parks and squares where loungers are found. Gospel hymns are sung and small printed cards of invitation to the services are distributed. Another procession will this week make the tour of the saloon districts. Morning meetings are held in the Tabernacle every day from ten o'clock until noon; then there are the evening meetings and after that the inquiry meetings which continue until a late hour. Major Cole remains at the Tabernacle all day to converse with anxious sinners, and he has now, owing to the late hour to which he is often detained there, had a bed improvised in the building, so that he is practically there for consultation and advice at all hours day and night. On May 26th an infidel who came to disturb the meetings and turn them into ridicule rose in a state of distress, admitted his object in coming to the meeting, and begged for the prayers of God's people.

The Wicked Scheme of a Gang of Train Robbers to wreck a train at Madison, Conn., was happily thwarted on the night of May 23d. They selected a bridge as the scene of their operations, and were busy from sunset until near midnight in fixing ties in an upright position between the ties of the track. They had just completed their arrangements, and were lying in wait for the fast train then nearly due, when they were detected by a young station agent, who by desperate exertion succeeded in stopping the train before it reached the bridge. Unhappily infidels and vicious men who are employed by the enemy of souls to wreck the lives of the young, and ruin their souls are not always detected as these miscreants were, but it is one of the most important duties of Christians to watch the designs of these men and give warning to those who are in danger of falling a prey to their cunning devices (2 Cor. 2 : 11).

A Strange Discovery was Made Under the flooring of an old church at Dallas, Texas, on June 6th. The Dallas Electric Light Company having purchased the old church property in Austin Street, pulled down the building to make way for their new edifice. In the course of their operations the builders came upon a large quantity of *burglars' apparatus*. It appeared to have belonged to a gang concerned chiefly with the robbery of banks, for besides the ordinary tools, there were cases of dynamite cartridges, and an oilcloth screen representing the front of an iron safe, apparently intended to be hung up to hide burglars who might be working on the real safe behind it. The curious feature of the affair was that the burglars should have selected a church as a hiding place for their apparatus. The use to which they put the church is probably unprecedented, though unhappily it is by no means rare for forgers, defaulters, and swindlers to use their connection with a church as a cover to conceal their real character (Ezek. 33 : 31).

The Pavement of a Street Caught Fire in San Francisco a few nights ago from the effects of the electric light apparatus. Shortly after the lamps were lighted a passing pedestrian was astonished by finding himself sinking into the asphaltum. He also saw steam and smoke arising from the sizzling and smoking pavement directly over where the electric wires connecting with the lamps are laid in wooden troughs, and the lamps were almost extinguished. Word was sent to the office of the electric light company, and they caused the asphaltum pavement to be dug up, and found that the packing or non-conducting covering of the electric wires had become misplaced, thereby allowing the electricity to come in contact with the asphaltum, which was soon in a boiling state. It is obvious that in using the electric light great care will have to be taken to keep the wires from coming in contact with the earth, or there will be some serious accidents. The chief cause of spiritual corruption in the history of the Church in the time of Luther and other reformers was of a similar nature. The people were depending for light on men whose contact with the world had unfitted them for such an office (Isa. 56 : 10-12).

The Happy Issue to a Divorce Case is Reported from Illinois. A rich farmer and his wife living near Walnut Hill, Ill., after dwelling together in unity for forty years, suddenly came to the surprising conclusion that their tempers were incompatible, and accordingly separated. The wife then brought a suit for divorce, which came on for trial at Mt. Vernon recently. The lawyers on both sides during the dinner recess entered into a most creditable agreement to reconcile the aged couple, if it were possible, and the judge cordially offered to assist them. During the afternoon session each made a conciliatory speech, affirming that his client regretted the necessity for separation over a trifling cause and was sorry that the love of so many years should be blighted, and the judge followed with a pathetic admonition. At this point the husband straightened himself in his chair and looked toward his wife; she in turn threw a forgiving glance at him; they both rose, clasped hands, received the congratulations of the court, and in two minutes they were driving toward Walnut Hill happy in reunion. It is not often that

mediation between husband and wife is attended by such a gratifying result, but in this case, as in that of Christians who quarrel, a misunderstanding and a misconception of motives is generally the cause of the trouble. Happy are they who instead of widening the breach succeed in healing it (Matt. 5 : 9).

A Puzzled Patient once left the Office of the late Dr. John F. Gray. The kind-hearted physician, in prescribing for her, distinctly told her that she must take not only the medicine ordered, but *the cover in which it was wrapped*. The patient was a poor sewing girl who, when she went to Dr. Gray for advice was given a phial of medicine and told to go home and go to bed. "I can't do that, Doctor," the girl replied, "for I am dependent on what I earn every day for my living." "If that is so," said Dr. Gray, "I'll change the medicine a little. Give me back the phial." He then wrapped around it a \$10 bill, and returning it to her, reiterated his order, "Go home and go to bed," adding, "Take the medicine, cover and all." The girl was naturally puzzled by the order until she came to obey the doctor's instructions and then she discovered his generous provision. A similar experience often happens to those who obey the divine commands in simple faith. Men have found after their conversion that God is calling them to leave their business as being one in which a Christian should not be engaged, and they have obeyed, not knowing how they would be provided for, but He who led them forth not knowing where they would go has at the same time supplied their need (Luke 18 : 29, 30).

A Fatal Act of Endearment is described in a Georgia journal. It appears that when the recent terrible cyclone was approaching Monticello, the wife of one of the physicians of the town, hearing the storm coming, ran to her husband, who threw his arm about her neck. At the same moment the wind blew the house down upon them, and crushed them to the floor, the mother with the infant in her arms, the husband with his arm around his wife's neck. The timbers locked the doctor's arm so closely about her neck that he could not remove it. He was conscious that he was *choking her to death*, but all his efforts to throw off the timbers were futile. When assistance came his wife was dead. It is difficult to conceive of the agonizing regret that filled the bereaved husband's heart as he realized that the very act which he intended should be one of comfort and protection should have led to the death of his beloved wife. But while we can sympathize with him in his trial we are sadly conscious that there are other husbands and lovers whose love has had consequences yet more terrible. Women who have come very near to the kingdom of God have been held back and the new spiritual life has been choked by the influence of those who loved them and whom they loved. Such men will, when their eyes are opened, suffer a terrible remorse (Matt. 18 : 6).

The Ingratitude of a Millionaire is Described in a journal published in one of the small towns of New York State. It asserts that in the local poorhouse there is now living an aged Irishman who was thirty years ago in prosperous circumstances. He was a generous open-handed man, and many anecdotes are told of his *lavish benevolence* in the days of his wealth. Among others it is said that hearing that his sister and her husband had died suddenly in a distant State, leaving two little boys penniless, he travelled thither, and returning with the orphans placed them in a good school and had them well educated. He afterward supported them until they were able to maintain themselves. Subsequently misfortunes came upon him, and in his old age he became miserably poor. To-day he is in the poorhouse, and one of the boys he educated is a millionaire, whose costly jewels and profuse display and magnificent entertainments the European newspapers often report. Such ingratitude, if the story is true, is very shameless, but we constantly see cases of the truth of which there can be no question, in which men whom God has blessed with temporal and spiritual blessings, are content to enjoy them in selfish idleness, never sacrificing time, money, or labor in His service (Rom. 12 : 1).

THE PERPETUITY OF THE LAW OF GOD.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"For verily I say unto you, Till Heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."—Matthew 5 : 18.

Two Serious Errors—I. The Law Perpetual—Jesus Did not Abolish it—He Explained it—Pointed out its Spiritual Character—Unveiled its Living Essence—Embodied its Commands in His Life—Bore its Penalty—The Law Perpetual from its Nature—Is no more than God may Righteously Ask—No more than is Good for man—A Sliding Scale of Duty—What Perfect Sanctification Means—II. The Law must be Fulfilled—In the Sacrifice of Christ—In His Life—The Apostle Paul's State—Where Absolute Perfection will be Attained.

It has been said that he who understands the two covenants is a theologian, and this is, no doubt, true. I may also say that the man who knows the relative positions of the law and of the Gospel has the keys of the situation in the matter of doctrine. The relationship of the law to myself, and how it condemns me; the relationship of the Gospel to myself, and how if I be a believer it justifies me—these are two points which every Christian man should clearly understand. He should not "see men as trees walking" in this department, or else he may cause himself great sorrow, and fall into errors which will be grievous to his heart and injurious to his life. To form a *mingle-mangle* of law and Gospel is to teach that which is neither law nor Gospel, but the opposite of both. May the Spirit of God be our teacher, and the Word of God be our lesson-book, and then we shall not err.

Very great mistakes have been made about the law. Not long ago there were those about us who affirmed that the law is utterly abrogated and abolished, and they openly taught that believers were not bound to make the moral law the rule of their lives. What would have been sin in other men they counted to be no sin in themselves. From such Antinomianism as that may God deliver us. We are not under the law as the method of salvation, but we delight to see the law in the hand of Christ, and desire to obey the Lord in all things.

Others have been met with who have taught that Jesus mitigated and softened down the law, and they have in effect said that the perfect law of God was too hard for imperfect beings, and therefore God has given us a milder and easier rule. These tread dangerously upon the verge of terrible error, although we believe that they are little aware of it. Alas, we have met with authors who have gone much further than this, and have railed at the law. Oh, the hard words that I have sometimes read against the holy law of God! How very unlike to those which the apostle used when he said, "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good." How different from the reverent spirit which made him say, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man."

I gather from our text two things upon which I shall speak at this time. The first is that *the law of God is perpetual*: "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law." The meaning is that even in the least point it must abide till all be fulfilled. Secondly, we perceive that *the law must be fulfilled*: Not "one jot or one tittle shall pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." He who came to bring in the Gospel dispensation here asserts that He has not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it.

I. First : the law of God must be perpetual. There is

NO ABROGATION OF IT, nor amendment of it. It is not to be toned down or adjusted to our fallen condition; but every one of the Lord's righteous judgments abideth forever. I would urge three reasons which will establish this teaching.

In the first place *our Lord Jesus declares that He did not come to abolish it*. His words are most express: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." And Paul tells us, with regard to the Gospel, "Do we then make void the

law through faith? God forbid: yea we establish the law" (Rom. 3: 31). The Gospel is the means of the firm establishment and vindication of the law of God.

Jesus did not come to change the law, but He came to explain it, and that very fact shows that it remains, for there is no need to explain that which is abrogated. Upon one particular point in which there happened to be a little ceremonialism involved, namely, the keeping of the Sabbath, our Lord enlarged, and showed that the Jewish idea was not the true one. The Pharisees forbade even the doing of works of necessity and mercy, such as rubbing ears of corn to satisfy hunger, and healing the sick. Our Lord Jesus showed that it was not at all according to the mind of God to forbid these things. In straining over the letter, and carrying an outward observance to excess, they had missed the spirit of the Sabbath law, which suggested works of piety such as truly hallow the day.

He showed that Sabbatic rest was not mere inaction, and He said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." He pointed to the priests who labored hard at offering sacrifices, and said of them, "the priests in the temple profane the Sabbath, and are blameless." They were doing divine service, and were within the law. To meet the popular error He took care to do some of His grandest miracles upon the Sabbath-day; and though this excited great wrath against Him, as though He were a law-breaker, yet He did it on purpose that they might see that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and that it is meant to be a day for doing that which honors God and blesses men. O that men knew how to keep the spiritual Sabbath by a ceasing from all servile work, and from all work done for self!

The rest of faith is the true Sabbath, and the service of God is the most acceptable hallowing of the day. Oh that the day were wholly spent in serving God and doing good! The sum of our Lord's teaching was that works of necessity, works of mercy, and works of piety are lawful on the Sabbath. He did explain the law in that point and in others, yet that explanation did not alter the command, but only removed the rust of tradition which had settled upon it. By thus explaining the law He confirmed it; He could not have meant to abolish it or He would not have needed to expound it.

In addition to explaining it the Master went further; He pointed out

ITS SPIRITUAL CHARACTER.

This the Jews had not observed. They thought, for instance, that the command "Thou shalt not kill" simply forbade murder and manslaughter; but the Saviour showed that anger without cause violates the law, and that hard words and cursing, and all other displays of enmity and malice, are forbidden by the commandment. They knew that they might not commit adultery, but it did not enter into their minds that a lascivious desire would be an offence against the precept till the Saviour said, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her committeth adultery with her already in his heart." He showed that the thought of evil is sin, that an unclean imagination pollutes the heart, that a wanton wish is guilt in the eyes of the Most High. Assuredly this was no abrogation of law; it was a wonderful exhibition of its far-reaching sovereignty and of its searching character.

The Pharisees fancied that if they kept their hands, and their feet, and their tongues, all was done; but Jesus showed that thought, imagination, desire, memory, everything, must be brought into subjection to the will of God, or else the law was not fulfilled. What a searching and humbling doctrine is this! If the law of the Lord reaches to the inward parts, who among us can by nature abide its judgment? Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.

The ten commands are full of meaning—meaning which many seem to ignore. For instance, many a man will allow in and around his house inattention to the rules of health and sanitary precaution, but it does not occur to him that he is trampling on the command—"Thou shalt not

kill;" yet this rule forbids our doing anything which may cause injury to our neighbor's health, and so deprive him of life. Many a deadly manufactured article, many an ill-ventilated shop, many a business with hours of excessive length, is a standing breach of this command. Shall I say less of drinks, which lead so speedily to disease and death, and crowd our cemeteries with untimely graves? So, too, in reference to another precept; some persons will repeat songs and stories which are suggestive of uncleanness—I wish that this were not so common as it is. Do they not know that an unchaste word, a double meaning, a sly hint of lust all come under the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery?" It is so according to the teaching of our Lord Jesus. Oh, talk not to me about our Lord's having brought in a milder law because man could not keep the Decalogue, for He has done nothing of the kind.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in addition to explaining the law and pointing out its spiritual character, also *unveiled its living essence*, for when one asked Him, "Which is the great commandment in the law?" He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." In other words, He has told us, "All the law is fulfilled in this: thou shalt love." There is

THE PITH AND MARROW OF IT.

Does any man say to me, "You see, then, instead of the ten commandments we have received the two commandments, and these are much easier," I answer that this reading of the law is not in the least easier. Such a remark implies a want of thought and experience. Those two precepts comprehend the ten at their fullest extent, and cannot be regarded as the erasure of a jot or tittle of them. Whatever difficulties surround the ten commands are equally found in the two, which are their sum and substance. If you love God with all your heart you must keep the first table; and if you love your neighbor as yourself you must keep the second table.

If any suppose that the law of love is an adaptation of the moral law to man's fallen condition they greatly err. I can only say that the supposed adaptation is no more adapted to us than the original law. If there could be conceived to be any difference in difficulty it might be easier to keep the ten than the two; for if we go no deeper than the letter, the two are the more exacting, since they deal with the heart, and soul, and mind. The ten commands mean all that the two express; but if we forget this, and only look at the wording of them, I say, it is harder for a man to love God with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his mind, and with all his strength, and his neighbor as himself, than it would be merely to abstain from killing, stealing, and false witness.

Christ has not, therefore, abrogated or at all moderated the law to meet our helplessness; He has left it in all its sublime perfection, as it always must be left, and He has pointed out how deep are its foundations, how elevated are its heights, how measureless are its length and breadth. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, God's commands cannot be altered; we are saved by another method.

To show that He never meant to abrogate the law, our Lord Jesus has embodied all its commands in His own life. In His own person there was a nature which was perfectly conformed to the law of God; and as was His nature such was His life. He could say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and again, "I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in His love." I may not say that He was scrupulously careful to keep the law; I will not put it so, for there was no tendency in Him to do otherwise; He was so perfect and pure, so infinitely good, and so complete in His agreement and communion with the Father, that He in all things carried out the Father's will. The Father said of Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Once more, that the Master did not come to

alter the law is clear, because after having embodied it in His life He willingly gave Himself up to bear its penalty, though He had never broken it; bearing the penalty for us, even as it is written, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." If the law had demanded more of us than it ought to have done, would the Lord Jesus have rendered to it the penalty which resulted from its too severe demands? I am sure He would not. But because the law asked only what it ought to ask—namely perfect obedience; and exacted of the transgressor only what it ought to exact, namely, death, as the penalty for sin—death under divine wrath, therefore the Saviour went to the tree, and there bore our sins and purged them once for all. If, therefore, it is clearly proven that Jesus was obedient to the law, even to the extent of death, He certainly did not come to abolish or abrogate it; and if He did not remove it, who can do so? If He declares that He came to establish it, who shall overthrow it?

But, secondly, the law of God must be perpetual from its very nature, for does it not strike you the moment you think of it that

RIGHT MUST ALWAYS BE RIGHT,

truth must always be true, and purity must always be purity? Before the ten commandments were published at Sinai there was still that same law of right and wrong laid upon men by the necessity of their being God's creatures. Right was always right before a single command had been committed to words. You cannot bring right down to a lower level; it must be where it always is; right is right eternally, and cannot be wrong. You cannot lift up wrong and make it somewhat right; it must be wrong while the world standeth. In spirit the law is eternal.

The law of God is no more than God might most righteously ask of us. If God were about to give us a more tolerant law, it would be an admission on His part that He asked too much at first. Can that be supposed? Was there, after all, some justification for the statement of the wicked and slothful servant when he said, "I feared thee, because thou art an austere man?" It cannot be. For God to alter His law would be an admission that He made a mistake at first, that He put poor imperfect man (we are often hearing that said) under too rigorous a régime, and therefore He is now prepared to abate His claims, and make them more reasonable.

It has been said that man's moral inability to keep the perfect law exempts him from the duty of doing so. This is very specious, but it is utterly false. Man's inability is not of the kind which removes responsibility; it is moral, not physical. Never fall into the error that moral inability will be an excuse for sin. What, when a man becomes such a liar that he cannot speak the truth, is he thereby exempted from the duty of truthfulness? If your servant owes you a day's labor, is he free from the duty because he has made himself so drunk that he cannot serve you? Is a man freed from a debt by the fact that he has squandered the money, and therefore cannot pay it? Is a lustful man free to indulge his passions because he cannot understand the beauty of chastity? This is dangerous doctrine. The law is a just one, and man is bound by it though his sin has rendered him incapable of doing so.

The law moreover demands

NO MORE THAN IS GOOD FOR US.

There is not a single commandment of God's law but what is meant to be a kind of danger signal such as we put up upon the ice when it is too thin to bear. Each commandment does as it were say to us, "Dangerous." It is never for a man's good to do what God forbids him; it is never for man's real and ultimate happiness to leave undone anything that God commands him. The wisest directions for spiritual health, and for the avoidance of evil, are those directions which are given us concerning right and wrong in the law of God. Therefore it is not possible that there should be any alteration thereof, for it would not be for our good. I should like to say to any brother who

asks that God has put us under an altered rule: Which particular part of the law is it that God has relaxed? Which precept do you feel free to break? Are you delivered from the command which forbids stealing? My dear sir, you may be a capital theologian, but I should lock up my sons when you call at my house. Is it the command about adultery which you think is removed? Then I could not recommend your being admitted to any decent society. Is the law as to killing softened down? Then I had rather have your son than your company. Which law is it that God has exempted you from? That law of worshipping Him only? Do you propose to have another God? Do you intend to make graven images? The fact is that when we come to detail we cannot afford to lose a single link of this wonderful golden chain, which is perfect in every part as well as perfect as a whole. The law is absolutely complete, and you can neither add to it nor take from it. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty all. For he that said, Do not commit adultery, did also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law." If, then, no part of it can be taken down, it must stand and stand forever. To alter the law is to leave us without any law at all. A sliding-scale of duty is

AN IMMORAL INVENTION,

fatal to the principles of law. If each man is to be accepted because he does his best, we are all doing our best. Is there anybody that is not? If we take their words for it, all our fellow-men are doing as well as they can, considering their imperfect natures. Even the harlot in the streets has some righteousness—she is not quite so far gone as others. Have you never heard of the bandit who committed many murders, but who felt that he had been doing his best because he never killed anybody on a Friday? Self-righteousness builds itself a nest even in the worst character.

This is the man's talk: "Really, if you knew me, you would say, I have been a good fellow to you as well as I have. Consider what a poor fallen creature I am; what strong passions were born in me; what temptations to vice beset me, and you will not blame me much. After all, I dare say I am as satisfied with me as with many who are great deal better, because I had so few advantages." Yes, you have shifted the standard, and every man will now do that which is right in his own eyes and claim to be doing his best.

What a fine opening this leaves for *vain glory*. To wonder that men talk of

PERFECT SANCTIFICATION

the law has been lowered. There is nothing at all remarkable in our getting up to the rule if it is conveniently lowered for us. I believe I shall be perfectly sanctified when I keep God's law without mission or transgression, but not till then. If any man says that he is perfectly sanctified because he has come up to a modified law of his own, I am glad to know what he means, for I have no longer any discussion with him; *I see nothing wonderful in his attainment*. Sin is my want of conformity to the law of God, and until we are perfectly conformed to that law in all its spiritual length and breadth it is idle for us to talk about perfect sanctification; no man is perfectly clean until he accepts absolute purity as the standard by which he is to be judged.

So long as there is in us any coming short of the perfect law we are not perfect. What a humbling truth this is! The law shall not pass away, but it must be fulfilled. This truth must be maintained, or if it goes, our tacklings are loose, we cannot well strengthen the mast; the ship goes all to pieces; she becomes a total wreck. The Gospel itself would be destroyed could you destroy the law. To tamper with the law is to trifle with the Gospel. "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

II. I come to show, secondly, that

THE LAW MUST BE FULFILLED.

I hope there are some in this place who are saying, "We cannot fulfill it." That is exactly where I want to bring you. Salvation by the

works of the law must be felt to be impossible by every man who would be saved. We must learn that salvation is of grace through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord, and not by our own doings or feelings; but this is a doctrine no one will receive till he has learned the previous truth, that salvation by the works of the law can never come to any man of woman born. Yet the law must be fulfilled. Many will say with Nicodemus "How can these things be?" I answer, the law is fulfilled in Christ, and by faith we receive the fruit thereof.

First, as I have already said, the law is fulfilled in the matchless *sacrifice of Jesus Christ*. If a man has broken a law what does the law do with him? It says, "I must be honored. You have broken my command which was sanctioned by the penalty of death. Inasmuch as you did not honor me by obedience, but dishonored me by transgression, you must die." Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the great covenant representative of His people, their second Adam, stood forward on the behalf of all who are in Him, and presented himself as a victim to divine justice. Since His people were guilty of death, He, as their covenant head, came under death, in their place and stead.

It was a glorious thing that such

REPRESENTATIVE DEATH

was possible, and it was only so because of the original constitution of the race as springing from a common father, and placed under a single head. Inasmuch as our fall was by one Adam, it was possible for us to be raised by another Adam. "As in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." It became possible for God, upon the principle of representation, to allow of substitution. Our first fall was not by our personal fault, but through the failure of our representative; and now in comes our second and grander representative, the Son of God, and He sets us free, not by our honoring the law, but by His doing so. He came under the law by His birth, and being found as a man loaded with the guilt of all His people, He was visited with its penalty. The law lifts its bloody axe, and it smites our glorious Head that we may go free.

It is the Son of God that keeps the law by dying, the just for the unjust. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die,"—there is death demanded, and in Christ death is presented. Life for life is rendered; an infinitely precious life instead of the poor lives of men. Jesus has died, and so the law has been fulfilled by the endurance of its penalty, and being fulfilled, its power to condemn and punish the believer has passed away.

Secondly, the law has been fulfilled again for us by Christ in His life. Jesus Christ as our head and representative, came into the world for the double purpose of bearing the penalty and at the same time keeping the law. The law requires a perfect life, and he that believeth in Jesus Christ presents to the law a perfect life, which he has made his own by faith. It is not his own life, but Christ is made of God unto us righteousness, even to us who are one with Him. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." That which Jesus did is counted as though we did it, and because He was righteous God sees us in Him and counts us righteous upon the principle of substitution and representation.

Ay, but that is not all. The law has to be fulfilled in us personally in a spiritual and Gospel sense. "Well," say you, "but how can that be?" I reply in the words of our apostle: "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh," Christ has done and is doing by the Holy Spirit, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." Regeneration is a work by which the law is fulfilled; for when a man is born again there is placed in him a new nature, which loves the law of God and is perfectly conformed thereto. The new nature which God implants in every believer at the time he is born again is *incapable of sin*; it cannot sin, for it is born of God. That new nature is the offspring of the eternal Father, and the Spirit of God dwells in it, and with it, and strengthens it.

The apostle Paul, when describing his inward conflicts, showed that he himself, his real and best

self, did keep the law, for he says, "So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God" (Romans 7:25). He consented to the law that it was good, which showed that he was on the side of the law, and though sin that dwelt in his members led him into transgression, yet his new nature did not allow it, but hated and loathed it, and cried out against it as one in bondage. The new-born soul delights in the law of the Lord, and there is within it a quenchless life which aspires after absolute perfection, and will never rest till it pays to God perfect obedience and comes to be like God Himself.

This which is begun in regeneration is continued and grows till it ultimately arrives at

ABSOLUTE PERFECTION.

That will be seen in the world to come; and oh, what a fulfilment of the law will be there! The law will admit no man to heaven till he is perfectly conformed to it, but every believer shall be in that perfect condition. Our nature shall be refined from all its dross and be as pure gold. It will be our delight in heaven to be holy. There will be nothing about us then to kick against a single commandment. Then shall the law of the Lord have eternal honor from our immortal being. We delight in it after the inward man now, but then we shall delight in it as to our risen bodies, which shall be charmed to be instruments of righteousness unto God forever and ever. No appetite of those risen bodies, no want and no necessity of them shall then lead the soul astray, but our whole body, soul, and spirit shall be perfectly conformed unto the Divine mind.

Let us long and pant for this. We shall never attain it except by believing in Jesus. Perfect holiness will never be reached by the works of the law, for works cannot change the nature, but by faith in Jesus, and the blessed work of His Holy Spirit, we shall have it, and then I believe it will be among our songs of glory that heaven and earth pass away, but the word of God and the law of God shall stand fast forever and ever. Amen.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has Written a Letter expressing his sympathy with the movement to liberate the Episcopal Church from State patronage and control. The letter was addressed to the Liberation Society, and was as follows: "I feel that this question of liberating the bride of Christ from her dishonorable association with the State grows upon me in importance the more I love the Lord Jesus. I see the political evil of the situation, but the religious criminality is that which most oppresses me. Here is a Church of Christ which surrenders itself to the State. Its bishops are appointed by the rulers of a worldly kingdom; and, as for itself, *it cannot wear the ribbon* or leave it off without Cæsar's permission. It is a mercy that some few of her sons find this fetter too galling. The mystery is that they should continue to wear it when the door to Christian liberty is open. I long to see the piety of Episcopalians so elevated that they will hate the present infamous alliance, with all its hard bondage."

The Progress of Temperance in Great Britain.—At the recent annual meeting of the Band of Hope Union, it was stated that as far as could be estimated there were 8500 Bands of Hope and other organizations for the promotion of temperance principles among young people in the country. There were 1,070,000 members between seven and twenty-one years of age. With the sanction of the School Board for London numerous special lectures had been given in the board schools, and conferences held with the teachers. Illustrated lectures had been given in refuges, on board training ships, and in similar institutions for the young. The services of the provincial agents had been in increasing demand, two gentlemen thus employed having delivered 550 lectures and addresses, at which about 100,000 persons were present, and in connection with which 1900 pledges had been secured; 707 Bands of Hope were reported as existing in London, and these received regular addresses and other assistance from the union. Of 3237 young people belonging to Bands of Hope, it was found that their average age was 18 years, and their length of abstinence 11 years and nine months.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

(Continued from page 371.)

plebiscitum was held in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Almost everybody voted in favor of Victor Emmanuel, and he made his entry into the city seated in a carriage by the side of Garibaldi, who, immediately after the ceremony was over, retired to Caprera in the modest capacity of President of the Committee for the Liberation of Rome and Venice.

In August, 1862, pressed by Mazzini and the party of action, Garibaldi undertook his unfortunate expedition to Rome. After having once more reached Calabria, he marched on Reggio with some 2000 men, but was met by Cialdini, who repulsed him and drove him back to Aspromonte, where he was attacked by Pallavicini, severely wounded, transported to Spezia and subsequently to Pisa. That the troops of the King of Italy should have shot and wounded Garibaldi, who had been so loyal to him and who had done so much for him, was accounted throughout Europe a scandalous thing, but it was obvious that Italy was not then strong enough to defy the enemies Garibaldi's success would have aroused against her. The policy of the Italian Government was sagacious, and its cruelty was regretted as much by those who dictated it as by those who sympathized with Garibaldi.

When he had recovered from his wound Garibaldi paid

A VISIT TO ENGLAND, and it may be safely said that no foreign visitor, not excepting Kossuth, was ever received with such demonstrations of enthusiasm by the people. He was greeted on his arrival in London by an immense concourse of people, and was entertained by several leading members of the aristocracy, prominent among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. He was specially honored with a magnificent banquet by the Lord Mayor and the City of London.

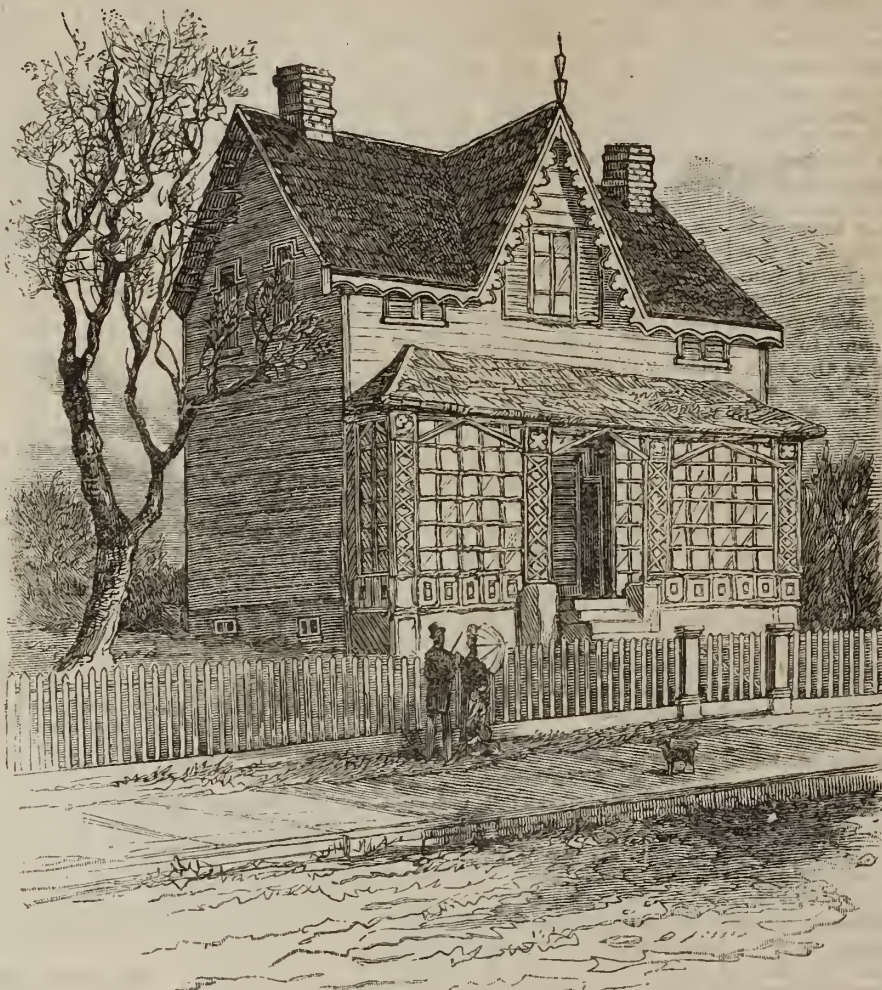
OUR FRONTISPIECE PICTURE

illustrates the popular ovation which was accorded him upon leaving the Mansion House after the banquet. Thousands crowded around the carriage of the red-shirted hero, that they might grasp his hand, and for hours the route to the Duke of Sutherland's mansion was impassable, and the enthusiasm unbounded.

In 1866 he again took the field, was engaged in operations in the Tyrol, and sustained a severe repulse from the Austrians in July, which he immediately retrieved. In 1867 he determined to complete, if possible, the unification of Italy. He therefore organized an invasion of the States of the Church. The Government arrested Garibaldi, and he was permitted to return to Caprera, but only as a prisoner, a man-of-war being stationed there to prevent his escape.

This vigilance, however, was unavailing, for on the 14th of October he fled to Florence, harangued the populace, and started on the 22d to join the insurgent bands on the Roman frontier. At the head of four battalions of volunteers he defeated the Pontifical troops at Monte Rotondo on October 26th, but a few weeks later he sustained a crushing defeat at Mentana.

He again retired to his island home, but on hearing of the downfall of the French Empire, in 1870, he again left it, and, hastening to France, he placed his sword at the disposal of the Government of the National Defence. For a little time he had command of the army of the Vosges, but in February 1871, once more sought the retirement of Caprera. It was in 1870 that France, whose soldiers had guarded the Pope at Rome, needed all her



The House on Staten Island, N. Y., in which Garibaldi lived.

military strength to cope with Germany, and the garrison being withdrawn, the evacuation of Rome was the consequence. Negotiations were effected by which the Italians and Garibaldians occupied the city, and Rome became the capital of a united and liberated Italy, and the temporal power of the Pope was broken for ever.

From that time until his death on June 2d, the grand old man has made his home at Caprera, rarely leaving it for a lengthened period. His career as a member of the Italian Parliament was not a success. Garibaldi was a soldier, he was neither a statesman nor a diplomatist, and when he assumed either rôle he became the victim of designing men, who took advantage of his simple, guileless nature to gain his name as a credit to foolish and sometimes wicked schemes. His life too was embittered by domestic troubles, for since Anita's death he was twice married, and on neither occasion was the union a happy one. His children, too, were a source of anxiety to him; but throughout his declining years he maintained the calm composure and cheerful spirit which had distinguished him in his days of trial and hardship. Caprera had many visitors eager to look on the aged hero, and they were always sure of a cordial welcome.

The last two years of his life he spent as a confirmed invalid, and his friends knew that should any serious illness attack him he would succumb. When, therefore, it was announced a few weeks ago that Garibaldi was suffering from bronchitis, all felt that the end of his glorious life was at hand. He died calmly on June 2d, and the brave soldier, the ardent patriot, and self-sacrificing conqueror passed away from the scene of his struggles and victories.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

Two young men were strolling along the beach one summer morning in the neighborhood of a famous seaside resort on the Atlantic coast. They were intimate friends, and had been so ever since as little boys they went to the same village school

together. They were now preparing to enter the great business world and were full of enthusiasm as to their future. One of them, Charles Stone, was to be a stockbroker, and his companion, George Wilson, was studying for the legal profession.

"I wish I could have been a soldier or a sailor," said George. "There would have been so much chance to distinguish oneself then and win a great name. A lawyer may become very learned and very rich, but he has not an opportunity for great deeds. I feel now that I could lead a far more lorn hope with pride or head company of soldiers on a desperate charge without a sensation of fear. I expect to get on prettily well, and I suppose I shall have my share of the good things of the profession, but I would have preferred to wear a uniform and had a chance of showing the world what I can do."

"Yes," said his friend, "a soldier's life I admit has charms for the brave and stalwart, but I have an idea that moral courage is after all a higher type of quality than physical courage, and it is not necessary to be in the army to show that. I think the bravest boy in our school was not that big bully, Robinson, who was always ready for a fight, at whom you and I have seen many a time with his face bruised and bleeding, fighting on when I could scarcely see. I think Tom Hirst was a braver lad. You remember that night in the bedroom when he knelt down before all the boys to say his

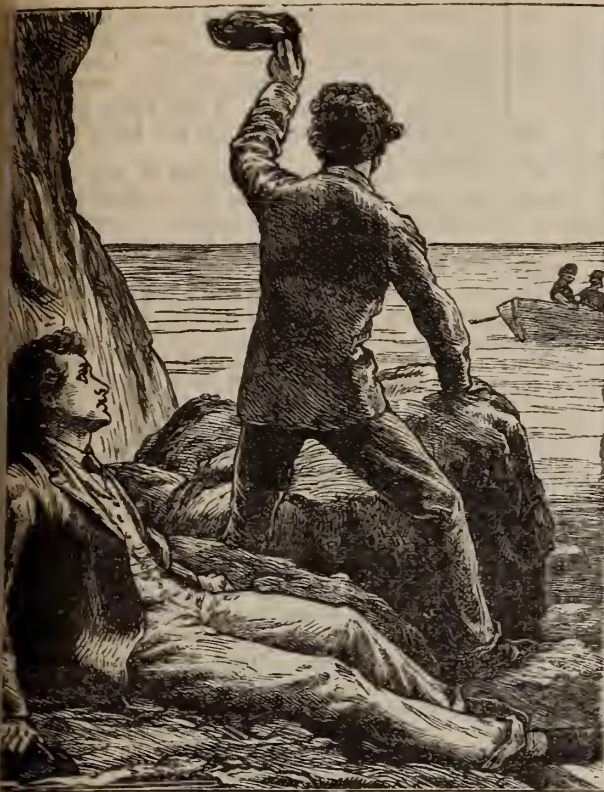
prayers, and kept it up, too, night after night in spite of their sneers and coarse jokes."

"Well, that is not my idea of courage," said George. "Robinson, whom you call a bully, is certainly a fine fellow, and he did not care how the fellow was who offended him, he would always hit him. But then you were always one of Tom Hirst's sort, and I have seen you many a time let fellow insult you and put upon you without resenting it. You and I have always been good friends and have always liked you, but if any trouble came between you and me together I fancy the fighting would fall to my share."

The conversation was interrupted here by the young men arriving at the high rocks which they had started out to climb. They were almost perpendicular and in climbing they had no breath spare for talk. Having reached the summit they rested for a few minutes and then commenced their descent. They proceeded cautiously, picking their way over the projections and making as winding a path as possible. But when about half way down George Wilson set his foot on a piece of moss and slipped; quick as thought he was precipitated to the foot of the rocks and lay there bruised and groaning. Charles was soon by his side assisting him to rise. But it was of no use. His ankle was badly sprained and he could not stand. What was to be done? There was no way from the spot where the young men were, except over the rock which could not be climbed by any one with a sprained ankle, and George was too heavy a weight to be carried by Charles, who was of much slighter build than his friend. The case was serious, and to their horror they saw that the tide was rising and in less than half an hour the place where they were would be covered with the waves.

"Leave me here, Charles," said the prostrate youth; "save yourself, you cannot help me. There is no one about who could help you and I am of no use your staying to die with me."

But that was not Charles's idea of the duties of friendship, and he summarily disposed of his



A Timely Rescue.



The Brothers' Farewell.

friend's entreaty without argument. "No, my boy," he said, "I shall not desert you. You said just now that I had not much courage, but I should be a coward indeed to leave you now. It is pretty clear, though, that it is all over with us both, and I should like to pray before we die." So the young Christian knelt down by his friend and there commended his soul and that of his companion to the keeping of Jesus, to whom he had some months before given his heart.

It was a solemn time, but he arose from his knees refreshed and strengthened. The water had advanced close to the spot where they were, and they saw that a very short time would suffice to end their lives. They were looking sadly at the advancing flood, when Charles sprang to his feet with a cry of joy, "A boat! a boat!" he cried; and there in the distance they saw two people rowing across the bay. Charles shouted and waved his cap again and again, and at last, to their intense joy, they heard the answering cry from the boat and saw that it was approaching them.

The two young men were speedily taken on board and borne to the town in safety. It was an experience neither of them ever forgot; and in after years, when both of them were working for Jesus, the incident was often described as an illustration of the sacrifice of Jesus, who not only had compassion on the lost and perishing, but actually gave up His life that they might be saved.

THE BROTHER'S FAREWELL.

It is a sad word, and many a heart has been well-nigh broken when the tongue gave it utterance. But in this world of changes the word must often be spoken, and it is well for those who part when they are assured that, however widely they may be separated, and however improbable it is that they will meet again in this life, they will be certain to meet beyond the grave in the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for those who love Him. These were the thoughts passing in the mind of a young man of twenty-five years one gloomy winter morning as he took his way down to the west side of New York City, where the great ocean vessels lay awaiting their cargo and passengers. The young man walked very sadly through the big shed on the pier and crossing the gang-plank stepped on board a vessel which was to leave in an hour. He glanced rapidly over the groups of men and women there, who on business or pleasure were about to leave the friendly shores of their native land.

Soon his eye fell on the person he had come to meet. His brother, Arthur Hamilton, was standing looking at the busy scene, his travelling rug thrown over his arm, and his luggage lying on the deck at his side.

The two young men were the only sons of a merchant who had lately died, and Arthur, the younger, was taking the portion of goods that had fallen to him and was going to Europe as he said, "to see life." His elder brother Alfred had vainly endeavored to persuade him to remain in America and to help him in carrying on their father's business. But Arthur steadily refused to lead a humdrum life, and his brother was now come on board to bid him a sad farewell. Arthur had been the favorite son of his parents, but he had never been a good lad, and now that the restraints of home were removed, Alfred had only too substantial ground for fearing that his younger brother would suffer shipwreck in the voyage of life.

"I do not want to preach to you, as you call it, my boy," said Alfred, "but I do beg of you for your own sake that you will pray to God to keep you from temptation and sin. You are going where you may be tempted, but He is able to save you, and He will if you ask Him in faith."

"O there you are with your canting talk, Alfred," said Arthur. "I do wish you would not be always lecturing me as if you were a parson. Now you just rest contented and let me go and enjoy myself for a year or two and then I will come back and settle down quietly and be a steady, respectable churchgoer, and you shall come and talk to me every day like a father. You will see that after I have seen the world I shall not be any the worse, but shall be able to settle my religious affairs to your satisfaction, all in good time."

So the brothers parted. As the last strokes of the bell were heard Alfred clasped his brother's hand, gave it a hearty shake and crossed the gang-plank to the shore, sick at heart and with gloomy forebodings.

Two years passed and Arthur had written to his brother only three or four letters describing the cities through which he passed and announcing in his last epistle that he intended spending the coming winter in Paris. That was the last letter Alfred ever received from the traveller. A letter came to him from a doctor a few months afterward, saying that he had been attending a young American, who in dying begged him to write to Alfred Hamilton and gave him the melancholy in-

telligence. The kind-hearted doctor refrained from wounding his correspondent's heart, but if he had told the whole of what he knew, he would have said that Arthur Hamilton died of dissipation.

Alfred learned something of this afterward, and he reflected with sad thoughts on his brother's parting words, "all in good time." Like thousands of men he had counted on years of opportunity that he never enjoyed, and now throughout eternity he must suffer the consequences of his procrastination.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 367.)

As a Hired Servant.

FROM a profound and dreamless sleep Jean Merle awoke early the next morning, with the blessed feeling of being at home again in his father's house. The heavy cross-beams of black oak dividing the ceiling into panels; the low broad lattice window with a few upper panes of old stained glass; the faded familiar pictures on the wall; these all awoke in him memories of his earliest years.

But the dead past must bury its dead. If there had ever been a deeply buried, hidden hope, that a possible return to something of the old life lay in the unknown future, it was now utterly uprooted. Such a return was only possible over the ruined lives and broken hearts of Felicita and his children. If he made himself known, though he might be secure against prosecution, the story of his former crime would revive, and spread wider, joined with the fair name of Felicita, than it would have done when he was merely a *fraudulent banker* in a country town. However true it might be what Phebe maintained, that he might then have suffered the penalty of his sin, and afterward retrieved the past, while his children were too young to feel the full bitterness of the shame, it was too late to do it now. The name he had dishonored was for ever forfeited. His return to his former life was hedged up on every hand.

He was a broken-hearted man, who had cut himself off from all human ties and affections, and who was longing to feel that he was not forsaken of the universal Brother and Saviour. His cry was, "My soul thirsteth for Thee; my flesh longeth for Thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is." It was his own fault that he was in the dry and weary wilderness; but oh! if Christ would

not forsake him there, would dwell with him, even in this desert made desolate by himself, then at last he might find peace to his soul.

There was a deep inner consciousness, the forgotten but not obliterated faith of his boyhood and youth, before the world with its pomps and ambitions had laid its iron hand upon him, that *Christ was with him*, leading him day by day, if he would but follow nearer to God. Was it impossible to follow His guidance now? Could he not, even yet, take up his cross, and be willing to fill any place which he could yet fill worthily and humbly; expiating his sins against his fellow-men by truer devotion to their service, as Jean Merle, the working-man; not as Roland Sefton, the prosperous and fraudulent banker.

This return to his father's house, and all its associations, solemn and sacred with a peculiar sacredness and solemnity, seemed to him a pledge that he could once more be admitted into the great brotherhood and home of Christ's disciples. Every object on which his eye rested smote him, but it was with the stroke of a friend. A clear and sweet light from heaven shed its penetrating rays into the darkest corners of his soul. Forgiven! God had forgiven him; and man had forgiven him. Before him lay an obscure and humble path; but the heaviest part of his burden was gone. He must go heavy-laden to the end of his days, treading in rough paths; but despair had fled, and with it the sense of being separated from God and man.

He heard the feeble, yet deep old voice of Mr. Clifford outside his door inquiring from Mrs. Nixey if Mr. Merle was gone down stairs yet. He made haste to go down, treading the old staircase with something of the alacrity of former days. Phebe was in the dining-room, and the servants came in to prayer as they had been used to do forty years ago when he was a child. An old-world tranquillity and peacefulness was in the familiar scene; which breathed a deep calm over his tempest-tossed spirit.

"Phebe has been telling me all," said Mr. Clifford when breakfast was over; "tell me what can be done to save Felicita and the children."

"I am Jean Merle," he answered with a melancholy smile; "Jean Merle, and no one else. I come back with no claims, and they must never know me. Why should I cross their path and blight it? I cannot atone for the past in any way, except by keeping away forever from them. I shall injure no one by continuing to be Jean Merle."

"No," said Phebe, "it is too late now, and it would kill Felicita."

"This morning a thought struck me," he continued, "a project for my future life, which you can help me to put into execution, Phebe. I have an intolerable dread of losing sight of you all again; let me be at least somewhere in England, where you can now and then give me tidings of my children and Felicita."

"I will do anything in the world to help you," cried Phebe eagerly.

"Then let me go to your little farm," he answered, "and take up your father's life, at least for a time, until I can see how to make myself of greater use to my fellow-men. I will till the fields as he did, and finish the carvings he has left undone, and live his simple, silent life. It will be good for me, and I shall not be banished from my own country. I shall be a happier man than I have any right to be."

"Have you no fear of being recognized?" she asked.

"None," he replied. "Look at me, Phebe. Should you have known me again if I had not betrayed myself to you?"

"I should have known you again anywhere!" she exclaimed. But it was her heart that cried out that no change could have concealed him from her; there was a dread lying deep down in her conscience that she might have passed him by with no suspicion. He shook his head in answer to her assertion.

"I will go out into the town," he continued, "and speak to half a dozen men who knew me best, and there will be no gleam of recognition in their eyes. Recollect, *Roland Sefton is dead*, and

has been dead so long that there will be no clear memory left of him as he was then to compare with me. And any dim resemblance to him will be fully accounted for by my relationship to Madame Sefton. No, I am not afraid of the keenest eyes."

He went out as he had said, and met his old townsmen, many of whom were themselves so changed that he could barely recognize them. But none knew him. The memory of Roland Sefton was blotted out; he was utterly forgotten, as a dead man out of mind.

As Jean Merle strayed through the streets crowded with market-people come in from the country, his new scheme grew stronger and brighter to him. It would keep him in England, within reach of all he had loved and had lost. The little place was dear to him, and the laborious, secluded peasant life had a charm for one who had so long lived as a Swiss peasant. By-and-by, he thought, the chance resemblance in the names would merge that of Merle into the more familiar name of Marlowe; and the identity of his pursuits with those of the deaf and dumb old man would hasten such a change. So the years to come would pass by in labor and obscurity; and an obscure grave in the little churchyard, where all the Marlowes lay, would shelter him at last. A quiet haven after many storms; but oh! what a shipwreck had he made of his life!

All the morning Mr. Clifford sat in his arm-chair, lost in thought, only looking up sometimes to ply Phebe with questions. When Jean Merle returned, his gray, meditative face grew bright, with a faint smile shining through his dim eyes.

"You are no phantom then?" he said. "I've been so used to your company as a ghost that when you are out of sight I fancy myself dreaming. I could not let Phebe go away lest I should feel that all this is not real. Did any one know you again?"

"Not a soul," he answered; "how could they? Mrs. Nixey herself has no remembrance of me. There is no fear of my being known."

"Then I want you to stay with me," said old Mr. Clifford eagerly; "I'm a lonely man, seventy-seven years old, with neither kith nor kin, and it seems a long and dreary road to the grave. I want one to sit beside me in these long evenings, and to take care of me as a son takes care of his old father. Could you do it, Jean Merle? I beseech you, if it is possible, give me your services in my old age."

"It will be hard for you," pleaded Phebe, in a low voice; "harder than going out alone to my little home. But you would do more good here, you could save us from anxiety, for we are often very anxious and sorrowful about Mr. Clifford. I can take care that you should always know before Felix and Hilda come down. Felicita never comes."

How much harder it would be for him even Phebe could not guess. To dwell within reach of his old home was altogether different from living in it, with its countless memories, and the unremitting stings of conscience. To have about him all that he had lost and made desolate; the empty home, from which all the familiar faces and beloved voices had vanished; this lot surely was harder than the humble, laborious life of old Marlowe on the hills. Yet if any one living had a claim upon him for such self-sacrifice, it was this feeble, tottering old man, who was gazing up into his face with urgent and imploring eyes.

"I will stay here and be your servant," he answered, "if there appears no reason against it when we have given it more thought."

For the first time in her life those who were about Phebe Marlowe felt that she was under a cloud. The sweet sunny atmosphere, as of a clear and peaceful day, which seemed to surround her, had fled. She was absent and depressed, and avoided society, even that of Hilda, who had been like her own child to her. Toward Felicita there was a subtle change in Phebe's manner, which could not fail to impress deeply her sensitive temperament. She felt that Phebe shrank from her, and that she was no longer welcome in the studio, which of all places in the world had been to her a place of repose and of brief cessation of troubled thought.

Phebe's direct and simple nature, free from guile and worldliness, had made her a perfect sympathizer with any true feeling. And Felicita feeling with regard to her past most sorrowful had been absolutely real; if only Phebe had known all the circumstances of it, as she had always supposed she did.

Phebe was, moreover, fearful of some accident betraying to Felicita the circumstance of Jean Merle living at Riversborough. There had never been any direct correspondence between Felicita and Mr. Clifford, except on purely business matters; and Felix was too much engrossed with his own affairs to find time to run down to Riversborough, or to keep up an animated interchange of letters with his old friend there. The intercourse between them had been chiefly carried through Phebe herself, who was the old man's prime favorite. Neither was he a man likely to out anything he might wish to conceal.

But still she was nervous and afraid. How! from improbable it was that through some unthought-of channel Felicita might hear that stranger, related to Madame Sefton, had entered the household of Mr. Clifford as his confidential attendant, and that this stranger's name was Jean Merle. What would happen then?

She was burdened with a secret, and her nature abhorred a secret. There was gladness, almost utterly pure, to her in the belief that there was One Being who could read the inmost recesses of her heart, and see, with the lovingkindness of an Allwise Father, its secret faults, the errors which she did not herself understand. That she had nothing to tell to God, which He did not know, her already, was one of the deepest foundations of her spiritual life. And in some measure, in a possible measure, she would have had it so with those whom she loved. She did not shrink from showing to them her thoughts, and motives, and emotions. It was the *limit of expression*, so quickly reached, so impassable, that chafed her and she was always searching for fresh modes of conveying her own feeling to other souls.

Possibly the enforced speechlessness in which she had passed her early years had aided in creating this passionate desire to impart herself to those about her in unfettered communion; and she was as delighted in the same unreserved confidence in those who conversed with her. But now she was doomed to bear the burden of a secret, fraught with strange and painful consequences to those whom she loved, if time should ever divulge it.

The winter months passed away cheerlessly though she worked with more persistent energy than ever before, partly to drive away the thought that troubled her. She heard from Mr. Clifford but not more frequently than usual, and Jean Merle did not venture upon sending her a line of his handwriting. Mr. Clifford spoke in guarded terms of the comfort he found in the companionship of his attendant, in spite of his being a *sad and moody man*. Now and then he told Phebe that this attendant of his had gone away to her solitary little house on the uplands, of which Simon Nixey kept the key, and that he stayed there a day or two, finishing the half-carved blocks of oak he father had left incomplete. It would have been a happier existence, she knew, for himself, if Jean Merle had gone to dwell there altogether; but it was along this path of self-sacrifice and devotion alone lay the road back to a Christian life.

One point troubled Phebe's conscience more than any other. Ought she not at least to tell Canon Pascal what she knew? She could not help feeling that this second fraud would be worse in his estimation than the first one. And Felicita, the very soul of truth and honor, had connived at it. It seemed immeasurably more terrible in Phebe's own eyes. To her money had so small a value, it lay on so low a level in the scale of life, that a crime in connection with it had far less guilt than one against the affections.

And how unutterable a sin against all who loved him had Roland and Felicita fallen into! She recalled his mother's mourning for him through many long years, and her belief in death that she was going soon to rejoin the beloved son whom she had lost. Her own grief she put aside, but

there was the deep, boyish sorrow of Felix, and even little Hilda's fatherlessness, as the children had grown up through the various stages of childhood. It might have been bad for them to bear the stigma of their father's shame, but still Phebe believed it would have been better for every one of them to have gone bravely forward to bear the just consequences of sin.

She went down into Essex to spend a day or two at Christmas, carrying with her the fitful spirit so foreign to her. The perfect health that had been hers hitherto was broken; and Mrs. Pascal, a confirmed invalid, to whom Phebe's physical vigor and evenness of temper had been a constant source of delight and invigoration, felt the change in her keenly.

"She has something on her mind," she said to her husband; "you must try and find it out, or she will be ill."

"I know she has a secret," he answered, "but it is not her own. Phebe Marlowe is as open as the day, she will never have a secret of her own."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S.S. Lesson for June 25. Golden Text, Acts 2:22.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

In our lessons for the past quarter we have seen Jesus, as our golden text says, "a Man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him." In His twice-wrought miracle of multiplying the loaves and fishes, we have seen His sovereign power at work, on behalf of those who were weary, and needy, and hungry; we learned something of the wealth of His resources, and we ought to have learned the wrong we do to God, whenever a shadow of care or anxiety about things temporal rests for a moment upon our minds.

HE IS OUR CARETAKER,

how could we have a better! We saw His miraculous power in exercise when not only He walked upon the water but He also enabled Peter to do the same. Surely He teaches us to recognize no difficulties, but in the path where He calls us to tread, to rise by faith above all difficulties, all apparent impossibilities, in our close alliance with Him who created and who controls all the powers of nature.

He can never bring us to the Red Sea and bid us go forward, without taking the responsibility of making a way in the sea, a path in the mighty waters. He will not bring us to an overflowing Jordan, and bid us pass over, without a pillar of fire or of cloud to pioneer us, and to make a way for His redeemed to walk in. If He calls us to endure a furnace of fire, as did the Hebrew youths of old, He will be in the midst to guarantee that we shall not be burned.

Carnal minds will argue perhaps, "Why, if His power was so great did He not employ it in the release from prison of His devoted pioneer John the Baptist?" for there are those who, understanding little of the almightiness and majesty of God, look upon His power as so much material to be used up at pleasure. When Jesus began to minister, the work of the Baptist was concluded, he was promoted from service below to service in the immediate presence of God. Who will say that he was any worse for having died by the will of God at the hands of a tyrant like Herod?

We have seen two special subjects of the Lord's teaching to His own disciples. Unbelief in the first instance. He showed them how the repeated manifestations of His miraculous power in their deliverance left them just as careful and troubled about things temporal, about circumstances and earthly resources, as though the mighty Saviour had never been revealed to them. This was the more humbling because they had witnessed the loss of the people of Nazareth, who had had Jesus among them, able and willing to heal and to do His mighty works; and yet scarcely anything happened there; He only "laid His hands on a few sick folk, and healed them." Then, when they asked Him why they could not cast out the evil spirit from the afflicted child, He showed them that their unbelief was the one cause.

How little we know the terrible unbelief of our

hearts! Were it not for our unbelief, we should now be doing the works which Jesus did, and yet greater works, because He is gone to His Father, and His presence in heaven is the guarantee that He will give the Holy Spirit to His believing people. He also taught them

THE LESSON OF THE CROSS.

No sooner had Peter owned his Lord to be "the Christ of God" than Jesus taught all His disciples how the Son of man must suffer, be rejected, killed, and rise again the third day. And when Peter could not, or would not, understand Him, He taught them all that whoso will come after Him must also deny himself, take up his cross and follow that suffering and rejected Saviour. He taught them that which they never fully possessed and experienced until they were baptized with the Holy Ghost—the great lesson of losing their own life and thereby saving it. On earth, among ordinary men, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's; their own pleasure, not His pleasure; their own fame, not His fame; their own convenience, not His; but Jesus taught us to lay down our life, i.e., our own pleasure, fame, convenience, choice, in favor of Him; and He taught that all other Christianity than this is but savorless salt, utterly useless and contemptible."

The disciples did not understand. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7:17); when any man is *willing* to give up his own life, he soon understands *how* to do it; it is a thing learned only in the doing. Again and again Jesus repeated this lesson; after His transfiguration, and again after the healing of the child; but His words met with the same dull unopened hearts. And is it not so now among many who call themselves Christians? They will have anything which will not cost them something, anything which will not make them peculiar, which will not take them out of their position, which will not interfere with their habits, convenience, or comfort, anything which will not compromise them with their family; anything, in fact, which brings them no self-denial, no cross. But the very spirit of Christianity is to deny ourselves; to live, and do, and speak at a cost to ourselves. If it is not worth the cost,

BETTER GIVE IT UP;

if it is not worth while to be peculiar for Christ's sake, if He is not worth more than our position, if our habits, convenience, or comfort are more to us than He is, if our tie to Him is not even closer than that of our nearest relations, it is clear that He has not yet the throne of our hearts; we are living still unto ourselves and not unto Him which died for us and rose again.

As part of the same lesson He taught them humility, and showed them that Christianity is the exact reverse of nature, for it makes the least greatest and the last first; the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple as great or greater than the working of a miracle; the widow's mite a greater gift than the abundance of the more opulent. He taught thoroughness also in His complete exposure of the heart of man, from which proceeds all evil; and again in His appeal to the disciples to cut off hand or foot, or to pluck out the eye, rather than suffer a hindrance to their souls.

Besides this teaching to His own followers, we have seen our Lord engaged in *teaching the Pharisees*. It was a kind to which they were unused, for He exposed their hollowness and externalism, and left them no ground to stand upon. There was power in all He said; acceptable or unacceptable it was true; it could not go in at one ear and out at the other; no one who heard Him, no one who hears His truth now, when preached in the power of the Holy Ghost, can remain neutral, the hearer must either take sides with Him or declare openly against Him. The Pharisees did the latter, and their successors in self-righteousness are doing the same thing this very day.

Besides His miracles and His teaching, we have seen our Lord constantly, almost daily, engaged in

HIS WORK OF HEALING.

It pervades all the four chapters from which our lessons have been drawn. In the sixth chapter we see Him at Nazareth, hindered by the unbelief of

His own townspeople from doing any mighty work, "save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk and healed them." In the same chapter we read of His sending the twelve, two and two, and giving them power over unclean spirits; and immediately following we have this account, "They went out, and preached that men should repent. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them." It is in the very same chapter that we read of His coming into the land of Gennesaret, and how the people carried about the sick in beds where they heard He was, and in the villages and towns they laid them "in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment; and as many as touched Him were made whole."

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, my readers, that Jesus should heal the sick? "This same Jesus" is not altered. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever" (Heb. 13:8). He came to set all wrong things right, to do good and to heal all that are oppressed of the devil (Acts 10:38) in spirit, soul, or body; and, blessed be His name, He is giving us tokens of it, for we continually see and hear of those who are healed in the name of, and by faith in, the Lord Jesus.

It is very striking in the Acts of the Apostles that whenever there was a special power of the Holy Spirit manifested, it seems to have been accompanied by

INCREASED HOLINESS

of life and power of testimony, and at the same time by increased power to heal. It was when "great grace was upon them all" that the very shadow of Peter passing by was used to heal the sick, and it was when the tide of divine life rose high at Ephesus, that handkerchiefs and aprons from the body of Paul were brought to the sick, "and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them" (Acts 19:12). As it is the Holy Ghost who brings our souls in contact with Christ for healing, so it is the Holy Ghost which makes us apprehend and experience His healing power in our bodies; and the more full of the Spirit is a company of Christians, the easier it becomes for one in their midst to be healed of spiritual or physical disease. The Lord give us all more of His Spirit that His power may be made manifest among us, that His kingdom may come, and His will be done! Amen!

THE PERSECUTED RUSSIAN JEWS.

THE number of Jewish refugees arriving in Galicia from Russia is constantly increasing. The fugitives from Kitaigrod and Mohileff give the most appalling accounts of the treatment suffered by the Hebrew inhabitants of those towns. Five hundred workmen have emigrated from Gordno. Some 7000 Jewish families have applied to the Emigration Committee at Jaffa for assistance to enable them to settle in Palestine. There is an exodus of the Jews from all parts of Russia. 9000 have already left Russian territory.

The Vienna *Presse's* correspondent at Brody says the condition of the Jews there is more terrible than previous telegrams led the public to suppose. Complaint has been made against the Liverpool Relief Committee that they only transport strong young men to America, while men and women with large families are left at Brody. Starvation is increasing and sickness is widespread. The emigration from Russia is still progressing, and the Jews are selling the whole of their property at any cost and hurrying to the frontier. A later telegram states that the Mayor of Lemberg has directed the Relief Committee of that town to commence disbursing the funds hitherto held back.

A despatch from Berlin to the London *Telegraph* states that the Jewish Committee have resolved that they will only help those whom the action of the Russian authorities or the destruction of their property obliges to emigrate, as they are no longer able to assist voluntary emigrants. The Moscow *Gazette* states that seventy of the principal firms there have addressed an important memorial to the Minister of Finance setting forth the disastrous consequences of expelling the Jews from Moscow. Three hundred students have started for Canada.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Funeral of Garibaldi took Place on June 8th. The remains were interred in the cemetery at Caprera. The funeral ceremonies began at a quarter to four o'clock and closed at five o'clock. A storm of wind and rain raged the whole time. The coffin, covered with garlands and flowers, was borne by some of the survivors of the Thousand of Marsala, and was followed by the Duke of Genoa, Signor Zanardelli, General Ferrero, the representatives of both Chambers and delegates of 300 various associations. Speeches were delivered at the grave by the vice-president of the Senate, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, the two cabinet ministers who were present, and Signor Crispi. As the coffin was lowered into the grave salutes were fired by the Italian men-of-war Washington and Cariddi. A despatch from Rome to the London *Standard* says: "It is rumored that sooner or later the body of Garibaldi will be removed to the Pantheon in that city."

The Sultan of Turkey has Despatched a commissioner to Egypt to endeavor to restore order. The commissioner, whose name is Dervisch Pacha, has been received with tokens of respect by all parties. As he passed through the streets of Cairo shouts were raised of "God give victory to Islam! Confound the infidels! God save the Sultan and the national party!" The correspondent at Cairo of the New York *Herald* says, "No such show of fanaticism has been known in Egypt for years. Arabi Bey made a great military display, two regiments being in attendance. Dervisch Pacha presented two letters to the Khédive from the Sultan, declaring that it was Dervisch's mission to reassert the power of the Khédive. All the consuls general separately visited Dervisch Pacha, except the representatives of England and France, who called upon him together. Dervisch Pacha said he hoped to succeed in arranging the present difficulties." Serious riots broke out last Sunday between the natives and Europeans, during which several persons were killed and wounded, and a number of houses destroyed. There was fighting before the French Consulate, to which several of these mortally wounded at the outbreak of the riots were conveyed. The disturbances continued some time before the authorities took any steps to suppress them. The English Consul was severely hurt, receiving a blow from a bludgeon. An engineer of the British man-of-war *Superb* was killed. The Greek Consul and the Italian Vice-Consul were also severely wounded. The disturbances continued five hours, when a body of military appeared and dispersed the rioters.

The British Parliament is still Engaged in the consideration of the bill for the repression of crime in Ireland. In the course of the debate it was stated by Mr. Trevelyan, the Secretary for Ireland, that of seventeen agrarian murders last year there had not been one conviction. It was also stated that the number of outrages reported to the Irish constabulary during the month of May was 396, including two murders exclusive of the Phoenix Park affair. The Land League party in the House of Commons are receiving aid from the radical wing of the Liberal party, and thus assisted hope to obstruct the passage of the bill for above a month. Outside the House the Irish leaders are making inflammatory speeches. Mr. Davitt especially denounces the bill as "a purely wanton attempt to interfere with Irish liberty." There is, however, a strong feeling manifested throughout Great Britain that Irish liberty, by which appears to be meant liberty to murder, needs to be "interfered with."

Another Series of Outrages is Reported from Ireland. A Galway landlord, named Walter M. Bourke, of Rahasane, was shot dead on Thursday, June 8th. A private soldier, who formed his escort, also fell under the deadly fire. The murder occurred at Ardahan, seven miles north of Gort. Mr. Bourke was riding in front of his dragoon escort, when a volley from rifles was fired at them from behind a wall and both fell dead. Mr. Bourke was a magistrate and son of the late Crown Solicitor for Mayo. He was a barrister by profession and had amassed a fortune in India. He possessed two estates in Ireland—one at Cur-

raleagh and the other at Rahasane. After returning from India he contested the seat in Parliament for Mayo. An attempt has been made to assassinate a farmer of Rathglass, county Mayo. Six men walked up to him in a field and asked him why he had taken a farm when he was warned against doing so. One man then placed a revolver against his forehead and said: "Now you will receive your reward." Another man interposed and said: "Do not kill him. He may be a good man yet." They then fired six shots at him, lodging two bullets in his thigh. Another attempt was made to murder an extensive farmer and mill-owner, living at Curraghtrench, county Roscommon. The farmer, who had had some quarrels with his neighbors about cutting turf in his bog, was standing at three o'clock in his farm yard, when three men with blackened faces, carrying heavy bludgeons, jumped over the wall and attacked him in a most savage manner. Drawing their revolvers they fired several shots, three of which took effect, one bullet lodging in his hip, another breaking his leg above the knee and a third smashing his foot below the ankle. The injured man was sinking rapidly when the last despatch from the place was sent.

A New Scheme of a Communistic Character is being advocated by Mr. Davitt for the settlement of the land question in Ireland. In a speech delivered in Liverpool on June 8th, previous to his sailing for this country, he announced his adhesion to the doctrine of state ownership of land in every country, and indicated, while denying, a divergence of opinion between himself and Mr. Parnell, as to the ultimate solution of the Irish land question. Mr. Davitt said that all the land of Ireland could be purchased for \$700,000,000 in government bonds repayable in fifty years. Mr. Parnell is opposed to the new scheme, on the ground that in exchange for ownership it offers the tenants an impersonal landlord with rents varying from year to year in fixed proportion to the production of the soil, so that whoever worked hardest and most skillfully would have to pay the most rent. He also opposes it because it is based on communistic principles and believes that if it is adopted by the Land League large numbers of English liberals who are now in sympathy with the movement would abandon it. There are indications, however, that the scheme is favorably received by the more radical members of the League.

The Adulteration of American Cotton has formed the subject of numerous complaints from British merchants. An attempt has now been made to induce the British Government to take action in the matter. At a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce held on June 7th, a communication was received from the Foreign Office concerning the adulteration. The Secretary of the chamber was instructed to write to the Foreign Office, giving particulars and recommending that the influence of the British Embassy at Washington be brought to bear against the practice.

Mutilated Russian Jews to the Number of 125 have been received in a single hospital at Odessa. The New York *Times* publishes a communication from an Austrian physician who visited the hospital and describes some of the horrors he witnessed there. The most of the wounds, he says, were of a very dangerous character, "the aggressors having been cruel enough to pour spirits and petroleum into them." Did they resist this treatment, the Russians cut off arms and legs, and carried them to the woods as food for wolves. One young woman of 18 years had her "breast cut off with a sword, while her baby had its eyes put out with a red-hot iron." On Easter eve, she says, "a wild horde burst open her door, took her baby and threatened not to return it until she had given up all the money and valuables in the house. She fetched all she had. When the child was returned to her, its eyes had already been put out. In her despair she threw herself upon those who had done the horrible deed, but they flung her to the ground, treated her in the most horrible fashion imaginable, and when her husband returned and drew a revolver, he was thrown to the ground also, bound with cords, and forced to look on while the mons-

ters cut his wife's breast clean away. She was left lying there with her baby, but the man was carried off, and she has never heard of him since." "An old man with a white beard had had his arm broken in three places; another had had both his feet sawed off; one boy's breast was cleft in two, and another's teeth were torn out." These cases were actually seen by the Austrian physician, and the horrors were perpetrated by the men whom Mme. Ragozin and her friends would have us regard as humane and civilized beings.

Mr. Moody's Labors in Glasgow Continue to attract large congregations, and the association formed to organize the work in the city has on its books the names and addresses of over 4000 persons who have professed to have received blessings at this time; these names are being arranged according to districts; a hundred Christian friends have been appointed, so that every case may be visited, and each individual presented with a copy of Mr. Moody's book on "Heaven." The names of those who have had no regular church connection—and these form the greater number—will be handed shortly to ministers who, in the different districts, will be likely to watch with pastoral solicitude over the new converts. New names and addresses are still coming in.

The Opening of the New Head-Quarters of the Salvation Army in England was celebrated on May 13th. General Booth presided. The headquarters, a picture of which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 22d, 1881, is to be known as the "National Barracks and Congress Hall." It is situated at Clapton, and has been purchased and refitted on behalf of the Salvation Army at the cost of \$115,000. At the opening of the proceedings, which were enthusiastic, there was a debt of nearly \$40,000, but more than half this sum was subscribed for on the spot. The third "War Congress" was opened in the new hall on the following Monday.

The Famine in Asia Minor appears to be more serious than was reported. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Boston has received a letter from Mr. Bartlett, an American missionary at Talas, a city near Cesarea, in Asia Minor, dated April 18th, which says, "From one-half to three-fourths of the people in many villages are already destitute, and there are yet three months to the harvest at Dendil. Out of 130 families 80 are reported as in absolute want. In some of the houses the morning meal consists simply of a kind of weed used for greens, with a slight sprinkling of cracked wheat boiled, together forming a sort of soup or porridge and eaten without bread or any other kind of food. If friends in America have heart and means to grant some aid to these sufferers many lives may yet be saved."

Lord Radstock, the English Nobleman whose preaching has been so signally blessed in his own land, has been holding a series of Gospel services at St. Petersburg, which have proved both interesting and successful. It is remarked that the simple story of the Cross of Christ meets with much acceptance among the Russians.

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An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

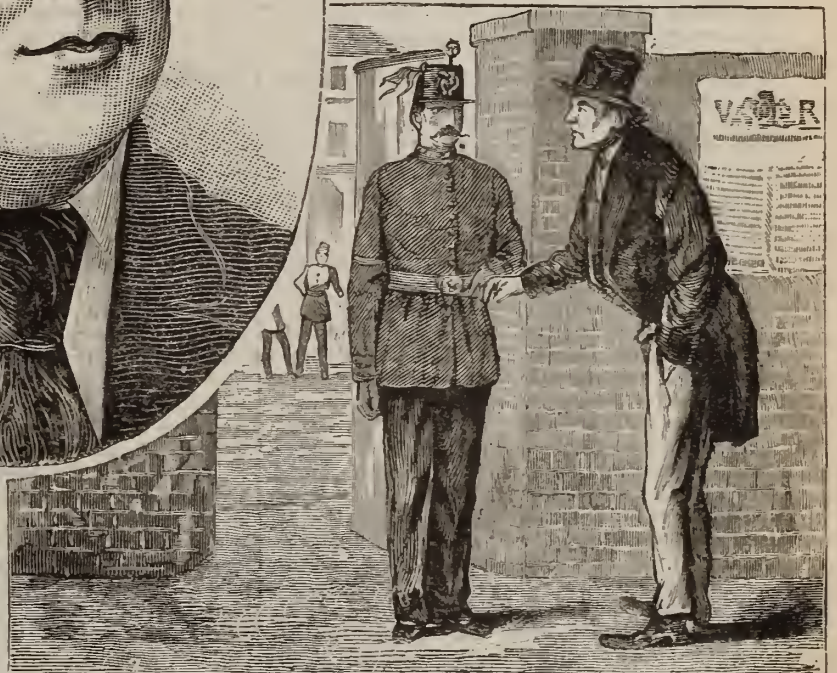
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16th Year. No. 25.—New Series.

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The Late MR. HENRY MOORHOUSE, the successful Evangelist—Scenes in his Life.

HENRY MOORHOUSE: THE SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.

Born in 1840—At the Age of Twelve Engaged in Business—Boyish Escapade—The Influence of his Future Wife—Love of Gambling—Imprisonment—The Revival of 1857-61—Conversion of a Companion—Enlists in the Army—"Harry, Thou art the Man!"—Memorable Visit to an Engine-Room—Begins to Work for Christ—His First Public Address—Devotes Himself Wholly to Evangelistic Work—Epsom on the Derby Day—Meets Mr. D. L. Moody in Chicago—His Triumphant Death.

A NAME highly honored in the Christian church throughout America is that of Henry Moorhouse. Mr. Moody has often spoken publicly of his indebtedness to the young evangelist and of the invigorating and stimulating influence Mr. Moorhouse exercised over him, and there are many Christian workers now actively engaged in preaching the Gospel who bless God that they were ever led to hear him. He paid six visits in all to this country, and on every occasion his work was widely blessed. A memoir of Mr. Moorhouse by Rev. John McPherson has lately been issued, from which the following facts are collected.

Henry Moorhouse was born at Ardwick, England, on September 27th, 1840, and after twenty years of self-denying labor as an evangelist, he died on December 28th, 1880, at the age of forty. His parents were honest working people, leading a quiet industrious life, and in cordial sympathy with the principles and aims of the Wesleyan Methodists.

From his earliest childhood Henry was instructed in the truths of the Gospel. His father was a teacher in a Sunday-school, and it was one of the happiest of his experiences, week by week, to take his boy to school, where, in his tender years, and ere yet his mind was occupied with other things, he could learn

THE ALPHABET OF SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE.

How much Henry Moorhouse owed to the Sabbath-school and to the teacher who added to his instruction the influence of a father's love, it is impossible to determine; but there is ample reason to believe that the lessons of childhood, dimmed and blurred, and all but blotted out during the period of his wayward youth, were revived in wonderful vividness in after life.

At the age of twelve Henry obtained employment in a shipping house, where, unhappily, he fell under the influence of wicked companions. Work gave place to idle and reckless pranks. For his daring conduct in swinging on a "teagle" (a crane) from a top story of a very tall building, he was by the employer's advice removed by his father to a new sphere of occupation, in a spindle and fly works. This change, however, wrought no improvement; he loved the company of idle and turbulent lads, and nothing could keep him from spending his time with them.

RECKLESSNESS IN WRONG-DOING.

The adventure of the "teagle" swing was an illustration of his natural disposition, and it was only one of many reckless feats which characterized the wild career on which he entered. He would outdo others in feats of daring, even if in so doing he should disregard all law and duty. To his ill-regulated fancy and foolish ambition, the very charm of heroism lay in foolishly risking his life, not for any useful purpose, but in sheer bravado.

About this time a new influence, at once gentle and powerful, began to operate as a partial check on his waywardness. A young lady, who in subsequent years became his wife, was accustomed to meet him at school, and tried to lead him to Christ. It was probably owing in some measure to the influence of his faithful and gentle friend that he continued to attend the Sabbath-school; for self-willed, impatient of all restraint, and bent upon worldly pleasures though he now was, his susceptible nature was unable wholly and at once to shake off the loving hand that sought to arrest him.

Although Mary did not succeed in leading him to Christ, her love held him in check for a time, and made a deep impression on his heart, despite the storms of sin that were now raging in his soul, and the dark clouds which were beginning to set-

tle down with most ominous gloom upon his path. Besides drunkenness and other vices, he plunged with reckless impetuosity into gambling. He speedily graduated, and assumed a premiership of badness. He became a leader

AMONG CARD PLAYERS,

and won money in considerable sums. He became well known as a daring and skilful player in the principal gambling hell in Manchester (represented in the left hand corner of the upper portion of our front picture), he was backed against all players by the owner of the establishment, who pronounced Henry Moorhouse a champion in this bad amusement. His adventures were sometimes desperate, but he was for the most part successful.

Amid the inflation of his animal spirits, the merriment of jolly companionships, and the heyday of sin, Henry was often ill at ease. There was a skeleton in the cupboard, and the cupboard would now and again swing open. To face this grim thing he used to carry on his person a loaded pistol to shoot, not his neighbor, but himself, convinced that the time would come when his despair would cause him to prefer death to life. He was firmly resolved that when he had spent his all

HE WOULD COMMIT SUICIDE.

In this there may have been an element of boyish bravado; but it shows he had reached that more remote region in the "far country" whence few return. Every fresh step he took in the way of transgression became harder and harder. His lawless course brought him into frequent collision with public order and justice, and he became an inmate of a prison cell. Once and again, in fits of sheer wretchedness, he sought, by various means, to take his own life; but, providentially, circumstances now of one kind now of another intervened to foil the desperate attempt. Thus the sinner pursued his sin, but the matchless mercy of God pursued the sinner.

THE GREAT REVIVAL OF 1857-61.

The period in which the conversion of Henry Moorhouse took place was remarkable in the history of the Church of Christ. From 1857 to 1861 the Holy Spirit was poured out on churches and nations. Tidings of the great American revival were borne to Britain like the vivifying breath of spring. It seemed to be the sounding of some mighty angel's trumpet summoning men to prayer. Answers to prayer, many and marked, became a striking feature of the movement. In church, in school, in cottage-meeting, on green lawns, in highland glens, on lonely moors, in shops, in public-houses, in theatres, men were unexpectedly seized with a fear of God, a sense of the importance of eternal things, and a strong desire to obtain salvation. In America, in Ireland, in England, in Scotland, and in many other parts of the world, the spirit of grace and supplication fell on the hearts of men of every creed and class, men without as well as within the Christian pale; and the joyful song of deliverance followed.

THE WAVE ROLLS OVER LANCASHIRE.

In 1859-60, the gracious work of God was making progress in various cities and towns of Lancashire. Laborers whom the Lord of the harvest had brought into the field were reaping in plenty. The time was full of energy, hope, and joy. Great meetings were held in Manchester, where thousands assembled in the places of meeting, and many souls were saved.

Among others converted at this period was Thonas Castle, one of Moorhouse's companions in evil. The young convert lost no time in seeking out his friend and setting before him all the inducements to repentance which his own experience of grace, mercy, and peace through Jesus Christ abundantly suggested. But in vain; the hardened rebel made no sign of surrender. He was prayed for, but there was no apparent answer to those prayers. He was taken to a friend's house, where kind-hearted, fervent Christian men prayed with him and for him. It was all to no purpose; they might as well have spoken to the winds. He left his employment, and fled from the place for the express purpose of escaping from the very scene of the merciful efforts made for his recovery, and

ENLISTED IN THE ARMY.

(A view of the Recruiting Sergeant's Quarters is

depicted on the right hand side of the portrait.) Having been bought off by his father, at serious cost, he proved to be not less bound than before by the terrible rigor of the devil's service. I was still the devoted soldier of Satan, and, we from bad to worse. One night in December, 1861 as he was passing along Hyde Street—an obscure back street in Manchester—the attention of his companions was drawn to the cheerful sounds of praise issuing from a little room. They beckoned him to come on. "Hallo," he exclaimed, "what up?" To play a practical joke on him, they replied,

"LOTS OF DRINK AND FUN."

The sound of the hymn singing fell pleasantly on his ear, and he could not resist the sudden impulse to go in. The place was crowded, and he was compelled to take his stand upon the stairs. The people were chiefly factory men and women gathered together for prayer and hearing the Word of God.

Revival grace and blessing had reached the poor, benighted back street; some were rejoicing with newly found joy; others, deeply moved, were seeking light and peace. The parable of the Prodigal Son was read and commented upon, the speaker dwelling on the words, "Bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." The preacher, little imagining that such a prodigal was listening to his words, described a case like Henry's. The picture was well drawn; the reckless youth was forced to look into a mirror that reflected his true inner self in all its hideous deformity of feature. He felt constrained to recognize the likeness; his heart smote him; he said to himself,

"HARRY, THOU ART THE MAN!"

A sense of guilt, searching and intolerable seized upon him as he stood on the stair; and such a tremor shook his soul that he had to hold the banister to prevent himself from falling.

His first step was to return to the house of his father, who received him in the very fullness of forgiving love. Here, however, he found no rest; the great Father's house was not yet reached. A terrible wilderness intervened. In his misery, he one day rushed out of the house, without his coat and sought a neighboring tavern, where he attempted to drown the voice of an accusing conscience in the intoxicating cup; but in vain. The liquor seemed to have lost its usual potency; the more he drank the louder did conscience raise its voice. His apprehensions of approaching judgment and eternal doom refused to be silenced by the spell of strong drink; and in spite of his deep potations he remained sober.

For three weeks he continued in this tempest-tossed condition, seeking rest and finding none. Sometimes he went to the Circus meetings, but he found no peace. His convictions deepened and he sought in various ways to drown his misery but the misery would not drown; *this misery never drowns*. Was there any chance for him? Unbelief, with a host of malignant and tormenting demons, answered, "No!" Despair suggested the most fearful of wicked alternatives. "Go back to sin; nothing else is left you; it will be all the same in the end. Or else

END YOUR MISERABLE EXISTENCE

at once; plunge into the unknown; nothing can be worse than this; anything else might be better." His anguish grew so desperate that his intimate friends trembled lest the terrible strain should cause his reason to fail.

As Henry Moorhouse reeled along this pathway of sorrow he fell into the hands of a wise counselor. Mr. Walter Caddell's hospitable house was open for inquirers, and this devoted servant of the Lord took Henry by the hand, and helped him in the hour of his need, and though he was not directly instrumental in leading him to Christ, he was used of God to hold up his goings at a time when reason often tottered under the load of sin, and a single false step might have plunged the unhappy youth into suicide and perdition.

MEMORABLE VISIT TO AN ENGINE-ROOM.

One day he went to see a young Christian in the engine-room of Messrs. John Rylands and Sons' dry-goods warehouse. His friend received him joy-

Moorhouse found his friend rejoicing in the. This, however, did not mend matters; the ast of his old companion's joy with his own iaciating burden of anguish made him worse. he young convert to tell of his own deliver- from the guilt of sin and the penalty of hell, lenry no good; to bid him do as he had done ed like sheer mockery; to assure him of st's willingness to 'save him made no impres-

isely, and doubtless under the guidance of the Spirit, the young Christian drew his distract- iend's attention to the Word of God. Turning omans 10:8, 9, 10, he read, "The word is thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; is, the word of faith which we preach; that if shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, shalt believe in thine heart that God hath d Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. with the heart man believeth unto righteous- , and with the mouth confession is made unto tion."

Now," said the young teacher, "do you be- that? Do you believe in the risen Saviour, that the work of redemption is finished, be- e Christ is risen?" "I do, with all my heart," ed Moorhouse. "Then are you going to ess what you believe?" "Of course I will," the ready answer. "What, then?" said the r, pointing to the words, "Thou shalt be d." Henry trembled with a strange emotion. i," he cried out,

"I SEE IT! I AM SAVED!"
aw, he believed, he rejoiced, he confessed, and as ready from that hour to bear witness for st in Manchester, or anywhere else. (The t in the left hand corner of the lower portion ur front picture represents this interesting e.)

Henry Moorhouse was now a new man. Immedi- separation from evil companions and all dis- rable courses, was the result of his conversion. ering into partnership with his former compan- in folly and sin, Thomas Castle, now, happily, llow-Christian, they began business with six s, which they invested in thread, tape, boot- s, etc. These were quickly sold, and a fresh ly bought, and thus they succeeded in a few s in realizing a net gain of seven dollars.

astle, having no turn for business, left his com- ion, and found employment in a saw-mill, em- ing his spare time on Sundays and in the even- in open-air preaching. His career was cut t by an accident in the mill resulting in his h. "Tom, my lad, art thou going to die?" his sister to him, shortly before the end. o, Hannah," he replied, with a smile, "not ig to die; going to live; for he that believeth Jesus shall never die."

Henry now entered into the employment of a pkeeper in Oxford Street, Manchester, where urther proved his ability as a salesman; but lost no opportunity of studying the Book Truth, and trying to lead sinners to Christ. God in His infinite wisdom intended Henry orhouse to play an important part upon a more lic stage, and summoned him to the task.

THE EVANGELIST'S FIRST ADDRESS.
A large room in Walter Street, Ancoats, a sub- of Manchester, had, at the suggestion of some kingmen recently converted, been taken by Caddell for the preaching of the Gospel. e two young ladies had gathered together about hundred young women, for the double pur- of making garments for themselves, and of ring Gospel truth. To this company Mr. orhouse delivered his first address.

ot long afterward Mr. Caddell proposed to in- to a meeting in the same room as many thieves other bad characters as could be found, for the pose of hearing from Henry Moorhouse an ac- of his conversion, and a plain statement of way of salvation. To this Henry agreed, and rge number of the lowest class were invited to . To each was given a printed card of invita- , in the following terms: "None but Thieves, uests and Vagabonds Admitted." About four dred attended; there was an enormous con- uption of victuals, and a terrifying noise.

Henry failed to appear. The remembrance of the past, not less than his inexperience as a preacher, completely unnerved him. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Harrison Ord; and many, melted to tears, professed a desire to forsake their evil ways.

Henry Moorhouse's business began to give him concern. The stock was largely composed of sham jewelry, and the question arose *whether the puffing of such articles* was in strict keeping with the profession and duty of a Christian. His conscience became more and more uneasy, but relief came in a curious way. One day as he was busy selling, and doubtless indulging a good deal in the rattling wit of the auctioneering profession, an eccentric character, a weird-looking man who wore no hat, and went about everywhere warning men of judgment to come, entered the shop, and cried out to Henry, "Thou ought to be with thy Bible for souls, and

"DROP THAT HAMMER FOR THE DEVIL."
It was a word in season. He thought he heard the voice of God in it. He soon afterward (in 1864) left the business, and went forth to preach "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

To follow Moorhouse as an evangelist would be to traverse a considerable portion of Great Britain and Ireland and a portion of the United States of America, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves by simply indicating some of the more striking incidents associated with his work, until he was summoned to his rest and eternal reward. In these early days the young evangelist came under the influence of Mr. John Hambleton, whose genial sympathies and ripe experience greatly helped him. Together they visited cities, towns, villages, and unfrequented rural parishes, preaching Christ as they went, and many believed. They started

THE BIBLE CARRIAGE,
stored with Bibles and religious literature which they sold or distributed gratuitously.

In Halifax they found a remarkable opening. A work of grace was in progress, and it was given them largely to reap its fruits. Night after night the Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded, and many of the people, both old and young, were moved to tears by the simple and touching words of the boy-like preacher. Many, it is known, were then "added to the Lord."

Passing on to Scarborough, they preached in a theatre, and enjoyed much blessing in the work. Here many professed faith in Christ, some of whom are preaching the Gospel to this day. Leaving that town, they pressed on until they arrived at the scene of

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY,
at Stratford-on-Avon. There they were joined by Mr. Edward Usher, who brought with him a large supply of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. It needed high courage to face the excited crowd who had gathered from every quarter of the world to celebrate the birth of the great poet. These did not want religion just then and there; and to be confronted by three simple men of God with their Bibles was truly more than weak human nature in the circumstances could have been expected meekly to bear. No wonder, therefore, that the people gnashed with their teeth, tore the tracts, and threw the fragments in the faces of the evangelists, with sufficient demonstrativeness. But they persevered in bearing their testimony to the truth; nor did they go without the rich reward of souls won for Christ.

Passing on from place to place, preaching Christ as they went, at last they arrived at the racecourse of

EPSOM ON THE DERBY DAY.
and there, amid the wild excitement of the races, boldly raised the standard of the Gospel, as shown in the right hand corner of the lower portion of the frontispiece. Nothing daunted by the rude jostling of the angry crowds, the ribald railery, the coarse blasphemy, and the ferocious use of the horsewhip, and all sorts of disagreeable missiles, they preached Jesus, and left the issue with their Master. To pass through such scenes is, to a fine, sensitive nature, scarcely less than the martyr's fire. It was an ordeal demanding strong faith, invincible courage, and quenchless zeal.

But such cross-bearing service never fails of success.

Henry Moorhouse's evangelistic labors were now incessant. Doors opened on every side, nor was he slow to enter. He began to be more and more sought after, the interest in his preaching, often raised by mere curiosity, not seldom leading to conversion. London, Bristol, Oldham, Rochdale, Liverpool, and Chester, and many other places were visited, and in each of them precious fruits were gathered into the garner of Christ. Then passing on to Ireland, a very wide field of opportunity seemed to be providentially prepared for the young English preacher.

IN THE THEATRE AT CORK
he and John Hambleton encountered a fierce mob of Romanists, whose evident purpose was to prevent the preaching of salvation through faith. By yelling and other hideous noises and threatening demonstrations, they succeeded in drowning the voices of the preachers, who, however, continued their attempts until victory crowned their peaceful arms, and they were enabled to deliver the message of salvation.

HIS TOURS IN AMERICA.
In 1867 Henry Moorhouse visited the United States of America for the first time. He paid *several* visits in all to the New World, which were all fruitful of blessing; but, perhaps, his first evangelistic tour yielded far richer results than any other period in his ministry. A wide and an effectual door was opened for him. He was honored with invitations from churches and cities; he was welcomed with enthusiasm, and hailed as "the great English preacher." Thousands hung on his lips, and, infinitely better than all, the Holy Spirit accompanied his preaching with great power; whole congregations were moved to tears and inquiry, and multitudes were saved.

FIRST VISIT TO MR. D. L. MOODY.
In the course of this tour Mr. Moorhouse visited Chicago, and in the absence of Mr. Moody, conducted his meetings, preaching every night six or seven times in succession on his favorite text, John 3:16. The audience was deeply moved; the people felt a heaven-born preacher had appeared among them. On his return, Mr. Moody went to hear and see for himself, and was so much impressed that, in his generous enthusiasm he hired the capacious Farwell Hall, and announced throughout the city that Mr. Moorhouse would preach in it. It was at this time that he began his remarkable Bible-readings, and by means of them Mr. Moody, and other eminent American evangelists, were stimulated to renewed efforts to reach the unconverted.

ILLNESS AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH.
And in this way he continued in labors more abundant until the year 1880, when, after eight weeks of severe illness, the end came. He had committed himself and all his concerns to Christ, and he was literally without a care. His sufferings were most severe; but, said the strong believer, "The Lord makes no mistakes!" "Do not fret," he would say to dear ones weeping around him, "it's all right! it's all right!" About twelve o'clock on December 28th, he passed into the presence of Him whom he loved and on the last day of the year 1880, lovingly his brethren laid him in a Christian's grave, the cabinet where the Lord safely treasures the body of His servant, until His return, when "the dead in Christ shall rise first; then they who are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

A Jew Saved by a Tract.—Dr. M'Call, when in London, was waited upon by a young Hebrew, who stated that he had received a tract from the Doctor when he was in Warsaw. The young Jew said that he came to the meeting where the distribution took place with the object of ridiculing it, but upon receiving the tract from the hands of Dr. M'Call he determined to read it. The result was that he studied the Scriptures, and became a thorough Christian, and had come from Warsaw all the way to London to receive baptism at the hands of the doctor.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
June 18, 1882.

"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."—Job 39: 19, 25.

The Question of the Turf—A Coronet for the Horse—His Prominence in the Bible—The Horses of Distinguished Men—Those who Maltreat him—A Tribute to Bergh—A Suitable Punishment for Cruel Drivers—His Development Justifiable—Demanded by Patriotism—The Attempt to turn it into Evil—Prizes Legitimate—Where the Sin of the Turf Begins—The Pool-Rooms and their Work—A Word for certain Foreheads—The American Race-Course—The Curse of the Country—Getting Money without Earning it—Square Old-Fashioned Honesty—A Christian who loved Horses.

AT this season of the year when there come long columns of intelligence from the race-course, and multitudes are flocking to the watering-places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common-sense view of this potent, all absorbing, and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a *redistribution of coronets* among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The Centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse.

THE HORSE IN THE BIBLE.

Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John, were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A *red horse*—that meant war. A *black horse*—that meant famine. A *pale horse*—that meant death. A *white horse*—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The Church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of Heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says: "The armies which were in Heaven followed Him on white horses."

I should not wonder if the horse, so banded, and bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if after all, St. John's descriptions of the horses in Heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist; and

the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his *Georgics* almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave.

John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home: "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marchegay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well," he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the

MALTREATMENT

of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse. All honor to Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he has demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick shepherd in his matchless *Ambrosial Nights* speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a *practical blasphemy*.

I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our ploughs, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor, miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated and overdriven; into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveller on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics!

O! is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day. It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defence against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defence against

insectile annoyance—that such a man as himself ought to be made to pull and let his ride!

But not only do our humanity and our Christian principle, and the dictates of God demand that kindly treat the brute creation and especially horse; but I go further and say that whatever be done for the

DEVELOPMENT OF HIS FLEETNESS

and his strength and his majesty ought to be. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written showing how he can be best managed, and what ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness and what his capacities are. It would be a sight in this age of the world, when the florist turned the thin flower of the wood into a gory rose, and the pomologist has changed the gnarled fruit of the ancients into the poetry of pear and peach and plum and grape apple, and the snarling cur of the Orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barn yard has become the vonshire and the Alderney and the short-horn the horse, grander than them all, should gain advantage from our science or our civilization our Christianity.

Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the highest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oat bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. A long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all culent forage and soft litter and paradisaic pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and different parts of the North, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty in majesty, are well set apart.

A DELUSION.

There is no more virtue in driving slow than driving fast, any more than a freight train going miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is unbiblically pious to drive a spavined, galled, glanderspringhalted, blind, staggered jade. There is so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in Bucephalus. At the way some people drive, I wish his horses of fire would have taken several weeks to get into Heaven.

We want swifter horses, and *swifter men* in swifter enterprises, and the church of God to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick rainings, quick streams why not quick horses? In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles as before our parks of artillery slower horses. In the battle of Granicus where the Persian host drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, and down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this is the military service has been recognized. Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshall were cavalymen. In this arm of the service Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian came with the loss of only seven hundred men over the Roman army with the loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes.

The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there is plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christianity and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made

day on a large scale to make this splendid
ure of God, this divinely honored being,
AN INSTRUMENT OF ATROCIOUS EVIL?
ke no indiscriminate assault against the turf.
eve in the turf if it can be conducted on right
iples and with no betting. There is no more
in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than
is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a
to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to
ruit grower who has the largest pear, or to
nachinist who presents the best corn thresher,
a school offering a prize of a copy of Shake-
e to the best reader, or in a household giving
p of sugar to the best behaved youngster.
izes by all means, rewards by all means.
is the way God develops the race. Rewards
all kinds of well doing. Heaven itself is called
ze: "The prize of the high calling of God in
st Jesus." So what is right in one direction
ght in another direction. And without the
s the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength
never be fully developed. If it cost \$1000 or
o or \$10,000, and the result be achieved, it is
p.
ut the sin begins where

THE BETTING

ns, for that is gambling, or the effort to get
for which you give no equivalent, and gambling,
ther on a large scale or a small scale, ought to
enounced of men as it will be accursed of God.
ou have won fifty cents or \$5000 as a wager,
had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right
y. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or
it to some great reformatory institution, or if
do not like that, go down to the East River
pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to
it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will
n a hole in your estate, and you will lose all
h, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps
will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it
s his children. Generally both and all.

here is at this time a *horse betting craze*.
re is great danger that our beautiful Coney
nd beach, the finest watering place on the
merican continent, the benediction of God upon
oklyn and New York, should become a place
anguished for the gathering of gamblers and
s andrils and pickpockets. I say there is great
ger in that direction. There are thousands of
ng men who have already taken a long stride
the down grade through the Brighton Beach
es and the Sheepshead Bay races. There have
n stores in New York and Brooklyn robbed of
all sums of money by boys who wanted to get
money to buy betting tickets.

ast summer, on Barclay Street, New York,
re were *three pool rooms* for betting on the
se races at Coney Island and other points, and
se three pool rooms were crowded and sur-
rounded by boys and men, and the police had to
nd and keep the way clear. Hear it, you citi-
s, the police of New York aware of the betting
ols and doing nothing! I hear there is now one
h place on Willoughby Street, in our city. I
l the attention of the public authorities to it for
estigation in that direction. Hunter's Point also
be headquarters of much of this infamy.

But what a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at
ng Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheeps-
nd Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or
undred thousand dollars change hands! Mul-
tudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse
ned by gaining the bet; for if a man lose in a
t a horse race, he may be discouraged and
it, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go
aight on to hell! There are three different
ids of betting at horse races, and they are about
ally leprous: by "auction pools," by "French
tuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all
mbing, all bad, all rotten with iniquity.

There is one word that needs to be written on
e brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting
three or five per cent and slyly "ringing up"
ore tickets than were sold on the winning horse—
word to be written also on the brow of every
ok-keeper who at extra inducement scratches a
se off of the race, and on the brow of every
ckey who slackens pace that, according to agree-
ent, another may win, and written over every

judge's stand, and written on every board of the
surrounding fences. That word is,

"SWINDLE!"

Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of
courts bet. Members of the legislature bet.
Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion
bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday
schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly,
but through agents. Yesterday, and every day
they bet, they gain, they lose, and this summer
while the parasols swing and the hands clap and
the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of peo-
ple cajoled, and deceived, and cheated who will at
the races go neck and neck, neck and neck to per-
dition.

Cultivate the horse, by all means, drive him as
fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him
or endanger yourself or others; but be careful and
do not harness the horse to the *chariot of sin*.
Do not throw your jewels of morality under the fly-
ing hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving
the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name
put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those
who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipations
of

THE AMERICAN RACE-COURSE.

They say that an honest race-course is a
"straight" track, and that a dishonest race-course
is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad;
but I tell you that every race track, surrounded by
betting men, and betting women, and betting cus-
toms, is a straight track—I mean straight down!
Christ asked in one of His Gospels: "is not a
man better than a sheep?" I say, yes, and he is
better than all the Dexters, and the Luke Black-
burns, and the Hindoos, and the Glenmores, and
the old Paroles that with lathered flanks ever shot
around the ring at a race-course. That is a very
poor job by which a man in order to get a horse to
come out a full length ahead of some other racer,
so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole
length behind in the race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty
effort on all sides to-day to get money without
earning it? That is the curse of Brooklyn, and it
is the curse of New York; it is

THE CURSE OF AMERICA

—the effort to get money without earning it, and
as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they
go into these gambling practises. I have received a
letter giving the names of the proprietors and the
locations of some ten or fifteen "policy" shops in
this city. I do not know whether they are correct
charges or slanderous charges. I have no time to
make an investigation myself. I shall hand the
letter over to the authorities, public authorities.
But let me say to the officers in Brooklyn and New
York, and in Kings County, that they will be
backed up in all their efforts to extirpate gambling
from these cities—gambling of all sorts, gambling
whether it appears in the crowded street, or down
on the magnificent beach where the Atlantic with
unceasing voice invites our sweltering populations
to come down to refreshment, stepping into the
great Bethesda where the angel of healing is ever
troubling the waters.

I preach this sermon on

SQUARE OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY.

I have said nothing against the horse, I have
said nothing against the turf. I have said every-
thing against their prostitution. Young men, you
go into straightforward industries and you will have
better livelihood, and you will have larger perman-
ent success than you can ever get by a wager; but
you get in with some of the whiskey, rum-blotched
crew which I see going down on the ocean boule-
vards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager,
five million to nothing, you will be debauched and
damned.

Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford
to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have
any speed in him; but be careful which way you
drive. You cannot always tell what direction a
man is driving in by the way his horses head.

FORTY YEARS AGO

we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the
country church. We were drawn by two fine
horses. My father drove. He knew them and
they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes

they loved to go rapidly and he did not interfere
with their happiness. He had all of us in the
wagon with him. He drove to the country
church. The fact is, that for eighty-two years he
drove in the same direction.

The roan span that I speak of was long ago un-
hitched and the driver put up his whip in the
wagon house never again to take it down; but in
those good old times I learned something that I
never forgot, that a man may admire a horse and
love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not
always be willing to take the dust of the preceding
vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Chris-
tian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian,
useful until the last, so that at his death the church
of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah
went up with galloping horses of fire: "My father,
my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen
thereof!"

An English Admiral on the Value of Total Ab-

stinence.—A valuable testimony as to the amount
of hardship or exposure to cold that can be en-
dured without the use of intoxicating drinks of
any kind was given by Admiral Sir John Ross. His
first voyage was to Jamaica, where the captain and
several of the crew died. He was exposed to the
burning sun, slept on deck in the dew, and ate
fruit without any bad effects. He ran about bare-
headed and barefooted; but never tasted spirits,
and to that alone he attributed the extraordinary
good health he enjoyed. The same thing happened
to him at St. Petersburg, where he used to run,
barefooted and bareheaded on the ice and suffer-
ed no harm; but still all the while avoiding spirits.
On his last voyage to Honduras, he was the only
man that went out in the ship that came back alive,
which he attributed entirely to abstinence from
spirituous liquors. During his voyages to the Arctic
regions, though twenty years older than any of
the officers and crew, and thirty years older than
all excepting three, he could stand the cold and
endure the fatigue better than any of them, who
all made use of tobacco and spirits, from which he
totally abstained.

A Fight with Fire in Mid-Ocean was Main-

tained for three days on board the ship Charger,
which arrived at New York on June 9th. She left
this port for San Francisco on May 13th with a
general cargo, among which were several *packages*
of cartridges. All went well for two weeks, and
the Charger was twelve hundred miles from port
when the second mate noticed smoke issuing from
the fore hatch. He took off the cover and descend-
ed, but he was soon heard calling for help and was
drawn up badly burned about the face, neck
and hands, and almost suffocated. The hatches
were then battened down and the decks flooded.
Holes were then cut in the deck and water poured
on the flames, but they had to be plugged up again,
for the air entered through the apertures and
helped the fire. Various expedients were tried to
admit water without air with partial success. The
cargo continued to smoulder, and on the evening of
the third day after the discovery of the fire a pack-
age of cartridges exploded. Then symptoms of
mutiny were noticed among the crew. They were
weary with their three days' fighting with the fire
and working the ship at the same time, and they
went aft and demanded that the captain abandon
the ship before the other cartridges should explode.
The captain, beset as he thus was by difficulties
on all hands, nevertheless remained firm. He in-
duced the men to return to their duty, the course
of the ship was changed to return to New York,
and on the morning of June 7th it was found that
the fire was entirely subdued. On June 9th New
York was sighted, and in the mercy of God the
Charger entered port safely without the loss of a
single life, after a more perilous voyage than had
ever been experienced by any man on board. To
a Christian man whose eyes have been divinely
opened the position of that ship bears a close re-
semblance to the state of the ungodly man. The
fiery passions of his nature, the explosive elements
within him, the mutinous desires of his lusts are
all typified. With such a picture before us we see
that it was no empty theory Jesus stated when He
said, "Ye must be born again" (John 3:7).

THE GREAT PYRAMID AND PROPHECY.

By George Webster.

THE judgment of the living nations (Matt. 25 : 32), and the blotting out of the Gentile kingdoms, which are so fully revealed in the Word of God, being not yet accomplished, the six thousand years of the world are not yet ended, or there must be a supplementary period between the sixth thousand years and the seventh, or Millennium. Is there such a period revealed either in the Word of God or by the Pyramid? We read in the Word of God of

"THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES," and that that period is "seven times."

This period and its length were first made known when Moses warned God's ancient people that if they walked contrary to God, that He would walk contrary to them, and "seven times" would pass over them. They took their "own way," and walked contrary to God, and the final seven times of Levit. 26 began to pass over them when Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took the kingdom of Israel captive, and placed a king in Israel under himself instead of being under the "King of Heaven."

The second revelation and measurement of "the times of the Gentiles" is given as "seven times" in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as interpreted by the prophet Daniel. This dream reveals the length of the period as "seven times," during which the Gentile kings and kingdoms rule in their own strength.

THE PERIOD OF THEIR POWER.

The length of the period of Gentile power and privilege is also made known unto us in the Revelation by John. Two measurements are given to make known the length of the period during which the kings of the Gentiles were to rule over the people of God. First they ruled over God's ancient people *forty-two months*. They are characterized during this period as trampling them under foot (Rev. 12 : 2). Secondly, they have been both ruling and teaching during *forty-two months*, and they are characterized as speaking blasphemies during this latter period (Rev. 13 : 5). These two periods of 42 months make a period of 84 months, and as the Chaldean month was 30 days, 30 times 84 is 2520, and as every one of these days stands for a year in fulfilled prophecy, we are thus warranted in saying that 84 prophetic months are 2520 prophetic years.

Two measurements are also given to show the length of this period regarding God's ancient people—the Jews. The Two Witnesses among them were to maintain the truth in sackcloth under two dispensations of grace, 1260 days (Rev. 11 : 3-4), and the witnesses are also revealed as to lie dead in the street of the Great City three days and a half (Rev. 11 : 8-11). It must be observed in reading these two measurements that the former, *i.e.*, 1260 are prophetic days, each day being a year in fulfilled history, and that the latter, *i.e.*, three and a half days, are year-days—that is, each day being a year, and each year 360 days, and each day equal to a prophetic year, and we thus find that a "year-day" and "a time" are synonymous terms in the reading of the prophecies relating to the times of the Gentiles; and also that the 1260 days during which the Two Witnesses maintained the truth among the Jews while they were under the Gentile rules and the three and a half year-days during which they have been dead in the street of the Great City, when added together make 2520 prophetic days, and thus equal to the above 84 months of Gentile rule over them.

THE TRUTH AMONG THE GENTILES.

There are also two measurements given to make known the length of the period during which the truth has been among the Gentiles. The Church, symbolized as "the woman," was first 1260 days, *i.e.*, years, among the Gentiles, as recorded Rev. 12 : 6—that was from the carrying away of Israel to Babylon in 606 B.C. down to the end of the first half of the times of the Gentiles, in A.D. 636. The Church has also been among the Gentiles during the last half of "the times of the Gentiles." The length of this period is "a time," 360 days; "times," 720 days; and "half a time," 180 days

(Rev. 12 : 14), and these added are 1260 prophetic days; and when the length of this latter period is added to the former, they make one period of 2520 prophetic days, and prophetic days being equal in length to Chaldean years, we are thus taught that the length of the times of the Gentiles is 2520 Chaldean years. If, then, this period began with our month of August 606 B.C., it ended with our July A.D. 1878. But what saith the measurements of the great Pyramid to this date?

THE PYRAMID MEASUREMENTS.

As the measurements in the Pyramid seem to be taken from the beginning of the Grand Gallery, that is, from the birth of Christ, we must look for a comparison from the beginning of the Grand Gallery. On looking over a few drawings of the Grand Gallery, there is to be seen a groove, or graven line, from one end of the Grand Gallery to the other, about half up the north wall, and the measured length of this partly-observed graven line is 1878, four pyramid inches, and this measurement, reckoning a pyramid inch to the Chaldean year, and then the chronology of the times of the Gentiles during the Gospel age and Pyramid chronology are the same, and all the different measurements end at this date.

If, then, the times of the Gentiles during the Gospel age is so exactly revealed by the graven line in the Grand Gallery, may not the length of the passages, or rather the periods as revealed by the passages between the Grand Gallery and King's Chamber, be also revealed by grooves graven in the stones of these passages, or in some place or part of the antechamber?

BETWEEN "THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES" AND THE MILLENNIUM.

However, having found that the graven line and its length, and all the prophetic measurements as given by Moses, Daniel, and John, agree in showing that the times of the Gentiles ended in A.D. 1878, are there not also measurements contained in the Word of God, by which the length of the period between the "times of the Gentiles" and the Millennium may be known?

Attention has been directed to the length of the passage between the Grand Gallery and the King's Chamber, opening up the question which was first discussed by the trio of divine beings in the presence of Daniel as one of the two that stood upon the bank of the river said unto the Man clothed in linen, who stood upon the waters of the river, "How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?" Dan. 12 : 5-6, and as Daniel heard, but understood not the answer, he again said, "O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things?" and the Lord said, "From the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days. Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days."

In this answer we have the measurement of two periods. The first period, 1290 days, embraces the length of the first half of "the times of the Gentiles," and thirty years added to it, the last thirty being the period during which Mohammedanism was established in the Holy Land, and made known in the Revelation as the period of the first Apocalyptic War (Rev. 9 : 1-12).

THE LATTER PERIOD OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The 1335 days is the last half of the times of the Gentiles and 75 years added to it, during which the kingdoms of the Roman Empire are to destroy each other, and leave this world as "the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." It is to this latter period of 75 years to which the attention of God's people should be drawn, because we are living in it since 1878, and this is also the period which is represented by the two passages between the Grand Gallery and the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid.

Although the prophet Daniel has given the measurement of this period of 75 years, not only as one measure, but in conjunction with the last half of the times of the Gentiles, John, in the Revelation, has divided the 75 years into two parts. The one is termed "the hour of trial," Rev. 3 : 10, and the hour of destruction, Rev. 18 : 10, 17, and 19. As one hour is the twenty-fourth part of our day, so

the twenty-fourth part of 360 years being 15 years 15 years is the prophetic hour. This is the part of the 75 years, and the remaining portion the 75 years, being sixty years, we thus find this is the length of the great tribulation, such never was and never will be its like again in world, (Rev. 16 : 18; Matt. 24 : 21; Mark 13 :

We are thus enabled by these revelations to that the prophetic measurements as contained in Pyramid between the south end of the Grand Gallery and the King's Chamber, will be found to be in all seventy-five inches, and when divided, fifty inches will be the passage length from the Gallery to antechamber and sixty inches the revealed measurement of the antechamber, and doubtless the grooves will yet be found, and the harmony between the revelations contained in the Bible and the Pyramid thus fully established.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"Can You Fight the Devil?"—At the Glasgow temperance meeting held in the Circus on the 10th, Major Oldham narrated that a minister that some years ago he went to spend a week at Ardrossan, and he fixed upon a question he determined to ask every one that he met. The question was, "Can you fight the devil?" No one could give him an answer until he got hold of an old sailor, or fisherman. He said to him, "Can you fight the devil, my friend?" The sailor looked up, and with twinkle in his eye said, "My own strength I can do nothing, but through Christ strengthening me I can do all things."

Three Blind Women Made to See.—In Scroggie said: "At the close of the women's meeting, in the Circus, yesterday, I noticed a blind girl in front of the platform. My heart was drawn to her by reason of her blindness, and I asked her if she were a Christian. She said 'No, I am not; but I would like to be.' I found there were two other blind women along with her. We got workers to talk to them of the way of salvation, and they all three joyfully received the Lord Jesus Christ before they went away."

From Morality to Christ.—Mr. Jack said: "I was speaking at the Circus on Friday evening when a man who had been leading a moral and upright life—a man who was a teetotaler and knew nothing about gross sin; but still he was in spiritual blindness, for he did not know the Lord. As we were talking, the light shone into his heart, and he was led away from reliance upon his morality to Christ as his Saviour. Near us was a man who called me by name, and I found that he was saved three years ago. He was at that time one of the worst drunkards in Glasgow. I said to him, 'John, it gives me great pleasure to shake you by the hand and praise God with you for the Saviour you have found. Now, just sit down and tell us brother the story of your conversion.' He did so with the most helpful result. As I saw my new friend and this man restored from a life of vice talking together, I saw a new evidence of the fact that the same Saviour is needed by us all."

A University Graduate's Confession.—A young man about thirty years of age said: "I should think I have been the biggest backslider in Glasgow. I came up to this city from my native town in Ayrshire when I was about thirteen years of age. I studied Latin and Greek, and then passed through the university. For many years I was a member of the Y.M.C.A. I was also made the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, and through my efforts, I believe, great good was done; but notwithstanding all this I fell. I led a sin more than the service of the Lord. I cannot tell you how far I wandered away from the Good Shepherd, but I was sometimes almost in despair. I thought that I was the only individual in the wide universe that God had forsaken. I shall never forget the evening I first went to the University Hall to hear Mr. Moody. I went for the purpose of passing an hour or two away from my heavy load on my hands. The text was Cl. 6 : 7: 'Be not deceived.' I went home, and my whole life seemed to pass before me and I could not sleep, for I was in terrible agony of soul. I prayed

God out of a penitent heart to be merciful to me sinner, and He heard my cry. On the night before Glasgow Fast I went to Dr. Bonar's church, and followed Mr. Moody to Free St. Mark's. I resolved to go into the inquiry-room, and there Mr. Carstairs kindly explained to me the way of salvation. I went home, and there, when I was agonizing with God, the blessing of peace came to my soul. The rock on which I split was *spiritual pride*, and let me warn all present to guard against it."

Liquor Dealer and Police.—Mr. Campbell said: "About two years ago two or three of us young men resolved to go into the Gorbals district, on the south side of Glasgow, to visit a saloon where we knew a number of young men resorted night after night, to try if we could not rescue them. We visited the neighborhood several times speaking to the young men as they went in and came out of the place. The landlord did not like our line of action. He spoke to a policeman, and the policeman spoke to us, but as we were not obstructing the causeway we declined to go away. A second policeman came upon the scene, and there having been further consultation with the landlord, they took one of us into custody. They made wrong statements to the inspector at the station, but he said he could not see the young man had done anything wrong, and he liberated him. We then prayed for the policeman and for the landlord of the house, and soon afterward asked the landlord to lend one of his rooms for the purpose of a prayer meeting. The request, he said, was altogether wrong, but after a little persuasion he called his man and said, 'John, light up No. 1, and let these gentlemen have their prayer meeting.' On the next Sabbath one of the two policemen came to our meeting and asked our forgiveness for what he had said and done, and before he left he was led to trust in Christ as his Saviour. That policeman is now on his way to the Livingstone Mission on Lake Nyanza, where he is going to engage on foreign mission work."

A Major's Conversion.—Major Olaham said: "After I left my home in Scotland to go to school in England, I ceased to pray, because there was not another boy in the place in the habit of doing so, and I should have been laughed at. I went right away from God until I denied Him. My hope was that some time or other God would give me a month, or a week, or a day perhaps, to repent, and that I should be able to repent quietly in bed without any one seeing me, and that I should thus be able to enjoy the best of this life and of the life to come. I have been twenty-two years in India, and for the first half of this time I lived for myself. I lived wholly for pleasure, and cared nothing for God. I kept my Bible down in the bottom of my box; I did not like to see it because it condemned me, and I did not like to part with it, because I knew it was God's message to me. In 1868 I came home to this country, intending to try and get a little more out of the world, as I found the world in India did not satisfy me. I went to London and took what pleasure I could there. Then I was called down to Scotland to attend the death-bed of a dear friend whose life was slowly ebbing away. This was the first time I had faced the fact that I, too, must die. One day I attended service in a small church at Roseneath. I went there for a walk, as the day was fine. There was a strange minister—a minister from Glasgow—taking the service, and he had a very impressive way of reading God's word. He gave out his text 'Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for them.' That word 'liveth' brought me to Christ. It was a new call to me. I had always thought that Jesus was dead. I knew He had died for me; but now I saw that He *lived* for me. I went home that night and began to pray, and I then received Christ as my Saviour."

A Converted Jew in Prison.—At a Prayer-meeting in Glasgow, Rev. Eliezar Bassin (Edinburgh), said: "As a son of Abraham, and one who was persecuted by the Jews after I became a Christian, I should like to say a few words about the joy I felt at being persecuted for the sake of the

Master. I was imprisoned thirty years ago in Odessa. I had been brought from Constantinople, and when I arrived at Odessa I was taken before the chief man in the town. I had a conversation with him, and when he left me he said, 'I will do what I can for you.' In a short time afterward a Cossack came to me and asked me to accompany him. I asked him where to? And he said 'To prison.' I asked leave of him to go to a restaurant and get some refreshments, and he went with me. He there took glass after glass of strong drink till he became so drunk I could easily have run away from him, but I determined to wait till the Lord delivered me. I took him rather than he took me to the prison, and there I was searched and everything of value taken from me. I was then put into a large room with forty or fifty other prisoners. They came round me and asked me to pay my footing money. I told them that everything was taken from me, and I had nothing to give them. They said: 'We never saw such a stupid man as to give up all your money; why didn't you give the official something for himself, and he would have let you keep the rest?' They asked me where I came from, and on my telling them Constantinople, they said, 'You must have wealth then?' I said, 'I have got something better than money.' They said, 'Precious stones?' and immediately began to search my mouth. I said, 'I have something better than precious stones—I have something that will release you from prison.' They looked at the bars and high windows and then at me. They said, 'Is it possible?' I said, 'I don't mean this prison, but the prison of everlasting death.' I then spoke to them of the deliverance through Christ, I sang to them and then prayed, and I believe that through my feeble instrumentality several of those prisoners were led to Christ. This, then, I thought, was the reason why I was led into captivity."

THE JEWISH PERSECUTION: A SIGN OF THE END.

By William O'Neill, M.D., M.R.C.S.

Great Britain as the Modern Tarshish—The Present Influx of Jews into Palestine—The Predicted Time of the Jews' Restoration is now at Hand—The End of the Age—The State of Europe.

THE present murders, spoliations, and persecutions of the Jews in "holy" Russia, may be the beginning of the end of all their troubles, and the time may be at hand for which they have so long fervently prayed and hoped. Many people believe that the "seven times" predicted by Daniel are drawing to a close, and that the "Times of the Gentiles" are nearly fulfilled. The waters of the mystical Euphrates are drying up rapidly before our eyes, and now we hear of frightful persecutions of the chosen people in Russia, where two-thirds of them reside, and rumors of a second Exodus, all of which may portend the end of this age, for we are told that immediately before this dispensation terminates, the chosen people will return to their old heritage in a time of unexampled trouble.

"Surely the Isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring my sons from far" (Isaiah 60:9). As Tarshish, or Tyre, was the greatest naval power in ancient times, and in this respect resembles Great Britain, which is the greatest naval power of the present time, it is to be hoped therefore that Great Britain, or Christian Tarshish from the Isles of the Sea, is the power destined some day to render powerful assistance to the Jews in their restoration to the Holy Land.

For some years back a yearning to return to Palestine has been manifested by Jews, and as a consequence a steady influx of the people into the country has been taking place. During the last ten years the Jewish population of the country has doubled itself. Jerusalem is gradually becoming a centre of civilization, and is assuming the appearance of a modern town. Villas are being erected in the neighborhood of the city, and there are no less than three Jewish building societies in operation. The Russian persecutions have now given such an impetus to Hebrew emigration into Palestine that money is all that is required in order to

re-people the land, especially as the Sultan, who is a liberal-minded and humane man, receives the Jews into his dominions with pleasure, and renders them whatever assistance he can. The Jews appreciate the kind treatment of the Sultan and Mussulmans, and they say that they find the Turks are more merciful than the members of the Greek Church. Such an influx of Hebrews has not been known since the destruction of Jerusalem by Hadrian.

Whether this awakening of the Jews and this intense longing desire of thousands of Jewish families in Russia and elsewhere to settle in the land of their forefathers, is the beginning of the foretold Jewish restoration, time only can tell. The final restoration of the Hebrews to their ancient heritage will doubtless occupy a period of several years, and will take place for the most part, as Daniel says, "during a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." Unfortunately this Jewish emigration has begun in bloodshed and persecutions, and any observant person looking at the present state of the nations of the Continent, would not be surprised any morning to hear of war breaking out, the magnitude of which would not be surpassed "since there was a nation."

We have conditions, then, at the present time, to remind us of the predictions of the prophets, even to the great maritime power, from the isles of the Gentiles, rendering generous and willing assistance in money and ships to the Jews.

But besides all this, we are told that we are approaching the time when the final restoration of the Jews *should* take place. The exact day or year is not stated in the Scriptures, but we can gather from Daniel that this great event, unspeakably important to Jew and Gentile, would occur in the "Time of the End." The "Time of the End" is or will be evidently the closing years of the "Times of the Gentiles," or the time when Jerusalem will cease to be trodden down by the Gentile powers. Although not expressly stated, it is strongly inferred in the Scriptures that the "Times of the Gentiles" were to continue, in symbolic language, for "Seven Times," or seven years, whose days are years, *i.e.* 2520 years, according to the year-day interpretation. If we date this "Seven Times," the latter half of which period is often called "*time, times, and the dividing of time*" from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, "*the golden head of the fourfold image*," we shall find that the "Times of the Gentiles" are drawing to a close.

Many people believe that the final fall of the Gentile power, and consequently the end of this dispensation, will terminate with the close of the sixth thousandth year of the world, and that the beginning of the seventh thousandth year will usher in the Millennium.*

At the present time many wise and thoughtful people think they can discern the clouds which portend the commencement of the storm, gathering in the distant horizon, and the way in which nations will arrange themselves in order to work out unconsciously the will of Him who knows the end from the beginning. Wars, or a series of wars, which may prove to be the precursors of a new dispensation, may break out ere long, for Europe is in a state of unprecedented ferment, and little better than an armed camp, and, moreover, the Eastern question is still unsolved. It is thought by many strategists, that Palestine will some day be the great battlefield of the nations. A military writer describes the country as "the gateway between the East and West; or rather, as the Barbican which commands the two avenues of the Euphrates and Red Sea line of communication." Russia, next to Turkey, is the power that has the greatest hold on Palestine. Her hospice commands Jerusalem, and is evidently constructed more for military than for religious purposes.

It is now almost universally admitted that the Prophet Ezekiel in speaking of Gog, the chief Prince of Meshech and Tubal, refers to the Czar of Russia and his dominions. The name and titles of the Northern King should be rendered "Gog of the land of Magog, Prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal."

* The best chronology shows the 6000 years to end about 1893.—Ed.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President sent to the Senate the Nominations for the Utah Commission on June 16th. They are all Western men, and it is believed that if confirmed by the Senate they will make a thorough and impartial investigation. They are: Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, Algernon S. Paddock, of Nebraska, G. T. Godfrey, of Iowa, Ambrose B. Carleton, of Indiana, and James R. Pettigrew, of Arkansas. Mr. Ramsey has been twice Governor of Minnesota, and served in the United States Senate from that State from 1863 to 1875. Mr. Paddock was elected to the Senate by Nebraska, and served from 1875 to 1881. Mr. Godfrey is Assistant United States District Attorney. Mr. Carleton is a Democratic lawyer and Mr. Pettigrew, of Arkansas, is a journalist by profession and at present is the Journal Clerk of the United States Senate.

The Notorious Whiskey Bill, the Consideration of which led to the appointment of Senator Windom's investigating committee, was defeated in the Senate on June 15th. The bill which passed the House by more than a two-thirds vote, provided for the indefinite extension of the time in which spirits may lie in bond without the payment of tax. The period is now three years. When the proposal was made in the Senate to postpone its consideration indefinitely, 32 votes were given in the affirmative and 20 in the negative. The majority consisted of 22 Republicans, 8 Democrats and 2 Independents.

The House Committee on Appropriations has reported the Naval Appropriation Bill, which, provides for an appropriation of \$15,351,996. A large part of this enormous sum Secretary Chandler and Mr. Robeson propose to spend in completing the ships now in the navy yards, which have already cost the nation more than they will ever be worth, and which when completed will be antiquated and practically useless. It may be hoped that this bill will be carefully examined before it is allowed to pass. Mr. Robeson's record in connection with the navy under the Grant régime has not been forgotten by the country, and as it is well known in the House, every item in the appropriation bill should be closely scrutinized.

The Senate Debated the Japanese Indemnity Question on Monday and Tuesday of last week, and finally decided to restore the whole sum received from that country, but *without interest*. It is now eighteen years since Japan paid three million dollars on the demand of the British Government as joint compensation to four Powers—the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands for an insult to the flags of those countries. The insult consisted in a rebellious prince of Japan at war with the central government having fired on certain ships passing through the straits of its inland sea. The Government of Japan was granted

the alternative of paying the indemnity or of opening its ports to foreign ships. At that time the civil war in Japan prevented the government accepting the latter alternative and so the indemnity was paid, the Japanese Government borrowing the money in London at ten per cent. Of the whole sum the United States received \$785,000. Since that time the ports of Japan having been open, it was felt that we had no right to retain the money indemnity as well as enjoy the privileges of trade. Its return has therefore been recommended by four successive Presidents. The House of Representatives voted to return the money with the interest, but on Tuesday, June 13th, the Senate decided to return only the original sum, the caused assigned for retaining the interest being that *the Japanese minister had been lobbying for the bill*. This reason excited some surprise, as bills supported by the lobby are generally supposed to have a better chance of passing than others.

Two Million Dollars have been Given to the cause of education in New Orleans by Mr. Paul Tulane, of Princeton, N. J., and the deed of endowment was signed a few days ago. Mr. Tulane is a native of Princeton but settled in early life in New Orleans, where he realized an enormous fortune. In 1857 he retired from business and returned to Princeton. He has now vested the whole of his New Orleans property, valued at two millions, in the hands of trustees, the interest thereof to be applied to founding and endowing a college for the education of young men in languages, literature, science and art. Mr. Tulane is well known in Princeton for his liberality. It is stated that it is no uncommon thing for 200 poor families to enjoy a turkey dinner at Christmas and New Years at his expense, and the cold of midwinter has been banished from many a hearth-stone by loads of wood and coal sent by his orders. It has been his habit, also, to confer a double benefit by paying the pew rents of many attendants on his church who were without the means.

An Interesting Conference Commenced its sittings in New Haven, Conn., on June 7th. It was the twelfth annual conference of the Secretaries' Association of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States and British Possessions. There were about 200 secretaries present, representing the International and State Committees, and the local associations from St. John, N. B., to New Orleans, and from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco, Cal. The conference assembled in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Dates, Secretary of the Glasgow, Scotland, Association, tendered to the conference the greetings of the Associations of Great Britain. A letter was read from Mr. Hind Smith, Secretary of the English National Committee. Each secretary was introduced, giving name, position, and number of years in the service.

The Republican State Convention of Maine assembled at Portland on June 13th. Senator Hale presided, and in the course of his address took occasion to reply to the animadversions the New York Tribune and other journals have thought proper to make on President Arthur and his policy. Mr. Hale said: "Any man who saw President Arthur during those long, weary days when General Garfield hovered on that thin margin which lies next to both life and death, and saw the tender solicitude that yet did not break his calm spirit, will appreciate in some degree the nature that is his. President Arthur is trying to bring all shades of opinion which are essentially Republican into accord, so that they may work together for the good of the country through the Republican party. I have no warrant to speak for him and have sought none; but I know that he has a hard task to perform. The tyranny and the arrogance of men long used to power is hard to bear. The recklessness and unreasonableness of men who are seeking to gain power is just as hard to bear, and between these two the President must keep an even balance if he can. We must do him the justice to remember that he has left undisturbed that great office, the filling of which by President Garfield in the person of Collector Robertson brought on him a fire hotter than that of converging batteries upon a battlefield." *The nomination for Governor,*

which was eagerly sought, was carried by Colonel Frederick Robie. In reference to the *Prohibition question*, the ninth plank in the platform adopted pledges the party to "support the policy of the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and material interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the State; and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from that traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of the constitutional prohibitory amendment." A call has been issued by the Prohibitionists for a meeting on June 24th to decide upon a course of action. It is expected that they will not support the Republican ticket.

A Destructive Tornado Passed over Kansas City, Mo., on June 17th, doing considerable damage. Houses were unroofed and overturned and giant trees were torn up by the roots. Many entire families were missing that night, but it was subsequently found that only one person had been killed, though many had been injured and some seriously. At Leavenworth and St. Louis the storm was still more severe, and in the former city the loss of life is reported serious, although the numbers are not yet ascertained. The scene at St. Louis is thus described by an eye-witness: "When the storm raged fiercest and the houses rocked on their foundations, hundreds of men, women, and children abandoned their beds, preferring to wander around the streets in the pelting rain to running the risk of being crushed by falling houses. The southern portion of the city presented a pitiable sight about midnight, the heavy rain having flooded this part of the town. The families with few exceptions, waded knee-deep in water to seek some place of shelter. Many of them mothers, with infants in their arms and little children clinging to their skirts, made their way in water and mud to the shelter of a friendly freight car. Several steamers in the harbor were sunk and will be a total loss." The storm extended through Iowa inflicting severe losses. Grinnell, Kellogg, and Malcom suffered most. It is believed that in those three cities alone over fifty lives were lost.

A Request for Special Prayer for Iowa has been issued by the Woman's National Temperance Union. The President, Miss Willard, thus writes: Tuesday, June 27th, has been appointed by the Legislature of Iowa as the day when the question of the Amendment to the Constitution, forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, shall be submitted to the people of that State. The liquor interest is prepared to make a vigorous fight, and money and speakers are already pouring into the State from all quarters. The enemy is vigilant and determined, but our trust is in God and the righteousness of our cause. In the past He has led us to many a victory, and we will still have the promise of an abundant future. We would, therefore, ask that every local union in each State observe the 27th of June as a day of prayer, and, assembling in the usual place of meeting, pray mightily for the triumph of our cause in the State of Iowa.

Twenty Thousand Unemployed Men in Line at Pittsburg, Pa., on June 17th, showed that the prospects of an early settlement to the labor troubles are still remote. The demonstration is described as decorous and orderly. One of the reports says, "The marked feature of the entire affair was the gentlemanly, soldier-like bearing of the men. All were neatly dressed, some of the delegations wearing white caps, dark coats, white trousers and gloves; others straw hats, white neckties, and boutonnieres. Not one intoxicated man was discernible in the long column, and at no point along the line of march was there any disturbance to cause the least ripple of excitement. Business men are unanimous in their praise of the manner in which the demonstration was conducted." The loss already caused by this dispute is enormous, and every day adds to the sad aggregate. The men express their confidence that the employers, having only small stocks on hand, will yield rather than see their business diverted.

The Value of a Son is Estimated at Five thousand dollars by a litigant named Haefer in the Superior Court in New York. Haefer seeks \$5,000 damages from the defendant, a youth named Erscher, because the latter killed his son, Julius Haefer. On September 24th, 1881, Julius Haefer and young Erscher quarrelled, and the latter stabbed the former to the heart, killing him within few minutes. The Grand Jury having refused to indict Erscher, the suit was brought with the desire to punish him through its means. It is probable that if Haefer has the feelings parents generally have, he will consider five thousand dollars, even if he is successful, a poor compensation for the loss of his son, yet if we may judge by their actions, many parents do not realize their responsibility for the care of their children. The exactions they would make to gain five thousand dollars are far greater than they make to ensure the salvation of their children's souls (Psa. 78 : 5-7).

The Treasures Collected by a Mouse were Un-earthed a few days ago at Newton, Mass. In pulling down the piazza of an old hotel the nest of a mouse was found which contained over a quart of pins, hair-pins, and needles, a few small silver and copper coins, and a railroad ticket between Woburn and Boston. It was a strange collection, which must have been gathered with no little difficulty and labor. We do not know to what extent animals have the power of reasoning, but it is evident this little creature could not have been very largely gifted in that direction or it would not have taken so much pains to hoard articles it could not use. But then we may be told and very justly so, that men often do the same thing (Eccles. 1 : 8).

A New Weed is Causing Trouble Among the agriculturists of the Eastern States. A communication to an agricultural journal states that farmers and dairymen are disturbed by the presence of a new weed, known as "Long John," believed to have been brought in Western grass-seed. It grows three feet high, has the appearance of a species of mustard, and blossoms with a small yellow flower. Cattle are extremely fond of it, eating it in preference to grass. The milk from cows feeding upon it is rendered worthless, the butter made therefrom being worse than rancid and utterly valueless for anything but common use. The managers of cheese factories are careful lest a batch of this milk shall spoil the whole make of cheese. A shipment of butter made in New York by one farmer was returned by the retail dealers as worthless. If it is not possible to extirpate this weed the loss is likely to be serious. But the process of extirpation is difficult, as it is in other departments. Only at the first day will it be known how much harm has been done and how much good rendered worthless by the weeds of literature and of the platform, in the world and in the church (Eccles. 9 : 18).

A Captain's Presentiments of Death Received a tragic fulfilment a few days ago. On June 17th the ship Freeman Clarke arrived at the port of New York from Calcutta under the command of the mate, the captain having been murdered at sea. The mate stated that early on the morning of May 7th, as the vessel was proceeding under full sail and with beautiful weather, two Malay Chinese, belonging to the crew, arose, and after murdering the captain, one of them assaulted the mate. After his they were disabled, and while the second officer and the carpenter were in the cabin members of the crew dispatched the two Chinamen and threw their bodies overboard. The antipathy of the Chinamen to the captain was caused by his refusing them permission to smoke opium on board and taking from them their stock of the drug. After this they became like madmen and resolved on killing the captain. A few hours before the murder the mate was on deck when the captain came up. "You seem quite happy," the latter remarked. "Why shouldn't I be," said the mate; "I am nearly home, where I shall meet my wife. You know we were only married on my last voyage. But you are going to meet your father and mother, and you ought to be cheerful, too." "I know I had," said the Captain, "but somehow I can't. It's because I can't get rid of the notion

that I shall never live to reach New York." He soon after went down to his cabin, to which the Chinese sailors followed and killed him. This is one of the remarkable cases in which a coming calamity seems to cast its shadow before it. The depression, however, seldom leads men to preparation for the great change. People who are postponing the consideration of their souls' eternal interests to a death-bed will find that depression, physical pain, and awe will hinder them in this serious matter (Isa. 55 : 6).

An Imposition was Unwittingly Aided by a son of the sufferers, recently. The Albany Times says that the son of wealthy parents in New Hampshire, who is attending school in Albany, was lately visited by two men, who produced a deed purporting to be signed by the boy's parents, and conveying valuable farming lands in Pennsylvania, and asked him to certify to the signatures, and thus save them the time and expense of a journey to New Hampshire to remedy the defect. The boy did as requested, and has since learned that the signatures were forgeries. The signatures were probably fair imitations of those of the boy's parents, but he should have applied to his parents for guidance. His experience in this case will doubtless cause him to be more careful before he testifies to the genuineness of anything all through his life. When good Christian men, deceived by plausible reasoning and the apparent confirmation of Scripture wrested from its true meaning, in-dorse doctrines and movements which their Father in Heaven does not bless, and the heresy gains strength thereby, then we are sure that they have trusted to their own wisdom and have not sought divine guidance (1 John 4 : 1).

A Rescue from a Shark is Described by the captain of a schooner from Jacksonville, Fla. He states that when his vessel was off Cape Hatteras a huge shark was seen astern. William Toby, the steward, went to the lee side to draw a bucket of water. One of the battens over the deck-load broke under Toby's feet, and the vessel giving a lurch, he was thrown into the water. The alarm was immediately given and the schooner was hove to. A yawl was immediately launched, and three men went to the rescue. Toby was weighted down by a heavy pair of sea-boots, and kicked vigorously in order to free himself, for the shark was darting at him, and encumbered with the boots he had little chance of escaping. But just then the yawl came up and Toby was seized and dragged into the boat. Had the boat reached him an instant later he would have fallen a victim to the monster fish. The escape was typical of that of men whom the great enemy of souls attempts to make his prey. Their efforts to escape are generally impeded by worldly encumbrances, their wealth, or their poverty, or their associations, or evil habits, and their case is hopeless until Jesus saves them (Heb. 2 : 14, 15).

That Small-pox Contagion may be Spread by the books of public libraries is a theory held by many medical men, and the subject has recently come under serious discussion by the directors of the Chicago Public Library. The librarian was directed to make a report on the subject, and in doing so he explained the precautions taken in Chicago to prevent contagion being spread by that means. He stated that care had been scrupulously taken to prevent books temporarily held by persons exposed to contagion from transmitting disease to other persons. If such books had been directly in contact with a person suffering with the malady, they were burned, and otherwise they were carefully fumigated before they were returned to the shelves of the Public Library. These precautions appear to have been successful, for not a single case of small-pox during the epidemic could be traced to the use of the books. It is a pity that no precaution can be devised to prevent bad books carrying their own moral contagion into the minds and hearts of the readers. Some of our public libraries contain books which are more to be dreaded than a volume reeking with small-pox contagion. These books are principally fiction, and they are more sought after than any other class of books, as Paul warned us they would be in the latter days (2 Tim. 4 : 3, 4).

PRAYING AND PLEADING.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake : for our backslidings are many ; we have sinned against Thee. O the hope of Israel, the saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night ? Why shouldst Thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save ? yet Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by Thy name ; leave us not."—Jeremiah 14 : 7, 8, 9.

A Nation in Dire Trouble—People who have Passed the Frontier of Hope—I. A Prayer for Backsliding Christians—Begin by Pleading Guilty—Admitting that there is no Excuse—Appealing for Mercy—Make a Plea out of God's Name—Of His Promise—On the Ground of Ownership—Of His Connection with His People—II. A Model Prayer for the Distressed Un-saved—Confessing Guilt—Without Extenuating—A Strong Plea—Relying on a Promise—Victims of a Satanic Delusion—A Picture of Infamy—Those for whom Mercy is Reserved.

THIS passionate appeal for mercy was forced from the people by extreme misery. There was a famine in the land until men fell in the streets of the city exhausted with hunger. Drought had long prevailed, and dearth of water was terribly felt. Meanwhile invasion kept them in perpetual fear, so that the prophet lamented, "If I go forth into the field, then behold the slain with the sword ! and if I enter into the city, then behold them that are sick with famine !" Such judgment had God inflicted on a guilty nation for her sin.

As the calamity, like a river of lava, burned its dreadful way, an eye witness, in his heart's anguish, describes a few common scenes which forcefully tell the tale of utter desolation. Princes and peasants are seized with a like consternation ; the prophet paints them both with their heads covered in token of a common grief. Here in the city the children are coming back from the place of pools and fountains with empty pitchers, for they find not a drop of water in the pits. Out yonder in the fields the ground is chapped and cleft by the scorching sun in the absence of dew or rain. The plough is of no use in that parched soil. Husbandmen are sitting down ashamed, confounded, utterly dejected ; it is vain for them to lift the hand of labor. Down in the valleys the dumb cattle express their feeling with throes of anguish. What a dreadful thing for a country to be placed as it were at the oven's mouth, and to become so completely burned up, that even the wild beasts can discover no pasture, and their eyes fail because there is no grass.

Nothing could help the people. Grim death stared them in the face. None of their idol gods could cause rain, and without it they must all perish. Under such circumstances prayer to God was the last and only resource. Driven to their wits' end they now began to be wise. The prophet has expressed in admirable words the penitent confessions and the earnest supplications of those who were ready to perish. Our text is a most appropriate model of humble petitioning. I can easily imagine that all the Jews of the land were willing enough to adopt this form of prayer at such an extremity, and to follow it with a fervent "Amen." Theirs was prayer in terror, not prayer in penitence.

What a mercy it is that God does hear real prayer, even if it be presented to Him only because we are in distress. "Call upon me," saith the Lord, "in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." When the prodigal went home to his father, his father did not say, "You have only come home because you were hungry. You seek a meal among my hired servants because you could not fill yourself with the husks wherewith the swine are fed." No, not so. Every word was welcome, every look was love. He "giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." He does not fling into the teeth of a sincere penitent any reproach concerning the past. There is no scowl on the heavenly Father's face, no scolding words are uttered by His lips. Nay ; but He opens wide His arms of love, and clasps His lost one to His heart. The Lord of mercy bids the poor and needy come to

Him and welcome, though he may have been a rake and a profligate.

What a dreadful state, then, must those men be in to whose prayers the God of all grace has resolved to shut His ears. Thank God, my dear hearers, that you are still on praying ground and pleading terms with Him. How terrible the case of any who have passed

THE FRONTIER OF HOPE.

The case described in this chapter did not admit of pity or pardon. No chastisement could condone crimes which had been so repeated and gloried in. The Lord Himself bade Jeremiah not to pray for these people. If you read the sequel you will find that God declared that though Moses and Samuel stood before Him, though the mightiest of intercessors and the best and most honored of saints were to join in supplication, yet He would not hear them, for His mind was made up to ease Him of His adversaries. Their hour of doom was come, the scaffold was ready, the executioner was at hand. Take heed, ye that trifle with mercy, lest God should put by the silver sceptre and draw the sword out of its sheath. Take heed, ye that scorn the mercy-seat, lest it turn into a burning throne of wrath, and you "perish from the way while His wrath is kindled but a little."

That is not the condition of things with us at this time, blessed be His name; and so I may invite you to notice the text as

A MODEL PRAYER;

an excellent example to God's own people who are in a wandering state; and afterwards I shall use it as an instructive example for sinners conscious of their sins, who would fain come to God and find mercy.

I. First, then, I speak to the church of God at large wherever it has backslidden, and to each believer in particular who may have departed from the living God in any measure or degree.

Would you take with you words and turn unto the Lord? You cannot have better words than those now before you. *Begin by pleading guilty.* It is hard to bring men to this, yet there is no forgiveness apart from it. "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake, for our backslidings are many. We have sinned against Thee." The sin-stricken soul has no defence, nor even an excuse, to offer on its own behalf. The penitent cries, Guilty; ay, guilty; for there is no denying it. Our iniquities testify against us. If there were not witnesses of our sin, our sins themselves bear witness against us. Oh that every child of God felt this if he has in the least gone aside from the paths of holiness! It is not only that Thou seest us, O our God; or that our brother Christians may have seen our faults, or even that some scoffers in the world have spied them out, and may be all too ready to bear witness against us; but our sins themselves have gone before us to the judgment-seat, and testify against us. Therefore, O my brother, come with me; take the sinner's place; be abashed as an erring child; and come before the great Father and say, "Our iniquities testify against us."

While there is no denying it, let us *admit that there is no excusing it*, "for our backslidings are many." If we could have excused ourselves for our first faults by offering a degree of extenuation for the fickleness of our youth, yet what are we to say of the transgressions of our riper years? If you, my brethren, could say, "Lord when we began to be believers we were ignorant and feeble, and we were readily carried away by temptation," you cannot make that apology now when years have given you stability, experience has brought you knowledge, and the favor and protection of God have ripened your character, or should have done so. "Our backslidings are many."

I feel as if I could not preach about this, for it touches my heart, and makes me feel ready to weep. Much rather should I like every one to say to himself, "What have I done? What have I left undone? How far have I declined from the ways of the Lord?" Turn over the records of your life, brother Christian. What have you done for Christ? What have you done for the truth, for the souls of men, for the spread of your Redeemer's kingdom? Alas, may you not so have lived as

even to have disparaged the truth, and done injury to the cause which is so dear to you? "Our backslidings are many." We cannot count them; their number is as great as their guilt. It is well for us to feel that extenuation and apology and excuse are out of the question.

Ay, and not only is it past denying and past excusing, but also *it is past computing*. We cannot measure how great have been our transgressions, as that next sentence may well imply: "We have sinned against Thee." It looks, at first sight, as if that were the smaller sentence of the three; but let me read it again, and throw the emphasis where it ought to be; and then you will see that it is the heaviest clause in the indictment. "We have sinned against Thee." That is what David always lays the emphasis upon when he makes his confession—"Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." This is the prodigal's confession: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee." Oh, brothers and sisters, to have sinned against our Father and His infinite love, against our Saviour and His precious blood, against the Holy Ghost and all His gentle strivings and His sweet comfortings and blessed teachings—this is to have sinned with a vengeance. What shall we say of ourselves? Do not such sins strike us dumb?

Next to this plea of guilty, we find that the culprits do *most vehemently*

APPEAL TO GOD FOR MERCY.

Please observe carefully how they order their cause before Him; and with what arguments, as Job hath it, they fill their mouths. They dare not plead before God that if He will have mercy upon them they will do better; for their many backslidings render such a promise hopeless. Brothers, are you not sick of promising that you will from this time forward amend your lives? I hardly think that we are convinced of our sinfulness if we flatter ourselves that we shall do better in the future. Canst thou again trust *that broken bone* which has let thee fall so many times? Canst thou again trust that tongue of thine when already thou hast been unable to rule it? Canst thou trust that flaming member which has been ready to set on fire the course of nature? What, trust thy heart again? Go, confide in the wind or the treacherous sea; but trust not thy treacherous resolution.

"If I could only have my life over again," says one, "I should do better." My brother, I should not like to have my life over again for fear I should do worse; *and worse I should do, unless I had more grace.* Ah, brothers, it never does to say to God, "Lord, forgive the backslidings of the past, for I shall do better by-and-by." Suppose you do. There is no merit in that; but it is a wild supposition; for you will do nothing of the kind. "Ay, but," you say, "I am now more resolved than I was. I am older and wiser now, and I feel quite safe because my resolution is so strong." This is fine talk for one who is no better than a reed shaken of the wind. We know not what spirit we are of. We are worse than we think we are.

Child of God, it is well for you in prayer before the Lord to get rid of every sort of excuse, apology or palliation. Let your self-impeachment stand in the forefront of your petition—"O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake; for our backslidings are many; we have sinned against Thee." But still

THERE IS A PLEA;

for *they make a plea out of God's name*. From the badness of the rebellious subjects to the goodness of the righteous Sovereign is a rapid but reasonable transition. A weighty motive is suggested that may dispose God to be merciful; but that motive is drawn exclusively from Himself: "Though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake." Oh the majesty of the name of the Lord! The fame thereof is wonderful throughout all generations. So David said, "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." Come, then, desponding brothers. Here is a prayer which will avail for us when the night is darkest, and not a star is to be seen. The distracted nation is drawn into closer fellowship as the story of the past suggests a plea for her present distress.

Nor is this all: the covenant of grace promise a glorious future, and this *promise is pleaded* at the Lord is called "*the hope of Israel*." It is well to draw upon the bank of hope as well as up on the bank of experience. When thy cup is full of sorrow, and thy face is covered with shame and not a ray of light falls on thy dreary path, remember that there is a history full of grace behind us, and a prophecy full of glory before us; and it all wrapped up in the name of Him who is the hope of every contrite heart. But take good heed: *your hope is not a vague hope.* See to it that you believe in God firmly, and that you lay hold upon an actual promise of His word or some statute of His kingdom very tightly; for then you may hope to your heart's content. Beloved, a hope so grounded shall never fail you.

Then, next, she does not mention the name, but it is implied in the words. She says, "Whouldest thou be as a stranger in the land?"—on who is merely travelling through the country and takes little interest in its trouble because he is not a citizen—one who merely puts up for a night in the house, and therefore does not enter into the cares and trials of the family. She does as good as call him *master*, lord of the house, and *his ownership is pleaded in the suit*. Jesus, Thou art head of the family. Thou art the Lord, the husband. Wilt Thou act as if Thou wert a mere lodger or a stranger? Tell Him that your house is His—that the church is His—that He is the head of it and plead with Him that He will not lay aside His position, or neglect that condescending responsibility which He voluntarily took upon Himself when He became the head of His church, and undertook on her behalf to be her Redeemer. Plead with Him thus, for His name's sake, and you will win a gracious reply.

Then the argument ventures a little farther, and the plea is this, "Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by Thy name." God's presence with His church and *His connection with it becomes a plea*. Have I not thus pleaded some times for this church when I have thought over its sins and its wanderings? I have said: And ye, Lord, Thou art in the midst of us. We do have Thy presence at Thy table and in the prayer-meeting. Thou art with this people right blessedly and we are called by Thy name; and if Thou should leave us, the ungodly world will say, "In that edifice was once assembled a church of God, but has become deserted. There in former times Gospel ministry flourished, but it has failed." Never it should be so said, Thy name will be dishonored.

Some of you who are trying to serve God have floated into

SHALLOW WATERS

lately, and you are in great trouble. Now, if you can somehow implicate God in what you are doing you will greatly strengthen your cause. Are you His servant, acting in His name, and entangle with difficulties that arise out of conscientiously following His command and trusting in His promise? Then you may say to him, "Do it for Thy name's sake." Though our iniquities have been many—though we have not served Thee as we ought to do—though we have backslidden often yet, Lord, do not punish Thyself on account of us. Do not put Thy name to dishonor because of our folly. Do not put Thy Gospel to the rout because we are so unbelieving; but do, for Thine own honor's sake, now interpose and deliver Thy servants in this their time of need.

II. Having thus tried to put before you, though very feebly, the good ground on which your feet may stand while you are wrestling with God, I want for a very few minutes to speak with *those poor troubled hearts that do not yet know the Lord*, or fear that they do not.

To my text as a whole they have no title; but from the matter of it we may draw some valuable suggestions for their use. Are there not among us many, who though strangers to the fellowship of the saints, are

DISTRESSED IN SOUL

and desirous to find peace with God? Are there not many who would fain obtain salvation from the God of grace? You say, "I want peace." Then

I pray you, take heed that you do not put up with a false peace, or calm your conscience with anything less than true reconciliation with God. Better be always restless than find rest in a delusion. Begin and continue in the way of truth, for this will endure to the end, while all that is false will burst like a bubble.

Begin first by *confessing your guilt*. Come, my dear hearer, there can be no benefit in trying to conceal anything, therefore acknowledge your transgression. God can see it all; but there will be great benefit in your seeing it and confessing it before Him. Do not try to patch up a righteousness of your own. Jesus Christ is never sweet to any but to sinners. You have to prove that you are a sinner, not a saint; for Jesus gave Himself for our sins, not for our merits. Remember, when Christ comes to fill us, the first thing we need to know is our own emptiness. Do not, therefore, go upon the tack of trying to make any kind of defence; but acknowledge your sins, and say, "My iniquities testify against me."

Some of you could not make out a plea of righteousness if you were to try; your life-long actions would confound you if you attempted it. When people come in here who never heard the Gospel before, they are often brought speedily to receive Christ because, when God blesses the word to such, it is not difficult to convince them of sin. They are so plainly guilty that they do not dream of disguising it. They never attempt to mend their old clothes, for they are too far gone, and only fit for the dunghill. They would only make greater rents by patching up such old and rotten materials. Come, oh ye poor *ragged sinners*, in all your rended garments, in all your loathsomeness and sin, and say each one, "Lord, I own that my transgressions testify against me; it is not the first time that I have been anxious, or the first time that I have promised better things, but I have been a deceiver until now. My backslidings are many. I am an old sinner, and a hardened sinner. I have sinned against convictions, sinned against a tender conscience, sinned against the restraints of Thy Spirit."

Ah, my hearer,

YOU ARE A BAD FELLOW;

and I want you to own it. I want you to stand in the dock like a felon and plead, "Guilty," but be sure you do not add, "Only there are extenuating circumstances." There are no such circumstances in your case. You are thoroughly unworthy, and deserve to be sent to hell. If you had died in your sins twenty years ago, and had been condemned without mercy, your wickedness would have abundantly vindicated the sentence of the Judge. Do you kick against that? I hope not: it will be your wisdom to admit your terrible desert of punishment. I beseech you, put your confession into words and state truthfully what you have done. The sense of your wickedness will grow more keen when you recall your follies.

Remember, too, the forms in which you have sinned against God. You have violated the laws which regulate your life. You have set at naught those counsels which make for your physical health and your moral welfare. It is bad enough to have sinned against a mother's tears and a father's prayers. It is bad enough to have sinned against your own body, and to have disregarded your wife and your children. That is sad enough and horrible enough. Many have gone deep enough in that direction to crimson their cheeks with shame. But you have despised the God that made you; you have dishonored your Creator. You have lived to gratify your own lusts; you have delighted in defying His laws. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;" alas, dumb driven cattle have been more dutiful than you.

The Lord raised you up from fever, He sheltered you in storm, He rescued you from shipwreck, He has delivered you many times from going down into the pit by sudden death, yet have you been unmindful of Him and unthankful to Him. You have doated on the idols that provoked Him. Feel this! Own this! Mourn this! Come before the Lord in penitent contrition. But mind you are sincere. Think not that the language of a litany will avail you if you falsely say, "Lord, have

mercy upon us miserable sinners," when you are not miserable, and do not believe that you are sinners at all. Rather may God the Holy Ghost work such deep conviction in your spirit that the language of my text may seem too feeble for you; may you be compelled to cry out, "O God, no speech can tell the depth of my guilt. Forgive me, for Thy mercy sake."

Shall I leave you there sitting down in abject despair? Doubtless in such depths we learn that salvation is of the Lord. Be sure of this—

NO EXCUSE

can exonerate you. Apologies drawn from your constitution or your circumstances will only aggravate your crimes. Your only ground for hope must be based on His grace. Call now upon His name. "For Thy name's sake." *You big sinner* say, "Lord, if Thou wilt save me, it will be a great instance of *Thy power*." "Well," said one the other day, "it is of no use your trying to convert me. If I ever shall be converted *it will need God Himself to do it*, for I am such a tough fellow." Yes, yes, and the Lord delights to let men see what He can do: He proves that He is omnipotent in the moral world as well as in the physical world, and as able to subdue freewill as to stay the raging of the wild winds that sweep the sea.

If the Lord were to forgive a dozen ordinary sinners it would not so much display *His mercy* among men as in saving one unusually vile transgressor. Plead this. There may be somebody listening to this discourse whom this word exactly suits.

A great point is to be able to lay hold upon a promise, a promise in the Book. I recollect when seeking the Lord the sweetness of that saying to my heart—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I found liberty when I could plead that. I said, "Lord, as far as I know what it means, I do call upon Thy name. I have no other name to call upon, and Thou hast said that whosoever doth call upon Thy name shall be saved. Now for Thy word's sake, do not draw back. I know Thou canst not lie. Fulfil Thy promise even to me."

Brethren, we cannot say to a man when we have made him a promise, "I promised to do this for you, but you are such a bad fellow." That would be no excuse for our breaking our promise. You must honor your promise even if you feel ashamed of the person to whom it was made. The Lord in mercy having made a promise never quotes our character as a reason why He should break it. He knew all about you when He made the promise, and so He is not surprised. He knows more about you now than you know about yourself. He knows that you are a thousand times worse than you think you are. He has a much deeper sense of your guilt than you have. Still, for all that, He is ready to pardon. Plead His promise with Him and He will stand to His word.

Do any of you doubt the possibility of your obtaining mercy of the Lord, because of the depths of your iniquity, or the ruinous consequences it has already wrought? Believe me, you are *victims of a delusion of Satan*. The Lord God merciful and gracious passes by iniquity, transgression, and sin. There are some parts of the book of Jeremiah that I should not like to read to you. I can hardly think that they were meant to be read in public, they are intended rather for our private meditations.

There is, however,

ONE PICTURE OF INFAMY

which I will merely hint at, though it has often excited my profound astonishment. It runs something like this, "They say if a man put away his wife, and she go from him and be another man's and play the harlot, shall he take her to himself again? Shall not that land be greatly polluted? Yet return unto me, saith the Lord." Do you see the drift of this striking illustration? Here is a woman kindly treated in every way who wilfully leaves her husband. She has not been led astray by a profligate, but she has wantonly left her husband of her own wicked self. She has defiled her name and her honor, and to crown her infamy then she has even left her paramour, and she has gone on the streets and become utterly vile. Shall her first husband take her back again after her mul-

tiplied and manifest impurities? Would it not pollute the land? Everybody will say, "Why, this is an offence against morality. She has dishonored herself, she has dishonored her husband, she has dishonored her country." "Yet," says God, "return unto me." Is not this beyond the manner of man? So does the mercy of the Lord transcend even the statutes of the law.

You will see the force of this more clearly if you compare the third chapter of Jeremiah with the twenty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy. The parable is startling. God is represented as dealing with an idolatrous nation as it would be an abomination before His own eyes for any man to deal with an unchaste wife. Such delight hath Jehovah in mercy that He dispenses it at the risk of public odium. He knew that the self-righteous would cavil, and that even elder brothers would be angry, but He dared all that.

Henceforth let there be no demur on your part. "*Yet return again unto me, saith the Lord.*" If there be any obloquy it must rest on His name whose holiness cannot be sullied. The elders in our Saviour's day who sat in Moses's seat thought it an open scandal that He received publicans and harlots. I am not surprised that when He gave welcome to such fallen ones they were glad to come; but I am beyond measure astonished at those of you who put aside the only Gospel that can do you good. Why argue

AGAINST YOUR OWN INTERESTS

instead of accepting the Lord's open invitation? Every evangelist who preaches pardon and peace by the blood of the Lamb braves the ethics of the age; the new teaching is that people must reap the consequences of their actions; there is no hope of ever undoing anything that a man does, and therefore there can be no Gospel to the guilty. Yes, I know that this is what the reign of law seems to demand; but, for all that, the Lord would sooner that men should accuse Him of weakening the principles of morality than refuse a poor sinner who comes to Him in Christ Jesus.

I know that, if we receive certain persons into the church, the mere moralists cry out "How can they associate with such people?" *Yet come along*, come along, ye chief of sinners. The vilest are welcome to Christ. You that are worse than the worst—you who have leaped over the hedge, and have got upon the wild commons of outrageous sin, may come to Jesus. Do you sing—

"Depths of mercy, can there be

Mercy still reserved for me?"

It is reserved for you. You are the person for whom it is reserved. This deep consciousness of sin, this guilt of yours which you feel and own, points you out as the one to whom I am to say, Return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon you. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.



Miss Eva Booth.

MISS EVA BOOTH.

MISS EVA BOOTH, whose portrait appears on this page, is about fifteen years old, and is the sixth member of General Booth's family converted in early childhood. She frequently accompanies her sister Emma in rendering duets and other sacred songs at services of the Salvation Army, with the happiest effect. Her voice is rich and full, and its tones are full of tenderest pathos, and very penetrating. In singing, her enunciation is so distinct that the words are as clearly heard by the congregation as the tune; and in this respect she is qualified to take her place among the sweet singers in Israel, who by means of music wedded to holy words seek to commend the Gospel to the unsaved multitudes.

In former years, when Mrs. Booth was frequently absent from home, engaged in evangelistic work in different parts of the country, ill-natured critics, who sometimes promote the religious welfare neither of their own children nor of others, said, that it would be better for her if she were at home, looking after her children. The groundless nature of such an objection is clearly shown in the fact that so many of her sons and daughters have not only given themselves to Christ at an early age, but several of them are already occupying prominent positions of usefulness in the kingdom of Christ. While the mother was engaged in work for her Saviour He took care that her children did not suffer by her absence.

MR. HERBERT HOWARD BOOTH.

MR. HERBERT HOWARD BOOTH is a son of the Rev. W. Booth, the General of the Salvation Army, whose portrait and life, with those of his wife, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 16th. He was born at Penzance, England, in 1862. His conversion took place in early years. He has frequently described it and attributes the great change to the blessing of God on a remarkable dream which he had when he was only seven years old, and which left an indelible impression on his mind and finally led him to cry to God for salvation.

"One evening," he relates, "when I was seven years old, a little past seven o'clock I had to leave the nice lighted room, kiss mamma, and go to bed. I did not like to go to bed, as very few little boys do. So I went upstairs as slowly as I could, and played about in the nursery, hoping that nurse would not notice the time. But, at last, she found that it was late. I was put to bed at once, tucked up, kissed, good-night said, and left all in the dark



Mr. Herbert Howard Booth.

by myself. I felt very frightened in the dark, so tucked my head under the clothes, so that I could not hear anything, and went to sleep.

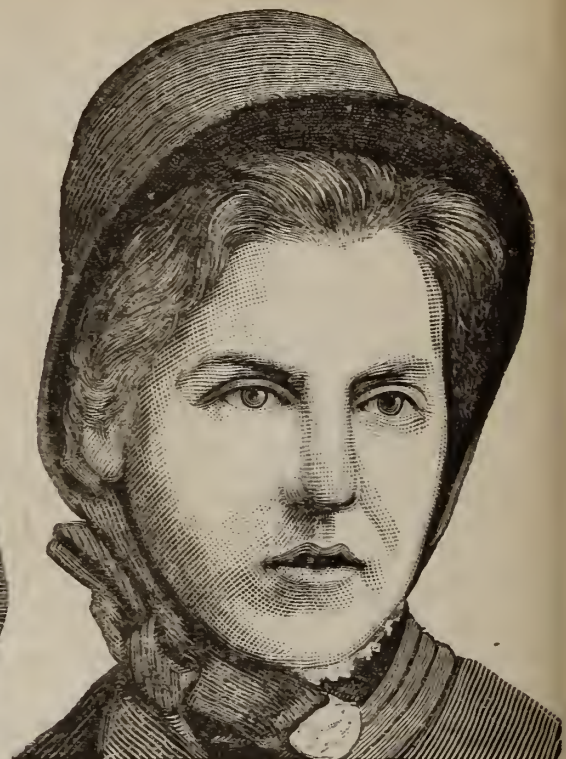
"I slept until I thought I saw a large flat plain, which had at one end a beautiful golden gate and high walls. All was silent for a little while. Then I thought I heard the sound of distant music and singing, which came nearer and nearer, until I saw a great crowd of people. They marched across the plain, when all at once the golden gates flew open, and I saw a beautiful place like a lovely garden, with green trees, and blue rivers, and waterfalls. All the people went in one by one, until I thought I heard the voice of some one I knew, and when I looked I saw papa and mamma both going in. Then came my little brothers and sisters. They all looked so happy, and when they were all in, and the big golden gates shut, I remembered that I was not in.

"Just at that moment, I saw a great, big trap-door open from the ground, and a great stream of smoke flew up into the air. I watched outside, and as I looked I saw a great, big thing, with its long fingers, great green eyes and great ugly teeth, come up, dragging a big chain after it.

"It looked around! I held my breath, in the hope that it would not see me. I thought of all the naughty things I had ever done, of the stories I had told, of the sugar and butter I had stolen. I cried in awful fear, and just then I saw that nasty thing cast its eye upon me, and move toward me.

"Nearer! Nearer! Nearer! it came, until it stood over me, and shook its chain. Then it reached out its hand, and touched me with its long finger. I screamed at the top of my voice, and woke up to find it was all a dream. Mamma came in to know what was the matter with me, and I told her all. By her wish I knelt down, and prayed, child as I was, for salvation, and, although I did many naughty things after that time, yet I have always tried to fight against them, and have always felt that Jesus was helping me."

He first spoke in public when fourteen years old—standing opposite a liquor store in Hackney, and has continued ever since, more or less frequently,



Miss Emma Booth.

to take part in the Salvation Army's work. While attending school at Coventry and Nottingham he availed himself of every opportunity to take part in the work of the Army, and while living at Bristol for a short time, he searched the town until he found the Circus, completed arrangements for the opening of it by the Army, thus becoming a sort of parent to the corps established in that city, and in the neighborhood. But while walking about street after street looking for vacant buildings in the rain, he got a wetting which ended in rheumatic fever, from the after effects of which he still continues to suffer.

After travelling the country for some time for special occasions, he went with his eldest sister to Paris, and remained there for about nine months of the first year, rendering invaluable service in connection with the singing and the keeping of order.

He has made music his specialty, and plays the violin, cornet, concertina, guitar, and bass viol, besides being an adept at solo-singing, and occasionally plays on the piano and harmonium, though these latter instruments, not being portable, are rarely used by the Army. The great musical events of the recent congress have been the songs composed and sung by him to two music-hall tunes, which he had adapted for the Army.

Though devotedly fond of music, Mr. Booth regards it as wholly subservient to the cause of Christ. In a recent address published in the *War Cry* to the Salvation Army, especially to the bands of the different corps, he says:

"I trust that every player of every instrument of the Salvation Army feels and realises that he is actually praising God when he plays that instrument. If you cannot do *this*, my brothers and sisters, put it away till you can. If you cannot play your music as David played *his*, then play none at all; but if so, then sing unto Him a new song, play skilfully with a loud noise. "To bring the real music of Heaven to earth, and set it proclaiming, throughout its length and breadth, 'glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men,' is our intention, is our determination."

MISS EMMA BOOTH.

MISS EMMA BOOTH, Commandante of the Women's Training Barracks, has been less known, perhaps, than any of the elder members of General Booth's family. This is partly owing to her delicate health, and partly to the retiring and less public duties she has performed.

From her youth she was much distinguished for a spirit of devotion to God and duty, and for intense hatred to anything bordering on deception, the influence of the Holy Ghost upon her heart being very deep. After the work of the Salvation Army was organized, Mrs. Booth's frequent absences from home rendered Miss Emma Booth's position as an elder daughter one of serious responsibility and the younger children, her brothers and sisters, came at length to regard her as a second mother. She was thus prematurely matured for her years, but right wisely and well did she perform the duties devolving upon her.

Miss Emma has become known to many as the singer of army songs with her sister, Eva, in the larger meetings of the Army. She rarely speaks in public, but when she does it is with a fervor that gives to the listener some idea of her incomparable power in close personal dealing with the conscience and heart.

As an instance of her close communion with God, she had a remarkable answer to prayer given to her in reference to the Clapton Congress Hall. Before General Booth purchased the building for \$75,000, or had even thought of doing so, Miss Emma went over the building and knelt down in one of the rooms, asking God whether they should entertain the project of purchasing it. She rose from her knees strongly impressed with the conviction that they *would* obtain it, and that it would become a source for the diffusion of great blessing.

Two years ago she consented to take charge of the Women's Training Home, and since then over one hundred officers have gone out from the Home. How truly it is a home, and how perfectly maternal is the influence wielded by Miss E. Booth over her cadets, only those who have benefited by her tuition can fully tell. As to the earnest spirit in which the work is done, the following extract from an address, issued at Christmas last, affords evidence:

"I thank the Lord, with you, for all He has enabled you to do, this year, toward bringing light, righteousness, and peace into this dark world of ours, and I want this Christmas time to be a fresh starting point, when you may each commence again with more whole-heartedness of purpose and more unflinching efforts to be and do all He expects you to be and do.

"I write to you not as one who from afar looks down upon your toils; but with a heart full of sympathy for you each in all you do and suffer for Jesus' sake. I want, so far as it is possible, to share with you in it all, knowing no choicer joy than to be your friend in the fight."

ESTHER WILMOT'S IRRETRIEVABLE MISTAKE.

ONE lovely summer evening, about an hour before sunset, a man of some thirty-five years of age was sauntering along the beach on the outskirts of a quiet little village which lay basking in the sunlight at the foot of the mountains. A judge of physiognomy would not have been attracted to the man by his countenance. The eyes were too near



Esther Wilmot's Appeal.

together, and were too deeply set, and the brows were too lowering to convey the impression that he was a man to be respected or liked, though he might be feared. There was, too, in his gait, a slouching action which indicated a trait of character not numbered among the desirable characteristics; and the vicious manner in which he kicked, now and then, a pebble from his path, gave one the idea that he could be cruel on occasion.

This man was Frank Wilmot, the newly wedded husband of an orphan girl; and he was on his wedding trip. He and his bride were spending a week or two in the little village he had just left behind him before they returned to the city where they were to live their wedded life. It seemed strange, that on a night so lovely as that, Frank Wilmot should not have had his young wife with him, but he had left her behind with the remark that he was going to the nearest town and might not be home until late. This was the third time in ten days he had acted so strangely, and on both the previous occasions he had returned morose, sullen, his speech thick and smelling of liquor.

Esther Wilmot knew only too well how to interpret these signs in her husband. Reluctant as she was to think ill of a man whom only a few short days before she had solemnly promised to love, honor, and obey, there was no concealing, even from herself, the appalling fact that she had married a drunkard. She had married a gambler, too, but of that fact she was not yet aware. On this evening she sat alone, after her husband left her, wrapped in gloomy meditation. What ought she to do? That was her agonized cry, and at last she flung herself on her knees and prayed earnestly for wisdom.

When she arose her face wore a resolute look that

Frank had never seen there, and she hurriedly dressed and went out. She walked rapidly, for she had a purpose in view. Her steps, light and swift, soon brought her within sight of her husband still moodily sauntering along the beach. In a few minutes more she was at his side, and almost before he was aware of her presence, her hand was laid lovingly on his arm.

"Frank, dear," she said, "let me walk a little way with you. I am so lonely in that strange place, and I want to talk with you." Then, in tender, pleading words, such as a devoted woman knows so well how to use, she told him of her apprehensions, and how she had prayed that he might be kept from ill.

Suddenly he stopped in his walk, and dropping her arm, turned and faced her. He did not speak, but thinking he was about to abandon his projected excursion, Esther said: "O you will come back with me, Frank? I am so glad." But that was not Frank's intention. He simply told her he did not propose to be governed by a wife. Then, with brutal frankness, he told her that he had married her for her fortune, and that he proposed to enjoy himself in his own way. After a blow so cruel from the man she loved Esther could plead no longer, and turning homeward, she bent her steps back to the village weeping bitter tears.

Frank Wilmot kept his word. Having succeeded in

possessing himself of Esther's fortune, knowing that she had no protector to enforce her rights, he plunged into a career of dissipation, and for weeks together, Esther never saw his face. Neglected, ill-treated, and penniless, she was forced to earn a living for herself, and through many a weary hour as she sat sewing for bread, she meditated on the folly of which she had been guilty in making a thoughtless marriage with a man who, as she knew before she married him, was not a Christian. She learned too late that the Apostle Paul's caution (2 Cor. 6: 14), like all other Scriptural admonitions, cannot be disregarded with impunity.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 383.)

Near the End.

CANON PASCAL made no effort to find out Phebe's secret. His searching, kindly eyes met hers with the truthfulness of a frank and open nature that recognized a nature akin to its own, and Phebe never shrank from his gaze.

"Felix and Alice are growing more and more deeply in love with each other," he said to her; "Felicitia even felt something of their happiness when she was here last, and she will not withhold her full approbation much longer."

"And you," answered Phebe, with an eager flush on her face, "you do not repent of giving Alice to the son of a man who might have been a convict?"

"I believe Alice would marry Felix if his father had been a murderer," replied Canon Pascal; "it is too late to alter it now. Besides, I know Felix through and through, he is himself; he is no

longer the son of any person, but a true man, one of the sons of God."

The strong and emphatic tone of Canon Pascal's words brought great consolation to Phebe's troubled mind. She might keep silence with a good conscience, for the duty of disclosing all to Canon Pascal arose simply from the possibility that his conduct would be altered by this further knowledge of Roland and Felicity.

"But this easy country life is not good for Felix," she said in a more cheerful tone, "he needs a difficult parish to develop his energies. It is not among your people he will become a second Felix Merle."

"Patience! Phebe," he answered, "there is a probability in the future, a bare probability, and dimly distant, which may change all that. He may have as much to do as Felix Merle by-and-by."

Phebe returned to her work in London with a somewhat lighter heart. Yet the work was painful to her; work which a few months before would have been a delight. For Felicity, yielding to the urgent entreaties of Felix and Hilda, had consented to sit for her portrait. She was engaged in no writing, and had ample leisure. Until now she had resisted all importunity, and no likeness of her existed. She disliked photographs, having had only one taken for Roland alone when they were married, and she could never bring herself to sit for an artist comparatively a stranger to her. It was opposed to her reserved and somewhat haughty temperament that any eye should scan too freely and too curiously the lineaments of her beautiful face, with its singularly expressive individuality. But now that Phebe's skill had been so highly cultivated, and commanded an increasing reputation, she could no longer oppose her children's reiterated entreaties.

Felicity was groping blindly for the reason of the change in Phebe's feeling toward her, conscious as she was of some vague, mysterious barrier that had arisen between her, and the tender, simple soul which had been always full of lowly sympathy for her. But Phebe silently shrank from her in a terror mingled with profound, unutterable pity. For here was the secret misery of a solitary human spirit, icebound in a self-chosen isolation, which was an utter mystery to her.

All the old love and reverence, amounting almost to adoration, which she had offered up as incense to some being far above her had died away; gone also was the child-like simplicity with which she could always talk to Felicity. She could read the pride and sadness of the lovely face before her with a clear understanding now, but the lines which reproduced it on her canvas were harder and sterner than they would have been if she had known less of Felicity's heart. The painting grew into a likeness, but it was a painful one, full of hidden sadness, bitterness, and infelicity. Felix and Hilda gazed at it in silence, almost as solemn and mournful as if they were looking on the face of their dead mother. She herself turned from it with a feeling of dread.

"How much do you know of me?" she cried; "how deep can you look into my heart, Phebe?" Phebe glanced from her to the finished portrait, and only answered by tears.

Felicity had followed the urgent advice of her physicians in giving up writing for a season. There was no longer any necessity for her work, as some time since the money which Roland Sefton had fraudulently appropriated, had been paid back with full interest, and she began to feel justified in accepting the income from her marriage settlement. During the winter and spring she spent her days much as other women of her class and station, in a monotonous round of shopping, driving in the parks, visiting and being visited, partly for Hilda's sake, and partly driven to it for want of occupation; but short as the time was which she gave to this life, she grew inexpressibly weary of it. Early in May she turned into Phebe's studio, which she had seldom entered since her portrait was finished. This portrait was in the Academy Exhibition, and she was constantly receiving empty compliments about it.

"Dear Phebe!" she explained, "I have tried fashionable life to see how much it is worth, and

oh! it is altogether hollow and inane. I did not expect much from it, but it is utter weariness to me."

"And you will go back to your writing?" said Phebe.

Felicity hesitated for a moment. There was a worn and harassed expression on her pale face, as if she had not slept or rested well for a long time, which touched Phebe's heart.

"Not yet," she answered; "I am going a journey. I shall start for Switzerland to-night."

"To Switzerland! To-night!" echoed Phebe. "Oh, no! you must not, you cannot. And alone? How can you think of going alone?"

"I went alone once," she answered, smiling with her lips, though her dark eyes grew no brighter, "and I can go again. I shall manage very well. I fancied you would not care to go with me," she added, sighing.

"But I must go with you!" cried Phebe; "did I not promise long ago? Only don't go to-night, stay a day or two."

"No, no," she said with feverish impatience, "I have made all my arrangements. Nobody must know, and Hilda is gone down into Essex for a week, and my cousins fancy I am going to the sea-side for a few days' rest. I must start to-night, in less than four hours, Phebe. You cannot be ready in time?"

But she spoke wistfully, as if it would be pleasant to hear Phebe say she would go with her. For a few minutes Phebe was lost in bewildered thought. Felicity had told her some months ago that she must go to Engelberg before she could give her consent to Felix marrying Alice, but it had escaped her memory, pushed out by more immediate and more present cares. And now she could not tell what Jean Merle would have her do. To discover suddenly that he was alive, and in England, nay, at Riversborough itself, under their old roof, would be too great a shock for Felicity. Phebe dared not tell her. Yet, to let her start off alone on this fruitless errand, to find only an empty hut at Engelberg, with no trace of its occupant left behind, was heartless, and might prove equally injurious to Felicity. There was no time to communicate with Riversborough, she must come to a decision for herself, and at once. The white, worn face, with its air of sad determination, filled her with a deep and eager pity.

"Oh! I will go with you," she cried. "I could never bear you to go alone. But is there nothing you could tell me? Only trust me. What trouble carries you there? Why must you go to Engelberg before Felix marries?"

She had caught Felicity's small cold hand between her own, and looked up beseechingly into her face. Oh! if she would but now, at last, throw off the burden which had so long bowed her down, and tell her secret, she could let her know that this painful pilgrimage was utterly needless. But the sweet, sad, proud lips were closed, and the dark eyes, looking down steadily into Phebe's, betrayed no wavering of her determined reticence.

"You shall come with me as far as Lucerne, dear Phebe," she answered, stooping down to kiss her uplifted face, "but I must go alone to Engelberg."

There was barely time for Phebe to make any arrangements, and there was not a moment for deliberation. She wrote a few hurried words to Jean Merle, imploring him to follow them at once, and promising to detain Felicity on their way, if possible. But Felicity's own preparations were complete, and her route marked out, with the times of steamers and trains set down. Through Paris, Mulhausen, and Basle, she hastened on to Lucerne. Now she had set out on this dreary and dolorous path there could be no rest for her until she reached the end. Phebe recognised this as soon as they had started. It would be impossible to detain Felicity on the way.

But Jean Merle could not be far behind them, and a few hours would bring him to them after they had reached Lucerne. Felicity was very silent as they travelled on by the swiftest trains, and Phebe was glad of it. For what could she say to her? She was herself lost in a whirl of bewilderment, and of mingled hope and fear.

Could it possibly be that Felicity would learn

that Jean Merle was still living, and the mode and manner of his life through this long separation, and yet stand aloof from him, afar off, as one on whom he had no claim for pity and love? Yet if she could relent toward him, how must it be in the future? It could never be that she would own the wrong she had committed openly in the face of the world. What was to happen now? Phebe was hardly less feverishly agitated than Felicity herself. It was evening when they arrived at Lucerne, and Felicity was forced to rest until the morning. They sat together in a small balcony opening out of her chamber, which overlooked the lake, where the moonbeams were playing in glistening curves over the quiet ripples of the water. All the mountains round it looked black in the dim light, and the rugged summit of Pilatus, still slightly sprinkled with snow, frowned down upon them; but southward, behind the dark range of lower hills, there stood out against the almost black-blue of the sky a broken line of pale, mysterious peaks, which might have been merely pallid clouds lying along the horizon, but for their steadfast, unaltering immobility. They were the Engelberg Alps, with the snowy Titlis gleaming highest among them, and Felicity's face, wan and pallid as themselves, was set toward them.

"You will let me come with you to-morrow?" said Phebe, in a tone of painful entreaty.

"No, no," she answered. "I could not bear to have even you at Engelberg with me. I must visit that grave alone. And yet I know you love me, dear Phebe."

"Dearly," she sobbed.

"Yes, you love me dearly," she repeated sorrowfully, "but not as you once did; even your heart is changed toward me. If you went with me to-morrow I might lose all the love that is left. I cannot afford to lose that, my dear."

"You could never lose it!" answered Phebe. "I love you differently? Yes, but not less. I love you now as Christ loves us all, more for God's sake than our own; and that is the deepest, most faithful love. That can never be worn out or repulsed. As Christ has loved me, so I love you, my Felicity."

Her voice had fallen into an almost inaudible whisper as she knelt down beside her, pressing her lips upon the thin cold hands lying listlessly on Felicity's lap. It had been as an impulsive girl, worshipping her from a lowly inferiority, that Phebe had been used long ago to kiss Felicity's hand. But this was the humility of a great love, willing to help, and seeking to save her. Felicity felt it through every fibre of her sensitive nature. For an instant she thought it might be possible that Phebe had caught some glimmer of the truth. With her weary and dim eyes lifted up to the pale crests of the mountains, beneath which lay the miserable secret of her life, she hesitated as to whether she could tell Phebe all. But the effort to admit any human soul into the inner recesses of her own was too great for her.

"Christ loves me, you say," she murmured, "I don't know; I never felt it. But I have felt sure of your love; and next to Felix and Hilda you have stood nearest to me. Love me always, and in spite of all, my dear."

She lifted up Phebe's bowed head and kissed her lips with a long and lingering kiss. Then Phebe knew that she was bent upon going alone, and immediately, to Engelberg.

The icy air of the morning, blowing down from the mountains where the winter's snow was but partially melted, made Felicity shiver; though her mind was too busy to notice why. Phebe had seen that she was warmly clad, and had come down to the boat with her to start her on this last day's journey; but Felicity had scarcely opened her pale lips to say good-by.

Phebe stood on the quay, watching the boat as long as the white steam from the funnel was in sight, and then she turned away, blind to all the scenery about her, in the heaviness of heart she felt for the sorrowful soul going out on so sad and vain a quest. There had been no time for Jean Merle to overtake them, and now Felicity was gone when a few words from her would have stopped her. But Phebe had not dared to utter them.

Felicità too had not seen either the sunlit hills ing about her, or Phebe watching her departure. e had no thought for anything but what there ight be lying before her, in that lonely mountain llage, to which, after fourteen years, her reluc- nt feet were turned. Possibly she might find no ace of the man who had been so long dead to her d to all the world, and thus be baffled and de- ated, yet relieved, at the first stage of her search. or she did not desire to find him. Her heart ould be lightened of its miserable load, if she ould discover that Jean Merle was dead, and ured in the same quiet cemetery where the gran- e cross marked the grave of Roland Sefton. hat was a thing to be hoped for.

If Jean Merle was living still, and living there, hat should she say to him. Wild hopes and de- res would be awakened within him if he found er seeking after him. Nay, it might possibly be at he would insist upon making *their mutual sin* own to the world, by claiming to return to her d her children. It seemed a desperate thing to ave done; and for the first time since she left ondon she repented of having done it. Was she ot sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind? here was still time for her to retrace her steps nd go back home, the home she owed altogether herself; yet one which this man, whom she had ot seen for so long a time, had a right to enter as he master of it. What fatal impulse had driven er to leave it on so wild and fruitless an errand?

Yet she felt she could no longer live without nowing the fate of Jean Merle. Her heart had een gnawing itself for months past with vague morses and self-accusations, slumbering often, ut now aroused into an activity that could not be id to rest. This morning, for the first time, be- eath all her perplexity, and fear, and hope to find im dead, there came to her a strange, undefined, arcely conscious tenderness toward the miserable an, whom she had last seen standing in her pres- ence, an uncouth, ragged, weather-beaten peasant. 'his man had been her husband, the father of her hildren, and a deep, keen pain was stirring in her oul, partly of the old love, for she had once in a measure loved him, and partly of the pity she felt or him, as she began to realize the difference here had existed between her lot and his.

She scarcely felt how worn out she was, how angerously fatigued, with this rapid travelling, and he resistless current of agitation which had pos- sessed her. As she journeyed onward she was alto- gether unconscious of the roads she traversed, only rousing herself when any change of conveyance ade it necessary. Her brain was busy over the pinion, more than once expressed by Phebe, that very man could live down the evil consequences of his sin, if he had courage and faith enough. 'If God forgives us, man will forgive us," said Phebe.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

S.S. Lesson for July 2, Mark 10 : 13-16. Golden Text, Matt. 18 : 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

THE Lord Jesus had just been answering a question of the Pharisees about divorce which had opened the way for Him to speak in the strongest erms about the holiness of marriage. "What herefore God hath joined together, let not man ut asunder." In the ordinance of marriage, in amily and social life, God has made blessed and beautiful provision for the denial of self, and one feels how terribly little understood is the true spirit of Christianity, when one hears of cases of divorce on the ground of incompatibility of disposition or of temper. God has given us to one another that on each side we may learn to bear lovingly one with the other; where one is overtaken in a fault, that that one should be restored by the other in the spirit of meekness (Gal. 6 : 1).

THE PURPOSE OF OUR LORD

is frustrated if the development of self is so great that there is found no willingness to bear one with the other. If God has joined together a husband and wife, there is power in God to maintain and increase unity between them, the enemy may at- tempt by every means in his power to destroy

harmony, but he can only succeed when either party is living for self and not for God. O that Christians would learn to place marriage higher than they do, as a holy vocation to represent the oneness between Christ and His church by the grace which in Christ Jesus rises superior to the flesh.

How often have we heard a wife complain that her husband's disposition was such that she was a complete martyr, she could not do anything which pleased him, and her whole life was one series of vexations and disappointments. Had she understood the mind of God, she would have said with her Lord, in every fresh difficulty, "For this cause came I unto this hour, Father, glorify Thy name" (John 12 : 27, 28). Perhaps God may have seen in that wife's heart such a love of appreciation as would, if indulged, have had a most baneful effect upon her soul, and He may be making use of this discipline to mortify it. Where is the cure in such a case? Let that wife place all the matter in the hands of God, and seek to please Him, abandoning all desire to be appreciated by her husband; and he cannot but be conscious of the change, he will see that to do right has be- come the wife's motive, not to secure his approval, and he will not long be able to hold back a word of encouragement, almost in spite of himself. It is equally the case when a husband complains of his wife.

It is true there are often cases of extreme diffi- culty when a husband urges a wife to go into the world against her conscience, or insists on her ob- taining goods without paying for them, or brings the house into debt through his own heedless ex- travagance; or it may be, in a similar case, it is the wife who is in fault. What is then to be done? Let the one who believes in God put the case fully into His hands, refusing boldly to do that which is wrong, in complete confidence that He will make the way where there seems to be none. When there is a willingness to take up our cross and deal with God over the heads of persons and circumstances, all is easy. Self is the real enemy to be dealt with, and God alone is equal to it.

It was just then, when Jesus was speaking of marriage, that they brought young children to Him "that He should put His hands on them and pray" (Matt. 19 : 13), or "touch them." The "dis- ciples rebuked those that brought them," they drank so little into the spirit of their Master that they did not understand how He who did such mighty works, and who was followed by such multitudes, would think it worth while to stop and notice

A FEW HELPLESS INFANTS.

They had yet to learn, as many have to learn in our day, that the heart of a little child becomes more readily God's dwelling-place than that of one where self and the world have been at work to warp, to discolor, and to spoil. The child Samuel was a fitter vessel for the word of the living God than Eli, who, though a priest, was unfaithful as a father. Jeremiah, though a child, was chosen to bear witness for God at the risk of his life, in the midst of a generation whose heart was set against the Lord.

It is the weak ones, "them that have no strength," whom God uses, and with whom He communes. Abraham had to become a stranger and unknown in the land to which God called him, before he could become "the father of them that believe." Joseph had to become a slave, and even a prisoner, before God could call him to be ruler of Egypt. Moses had to leave his learning and be- come a shepherd, before God could make him the leader of His people; and says our Lord, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18 : 3).

Thus when the disciples rebuked those that brought them, they showed how little His teaching had entered into their hearts. But He did not re- prove them, and only said, "Suffer the little chil- dren to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Our beloved Lord did not say, "Force the little children to come un- to me, or, Drive them unto me, or, Make them come unto me;" those in the streets, and lanes of

the city, in the highways and hedges, must be *com- pelled* (Luke 14 : 23), but the little children are only

TO BE SUFFERED,

i.e., not hindered.

If a Christian parent reproveth a child for evil temper, and tells him to pray to Jesus that he may be pardoned and kept from naughty temper, and then that child sees the same parent himself angry and overcome by temper, the little mind will rea- son, "If it is naughty in me to be in a temper, it is naughty in father too, and if Jesus can forgive and keep me, why does not father get forgiven and kept," and the sense of sin is dulled in the child, and he is led to unbelief in the willingness and power of Jesus. He knows that in things temporal that which applies to him applies to father too, the fire warms father and him too, the carriage carries him and father too, why then should it be the Saviour who is to save him only and not father, and why should temper be wrong when father gets in a temper?

Again, a child is taught to deny himself and give some of his little savings to some work of missions, or some orphanage; his few pence cost him a great deal, but he sees father *indulging in smoking*, which cannot feed, or he would be fed that way; he sees mother indulging in a love for that which is taste- ful and elegant, and he feels that a wrong is done to him to expect him to give a portion so compara- tively large out of his little store, while father and mother only give that which they do not feel at all. Then he is told of how Jesus died for his sins, that if he repents and believes, his sins shall be forgiven him; but he never hears father or mother speak of *their* sins; *his* disobedience is noticed, re- buked and punished, but he sees them get out of temper without ever mentioning it at family prayer; he hears them very hard upon a servant and never acknowledging afterward that they have been in the wrong, although he is always expected to acknowledge when he is in the wrong, and thus an awful hindrance is put into the child's way, and he thinks, "Now that I am young I *must* do as I am told, but when I grow up I may do wrong with impunity," and thus the child's own parents hinder him from coming to Jesus.

If nothing stands in the way a child turns easily to Jesus; but a little child craves above all else that which is real and reliable, that which he can trust. When the parents' faith is real, the children manifest faith quite easily, and O how often their simple faith goes beyond that of their parents! They believe in God's almighty- ness with an unreserved simplicity which makes us smile, but which ought to make us blush.

A GERMAN MOTHER

sought one day to break to her little girl of four years old, that her dear father must die in a few hours' time. The doctor, who had attended him during the sad stages of lingering consumption, said that he could not live till morning. The little girl ran from her mother's side into a room apart, and knelt down. With her little hands clasped, and her eyes riveted upward she cried, "O God, you can cure my father, you know you can, for you made the stars; and if you don't cure him, who is to take care of me when the great Antichrist comes?" The physician returned in the morning thinking to find his patient no more, but another and an infallible Physician had been at work, and that same father has filled a blessed and useful part in the Lord's vineyard for nearly forty years since that time. The child was the only one who had the courage to ask the exercise of Almighty power.

What is the *chief* hindrance to the conversion of children? Undoubtedly the want of the power and presence of God in their parents and teachers. Why were Jacob's children so unsatisfactory? Be- cause Jacob's life was not one of steady faith and obedience. Let the parents be filled with the Holy Ghost and the children will easily find the way open instead of closed toward Jesus. If we deal with our children unselfishly, for God and not for our own credit or pleasure, if we deal with them by faith in God and not by our own efforts or wisdom, our loving Shepherd will be our children's Shep- herd too, they will be led, guided, kept by Him.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Riots at Alexandria on Sunday, June 11th, were more fatal than was at first supposed. The correspondent of the *London Standard* at Alexandria telegraphs that up to Friday evening the total number of corpses found of Europeans killed in the riot was 340. Eye witnesses state that Europeans who took refuge in the police stations were massacred by gendarmes. The correspondent declares that the rising was *organized by the prefect of police*. The utmost alarm prevails among foreigners in Egypt, and all who can leave are seeking the protection of the ships. An American correspondent at Alexandria says: "The streets are blocked. Carts are piled with the baggage of fleeing Europeans. Carriages, the fare for which is usually one franc, now bring \$25, the natives wishing to make hay while the sun shines. All the men-of-war in the harbor are crowded with fugitives. The American frigate *Galena* is crowded with families claiming American protection. Revs. Joseph and Richard Smith, of New York and Baltimore, have taken refuge on board, the officers, though greatly inconvenienced, courteously giving up their cabins to the ladies. One American officer narrowly escaped while in the company of a British officer who was killed in the fight." Great indignation is expressed everywhere against the British and French Governments. Mr. Gladstone appears to have acted toward Egypt as he did in Ireland. He suffered discontent to grow and spread and the malcontents to organize without taking any steps to check the progress of the movement or to conciliate the insurgents. The result has been in Egypt as in Ireland, outrage and murder.

Little Progress has been made during the week with Irish legislation. It is now apparent that the bill for the repression of crime will not be allowed to pass without the determined and persistent opposition of the Irish members. Meanwhile evictions in large numbers occur every day. Mr. Trevelyan, chief secretary for Ireland, in the House of Commons said that evictions were proceeding at a rate almost appalling, and a statement is published that they now average a thousand weekly. Demands are made that the Government shall suspend evictions until the arrears bill is passed, but it is not likely that Mr. Gladstone will make such a proposal. The government will, however, ask for a continuous discussion of the bill to relieve tenants of their arrears of rent in committee. It is now definitely stated that the government will call Parliament together late in autumn to pass the procedure resolutions put aside by the pressure of Irish affairs. This is a most unusual proceeding, and shows how seriously the kingdoms of England and Scotland are suffering by the prominence of Irish questions. It is stated by reliable correspondents that many members of Parliament formerly firm opponents of home rule would be willing that Ireland should try the experiment of legislative separation.

A Large Store of Arms and Ammunition Intended for Ireland was seized in London on June 17th. The police obtained a clue to the place of concealment and then made a raid on a stable in one of the lowest districts in London, where they found from sixty to seventy thousand rounds of ammunition packed in boxes and cases ready for removal, about four hundred stand of Snider rifles and *needle guns with bayonets*, and twenty-five boxes full of six-chambered revolvers and other arms. The information in the hands of the police shows that the arms and ammunition were intended for shipment to Ireland. The seizure is considered one of the most important yet effected, and is expected to lead to further revelations respecting the shipment of weapons to Ireland.

The Communistic Scheme Proposed by Mr. Davitt for the settlement of the land question in Ireland is opposed by Mr. Parnell, who said publicly: "We have no hope whatever that this government, or any government likely to be in our time, will advance money for the purpose of carrying out the nationalization scheme. The conversion of any tenant into an owner is, according to the views of the nationalization party, a step in the wrong direction—a step which will have to be retraced

hereafter. If their views are to obtain we therefore should incur the imputation of not knowing our own minds if, after two years of successful agitation toward an occupying proprietary, we start an entirely different theory; for those in favor of nationalization cannot consistently support an extension of the occupying proprietary. I recognize to the fullest extent the right of anybody to formulate his own opinions and to influence the people to follow him in the direction of those opinions, but having regard to all the circumstances of the case—the great risk of a division in America and of the serious evils which have always attended a division in the ranks of our people—I cannot view the step lately taken in formulating this new plan as one likely to be justified by successful results."

General Ignatieff, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire, has resigned. He has been chiefly responsible for the movement which issued in the persecution of the Russian Jews. In an interview with a newspaper correspondent he said that his hope had been to give Russia forty million new landowners, but in order to do that he had to rid the country of Jews. He believed that the cause of the Czar's coldness toward him, which had led to his resignation, was due to the efforts of the Jews and other classes of society in Russia whom his policy had offended. General Ignatieff is not the first statesman who has fallen through his effort to rid their country of Jews. Haman made the attempt in Persia many years before Ignatieff, and he lost his life as well as his office.

Prince Bismarck has Suffered a Severe Defeat in the German Reichstag. He proposed that the government should be intrusted with a monopoly of the manufacture and trade in tobacco. Bismarck did not intend that the government should actually engage in the trade, but should regulate it in all its stages from the growth until it reached the consumer's hands and to fix the prices. The Liberal party, led by Herr Richter, vigorously opposed the measure, and criticized Bismarck's domineering and despotic policy. The bill was rejected on June 14th by a vote of 276 to 43.

An Anti-Jewish Outbreak is Anticipated in Roumania, which is largely under Russian influence. The Constantinople correspondent of the *New York Herald* cables that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, who recently arrived there from Jassy, states that although no violent outbreak has as yet occurred in Roumania, the entire Jewish population is in hourly dread lest the outrages which spread like a contagion from Balta to Bessarabia shall in turn extend to Roumania, where, within the past few weeks, the Jews have been deprived of almost all their civil rights—where they cannot hold land, nor pursue their trades or ordinary occupations, nor even peddle their wares in the street, and where life has become intolerable. There are over two hundred and sixty-five thousand Jews in Roumania, and Mr. Oliphant believes that over two hundred thousand of them will emigrate. Sentiment and reverence for the traditions of their race draw them to Palestine rather than toward America.

A Baronetcy has been Offered to Mr. J. G. Richardson, the vice-president in England of the United Kingdom Alliance, the society for advocating prohibition. The offer was made in handsome terms by Mr. Gladstone, and this letter and Mr. Richardson's reply have been made public. Mr. Richardson declines the proffered distinction, while expressing himself as grateful for the offer. He observes: "You are aware that I belong to the Society of Friends, some of whose members in early days resigned their titles for conscience' sake. I cannot say I feel as strongly as they did in this matter; but I feel as if the acceptance of your offer, on the ground of my having tried to do a little for the benefit of my fellow-men, would detract from the satisfaction I have found in so doing."

The Dancing at the Meetings of the Salvation Army in England has excited considerable discussion, and fears have been expressed lest the Salvation Army methods are leading to wild and indecorous excesses. It appears that the reports which have reached this country have been somewhat exaggerated. A Congregational minister who witnessed the scene thus writes of it: "I am

no longer frightened even by a 'salvation dance.' It does look strange to see a number of men clashing hands and leaping up and down with the maddest gesticulations; but when you hear that the are Cardiff colliers or converted pigeon-flyers, you reflect that they are men who must have a physical vent for their feelings; and if Hebrews of old might dance before the ark, why not these? A sailor gave us a salvation hornpipe; but when the honest fellow told what he had been, and how I had been saved, you rejoiced that he should express his gladness even after this style."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are now in the fifth month of their mission in Glasgow. Their work continues to be increasingly blessed to the salvation of many souls. Mr. Sankey says the revival in Glasgow is the talk of Christian people not only in England and Scotland, but all over the world. Besides many of the worst types of drunkards in the city being saved, there is now a movement among the *whiskey-sellers* themselves, so that three or four of whom are known to have abandoned their business and embraced another occupation. Mr. Moody remarks that "the harvest has just begun in the city, and I believe we shall see a great work this summer." All the meetings continue to be exceedingly well attended. At a meeting in the Circus, the young converts were asked to take their place in the centre, and it was estimated that there were six hundred persons present in the arena for the fruits of the mission. A good work is going on also in several districts of the city, the ministrations of all denominations aiding in the movement. It is announced that the evangelists will visit Paisley before they return to this country, and will hold meetings among the English and American residents.

Father Gavazzi, the well known Italian patriot and orator, although 74 years of age, is once more in London pleading the cause of the Free Church of Italy. Speaking on June 1st at Dr. Donald Fraser's church, Father Gavazzi remarked that when a student more than half a century ago, there was but one foreign theological college in Rome. Now there are English, Scotch, French, and American colleges representative of different religious denominations. The college of which he was president was under the windows of the Vatican itself, and while he sat at his desk writing against the power of the pope, he could see Pope Leo himself, with the beautiful Italian hills in the background.

Rev. R. W. McAll's Stations in France according to his tenth yearly report, are in number 56, comprising, however, more than ten thousand separate places. More than half of them are in Paris and its suburbs, the rest being more than a dozen principal provincial towns.

Lord Shaftesbury in the Course of a Speech in London recently said: "When I was in Paris at the Exhibition, I saw a non-commissioned officer of the French army take up a Bible from one of the stalls, look at it, put it down, and walk away. He returned three times and did the same. I then went up to him and said, 'You seem to have taken a great liking to that book; would you like to have it?' The man answered, 'Yes, but I cannot afford it.' The book was given to him, and he walked away. Somebody who was standing by told him that it was the President of the Bible Society who had made him the present, and the man came back and said, 'My Lord, I know you gave me that book, not solely for myself, but you intended that it should be used for the benefit of others, and I faithfully promise that this book shall be read in barracks to all my comrades.'"

The Soot in the Chimney of the Royal Mint in Berlin has been analyzed and found to contain gold. During some alterations to the building recently made, a flue was pulled down and inside large cakes of soot were seen. This flue had served for many years as an outlet for the smoke given off by the furnaces in which the bullion undergoes fusion before its conversion into coinage; but it occurred to the architect superintending the repairs in question that it might be worth while to analyze the soot in the chimney. Its results were the yield of four pounds weight of pure gold, valued at about \$1000.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1882.

16th Year. No. 26.—New Series.

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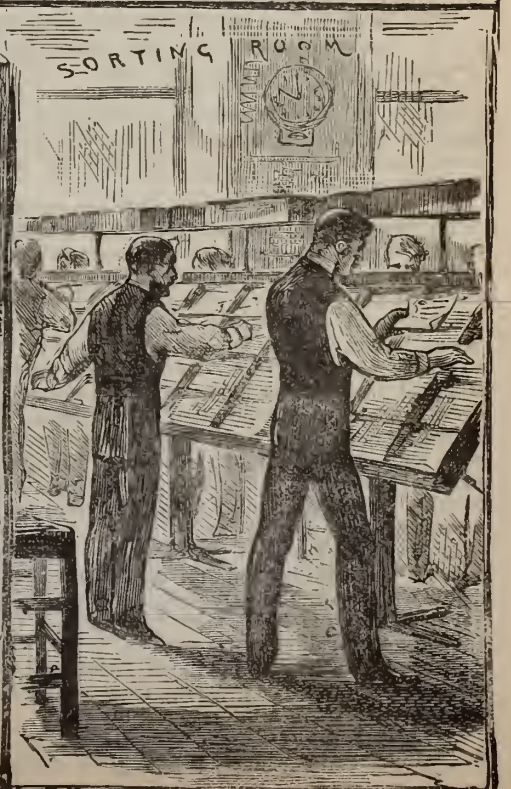
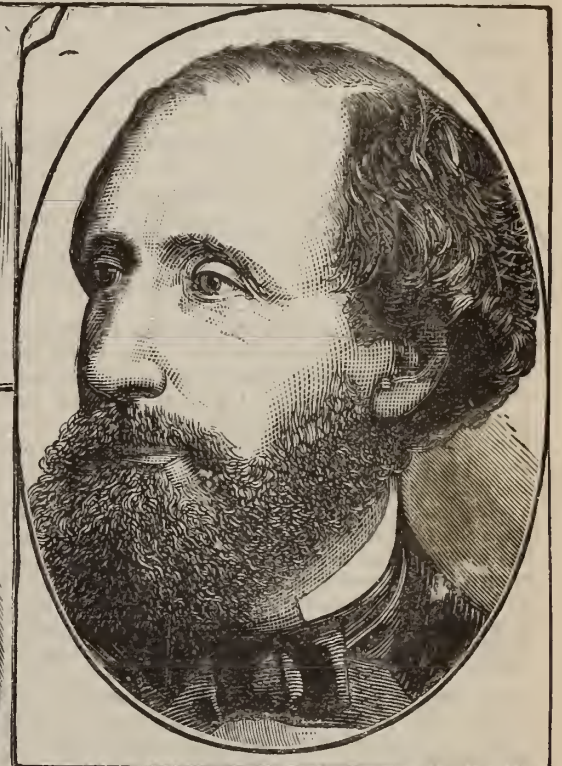
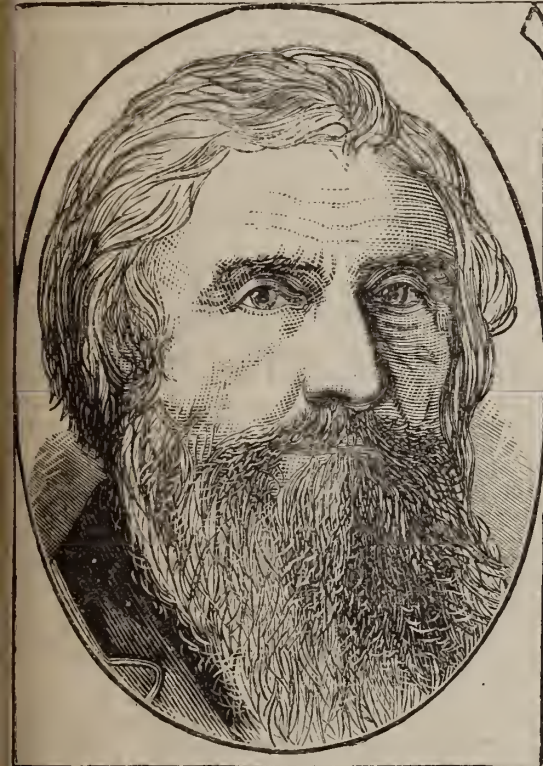
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Prof. S. F. B. MORSE and Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD—Scenes in Electric Telegraph Operations.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AND THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Frontispiece Explained—Eulogy of Mr. Field and Mr. Morse by Rev. Dr. Adams—The First Telegraphic Message.

THE grievous and oppressive influence of monopolies, which is one of the most intolerable burdens under which the citizens of this great republic are at this period suffering, should not blind us to the fact that the monopolies are based on a distinct and valuable service rendered. In that fact their power consists. They hold and control the source of a supply which has become a necessity of civilized life. The world a century ago managed to exist without the telegraph and railroad communication, and the people were just as happy without those blessings as we are with them. But we having enjoyed the advantages and having accustomed ourselves to rely upon them, would feel it a grievous misfortune if they were now withdrawn from us. We even resent the exercise of the controlling power which limits our use of them. Without saying a word in defence of the methods Mr. Cyrus Field and his friends have adopted to build up enormous fortunes on the proceeds of their enterprises, or justifying selfishness and greed in any one of the speculators, we should be doing injustice if we closed our eyes to the fact that the Atlantic cable and the development of the railroad system are distinct advantages, and that they are due to the energy and enterprise of these men. Although the blessings have not come to us unalloyed, their benefits must not be forgotten, because they have been used in a spirit alien to that which we believe to be the spirit of religion and patriotism.

Our frontispiece picture this week gives the *portraits* of Professor Morse and Mr. Cyrus Field, the two men to whom more than to any others we owe the benefits of the present high development and application of electric telegraphy. The *five scenes* illustrative of the art of modern telegraphy, as employed in the daily business of life are self explanatory. The *first* represents a messenger delivering a telegram to a business man. The *second* portrays the receipt of a message of woe, perhaps of death, which has been flashed along the wire, carrying with it desolation to the heart. The *third* scene depicts the inside of an office, whence telegraphic messages are despatched by the general public. The next stage is when it is taken in charge by an "operator," as shown in the *next* panel, and by skilful manipulation is started on its journey, and the *right-hand section* of the *lower portion* of our frontispiece represents a department in a central telegraph station.

What would have been deemed nothing short of an impossibility, even so late, comparatively speaking, as a century ago, can now be reckoned among the familiar facts of to-day; and enjoying as we do the magnificent results of submarine telegraphy a little thought may be bestowed upon the two men to whom we owe under God the benefit we enjoy.

DR. ADAMS ON MR. FIELD AND MR. MORSE.

The Rev. Dr. Adams, of whose church both gentlemen were members, spoke on a memorable occasion of the spirit in which the enterprise of laying the Atlantic cable was conceived and executed. He said: "I speak of Mr. Field and Professor Morse because of my special intimacy with them as *their pastor*. Never did they fail, at every stage of their proceedings, at the beginning of every voyage, to implore the aid of Him 'who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand,' and who hath made 'whatever passeth through the paths of the sea.'" The motto of Mr. Field's coat of arms "*Sans Dieu Rien*" was therefore no unmeaning phrase.

In the execution of the project too there was humble acknowledgment of dependence on the divine will, for Captain Hudson, devout as he was gallant, after the cable had been drawn to its anchorage on shore, surrounded by his crew with uncovered heads, fell upon his knees and gave thanks to God for His gracious favor, and for the new power thus born into the world.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE

flashed under the waters of the great ocean still

further bore witness to the fact that to God alone was due the glory of the success achieved. It read, "America and Europe are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE.

Birth and Early Life—Studies under Benjamin West—Elected Professor in N. Y. University—Studies with Prof. Dana—Experiments in Electro-Magnetism—The Missing Link—The First Telegraph Half a Mile Long—Application to Congress—The Line from Washington to Baltimore—Foreign Honors—Honors from his Fellow-Citizens.

THE Morse family was of English origin, for there was one Anthony Morse, born at Marlborough, in May, 1606, who came to America in 1635, and settled in Newbury, Mass. He left behind him the memory of having been a man of courage, enterprise, and integrity. The *father* of Professor Finley Morse, was one of the leading American theologians of the present century. He was also the author of the well-known book, "American Geography," which ever since its publication has been identified with his name. He was a man of great vigor and intellectual ability, and was regarded both at home and abroad as of distinguished genius, and one of the foremost men of his country and his time. The *mother* of Finley was Elizabeth Ann Breeze, a grand-daughter of Dr. Samuel Finley, the eminent President of Princeton College. She was a woman of very superior character, calm, judicious, cautious, and reflecting. Her home was made attractive by her cordial, dignified, graceful manners and ability, and the bright animation of her conversational powers.

Their son, whom they named Samuel Finley Breeze, was born April 27th, 1791. He early gave evidence of magnificent mental gifts, and when he graduated at Yale College in 1810, it was with high honor. He selected the career of an artist as the one most congenial to his tastes, and in 1811 he went to England to study under the great American painter, Benjamin West. There he soon made his mark, and we find from the records of the Adelphi Society of Arts that a *gold* medal was awarded to him for an original model of "a dying Hercules," which appears to have been his earliest effort in sculpture.

He returned to America in 1815, and practised his art in Boston, Mass., in Charleston, S. C., and finally, in 1822, he settled in New York. His fame for learning as well as for skill in his profession spread rapidly. In 1830 he paid another visit to Europe, and while staying there he received the intelligence that he had been elected Professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design by the University of New York. He accepted the position and commenced his duties on his return.

His position in the university caused the formation of a close friendship between himself and Professor J. Freeman Dana, which led to important results. The two professors became deeply interested in the study of electro-magnetism, and a series of experiments they conducted together led to the discovery of the effects of the magnetic coil. Professor Morse soon afterward paid another visit to Europe, and while in Paris he heard of the recent discovery that the magnetic spark could be obtained from the magnet. This intelligence supplied the link needed in the experiments of himself and Professor Dana, and like a brilliant flash there entered Professor Morse's mind the conception of a means by which the joint discoveries might be rendered of valuable service to the world. From this conception sprang the electric telegraph as it is now in operation.

During his voyage home he spent his time in making drawings illustrating his idea. These drawings, which were made in 1835 and are still preserved, prove conclusively that Professor Morse was the actual and original inventor of the telegraphic system. On his arrival in New York he proceeded to put his theory into practice, and in November, 1835, a few chosen friends assembled in Professor Morse's rooms by his invitation. There they witnessed for the first time an electric telegraph in

operation. Professor Morse had suspended around his room half a mile of wire coiled around the walls, and he was able to give practical proof of what could be done.

Before the discovery could be utilized however capital was needed, and this Professor Morse did not possess. Having registered his patent he applied for aid to Congress. He had the usual experience which falls to the lot of inventors and discoverers in their dealings with political bodies. His application was overlooked, forgotten, sneered at, and ridiculed until the Session of 1842-3, when there seemed some prospect of its being considered. Professor Morse hung about the legislative doors day by day in the heart sickness of hope deferred. At length March 3rd arrived, and in a few hours the twenty-seventh Congress would be extinct. Professor Morse waited in hope until after sunset, and then went to his home weary and disappointed, for the appropriation had not been made. The next morning, March 4th, to his intense delight he learned that a few minutes before midnight, just as that Congress had the last opportunity of immortalizing itself, an appropriation of \$30,000 had been voted for him. With this sum the first line of wire was put up. It was stretched between Washington and Baltimore, Md., and early in 1844 it was in working order.

Honors now flowed in a steady stream on Professor Morse. As the value of his discovery and its application was appreciated and publicly declared the professor was lauded. Yale, his *alma mater*, made him an LL.D. Foreign potentates conferred upon him decorations and dignities. They came from the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Prussia, the King of Wurtemberg, the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Spain, the King of Italy, and the King of Portugal. Great Britain gave a banquet in his honor in London, and in this country his fellow-citizens in various important centres followed the example, and no less than one hundred of these entertainments were given.

In 1856 the representatives of the great nations of Europe, at the suggestion of Napoleon III., started a general movement throughout Europe to do honor to Professor Morse, and in a very brief period a testimonial of \$80,000 was collected and presented to him. In June, 1871, a statue in his honor was placed in Central Park, New York, and it was unveiled amid the plaudits of his fellow-citizens with appropriate ceremonies by his friend, William Cullen Bryant.

Dr. S. Irenæus Prime says of Professor Morse that wherever he went he was always careful to identify himself with the religious community. "His first public profession of religion," says Dr. Prime, "was made when he was quite a young man on his being admitted to his father's church at Charlestown, Mass., and there he became superintendent of the Sabbath-school, one of the first established in the country. When he removed to New Haven he joined the first Congregational Church in that city. But when he finally settled in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., he again united with the Presbyterian Church."

Rev. Dr. Wheeler, his pastor at Poughkeepsie, was Professor Morse's intimate friend. He relates that visiting him on one occasion, "I made allusion to the honors thickening upon him. A significant smile stole over his face and he said very gently, 'It is all of God; He has used me as His hand in all this. O you cannot tell how thankful I have been this morning in thinking over this matter of the telegraph that God has permitted me to do something for the help and comfort of my fellows. I have just heard of a family made happy by a telegraphic despatch from one of its absent members announcing his safety when the whole household was in grief over his supposed death. Only think of the many homes that may be thus gladdened, relieved from solicitude and pain.' Thus his thoughts were ever turned to the benefits others derived from his invention and to God who had permitted him to be useful."

Professor Morse lived to a good old age and witnessed the development and extension of his discoveries. He died April 2d, 1872, in his eighty-first year. His *death* was described as being like the setting of a summer's sun, over which

shade gracefully gathered and enfolded. It came to one who more than any other man had given to the telegraph national greatness, and triphibant power, and by an almost ideal life of heroic honor, intense vigor, and intellectual brilliancy, had placed the telegraph among the great industries of the world.

MR. CYRUS WEST FIELD.

Eth and Family—The Inauguration of the Cable Enterprise—Failures of Eleven Years—Final Triumph—The Cable's Silver Wedding Celebration.

MR. CYRUS WEST FIELD, who was so intimately connected with the origin and progress and success of the work of laying the Atlantic Cable was born at Stockbridge, Mass., November 30th, 1819, and is now sixty-three years of age. His father was the Rev. David Dudley Field, a clergyman of eminence, a citizen of Stockbridge, Mass., and who died there in 1867 at the age of eighty-six. Cyrus was the third son of the family. The fourth son, Henry M. Field, a clergyman like his father, is now editor of a religious journal in New York. He received his early education in his native town, and subsequently became a clerk in New York. In the course of a few years he had so prospered that he became the proprietor of a large mercantile establishment. In 1854, he was induced to turn his attention to the subject of Ocean Telegraphy, and was instrumental in procuring a charter from the legislature of Newfoundland, granting the exclusive right for fifty years to use a telegraph from New York to that colony, and thence to Europe. We are now so familiar with the use of the telegraph across the ocean, that they are apt to forget, perhaps, how recent a thing it is. It is only twenty-eight years ago that the project was first conceived.

ATTEMPTS TO SPAN THE OCEAN.

On March 10th, 1854, the commencement of what is known as "deep sea telegraphy" took place. On that day was signed the agreement to organize the New York and Newfoundland Telegraphic Company, the object of which was to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Newfoundland. The company was organized in Mr. Cyrus Field's house in Gramercy Park, New York, and it was composed of six individuals: Peter Cooper, Mr. Moses Taylor, Mr. Cyrus West Field, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, Mr. Chandler White, and Wilson G. Hunt. Mr. David Dudley Field, Mr. Cyrus Field's eldest brother, was present as the legal adviser of the Company, and afterward went to St. John's, to obtain the charter.

Some small efforts had been previously attempted in Europe to transmit messages under water, first across the river Rhine at half a mile in width, and then across the British Channel. This American company, however, was the first to propose to span the ocean. As soon as the line had been completed between New York and Newfoundland, Mr. Cyrus Field went to London, and in 1856 he was successful in organizing the Atlantic Telegraphic Company. The first attempt to lay the cable was made in 1857, but the ships had sailed farther than 300 miles from the coast of Ireland when the cable broke and the expedition had to turn.

FAILURES FOLLOWED BY SUCCESS.

The following year the attempt was renewed. The British Government supplied a war vessel, the *Agamemnon*, and the United States Government a splendid frigate, "The Niagara," for the enterprise. It was agreed that the two vessels should meet in mid-Atlantic, each carrying one end of the cable. They were then to be joined, and the splice being lowered, the English vessel was to sail for England and the Niagara for America, the vessel paying out the cable as she proceeded. Before the two vessels had reached mid-ocean, a storm arose, and the English "Agamemnon" made a narrow escape from foundering. When at last the cable was joined on July 29th, 1858, it was broken several times in the attempts made to lay it, and again the expedition returned to England in despair. One more effort was resolved upon, and it was successful, for the cable was

stretched from shore to shore, and messages were exchanged between Europe and America. For only three weeks, however, could the cable be used, and not until eight years after, in 1866, when two new cables had been manufactured, one of which after being laid out 1200 miles was broken in mid-ocean but was afterward "fished" up and carried to the shore of Newfoundland, was success achieved.

It is needless to say that in all these efforts, at which a glance only has been taken, Mr. Cyrus Field took a prominent part. It is admitted by all competent authorities that the success which crowned the work at last was in a great measure due to his unflagging energy. It has been stated that while the plan was in progress he crossed the Atlantic more than fifty times. Congress gave him a gold medal in commemoration of his successful enterprise, and he also received the Grand Medal at the Paris Exhibition.

Another of Mr. Field's successful projects is the elevated railroad of New York. The high-handed manner in which the three companies have carried matters in the city, their disregard of private rights, and lastly the scandals recently investigated at Albany have given this enterprise a bad odor in the city, but the extent to which the lines are used shows that they are considered by the public a certain convenience.

Perhaps no scene in Mr. Field's life will better display the esteem in which he was held by his friends than one which took place about three years ago.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

On March 10th, 1879, Mr. Cyrus Field issued invitations to a large number of gentlemen to a reception at his house, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which it had been resolved to lay down the cable. At a quarter past ten the guests took their places in the dining-room where the original compact was formed, and their host thus addressed them: "Neighbors and friends—Twenty-five years ago this evening, in this house, in this room, and on this table, and at this very hour, was signed an agreement to form the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraphic Company—the first company ever formed to lay an ocean cable. It was signed by five persons, four of whom are here to-night. Of my associates it is to be said to their honor, as might have been expected from men of their high position and character, that they stood by the undertaking manfully for twelve long years, through discouragements such as nobody knows but themselves.

Few know the struggles by which success was at length obtained. One disappointment followed another, till 'hope deferred made the heart sick.' We had little help from outside; very few had any faith in our enterprise, but not a man deserted the ship, all stood by it to the end.

"Our company came into existence only a few weeks before the Western Telegraphic Company, which is entitled to share in our congratulations, and has kindly brought a connecting wire into this room, by which we can this evening communicate with every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and by our sea cables with Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, and South America.

THE WORK OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

"Twenty-five years ago there was not an ocean telegraph in the world. A few short lines had been laid across the Channel from England to the Continent, but all were in shallow water. Even science hardly dared to conceive the possibility of sending human intelligence through the abysses of the ocean. But when we struck out to cross the Atlantic, we had to lay a cable over 2000 miles long, in water over two miles deep. That great success gave an immense impulse to submarine telegraphy, then in its infancy, but which has since grown till it has stretched out its fingers tipped with fire into all the waters of the globe. Its lines have gone into all the earth, and its words into the end of the world."

"To-day here are over 70,000 miles of cable crossing the seas and the oceans, and as if it were not enough to have messages sent with the speed

of the lightning, they can be sent in opposite directions at the same moment. I have just received a telegram from Valentia, Ireland, which reads: 'This anniversary witnesses duplex working across the Atlantic, as an accomplished fact—by which the capacity of all our ocean cables is doubled.'

"Who can measure the effect of this swift intelligence passing to and fro? Already it regulates the markets of the world; but better still is the new relation into which it brings the different kindreds of mankind. Nations are made enemies by their ignorance of each other. A better acquaintance leads to a better understanding; the sense of nearness, the relation of neighborhood, awakens the feelings of brotherhood. Is it not a sign that a better age is coming when along the ocean beds strewn with the wrecks of war now glide the messages of peace?"

Mr. Field, in conclusion, said: "But life is passing, and perhaps the completing the circuit of the globe is to be left to other hands. Many of our old companions have fallen, and we must soon give place to our successors. But though we shall pass away, it is a satisfaction to have been able to do something that shall remain when we are gone."

THE ORIGIN OF THE CABLE

It is said to have been as follows: While visiting the house of a friend Mr. Field being left alone for a few minutes, sat abstractedly turning around a terrestrial globe which happened to be in the room. It was while doing this that the grand idea occurred to him of a world girdled with electric wire, and of the benefits which would accrue especially from a line under the Atlantic Ocean. His next step was to consult such men as Professor Morse and Lieutenant Maury. When completed, as has already been described, the first message flashed through the cable was, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

Copies of Three Letters, all bearing the same date (May 27th), are published in the columns of a New York journal. The first was written by a Brooklyn city missionary to some Christian friends asking them to unite with him in prayer for the Lord's help to enable him to defray certain expenses amounting to fifty dollars, connected with his work. The second letter was from a friend of the missionary requesting him to call at his house that day. The missionary did not receive that letter, but being in the locality of his friend's house, he called and learned of the request sent to him. There he received the third of the letters now published, and which was also written on May 27th. In this last a cheque for fifty dollars was enclosed, with a request that it should be used in the very way that the missionary was then considering.

A Terrible Story of Starvation comes from Patrick County, Va. A courier arrived at Danville on June 11th from Patrick County, who gave a terrible account of the sufferings of the people there, and reported that not less than 5000 men, women, and children were actually starving, some already dead and others dying for want of food. This deplorable state of affairs was brought about by the total failure of the crops in that county last summer, and, while the people have been sorely pressed for many months, it is only within the last two months that their meagre supplies have been absolutely exhausted and themselves brought to starvation. Patrick County is situated in one of the most mountainous and inaccessible regions in the State, the nearest railroad station being forty-five miles distant. People of means have contributed liberally to the sufferers, but supplies are exhausted, flour not being obtainable at \$200 per barrel. Several wagon-loads of food were sent from Danville, and travelled constantly until the starving people were met. On Friday the first wagon-load of shelled corn went to the county from the vicinity of this place. The people along the roads heard of its coming, and as soon as it entered the county, men, women, and children crouched around it and fought ravenously for every grain of corn they could get, which they ate greedily without waiting to cook it. Wagon-loads of meal and other supplies have also been sent from Richmond.

FLOCKS AT THE WELL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
June 25th, 1882.

"We cannot, till all the flocks are gathered together and till the stone be rolled from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."—GENESIS 29:8.

A Memorable Meeting—A Thirsty World—The Drought of Sin—The Great Fountain Opened—Universal Invitation—The Heavy Stone on the Well—Obstacles in the Way to the Gospel Fountain—Pride—An Obdurate Heart—The Obstacles Removed—The Burdens Brought to the Well—An Undefined Longing—A French Author's Suicide—A King's Weight in Treasure—A Dying Minister's Satisfying Promise—Troubles Carried to the Well—Visits to Greenwood—Property well Lost—Dr. De Witt at his Wife's Grave—Flocks of Cares—False Wells—The Well of Heaven.

A SCENE in Mesopotamia beautifully pastoral. A well of water very valuable in that dry region. The fields all around about white with three flocks of sheep come to the water. Other flocks approaching from a distance. Jacob, abroad on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by a large flock of her father's sheep. It was

A MEMORABLE MEETING.

Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about.

But before that scene, Jacob had accosted the shepherds and asked them why they did not immediately proceed to the watering of the flocks, when the shepherds practically responded: "We are all good neighbors and as a matter of common courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up; beside that, there is a very heavy stone on the mouth of the well, and we have to put all our shoulders against it and push it away; then the troughs and the buckets and the pitchers are filled with water and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot till all the flocks are gathered together, and until the stone be rolled away from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

O! this is

A THIRSTY WORLD.

Hot for the head, parching for the tongue, blistering for the feet. What the world wants is a cool, refreshing, all-satisfying draught. We wander up and down and we find all the cisterns empty. The drought of sin has dried up all the world's fountains; but nineteen centuries ago, a shepherd with crook in the shape of a cross, and with feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling, bright, and opalescent, and He looked to the north and He looked to the south, and He looked to the east, and He looked to the west, and with a voice strong and musical ringing through the ages, He cried out, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Now, a great flock of the Lord's sheep this morning gather at the well of salvation, and we wonder why all nations do not gather at it, and while we are wondering, desiring an explanation, the text breaks forth into an explanation and says: "We cannot till all the flocks be gathered together and till the stone be rolled from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they jostle each other; if a herd of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back; but a flock of sheep coming to a well though a hundred be disappointed there is only an expression by sad bleating, there is no war, no contest. And it was intended that all the flocks of God gathering around the well of salvation should come in peace and come in quiet, and with a desire to have all the flocks together before they water the sheep.

I know some people do not like a crowd. They do not like to be jostled, they become impatient if they are at all surrounded by multitudes who are seeking the same well. Ah, that is not the Christian spirit. These Oriental shepherds of whom I have been speaking wanted all the sheep to come, and the more that came the better they were

pleased, and they waited until all the flocks came before they watered the sheep. So we are to go out and ask the people to come in—not only as far as possible make them comfortable when they are here, but compel them to come in.

Go out into the highways and the hedges. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without Christ. Go to the poor and tell them of the everlasting dividends that this Gospel proclaims and declares. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives celestial illumination. Go to the crippled and tell them of that grace which makes the lame man leap as a hart.

Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so worried, none so sick, none so dying, but they shall be welcome. Let them all come in. Let there be a great flock around the well. All Brooklyn in a flock, all New York in a flock, all London in a flock, all nations in a flock. This well deep enough and rich enough to supply all the thirst of the world—rich enough to put out the burning thirst of the fourteen hundred millions of the race. Let them all come. Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander out of the snow. Come, Patagonian out of the heat. Come in furs. Come sweltering under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now.

As at the well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning, at this well of salvation, the great Shepherd comes forth and stretches out His hand toward your immortal soul in pledge of everlasting affection, while all Heaven breaks forth in the cry: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

But I have noticed as you have noticed in this text, that there was

A HEAVY STONE

on the mouth of the well which must be removed before these shepherds could water the sheep. And it is now just so. There are impediments and obstacles in the way which must be put out of the way or you will never get up to the bright and cool and sparkling water of which if a man drink he never again shall thirst. In some of your cases it is *pride of heart*. You do not believe in such a democratic religion. If you could come to the well all alone you would like to come, but you cannot have so many publicans and sinners coming with you, so many people of all kinds of character, and everybody on earth invited to come. You do not want to be in such a crowd.

It is as though you were thirsty and you were called to go to slake your thirst at the town pump instead of sitting down in a parlor, sipping cool water from a chaste chalice just lifted from a silver salver. You are willing to go to heaven, but you want a select car, your feet on Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. I tell you plainly you will never get to the well of salvation in that way. The chief obstacle in your way is pride of heart. If you ever get up to this well of salvation and get your thirst slaked, you will have to come as we came when we cried out: "O! Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst, give me the water of life; give it in trough or goblet, I care not; I am dying without it; give me Christ." When you have that intensity of earnestness and you are willing to throw your pride of heart away, then the Shepherd will water the sheep.

In other of your cases I think it is an obdurate and

AN UNGRATEFUL HEART.

Some of you, I suppose, this morning, have no more feeling on this subject than if God had to do to you His first kindness, and you had yet to do to God your first wrong. You have been seated on His lap all these years, the arms of His everlasting love about you, and some of you have not felt one heart throb of gratitude. I must say of some of you as Daniel said to Belshazzar, "the God in whose hand thy breath is thou hast not glorified."

If you had maltreated any earthly friend as you have maltreated God you would make five hundred apologies; your whole life would be an apology. Seated morning, noon, and night at his table—spring, summer, autumn, and winter appropriately apparelled, have you one heart throb of gratitude

to the God who made you, and the Christ who deemed you and the Holy Ghost who has been these years importuning you? Your life from Him, your health from Him, your companion from Him, your children from Him, all your bright roundings in this world from Him, yet no gratitude.

O! methinks if you could this morning, about five minutes come and sit down under tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel His life dripping on your brow and cheek and hair you would be awakened to a sense of gratitude to a crucified Lord.

"Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross subdued,
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with the gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Eternal One."

Ah! that heavy stone of an obdurate heart may be hurled away, or you will never get to the well of salvation.

But I have noticed that Jacob and his friends came up to this well, and I have no doubt from habits of those times, they moved this great stone away from the well's mouth, and then they watered the sheep. And I believe that God by His gracious Spirit blessing the word I have already uttered has removed the impediment and obstacle in some cases from the heart. Yea, I am going to take it for granted that the work has been done, and now like the Oriental shepherd I am going to water the sheep. Come all ye thirsty.

Some of you have down in your soul

AN UNDEFINED LONGING.

You tried money making; it did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; it did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculpture works of art did not satisfy you. You tried social position; it did not satisfy you. You tried the applause of the world; it did not satisfy you. Unhappy you are about the past. Unhappy you are about the present. Unhappy you are about the future. Some of you feel perhaps almost as much perturbed as the French author, who sat down and wrote: "At four o'clock this morning, I put an end to my earthly existence. I can end this struggle of life no longer, but until that I must toil on for the subsistence of my family. He kept on writing until the clock struck 1. Then he went out and with his own hand ended his earthly existence. There are some of you unhappy as he, as discontented as he, as worn out as he, as gone as he.

The fact is the world cannot satisfy you; there is a Gospel which comes out and offers to the most unfortunate man that ever lived so much more than this world as is best for him, and throws He into the bargain. The riches of Croesus and Rothschilds are a poor miserable shilling as compared with the affluence of grace offered this to all the people. History tell us of a King, once a year used to get into a scales while on the other side the scales gold and silver and precious stones were placed, and they kept on putting treasure on the opposite side the scales until the scales balanced. So Christ this day steps into the balance and on the other side the scales He puts all the riches of the universe, all height, all depth, all length, all breadth. Then He says, "a ha! this is yours?" No. "Three quarters of it is yours?" No. "All are yours—all, all!"

O! the magnificence of this grace, the grandeur of these promises. I do not wonder when

AN OLD CHRISTIAN MINISTER

was dying, after living a life of great usefulness and eminence in the kingdom of God, a theological student stood by his bedside, he asked the theological student to give him some comfort appropriate to a dying man. The theological student said to him: "I cannot; you know all the story better than I do; you have preached the promises a great while, and I think it would be impertinence for me to try to instruct you." "Well," said the aged minister to the young theological student, "quote some of the promises. The young man began to quote the promises, after a while came to this one: 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

me," said the old minister, "that's the promise come. Stop there, that's the promise: The word of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." O! grandeur, the glory, the infinity of the promises Christ's grace.

Others of you come to the well to-day, with a many troubles. Have any of you escaped? Him stand up. Not one.

TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TROUBLE.

We should gather up all the griefs and all the woes and all the annoyances and all the bereavements of this entire audience and put them in one well, neither man nor angel could endure the well. Take your opinion of life at fifteen years of age and your opinion of life at forty, or fifty, or sixty, or seventy years of age. O! what a contrast of opinion. Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups put in your hands—a sweet and a sour cup, a cup of joy and a cup of grief. Out of which have you taken the most frequently? Which has been nearer full?

VISITS TO GREENWOOD.

De Greenwood was to you a magnificent city improvement. You went out there perhaps on a pleasure excursion, with laughter you ran up a hill and with a light heart you criticised an epitaph on a tombstone. No more of that for you the day when the bell tolled as the procession went in, then came out with one less than it went in with. Now you cannot think of that but with an emotion that suffuses the eye and breaks the heart.

Some of you have gone through enough trouble to fill you. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, or your mind has not reeled in the throne. God only knows how you got through with it. Now what do you want? Do you want your property back again? "O! no," you say. "I was getting worldly and arrogant; success would have destroyed my soul; as a Christian man I would not dare to ask for my property back again."

Would you have your friends, your kindred brought back? You halt a moment. You think how many accounts you would like to have in back, but you say: "I dare not, I do not like to take the responsibility of bringing them in an everlasting realm to a realm of tears. I would not dare take the responsibility. Beside, my children that are gone ahead are safe, and if I died leaving them in this world, I would not know what would become of them; they would have their cares and annoyances and anxieties and temptations, so you see, I think it is best as it is. I would not like to take responsibility of bringing them back."

Well, then, how would you like to have it? What do you want? A thousand voices seem to be up, saying: "Comfort!"

"GIVE US COMFORT."

You shall have it. Drive all your flocks of cares and annoyances and bereavements right up to this well. The stone is rolled away from the well's mouth, and we are watering the sheep. To some aged man: "You can't talk to me about these things; you are not old yet and you don't know what an old man's sorrows are, an old man's loneliness, an old man's grief at the loss of his friends, and an old man's neglects." Well, father, though I am not old I have been much with old people. I was myself the child of old people. I know all about old people. I know their sorrows, I know their losses, I know their ailments, I know how to talk to them. I give you my arm, I take your arm, and I help you up to this well.

I never shall forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. Witt, of New York, as he stood at the grave of his wife. After the body had been lowered to its resting place, that venerable man of God leaned over the open space and said: "Farewell, my beloved, faithful, beloved wife. The bond that binds us is severed, thou art in glory, I am still on earth, but we shall meet again. Farewell, farewell!" O! it is hard after a journey of fifty or sixty years together to part—after so long a time depending over the same cradles and weeping over the same graves, to part. There is some old soul in the house to-day feeling that heart

break. Come, take my arm. Come up to-day to the well of life, this well of consolation, this deep, inexhaustible well of God. Sit down, father and mother, sit down on the curbstone of the well.

Come, David the Psalmist,

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY

to these old people? "Yes," says David the Psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing to show that the Lord is upright; He is my rock and there is no unrighteousness in Him." Come, Isaiah, the prophet, have you anything out of your prophecies for these old people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "down to old age I am with thee and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, I do not see much use in your fretting about your failing eyesight, or your failing limbs if the Lord is going to carry you.

But you say, "*I am so afraid I'll come to want.*" Perhaps your children or your grandchildren talk sharp to you and are very unsympathetic with the ailments of old age; but the Lord will not talk sharp to you. You really think you will come to want? Why, who do you think the Lord is? Are His granaries empty? Does He care for the raven and the rabbit and the lion? And will He forget His children? Naturalists tell us that the porpoise cares for its wounded and sick mate. Shall it be told that the fish of the sea have more sympathy than the Lord God of Heaven and of earth?

But you say, "*I am so worn out, I am of no more use in the world.*" Well, I think the Lord ought to know whether you are of any more use in the world or not. He would have taken you before this if you had been of no use in the world. Do you think God will take care of you seventy years and then let you drop out of His hands? Will He bring you across the Atlantic and then let you get shipwrecked in the Narrows? May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and of Paul the aged, be your God forever.

But I gather all the promises of the Gospel together. Now, shepherds, drive up your flocks, all your

FLOCKS OF CARES

and anxieties and sorrows and bereavements. Drive them all to this Gospel well. I am going to draw the water for you. I take hold of the rope of the old well sweep and I pull it until the bucket strikes the wave, and then I let it come up sparkling and dripping with the water of which your souls are to drink. Here it is: "Blessed is the man whom the Lord correcteth." "Though He cause grief yet will He remember compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

I want you all to come up to this well. There is a shrinking soul, a timid soul, that hides away from these promises as a child with a sore hand hides away from the doctor afraid to have him touch it, and the mother has to compel the little patient to come up in the presence of the physician. Just so I take your timid soul to-day, and I compel it to come up into the presence of Christ, the great Physician. He will not hurt you. He has healed a thousand wounds. He stands before you with gentle yet omnipotent medicament. But the trouble is that people when they have misfortune and trial go everywhere but to God.

De Quincey went to opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb went to punch. Theodore Hook went to something stronger. Edwin Forrest went to theatrical dissipation. And there have been men going round the earth hoping in the quick transit to get rid of their troubles, and it has been a dead failure every time. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of a soul in trouble, a soul in darkness. It is the deep, bubbling, inexhaustible, everlasting well of God's consolation.

"Ah!" says some one in the church, "notwithstanding all that you have said, my particular trouble finds no alleviation." Well, I am not through yet. I have to give you the most potent consideration. I am going to soothe you with the thought of Heaven. However talkative a man may be, when the last silence comes upon his lip the most potent and emphatic interrogation can get no

response. When that final silence falls upon our lips, there is no power on earth that can break up the reticence or taciturnity. Where then will your soul be, O! Christian? In bliss indescribable.

The spring morning of Heaven waving its blossoms in the air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. Rain of earthly sorrow struck through with a rainbow of eternal joy. In one great group God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. You among them. Long line of choristers across the hills. Seas of joy dashed to the white beach. Conquerors in triumph and you among them. O what a vast flock shall gather around that deep

WELL OF HEAVEN,

that celestial well. There Jacob shall recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. No stone on the well's mouth as the shepherd waters the sheep. On one side that well of Heaven, your children; on the other side that well of heaven, your Christian ancestry, and you all bounded by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it.

Out of that deep well of Heaven, the shepherd dipping up reunion for the parted, health for the sick, riches for the poor, rest for the weary. And then the flocks of God will lie down in all the green pastures, and world without end will bless God that on this warm, suffocating Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the refreshing story of Jacob and the shepherds at the well of Mesopotamia.

A New Religious Institution has been Inaugurated in India. At a missionary meeting held in London on June 5th, Rev. Gogon Chunder Dutt, of India, and a convert from heathenism, stated that education at one of the native colleges in English studies had first destroyed his faith in Hindooism. His idolatry gave place to *English infidelity*, through reading English infidel literature, but in the year 1857 a severe illness was blessed to his conversion to Christianity. He was now in charge of eighteen schools, for which he had to train teachers; and he had also to train preachers to proclaim the everlasting Gospel to upward of 8,000,000 heathens, among whom he was the only missionary. One remarkable feature of his work was his recent establishment of a *Christian fair*. Knowing that in India fairs are looked upon as religious institutions, and that the Mohammedans and Hindoos had each their fair, he distributed bills announcing that the 600 Christians of the district would gather together in a field near the village, where pavilions would be built for the shopkeepers. The result was that 30,000 people attended in the week, and to these he and his helpers preached and sang of Jesus Christ by turns from morning to night. Several converts had been made at these fairs.

The Sight of a Lady Preacher in London has been restored through prayer. Miss Parker, who with her brother has been holding meetings every Sunday in a theatre in London, was injured recently by an accidental blow from an umbrella on her eye while getting into a horse car. She consulted Dr. Cronin, a physician residing at Clapham. The doctor held out only a little hope, as the eye was most seriously injured. She resigned herself entirely to the will of God, conscious that if His will was that she should lose her sight He would enable her to bear it. After a few hours her faith was strong that *He could restore* it for His glory; and she believed that healing power from the Lord was touching the eye, and in the morning she could see a little. She was kept in a darkened room, receiving the greatest care and attention from both Dr. and Mrs. Cronin for some days. On the following Monday night she was again convinced that the healing power was at work on her eyes, and in the morning she could see around the room, and later in the day was able to return home in a hack. She was able to speak twice at the theatre on Sunday evening; though she kept her eyes covered the whole time, not being able to bear the light. She can now see to read and write, but is still weak; though there is much reason to praise the Lord.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Effectual Cure for Fits.—Mr. Valance. himself a reclaimed drunkard, speaking at the Circus said: "I am happy to give a satisfactory account of a man who, till within the last three weeks, had not been sober for the past *twelve* years. He tried several times to become a teetotaler, but at the end of couple of days or so, he was always seized with a convulsive fit, necessitating the calling in of a doctor. He came with me to one of Mr. Moody's meetings about three weeks ago, and he is now resting on Christ, and since then he has not tasted liquor, neither have any bad physical effects followed his abstinence."

The Prayer on the Bridge at Night.—Mr. Scott observed: "I should like to mention one noted case. A man stopped me as I was going out of the meeting and said, 'Do you remember speaking to me eight years ago?' I said, 'No, I speak to so many.' But, he said, 'you went with me late at night and prayed for me on Stockwell Bridge. I was, however, a very stiff case, and I would not yield.' I then remarked, 'I think I remember something about you.' 'Well,' he went on, 'for eight years I have been serving the devil; but I thought it right to come and tell you that last night I was brought to Christ in the Circus, and I am now going to serve Jesus Christ.'"

The Tell-Tale Bottle.—Dr. Wallace also said: "I read a letter yesterday morning from a woman, who, about the time that Mr. Moody was here before, was one of the most wretched creatures in the city of Glasgow. I first met with her at the Free Breakfast Table, and never saw such a spectacle of woe. She had on a poor, old, faded Paisley shawl, and I said, 'That reminds me of my native place. Are you from Paisley?' The question started memories of her childhood and of her mother. At the mention of the name 'mother,' she started convulsively, and throwing up her arms, *a little bottle dropped to the floor* and was shivered to pieces. 'That is the cause of my misery,' she exclaimed. That woman now occupies a decent position in Edinburgh, and is a loyal disciple of Christ."

A D.D. at the Pawnshop.—At the Circus, on a recent afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Wallace said: "I was called to go to a little pawnshop the other day and there was a poor broken-hearted looking woman come in with a bundle. She had something wrapped in the leather apron of a shoemaker, and as I was talking to the pawnbroker she said, 'Haste ye, haste ye, man.' She laid down the bundle on the counter and he opened it. What did it contain? Three lasts, awls, pincers, and a hammer. She wanted a shilling upon the things. Putting my hand upon her shoulder, I inquired, 'What's the shilling for?' 'Oh, it is for drink. I will be felled if I don't get the shilling for drink. He is pawning all his implements. Oh, what will we do for bread?' These people deny they are slaves and sing the refrain—'Freedom and whiskey gan tog-ther -tak' aff yer dram.'"

Conversion of a Twenty-Five Years' Infidel.—A well-educated man said, on May 4th: "For twenty-five years I was an infidel. I have even gone the length of forbidding my children to go to places of worship, and not only that, I have used the little education and the little ability God has given me in trying to instil my abhorrent ideas into the minds of others. Since the end of 1875 I have unfortunately been drinking to excess. I have gone so far in my drunken freaks as to pitch pictures, pots, and pans, and furniture out of the window. I should also have thrown myself out, had I not been prevented by my wife. I have ruined my own character, in fact I have left myself with little more than a coat to my back. For years I went about trying to find happiness, but I have never found it until this last week. I have looked for it in the bowling-green, on the racecourse, at the Circus, at the theatre—and there not only as a spectator, but in the green-room among actors and actresses—but all these things have failed. All means have been taken to reform me. My wife has many a time pleaded with me, and said, 'Oh, John, if you would only give up the

liquor, I would be everything possible to you as a wife.' One Sunday morning I went into the room where my children were sleeping, and looking at their little innocent faces, I thought to what a wretched pass I had brought matters, and went out of the house as quickly as I could. I walked out with the intention of destroying myself. But something struck me, and for the first time for many years I put my hands up to my head and said, 'God help me.' I wandered about all Sunday from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night, like an evil spirit, and then I went to bed. But the next morning, when the grogshop was opened I was there. I drank all Monday and all Tuesday, but on Tuesday night by some miraculous means I went into the Salvation Army Barracks. I was surrounded by several young men, but they could not make anything of me with my sceptical views. One of these, however, got me to promise that I would return on the following night, saying he would then have something for me; and though I was in a public house on Wednesday night, the promise haunted me, and I returned. The Salvation Army people could not, again, make any progress with me, but one of their number said, 'I am loath to let you go, will you pray?' I got down on my knees, prayer was offered on my behalf, and then I prayed fervently, and God answered my prayer. By His grace I have been able to throw my infidelity overboard and dash the intoxicating cup at my feet; and what is best of all, I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour."

The Charwoman's Allowance.—Mr. Grady said: "A lady had occasion to employ a charwoman, and along with her food she gave her beer. The poor woman got such a liking for it that not only did she take it to 'help' her on with her work but she would even come drunk to the house. The lady remonstrated with her, implored her to give it up, but in vain. In time the woman's conduct grew so outrageous that the lady could no longer employ her. The unfortunate victim fell deeper and deeper into habits of intemperance, and lived a miserable life of dissipation. Shortly before its close this lady happened to be at her bedside, and began to point out how horrible it was to die a drunkard. 'Do you know who it was that taught me to be a drunkard, ma'am?' said the dying woman. The Christian lady answered 'No; but it was cruel.' 'Would you like to know?' said the wretched woman. 'Yes,' answered the unsuspecting lady. '*It was yourself.*' The lady's reflections may be better imagined than described."

Converted at the Dinner Table.—Dr. Moxey (of Edinburgh) at one of the meetings, gave an encouraging account of the work in that city since Messrs. Moody and Sankey's last visit there. "A gentleman from England has been led to Christ in a very striking manner. He was sent by the government to Edinburgh to take charge of one of the public offices. He stayed during that time in a well-known Christian hotel. I happened to be at the dinner table with him one day, and a number of Christians present began talking about the Lord's work, and of the joy of working for Christ. The gentleman was sitting at the head of the table, and was the only stranger among us. Presently an Evangelist turned to him and said, 'My friend, are you of the same way of thinking? Have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?' He answered, hesitatingly, 'Well, I don't know. I'm afraid I have not.' My friend immediately opened his Bible, and said, 'It is so simple, let me show you.' He spoke to him there and then in this public room of a public hotel, and one of our number bolted the door so that we might not be interrupted, and in a few moments we were all down on our knees praying with this gentleman. He gave his heart to Christ, and is now bearing an admirable testimony to the Lord Jesus."

My Money or Your Life.—Mr. Robertson said: "In Edinburgh a very blessed work is going on. There was a remarkable testimony meeting on Tuesday evening. One man rose and told us the following story. He said: 'Some years ago I lent a man some money, and he became a bankrupt immediately afterward. I saw him and asked him for the money, and he said he could not

pay me. I then vowed *I would have his life, I carried a knife about with me to murder him.* I watched him about for some time, and then left the city in terror of his life. Still I tried to find out where he was. I pictured myself in the Cal Jail with the gallows before me; but still *the devil* had so completely got possession of me that I solved to have his life. But the Lord met me when Mr. Moody was in Edinburgh, in Free John's Church. A lady spoke kindly to me, and showed me my lost condition. I went away, and two nights afterward I was brought to the Lord. A little while ago I met the wife of the man I vowed to murder. I asked her to go with me. She was very much alarmed—terrified, in fact, and said, 'What do you mean?' I said 'I want to go to the Gospel meeting.' Her thoughts went about her husband, and she said, 'What about that money?' I said, 'Tell your husband I forgive him. The Lord has saved me and pardoned me, and I forgive him the debt.' The woman surprised at the change from a bloodthirsty wretch seeking the life of her husband to a forgiving Christian may be imagined."

SATANIC WONDERS.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Period of the Exercise of Evil Supernaturalism—Current Incredulity Respecting it—Scripture Evidence Concerning It—The Star Fall from Heaven—The Lamb-like Beast, or False Prophet—Latter-day Evil Supernaturalism—Originator and Organizer Identified—I. It will be the Devil—Can the Devil Work Miracles? The Limits of His Power—II. Demons and Agents—Their Twofold Mission—Who, What are Demons?—The Views of the Ancients—Demoniacal Possession—Demons and the Spirits of Wicked Men Deceased—They Seek Reincarnation.

It is admitted by all futurist expositors of unfilled prophecy, who hold to the sound canon of the literal interpretation, whenever the literal interpretation does not involve absurdity or contradiction, that the momentous interval of crisis which lies between the present and the coming dispensation, will be characterized by an *evil* as well as divine *supernaturalism*. Such evil supernaturalism has, we know, had its place in the past. "The Scriptures," writes Dr. Tregelles, "record the miracles wrought by the Egyptian magicians as well as those performed by Moses; we read the signs of Simon Magus, as well as of the miracles of Philip and of the apostles."

"DEMONIACAL POWER MUST BE RECOGNIZED as a fact. At the time of the Reformation the servants of Christ did not think it needful to reject Romish miracles; they only sought to ascribe them to their true source."

And as it was in the past so will it also be in the near future. "There is a wide-spread incredulity at present as to Satanic agency and miraculous power—an incredulity which needs to be dispelled because it leads many to be blind to their danger. The working of the 'mystery of iniquity' commenced in the days of the Apostles; it has gone on, including Popery and all other forms of corrupted Christianity, and at length it will arise as credited by Satanic miracles with all power, and signs and lying wonders.' Surely this is not believed by many; and yet the Spirit of God here speaks of actual miracles and no mere deception of men's senses. What some of these miracles we read in Rev. 13, where we are told of fire made to come down from heaven in the sight of men and an image made to speak and breathe."

The Scripture evidence for the conclusion that evil supernaturalism will be one of the marked characteristics of the last days is furnished by such passages as the following:

Matt 24: 24: "And there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect. Behold, I have told you before hand." (R. V.)

2 Thess. 2: 8-12: "And then shall be revealed the lawless one, whom the Lord Jesus shall slay with the breath of His mouth, and bring to nought by the manifestation of His coming; even he, who

oming is according to the working of Satan with power and *signs* and *lying wonders*, and with all deceit of unrighteousness for them that are perishing; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved." (R.V.)

1 Tim. 4: 1-3: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to *seducing spirits* and *doctrines of demons*; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats." This is testimony emphatic enough.

THE STAR FALLEN FROM HEAVEN.

To these, several important statements found in the Book of Revelation must be added. Thus on the sounding of the fifth trumpet, we read: "And I saw a star from heaven fallen unto the earth, and he was given to him the key of the pit of the abyss. And he opened the pit of the abyss; and there went up a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And out of the smoke came forth locusts upon the earth; and power was given them." And, after a description of the locusts, which is evidently symbolic, it is added: "They have over them as king the angel of the abyss: his name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and in the Greek tongue he hath the name Apollyon" (ch 9: 1-3, 11, R.V.).

Again, on the sounding of the sixth trumpet, the inspired seer says, "I heard a voice from the horns of the golden altar which is before God, one saying to the sixth angel, which had the trumpet, loose the four angels which are bound at the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed, which had been prepared for the hour and day and month and year, that they should kill the third part of men. And the number of the armies of the horsemen was twice ten thousand times ten thousand." And after an appalling account of the ravages of these infernal cavalry, the solemn statement is added: "And the rest of mankind, which were not killed with these plagues, repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship demons, and idols of gold," etc.

THE FALSE PROPHET.

Again, in reference to the lamb-like beast, or false prophet, it is said, "And he doeth great signs, that he should even make fire to come down out of heaven upon the earth in the sight of men. And he deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by reason of the signs which it was given him to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image of the beast, who hath the stroke of the sword, and lived. And it was given unto him to give breath to it, even to the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed" (ch. 13: 13-15, R.V.). And, lastly, of the three frog-like spirits which are to come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, it is distinctly asserted that "they are *spirits of demons*, working signs; which go forth unto the kings of the whole world to gather them together unto the war of the great day of God, the Almighty" (ch. 16: 13-14, R.V.).

Now without attempting here any detailed or exhaustive exposition of these Scriptures, there are at least five general conclusions, which may, I think, be safely and profitably drawn from them. These conclusions are the following: First that the originator and organizer of this evil supernaturalism will be the devil or Satan. Secondly, that the special agency which Satan will employ for its production will be his demons. Thirdly, that the human centre around which its visible manifestations are concentrated will be the Antichrist. Fourthly, that these manifestations will be of a most startling and seductive character. Fifthly, that the area of Satanic operation will be worldwide, and not confined to any particular class or nation.

Let us for a little while carefully and earnestly consider these five points; and may we be both instructed and warned by their consideration.

CAN THE DEVIL WORK MIRACLES.

I.—"Satan," it has been quaintly but truly said, "is God's ape." Whatever may be the

divine methods he must needs imitate them, and so far as he can discern the divine purposes, he seeks to hinder and frustrate them by affecting to have the same. Hence since God has His miracles, Satan must have his; and inasmuch as the coming of Christ was accompanied and attested by a divine supernaturalism, so will Satan take care that the coming of the Antichrist shall be accompanied and attested by an evil supernaturalism. But it may be asked, Is so much as this really within his power? Can the devil work miracles as well as God?

To this question a sufficient answer is afforded by one of the passages already quoted—2 Thessalonians 2: 8-12, by which we are distinctly taught that the "all power" of Satan comprehends the working of "signs,"—i.e., miraculous signs "and lying wonders." Nor does the latter expression by any means imply that these wonders are merely false and feigned. They are "lying wonders," says Archbishop Trench, "not because in themselves mere illusion or jugglery, but because they are wrought to support the kingdom of lies." "Lying wonders," observes Dr. Seiss, "does not mean unreal wonders, mere trick, jugglery, and legerdemain; but wonders wrought for the support of lies, that is devil-miracles. Mere pretended miracles have nothing of miraculous power, but in this case the worker comes 'with all power.' There is no emptiness or unreality about them. They are genuine miracles wrought in the interests of Hell's falsehoods."

To the same purport Mr. Pember writes, "The English version 'lying wonders' conveys the impression that the wonders themselves will be mere delusive tricks, like that of the blood of St. Januarius; but this seems to be incorrect. The literal rendering of the Greek is, 'with all power and signs and wonders of a lie;' that is, connected with or belonging to a lie, used for the purpose of authenticating it. The signs and wonders will be real enough in themselves, and will be effected by the exercise of Satanic power, as we are plainly told in the beginning of the verse; but they will be used to gain credence for the lie that Antichrist is God."

THE LIMITS OF SATANIC POWER.

Of course, for the Christian, it goes without saying, that this Satanic power of miracle-working is under the absolute control and assigned its precise limits by the Almighty. It seems, from the history of the past, to be confined mainly to special seasons of trial and testing, the most terrible of which will doubtless be "that hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth." Its special exhibition within this supremely awful period of the world's history, is apparently the outcome of the preceding casting down of Satan and his angels from the aerial heavens, of which we read in Revelation 12, in connection with which it is written, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea; for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (verse 12).

But even in this dread hour, and knowing how short a time yet remains to him wherein to work his malignant will, it will not be Satan's policy too openly to declare himself. Even in this respect he will seek to be the imitator of God's method, and as during our Lord's earthly ministry, the Father did not immediately manifest on His behalf the Divine signs and wonders whereby His ministry and mission were to be attested, but delegated His power to the Son; so that Christ could speak of His miracles as "the works which the Father had given Him to do;" even so will the Old Serpent delegate the exercise of the special wonder-working power at that time granted to him, to fit agents, both human and spiritual, that so his contemplated victims may not be too much startled and thereby possibly undeceived.

II.—That the *spiritual* agents, whom Satan will employ in the production of the evil supernaturalism of the last days, are

THE "DEMONS"

is clearly revealed in the Scriptures above quoted. "The abyss" is, we know, the dark and dreadful *habitat* of the demons, since those by whom the

demoniac was possessed, whose healing is recorded in Luke 8, "besought Christ that He would not command them to go out *into the abyss*." Now, in Rev. 9, we read of "a star fallen from heaven unto the earth," who is evidently Satan himself. "and there was given to him the key of the *pit of the abyss*. And he opened the pit of the abyss," and out of it issued the supernatural locusts, of whom so fearful a symbolic description is given, and who, as well as the still more terrible "horsemen" of the sixth trumpet are, there is every reason to conclude, demon-spirits, like the three frogs of the 16th chapter.

THEIR TWOFOLD MISSION.

But the mission of these demons will be twofold. They will not only torment and destroy, as revealed in the Book of the Revelation, but they will at the same time or previously be "seducing spirits," deluding men to their utter ruin. This, we learn from 1 Tim. 4: 1-3, in which passage the reference to some method of working closely allied, if not identical with modern spiritism seems very clear, though, as Mr. B. W. Newton sagaciously remarks, "Whether it may be the intention of Satan, after a little, to undermine spiritualism by imposture, and cause a collapse of the system, so as to discredit the thought of the existence of unseen spiritual agency, or whether it be his design to employ spiritualism for a season, as one of the means by which he quenches the light of truth and invalidates the authority of Scripture, we know not."

"Possibly he will adopt both methods. If any are disposed to be incredulous and scoff, he will probably seek to *increase their scepticism*. On the other hand, wherever the existence of spiritual power is believed in he will earnestly strive to demonstrate that its origin is good, and its influence beneficial. Such, probably, will be his present course. As the end, however, approaches, his servants will be allowed to act more undisguisedly, and to 'show great signs and wonders, inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.' As darkness increased, Satanic strength will be made more and more manifest."*

WHO ARE THE DEMONS?

But who or what are the *demons*? On this point much difference of opinion prevails, even among the most able and deeply-instructed students of Scripture psychology. Some are of opinion that they constitute a special class—the lowest—of the fallen angels; while others regard them as being in truth the disembodied spirits of wicked men. Thus Mr. B. W. Newton, in the little work already quoted, says: "It was the habit of such persons (as the woman at Endor) then, even as now, to pretend that they were able to call up the dead: but it was a pretence merely. They called into their presence, not the dead, but the spirits with whom they were associated, and that spirit personated the dead. Saul, indeed, wished and expected to see Samuel; but the woman had no such expectation. She, no doubt, expected the spirit, with whom she was in fellowship, to appear and personate Samuel. When, instead of this, God really sent Samuel, the woman was dismayed and terrified. Her divination ceased; Samuel spake, and Saul answered. The modern necromancy which now abounds around us is personation only."

On the other hand, Dr. Seiss maintains that we have scriptural evidence on the conclusion that demons are *the souls of the wicked dead*. He says, "The account which demons themselves mostly give of themselves, according to those who have most to do with them, is this. Josephus gives it as the orthodox Jewish opinion, that demons are none other than the spirits of the wicked dead. With very few exceptions, the Christian fathers were of like opinion. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, Augustine, and the vast majority of early Christian writers, regarded demons as the souls or spirits of the unsanctified dead. And the burden of evidence and authority is to the effect that *demons are the souls of dead men, particularly the spirits of those who bore a bad character in this life*."

(To be continued.)

* "Reflections on the Character and Spread of Spiritualism," p. 63.



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in every part of the United States and Canada.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Passed the Bill to Extend the charters of the national banks, on Thursday last by a vote of 34 to 14. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was the only Republican voting in the minority. The bill will now go back to the House for concurrence in the Senate's amendments. The principal points in the bill, which is one of considerable moment to the national prosperity, are that any national bank, upon the consent of the shareholders of two-thirds of its stock, can renew its charter for twenty years at any time within two years before the expiration of its existence under the present law. The institution will then have all its old rights, except that legal proceedings against it can be carried on in the State Courts. The bank's notes under its old charter must be destroyed within three years, or the institution must deposit in the Treasury money enough to redeem the remainder. No bank which makes a deposit in order to withdraw its circulating notes will be entitled to receive any increase of its circulation for six months from the time it made that deposit; provided, that not more than \$3,000,000 shall be deposited during any month for this purpose. The secretary is authorized to receive *deposits of gold coin* in sums not less than \$20, and to issue certificates therefor, in denominations of not less than \$20 each, corresponding with the denominations of the United States notes. The coin thus deposited will be retained in the Treasury for the payment of the certificates on demand. It was stated in the course of the debate that at the present rate of coinage we should in ten years have 380,000,000 silver dollars; and Senator Sherman gave it as his experience that silver, in spite of every effort to force it into circulation, had steadily refused to circulate. Sent out to a distance, it had quickly come back to the Treasury vaults. He advised that the silver dollar should be made the equal in value of the gold dollar and thought that then no more would be heard of the silver question. It came out also during the debate that the ratio of silver to gold had changed thirty times in four hundred years.

The Debate in the House of Representatives on the Internal Revenue bill last week was the occasion of the most vigorous speeches of the session. An earnest effort was made by Mr. Randall to repeal the taxes on tobacco and cigars, but it was defeated by a very close vote. The House was not opposed to a reduction of the revenue, but rightly thought that the taxes on luxuries should not be reduced while taxes on necessities were continued. Attempts were also made to repeal the taxes on bank capital and on fermented liquors, but these also failed. A well-informed Washington correspondent discussing the new bill says: "The general opinion seemed to be that the Pension Arrears bill had made it impossible to abolish the internal revenue system. Were it not for the pension bill, the Internal Revenue Department

might have been swept out of existence at this session. As it is, the most to be expected is, that a bill may pass which will cut off \$17,000,000 revenue."

The Difficulty in the Matter of the Succession to the Presidency in the event of the death of both President and Vice-president is the subject of a bill introduced in the Senate on Friday, June 16, by Senator Hoar. It provides that the succession to the Presidency in the event of both officers being removed shall be vested in the members of the Cabinet, beginning with the Secretary of State and concluding with the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Hoar said the scheme, while permanently arranging the order of succession, would remove the motive to take the life of a President-elect, as a means of changing the administrative policy which the people are supposed to sanction at a Presidential election. If a vacancy should occur in the Presidency as now filled, the office would be held by the presiding officer of the Senate, and a Presidential election would have to be held in the ensuing fall. In the event of this special election being held in the middle of a term of Congress, the whole governmental machinery would be deranged by it. Another difficulty was that the presiding officer of the Senate or the Speaker of the House, if temporarily called to act as President, would be obliged to serve also at the same time in his office in either house. It will be observed that the difficulty which is now agitating the Republican party in the change of supremacy to the Stalwart wing of the party is not touched by the new bill.

The Report that Governor St. John, of Kansas, would decline a nomination for a second term is now authoritatively contradicted. He has made no secret of his desire to retire into private life, but he holds that the duty of himself and every worker in the temperance cause is not to be governed by personal and private inclinations, but to sacrifice them when the cause demands it. If, therefore, the Temperance party in Kansas believe that the candidacy of the Governor will operate beneficially in the contest he is willing to accept a re-nomination.

The Work of Completing the Census Returns is still incomplete, as it is intended to make them as detailed and reliable as possible. The superintendent has, however, issued a bulletin containing gross figures, which show that by the census of 1880, the number of persons in the United States was 50,155,783; the area in square miles, 2,900,170; the number of families, 9,945,916; the number of dwellings, 8,955,812; the number of persons to a square mile, 17.29; the number of families to a square mile, 3.43; the number of dwellings to a square mile, 3.02; acres to a person, 37.01; acres to a family, 186.62; persons to a dwelling, 5.60; and persons to a family, 5.04. The area is land surface only, and exclusive of the Indian Territory and tracts of unorganized territory aggregating 69,830 square miles.

The Protracted Dispute as to the Expenses of taking care of immigrants was passed upon by the House on Monday, June 19th, when by a vote of 111 to 15 the bill to regulate immigration was agreed to. The bill provides that the master, owner, agent, or consignee of any vessel bringing immigrants to the United States and landing them, shall pay a tax of fifty cents for each immigrant landed. The Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to enter into contracts with State authorities for the support and relief of such immigrants as may be in need. Such authorities are authorized to prevent the landing of convicts, lunatics, idiots or any person unable to take care of himself or herself without becoming a public charge, and such persons are to be returned to the countries from which they came, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe.

The Liquor Sellers in Ohio are Making determined resistance to temperance men of both parties. At a meeting of the trade on June 21st in Cincinnati, it is reported that they adopted a resolution declaring that the association owes it to itself to oppose every temperance advocate who is a candidate for any office, no matter what party has placed him in nomination. The fight upon temperance candidates, which is thus declared, is

to be as vigorous and effective as it is possible to make it. The association has a large sum in its treasury, which has been raised during the past few months for the express purpose of defeating anti-liquor legislation and all who favor such legislation. This fund is to be freely used during the coming campaign. It is understood that it was generally agreed at the meeting, though definite action to that effect was not taken, that individual candidates should be fought rather than the party nominations as such.

The Labor Troubles of Pennsylvania have spread to New York and have affected other industries. Three thousand freight handlers quitted work in the city on Monday, June 19th, and 400 on the Erie in Jersey City struck for higher pay. They ask an advance of three cents an hour. They had postponed such action, hoping that the company would yield to their demands; but when they saw that freight which ought to have gone by the New York Central was being sent across the river to the Erie line, they stopped work, apparently feeling that undue advantage had been taken of their patience. The spirit which the men across the river and those in this city exhibit is generally orderly. An attempt is being made by the companies to supply the places of the men with German, Italian, and Russian immigrants.

Tornadoes in the Western States are again reported. A brief telegram received at Des Moines, Iowa, on June 24th, from Fort Dodge, says that the train dispatcher reports the town of Emmetsburg, and the county seat of Palo Alto County, as being greatly damaged this morning by a tornado, and that over 100 people were killed. The Illinois Central and the Chicago and Northwestern trains were blown from the tracks. The Milwaukee and St. Louis road was wrecked. There is a wash-out north of Forest City, and it is reported that three or four more towns in that neighborhood were blown to pieces. The telegraph wires are all down north of Des Moines. Rockford, Ill., and Yankton, D. T., also suffered severely.

The Texas Legislature has Exempted from taxation colporteurs selling tracts and books exclusively religious in character. Two months ago the Comptroller of the State enforced the payment of *fifty dollars* from a colporteur of the American Tract Society on the plea that he was a peddler within the meaning of the law. When the tax bill came before the Legislature, Senator Burgess moved the amendment of the bill by exempting colporteurs and increasing the tax on the vendors of certain lewd and immoral journals specified, to five hundred dollars.

The Cleveland Meetings Conducted by Major Cole are still continued with remarkable success. The Cleveland *Leader* states that conversions are reported every day, and the converts are giving good evidence of a radical change of character. A *noteworthy incident* occurred at one of the meetings. A wife asked prayers for the conversion of her husband. "Where is your husband?" asked Major Cole. "In Chicago," she answered. "Do you believe God is able to save your husband in Chicago?" "Yes, I do." "Do you believe He is willing?" "Yes, I do." "Then let us pray." In a few simple words of prayer the Major asked for the conversion of the man. The next week the wife came into the meeting and said she had received a letter from her husband, telling her he had that day, in a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., found Christ.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Published in these columns this week was the last he preached before taking his annual vacation. During the months of July and August the Brooklyn Tabernacle will be closed for repairs and renovation. During Dr. Talmage's absence sermons by him which have never before appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be published every week. Dr. Talmage's engagements as at present arranged are: *June 29th*, an oration before the Literary Societies of Bates College, North Lewisburgh, Ohio; *July 5th*, a lecture at Illyria, Ohio; *July 26th*, a sermon at Chataqua; *July 28th*, lecture at Lakeside, Ohio; *August 20th*, lecture at Great Grimsby Camp; *August 27th*, lecture at Highland Grove, Mass.

The Longest Fence in the World is the fence to be erected extending from the Indian Territory west across the Texas Panhandle, and fifty-five miles into New Mexico. It is said that fifty-five miles of this fence is already under contract. Its course will be in the line of the Canadian River, and its purpose is to stop the drift of the Northern cattle. It is a bold enterprise, and will pay a large percentage on the investment. The fence will be over two hundred miles long. Men will undertake such stupendous enterprises and spend vast sums of money to protect their property, but when it is proposed to set up the legislative fence of prohibition to save their children and their friends from the curse of liquor, they resist, forgetting our Saviour's teaching (Matt. 23: 11, 12).

A Snake was Found on a Lady's Hat at Rome, recently. The *Rome Bulletin* says: "The other day a young lady in Rome started out shopping. While putting on her hat she thought it felt rather heavy, but not noticing anything put it on her head. On her return home she asked her sister to take off her hat, that she thought something was on it. Her sister took off her hat, and while doing so came near being bitten by a snake which was coiled among the feathers and ribbons of which it was trimmed. The lady had worn the snake around with her all the time, unconscious of its presence." We are familiar with the phrase, "snake in the grass, and we have heard of them in their strange places, but a lady's hat is a very remarkable place to find a snake. An elegant hat of any other handsome article of dress has, however, often been used by the being called in the bible "the old Serpent," as a vantage ground from which he can seduce the thoughts and feed the vanity of those whom he desires to make his prey (2 Tim. 3: 1-6).

Deafness is said to have been Caused by the telephone at Fall River, Mass. A journal of that city says that several people there have had their sense of hearing diminished in one ear by constant use of the telephone. Persons who use this instrument are apt to apply the instrument to the same ear every time, and the consequence is the organ is overworked, and slowly approaching deafness in that ear is sure to follow. Several persons who have been affected by it have applied to an eminent aurist in Boston, who reports the causes to be as above described. He recommends that persons who use the telephone apply the instrument alternately to their right and left ears. It is remarkable that an instrument designed to extend the power of hearing so that the user may hear what he could not hear without its aid should lead to his losing the power he had before of ordinary hearing. Many persons study spiritualism with similar motives. They are curious to learn what is the state of the soul after death, and they are deluded and duped until they lose the power to receive the truth God has revealed of that state and the way to render it a happy one (Lev. 20: 6).

Killed by Eating Strawberries is the Cause assigned by a physician for the death of a child in New York last week. The novelty of the case excited the curiosity of a reporter of the *Times*, and he inquired into the circumstances, thinking the public should be made aware of the fact if the fruit was liable to produce illness and death. The circumstances surrounding the death were peculiar. The child's parents were poor people living in tenement in one of the filthiest localities in the city, into which the sunshine seldom penetrates, and where the space between the curbs is so narrow that only one team can pass through at a time. Most of the refuse from the houses in the vicinity is thrown into the street, and much of it is necessarily tracked into the houses again by the numberless little children playing in the neighborhood. A neighbor of the family to which the child belonged brought some strawberries, and called the little one into the room to eat some of them. He was given all he wanted, and, as the physician who was summoned to attend the child said, he had eaten freely. The fruit would not have had any ill effect had not the child's constitution been affected by the poisonous gases and foul odors of the neighborhood. When Christian men defend habits and

practises on the ground that they are harmless, they often forget that although they may be harmless to them others may follow their example to whom they will not be harmless. A hereditary taint in the blood or their evil surroundings may have rendered them liable to temptation, and they are led to ruin by that which has done others no harm (1 Cor. 8: 13).

A Foreign Visitor in a Cincinnati Fire-engine house a few days ago had a startling experience. She had duly admired the engines with their well burnished fittings and the various devices to ensure prompt action in case of a fire breaking out; she was then shown the electric knob which sounds the alarm-gong. This innocent looking button she was induced to touch, with no premonition of the result. "The next instant," says one of the firemen, "all the doors and traps banged open, the men upstairs came flying down the waxed poles, and the horses tore out of their stalls into their places like wild animals." The lady's astonishment at the result of her simple act may be imagined. A sad and painful experience has led us to take efficient measures for an expeditious effort to check a conflagration as soon as it occurs, knowing well that it is more easily overcome in its early stages. Unhappily we are not so careful when moral danger threatens the community. We allow institutions and publications to grow and flourish which do more serious harm and effect more deplorable results than even a fire could do (Prov. 14: 34).

An Intoxicated Boaster was Killed on the Long Island Railroad last week. The man, whose name was Teupner, was seen walking on the track near the Greenpoint crossing at Blissville by a youth, who, seeing a train coming, caught hold of Teupner and warned him of his danger. Teupner, with a profane expression, demanded to be let alone, and said that he could take care of himself. He continued on the track, and a minute later was struck by the locomotive and killed. His death was almost instantaneous. His body when picked up was badly mangled. Coroner Robinson, who will hold an inquest, said the man was in a stupor from liquor and did not know what he was doing. The confidence drunken men have that they can take care of themselves is often amusing to spectators who see their helplessness; but unhappily such misplaced confidence is not confined to drunken men. Young men new to city scenes and "anxious to see life" on being warned of danger frequently boast of their ability to perform the same duty, and disastrous results follow. Men cannot be too surely convinced of the fact that they cannot take care of themselves, God only can do that (1 Cor. 10: 12).

An Engineer's Brave Effort to Save a Child from death is reported from Charlotte, N. C. "Sis" Bryan, an engineer on the North Carolina Railroad, while driving ahead under a full head of steam on the morning of June 6th saw an object on the track some distance ahead, which he supposed to be a dog. The engineer blew "on brakes," and at the sound of the whistle the object moved, and Bryan saw it was a child. The little thing began to crawl off the track, but on reaching the rail *deliberately stopped* and seated itself astride of it. Swinging himself out of the window, Bryan started to crawl along the engine to its front, with the intention of picking up the child before it was struck. He might have succeeded in this perilous undertaking, but a lunge of the engine caused him to lose his balance and he was thrown down an embankment. Badly bruised and shaken he scrambled to his feet, and as he did so heard a piercing scream, and knew that the child had been run down. On arriving at the scene he saw the mangled remains of the child he had risked his own life to save. This child was too young to understand its danger and the importance of heeding the warning whistle, and so it came to its death. The Gospel warning is often sounded in the ears of men who heed it not, and they go to a worse fate; but in their case, though they do not realize their danger, it is not because of their simplicity, but because their attention is diverted, their souls lulled into false security, and their heart hardened by Satan (John 5: 40).

THE TRUE GOSPEL NO HIDDEN GOSPEL.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."—2 Cor. 4: 3, 4.

A Royal Style of Preaching—I. The Gospel a Light in Itself—It Reveals the Glory of Christ—Reveals God Himself—It brings Light and Comfort—II. The Gospel Plain and Clear—A Poor Boy Without a Soul—III. In True Preaching Simplicity Preserved—A New Commandment for Preachers—IV. A Fatal Sign—Condemned Already—How a Man's mind is Blinded—Who Opens Blind Eyes.

I THINK in this case the Revised New Testament gives a better translation than does the Authorized Version, and I will therefore read it:—"But and if our Gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that are perishing: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them." Paul had been speaking of Moses with the veil over his face, and we lose the track of his thought if we use the word "hid" instead of veiled. Our Gospel wears no veil, but exhibits all the glory of its countenance to the sons of men. Oh that they may be able steadfastly to behold it, and see in it their own salvation and the glory of the Lord!

Observe at the outset the confidence with which Paul speaks. It is abundantly evident that he has no doubt whatever that the Gospel which he proclaims is assuredly true; nay, that it is so manifestly true that if those who have heard it do not accept it, it must be because the God of this world hath blinded their minds. The accent of conviction makes every word emphatic. He believes and is sure, and he is convinced that those who do not believe must be under the thralldom of the devil. This is

NOT THE ORDINARY STYLE

in which the Gospel is preached nowadays. We hear men courteously apologize for stating anything as certain, for they are fearful of being thought narrow-minded and bigoted; we hear them prove what is clear as noonday and back up with arguments what God Himself has said; as if the sun needed candles to exhibit it, or as if God's word wanted the support of human reasoning.

The apostle did not take the defensive ground at all; he carried the war across the border and assailed the unbelievers. He came forth fresh from God with a revelation, and his every word seemed to challenge men with—"This is God's word, believe it; for if you do not you will incur sin, and prove that you are lost, and are under the influence of the devil." When the Gospel was preached in that royal style it mightily prevailed, and annihilated opposition. It does not spread to-day with equal rapidity because many of its teachers have adopted what they fancy are wiser methods; they have become less certain and more indifferent, and therefore they reason and argue where they should proclaim and assert.

Where did the apostle learn to speak thus positively? He tells us in the first verse of the chapter, "Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not." He had himself been once a persecutor; and he had been convinced of his error by the appearance of the Lord Jesus to him. This was a great deed of mercy. He now knew that his sins were forgiven him; he felt in his own heart that he was a regenerated man, changed, cleansed, new created, and this was to him overwhelming evidence that the Gospel was from God. To himself at any rate the Gospel was a truth past argument, needing no other demonstration than its marvellous effect upon himself. Having received mercy for himself he judged that other men were in need of mercy even as he was, and that the same Gospel which had brought light and comfort to his own soul would bring salvation to them also. This braced him to his work. By this consciousness he was made to speak as one having authority. There was no

hesitancy about him, for he spoke what he had felt.

Come we now to consider our text. Our first observation shall be: *the Gospel is in itself a glorious light*, for in the fourth verse Paul speaks of the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ; secondly *this Gospel is in itself plain and simple*; thirdly, *if we preach it as we ought to preach it we keep it plain*, and do not muddle it up by worldly wisdom; and fourthly, therefore, it being in itself a great light, and in itself clear, and the preaching being clear, *if men do not see it it is because they are lost*; it is a fatal sign when men are unable to perceive the light of the Gospel of the glory of Jesus Christ.

I. First, then, the Gospel is in itself A GLORIOUS LIGHT.

In countless places it is so described in the New Testament. This is the light which has come into the world. "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." Observe that this light *reveals the glory of Christ*. This is the new translation, and it is a valuable one—"The light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ." You know the Hebrews had a different mode of expression from the Greeks, and if we are to read the Greek as though Paul Hebraized it, then we read it according to the version we have here—"the glorious Gospel of Christ;" but if we read the Greek as Greek, then it runs, "the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ." The renderings are equally true, but the second one has a fulness and freshness of sense about it worthy of special note.

The Gospel reveals the glory of Christ. It tells us that He is the eternal Son of the Father, by whom all things were made, for whom all things were created, and by whom they continue to exist. This might not have been good news to us if it had stood alone, though it ought always to be good to the creature to be informed of his Creator; but the Gospel further reveals to us that this ever-blessed Son of the Highest came down to earth in infinite pity, espoused our nature, and was born at Bethlehem, and became as truly man as he was assuredly God. This was the first note of the Gospel, and there was so much of delight in it that it set all the angels in heaven singing, and the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks by night heard the chorales of the first Christmas rung out from the midnight sky—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Furthermore the Gospel tells us that this same mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, dwelt here among men, preaching and teaching, and working miracles of matchless mercy; everywhere proving Himself to be man's brother, sympathetic and tender and gentle, receiving to Himself even the lowest of the people, and bowing Himself to the least of the race. But

THE GOSPEL'S BIGGEST BELL,

with clearest note, is that this Son of God in due time gave Himself for our sins, making an offering of His whole human nature as a propitiation for the guilt of men. Herein is an excessive glory of love. What a sight it was to see Him in the garden oppressed with our load of guilt till the bloody sweat was forced from Him; to see Him bearing that stupendous weight up to the tree, and there hanging in agonies of death, bearing the desertion of His Father, and all the thick clouds of darkness that came of it; dying the "just for the unjust to bring us to God!" It was the glory of Christ that He was there bereft of all glory. Never can a more glorious thing be said of Him than that He for our sakes was obedient to death, even the death of the cross. And this is the Gospel we preach, the Gospel of substitution, that Jesus stood in the sinner's place and bore in the sinner's stead what was due to the law of God on account of man's transgression.

No gladder news could come to man than that the incarnate God had borne man's sins and died in man's stead. Yet there is *another note*, for He that died and was buried is risen from the dead, and has borne our nature up into the glory, and there He wears it at the Father's right hand. His loving heart is still occupied with the same divine errand that brought Him down below; He is by

His intercession saving sinners whom He purchased with His blood. He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. This is the Gospel of the glory of Christ. It is our Lord's glory that He mediates between man and God, pleading for the unjust ones, using as His argument the blood which He hath shed.

But I must not leave out the fact that

HE WILL SPEEDILY COME AGAIN

to gather all His own unto Himself, to shed abroad on them the fulness of His own glory, and to take them up to be with Him where He is. There is wondrous light in the Gospel, both for the future and the present. It sets forth to us the glory of Christ, the glory of love, the glory of mercy, the glory of a blood which can wash the blackest white, the glory of a plea which can make the poorest prayer acceptable, the glory of a living and triumphant Saviour, who having put His hand to the work will not fail nor be discouraged till all the purposes of infinite love shall be achieved by Him. This is "the Gospel of the glory of Christ," and the light of it is exceeding clear and bright.

We are now called to a second truth; the Gospel is a light which *reveals God Himself*, for according to our text the Lord Jesus is the image of God. If you know the character of Jesus you know the character of God. God Himself is invisible, and is not seen of mortal eye, neither can He be comprehended of finite mind. He cannot, indeed, be truly known at all except by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. But all that can be known of God is fairly writ in capital letters in the person of Jesus. What higher conception of God can you have? Even those who have denied our Lord's deity have yet been subdued into admiration by His matchless character. Thus the Gospel is full of light, revealing first the Mediator and then the Lord God Himself.

Now, dear friends, this Gospel of the glory of Christ is *really light to us*, that is to say, it brings with it all that the metaphor of light sets forth. First of all it brings illumination. It is a lighting up of the soul "to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." It is light to the understanding to be able to see that the Only Begotten has revealed the Father. Man feels after God if haply he may find Him, and the heathen stumbles upon this and that in his blind gropings. Perhaps the world was nearest the truth when it called Him "the unknown God." When the wisdom of this world once began to define and to describe the Deity, then it proved its own folly. "The world by wisdom knew not God," but in the person of the Lord Jesus we have the true *icon*, the image and representation of the Godhead.

But it is light in another sense, namely, that of comfort. Let a man see God in Jesus Christ and he cannot be unhappy. Is it sin that burdened him? Let him see Jesus Christ bearing sin in His own body on the tree, and let him believe in this same sin-bearer, and that burden is gone. Let him be fretting under the cares and trials of life, and let him get a view by faith of Jesus, an infinitely greater sufferer, sympathizing with him in his sorrow, and surely the sting of his grief is removed. Is he afraid to die? Let him hear Jesus say, "I am the resurrection and the life," and he shall be taught rather to long for death than to dread it. Is he troubled about the things to come? Does the awful future lower darkly before him? Let him only hear Jesus say, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and am alive for evermore, amen, and hold the keys of hell and death," and he will no longer be afraid of the separate world of spirits of which Christ hath the key; nor will he tremble at the burning of the world, and the ruin of creation, for he has a hold upon One who has said, "Because I live ye shall live also." Never did another such a light ever shine upon the sons of men.

II. This Gospel is in itself

MOST PLAIN AND CLEAR.

The Gospel contains nothing which can perplex anybody unless he wishes to be perplexed. There is nothing in the Gospel which a man may not apprehend if he desires to apprehend it. It is all plain to the man who yields his understanding to

his God. Certain divines like to preach an incomprehensible Gospel, for it gives them the air of wisdom in the judgment of the foolish. Certain hearers prefer sermons which they cannot understand. To them the difficult and intricate are as marrow and fatness. I heard of one who said he liked a *bit of gristle* in the sermons, or a bone to try his teeth upon. We could easily gratify such friends, but we see no authority in Scripture for gratifying this longing. I carefully endeavor to take the stones out of the fruit before preparing the dish. If it be the Lord's own Gospel, you who are doers of the Lord's will can understand it; and if you cannot it is not the Gospel of the glory of Christ, but a Gospel of human inventing. The true Gospel is simplicity itself.

Listen! That God should come among men and espouse our nature is so far a great mystery that we do not know *how* it could be. Blessed be God, we do not want to know *how* it was done; we only know that it was done, and that fact is enough for us. We understand that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we rejoice therein. Observe the doctrine of the atonement—this also as a fact is plain enough. How it became right for Christ to suffer in our stead, and for His sufferings to be an expiation for our sins, may be a very deep question, but the fact is clearly revealed.

I do not think substitution to be a bewildering mystery, but some do. What if it is? The secret reason of it is nothing to us. If God has set forth Christ to be a propitiation for our sins our most reasonable course is to accept Him. We need not quarrel with grace because we cannot understand everything about it. It is wiser to eat that which is set before us than to die of hunger because we do not know all the secrets of cookery. I am not asked to understand *how* God justifies us in Christ, but I am asked to believe that He does so. The fact is plain enough, and the fact is the object of faith. That Jesus should suffer in my stead is a simple matter of truth, and in it there is no darkness at all. At times persons enquire, "What is believing?" Well, it is trusting, depending, leaning upon, relying upon—that is all. Is there any thing hard about that?

Suppose the Gospel had been such a difficult thing to explain, and such a very hard matter to understand, what would become of the many who are now rejoicing in Christ, and yet have by birth and constitution the most shallow capacities? It is wonderful how one but little raised above an idiot can yet grasp the Gospel. What a blessing that it is so! I have heard of

A POOR BOY

whom his teachers had been instructing for years, and one day they said to him, "Well, Jack, have you a soul?" "No, I've got no soul." They feared that they had lost their labor; but their minds were changed when he added, "I had a soul once, and I lost it, and Jesus Christ came and found it, and so I let Him keep it." That was better Gospel than we get from many a learned divine. He had the whole thing at his fingers' ends. Christ had found his soul, and was keeping it for him; even he who will not fail to keep that which we have committed to his charge.

Right well do Cowper's often-quoted lines set forth the plainness of the Gospel, and rebuke those who reject it on that account.

"O how unlike the complex work of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickenings words—BELIEVE, AND LIVE!
Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction, and are lost,
Heaven on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain)—
Incredible, impossible, and vain!—
Rebel because 'tis easy to obey,
And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way."

III. Thirdly, in the true preaching of the Gospel this

SIMPLICITY IS PRESERVED.

Paul expressly said—"Having this hope in us we use great plainness of speech," and yet again, "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." The apostle Paul was a deep thinker, a man of profound insight and subtle mind. The bent of his mind was such that he would have made a *metaphysician of supreme rank*, or a mystic of the deepest darkness; but he went against his natural inclination, and devoted all his energies to the unveiling of the Gospel. It was a sublime self-denial for him to put on one side all his logic among the other things which he counted loss for Christ; for says he, "I determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He "determined," he was resolute, and had made up his mind to it, or he would not have accomplished it. He was the man who wrote some things hard to be understood, which Peter mentions, but when he came to the Gospel he would have nothing but simplicity there.

The true man of God will not veil the Gospel beneath performances and ceremonies. Mark those who do this, and avoid them. We see his reverence walking with clasped hands to the right and to the left, repeating Latin sentences unknown by the people. He turns, and bows, and turns again. We see his face for a moment and then his back. I suppose it is all meant for edification; but I, poor creature, cannot find the least instruction in it, nor as far as I can discover, do the people who are looking on. What mean these *little boys in pretty gowns*, making such a smoke? And what are these flowers and images on the altar? What a *splendid cross* is that which adorns the priest's back! It seems to be made of roses. The folks look on, and some are wondering where he buys his lace, while others are speculating as to the quantity of wax which will be consumed in those candles every hour; and there is the end of it. Christ is veiled behind the millinery, if He is there at all.

I know numbers who would disdain to do that, and yet they hide their Lord under *finery of language*. It is a grand thing to mount aloft upon the wings of eloquence and display the glory of speech, till you ascend in a splendid peroration, as many another exhibition closes, with fireworks. But this is not becoming in preachers of the Lord Jesus. I always tell our young men that *one of their commandments* should be, "Thou shalt not perorate." To attempt anything grand in language when we are preaching salvation is to leave our proper work. Our one business is to tell out the Gospel plainly. We deal in bread, not in flowers. Let tawdry ornaments be left to the stage or to the bar, where men amuse themselves, or dispute for gain; or let these poor gewgaws be reserved for the Senate, where men will defend or denounce according as it suits their party.

It is not ours to make the worse appear the better reason, or to hide truth under floods of words. As for us, we are to hide ourselves behind the cross, and make men know that Jesus Christ came to save the lost, and that if they believe in Him they shall be saved at once and forever. If we do not make them know this we have missed our mark, however grandly we have performed. What, shall we become acrobats with words, or jugglers displaying wonders? Then God is insulted, His Gospel is degraded, and souls are left to perish.

I venture to put in a word for myself, and then leave this point. I can say with the apostle, "I have used great plainness of speech," and therefore if the Gospel which I have preached be hidden, I have not produced the veil. *I have used vulgar words* when I thought that they would be better understood, and I have told all sorts of simple stories when I thought I could make the Gospel known. I have never used a hard word where I could help it. My one desire has been by manifesting the truth to touch your consciences and win your hearts. If you see not the light it is not because I have hidden it from you.

IV. With this we close. If the Gospel be veiled to our hearers it is

A FATAL SIGN.

"If our Gospel be hid it is hid to them that are lost;" the god of this world has blinded their unbelieving eyes lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should dawn upon them. Not to believe, understand, appreciate, and accept the Gospel is a sign of perishing. I want to put this very plainly to any here who say that they have not received the Gospel, for they cannot understand it, and they see nothing remarkable in it. If you have heard it plainly preached, it is so plain in itself that if it is hid from your eyes it is because you are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. You who receive the Gospel, are saved; faith is the saving token. If you believe that Jesus is the Christ you are born of God; if you have accepted Him as your Saviour whom God sets forth as such, then you are saved; but if you say, "No, I cannot see it," then your eyes are blinded and you are lost. The sun is bright enough, but those who have no sight are not enlightened.

According to the text, he that believes not on Jesus Christ is a lost man. God has lost you; you are not His servant. The church has lost you; you are not working for the truth. The world has lost you really; you yield no lasting service to it. You have lost yourself to right, to joy, to heaven. You are lost, lost, lost, like the prodigal son when he was away from his father's house, and like the sheep that went astray from the fold. It is not only that you *will* be lost, but that you *are* lost; for "he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the Son of God." Press those two words upon your conscience—"Condemned already;"—lost even now. You are perishing; that is to say, you are gradually passing into that condition in which you must abide forever, as one that has perished before God, and become utterly useless and dead. It is

AN APPALLING TRUTH

that this is proved by the fact that you do not understand the Gospel, or if you understand it you do not appreciate it; you do not see beauty or glory in it; or if you do in a measure appreciate it, and see some glory in it, yet it has never stirred your affection, or drawn your heart toward its great subject. In a word, you have not come to trust in Jesus. He is the only one that you can trust to, and yet you reject Him. Oh! what a condition to be in; wilfully in darkness shutting your eyes, to the light. You are certainly lost.

The apostle explains how a man gets into that condition. He says that Satan, the god of this world, hath blinded his mind. What a thought it is that Satan should set up to be a god. Christ is the image of God; Satan is the ape of God; he mimics God, and holds an usurped power over men's minds and thoughts. To maintain his power he takes great care that his dupes should not see the light of the gospel. The veils he uses are such as men's selfish hearts approve; for he speaks thus: "If you were to become a Christian, you would never get on in the world." He claps money on each eye, and then you cannot see, though the sun shine at midday.

Pride binds a silken band across the eyes, and thus again the light is excluded. Satan whispers, "If you become a Christian, you will be laughed at;" thus he hoodwinks his victim with fear of ridicule. He has many a crafty device by which he perverts the human judgment till they cannot see that which is self-evident, and will not believe that which is unquestionable. He makes the gain of heaven to seem inconsiderable when weighed with the little loss which religion may involve. He hides from the soul the bliss of sin forgiven, of adoption into God's family, and the certainty of eternal glory, by throwing dust into the eyes, so that the mind cannot look at things truthfully.

What shall I say in closing but this: Are you lost, any of you? Upon the showing of the text all of you are to whom the Gospel is hidden. Well, but thank God you may be found yet; lost to-day, but you need not be lost to-morrow; lost while sitting in these pews, but you may be found

before you leave the Tabernacle. The Good Shepherd has come out to find the lost sheep. Have you any desire after Him, any wish to return to Him? Then look to Him with trustful glance. You are not lost if so you look, nor shall you ever be. He that believes in Jesus is saved, and saved eternally. Are any of you blinded? You must so be if the Gospel is hid from you, so that you cannot see its brightness. Ah, but you need not remain in the dark. There is One abroad to-day who opens blind eyes. Cry to him as did the two blind men, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me! Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" The Messiah came on purpose to give sight to the blind; it was a part of His commission when He came forth from the Father's glory. He will give sight to you. Oh seek it!

Is the god of this world your master? He must be if you do not see the glory of the Gospel; but he need not be your god any longer. I pray the Holy Spirit to help you to

DETHRONE THIS INTRUDER.

Why should you adore him? What good has he ever done to you? What is there about his character that makes him worthy to be your god? Break off the yoke; burst the fetters which now hold you his slave. The true God has come in the flesh to set you free, and to destroy all the works of the devil. Whatsoever keeps you from beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ can be removed. I am sent to say in my Master's name, "Whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Trust the Saviour, trust the incarnate God; trust Him now and trust Him at once, and though a moment ago you were black as hell's midnight you shall be clean and bright as heaven's eternal noon. In one instant sins that have taken you fifty years to accumulate shall disappear; the transgressions of all your days shall be plunged beneath the sea, and shall be found no more. Only be willing and obedient, and yield yourselves up to the incarnate God, who ever liveth to take care of those who put their trust in Him. Amen.

A Child's View of a Doctrinal Point on which theologians have often disputed is given in the *Youth's Companion*. A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good." "I am very sorry," said her mother. "And so am I," said the child; "but I have got a *very naughty think*." "A naughty what?" "My think is naughty inside of me." And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said: "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything; but when you was gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, *how can I be good inside of me?*" That was a question difficult for any one to answer who has not experienced the new birth (John 3:6).

An Expensive Estate.—"What is the Value of this estate?" said one gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields. "I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor." "How much?" "His soul. Early in life, he professed faith in Christ, and obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment. He continued to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became a partner in the firm. Then he gave less attention to religion, and more and more to business; and then the care of this world choked the word. He became exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul, that none would have suspected that he had ever been religious. At length he purchased the large estate referred to, built a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died, he remarked, 'My prosperity has been my ruin.'" "What is a man profited if he shall gain the world, and lose his own soul?"



A School Principal's Daring Rescue.

HEROIC RESCUE BY A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

THE Albert Medal, which is given by the Queen of England for deeds of daring in the rescue of life, is a prize highly esteemed in Great Britain. It has recently been conferred on two persons whose heroism our illustrations on this page depict. The first is that of the principal of one of the common schools. Her heroic conduct is thus described in a notice in *The London Gazette*, the official organ of the British Government:

"The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the *Albert Medal of the second class* on Miss Hannah Rosbotham, 23 years of age, assistant schoolmistress, Sutton National Schools. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration is recommended: During a violent gale of wind on October 14th last, the stone belfry of the Sutton National Schools was blown down, and fell through the roof into the infants' schoolroom, where nearly 200 children were assembled, causing the death of one and injuring many others, and filling the room and its gallery with stones, slates, and timber.

"While others fled for safety, Miss Rosbotham—who at the time of the accident was teaching elsewhere—deliberately entered among the falling mass and cloud of dust, and, while fully conscious of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, remained on the spot until every child had been placed in safety. At the imminent risk of her own life, Miss Rosbotham removed four infants who were partially covered with the *débris*, and rescued therefrom a little girl who was completely buried, and who must have been suffocated had not such gallantry been displayed."

A CIVIL SERVANT'S HEROISM AT A FIRE.

THE Albert Medal has also been awarded to a clerk named Hinton, for gallantry exhibited at a fire at Hales Owen, England, in January, 1881, when he, at imminent risk to his own life, rescued from the flames a canister containing thirty pounds of blasting powder, and thereby saving a block of buildings, and, in all human probability, the sacrifice of a large number of lives.

It appears that Mr. Hinton, during the progress of the conflagration, ascertained from the proprietor of the building that there was a large quantity of oil and powder stored therein, and it was obvious that if the fire caught the powder a frightful

catastrophe was inevitable. Mr. Hinton rushed inside, guided simply by verbal directions, and succeeded in securing several small canisters of gunpowder; but on regaining the street, scorched and half-stified, he was informed that a large canister of blasting powder was still in the burning building.

At the imminent risk of his life he dashed into the shop a second time, and after a short period of terrible suspense, for an explosion was momentarily expected, he found the deadly burden of which he was in search, and reappeared with it in his arms; and it is for this brave act that Mr. Hinton has just received the much-coveted reward, "The Albert Medal," which was presented to him in the name of Queen Victoria by Lord Lyttelton, a local magnate, at a large meeting of the inhabitants of Hales Owen.

A deed so noble as this deserved public recognition and the gentlemen who brought the matter under the notice of the Queen acted wisely. There is in the present day, both in England and this country, a rapidly growing spirit of selfish indifference to the welfare of others. Acts of kindness and disinterested efforts to benefit other people often provoke even in educated society a smile of contempt rather than of approbation. A man who foregoes his rights or who undertakes labor from which he can derive no profit, is looked upon as a simple-minded fool, and young people are quickly learning that the best way to obtain respect is to "take care of number one," and let the weak help themselves. To this spirit of selfishness the recognition of royalty which is highly valued by the English mind is a much-needed reproof.

The intrinsic value of the Albert Medal is small compared with the risk run by the brave man thus decorated. But no one regards the bit of gold given by the Queen as a payment for service. It is an indication that the Queen desires to distinguish a man who has performed a brave act, and it is intended to enlighten others who may be in danger of regarding acts of self-sacrifice as evidence of a weak and fanatical mind. The same principle should be active in the Christian Church. People are apt to wonder when they see men devote their time and labor to visiting the sick, trying to rescue the lost, working in the Sunday-school and preaching in the open-air when they might be taking much-needed rest of body and mind. The tendency to regard such men as fanatics is altogether too prevalent. Instead of despising them the Church ought to encourage and honor them, remember-



A Civil Servant's Heroism.

ing that the King of kings has assured us that in the great day He will show them marked honor (Dan. 12 : 3).

GERALDINE'S COMMISSION.

HUGH CARSTON was a good specimen of a successful merchant. He had inherited at an early age a fair amount of capital, which was judiciously invested for him and which when he attained manhood he had put into trade. He was not accurately speaking, a religious man, though he recognized his responsibility for the wealth he possessed, and endeavored to make the homes and hearts of others happier by his generosity.

Mrs. Carston had been like sunshine to her husband and only daughter, Geraldine, but she died when Geraldine was just entering womanhood, leaving Hugh Carston a lonely, broken-spirited man. The light of his life had gone out, and for many months after his wife's death, in spite of all his daughter could do to cheer him, he spent his time in unavailing grief.

It is not difficult to understand why Mr. Carston was so overwhelmed. He had been taught when a boy by his pious mother that neither gifts of money nor a moral life would avail to save the soul. Many a time he had listened to sermons in which he was told that the only seed which would grow to life eternal is that planted by the Spirit in conversion. His dear dead wife also believed this, and he knew that she had during their years of union prayed constantly for his conversion. But he had been engaged heart and soul in business; he had his own way to make in the world, and he was convinced that success there, only comes to those who follow it with undivided attention. So he put off the consideration of religion until he should have made a fortune.

Mr. Carston reached middle life, his worldly fortune was secure, he had a beautiful home in the country, a devoted wife and a lovely daughter. Peace reigned all around him; now surely was the time to seek the Lord. Mr. Carston thought so, and he set about the business in the same way as he did when he insured his life. He wanted now to insure his soul, and he tried to recall the teachings he had listened to in his youth, and he made up his mind to talk to his wife about it. He could recollect the theory of salvation by faith, but as a business man he doubted whether that was sound. It did not seem reasonable to him. He had more faith in practical benevolence and gifts to the Bible Society and other religious enterprises. His past

life seemed to him like an account in one of his own ledgers. On the debtor side were sundry trade tricks, venial sins, a little sharp practice here and there, a little negligence in the keeping of the Sabbath and nothing more. He read the commandments and examined his life and could find nothing more to enter against himself. On the credit side there was a very fair life as lives go. Strictly moral; he had wronged no man, he had defrauded no man. Looking at his life so, Mr. Carston decided that a munificent gift of money to a distinctly religious institution and a bequest of a further sum in his will, the two amounts aggregating a full tenth of his fortune, ought to balance the account between his God and himself.

Mrs. Carston heard these views with a saddened heart, and she begged him to apply to his life the higher rule, so that he might see how far it had fallen short of what God requires; and she prayed day and night that the Holy Spirit would enlighten him, would show him his lost condition, and force him to beg for mercy through Christ. While matters stood thus with Mr. Carston, his wife died very suddenly and he was alone with his daughter.

For many weeks Mr. Carston shut himself up in his own place and never stirred outside the gate of his garden. For hours together he remained in his library, and in the evening would wander about in his shrubby lonely and desolate. Geraldine carefully provided for his comfort, and knowing well all her mother had done for him, took care that in the household arrangements no little thing neglected should remind him of his loss. Beside this effort Geraldine was doing something else; *she was praying for him.* Three or four years ago she gave her heart to the Saviour, and many a time she had knelt by her mother's side and together the two women had prayed for the conversion of the man both so tenderly loved. Now that her mother was dead, Geraldine prayed alone, and she prayed that from the gloom of bereavement her father might come forth into the light of the Gospel.

One morning to Geraldine's surprise Mr. Carston said he should ride into the city. Since Mrs. Carston's death he had scarcely spoken to Geraldine except on ordinary matters connected with the household. That morning, however, noticing the look of surprise on Geraldine's face, he said, "My dear girl, forgive me. I have been selfish. In my grief I have forgotten how much you too have suffered. I have left you to bear your load alone, I—" but here his voice broke down and he wept long and bitterly. They were the first tears he had shed since his wife's death, and they were a relief to his pent-up woe. He said no more then, for his horse was brought round from the stables and he went out for his ride. Geraldine's thoughts were quick, and as she saw him cross the lawn an idea occurred to her that might lead to good. She tripped quickly across the grass and in a minute stood by the side of her father's horse, looking in her mourning dress, and her girlish face chastened by recent tears, more womanly than her father had ever seen her.



Geraldine's Commission to her Father.

"Papa," she said, "would it trouble you too much to make a call in the city? You know the Watsons have gone there to live. Dear mamma was much concerned about them and she had a great regard for Mrs. Watson. I have heard nothing of them since they went to the city and I am sure if they are in trouble mamma would have liked us to help them. They are very poor and I should like for mamma's sake to give them a little help of my own. Will you give them this from me?" and she placed in Mr. Carston's hand a five-dollar gold piece. Mr. Carston, too, felt that this mission was congenial, for was it not something done out of regard for his dear dead wife? So he promised to call on the Watsons and give them Geraldine's gold piece.

The Watsons were people Mr. Carston knew well. Mr. Watson once occupied a handsome house not far from his own, but he had failed in business, had given up everything to his creditors, and had removed to the city with his sick wife and two daughters to begin life again as a clerk. Mr. Watson, however, was an earnest Christian man, and he bore his trial with Christian resignation.

Mr. Carston easily found their humble abode, and entering, saw that his daughter's fears as to their circumstances were well founded. They were very poor. Mr. Watson saved nothing from the wreck of his fortunes and had been unable to obtain employment. Worse than all the poverty, however, was the blow that had just fallen on the family in the death of Mrs. Watson, and the bereaved man seemed to Mr. Carston, as he entered, a very picture of misery. Remembering what an angel of light his wife would have seemed, entering on such a scene, he tried to do as she would have done and comfort the sorrowing man. The wealthy widower was stricken with the same grief as the destitute

widower, but Mr. Carston could not help admitting that the man before him had a heavier burden than his own, for he was very poor. Almost the first few words he said, however, elicited a reply that surprised him. This man whom he was trying to comfort was a happier man than himself. "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," were the words the suffering and bereaved Christian uttered. Mr. Carston had never been able to say that. The man's faith amazed him. He was attempting to console him on the dispensations of "an inscrutable Providence," and here was the man actually blessing the name of the Lord. What could be the cause of such a frame of mind?

Before Mr. Carston left that bereaved household he had learned much. He saw a light there which did more to alleviate sorrow than wealth had ever done for him, and as he rode slowly homeward he pondered the different circumstances in the two homes and the strange difference that religion had made. This "theory" of union with Christ, as he had been accustomed to call it, was something far more powerful than a theory, for it lightened a heavier burden than that the weight of which had crushed his own spirit. He resolved to know more of it, and soon Mr. Carston was a pretty

constant visitor at the humble home of the Watsons. His influence in the city soon procured Mr. Watson honorable and lucrative employment, and so the Watsons profited by Mr. Carston's friendship. But what were Mr. Carston's profits? Eternity alone will reveal that to him. Religion, which had been only an empty theory to him before, which seen in action under exceptionally painful circumstances had astonished him by its power, became to him the mainspring of all his actions. Geraldine heard, and thanked God that the sudden thought which occurred to her on that particular morning and had led to her father's first visit to the stricken home had led to the result she and her dear departed mother had besought God for, for years. Her dear father was a Christian in heart and in life, and was now eagerly inquiring "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 399.)

The Most Miserable.

FELICITA pondered over the possibility of Roland having paid the penalty of his crime, and going back again to take up his life, walking more humbly in it evermore, with no claim to pre-eminence save that of most diligently serving his fellow-men. She endeavored to picture herself receiving him back again from the convict prison, with all its *shameful memories* branded on him, and looking upon him again as her husband and the father of her children; and she found herself crying out to her own heart that it would have been impossible to her. Phebe might have done it, but she—never!

The journey, though not more than fourteen miles

from Stans to Engelberg, occupied several hours, so broken up was the narrow road by the winter's rains and the melting snow. The steep ascent between Grafenort and Engelberg was dangerous, the more so as a heavy thunderstorm broke over it; but Felicita remained insensible to any peril. At length the long, narrow valley lay before her, stretching upward to the feet of the rocky hills. The thunderstorm that had met her on the road had been raging fiercely in this mountain cauldron, and was but just passing away in long, low mutterings, echoed and prolonged amid the precipitous walls of rock. Tall, trailing, spectre-like clouds slowly followed each other in solemn and stately procession up the valley, as though amid their light yet impenetrable folds of vapor they bore the invisible form of some mysterious being; whether in triumph or in sorrow it was impossible to tell. The sun caught their gray crests and tinged them with rainbow colors; and as they floated softly and unhastily along, the valley behind them seemed to spring into a new life of sunshine and mirth.

It was past noon when Felicita was driven up to the hotel in the village. She told the driver she would be ready to return to Stans as soon as the horses were rested; and then she wandered out into the village street, thinking she might come across some peasant at work alone, or some woman standing idly at her door, with whom she could fall into a casual conversation, and learn what she had come to ascertain. But she met with no solitary villager; and she strayed onward, almost unwittingly in the direction of the cemetery.

In passing by the church, she pushed open one of the heavy swinging doors and cast a glance round; there was no one in sight, but the gabble of boys' voices in some vestry close by reached her ear, and a laugh rang after it which echoed noisily in the quiet aisles. The high altar was lit up by a light from a side window, and her eye was arrested by it. Still, whether she saw and heard, or was deaf and blind, she scarcely knew. Her feet were drawn by some irresistible attraction toward the grave where her husband was *not* buried.

She did not know in what corner of the graveyard it was to be found; and when she entered the small enclosure, with its wooden cross at the head of every narrow mound, she stood still for a minute or two, hesitatingly, and looking before her with a bewildered and reluctant air, as if engaged in an enterprise she recoiled from. A *young priest* was passing to and fro with his breviary in his hands and his lips moving as if in prayer; but at the unexpected sight of an English traveller thus early in the season, his curiosity was aroused, and he bent his steps toward her. When he was sufficiently near to catch her wandering eye, he spoke in a quiet and courteous manner.

"Is madame seeking for any special spot?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Felicita fastening upon him her large sad eyes, which had dark rings below them, intensifying the mournfulness of their expression; "I am looking for a grave, the grave of a stranger, Roland Sefton. I have come from England to find it."

Her voice was constrained and low; and the words came in brief, panting syllables, which sounded almost like sobs. The priest looked closely and scrutinizingly into the pallid face turned toward him, which was as rigid as marble, except for the gleam of the dark eyes.

"Madame is suffering; she is ill!" he said.

"No; not ill," answered Felicita, in an absent manner, as if she was speaking in a dream; "but of all women the most miserable."

It seemed to him that the English lady was not aware of what words she uttered. He felt embarrassed and perplexed; all the English were heretics, and how heretics could be comforted or counselled he did not know. But the dreamy sadness of her face appealed to his compassion. The only thing he could do for her was to guide her to the grave she was seeking.

For the last nine months no hand had cleared away the weeds from around it, or the moss from gathering upon it. The little pathway trodden by Jean Merle's feet was overgrown, though still perceptible, and the priest walked along it with Felicita

following him. Little threads of green were filling up the deep clear-cut lettering on the cross; and gray and yellow lichens were creeping over the granite. Since the snow had melted, and the sun had shone hotly into the high-lying valley, there had been a rapid growth of vegetation here as everywhere else, and the weeds and grass had flourished luxuriantly; but among them Alice's slip of ivy had thrown out new buds and tendrils. The priest paused before the grave, with Felicita standing beside him silent and spell-bound. She did not weep or cry, or fling herself upon the ground beside it as he had expected. When he looked askance at her marble face there was no trace of emotion upon it; excepting that her lips moved very slightly as if they formed the words inscribed upon the cross.

"It is not in good order just at present," he said, breaking the oppressive silence. "The peasant who took charge of it, Jean Merle, disappeared from Engelberg last summer, and has never since been seen or heard of. They say he was paid to take care of this grave; and truly when he was here there was no weed, no soil, no little speck of moss upon it. There was no other grave kept like this. Was Roland Sefton a relative of Madame?"

"Yes!" she whispered, or he thought she whispered it from the motion of her lips.

"Madame is not a Catholic?" he asked.

Felicita shook her head.

"What a pity! what a pity!" he continued, in a tone of mild regret, "or I could console her. Yet I will pray the good God and the Mother of Sorrows to give her comfort. If she only knew the solace of opening her heart, even to a fellow-mortal!"

"Does no one know where Jean Merle is," she asked, in a low but clear, penetrating voice which startled him, he said afterward, almost as much as if the image of the Blessed Virgin had spoken to him. With the effort to speak a slight color flushed across the pale, wan face, and her eyes fastened eagerly upon him.

"No one, Madame," he replied; "the poor man was a misanthrope, and lived here quite alone in misery. He came neither to confession nor to mass; but whether he was a heretic or an atheist no man knew. Where he came from, or where he went to, was known only to himself. But they think he must have perished on the mountains, for he disappeared suddenly last August. His little hut is falling into ruins; it was too poor a place for anybody but him."

"I must go there; where is it?" she inquired, turning abruptly away from the grave, without a tear or a prayer, he observed.

The spell that had bound her seemed broken, and she looked agitated and hurried. There was more vigor and decision in her face and manner than he could have believed possible a few minutes before. She was no longer a marble image of despair.

"If Madame will go quite through the village," he answered, "it is the last house on the way to Stans. But it cannot be called a house; it is a ruin. It stands apart from all the rest, like an accursed spot; for no person will go near it. If Madame goes, she will find no one there."

With a quick yet stately gesture of farewell Felicita turned away, and walked swiftly down the little path, not running, but moving so rapidly that she was soon out of sight. By-and-by, when he had had time to think over the interview and to recover from his surprise, he followed her; but he saw nothing of her; only the miserable hovel where Jean Merle lived, into which she had probably found an entrance.

Felicita had learned something of what she had come to discover. Jean Merle had been living in Engelberg until the last summer, though now he had disappeared. Perished on the mountains! Oh! could that be true? It was likely to be true. He had always been a daring mountaineer, when there was every motive for him to be careful of his life; and now what could make it precious to him? There was no other reason for suddenly breaking off the thread of his life here in Engelberg; for Felicita had never imagined it possible that he

would return to England. If he had disappeared he must have perished on the mountains.

Yet there was no relief to her in the thought. If she had heard in England that he was dead, there would have been a sense of deliverance, and a secret consciousness of real freedom, which would have made her future course lie before her in brighter and more tranquil light. She would at last be what she seemed to be. But here, amid the scenes of his past life, there was a deep compunction in her heart, and a profound pity for the miserable man, whose neighbors knew nothing about him but that he had vanished out of their sight. That she should come to seek him and find not even his grave, oppressed her with anguish, as she passed along the village street, till she saw the deserted hut standing apart, like an accursed place, the fit dwelling of an outcast.

The short ladder that led to it was half-broken; but she could climb it easily, and the upper part of the door was partly open, and swinging lazily to and fro in the light breeze that was astir after the storm. There was no difficulty in unfastening the bolt which held the lower half, and Felicita stepped into the low room.

She stood for awhile, how long she did not know, gazing forward with wide-open, motionless eyes, the brain scarcely conscious of seeing through them, though the sight before her was reflected on their dark and glistening surface. A corner of the roof had fallen in during the winter, and a stream of bright light shone through it, irradiating the dim and desolate interior. The abject poverty of her husband's dwelling-place was set in broad daylight. The windowless walls, the bare black rafters overhead, the rude bed of juniper branches and ferns, the log seat, rough as it had come out of the forest; she saw them all as if she saw them not, so busy was her brain that it could take no notice of them just now.

So busy was it that all her life seemed to be hurrying and crowding and whirling through it, with swift pictures starting into momentary distinctness, and dying suddenly to give place to others. It was a terrifying and enthralling phantasmagoria which held her spell-bound on the threshold of this ruined hovel, her husband's last shelter.

At last she roused herself, and stepped forward hesitatingly. Her eyes had fallen upon a book or two at the end of a shelf as black as the walls—and books had always called to her with a voice that could not be resisted. She crept slowly and feebly across the mouldering planks of the floor, through which she could see the grass springing on the turf below the hut. But when she lifted up the mildewed and dust-covered volume lying uppermost, and opened it, her eyes fell first upon *her own portrait*, stained, faded, nearly blotted out, yet herself, as she was when she became Roland Sefton's wife.

She sank down, faint and trembling, on the rough block of wood, and leaned back against the mouldy walls, with the photograph in her hand and her eyes fastened upon it. His mother's portrait and his children's he had given up as evidence of his death; but he had never parted with hers. Oh, how he had loved her! Would to God she had loved him as dearly! But she had forsaken him, had separated him from her as one who was accursed, and whose very name was a malediction.

She had exacted *the uttermost farthing* from him, his mother, his children, his home, his very life—to save her name from dishonor. It seemed as if this tarnished, dishonored picture of herself, cherished through all his misery and desolation, spoke more deeply and poignantly to her than anything else could do. She fancied she could see him, the wayworn, haggard, weather-beaten peasant, as she had seen him last, sitting there, with the black walls shutting him out from all the world, but holding this portrait in his hands, and looking at it as she did now. And he had perished on the mountains!

Suddenly all the whirl of her brain grew quiet, the swift thoughts ceased to rush across it. She felt dull and benumbed, as if she could no longer exert herself to remember, or to know anything.

Her eyes were weary of seeing, and the lids drooped over them. The light had become dim, as if the sun had already set. Her ears were growing heavy, as though no sound could ever disturb her again, when a bitter and piercing cry, such as is seldom drawn from the heart of man, penetrated through all the lethargy creeping over her. Looking up, with eyes that opened slowly and painfully, she saw her husband bending over her. A smile of exceeding sweetness and tenderness flitted across her face, and she tried to stretch out both her hands toward him. But the effort was the last faint token of life. They had found one another again too late.

She had not uttered a word to him; but her smile and the tender gesture of her dying hands had spoken more than words. He stood motionless, gazing down upon her, and upon Phebe, who had thrown herself beside her, and was encircling her with her arms, as if she could snatch her away from the relentless grasp of death. A single cry of anguish had escaped him, but he was dumb now; and no sound was heard in the silent hut, except those that entered it from without. Phebe did not know what had happened; but he knew. Quite clearly, without any hope, or any self-deception, he knew that Felicitia was dead.

The dread of it had haunted him from the moment that he had heard of her hurried departure in quest of him. When he read Phebe's few words, imploring him to follow them, the recollection had flashed across him of how the thread of Lord Riversford's life had snapped under the strain of unusual anxiety and fatigue. Felicitia's own delicate health had been failing for some months past. As swiftly as he could follow he had pursued them; but her impatient and feverish haste had prevented him from overtaking them in time. What might have been the result if he had reached her sooner he could not tell; that there could ever have been any knitting together again of the tie that had once united them seemed impossible. Death alone, either hers or his, could have touched her heart to the tenderness of her farewell smile and gesture.

(To be continued.)

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

S.S. Lesson for July 9, Mark 10: 17-31. Golden Text, ver. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

IN the beginning of our subject for to-day we read, "When He [Jesus] was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to Him, and asked Him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" It was not by chance that Jesus met with this young man. His Father awakened His ear morning by morning (Isa. 50: 4) to hear and know His will, and His daily life was to "do always those things which please Him" (John 8: 29). He made no plans of His own, and therefore His and His Father's never clashed; He was what He calls us to be, a ready instrument in the hands of God to carry out His will. When ear and eye are open to God, we are able to understand what He is doing, and to fall in with His plans in a loving, trusting, intelligent manner; and thus every circumstance has a voice for us, every incident speaks, we see the guiding hand at work, and all the powers of men and devils, and all the elements of nature subject to, and working out His will.

The question put to Jesus was that which is the cry of every awakened soul. "What shall I do? is ever rising up in such hearts. I see a blessing which I do not possess, how can I obtain it? what is its cost? what does it entail?" The enquirer knew nothing beyond the law, and Jesus took him on his own ground—that of the commandments. But first He brought him to reality about his way of addressing Him, "Good Master," or Teacher, and said, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one—God." It was as though our beloved Lord would give him an opportunity to recognize Him. But it was in vain, the young man was

OCCUPIED WITH HIMSELF

and had no thoughts for Him. How do we name God? Almighty? Then how inexpressibly inconsistent is it in us to have a thought of unbelief

in our hearts. Is He good? Then how can we give way to distrust in any circumstance? Is He perfect? Then how can anything fail which He undertakes? The very naming of God by any of His attributes is to pledge ourselves to take Him as that to us and for us, otherwise we are taking *that* name of God in vain.

Brought face to face with God's commandments, those which contained his duty toward man, this enquirer answered and said, "Master, all these have I observed from my youth." Undoubtedly he was in earnest, he had, like Paul, "lived in good conscience toward God" as far as his light went, but there existed in him a strong consciousness of something wanting; he had not what he sought. Probably no man could find fault with him; he was up to, and beyond, the average, even of religious men; but he could not say, "I have eternal life." He was ready to do anything, any "good thing," as he said (Matt. 19: 16), but the Lord wanted not his good things but himself. God was not going to strike bargains with him, but to conquer him and take possession. God would not go shares with him in that which he had, but would empty him of all he was and had, and then fill the void with Himself.

At every stage of our spiritual life, this controversy takes place. We want to take another step, we offer our little, be it experience, power, riches, faith, and seek to stretch it out to the requirements of a nearer life with God,

BUT IT WON'T DO,

and the answer of our God when we come with our need to Him is just that of Jesus to the young ruler: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me." "Sell whatsoever thou hast." Let yourself be stripped, be willing to be nothing and to have nothing, to make God owner of all you are and have, and see what He can make of it. The ruler might have said, "But if I give up all I have, my power to be benevolent is taken from me at once." A worker who has gloried in his success, when the Lord has called him to give up his work and to be nothing, feels that if it is taken away he may as well die, there is nothing to live for. This is just where our Lord would bring us.

A man who has sought to obtain justification by his own merits and righteousness must, as we well know, learn that he is a lost sinner, and that all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags. A man who is seeking complete cleansing and power over present temptation, must come to a full surrender of himself, and all he is and has, as the first necessity, otherwise God has no purchase over him. A man seeking the fulness of the Spirit must become utterly nothing, and when he has thus lost all that he has, then the Spirit of God can possess and use him. Equally true is it that one who seeks healing from the Lord must learn to abandon spirit, soul, and body completely into the hands of God, for His will and His purposes, must cease to nurse or doctor, plan or calculate; and then, when he is fully abandoned to Him, Jesus comes in with pardon, with cleansing, with power, with healing.

This young ruler had not anticipated such terms as these: "He was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions." No doubt his plan had been to retain the power which was in his hands, to be master of his property, and then, in a lordly way to distribute it and gain credit for it; but to cease to be a proprietor, to lose his position, to have remarks passed upon him as being one of that vulgar set who followed Jesus of Nazareth—no, this was too much, this could not be, his pride would not brook it. Anything consistent with his position, anything which the leading priests would assent to, O yes; but these eccentric people whom everybody remarks, I could not become one of them.

But the Lord says, "Come, take up the cross, and follow me," that pride of thine, those riches of thine, that position of thine, that appearance of thine, are standing in the way of my glory and of thy blessing, sell them all, give them all, part with them all, come and live for me, take up thy cross, as I have taken mine, and let thy vocation be to

follow me. I have left my riches for thee, leave thine for me. I have left my position for thee; am I worthy that thou shouldst leave thine for me? I, the King of glory, am without form or comeliness for thee, wilt thou give up appearance for me? Come, it is worth while; take up thy cross, it will answer in the end, and follow thou me." But

HE COUNTED THE COST TOO DEAR.

"And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto His disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" The disciples were not prepared for such an announcement, they were astonished, and He repeated with explanation, "Children, how hard is it for *them that trust in riches* to enter into the kingdom of God!"

Silver, gold, houses, lands, business, these are not the only riches in which men trust; anything which is an apparent advantage, and on which we place dependence, is a thing to be surrendered to Jesus. It is not our works or our possessions but ourselves which He wills, that He may mould us, and out of our nothingness make a new creation for His glory. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." In man's poverty, God has His riches, for He can manifest the wealth of His resources; He is always seeking to manifest Himself, and the very purpose of our existence is the manifestation of God. The Lord Jesus went on to say, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." If a camel entered under one of the small obelisks which were called needles, he must kneel down and crawl, and it was with great difficulty, because of his size and height; and thus every one who possesses anything in which he trusts, must come down, must become nothing, in order to enter into the kingdom of God.

The disciples were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves (or to Him), "Who then can be saved? And Jesus looking upon them, saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible." It is against every bit of man's nature thus to strip himself, the very life of our nature is self, and if self goes, all goes. Yes, thank God, let it go, for with God, in His nature, all things are possible. Now we get from finite to infinite. Let God replace the money, strength, talent, influence, or whatever may be the riches in which we have trusted, and then illimitable possibilities lie before us.

Peter, who like many another since his time began to apply the lesson to himself and to his own advantage, said, "Lo, we have left all and followed Thee," as though to say, "At any rate

WE ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK."

"And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

Every one who has had experience of giving up anything for God will understand the blessed truth of these words. None repays like God, there is nothing given up for Him which is not amply, richly repaid. Have we been persecuted by brothers and sisters, God gives us brethren and sisters in Christ more than we can number, and dear as our own lives; whenever for conscience' sake we have to endure the disapprobation of father or mother, how blessedly He raises us up fathers and mothers in the Gospel. If we give up our property for Him, how tenderly He cares for our every want; there is something feminine in the tenderness of our loving God when we run apparent risks for His sake; but He promises us nothing without persecutions. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord" (Matt. 10: 25). "But many that are first shall be last and the last first." Those whom men reckon first, leading ministers, far-famed preachers, gifted men, men of note, these may all be last, and the last first; for God's thoughts are not as ours. Let us be gladly last in our own eyes and those of others, for so alone can we be God's first ones.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Engineer Melville's Discovery of the Bodies of Lieutenant De Long and his party is fully described in the later telegrams now received. Melville states that under about a foot of snow they found the bodies of De Long and Dr. Ambler about three feet apart, and Ah Sam lying at their feet, all partially covered by pieces of tent and a few pieces of blanket. The other bodies were close at hand. None of the dead had boots. Their feet were covered with rags, tied on. In the pockets of all were pieces of burnt skin and of the clothing which they had been eating. The hands of all were more or less burned, and it looked as if when dying they had *crawled into the fire*, Boyd lying over the fire and his clothing being burned through to the skin, which was not burned. Collins' face was covered with a cloth. All the bodies were carried to the top of a hill three hundred feet high, about forty versts to the southwest from where they were found, and there interred in a mausoleum constructed of wood from the scow, built in the form of a pyramid twenty-two feet long and seven high, surmounted by a cross twenty-two feet high and a foot square, hewn out of drift-wood, and conspicuous at a distance of twenty versts. The mausoleum was covered with stones and is to be sodded in the spring. The cross is inscribed with the record and names of the dead, cut in by the search party.

An Armed Rising in Ireland is Apprehended by the government. A telegram dated June 20th, says, "Instructions are being given to commanding officers in all the great military centres in the south and west, as well as in Dublin, regarding the course to be pursued in the event of a rising. In the present critical state of affairs it is felt that the authorities are wise in preparing for any emergency. Numerous police and military patrols are on duty nightly in Limerick. Admission to the military barracks throughout Ireland is prohibited. All the usual sentries have been doubled and precautions have been taken against explosives being taken into military quarters. Mr. Trevelyan, the Secretary for Ireland, said on June 23d, in the House of Commons, that "every day brought forward fresh reasons to regard the present position of the country, not with fear, but with the deepest and increasing anxiety."

A Denunciation of Mr. Michael Davitt and his scheme for the nationalization of the land of Ireland is published in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* by Mr. Harris, a member of the Land League, one of the suspects who for nine months was imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail. Mr. Harris contends that Mr. Davitt's scheme will not satisfy any class of people in Ireland. He believes it would be opposed by the farmers because they would have no guarantee that they would get their rents lowered, or if lowered, fixed, while it would deprive them of all prospect of becoming proprietors. The middle and moneyed classes would be against the scheme, because they, naturally enough, regard it as the first step toward holding property in common. The landed gentry would oppose it because it would blot them out altogether. "Proceeding on we come to the most important element of all—namely, the masses of the people, or those who have nothing to rely on but the labor of their hands in Ireland. This class are nationalists at heart, and will oppose the scheme, which is undoubtedly opposed to their principles."

Anarchy still Prevails in Egypt. The flight of foreigners from the country has caused the suspension of all public works. The men engaged in them are now without employment and their manner indicates their readiness for any desperate enterprise. The safety of all the American residents and visitors is assured. The *London Standard's* correspondent at Alexandria reports that, owing to rumors of fresh calamities, the exodus of Europeans has recommenced. Admiral Seymour has made arrangements for the landing of a force of men in the event of another riot. Many Americans have left Alexandria in a vessel chartered by the captain of the United States steamer Galena. He also says that he is informed on the best authority that if France and England interfere actively in Egyptian affairs Arabi Pacha will blow up

the Suez Canal, cut the railway to Cairo, and oppose the landing of European troops in Alexandria. If beaten he will retire to the desert, where he is promised the support of 30,000 Bedouins, partisans of Prince Halim. The Egyptian Ministry are prepared to sanction this programme on patriotic grounds.

The Probability of English Intervention in Egypt is reported. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, an English ministerial journal, published on June 23d an article in reference to the organization of a military expedition to Egypt, in which it assumes that the expedition has been already decided on. This belief is very general among members of parliament. An additional proof of the imminence of war is the heavy fall which has taken place in the government bonds. The plan which it is supposed England would pursue in the event of active hostilities breaking out would be to seize both ends of the Suez Canal and place guards at intervals, leaving Egypt proper to the settlement of its own affairs. If Arabi alone were to be consulted this plan would settle the question satisfactorily; but, it is stated that Italy strongly objects to the preponderance of England and France in Egypt, and is actively promoting the combination between Turkey, Germany and Austria to prevent the intervention of the Western Powers. The Conference which is now assembled at Constantinople and is sitting with closed doors will not consider the question of the Suez Canal, but will discuss only the best mode of enforcing order and the relations at present existing between Egypt and Turkey.

Another Nihilist Plot has been Discovered in Russia. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *New York Herald* telegraphs that the police have seized thirty-eight pounds of nitro-glycerine and 120 pounds of dynamite in a house searched on June 22d, besides a quantity of bombs of the newest pattern, ten of which were loaded. Among the persons arrested are several naval officers and a Jewess. It is said also that an operetta singer is implicated in the plot. A Major of Hussars arrested had for some time been suspected and watched by the police. Agents disguised as coachmen followed him wherever he went, and without knowing it he had repeatedly been driven about by his spies. Latterly, too, he had unsuspectingly made himself a friend of the police agent, whom he was in the habit of meeting at a restaurant. Up to the present time about eighty persons have been arrested.

A Report that War has Broken out in Zululand is current in Europe. An English journal says, "A despatch from Durban announces that a civil war has commenced in Zululand. A large army under Dabuko, brother of Cetewayo, has defeated the chiefs Usibepu and Oham. It is expected that Dabuko will attack John Dunn." It will be remembered that at the conclusion of the late war between Great Britain and that country it was predicted that there would be civil war of an exterminating character before five years elapsed.

The Block in the Irish Land Courts Still continues. At the end of last month no fewer than 76,387 causes had been entered for hearing, of which number 664 had been dismissed and 469 had been withdrawn, thus leaving 75,256 to be dealt with. Of these latter, 4,449 have been decided, but nearly 1500 of them went afterward to appeal, and only 247 of the appeals have been settled. Hence, about 72,000 cases remain untouched.

The Settlement of Jews in Palestine is thus discussed in the *Jewish Chronicle*, the leading organ of English Jews. "The precautions which the Turkish Government are taking to prevent the settlement of Jews in Palestine postpone for the present the realization of the aspirations of the great mass of the Russian and Roumanian Jews. The *Eastern Question is about to open*, and the position of things will shortly be so unsettled that under any circumstances emigration to Palestine would have been attended with danger and difficulty. But all this may clear the way to Palestine under more favorable circumstances than have ever before existed. This question bears upon the Eastern situation generally, and the ultimate

solution of the Jewish problem in Russia may be in the settlement of the race in their old land. This Egyptian question seems to be *the beginning of the end*. The old story about danger to be apprehended for the Jewish settlers in Palestine from Bedouins is not worthy of much consideration. There are splendid tracts both in Palestine and Syria where the inhabitants have never seen a Bedouin, and where the Bedouins are as likely to visit as Finsbury Square. Of course some may prefer sending their co-religionists to live in Texas, but even to that desirable consummation the difficulty of transport causes considerable obstacles. There is a whole nation of millions of people to be provided for. The great majority have turned their eyes to the South. It is not a question of encouraging them to go, but of seeing that they do not starve after going."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are still working in Glasgow with many tokens of Divine blessing. Mr. and Mrs. Willson, of New York, assisting Mr. Sankey in the singing. One visitor to the meetings says: "For more than an hour before the time of the weekly mass meeting in the evening we noticed the people moving into the Circus to secure good seats. We roamed about the neighboring streets, laying our hands on many whose dissipated looks proved their need of 'Great Deliverer,' and, like several others similarly engaged in gathering in the careless, we did labor in vain. Not a rough word was spoken to us, and not one refused our kind invitation. Every corner was filled. A great tea-meeting of reform drunkards was held on Tuesday, June 6th, in the Glasgow City Hall."

The Rev. W. M. H. Aitken, the *Emine* English revival preacher, whose sermons have occasionally been published in these columns, has met with a serious accident, which will incapacitate him from fulfilling his summer engagements. It appears that on June 1st, he was riding upon a tricycle not far from Bedford, and was going uphill, when he missed his footing on the treadle, the crank and he fell forward, his machine falling over on him. He was attended on the spot by a surgeon who discovered that Mr. Aitken had broken his left thigh. He was removed to Bedford where the fracture was set and he is now reported to be making progress toward recovery.

A New Temperance Bishop has been Added to the list of English prelates who are abstainers. In an editorial upon the appointment of Canon Ernest Wilberforce to the Bishopric of Newcastle a prominent journal says: "For several years has been a most untiring member of the Council of the Church of England Temperance Society, advocating its claims in the pulpit and on the platform with conspicuous eloquence, intense earnestness, and self-sacrificing devotion. Bishop Wilberforce will make the *seventh abstaining bishop* (exclusive of colonials), and, like his brethren of Exeter, Gloucester, Rochester, Durham, Dover, and Bedford, will no doubt speedily experience that to abstinence is, in some degree at least, a help to the faithful discharge of the duties of the office of bishop."

A Persecution of Native Christians has broken out in China. The Rev. G. Stott of Weichow, China, says that for some months Christians there have been suffering severe persecution. In one village they have been set upon again and again by a crowd of roughs, their doors torn down and taken away, every article in their houses more or less broken, and all their cooking utensils carried off; and the friendly neighbors have been threatened if they helped them. These Christians have also been very badly beaten, some of them four or five times. One man was beaten so badly that he could not stand, and then dragged along the road by the queue, and thrown into a cesspool. One woman was also treated in a dreadful manner and abused till she fainted, and then some of the persecutors carried drain-water in a bucket, and drenched her from head to foot. At another place the house of one of the Christians was twice set on fire because he would not contribute to the support of the God of Fire. He is now driven from his home, with his family, and completely ruined. They need sympathy and prayer.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JULY, 6 1882.

16th Year. No. 27.—New Series.

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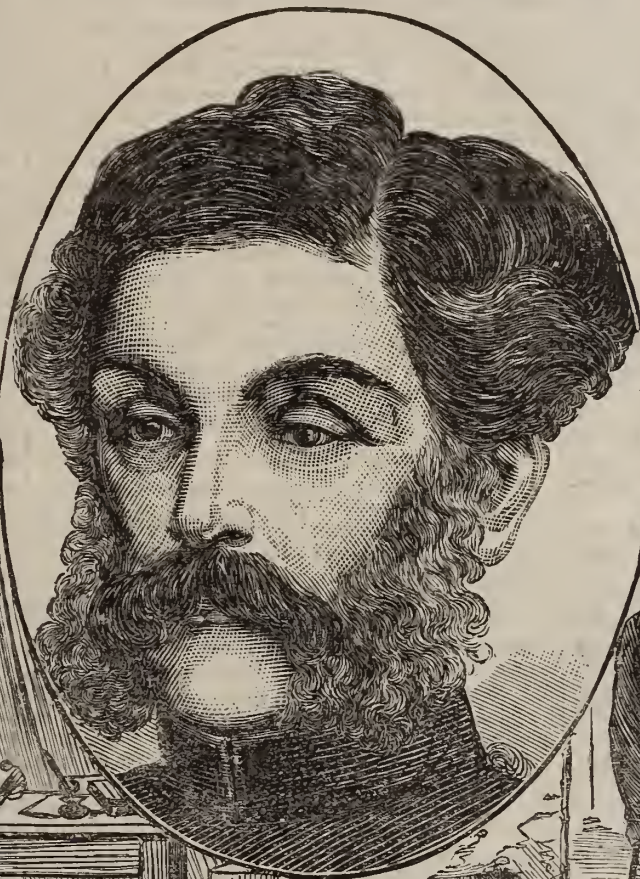
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GEN. CHARLES A. BROWNE, THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

GEN. CHARLES A. BROWNE,

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It is impossible for the Christian to live a consistent life in this world unless he constantly and persistently looks to God for wisdom and strength. Whatever his vocation in life, temptations, open and disguised, surround him, and he is in danger of falling into sin and causing a reproach to be cast on the name of his Saviour. Watchful eyes are always upon him; more is expected of him than is expected of other men, and there are ever about him men ready to see and publish any inconsistent act, and who would rejoice in his fall. Worse than that there are enemies of religion who make it their chief delight to misrepresent his words and actions, and to set them in such a light as distorts them and causes them to appear other than what they are. The Christian must expect to be thus misunderstood, and must not be surprised if the world, and even his fellow Christians who ought to know better, judge him harshly, suspect him of unworthy motives, and without good reason condemn and malign him. It is, therefore, especially important that in whatever condition we may be placed we may not forget these facts, but give especial care and pray unceasingly for the help of God that we may not only avoid evil, but the very appearance of evil, lest we give occasion to the enemies of Christ to blaspheme.

In no position is this constant watchfulness more necessary than in the Christian soldier. The army is in all countries an attraction to men of idle and vicious character, who drift into it as an occupation congenial to their dispositions, and who hope to find there congenial associates. Among such men a soldier or an officer who has made a profession of religion is in sad case. If he is divinely guided and guarded he may do much good, but if he is easily led aside, easily influenced by his surroundings, heedless of his walk and conversation, he may do infinite harm. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week gives the portrait and life of an officer so placed, who by the grace of God was upheld in all his paths and who was enabled to do much good at a very trying time.

General Charles Alfred Browne was an officer who for thirty years resided in Madras, India, and latterly filled the high positions of Adjutant-General, and Secretary to the Government in the Military Department (posts equivalent to that of Secretary of the War Department in this country). His name was a household word in Madras, yet but few were intimate with him. He was known to be a man of deep religious principle and practice; but at the outset of his Christian career he shunned society, and, in self denying habits, was different from all around him, and, as he afterward admitted, was at one period of his life more of a monk than a Protestant.

General Browne went to India in 1820, and was from the first recognized as a remarkable young man. Though only of middle height, he was possessed of extraordinary strength and activity. Genial in disposition, he was full of life and fond of society, in which, however, he did not indulge, being very ambitious, and fearing that his attendance at balls and parties would interfere with his studies. He had great application, but this was surpassed by his powers of endurance. His abilities soon attracted the attention of Colonel Conway the Adjutant-General, who had him appointed Adjutant of the depot of the regiments engaged in the first Burmese war. At this depot he had charge of 4000 Sepoys and of the young officers who were being drilled for service before joining their respective regiments in Burmah.

APPLICATION TO DUTY AND CONVERSION.

So engrossing were his duties in this office, and so conscientious was he in their performance that on one occasion he was, for two weeks, twenty-two hours each day either on horseback or standing at his desk. He never sat down, and slept for only two hours out of the twenty-four. A swollen

side and blisters were the results of this defiance of the requirement of nature; but even a severe attack did not lay him aside; and he at length obtained the ardent desire of his heart, permission to join his regiment in Rangoon. To his deep regret he found on his arrival that the war was virtually at an end. Having no books to occupy his time, he amused himself by getting his body tattooed almost all over with the pictures of wild animals. These figures never could be effaced, and were, as he always said, a memento of his youthful folly.

After the return of the troops from Burnah, Adjutant Browne's regiment was stationed in Quilon, where, about the year 1827-28, he was awakened to the paramount importance of eternal realities; and shortly after being appointed to Madras he was brought into the full assurance and joy of the Gospel, through the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Ridsdale. From an early period he had an enthusiastic, almost romantic, desire to go to Persia, as affording scope for his enterprising and ambitious spirit; and in order to prepare himself for the hardships of a wild uncivilized life, he commenced what he thought the best kind of training. *He slept on a wooden bed with a plank for his pillow, as shown on the left side of the upper portion of the frontispiece*, and denied himself not only the luxuries but the comforts of civilized life. This practice he continued after his conversion, which of course became generally known, and was considered to be part of his religion—in fact, Popish mortification of the body to save the soul.

SACRIFICES A DESIRABLE APPOINTMENT.

When he was remonstrated with upon these habits, his reply was "Why should I, as a Christian, indulge in luxuries which I relinquished from pure military ambition?" It was very remarkable, that when the coveted appointment to Persia was offered to him he declined it. It came to him after his conversion, when his motives and desires were radically changed. He sought the appointment as a means to gratify his ambition, whereas he now felt the appointment was useless to him because he could do nothing there for God's glory and the good of his fellow-creatures.

Previous to his conversion his liberal acts were of a refined kind; and he so utterly abhorred what appeared ostentation in giving money, that he made it a rule to help others in a secret way that could not be detected; and, at that time he gloried that in this respect he was superior to those around him. Till the day of his death he was simple and economical, giving all he could save for benevolence, public and private. One of his constant acts of kindness to his friends "up country," was the care he took of their wives and children when they were going to and returning from Europe, always going on board with those departing, and to meet those returning.

APPOINTED HON. SEC. TO THE C. M. SOCIETY.

Upon the sudden death from cholera of Mr. Ridsdale, the clergyman to whom, under God, he owed his conversion, and the broken-down health of Mr. Bannister, the honorary secretary to the Church Missionary Society, Captain Browne was led, in 1832, to undertake all the secretarial duties, which involved voluminous correspondence, both with the missionaries and the Home Committee. This work he usually commenced after his military duties for the day were completed, which frequently was not until about midnight, and he sometimes labored on, pen in hand until five o'clock in the morning. This pressure could not, however, last long. He was relieved of the secretaryship in the beginning of 1833, by the arrival of the Rev. John Tucker, who was appointed to that office, but Captain Browne continued to advise and assist the new secretary.

An intimate friend of General Browne, General Dobbs, describing the constant desire evinced by his friend to engage in Christian work, says: "One day as we were walking home from church, he observed a number of well-dressed, intelligent boys and girls playing in the street, and said, 'Could we not do something for the spiritual good of these neglected children?' *(Our picture on the right of the portrait in the upper portion of the frontispiece depicts the scene.)* Having been engaged in Sunday-school work before I left home, I

replied, 'Why not commence a Sunday-school? This we at once decided on,' and obtained the use of the neighboring London Mission chapel, from 3 to 4 P.M. on Sundays. In this natural way commenced the

FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN MADRAS;

in conducting which, with much divine blessing, we were assisted by Charles Dunhill, a pious young military clerk. The zeal of the Chaplain Verey being stirred up by our example, he commenced a school in the church, from 10 to 11 A.M., in which also we gladly taught, as the hour did not interfere with our own school. Brown subsequently formed another Sunday-school at Blacktown, in connection with the Church Missionary chapel there. From this small beginning Sunday-school instruction spread over the whole Presidency."

In 1834, the health of General Browne gave way under his overwhelming labors and excessive alertness. He had no actual disease, but was a complete breaking down of a powerful constitution. His body became of a purple color, and his limbs and bones were racked with pain, which deprived him of rest both day and night. The doctors gave him morphia to promote sleep; but this so stupefied his mind that he preferred to suffer the excruciating pain to having his communion with God disturbed. As there was no prospect of his recovery the medical authorities ordered him to Australia; and as there was no ship about to sail for that colony, he embarked for the Mauritius in a small French vessel.

THE POSITION OF CHRISTIANS IN THE ARMY.

In the end of 1835, he returned to Madras with restored health, and a few months later, in a letter to his friend, General Dobbs, he expressed his views on a subject which was at that time agitating the minds of Christians in India, and led a few both of the civil and military service, to resign their service of Government. The question was whether a Christian was justified in remaining in a position where he might be required to perform duties which his conscience disapproved of. The two friends agreed that the professed principles of the English Government did not require any man to perform any act which the Word of God clearly condemned; and as long as they individually were not called to countenance Hindoo and Mahomedan feasts and such like acts, they could, with a clear conscience, continue in office; while prepared to disobey and suffer the consequences, if ordered by their superiors to do what they believed to be morally wrong.

In 1836 General Browne resumed his appointment in the Adjutant-General's office, and was soon promoted from the rank of Assistant to that of Deputy; he also resumed his labors in connection with the Church Missionary Society, not only in committee, but also as honorary secretary during Mr. Tucker's absence in England on sick certificate. The influence he exercised for good over the East Indian or Eurasian community was most remarkable. This class have, from their position been always very sensitive and easily offended by real or apparent slights, at the same time ever grateful for kindness and consideration shown to them. General Browne, with the genuine kindness of an earnest Christian, and the noble spirit of one who sought not and assumed not any superiority, either as secretary, committee-man, or Sunday-school teacher, brought his high intellectual powers and extensive experience so to bear on every question that his views always prevailed—no one feeling his self-love wounded by thinking that he was under the control of a master-mind. His abilities were admired, but he was loved ever more than he was admired.

MARRIAGE IN 1836.

A letter to General Dobbs, written three months after his return from Australia, shows that his expectation of happiness in a recluse life was not gratified, and to the great satisfaction of all his friends he was married to Miss Ormsby, long known as an experienced Christian woman, and blessed with a sweet, amiable disposition—one truly calculated to be a helpmeet to him. The Brownes' house now took the place of Bachelors' Hall, a loving family residence, where the simplicity as

ll as the hospitality of *Bachelors' Hall* was well intained. There were as many entertainments en in the house as when it was "Bachelors' ll," but there was now the added charm of a y's presence, whose voice and countenance ever ured her guests that they were welcome. [*The t-hand panel in the lower part of our front ture, illustrates one of these social gatherings.*] His promotion was now rapid, as rapid as the ulations admitted. As Deputy Adjutant- neral, his duties did not require him to attend the Commander-in-Chief, and Browne's retiring ure did not admit of his paying court in high ces. Colonel H. (the Adjutant-General) died er a tedious illness, and alter his death as during illness Browne performed the duties of the ice. After a few days he asked His Excellency om he intended to place over him. The com- ider significantly replied, "I do not intend to ce any one over you, Major Browne." Browne lained that his length of service was not suffi- nt to make him eligible for promotion. After e lapse of a few years, however, both the office of l-utant-General and that of Secretary to Govern- nt in the military department became vacant at e same time. Browne was offered either, and epted the latter.

THE INDIAN MUTINY

ke out in 1857. It was a time of terrible iety throughout India. The officers of the itish army did not know how far the discontent d spread or whether their native troops would itiny or not. No European's life was safe, for e most solemn protestations of fidelity were amelessly violated. Madras was far away from e scene of bloodshed in which the lives of refined lies and delicate children were taken after name- s outrage and in horrible barbarity. The news ched Madras of the awful massacre in which r ordinary butchers were sent into a room dowed with ladies and children with instructions kill and spare not. These instructions they faith- ly obeyed, as tresses of fair hair, fingers, hands d feet lying about the floor testified to the British ops when they arrived upon the horrible scene. For a time a panic prevailed in Madras, and neral Browne's superior officer advocated stern easures of repression which, had they been car- ed out might have caused an outbreak in Madras o. But General Browne had mixed with the ople in his Christian work. He knew them tter than any other officer in the army, and he is satisfied that they were faithful and would re- ain so. The event justified his conviction, for oughout the mutiny not a single soldier in the adras Presidency deserted his colors or gave gns of dissatisfaction.

URN TO ENGLAND: THE ULSTER REVIVAL. In 1859, Colonel Browne went home on sick rtificate, retaining his appointment. There was, wever, a general feeling that he would not re- rn to India, which led to a universal expression esteem and respect by all classes. Many in gh positions, who had no sympathy with his re- ion, united in bearing testimony to his abilities, s high character, and useful life. Browne, after iting the North of Ireland, and following the ual course of Englishmen, in paying compli- ents to the warm-heartedness, or, as he pressed it, India-like hospitality of the Irish, ncluded a long letter to General Dobbs, with the llowing notice of the remarkable revival which as then, 1859, exciting so much interest, not only Ulster, but throughout the Christian world:

"TRALEE, 14th October, 1859.

"I must not attempt at present to give you any ount of what we have seen and heard in Ulster I wish, indeed, I could say in Ireland. Our own pressions as to the work are very decided. ere has been, and still is, though not to the e extent, much of a questionable character; it this has been very manifestly from man, and oubtedly also from the devil. I indeed marvel w any really Christian men have gone to look on it, and yet remain unbelieving. I can only en it to the old story (Luke 24:11). The Irish- an's reply, when told that there were some who nsidered it to be the work of the devil, is just the ght one: 'Well, then, it must be a new devil in-

tirely; for sure the ould one would never have been after such a work as this.' Just so! By their fruits ye shall know them; and Satan never yet wrought the fruits of the Spirit in men's souls, nor brought them to Christ—willing, as he may be, to transform himself into an angel of light, that he may draw souls down into darkness."

ACCEPTS A NEW APPOINTMENT IN INDIA.

General Browne returned to Madras in the end of March, 1860, when he resigned his appointment as Secretary to Government, and accepted a mili- tary command at Nagpore. His reasons for doing so are communicated in a letter to his friend:

"Bessie and I are getting old, and we need, what we can never get in Madras, more time for our souls. I feel, too, for myself that my eyes are getting too aged for office work, and that I should have run great risk of serious injury by longer continuance at the desk. I feel, too, that coming to me, as it seems to do, in the course of my posi- tion in the service, it would hardly be fair to de- cline, and so shut out my deputy from rising in his turn. I sometimes think, also, that my over-kind and, as I could not but feel, rather injudicious friends at Madras, fairly bowed me out when we took our departure for old England. All things considered, our way would appear to have been ordered for us by our Heavenly Father, and so we go forward without anxiety."

His new position at Nagpore forced him to take the lead as a spiritual teacher, as the following ex- tract from a letter to General Dobbs will indicate: "I am beginning, I think, to see one reason, at least, why I should have been sent to Kamptee, and it is just this, that I am so circumstanced here as to be *compelled* to stand to the front, a place, as you know, from which, in mere pride, I have always shrunk back. We have for our chaplain a gentleman from 'St. Augustine,' not a Tractarian—but in his way just as bad—a thorough-going Apostolical Succession and Baptismal Regenera- tion man. So we, that is, wife and I, have been driven to set up a 'Conventicle' in the artillery lines—she for the women, and I for the men—while Puckle, the Executive Engineer, a very dear brother, holds other meetings for the gists. We have also a 'gentry meeting' at our own house every Sunday evening, in which I am also obliged to take part. I feel very thankful for it. I am conscious that it is good for my soul now; and I feel, too, that if it be our Lord's will for us ever to return to the old country, and to pass our few re- maining years among our people, this will be quite our preparation for it."

In 1862 General Browne was transferred from Nagpore to the most important military command in the Madras Presidency, the highest command next to that of the Commander-in-Chief. The Brownes, however, were now seriously contem- plating their return to Europe, and greatly enjoyed the prospect; but their Father in Heaven did not see good to grant the fulfilment of their day-dreams of domestic happiness in their native land.

HAPPY DEATH OF MRS. BROWNE.

In 1863 Mrs. Browne was called to the upper sanctuary, and writing of her peaceful departure, the bereaved husband says: "I bless Him for all the grace manifested in her life, and for all the patience and the peace given to her in the time of sickness and of death. Never for a moment was there the slightest failure of either. Not the shadow of a cloud was allowed for a moment to rest upon her soul. 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' These were among her last words, and just this had been the habitual feeling of her daily life. She had lived and worked, simply staying her whole soul on Jesus, and so He kept her in perfect peace, because she had trusted in Him."

OFFICIAL WORK AND DEATH.

In 1864 General Browne left India and returned to England, and the following year he accepted the office of Honorary Secretary to the Church Missionary Society. After five months' work in that office, on the evening of the 14th February, 1866, when returning to his lodging, he fell dead on the street. After leaving the Church Missionary office he, by appointment, met some friends at the

Tract Society office, to consult about union matters. One of these friends accompanied him some distance, and left him about nine o'clock, when he proceeded alone. He appears to have fallen down immediately after, and was identified by a card found in his pocket. Doubtless, if the Lord had given him the option, he would have said, "Lord, let me not be a burden to my friends;" and as he had neither wife nor child to suffer from the shock, he would, though with child-like submission, have chosen sudden death. [*The right-hand section in the lower half of the front picture, represents the death of the good General.*]

Thus the scene of the Christian soldier's life closed. He had fought a good fight, and while ful- filling honorably the duties of his profession he had lost no opportunity of engaging in the service of his Saviour. Among the irreligious of his own countrymen, and among the Mahomedans and Hindoos of India he sought to win souls for Jesus, and to show by a consistent life that a Christian is no less brave and honorable because he is a Chris- tian.

Dr. Bonar's Free Birth in Temperance was

the subject of remark at one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Glasgow recently. Mr. Moody's ad- dress had been founded on the words, "If any man thirst," etc. Dr. Bonar followed, describing whiskey as "the water of death." Mr. Moody said to him: "You get through a deal of work; can you manage without stimulants?" Dr. Bonar said: "When you were at the assembly the other day, I was thinking if you were to ask me for my testimony I should be somewhat at a loss; then I remembered what Paul said to the captain who obtained his freedom at a great price—'but I was free born.' It has cost some here a great deal to give up stimulants; I never knew their power—I was free-born."

An Idol was Made into Shoe Lasts in Mexico

recently.—Mr. W. A. Walls, one of the Friends' missionaries at Gomez Farias, Mexico, relates the following: "An aged female who had long passed the threescore years and ten, used to have a wood- en idol in her house which she called St. Raphael, and to this she prayed and offered fruits and flow- ers, according to the custom here. About ten months ago, the evangelist Encarnacion Gonzalez and his wife visited at the houses in the village to which they could gain admission, and among others that of the old lady. They found her in trouble. She had by some accident broken off the head of the saint, and was saving up money to have it re- paired. After a time the Holy Spirit caused her to receive the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ; she then put the idol up in the loft, and some time afterward threw it out of the house, but her son-in-law, now a Christian, said it was a pity to waste fine wood and so he *cut up the saint to make shoe lasts.*" So the wretched thing she had prayed to became useful in the end."

A Letter from Rev. J. Hudson Taylor of

the China Inland Mission, who is now in China, was read at a meeting in London two weeks ago. Mr. Taylor says: "We may well give thanks and praise for the extension of our work to the capital cities of three important provinces, in two of which, mission premises have been rented. The first of these provinces, Si-ch'uen, the largest of the eigh- teen, and its capital, Chen-tu-Fu, is one of the larg- est of China's provincial capitals. Apart from its local importance, which is secondary to that of no city in the empire, it has peculiar interest to us, from its being on the high road to Thibet." In referring to the second of the provincial capitals, Si-gan Fu, the letter stated that it was interesting as having been the headquarters of a strong Nes- torian Mission more than 1000 years ago. In con- clusion Mr. Hudson Taylor wrote: "The review of the year shows that the warfare we are waging is conflict indeed, and that some have been unequal to the strain. But, on the other hand, the pro- gress made, the victories gained, the souls won for Christ, and many a heaven-illuminated Chinese deathbed, evidences that He whom we serve is with us of a truth. From the commencement more than 1300 Chinese have been baptized in connection with our mission."

THE BLUE AND GRAY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage, delivered on Sunday Morning, May 28, 1882, the Sunday preceding Decoration Day.*

"Such as went forth to battle, expert in war, with all instruments of war, fifty thousand, which could keep rank; they were not of double heart."—I. CHRON. 12:33.

The Meaning of the Flowers—The Echo of Cain's Club—Old Time Military Regulations—Ancient Accoutrements—Soldiers of Eminent Piety—The Garlands of Decoration Day—I. On the Brow of Discipline—The Church's Need of Drilled Men—II. On the Brow of Courage—Satin-Slipped Christian Warriors—III. On the Brow of Peace—A Torn Garland at Washington—The Stay-at-Homes who Cannot make Peace—Noble Behavior of a Confederate Officer at Manassas—The Great National Mother and her Dead Sons—The War Proclamation—The Scene in the Old Farmhouse—Our Family Plot in the Cemetery of the Nations—IV. On the Brow of the Living—What our Institutions have Cost—The Burial of a Monster.

ANOTHER way of saying that these men of Zebulun did not belong to the reserve corps but were in active service, understood how to fight, were thoroughly disciplined, and were *in dead earnest*. And what was said of these men of Zebulun may be said of the men of 1862 and 1863 and 1864 and 1865. "Such as went forth to battle, expert in war, with all instruments of war, fifty thousand, which could keep rank; they were not of double heart."

Lift up your eyes and see from San Francisco to Canada the thronging of a great multitude into the cemeteries. They bring flowers. The drum sounds the grand march, and the minute guns are the heart-throb of a nation's sympathy. They bring flowers in wreaths—that means honor. They bring flowers in crosses—that means awful suffering. They bring white flowers—that means resurrection. They bring crimson flowers. The seed for these was planted at Charlotte Court-House and Manassas Junction, planted in grave trench and covered with the iron rake of battle.

In this national observance we will not merely put a perishable wreath on the pillow of dust where the brave sleep, but we practically put a garland on the brow of Courage, a garland on the brow of Discipline, a garland on the brow of Self-sacrifice, a garland on the brow of Patriotism, a garland on the brow of Peace.

There is something absorbing in the military science of the Bible. Cain and Abel were the first combatants, and all the disputes between individuals and families and nations have been only

THE ECHO OF CAIN'S CLUB.

In olden times all the men were enrolled for the army—all the men between twenty and fifty years of age. Then a levy was made for a special service. There were only three or four classes exempt: Those who had built a house and had not occupied it. Those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it. Those who were engaged to be married and yet had not led the bride to the altar. Those who were yet in the first year of wedded life. Those who were so nervous that they could not look upon an enemy but they fled, and could not look upon blood but they fainted—all these of course were exempt.

The army was in three divisions—centre and right and left wings. The weapons of defence were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offence were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult—which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could lift; and ballista, which was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances.

The shields were made of woven willow work, with three thicknesses of hide, and a loop inside through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; and when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level, all these shields

touched each other, making a wall moving but impenetrable; and then when they attacked a fortress and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling of the missiles. The breastplate was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior the two pieces fastened with buttons or clasps.

The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that case containing the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle and the foot had on an iron boot.

When a wall was to be assaulted a battering ram was brought up. A battering ram was a great beam swung on chains in equilibrium. The battering ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go, and the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruction.

Twenty or forty men would stand in a movable tower on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine, and then headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue, and they were on two wheels so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses, so when they went ahead the sword thrust, and when they turned around it would mow down.

The armies carried flags beautifully embroidered. Tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion. Tribe of Reuben embroidered with a man. Tribe of Dan embroidered with cherubim. The noise of the host as they moved on was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields, and the rumbling of wheels, and the shouts of the captains, and the vociferation of the entire host, the prophet says it was like the roaring of the sea.

Because the

ARTS OF WAR

have been advancing all these years you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an uncontrollable mob. I could quote you four or five passages of Scripture showing you that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder, or, as my text expresses it, they were "expert in war, fifty thousand which could keep rank." While we all pray for the day of universal peace and we want the time to come when the last weapon of war shall be turned into an implement of agriculture, none of us without being drilled can stand in the presence of armed men. We involuntarily keep step to the drum. We are thrilled with the blast of a bugle. Any man who has any soul in him takes off his hat and waves it as the regiment passes.

While the renegade and the vicious have often taken up arms, we cannot forget the fact that Joshua was a soldier, and Caleb a soldier, and David a soldier, and Hedley Vicars a soldier, and Havelock a soldier, and Washington a soldier; and though the latches of the helmets of the fifty thousand men of the text have long ago been lifted from under the chin, and all their weapons of war have been unstrung, we cannot to-day without a thrill see them marching in the text, fifty thousand men shoulder to shoulder, step to step, keeping rank.

I. In this national observance we put a garland on the brow of

DISCIPLINE.

What was true in the text was true in 1776 in this country, true in 1812, true in 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865. The troops that were disciplined were the valuable troops. These men whose death you mourn and over whose grave you put garlands fell in the ranks. As in the time of the text, so in our time, it is drill, drill, drill. These men whom you honor, when they first went forth into the service were laughed at by our older soldiers. There was impatient reproof perhaps because they seemed so

clumsy in the line, but they went on, they practised, they drilled, until they came to efficiency, a they marched like the men of the text, expert war, keeping rank.

What is true in the world is true in the church. There is no efficiency without drill and without discipline. It seems so easy to preach, and so easy to plead law, and so easy to build up a business, a so easy to bargain, and so easy to achieve great influence in the world that plenty of people start on but at the first assault they surrender. There must be drill, drill, drill for Christian work as well for secular work. What though in the first attempt at public prayer you break down? The sands of the best of Christians have broken down. Keep on, keep on, practice, practice—drill, drill. What though in your first effort to address an audience on the great themes of the Gospel you break down? Hundreds of men have broken down. Keep on, keep on—practice, practice drill, drill.

These men in David's time, those men in 1862 were drilled for the service. Do you drill for the service. We want fifty thousand Christian soldiers, aye fifty millions, who can keep rank. At so next Tuesday we are going to put a garland on the brow of Discipline.

II. So in the national observance we put a garland on the brow of

COURAGE.

These men of the text were brave men. It was so. Those men who fell in the contest of 1862 were men of prowess. They were courageous in the conflict. It is a very easy thing to keep rank on a parade day amid a shower of bouquets and with the streets lined with enthusiastic huzza, and all the people are clapping their hands. It is not so easy to keep rank, face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with earth ploughed up, whizzing bullet and bursting shell, one half a regiment cut to pieces and the officers still crying, "Forward, march!" That requires old-fashioned valor, I tell you. So we put a garland on it. We want to honor it in the church and outside the church.

The great trouble in the kingdom of God this day is the cowards. They are splendid on parade day and on communion day when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but to put them in a battle, or under the first sharp shooting of scepticism, and they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We want to put a garland upon Prowess.

There are a great many Christians who would like to go out on an expedition or campaign with satin slippers, and holding a parasol over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and have ratios of canvas-back duck and lemon-custard, but if they cannot have them they want to go home—like the twenty-two thousand I read of in the chapter at the beginning, they want to go home. Cowards in the conflict. Splendid on parade day. Great at communion season. Nothing out in the world where men are called to fight the world, the flesh and the devil. They are nothing there. Cowards. They fly.

We want to put a garland on courage next Tuesday. We want to put a garland on courage now. We want more soldiers of Jesus Christ like Paul who could say, "None of these things move me neither count I my life dear unto myself so that might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Looking through the Mamertine dungeon when they asked him if he is ready to go out on the road to Ostia to die, he says: "Yes, I am; I am now ready to be offered up."

Men like John Bunyan, who, after he had lain for years in a loathsome prison, could say: "By the help of God I will lie here in prison till the morning grows on my eyebrows before I give up my principles and my faith in God." Men with the courage of Thomas Chalmers, who, when he was caricatured of people in high places and by the aristocrats of Edinburgh, because of the theory by which he proposed to elevate the poor, went right on to do his work, so that Thomas Carlyle, who was then a comparative boy, wrote: "What a glorious old

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, therefore, is now enabled to fulfil the promise made in its issue of June 1, of publishing, at the first opportunity, this sermon, which, as was then explained, could not be inserted in that number.

an that Thomas Chalmers is. While we stand ringing our hands over the filth and wretchedness of our cities, he takes a shovel and goes down into the dirtiest puddle of Blackport, Edinburgh, clears it the sewers and fills them with living water. glorious old Thomas Chalmers."

Men of the *courage of Massena*, who, when Napoleon sent word to him, "How long can you hold out?" replied, although he had been forty days in consecutive battle, "Tell the emperor I will hold out two hours, or six hours, or twenty-four hours, or until France has victory."

That is the kind of courage, that is the prowess we want in the kingdom of God—amid all assault, amid all hardship, amid all caricature, amid all persecution keeping rank.

III. Yea, in this national observance we want to put a garland on

THE BROW OF PEACE.

There never has been such a time of thorough peace in this country as now. Did you notice that last week the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, sent overtures to the Presbyterian Church North—Atlanta greeting Springfield. Ah! that is going to close the last gap ecclesiastical and the last gap national. Beside that there never has been a time when Northern and Southern graves alike were decorated and without any protest.

I was a few years ago delivering the oration at Washington, at Arlington Heights, at the decoration of the soldiers' graves, the President and his Cabinet, and the officers of the navy present. Time of great solemnity it was to my heart; but at that time, while a *Southern woman* had put a garland on the grave of her dead husband, a Northern man wearing an epaulet, went and took up the garland, tore it to pieces and threw it to the winds. He had a soldier's dress, but *he was no soldier*; he was not one of the kind of men spoken of in the text; he was not one of the kind of men who fought in 1862, and 1863, and 1864. I think he was a soldier of a time of peace. I have noticed that the men who fought on the side of the North and who fought on the side of the South can easily settle their quarrel. The soldiers settle it and the men of the navy settle it. The people who cannot settle it are the people who stayed at home and made speeches! They never settle it.

There sits in this house to-day a man who was left wounded and

DYING ON THE FIELD OF MANASSAS, with two of his comrades. For twenty-four hours before the battle no food. For twenty-four hours after, no food. The Northern troops fell back, and these three men—one of them a member of this church—left in their blood on the field, when a company of the Confederates swept up over the place and a Confederate officer saw these three men in their wounds and in their blood, cared for them, dressed their wounds, took them up to the hospital. Time passed on and only recently these men of the North found out who it was that rescued them and was so kind to them on the battle-field. Correspondence passed between them and one of the letters I have in my possession.

A beautiful gift has been sent by these three men of the North to the Confederate in Virginia, and they have made an arrangement by which, in a short time, they are to meet in the City of Washington—these three men of the North, one a member of this church, and this Confederate officer of the South—and then from Washington they are going to visit the Manassas battle-field and talk it all over again—how they were wounded, and how they were helped, and how they were saved. That is the Gospel. That is magnificent. How does that compare with the man wearing an epaulet who tore to fragments the garland put by a widow upon her husband's grave?

O! I am glad that all the graves are to be decorated North and South. I happened to be in Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina about a month ago, when they were making arrangements to decorate their graves—for their Decoration Day comes a few weeks earlier, according to the climate—and I heard that there were Northern men who put garlands on the graves of Southern troops, and it will be now, on Tuesday, that Southern men will

put garlands on the graves of Northern troops. It must be so.

It is in about this way: two brothers get into a terrific fight and they are both killed. The mother hears of it. She goes right away. She comes down to the place where they are stretched out upon the grass. She does not stop to ask which one was right in the quarrel, or which one was wrong. She puts one arm around Thomas and the other arm around George. She kisses them both. So it is in this spring-time. The United States Government will come forth, our mother—the United States Government—will come forth, and she will put one arm over the Northern grave and the other arm over the Southern grave and leave her benediction on both. I tell you it is time the scars of battle were covered up. The dead are at peace. Cannot we, the living, be at peace? They suffered more than we have. If they can be at peace, can we who suffered the less deny peace?

"O!" you say, "why make ado about soldiers' graves when, according to Edmund Burke, there have fallen in battle thirty-five times the population of the earth? That was Edmund Burke's estimate in Parliament forty or fifty years ago, that thirty-five times the present population of the earth had fallen in battle. Why then make such ado about these graves when there are such things from century to century?" Ah! my friends, these are our graves. You have great regard for Greenwood, but there is one lot that is nearer your heart than any other. It is the family lot. It is the place where your kindred lie. While we regard the graves of the dead all the earth over, I want you to understand that these soldiers' graves are our family plot in the cemetery of the nations. Some of them went off from our homes.

THE TERRIBLE WAR PROCLAMATION

came forth and the father started away from his farmhouse for the village post-office, and he got the newspaper and he read the proclamation, and though he had many errands in the village he stopped not but hastened home and said to his wife: "Mother, do you think our boys will have to go?" In the evening the sons came in and they took up the war proclamation, read it and then stepped into another room and talked a little while together. They came out and said: "Father, you are too old to go, you stay home and take care of mother, and we will take the first train."

There was the gathering up of a few valuables, and three or four daguerreotypes and a hasty goodbye, and the train halted at the village depot, and there were three times three for the volunteers, and then the train was off. A few weeks or months pass on and there is a rumor of a *great battle*. Father hastens to the village post-office, gets the newspaper, with trembling hands and trembling heart opens it, begins to read the long line of the killed, beginning clear at the top, reading on down slowly, cautiously, until almost at the foot of the column he sees something at the sight of which he drops as though he were dead.

Now, there are *two pictures* over the mantel; they are the pictures of the boys that went off to the war and never came back, and when Decoration Day comes, although the mother is now too feeble to go out to the cemetery she will go into the front dooryard and pluck some old-fashioned daffodils and put them around the two pictures, or she will take the two pictures down and hug them to her heart. And next Tuesday the United States Government will come forth to look for the graves of those boys, and will take two garlands—one for the father and one for the mother—and the night dew will fill those flowers with tears.

It is *our family plot in the cemetery of the nations*. Every flower put upon a grave will be an oath of patriotism. O! how much dearer our country is to us when we reflect what others have suffered for it. Why is it you sang with so much spirit the hymn before the sermon?

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
Of thee I sing."

Look out how you talk treason in the presence of a man whose son sleeps under the sod at Get-

tysburgh! Look out how you malign our institutions in the presence of a woman whose husband perished in the awful charge at Ball's Bluff! Look out how you malign our liberties in the presence of a man whose father was starved to death in a military prison! Malign our institutions in the presence of an old man whose home was desolated by the war, and you will find the color coming back to the faded cheek, and the fire to the lustreless eye, and the strength to the palsied tongue, and you will feel the all-consuming power of an old man's curse. This nation, with its hand on the brow of the fallen brothers and fathers, has sworn before high Heaven that it will protect the institutions for which they perished.

IV. While to-day we are arranging to put garlands on the brow of the dead, I put one garland on the brow of the living. If we honor the men who fought and fell we must honor the men who fought and live. I am glad to know in so many of our cities all over this country men are occupied in post-offices, and have gubernatorial chairs and high positions of authority because they suffered for the land—men with one foot worth more than they used to be with two feet, men with one arm mightier for the public good than when they had two arms. While I put a garland upon the dead I must put

THIS GARLAND UPON THE LIVING.

I want your children charged to remember what these liberties of ours have cost in the first establishment and then in the re-establishment of our government. What Marathon was to the Greek, let Kennesaw Mountain and Malvern Hill and Shiloh be to your children, and when you want to impress them with *what our institutions have cost*, if you can think of no other names, perhaps you can think of two names suggestive of all the rest—the one the name of a man who fell at the opening of the war, and the other the name of a man who fell at the close of the war—two names dear to every American heart, two names never to die; Ellsworth, the first; Abraham Lincoln, the last.

So let Decoration Day go down from generation to generation. Strew flowers over the heads that ached, and over the hearts that bled, and over the feet that were blistered in the long march. O! you throng of departed heroes, stoop down and breathe the perfume of a nation's thanks. Stoop down and take the kiss of a nation's love. Stoop down and hear the shout of a nation's deliverance. May God hasten the time when war shall be buried—war, that old, grim breaker of hearts. Carry him out on a rusty shield. Let him down in the most desolate part of all the earth; bury his sword with him; heap on the grave hillock broken chariot wheels; let widowhood and orphanage come out and clap their hands in joy at the obsequies, while the winds howl the requiem: "This is the second death!"

A Sailor was Picked up in a Gutter in England some time ago and carried into one of the mission homes called the Sailor's Rest. He thus describes the results to Miss Weston, who was instrumental in founding the institution: "I will tell you the truth, miss. *I came in here over a man's shoulder like a sack of coal*. I used to spend all my money at the 'Duke of Cambridge,' hard by. One night, having spent all, I wanted the landlord to trust me. We had words because he would not, and I was helped to the door quicker than I came in, and very soon I found myself in the gutter. I rolled about and shouted aloud, and somebody came and helped me. He tossed me over his shoulder, and carried me straight in here. I was kindly treated, put to bed, my clothes were washed, and my arm, which had been hurt, was tied up and bandaged. The next morning I found myself at the Sailor's Rest. I made some good resolutions, the first was that I would give up the drink, and another was that I would make the Sailor's Rest my home." "Well," I asked, "and how has it turned out?" "You can see," he said, "by the badge on my arm how I have got on in the service. I am glad also to be able to help the cause a bit. I love my Bible, and I love prayer now, but I never cared for them before, and they are leading me to better things still, and I am ready to say so anywhere, in public or in private."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Ball-Room on Fire.—Mr. Scroggie, Speaking in the Circus, Glasgow, on June 4th, said: "I remember reading in the newspapers of a ball that took place in Paris. When the revelry was at its height, there was a cry of 'Fire!' It was ascertained that a conflagration had broken out in the room below the dancers. For a few moments there was a pause. Then a dashing young officer, excited by the wine he had drunk, shouted, 'I will have another dance in defiance of the fire!' The music again struck up, and the dancers again whirled round, when suddenly the flooring gave way. There was no time to escape; *all were lost*. So people go on carelessly and thoughtlessly though on the very brink of hell fire. They are warned of their danger, and intend to be saved, but they let the golden opportunity pass and are lost!"

A Mother's Letter.—At the Meeting on June 5th, Mr. R. Simpson said: "At one of the meetings I spoke to a young mother, who is under thirty years of age and has three children. Her husband is a Christian, and she herself at one time was a Christian worker, busy in the Lord's work, and yet during the past five years she had been a hopeless, helpless drunkard, dragging her three little children down to woe, and breaking the heart of her loving, Christian husband. She has been brought to the feet of Christ. I will read a few lines of a letter received from her: 'Beloved and honored sir—Burning gratitude fills my soul as I take my pen to write a few lines. God bless you, is my heart's desire. I feel an overwhelming love for you because you were the instrument in God's hand in leading me to cast myself on Him whose precious blood has released my soul from sin. I pray earnestly and constantly that God may keep me from the cursed drink, which by slow and insidious steps drags down to certain ruin.'"

Taking a Battery.—Dr. Somerville, in Speaking of the great work now being done among the intemperate, said: "A young officer was engaged in the Peninsular campaign whom the Duke of Wellington ordered with his troop to assault a battery and to take it. To go up to the mouth of the guns with his small company seemed to be certain death, but though his nerve quailed for an instant, he did not hesitate. He kept his watch in his hand, and at the time stated he gave the word, 'Forward!' The battery at once opened fire, and it looked as if he and all his men were sure to be swept away; indeed, at times, as he led the way, he was lost to the view of the men, so dense was the smoke. But other troops had been ordered by the commander to attack the battery at the same time. Of this the officer was not previously aware, but it was by this combined action, and by assailing the battery at the same moment, that the British troops triumphed. So Christians need to join hands with other friendly forces in the attack on the stronghold of intemperance and all other forms of sin."

The Text on the Ticket.—A Man About thirty years of age said: "On the 23rd of April last my little girl came home from a Sunday-school with a text on a ticket. She had to learn it and say it to her teacher on the following Sunday. The text was, 'Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord and depart from evil.' I was teaching my wee daughter to learn this, and I thought it strange for me to teach my child what I did not do myself. I had seen a bill announcing that that Sunday evening Mr. Moody would be holding the last of his services in the St. Andrew's Hall, and I resolved to go. I was late, and could not get near enough to hear the preaching, but one of the hymns went to my heart. Those who were for Jesus were asked to stand up. I wished to do so, but a voice seemed to say, 'Don't. There will be some here who know you, and they will be laughing at you.' I said in my heart, 'I am coming, Lord'; but all the while I was sitting still. Then I bethought myself that the Bible says that no liar shall enter the kingdom of God, and I saw that that applied to me. I got up at last, and though my eyes were so blinded that I could see nothing outwardly, my inward vision was clear, and I saw

my sins rising up against me as big as great stones. I asked God to forgive me for Christ's sake, and when I reached home I realized that He had done so. I was saved that day, and now I am trying to save others."

A Swearer Stopped by Prayer.—Another Intelligent and healthy man, who said he had been a "hard" drinker for ten years, and now by God's grace had no more desire for intoxicants than if he had never tasted them, added: "This day four weeks one of my shopmates tried to tantalize me by cursing and swearing. I thought as Christ had done me good and saved my soul I must stand up and say a word for Him. I spoke to the man about the injury he was doing to the young lads and men in the shop, and he ceased swearing for an hour or two; but then he began again. I talked to him again of the evil he was doing, and he again ceased. I put up a silent prayer from my bench that the Lord would give me strength to say a word that would reach the man. About half an hour before we left work he began to curse and swear a third time, and feeling stronger, I spoke to him once more. The next morning he came to me about half past six o'clock, shook me by the hand, thanked me for what I had said to him; and he has never sworn at me again, but is earnestly seeking the way of salvation through Christ."

Preparing for the Lord's Coming.—On June 6th, in urging a spirit of hourly watchfulness for the Lord's coming, as one conducive to personal holiness, Mr. Scroggie said: "When I was a lad I was in service at one time with a good minister of the Free Church, in the north of Scotland, my employment being principally to drive his pony and phaeton. He went away to help a brother minister in Aberdeen, for some days, and he told me when to expect him back. However, *he returned a day sooner than I expected him*, and instead of being at my work in the garden, I was in my own room doing some work for myself, in my master's time. All at once I saw a conveyance come in sight. There was the minister. If I had gone through the door he would have seen me. So I scrambled through a loft, and out of a window into the garden, almost breaking my bones in so doing. My master *had come unawares*. If we are really looking for the coming of Christ, it will constitute a mighty power in keeping us from the evil of this world, and stimulate us to seek the immediate salvation of sinners."

A Mere Sham.—At the Testimony Meeting on June 5th, a middle-aged man said: "On the 1st of May last, prompted by curiosity, I went to the Circus, and heard Mr. Moody preach on the handwriting upon the wall—'Tekel, thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.' No sooner were those words uttered than I felt myself in a most unpleasant position. The farther the preacher entered on his subject I got to see myself bit by bit in a worse light, and I saw that my religion all along had been a mere sham—that if it was not infidelity in theory, it was the greatest infidelity in practice; it was, in fact, the merest formalism. Then when toward the end of his address Mr. Moody said, 'If the scales were to descend would you dare be weighed with Christ in the balance beside you?' I said to myself 'Dare I be weighed if those scales descended before me? I dare not.' I became very restless, but I was riveted I believe by God to the seat where I was sitting. On the following Sunday I took Christ to be my Saviour. I at once felt a great calm settle upon my soul. I feel as certain as these fingers are part of my body, that Jesus Christ has saved me."

Run Over by Seven Trains.—A Cripple who as he stood leant heavily on crutches, made the following statement: "I am very thankful to God for saving me. I was a hard drinker for nine years. I was in the employment of the North British Railway Company, and in November, 1875, while intoxicated, I attempted to cross the line, when a passenger train knocked me down. I lay there from five o'clock to a quarter to seven. During the time I was lying there *seven trains passed over me*. I was more than six weeks in the Royal Infirmary, and every day I was there the Rev. Dr. Fergus Fergusson came to see me. When I left the infirmary I again took to drinking.

I had a little business and lost it through drink. made up my mind to throw myself away; a walked down Tureen Street to the edge of the Green, when a hand seemed as it were placed on my shoulder, and a voice seemed to say, 'Give him another trial.' I went to the Hall in Jam Morrison Street on the following Sabbath morning. Mr. Moody spoke about a little girl who said 'Lord Jesus I can neither read nor write, but take me as I am.' That got into my heart. I tried to get rid of my burden, and attended the service night after night, but I could not find rest until eight weeks ago, when I found Christ. I am now rejoicing humbly in His salvation."

Arrows and Oil.—At the Mid-day Prayer meeting, June 7th, Mr. Dewar, speaking on the importance of Christians "agreeing to differ" on certain subjects, said: "I knew two ministers of the Highlands who lived in contiguous parishes. They were godly men. One of them preached the law very much, and there was a general awakening under him; while his neighbor preached the Gospel very much. Of course both preached the law and the Gospel at times; but you understand what I mean. The awakened ones did not find food for their souls under the minister by whose ministrations they had been awakened, and they crossed over to the other parish, where they heard more of the Gospel. This minister was grieved at the fact, and, meeting his neighbor, he said, 'Brother, some of your people are coming over to me, and you are better fitted to teach the Gospel of grace than I am.' 'Oh, brother,' said the other, 'when the Lord of the harvest sent me out to the field, he furnished me with a quiver full of arrows. I have been discharging them ever since, but I have not yet expended them all. He furnished you with a cruse of oil, and you are pouring that into the wounds. Your oil is not exhausted yet. Let us go on and work in our respective spheres. They agreed to differ. They were friends before, but they were better friends after they had had this conversation.'"

SATANIC WONDERS.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Continued from page 407.)

III. The Evil Supernaturalism of the Last Days—Its Immediate Connection with the Revelation of Antichrist—Satan Delegates the Power to Antichrist—The Credentials of Antichrist's Religion—"Great Signs and Wonders"—The Devil can Work Miracles—IV. Satanic Miracles will be Startling and Seductive—Fire Commanded from Heaven.

THE VIEW OF THE ANCIENTS.

It is acknowledged, both in Scripture and in the classics of Greece and Rome, that the "immortals" whom the heathen adored, were once men, and Paul assures us that the sacrifices of the Gentiles made to these "immortals," were sacrifice to demons, and that their sacred feasts were in honor of demons. (1 Cor. 10: 20-21; comp. Deut. 18: 10; 32: 17; Lev. 17: 7; 2 Chron. 11: 15; Psa. 106: 37.) This would seem to give us Scriptural authority for believing that demons are what the Jews and early Christians believed them to be. Dr. Charles Beecher expresses the same opinion in his "Review of the Spiritual Manifestations." He says, "The Jews before Christ, and the Fathers after, believed that departed human spirits lurked in images, spoke in oracles, controlled omens, and in various ways encouraged men to worship them."

"As to the New Testament cases of possession, let Josephus indicate the popular belief: 'Demons are no other than the spirits of the wicked, that enter into men and kill them, unless they obtain help against them.' Compare this with the Patristic uses: 'Those persons who are seized and thrown down by the souls of the deceased,' says Justin Martyr, 'are such as all men agree in calling demoniacs.'"

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

"Indeed, it is generally admitted, even by the opponents of the reality of demonic possessions, that it was the general belief of the Jewish nation except the Sadducees, and of most of the other nations, that the spirits of dead men, especially the

wicked, were permitted to enter the bodies of men.' Nor is the word in the New Testament ever applied to Satan or the fallen angels. Such, then, being the meaning of the word, what inference is to be drawn from the facts of the narrative, as to the truth of the popular belief? Christ stood between the Sadducees on the one hand, an earnest minority, and the Pharisees and populace on the other, a powerful majority. Had the weaker party had truth on their side, Christ, 'born to bear witness to the truth,' would have stood by them. He did not do so. All His words and acts sustained in the fullest manner the reality of that against which the Sadducees protested. Either, therefore, Christ was deceived, or a deceiver, or the popular belief was correct."

There can be no doubt as to the classical meaning of the term "demon." "All Pagan antiquity affirms," says Dr. Campbell, "that from Titan and Saturn, the poetical progeny of Cælus and Terra, down to Æsculapius, Proteus, and Minos, all their divinities where ghosts of dead men, and were so regarded by the more erudite of the Pagans themselves." Indeed the only distinction between the classical and Scripture usage of the word, seems to be that in Scripture the demons are *evil spirits*—the souls of lost men.

DEMONS THE SPIRITS OF WICKED MEN.

In corroboration of the arguments adduced by the writers above quoted two thoughts may here be added. In the first place, have we not a striking though indirect indication of the truth of the opinion that the demons are the souls of wicked men, in the fact that while, as we have seen, the abyss is the special place of the demons, the last personal Antichrist who is to be apparently a resurrected man, is distinctly said to "ascend out of the pit of the abyss" (Rev. 17 : 8). Have we not here, then, some warrant for concluding that this pre-eminently wicked man is a "demon," and hence that the "demons," as a class, are the spirits of wicked men? Another indication that this is the case seems to be afforded by the curious circumstance that the demons seem to feel a painful sense of nakedness, and an intense desire to gain possession of the bodies of other men, or even of the lower animals. (See Luke 8 : 26-33.)

THEY SEEK REINCARNATION.

"Demoniac possessions," says Dr. Charles Beecher, "have their law; and their law is, that spirits of the departed, restless and miserable, and longing to get back unto life, will thrust themselves in whenever and wherever the psychological conditions of the organism will let them. To this everything said about them in the New Testament corresponds. Christ speaks of them as 'wandering through dry places, seeking rest and finding none' (Matt. 12 : 43), and at length, through very weariness, returning to the victim they had left. They ask not to be sent 'out of the country' (Mark 5 : 10), as if lingering about the scenes of their earthly life. They dread the abyss (Luke 8 : 31). Rather than be exiled from life's scenes, they harbor in the organism of swine.

"They ask not to be tormented before the time, as those that must appear at the judgment-seat to give account of deeds done in the body. The presence of Christ agonizes them: 'Away!' they cry, 'what have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth?' They confess that there is naught in common between them and their Judge; forlorn, lost, they seek connection with the living to escape, not to inflict, suffering. Hence they seek impressive subjects—those, namely, in whom the mysterious bond between soul and body is less firmly fastened, and so capable of partial disadjustment. And why is this? Is it not because *having been once incarnate they retain both the desire and the capacity for reincarnation*. We have no evidence that an angel can become incarnate. There is not a single instance of it in Scripture. But in the disembodied human soul there remains the potentiality and prophecy of bodily resurrection."

WROUGHT BY THE POWER OF SATAN.

III.—That the outward manifestation of the evil supernaturalism of the last days, originated, as we have seen, by Satan himself, and produced by the spiritual agency of his demons, is to take place in immediate connection with the revelation of the

last personal Antichrist is quite clear from several Scriptures. Thus, in 2 Thess. 2 : 9, we read concerning the lawless one, or Antichrist, that his "coming is after the working of Satan with all power, and signs, and wonders of falsehood." Again, in Rev. 13 : 2, we are informed that the dragon gave to the beast "his power and his throne, and great authority" while, in the same chapter, we read concerning the second beast, or false prophet, that "he exerciseth all the power of the first beast in his presence." And "he doeth great signs, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the presence of the Beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth that they should make an image of the Beast," etc.

Now the reason why Satan will thus delegate the power of working miracles to Antichrist is very obvious. Miracles have ever been the credentials of each new ambassador from the court of heaven. Hence, in sending a new law-giver, like Moses, or in establishing a new revelation, like the Gospel of Christ, it has pleased God to invest His messengers with the power of working miracles. Our Lord Himself produced His miracles as the credentials of his divine mission. "The works that I do," He declared, "bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." And the Jewish people accepted them as such. "We know," said Nicodemus, "that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him" (John 3 : 2).

THE CREDENTIALS OF ANTICHRIST.

Since, then, Antichrist is to set up what may in a certain sense be called a *new religion*, and one of a most exclusive character—a religion, that is to say, which is not to exist side by side with other religions already in existence, but to supersede them all, it seems essential that it should be miraculously supported. Negatively the religion of Antichrist will be pure atheism, inasmuch as he will deny alike "the Father and the Son" (1 John 2 : 22); but positively it will be the apotheosis of fallen humanity, for he, a man, "the man of lawlessness," "shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God" (2 Thess. 2 : 3-4). Thus the blasphemy of Antichrist will consist essentially in the substitution of humanity for God as the sole and supreme object of worship.

And do we not already hear this blasphemous cry in our ears? What says a high authority among the German communists? "Man alone is our God, our father, our judge, our redeemer, our true home, our law and rule, the Alpha and Omega of our political, moral, public, and domestic life and work. There is no salvation but by man. Man must no longer be a means, but must be everywhere and always an end. There is nobody above man, there is neither supernatural power nor consecrated person; neither deity nor divine right. The will of man be done, hallowed be his name."*

"GREAT SIGNS AND WONDERS."

Now, claims so unexampled and audacious will assuredly need the attestation of supernatural power to pass current even during his brief reign. "What sign showest thou unto us?" was the challenge addressed to our Lord by the unbelieving Jews of old; and Antichrist will meet the same challenge by the exhibition of those "great signs and wonders" which Satan will enable him to work. Hence it becomes a matter of vital importance to mankind, that they should be able to test the real power of this usurper of the divine honor, and be forewarned of its supernatural character. It is doubtless to this end that it has been written for our learning that the coming of the Antichrist will be "after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders." Simply as a man he can, of course, work no miracle, for a miracle must be, *per se*, in some sort superhuman. But this man is to have at his command Satanic power and to be aided by the unseen ministry of demons. Thus the question finally resolves itself into this definite form: Can the devil work miracles? a question which was decided in the affirmative in my last paper.

In this connection, the Rev. P. Carlyon thus writes: "St. Paul, in predicting the coming of Antichrist, directly affirms that the devil *can* work miracles, for wonders literally signify miracles. Nothing, however, can be deduced from the mere literal meaning of the words. They are described as "lying wonders," and yet that does not imply that they are false or unreal prodigies, like tricks of jugglery, but rather wonders in support of lies and signs of the very power that works them. No tricks of jugglery or sleight of hand are likely to serve the ends of an impostor in these days. The world has seen too many of them to let them pass for anything more than amusement. They can never buttress a new divinity.

Nor does it appear how the marvels of science can be made subservient to accredit a spiritual fraud. All the reasonings from science either concentrate in the proof of the unity of the true God, or stop in the recognition of second causes, and thus end in sheer materialism. The latter effect could alone be perverted to the purposes of imposture, and its influence would tend in the very opposite direction rather than promote a belief in supernatural power. No alternative remains to the claimant of divine homage, but the ability of working real miracles, or the detection of his imposture.

And whereas the man of sin, who is to appear and show himself that he is God, will gain a mastery for a little while, and practise upon the credulity of mankind, even in an age when 'many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased,' we conclude that his 'power and signs and lying wonders' will be real miracles, for which, wrought in support of fraud and for ends of mischief, no assignable cause or sufficient agency can be produced but the power of the devil."

SATANIC MIRACLES.

IV.—But the miracles which Antichrist and his mysterious coadjutor, the False Prophet, will perform by the delegated power of the Dragon, will not only be *real* miracles, but miracles of a most *startling and seductive character*. They are not only spoken of as "great signs and wonders" (Matt. 24 : 24), whereby he will 'deceive them that dwell on the earth; but in the thirteenth chapter of the Revelation *two specimens* of them are adduced, from the consideration of which we may judge of them as a whole. Firstly, then, in the thirteenth verse of this chapter, it is asserted "And he doeth great signs, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men."

FIRE COMMANDED FROM HEAVEN.

Now, in order fully to realize the significance of this most startling "sign," we must recall a very remarkable scene in Old Testament history. I mean, of course, that which took place at Mount Carmel, as recorded in the eighteenth chapter of 1st Kings, when Elijah assembled the prophets of Baal, the obscene deity of the Canaanites and Phœnicians to whom Israel had in the reign of Ahab apostatized, in order to put to a crucial test the rival claims of their false and foul idol, and those of the true and living Jehovah. *The test of fire* was accepted by the people; but though the prophets of Baal offered their bullock, and "called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon," even cutting themselves with swords and lances till the blood gushed out upon them, "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded," but when in answer to Elijah's prayer *the fire of the Lord fell*, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench, the people fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God."

Mark here, then, how the very "sign" which the prophets of Baal were unable to perform will be performed on behalf of Antichrist, and how the awe-inspiring "miracle" which carried conviction of the divine power of Jehovah to the hearts of these apostate Israelites of old, will be available to support the blasphemous claims of him who shall hereafter "sit in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

* Quoted in *Contemporary Review*, October, 1881.

(To be concluded.)



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The House Passed the Internal Revenue Bill on Tuesday, June 27th, by a vote of 127 to 80. Twenty-three Democrats voted in the majority in favor of the bill, and eleven Republicans voted against it. A change was made in the details of the bill at the previous day's sitting reducing still further the tax on cigars and cigarettes. It was explained that the adoption of this amendment would reduce the revenue from the articles mentioned, on the basis of last year's receipts, by the sum of \$5,899,387, a reduction greater by \$3,233,387 than the committee had recommended. This will more than offset the failure to reduce the special taxes on rectifiers, liquor dealers, brewers, etc., and will make the entire reduction, on the basis of last year's business, \$23,982,880—about \$6,333,000 more than the bill originally proposed. This is made up chiefly of the abolished tax on bank deposits, on matches, patent medicines, and cosmetics, in addition to the reductions already mentioned.

Ex-Secretary Robeson's Naval Appropriation bill is being vigorously criticised in the House. Mr. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, denounced it on June 28th in a long speech. He plainly charged Mr. Robeson with having squandered when in office thirty-five million dollars, and declared that the object of the bill then before the House was to restore and perpetuate the autocratic power which characterized and disgraced the administration of the Navy Department from 1872 to 1877. Other members also criticised the bill, which Mr. Robeson defended.

Another Attack on Mr. Lowell was Made in the House on Wednesday by Mr. Robinson, the Irishman from Brooklyn, who complained bitterly "that there is not sufficient courage in the American Congress to say whether the British lion's tail shall be wrung or the American eagle's neck twisted," and that nine American citizens "are bleeding and suffering and sickening and dying in filthy prisons." Mr. Robinson fiercely demanded the impeachment of Mr. Lowell, but as the House fully understood that the Americans in prison might have their release and a free passage to America at any time they chose, Mr. Robinson's shrieks only excited laughter.

Mr. Jay Hubbell as an Exponent of Ethics is so surprising a phenomenon that his appearance in that character should not escape the notice of the public. Mr. Hubbell is the politician who signed the circular recently received by the clerks, laborers, errand boys, and even the women engaged in the civil service, making application for contributions to the campaign fund. Mr. Hubbell suggests to one day laborer, who has a wife and children to support and who receives only *two dollars a day* for his services, that his contribution should not be less than *fifteen dollars*, and an errand boy thirteen years of age is informed that his contribution

should be three dollars and a half. All these people, too, are well aware that the circular, cautiously as it is worded, implies a threat of the axe as certainly as if that weapon had been engraved on every circular. After signing these documents Mr. Hubbell has now written an open letter to Mr. George W. Curtis, giving that gentleman his definition of manly and honorable conduct. Mr. Hubbell lecturing Mr. Curtis on ethics is a spectacle of a very suggestive character. If Mr. Hubbell had kept silence and shunned publicity the public would not have been surprised.

The Prohibition Amendment has been Carried in Iowa by a decisive majority. Six districts were still to be heard from at the end of last week, but the returns of the other counties were all in and gave a net majority for prohibition of 26,888. All-day prayer-meetings were held in all the cities of the State, and in other cities prayer was offered at largely attended meetings for success in Iowa. The victory achieved has given an impetus to the prohibition movement in Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan, which seems likely to bring the question to a vote at an early day in all of the States named. Indiana is considered the most hopeful field by the friends of temperance, and they express great confidence in their ability to carry the measure there.

Supplies of Food have been Sent to the starving people of Patrick County, Va., in abundance. Flour, corn, meal, bread, bacon and coffee have been despatched by sympathizing citizens; and a telegram from Danville, dated June 28th, says that "letters have just been received from leading citizens of Patrick County, by the Committee of Distribution there which say that the provisions on hand, and those of which they have notice of coming, will be sufficient for their people." A report issued by interested parties who hoped to make a market out of the urgent needs of the starving people said that the accounts previously published were exaggerated, but it has been ascertained that several cases of death from starvation occurred, and one case has been clearly established in which a woman and five of her children starved to death in that county before assistance could reach them. The number of persons who have suffered for want of food is between five thousand and six thousand, nearly half the population of the county. Citizens generally, since the suffering began last winter, have divided their supplies with their destitute neighbors until all the corn and other provisions were exhausted, and there is not now anywhere in the county as much as five bushels of grain in the hands of any one excepting the Committee of Distribution, to whom supplies have been sent. Liberal assistance has been received from various cities and sections of the Union. No speculation upon the destitution of the people has been practised, and none would be tolerated if attempted.

A Marriage at the Indian School at Carlisle was celebrated on June 20th. The bridegroom, Elahdhiwh, a Kiowa brave, explained in a naive way how the alliance was brought about. He said: "Long time ago, in Indian Territory, I hunt and I fight; I not think about girls. Then you take me to St. Augustine. I learn much, but I not think about girls. I go to Carlisle; I learn more; I do right; I not think about girls. I go to my home; I do not think about girls there. But Laura, she thinks. I bring her to Carlisle. When I can work I will take care of her." He has since finished his studies and learned how to make a living. The bride and bridegroom were accompanied to the altar by twelve attendants selected from the various tribes represented at the school. The ceremony was made a very solemn one for the purpose of impressing the Indians with its sacredness. It may be hoped that purpose will be consummated, for in the influence of domestic ties consists much of the hope entertained of Indian civilization.

The Execution of Guiteau, the Assassin of President Garfield, on Friday, June 30th, forms the last scene of the melancholy tragedy of which the shot which echoed around the world on July 2d, 1881, was the opening. Persistent efforts had been made to deliver the miserable wretch from his just doom. The plea of insanity, which had

been so successful in other cases in enabling criminals to escape, was the capital employed; and it was carried in vain from court to court and was finally pressed on the President. But having had a fair trial, in which unusual privileges were afforded him, and in which the plea of insanity was raised and decided, it would have been improper to have commuted the sentence. Guiteau was accordingly hanged on the day appointed, dying easily and not in the slow lingering, agonizing way in which his victim died. The blasphemous creature died, as he had lived, unrepentant, and with his mouth full of imprecations. He predicted that the vengeance of Heaven would fall upon the nation in punishment for his death, though when he slew Garfield he appeared to think that human life had no sanctity. He wished to be considered a martyr, yet instead of prayers for the forgiveness of the people who put him to death he expressed his gratification at the thought that they would suffer eternal torment. He proved that he could reason logically, and in spite of medical opinions convinced the world that he was sane and responsible. The sentimental sympathy for him which the Washington correspondents during the past month have industriously labored to arouse would, even if it had been successful, have been utterly wasted. He was a bad, depraved man, and he grounded his hope of escape on the opinion wicked men generally hold that others are as bad as they. He believed that President Arthur was so vile as to protect him from punishment, and when he learned his mistake he showed by his curses how degraded he was. His crime was a cruelty to his victim, an outrage on the nation, and a blasphemy against God. It is very gratifying that he should have been protected from lawless vengeance to die by the hand of the common hangman with all the signs of national contempt and abhorrence.

The Swiss Colony at Mount Airy, Ga., is reported as exceedingly prosperous. It now comprises twenty families, and several more are expected soon. Each family brought from \$2000 to \$5000, and now owns a farm which, in comparison with the scanty measures of Switzerland, seems like a kingdom. The average size of the farms is 160 acres, and they already show the intelligence and honest industry of their owners. The colonists call their settlement, upon which they have expended about \$60,000, New Switzerland.

A Humiliating Spectacle was Witnessed in New York every night last week, when the laborers employed in the place of the freight-handlers who have struck for an advance of pay, marched through the city to their homes *guarded by the police*. They are a poor, ragged, half-starved looking set of men whose faces bear the marks of abject poverty. They have been employed by the great transportation companies so that the companies may avoid paying the *three cents an hour* extra which the men requested. That the demand was not excessive is patent to every citizen, for it has been shown that the cost of living, owing to the advance in the price of provisions and in rents, is now one-fourth higher than it was in 1881. But the companies refused the advance, and have replaced the men who could no longer pay their way on their wages with this gang of foreigners, whose necessities compel them to accept any terms. Meantime, we read of the capitalists living in lavish splendor with accumulations of money, in one case amounting to *over a hundred million dollars*, and who are yet so greedy and avaricious that they engage in a contest with their employees over three cents an hour, which they ask to enable them to live clear of debt. It is not surprising that they find it necessary to invoke the assistance of the police, lest the men, maddened by the injustice, should commit some desperate and lawless act. God has expressly warned the wealthy against this selfishness (1 Tim. 6: 17, 18), and history demonstrates that more than once the patience of the poor has been exhausted and has inflicted a terrible punishment on those who have done them injustice and disregarded God's commands in this matter. It is time that plain words are spoken, for among the guilty and in the foremost rank are men who make a profession of religion.

A Book Cover Caused the Serious Illness of child, and nearly cost it its life, last week at Troy, N. Y. The child while playing with some water-color paints, looked about for a palette, and seized a small book—attracted by the bright green color of its cover. He mixed the paints on the cover of the book for some time. Then he was suddenly taken with convulsions. Physicians who were hastily summoned declared that *he had been poisoned*. They administered antidotes, but the child went into convulsion after convulsion, and it was only after three days' incessant labor that the physicians saved his life. The child's parents afterward had the book cover tested for poison, and discovered that the dye with which the binding was colored contained poison. In wetting the paints on the book-cover the child had innocently wet also the dye—and soon transferred some of the poison to its own lips. This case in its peculiar features is said to be unprecedented, though unapparently it is not at all uncommon for moral poison to be communicated by the contents of a book.

A Lost Pound of Candy Delayed a Train crowded with passengers for a considerable time on Saturday, June 24th, at New London, Conn. Just as the special train for Norwich at New London was about to start a well-dressed young man went to the conductor and asked him if he would delay his train a few minutes while he went for a valuable package he had left in the palace car of the Shore Line Road. He replied, "I will," and kindly waited. The young man sped on his mission and returned without finding his package. The conductor saw the young man on board and then gave the signal to start. Thinking there might have been Government bonds or priceless jewels in the missing package, he asked the young man what was in it, that he might aid him in recovering it. At first the young man declined to answer, but he finally replied, "A pound of French candy." The conductor's chagrin at having lost time and hindered over fifty passengers for so trifling a cause may be imagined. It was only a question of relative value. This is the principle for which Christians contend. In eternity, when property is appraised at its true worth, we shall see that he causes us to suffer to delay our spiritual progress are like this young man's pound of candy, miserably over-valued (Matt. 16 : 26).

Broken Watch-Springs are Cited as Evidence of the electrical character of the cyclone which on June 17th desolated Grinnell and other cities in Iowa. A letter from Des Moines, dated June 26th, says: "Observers of the cyclone cloud at Grinnell say it was luminous with electric fire, and there was a continuous report from electric explosions like torpedoes. It is besides clear that there must have been electric disturbance, as otherwise it is impossible to explain the fact that the main-springs of watches were broken in extraordinary numbers all along the track of the storm for thirty miles wide. In this city alone thirty watches were taken to jewellers on Monday with main-springs broken Saturday night." It seems strange that there should be any connection between such a phenomenon as that raging, destructive tornado, tearing up trees and overturning houses, and such a delicate instrument as a tiny watch-spring. It was not to the wind that the sensitive coils responded but to the subtle electric power present in the storm. There was a recognition in those broken springs of a mighty power, as in that other storm centuries ago on Horeb, when in the still small voice Elijah recognized the presence of God (1 Kings 19 : 11-13). In the terrible scenes yet to come on the world there will be similar recognition in suffering which might be escaped if Christians read aright "the signs of the times."

The Increase of Leprosy in New York during the past year was the subject of a paper read at a meeting of the County Medical Society last week by Professor Henry G. Piffard. The lecture was illustrated by the examination of a patient in the tuberculous stage of the disease. The patient was a native of Japan who came to this country several years ago. At home his business was that of an agricultural laborer, but after his arrival here he went to work in a packing-house. The disease

was developed in this climate, and he was admitted to the New York Hospital in the latter part of May and subsequently sent to the Island, where he came under the notice of Professor Piffard and Professor Sturgis. His limbs were already covered with well-marked leprosy tubercles, shrunken, and rather ghastly in appearance. A discussion followed in which Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Sturgis and other eminent physicians took part tending to show the symptoms which distinguished leprosy proper from other kindred diseases. There seemed to be a general agreement that all its forms had a common origin. That origin, as indicated by the physicians, renders the comparison between the disease and sin, which is frequently drawn, very remarkable. It is also noteworthy that we read of no cases of cure except by miracle, and that Christ dwells upon the cleansing of the lepers as one of the proofs of His divinity (Matt. 11 : 5).

A Murderer Voluntarily Surrendered Himself to the police at Hoboken, N. J., on June 28th, and confessed his crime, committed ten years ago. He is described as a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He told his story in a cool, straightforward and rational manner, that entirely precluded any idea that he is insane or laboring under a hallucination. He states that in 1872, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, he and another man waylaid a third, whom they struck with iron bars and killed. To prevent the discovery of their crime they carried the body to the railroad and placed it on the track, to be run over by the next train. The locomotive failed to do its work properly, and the body was thrown to the side of the track with one of its arms crushed. The medical examination revealed the fact that the victim had died from a series of blows on the head, and two men were arrested, but no evidence could be obtained and they were discharged. The self-accused man says he has been haunted by his victim ever since, and finally concluded to confess his crime and abide his punishment. The man seemed relieved of a mental burden when he had made his confession and was locked up. It doubtless gave him a temporary peace, but unless he seeks the pardon of God through the blood of Jesus he can have no true and permanent peace. The tortures of self-reproach he has suffered here will be but a slight foretaste of what he must endure beyond the grave (Matt. 13 : 41, 42).

An Amateur Physician's Prescription and its results are described in a Boston journal. It appears that a boat's crew from a New Bedford ship off the coast of Patagonia were set upon by the savages and the mate of the ship was caught and carried off to the village. Relating the experiences of his captivity, he says that the savages persisted in regarding him as a *wonderful physician*. Thinking that this veneration for the healing art might give him a chance to escape he humored them in their belief. He had, however, considerable difficulty in keeping up his assumed character. On one occasion he was called to attend an old squaw widow who had suddenly fallen ill. Arrived at her tent he found her crouched on a horse's skin, and she was the filthiest creature he ever beheld. He produced his watch with much solemnity and felt the old squaw's pulse in the approved medical manner. He fumbled at the wrist for some time *without finding the artery*, but very justly reflecting that he would have been no wiser had he found it, he was not much disconcerted. The prescription was the next thing, and there he was puzzled, for he knew nothing of the savage or any other Pharmacopœia. He thought, however, that the woman would be no worse for a good bath, so he ordered that, with minute directions as to the scrubbing being smart and thorough. His instructions were carried out, and when the layers of dirt were removed, the old woman recovered, and the amateur physician's reputation was established among the natives. Had the mate received a thorough medical training it is doubtful if he could have given a better prescription in this case, but there are cases in which cleansing would not have cured disease. In the affairs of the soul both healing and cleansing are necessary and they both come from the hands of the Great Physician (Psa. 103 : 3).

"JEHOVAH-ROPHI."

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exodus 15 : 26.

The Lord a Different Being to His Foes and Friends—To His Foes Destruction—To His Friends Healing—Heavenly Surgery—A God of Surprises—A Trinity of Questions—I. God's Healing of His People's Circumstances—By Changing them Altogether—By Putting in a New Ingredient—By Giving a Submissive Spirit—II. Healing of the Body—By Preventing Sickness—By Restoration—By Blessing Outward Means—III. Healing of the Soul—Sin Made as Bitter as Marah—The Foolishness of the Perfectly Sanctified—The Sweetening Tree—The Change Miraculous—Spiritual Healing Fully Accomplished—The Lord will Do it.

WE shall consider this passage in its connection, for I have no doubt that the miracle at Marah was intended to be a very instructive illustration of the glorious title which is here claimed by the covenant God of Israel—"I am Jehovah-Rophi, the Lord that healeth thee." The illustration introduces the sermon of which this verse is the text. The healing of the bitter waters is the parable of which the line before us is the lesson. How different is the Lord to His foes and to His friends. His presence is light to Israel and darkness to Egypt. Egypt only knew Jehovah as the Lord that plagueth and destroyeth those who refuse to obey Him. He overthrew their armies at the Red Sea, and drowned their hosts beneath the waves; but to His own people, in themselves but very little superior to the Egyptians, God is not the terrible avenger consuming His adversaries, but "Jehovah that healeth thee."

Their mental and moral diseases were almost as great as those of the Egyptians whom the Lord cut off from before him, but He spared His chosen for His covenant sake. He bared the sword of justice against rebellious Pharaoh, and then He turned His tender, healing hand upon His own people, to exercise toward them the

HEAVENLY SURGERY

of His grace. Israel knew Him as the Lord that heals, and Egypt knew Him as the Lord that smites. Let us adore the grace which make so wide a difference, the sovereign grace which brings salvation unto Israel, and let us confess our own personal obligations to the mercy which has not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

Again, how differently does God deal with His own people from what we should have expected. He is a *God of surprises*, He does things which we looked not for. God deals with us not according to our conception of His ways, but according to His own wisdom and prudence; for as the heavens are high above the earth so high are His thoughts above our thoughts. You would not have supposed that a people, for whom God had given Egypt as a ransom would have been led into the wilderness of Shur; neither would you have guessed that a people so near to Him that he cleft the sea and made them walk between two glassy walls dry shod, would have been left for three days without water. You naturally expect to see the chosen tribes brought right speedily into a condition of comfort; or, if there must be a journey ere they reach the land that floweth with milk and honey, you look at once for the smitten rock and the flowing stream, the manna and the quails, and all things else which they can desire.

How singular it seems that after having done such a great marvel for them the Lord should cause them to thirst beneath a burning sky, and that too when they were quite unprepared for it, being quite new to desert privations, having lived so long by the river of Egypt, where they drank of sweet water without stint. We read at other times, "Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain, whereby thou didst refresh thine inheritance when it was weary;" but here we meet with no showers, no brooks gushed forth below, and no rain dropped from above. Three days without water is a severe trial when the burning sand is below and the blazing sky is above. Yet the Lord's people in some way or other are sure to be tried; theirs is *no holiday parade*, but a stern march by a way which flesh and blood would never have chosen.

The Egyptians found enough water, and even too much of it, for they were drowned in the sea, but the well-beloved Israelites had no water at all. So is it with the wicked man; he often has enough of wealth, and too much of it, till he is drowned in sensual delights and perishes in floods of prosperity. He has his portion in this life, and in that portion he is lost, like Pharaoh in the proud waters. Full often the Lord's people are made to know the pinch of poverty; their lives are made wretched by sore bondage, and they faint for a morsel of bread.

Thus he made His people know that the wilderness was not their rest, nor their home; for they could not even find such a common necessary as water wherewith to quench their thirst. He made them understand that the promised brooks that flowed with milk and honey were not in the wilderness, but must be found on the other side of Jordan, in the land which God had given to their fathers, and they must journey thither with weary feet. "This is not your rest," was the lesson of their parched lips in the three days' march.

You know what teaching there is in all this, for your experience answers to it. Do not marvel, beloved, if with all your joy over your vanquished sin, which shall be seen by you no more forever, you yet have to lament your present grievous want. The children of Israel cried, "What shall we drink?" This was a wretched sequel to "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." Have you never made the same descent? If you are in poverty you are, no doubt, tempted to put that trinity of questions, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" You are not the first to whom this temptation has happened. Do not marvel at all if up from the triumph of the Red Sea, with a song in your mouth and a timbrel in your hand, you ascend into the great and terrible wilderness, and enter upon the land of drought. This way lies Canaan, and this way you must go. Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, and therefore let us set our minds to it.

We shall try this morning to set before you, by the help of the divine Spirit, this grand character of God, that He is the God that healeth us. First, we shall notice the healing of our circumstances, dwelling upon that in order the better to set forth the greater fact, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Secondly, we shall remember the healing of our bodies which is here promised to obedient Israel, and we shall set forth that truth, in order to bring out our third point, which is the healing of our souls: "I am the Lord that healeth thee,"—not thy circumstances only, nor thy bodily diseases only, but thyself, thy soul, thy truest self; for there is the worst bitterness, there is the sorest disease, and there shall the grandest power of God be shown to thee, and to all who know thee.

I. The glorious Jehovah shows His

HEALING ON OUR CIRCUMSTANCES.

The fainting Israelites thought that when they came to Marah they should slake their thirst. Often enough the mirage had mocked them as it does all thirsty travellers; they thought that they saw before them flowing rivers and palm trees, but as they rushed forward they found nothing but sand, for the mirage was deluding them. At last, however, the waters of Marah were fairly within sight, and they were not a delusion; here was real water, and they were sure of it. No doubt they rushed forward helter-skelter, each man eager to drink, and what must have been their disappointment when they found that they could not endure it. A thirsty man will drink almost anything, but this water was so bitter that it was impossible for them to receive it.

I do not read that they had murmured all the three days of their thirsty march, but this disappointment was too much for them. The relief which seemed so near was snatched away; the cup was dashed from their lips, and they began to murmur against Moses, and so in truth against God. Here was the proof of their imperfection: they were impatient and unbelieving. Have we not too often fallen into the same sin? Brethren, let your conscience answer! When you have felt a sharp affliction, and it has continued long, and you

have been wearied out with it, you have at length seen a prospect of escape, but that prospect has completely failed you.

What woe is this! When the friend you so surely relied upon tells you that he can do nothing; when the physician upon whom you put such reliance informs you that his medicine has not touched the malady, when the last expedient that you could adopt to save yourself from bankruptcy, the last arrow in your quiver has missed the mark—how your spirit has sunk within you in dire despair! Then your heart has begun to wound itself, like the scorpion, with its own sting. You have felt as if you were utterly spent and ready for the grave. The last trial was too much for you, you could bear up no longer. Happy have you been if under such conditions you have not been left to give way to murmuring against God.

Now, dear friends, in answer to prayer God has often healed your bitter waters and made them sweet. I am about to appeal to your personal experience, you that are truly pilgrims under the guidance of your heavenly Lord. Has it not been so with you? I should have no difficulty in refreshing your memories about Marah, for very likely its bitterness is in your mouth even now, and you cannot forget your sorrow. But just now I wish to refresh your memories about what came of that sorrow.

DID NOT GOD DELIVER YOU?

Did He not, when you cried, come to your rescue?

Has not the Lord oftentimes made our bitter waters sweet by changing our circumstances altogether? When the poor in heart have been oppressed, God has taken away the oppressor, or else taken the heart away from the oppression. When you have been in great straits and could not see which way to steer, has not the Lord Jesus seemed to open before you a wider channel, or Himself to steer your vessel through all the intricacies of the narrow river, and bring you where you would come? Have you noticed in your lives that most remarkable changes have taken place at times when anguish took hold upon you? I can bear my witness, if you cannot, that the Lord has great healing power in the matter of our trials and griefs. He has changed my circumstances in providence, and in many ways altered the whole aspect of affairs.

On other occasions the Lord has not removed the circumstances, and yet He has turned sorrow into joy, for He has put into them a new ingredient, which has acted as an antidote to the acrid flavor of your affliction. You were not allowed to leave the shop, but there came a fresh manager, who shielded you from persecution; you were not permitted to quit your business, but there came a wonderful improvement in your trade, and this reconciled you to the long hours. You were not made to be perfectly healthy, but you were helped to a medicine which much assuaged the sharpness of the pain; thus has your Marah been sweetened. Have you not found it so? You have been at Marah, but even there you have been able to drink, for a something has been put into the waters of afflictive providence which has made them endurable.

And where this has not been done the Lord has by a heavenly art made your bitter waters sweet by giving you more satisfaction with the divine will, more submission, more acquiescence in what the Lord has ordained. After all, this is the most effectual remedy. If I cannot bring my circumstances to my mind, yet if God helps me to bring my mind to my circumstances the matter is made right. There is a degree of sweetness about pain, and poverty, and shame when once you feel, "The loving Lord ordained all this for me; my tribulation is of His appointing." Then the soul, feeling that the affliction comes from a Father's hand, accepts it, and kicks against the pricks no longer.

Have you never said when under tribulation, "I could not have believed it; I am perfectly happy under my trial, and yet when I looked forward to it I dreaded it beyond measure. I said it would be the death of me, but now I find that by these things men live, and in all this is the life of my spirit." We exclaim with Jacob, "All these things are against me," but the Lord gives us more grace,

and we see that all things work together for good and we bless the Lord for His afflicting hand. So you see the Lord Jehovah heals our bitter waters and makes our circumstances endurable to our sanctified minds.

Sustaining providences are to the saints sure pledges of grace. The sweetened water is a picture of a sweetened nature. I had almost said it is a type of it. God binds Himself by the gracious deliverances of His providence to give you equal deliverances of grace. It is joyous to say, "He is the Lord that healed my circumstances," but how much better to sing of His name as "The Lord that healeth thee." Do not be contented till you reach to that; but do be confident that He who healed Marah will heal you; He that has helped you to rejoice in Him in all your times of trouble will sustain you in all your struggles with sin, till you shall more sweetly and more loudly praise His blessed name.

II. Let us now proceed a step further. As we have spoken of God's healing our circumstances so now we have to think of the Lord's

HEALING OUR BODIES.

This frail, sensitive, and earthly frame, which Paul calls "this vile body," grows weary and worn, and by and-by it will fade away and die, unless the Lord shall come; and even if He should come this feeble fabric must be totally changed, for flesh and blood as they now are cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption dwell with incorruption. Even unto this day the body is under death because of sin, and is left so on purpose to remind us of the effects of sin, that we may feel within ourselves what sin has done, and may the better guess at what sin would have done if we had remained under it, for the pains of hell would have been ours for ever.

These griefs of body are meant, I say, to make us recollect what we owe to the redemption of our Lord Jesus, and so to keep us humble and grateful. Aches and pains are also sent to keep us on the wing for heaven, even as thorns in the nest drive the bird from its sloth. They make us long for the land where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick.

Yet the Lord does heal our bodies. First He heals them by

PREVENTING SICKNESS.

A prevention is better than cure. Do we sufficiently praise God for guarding us from disease? I am afraid that His preserving care is often forgotten. Men will go thirty or forty years almost without an illness, and forget the Lord in consequence. That which should secure gratitude creates indifference. When we have been ill we come up to the house of the Lord and desire to return thanks because of our recovery; ought we not to give thanks when we are not ill, and do not need to be recovered? Should it not be to you healthy folk a daily cause of gratitude to God that He keeps away those pains which would keep you awake all night, and wards off those sicknesses which would cause your beauty to consume away like the moth.

But we see this healing hand of the Lord more conspicuously when, like Hezekiah, we have been sick, and have been restored. Sometimes we lie helpless and hopeless like dust ready to return to its fellow dust; we are incapable of exertion, and ready to be dissolved. Then if the Lord renews our youth and takes away our sickness, we do praise His name; and so we ought, for it is not the doctor, it is not the medicine—these are but the outward means; it is the Lord who is the true Physician, and unto Jehovah-Rophi be the praise. "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Let those of us that have been laid aside, and have been again allowed to walk abroad, lift up our hearts and our voices in thanksgiving to the Lord who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases.

According to the analogy of the healing of Marah, the Lord does this by means; for He cast a tree into the water. Those who will use no medicine whatever certainly have no Scriptural warrant for their conduct. Even where cures are given to faith, yet the apostle says, "Is any sick? Let him send for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." The anointing with oil was

the proper medicine of the day, and possibly a great deal better medicine than some of the drugs which are used nowadays. To the use of this anointing the promise is given, "and the prayer of faith shall raise the sick." Hezekiah was miraculously healed, but the Lord said, "take a lump of figs, and lay it upon the sore." God could have spoken a word and turned Marah sweet, but He did not choose to do so; He would exercise the faith and obedience of His people by bidding them cast a tree into the waters.

The use of means is not to hinder faith, but to try it. Still, it is the Lord who works the cure, and this is the point which is so often forgotten. Oh, come let us sing unto Jehovah who hath said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." Do not attribute to secondary means that which ought to be ascribed to God alone. His fresh air, and warm sun, or bracing wind, and refreshing showers do more for our healing than we dream of, or if medicine be used, it is He who gives virtue to the drugs, and so by His own Almighty hand works out our cure. As one who has felt His restoring hand, I will personally sing unto Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.

Note this, that in every healing of which we are the subjects we have a *pledge of the resurrection*. Every time a man who is near the gates of death rises up again he enjoys a kind of rehearsal of that grand rising when from beds of dust and silent clay the perfect saints shall rise at the trumpet of the archangel and the voice of God. We ought to gather from our restorations from serious and perilous sickness a proof that the God who brings us back from the gates of the grave can also bring us back from the grave itself whenever it shall be His time to do so.

III. Now we come to the

HEALING OF OUR SOULS.

The Lord our God will heal our spirits, and He will do it in somewhat the same manner as that in which He healed Marah. How was that? First He made the people know how bitter Marah was. There was no healing for that water till they had tasted it, and discovered that it was too brackish to be endured; but after they knew its bitterness then the Lord made it sweet to them. So is it with your sin, my brother. It must become more and more bitter to you. You will have to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" You will have to feel that you cannot live upon anything that is within yourself. The creature must be made distasteful to you, and all trusts that come of it; for God's way is first to kill, and then to make alive; first to wound, and then to heal. He begins by making Marah to be Marah, and afterward He makes it sweet.

What next? The next thing was there was prayer offered. I do not know whether any of the people possessed faith in God, but if so they had a prayerless faith, and God does not work in answer to prayerless faith. "Oh," says one, "I am perfectly sanctified." How do you know? "Because I believe I am." That will never do. Is a man rich because he believes he is? Will sickness vanish if I believe myself to be well?

Some even think it useless to pray because they feel sure of having the blessing. That putting aside of prayer is a dangerous piece of business altogether. If there is not the cry to God for the blessing, ay, and the daily cry for keeping and for sanctification, the mercy will not come. Again, I say, healing comes not to a prayerless faith. You may believe what you like, but God will only hear you when you pray. Faith must pour itself out in prayer before the blessing will be poured into the soul. Moses cried, and he obtained the blessing; the people did not cry, and they would have been in an evil case had it not been for Moses. We must come to crying and praying before we shall receive sanctification, which is the making whole of our spirits.

Marah became sweet through the introduction of something outside of itself—a tree, I know not of what kind. The rabbis say that it was a bitter tree, and naturally tended to make the water more bitter still. However that may be, I cannot imagine any tree in all the world, bitter or sweet, which could have power to sweeten such a quantity of

water as must have been at Marah. The transaction was miraculous, and the tree was used merely as the instrument, and no further. But I do know a tree which, if put into the soul, will sweeten all its thoughts and desires; and Jesus knew that tree, that tree whereon He died and shed His blood as a victim for our sin.

Again the task of turning Marah sweet was a very difficult one. No human power could have achieved it; and even so the task of changing our nature is not only difficult, but impossible to us. We must be born again, not of the will of man, nor of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. There was no turning Marah sweet by any means within the reach of Moses or the myriads that came up with him out of Egypt. This wonder must come from Jehovah's hand. So is the change of our nature a thing beyond all human might. Who can make his own heart clean? God must work this marvel. We must be born again from above, or else we shall remain in the gall of bitterness even unto the end.

What a blessing is this! If I had to make myself holy I must despair; and if I had to make myself perfect and keep myself so it would never be done; but the Lord Jehovah can do it, and has already begun to do it. Things which I once hated I now love; all things have become new. Simple faith in Jesus Christ, the putting of the cross into the stream, does it all, and does it at once, too, and does it so effectually that there is no return of the bitterness, but the heart remains sweet and pure before the living God.

The task was completely accomplished. The people came and drank of Marah just as freely as they afterward drank of Elim or of the water that leaped from the smitten rock. So God can and will complete in us the change of our nature. Paul saith, "I am persuaded that He that hath begun a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Christ." The Lord has not begun to sweeten us a little with the intent of leaving us in a half healed condition, but He will continue the process till we are without trace of defilement.

That sweetened Marah was all of God; our renewed nature shall be all of God. We shall not be able to take the slightest particle of credit to ourselves, nor shall we wish to do so. Brethren,

THE LORD WILL DO IT;

he will be sure to do it because it will glorify His name. Let us draw comfort from this fact; there will be no interfering with the Lord by a rival claimant to honor, no idolatry in us taking away part of His praises; therefore He will do it, and change our bitterness into perfect sweetness. Blessed be His name, He can do it; nothing will baffle the skill of "the Lord that healeth thee." Whenever I am cast down under a sense of corruption, I always like to get a hold of this divine name, "The Lord that healeth thee."

Now, as you have believed in God for your justification and found it in Christ, so believe in God for your sanctification, that He will work in you to will and to do according to His good pleasure; that He will exterminate in you the very roots of sin; that he will make you like Himself, without taint or speck, and that, as surely as you are trusting in Christ, you shall be whiter than snow, pure as the infinite Jehovah, and you shall stand with His Firstborn, accepted in the Beloved. My soul seems to grasp this, and to hold it all the more firmly because the Lord has turned my bitter circumstances into sweetness, and He has healed the sickness of my body. Because of these former mercies I know that He will heal the sickness of my spirit, and I shall be whole, that is to say holy, without spot or trace of sin, and so shall I be forever with the Lord. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"NOT A DROP."

It was well meant, no doubt. It was kindly said. It was, moreover, just the kind of weather for a glass of something hot.

Nevertheless, Bill Heard at once refused it.

And if the first offer was well put, the subsequent one was kinder than ever. Indeed, the pressure was almost embarrassing. Bill would confer a great favor by accepting the steaming glass.

The tone of his voice, was, however, none the less decided, the shake of his head none the less vigorous, as he again refused.

Was it that the offerer was piqued by this two-fold refusal, and was chafed at his failure? His raised tone of voice, and his almost blustering vehemence, as he made his offer for the third time seemed to point to such a temper. And, to judge by Bill Heard's reply, a similar suspicion had crossed his mind, for now his words assumed a tone of decision more unmistakable than ever.

"Not a drop," he said.

And what he said he stuck to, repeating his "Not a drop" with every subsequent offer, until the baffled treater went muttering away.

Now, it is because all men are not like Bill Heard, that I have brought him to the front. I want to show by a few contrasts how much better it would be if some of the feeble ones would move up a step or two, and take his decided tone of "Not a drop."

There's Harry Squirrel, for instance, whose "No" is a whole "Yes."

"Have a drop, Harry?"

"No—o—o—o, thank you," says he.

But you can see in a moment that he is longing for it with all his heart. Indeed, I am half inclined to think that his limp, wavering "No," is only intended to quiet his conscience, so that having once uttered it, he may feel at liberty to say "Yes." And so his "No" is said in such a tone, and with such manifest tokens of reluctance, as shall be understood to mean "Yes." Harry Squirrel's "No" is not an honest refusal. Nothing so confirms me in this opinion as the expression of Harry's face when once his "No" is accepted as his real wish. So regretful, so disappointed, so troubled.

But I am bound to say this rarely happens, for, through long practice, Harry's "No" is such a perfect masterpiece, that no ordinary man could mistake it. Its "Yes" shines out through its flimsy outside as clearly as though he said "Yes" all the while.

Then there's Tom Turner, the man whose "No" means half a "Yes." He doesn't want to drink, and yet he does want to drink. He feels convinced that if he accepted the offer he would be likely to get into mischief. He does not feel at all confident in his ability to stop at the first drop, and so fears to accept it. And yet there is the thirst and the yearning pushing him on to an eager "Yes, yes." What should he do? Of course he must say "No." But, isn't there any middle kind of "No" which doesn't quite mean "No"? Yes, properly accompanied and assisted by look, tone, and gesture, a "No" may be so translated as to leave it an open question which he means. It will then be half a "Yes." Then, supposing he is pressed hard, and has to yield, it will be more the fault of the treater than of anybody else. And so he escapes blame.

"Have a glass, Tom?"

"No, thank you. Not to-day." This is said very decidedly.

"I think I won't. I suspect I should be better without it. It's very good of you, but perhaps I'd better not." This is said as an immediate continuation of the other, but in a qualified, doubtful, and ambiguous manner.

Of course the necessary pressure is put on. And of course the necessary result follows. Tom gets his glass, and a few more, and maintains an easy conscience.

Then, there's Peter Toddy, whose "No" rings out clearly enough, and resolutely too, but who makes that refusal in his own strength. He sees the evil of the drink, and desires earnestly to keep clear of its trammels, and his "No" is a true expression of his inward wish. But he trusts him-



An Old Man's Testimony.

self too much. Rather a boaster is Peter. Hasn't he made up his mind? Hasn't he a mind to make up? Hasn't he a will of his own?

It would be tedious to follow the whole course of the struggle, to trace how at first by slight degrees, and afterward by degrees not insignificant, he yields ground. The upshot of the whole is that Peter Toddy is seen disappearing with a skip and a jump inside the public-house door, a willing captive, to celebrate his defeat with something strong supplied therein.

How refreshing to come back to Bill Heard, to contemplate his triumphant course, to hear his decided, manly, and persistent "Not a drop."

But then, Bill was a man of God, and had given his heart to his Saviour. And so he had learned to trust Him for the strength he needed as much as any man. He was ever pondering that grand promise, "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*"

AN OLD MAN'S TESTIMONY.

Two young men were spending a vacation some time ago at a sea-side resort where they occupied their time chiefly in fishing. Their fondness for that sport led to their becoming acquainted with an old fisherman who, though generally taciturn and seldom speaking except in reply to a question, occasionally made a remark full of wisdom and in which there was not a little wit. The old man liked the boys and they were always welcome to his little cabin, where he would show them all kind of fishing appliances and tell them how they should proceed.

One day the two youths were sitting in the old man's cabin as usual, talking to each other rather than to him. The conversation turned on a temperance meeting to be held in the town that night to which both had been invited. One of the youths in the course of the conversation said, as defining his attitude on the temperance question: "I drink to make me work."

The old fisherman heard the words, and to the surprise of both his hearers joined in the conversation. He said: "That's right; thee drink, and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good; you see that bottle"—pointing to one in the window. "I should not have been here now

if it had not been for that stuff. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, *it makes me work now.* At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! and it will make you work."

LILIAN TOWERS' LETTER.

In an old house in a Southern State a clergyman was pacing to and fro in a long, rather narrow room, which was called the picture gallery. The walls were almost covered with pictures except where, here and there, an old cabinet stood, on which were displayed rare specimens of old china and other curiosities. The clergyman had a habit of walking in this room when his mind was deeply absorbed in the preparation of his sermons, or in any subject demanding close and profound thought. The room was seldom used, and he could enjoy the deep stillness, broken only by his own foot-falls or an occasional half audible ejaculation from his own lips as a conclusion was reached in the process of thought.

On this particular morning, as he sauntered through the room, he thought, after he had been there a few minutes, that he heard a suppressed sob. He listened intently for a moment but he heard no more, and, concluding his fancy had deceived him, proceeded with his walk. But again he heard the slight noise, and this time he was convinced he had not been mistaken and he was also sure of the direction from which it came. He walked along the gallery and drawing aside a heavy curtain that screened an alcove room the *mysterious sound* was explained. There, on the floor near a window, on which the rain was beating in a torrent sat Lilian Towers, the governess whom he had engaged to conduct the education of his three young daughters after the death of their mother. Her attitude was expressive of intense



Lilian Towers in Trouble.

grief and her tears seemed to rival, in the rapidity with which they fell, the raindrops as they trickled down the panes of the window. One hand covered her face and in the other she grasped a letter which was clearly the cause of her trouble.

The sight was a very distressing one to the clergyman, whose heart was so tender that even the spectacle of an animal in pain moved him deeply. The governess had obviously been attracted to the gallery by its retirement and quiet and she had gone there, unaware of his habit, to weep over her trouble unobserved. His first impulse was to retire unobserved as he came, but his heart went out toward the distressed lady and it might be that he could offer her words of Christian consolation which would lighten her burden. "You appear to be in bitter sorrow, Miss Towers," he said kindly.

Lilian was startled, and looking up quickly she uttered some words of apology and would have arisen to go to her room, had not the clergyman restrained her. "I am sorry to see you so distressed," he said. "I might be able to assist you if you would confide in me; or if I could not do that I might be able to console you."

Lilian thanked him through her tears for his kindness and sympathy, but she was sadly conscious that the good clergyman could not assist her, and in her present state she believed no one could console her. With gentle pressure, however, she was induced to tell her story. The letter in her hand came from a man who was the companion of her betrothed husband. It told her that the man she loved was dead. Very briefly, for the writer was himself ill, it told her how the two young men venturing out on a fishing excursion had been carried out to sea by a strong current, and when they were laboring hard to reach the shore their boat was upset. The writer had clung to the overturned boat, but Hugh Glyn, his companion, Lilian's lover, was unable to reach it, and he had last seen him swimming bravely but hopelessly. He had himself been rescued by the crew of a fishing vessel, but then Hugh was nowhere to be seen, and it was feared that either his strength had failed him or he had been run down by an outward bound steamer then just fading from view on the horizon.

Such was the sad story that had well nigh

broken Lilian's heart; for she was very lonely in the world; her mother and father both were dead, and she had neither brother nor sister to comfort her. The clergyman sympathized with the grief-stricken lady, and when her grief was somewhat subdued, directed her thoughts to Him who came "to comfort all that mourn," and who would if she gave her heart to Him be more to her than lover or husband, father or mother. Lilian listened, and when the good clergyman prayed with, and for her, it seemed to her as if, though she must sorrow all her days, yet there was a bright hope for her beyond the grave. Her rebellious heart was softened and she who had been ready to say, "the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me," could now say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

After a wakeful, troubled night Lilian sank toward morning into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which she was awakened by the rays of the sun pouring in through her window. In the first moments of consciousness she wondered what had happened, but as her memory recalled the harrowing reality she burst into a new flood of tears and felt very desolate indeed. Still the words she heard the previous day were not forgotten, and kneeling by the side of the bed she prayed long and earnestly for strength, resignation, acquiescence in the Divine will, and for courage and faith to tread her lonely path through the world consistently and usefully. She rose from her knees refreshed, and proceeded to dress quickly, for it was long past her usual hour for appearing in the children's study.

She was scarcely through with her task when a knock was heard on her door. "Some one to see you, Miss Towers," said the servant. Who could it be? She feared it was the writer of the letter she received yesterday, and she braced herself to receive him and to listen to the narrative of the tragical occurrence. She descended to the library, and there she had scarcely entered the room when she was clasped in her lover's arms. He had not been drowned but being picked up by the outward bound steamer had returned in the pilot's boat. Hearing of the letter that had been sent to Lilian he hastened to the house to relieve her of her grief.

It seemed as if the dead had returned to life. The clergyman was called in and acquainted with the glad news, and thanked for the kindly Christian sympathy he had shown to Lilian. Then he spoke very tenderly to the young people, and soon they were all upon their knees offering heartfelt thanks to God for the life preserved, which Hugh in simple faith and trust, solemnly consecrated in the strength of God to the Saviour's service.

CREMATION IN INDIA.

THE illustration on this page represents a scene common enough in India, and which but a short time ago was accompanied by horrible crime. It represents the burning or cremation of the dead body of a native in one of the burning ghats often described by travellers in that ancient land.

The custom of burning the bodies of the dead



An Indian Burning Ghat.

has been practised in all lands. It prevailed among the Indians of America, among the prehistoric inhabitants of Europe and in all Asiatic countries in remote times. The Bible informs us that the corpses of *Saul the first King of Israel and Jonathan his son were burned* after the battle in which they fell (1 Sam. 31:12), and incidental mention of the custom is made in the prophecy of Amos (Amos 6:10). When Christianity was first preached in Europe the custom was prevalent both in Greece and Rome, but as the belief in a future resurrection took root cremation became abhorrent to the minds of the converts and the bodies were committed to the earth in the sure and certain hope of their rising again.

The mode adopted in those ancient times was, and it is still continued in India, to lay the corpse on a pile of wood covered with oil and spices and incense. The wood was then lighted, and as soon as the body was reduced to ashes they were quenched with wine and then gathered up reverently and placed in an urn, which was placed in a subterranean cell or buried in the earth. In India a part of the body is removed from the pile and cast into the Ganges, the sacred river of the country.

As late as the year 1835 the horrible custom prevailed in India of Suttee, or burning alive the widow of a dead man, and this was done on the same pyre with the corpse of the husband. It was Lord William Bentinck, the British Governor-General, who made these living sacrifices illegal. He prohibited them first of all in Bengal, and afterward the prohibition extended throughout India. How necessary the Governor-General's interference was may be inferred from the fact that in the period of eleven years immediately preceding the promulgation of his edict in Bengal alone *seven thousand living women* were thus sacrificed in the fire that consumed the bodies of their dead husbands, and in the year 1817 seven hundred widows thus lost their lives.

Though it is probable that in many cases the widows were unwilling victims, and were forced by their friends and the priests to undergo this horrible death, it is a fact that a large number sacrificed

themselves voluntarily, deluded by the superstitions of heathenism. It is not long since a woman was with difficulty restrained from thus sacrificing her life.

A young British officer stationed in India relates that during an early morning ride he met a procession of police bearing a litter. He asked what the matter was, and the only answer he got was the awful word, "Suttee." His heart leaped to his mouth. He said, "Is the woman dead?" "No, Sahib, but she is dying fast; her husband died yesterday morning, and when the body was being burned, she rushed into the flames. We pulled her out, telling her Suttee was not allowed, but she was very angry, and said she would kill herself somehow. We locked her up, and she screamed all day, refusing food or water. At three in the morning she was senseless, so she was put into the litter, to be taken to the dispensary."

There is even in such an account evidence of superstition of a most depressing kind. It is to people so benighted that missionaries go to carry the glorious Gospel of Christ, and in that Gospel alone is there hope for them of emancipation from this gross darkness.

COBWEBS AND CABLES. A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 415.)

For One Moment.

In after life Jean Merle never spoke of *that hour of agony*. But there was nothing in the past which dwelt so deeply, or lived again so often, in his memory. He had suffered before; but it seemed as nothing to the intensity of the anguish that had befallen him now. The image of Felicity's white and dying face resting against the blackened walls of the hovel, where she had gone to seek him, was indelibly printed on his brain. He would see it till the hour of his own death.

He lifted her up, holding her once more in his arms and clasping her to his heart, as he carried her through the village street to the hotel. Phebe walked beside him, as yet only thinking that *Felicitita had fainted*. His old neighbors crowded out of their houses, scarcely recognizing Jean Merle in this Monsieur in his good English dress, but with redoubled curiosity when they saw who it was thus bearing the strange English lady in his arms. When he had carried her to the hotel and upstairs, to the room where he had watched beside the death-bed of the stranger who had borne his name, he broke through the gathering crowd of on-lookers, and fled to the mountains.

He had always told himself that Felicity was dead to him. There had not been in his heart the faintest hope that she could ever again be anything more to him than a memory and a dream. When he was in England, though he had not been content until he had seen his children and his old home, he had never sought to get a glimpse of her, so far beyond him and above him. But now that *she was indeed dead*, those beloved eyes closed for evermore from the light of the sun, and the familiar earth never again to be trodden by her feet, the

awful chasm set between them made him feel as if he was for the first time separated from her.

Only an hour ago and his voice could have reached her in words of entreaty, and of passionate repentance, and humble self-renunciation. He could have spoken with her face to face; and he might have had a brief interval for pouring out his heart to her. But there had been no word uttered between them. There had been only that one moment in which her soul looked back upon him with a glance of tenderness, before she was gone from him beyond recall.

He came to himself, out of the confused agony of his grief, as the sun was setting. He found himself in a wild and barren wilderness of savage rocks, with a small black tarn lying at his feet, which just caught the glimmer of the setting sun on its lurid surface. The silence about him was intense. Gray clouds stretched across the mountains, out of which a few sad peaks of rock rose against the gray sky. The snowy dome of the Titlis, towering above the rest, looked down on him out of the shadow of the clouded heavens with a ghostly paleness. All the world about him was cold, and wan, and solemn, as *the face of the dead*. There was death up here and in the valley yonder, but down in the valley it bore too dear and too sorrowful a form.

The recollection of Phebe's loneliness, and her distress at his absence, at last aroused him; and with slow and reluctant steps he retraced his path through the deep gloom of the forests to the village. There was much to be decided upon before he reached the hotel.

Two courses were open to him. There was no longer any reason to dread a public trial and conviction for the crime he had committed so many years ago. It was quite practicable to return to England, account plausibly for his disappearance, and the mistake as to identity which had caused a stranger to be buried in his name, and take up his life again as Roland Sefton.

It was improbable that any searching investigation should be made into his statements, but the old rumors and suspicions would be awakened and strengthened a hundredfold by the mystery surrounding his return. No man could compel him to reveal his secret; he had simply to keep his lips closed in impenetrable silence. True, he would be a suspected man, with a disgraceful secrecy hanging like a cloud about him; and he could not live so at Riversborough, among his old townspeople, of whom he had once been a leader. He must find some new sphere, and dwell in it, always dreading the tongue of rumor.

But his son and daughter? How would they regard him if he maintained an obstinate and ambiguous silence toward them? They were no longer little children, scarcely separate from their father, seeing through his eyes, and touching life only through him. They were individual, living souls, with a personality of their own, the more free from his because of his long absence and supposed death. It was a young man he must meet in Felix, *a critic and a judge* like other men; but with a keener interest in the criticism and the judgment he had to pass upon his father. His son would ponder deeply over any account he might give of himself. Hilda, too, was at a sensitive and delicate point of girlhood, when she would inevitably shrink from any contact with the suspicion and doubt that would surround this strange return after so many years of disappearance.

Yet how could he let them know the terrible fraud he had committed for their mother's sake, and with her connivance? If he returned to them with the truth in his lips, they would lose the happy memory of their mother, and their pride in her fame. He understood only too well how dominant must have been her influence over them, not merely by the tender, common ties of motherhood, but by the fascinating charm of her whole nature, reserved and stately as it had been. He must betray her and lessen her memory in their sorrowful esteem. To them, if not to the world, he must disclose all; or resolve to remain a stranger to them for ever.

During the last six months it had seemed to him

that a humble path lay before him, following which he might again live a life of lowly discipleship. He had repented with a bitter repentance, and out of the depths into which he had fallen, he had cried unto God, and been delivered. He believed that he had received God's forgiveness, as he knew that he had received man's forgiveness. Out of the wreck of his past years he had constructed a little raft, and trusted to it bearing him safely through what remained of the storm of life. If Felicity had lived he would have continued in the service of his father's old friend, proving himself of use in numberless ways.

He had not been long enough in Riversborough to gain any influence in the town as a poor foreigner; but there had been a hope dawning within him, that he might again do some good in his native place, the dearer to him because of his long and dreary banishment. In time he might perform some work worthy of his forefathers, though under another name. If he could so live as to leave behind him the memory of a sincere and simple Christian, who had denied himself daily to live a righteous, sober, and godly life, and had cheerfully taken up his cross to follow Christ, he would in some measure atone for the disgrace Roland Sefton's defalcations had brought upon the name of Christ.

This humble, unambitious career was still before him, if he could forego the joy of making himself known to his children: a doubtful joy. For had he not cut himself off from them by his reckless and despairing abandonment of them in their childhood? He could bring them nothing now but sorrow and shame. The sacrifice would be on their side not his. It needs all the links of all the years to bind parents and children in an indestructible chain; and if he attempted to unite the broken links it could only be by a knowledge of their mother's error as well as his. Let him sacrifice himself for the last and final time to Felicity, and the fair name she had made for herself.

He was stumbling along in the dense darkness of the forest with no gleam of light to guide him on his way, and his feet were constantly snared in the knotted roots of the trees intersecting the path. So must he stumble along a dark and rugged track through the rest of his years. There was no cheering gleam beckoning him on to a happy future. But though it was thorny and obscure, it was not an ignoble path, and it might end at last, even for him, in the welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

His mind was made up before he reached the valley. He could not unravel the warp and woof of his life. The gossamer threads of the web he had begun to weave about himself so lightly in the hey-day of his youth, and prosperity, and happiness, had thickened into cables, and petrified; it was impossible to break through the coil of them, or find a way out of it. Roland Sefton had died many years ago. Let him remain dead.

Phebe was sitting by a table in the lonely salon, her head buried in her arms which rested upon it; a forlorn and despondent attitude. She lifted up her face as he entered, and gazed pitifully into his; but for a minute or two neither of them spoke. He stood just within the door, as he had done on the fateful night when Felicity had told him that she chose his death, rather than share the disgrace attaching to his crime. This day, just drawn to a close, had been the bitterest fruit of the seed then sown. Jean Merle's face, on which there was stamped an expression of intense but patient suffering, steadfastly met Phebe's aching eyes.

"*She is dead!*" she murmured.

"I knew it," he answered.

"I did not know what to do," she went on, after a slight pause, and speaking in a pitiful and deprecating tone.

"Poor Phebe!" he said; "but I am come to tell you what I have resolved to do. We must act now as if I was only what I seem to be; a stranger to you, and a passing guide, who has no more to do with these things than any other stranger. We will do what I believe she would have desired; her name shall be as dear to us as it was to her; no disgrace shall stain it now."

"But can you never throw off your disguise," she asked weeping; "must you always be what you seem to be now?"

"I must always be Jean Merle," he replied. "Roland Sefton cannot return to life; it is impossible. Let us leave her children at least the tender memory of their mother; I can bear being unknown to them for what remains to me of life. And we do no one any harm, you and I, by keeping this secret."

"No; we wrong no one," she answered. "I have been thinking of it ever since I was sure that she was dead, and I counted upon your doing this. It will save Felix and Hilda from bitter sorrow; and it would keep her memory fair and true for them. But you—there will be so much to give up. They will never know that you are their father; for if we do not tell them now we must never, never betray it. Can you do it?"

"I gave them up long ago," he said; "and if there be any sacrifice I can make for them, what should withhold me, Phebe? God only knows what an *unutterable relief* it would be to me if I could lay bare my whole life to the eyes of my fellow-men, and henceforth walk in their sight in simple honesty and truthfulness. But that is impossible. Not even you can see my whole life as it has been. I must go softly all my days, bearing my burden of secrecy."

"I, too, shall have to bear it," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"I start at once for Stans," he went on; "and go to Lucerne by the first boat in the morning. You shall give me a telegram to send from there to Canon Pascal; and Felix will be here in less than three days. I must return direct to Riversborough. I cannot perform the last duties to the dead; even that is denied to me."

"But Felicity must not be buried here," exclaimed Phebe, her voice faltering with an accent of horror at the thought of it. *A shudder of repugnance* ran through him also. Roland Sefton's grave was here; and what would be more natural than to bury Felicity in it?

"No, no!" he cried; "you must save me from that, Phebe. She must be brought home, and buried among her own people. Promise to save her and me from that."

"Oh! I promise it," she said; "it shall never be. You shall not have that grief."

"If I stayed here myself," he continued, "it would make it more difficult to take up my life in Riversborough, unquestioned and unsuspected. It can only be by a complete separation now that I can effect my purpose. But I can hardly bear to go away, Phebe."

The profound pitifulness of Phebe's heart was stirred to its inmost depths, by the sound of his voice, and the expression of his hopeless face. She left her seat, and drew near to him.

"Come and see her once more," she whispered.

Silently he made a gesture of assent, and she led the way to the adjoining room. He knew it better than she did; for it was here that he had watched all the night long the death-bed of the stranger, who was buried in Roland Sefton's grave. There was but little change in it to his eyes. The bare walls and the scanty, homely furniture were the same now as then. There was the glimmer of a little lamp falling on the tranquil figure on the bed. The occupant of the chamber only was different; but, oh! the difference to him!

"Do not leave me, Phebe!" he cried stretching out his hand toward her, as if blind, and groping to be led. They stepped noiselessly across the uncarpeted floor, and looked down on the face lying on the pillow. The smile, that had been upon it in the last moment, yet lingered about the mouth, and added an inexpressible gentleness and tenderness to its beauty. The long, dark eyelashes shadowed the cheeks, which were suffused with a faint flush. Felicity looked young again, with something of the sweet, shy grace of the girl, whom he had first seen in this foreign mountain village so many years ago.

He sank down on his knees, and shut out the sight of her from his despairing eyes. The silent minutes crept slowly away unheeded, he did not stir, or sob, or lift up his bowed face. This kneel-

ing figure at her feet was as rigid and as death-like as the lifeless form lying on the bed; and Phebe grew frightened, yet dared not break in upon his grief. At last a footstep came somewhat noisily up the staircase, and she laid her hand softly on the gray head beneath her.

"Jean Merle," she said, "it is time for us to go."

The sound of this name in Phebe's familiar voice roused him. She had never called him by it before; and its utterance now marked as a thing irrevocably settled, that his life henceforth was to be altogether divorced from that of Roland Sefton. He had come to the last point which connected him with it. When he turned away from this rigid form, in all the awful loveliness of death, he would have cut himself off forever from the past. He laid his hand upon the chilly forehead; but he dared not stoop down to touch the sweet, sad face with his lips.

With no word of farewell to Phebe, he rushed out into the dense darkness of the night, and made his way down the valley, and through the steep forest-roads he had traversed only a few hours ago with something like hope dawning in his heart. For in the morning he had known that he should see Felicity again, and there was expectation and gleam of gladness in that; but to-night his eyes had looked upon her for the last time.

(To be continued.)

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

S. S. Lesson for July 16, Mark 10 : 32-45. Golden Text, ver. 45. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Sacrifice Leading the Way to the Altar—The Perplexed Disciples—Their Fear that Opportunities were Missed—Our Own Blindness—As to Soul and Body—What the Disciples had not Surrendered—Prevalence of Overvaluation—Suffering to be Accepted not Sought—The Functions of Christ's Great Ones.

A FOURTH time our blessed Lord sought to teach His disciples the lesson of the cross. "They were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them." "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them" (John 10 : 4). He who was to be the Sacrifice led the way to the altar. Shall we not sing, "Where He leads I will follow, I will follow all the way?" The disciples "were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid." Things were so different from what they had anticipated: time went on, He whom they believed to be the Messiah was not publicly recognized; He Himself shunned anything like glory; He was despised, and they were despised with Him, and He had just called upon the young ruler to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and he should have treasure in heaven. Probably they thought it was

LOSING A GRAND OPPORTUNITY, for the spread of Christ's kingdom. He might have had a young man of position, of family, and of fortune among His followers; and their Lord was counting all these advantages as nothing worth, and even when Peter spoke in self-conscious justification, "We have left all and followed Thee," He gave no hint of worldly prosperity, all which was renounced for Him should indeed be repaid, but "with persecutions." Then when should the glorious promises of a reigning Messiah be fulfilled? when should He restore the kingdom to Israel? (Acts 1 : 6).

The Lord Jesus saw their perplexity, and sought again in His own patient way to teach them the truth. We may wonder at their stupidity and dullness: but let us look back to trace the way by which the Lord has led us. Are there not truths which have remained long hidden from us, and a veil was upon our hearts? How long some of us sought to make ourselves right before God, and sought to do something to secure salvation; but when we turned away from our sins, our doings and strivings, and turned to the Lord, "the veil was taken away" (2 Cor. 3 : 15, 16), and we saw that Christ had done it all. Again, how long some of us went on sinning and repenting, up and down, hot and cold, and seemed to think there was no better life to live; the veil was upon our heart. But the time came when, looking away from our

own experience and that of others, we turned to the Lord Himself, acknowledged that His holy standard of truth and practice was a true and right one, gave ourselves up completely to Him to do with us what He would. Then the veil was taken away, we became conscious of the precious cleansing power of the blood of Jesus to take out the stains of sin; not only in removing our condemnation, but in delivering our very thoughts, our recollections, and our whole being from its taint, and bringing us into a pure atmosphere of light, joy, liberty, with "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man."

Some of us have gone over the same ground about *bodily healing*; we have believed God was able to heal us, but we were not sure of His will, and instead of coming immediately to Him in all simplicity, knowing that our Father would be sure to tell us if we were in the wrong, with the veil upon our hearts we have made the care of our bodies our own affair. But when we turned with our entire being to the Lord, spirit, soul, and body, and put all trustfully into His hands, then the veil was taken away, and we have known Him really and practically as the great Healer.

It was but a repetition of the same story which Jesus before had told to His disciples, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of Man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn Him to death, and shall deliver Him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock Him, and shall scourge Him, and shall spit upon Him, and shall kill Him; and the third day, He shall rise again." How little they understood Him is manifest in the request made by James and John immediately afterward. The heart of these disciples was occupied, not with their Master, but with themselves, not with that which He should suffer, but that which they should gain; they had left all to follow him,

ALL BUT THEMSELVES,

and it was that self which took Jesus's place in them. "Master," they said, "we would that Thou shouldest do for us whatsoever we shall desire." Jesus "knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man" (John 2 : 24, 25). He was aware of their desiring self-glorification, and nevertheless He said, "What would ye that I should do for you?" "Grant unto us that we may sit the one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left hand, in Thy glory."

Perhaps, because they, with Peter, had been the chosen witnesses of the raising of Jairus' daughter, and of the transfiguration of their Lord, they thought of themselves as specially favored; and as Peter had been twice rebuked, they may have thought they were higher, and stood better in the Lord's eyes, than any other of the disciples. Oh this overvaluing of ourselves, how terribly prevalent is it among us! The Master answered, "Ye know not what ye ask; can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Oh! how many there are who pray and long for great spiritual blessing and power, but when they see the price which must be paid, the cup of Christ, the baptism of Christ, they shrink back; the disciples had not counted upon this. Many rejoice in the thought of being "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," but forget to add, "if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together" (Rom. 8 : 17).

Reader are you willing to go all lengths with Jesus and for Jesus? are you willing to be anything or nothing, to go anywhere, to spend any amount of time, or money, or strength for Jesus, to deny Him nothing, yourself everything? Jesus is worthy, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive" all this, and also "power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing" (Rev. 5 : 12). They answered Jesus, "We can." And He said, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of;" He promised them a real share in His sufferings. It is the privilege of each follower of Jesus to be as His Master, to take Him for better for worse. But the reward of a special place as reigning with Him upon the earth, or as reigning with Him hereafter, is

not to be revealed now, but it is "for whom it is prepared."

It is our privilege as followers of Jesus to accept, not to seek, suffering. He did not invite the smiters, but when the Lord opened His ear He was "not rebellious, neither turned away back," "He gave His back to the smiters and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: He hid not His face from shame and spitting" (Isa. 50 : 5, 6). It is our privilege to suffer for Christ, and suffer we must if we are faithful; but

WE CAN AFFORD IT

for His sake. If we try to make an easier way, we have a condemning conscience, a constant uneasiness of spirit, a restless uncertainty about our words and actions; and we are strangers to the "peace which passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4 : 7).

When the ten heard the request of these two disciples "they began to be much displeased with James and John. But Jesus called them to Him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them." The world's great ones rule, *Christ's great ones serve*, it is greater to serve than to rule; it is kingly, it is divine, because it is like Jesus. O the dignity of lowliness! O the real greatness of being small! how every one feels its power, and is conscious of its superiority! Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

TO MINISTER AND TO GIVE,

these were the characteristics of the life of Jesus. "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8 : 9). Shall we shrink from becoming poor if His cause demands it? He had not where to lay His head, shall we complain of inconvenience? Does it become us to seek for ourselves, and be vexed if we do not get, a better portion than our Lord?

Our Lord gave His life as capital which was sunk in the undertaking He had in hand—the salvation of men; and therefore His whole life, birth, growth, education, occupation, eating, drinking, walking, sleeping, were all part of His ministry; all were an offering, a whole burnt offering to God, on behalf of men. Now "let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men" (Phil. 2 : 6, 7). He would do nothing upon earth which He did not do for you; will you be found doing anything which you cannot do for Him? His life was all ministry, all service; is it becoming in us that ours should be anything else?

When once our vocation to minister and to give is understood and accepted, our whole life undergoes a change. Instead of being ever occupied with the maintaining of our rights, providing for our comfort, seeking our enjoyment or looking after our spiritual benefit, we shall set the Lord always before us, and letting Him care for us, our care will be to give Him His rights, seek His convenience, His honor, His benefit. And then He comes, lives His own life within us, and makes us what He would have us to be; explains to us His purposes, leads us to enter into His thoughts, makes us one with Him in a way which nothing but fellowship in His sufferings could make us, so that every affliction for His sake becomes intensely precious, dearer than life, or joy, or comfort.

This is the *true preparation* for eternal union with Jesus as His chosen bride. He maketh all things new in His presence; whatever the circumstances there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand pleasures for evermore. It is the fulfilment of the promise, "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Copy of the Memoranda Found on the dead body of Lieutenant De Long of the Jeannette has been sent to Washington by Engineer Melville. The story it tells of suffering, hardship, and Christian heroism, is a very terrible one. The first entry in the book was on October 1st, 1881, and when it reaches October 10th, the ominous entry is made: "Eat deer-skin scraps. Yesterday morning ate my deer-skin foot-tips. Very hard going. At three halted, used up. Crawled into a hole in the bank. Nothing for supper except a *spoonful of glycerine*. All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful. *God help us.*" The next day we read, "Unable to move. No game. One spoonful of glycerine and hot water for food. No more wood in our vicinity. Everybody getting weaker and weaker. Hardly able to get fire wood." On October 13th, "No news from Nindermann. We are in the hands of God, and unless He relents we are lost. We cannot move against the wind, and staying here means starvation. Afternoon went ahead for a mile. After crossing another river, or a bend of the big river, missed Lee. Went down in a hole in the bank and camped. Sent back for Lee. He had laid down and was waiting to die. All united in saying Lord's Prayer and Creed." Afterward the entries are more brief, as De Long himself was breaking down. The following pitiful sentences are among the sad record: "*Friday.*—Kaack was found dead about midnight, between the Doctor and myself. Lee died about noon. Read prayers for sick when we found he was going. Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice. The Doctor, Collins, and myself carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eyes closed up. Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested to-day and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of divine service. Suffering in our feet. No foot gear." The last entry was on Sunday, October 30th: "One hundred and fortieth day—Boyd and Gartz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying." This is the end of Lieutenant De Long's diary. De Long, Surgeon Ambler, and Ah Sam, the cook, must have died soon after the last note was written. The narrative is very pathetic, but it is consolatory to learn that throughout their fearful sufferings their faith in God never broke down.

The Conference now in Session in Constantinople on the affairs of Egypt is reported as making little progress. Direct intelligence is not obtainable, but such reports as are received indirectly through the English and French capitals indicate that the attitude and policy of Turkey are distrusted. One report says: "If the Porte persists in its refusal to negotiate for the re-establishment of order in Egypt the ambassadors will be obliged to recommend their governments to come to an understanding between themselves in regard to the measures to be taken." The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times* asserts that England is the only Power resolutely opposed to an arrangement with Arabi Pacha, and from an independent source information is received that England is isolated at the Conference, the Eastern Powers having decided to recognize Arabi and the national party as the rulers of Egypt.

Extensive Preparations for War are being made in England, and a report is current that the British Government have resolved to assume the responsibility of the protection of the Suez Canal, not only in the name of British interests but in the interests of all civilized commercial nations. It is stated that General Sir Evelyn Wood has been ordered to be ready to proceed to Egypt. The London *Times*, in an editorial, says: "In view of information we have received from various quarters we cannot doubt that preparations for the protection of the Suez Canal are maturing on a considerable scale. We have reason to believe that, should it be necessary to strike a sudden blow, there would be no difficulty in despatching 20,000 men to Egypt in a few days." A despatch from Simla confirms the report that the British Government is communicating with India in regard to the despatch of Indian troops to Egypt. The reserve siege train at Woolwich is being moved into position to be ready for service, and a siege train complete with

stores and appliances is already at Malta. Arabi Pacha still persists in his determination to destroy the Suez Canal should the British or French troops attempt a landing, and it is stated that a large store of explosives is already collected in the vicinity ready for immediate use.

Another Terrible Double Murder has Taken place in Ireland. John H. Blake, agent to the Marquis of Clanricarde, and his servant, named Teddy Keane, were shot dead near Loughrea on June 29th. Mr. Blake was a justice of the peace. He was driving with his servant from his residence at Rathville, Kiltulla, to Loughrea. They were fired at by a party of men *concealed inside a hedge*, and riddled with bullets. Both were instantly killed. On the same day at Ballyclare, county Antrim, a railway station near Belfast, a merchant named McCausland and his servant were attacked by a man named McCullagh with a reaping-hook. *This was done in the presence of several persons.* McCausland, who is *seventy years old*, has died from his wounds, and his servant's life is despaired of.

Renewed Activity Among the Russian Nihilists is reported. A plot to seize a line of sleeping torpedoes belonging to the government has been discovered on the eve of execution. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York *Herald* says, "The St. Petersburg side of the Neva, like many points in the environs of Kronstadt, is defended by lines of sleeping torpedoes which, by a simple electric current, can be instantly rendered murderous. The nihilists desired to get possession of these torpedoes, which would enable them to arrange submarine mines in places of their choice as they have already done in the streets or on railways. The point of Lissinos was chosen, being close to the land, at a place where ships cannot pass on account of the shallowness of the water. These designs were discovered from papers found in the house of a nihilist, where the police arrested a young man about twenty-six years of age. In view of the probable trips of the court by sea or river the police had received orders to survey the neighborhood of the coast. They learned that a man had hired a country house and was living there alone. The commissary of police determined to examine him, but on presenting himself at the house the man escaped into the wood, which was immediately surrounded by the police. A search was organized, and the fugitive was observed in a tree, from the top of which he fired several shots from his revolver at those approaching him. Several of the boldest of the police got to the foot of the tree and began to saw it, defended against the balls by the branches. The tree at last fell and the man surrendered. Among the bombs found in his possession were several of a new form, quite flat, with loops attached, permitting them to be concealed under the clothing or in the hat."

At a Meeting of Two Thousand Railroad men in London on June 7th Mr. Samuel Morley, who presided, delivered an address in which he said one reason why religion seemed to be making so little way in the world, is owing to the fact that those who profess Christ are wanting in vitality and earnestness; drinking habits also standing in the way of the people, socially, politically, and above all religiously.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, and his son, are now making an evangelistic tour in Europe. The English papers report them at Exeter Hall and other places in London. They gave a song service on behalf of the building fund of a mission chapel, on Friday, June 2d. Dr. R. Paramore introduced the singers and spoke some very encouraging words to all. The service proved all that could be desired; the singing was very impressive and thrilling.

An Opium Smoker's Conversion is thus Described by the Rev. L. Lloyd, of Fuh-chow, China: "Toward the end of 1880, a man in a deplorable state of poverty, and clothed in a filthy sackcloth garment, came into our chapel and was remonstrated with by the catechist, to whom he was known as an opium-smoker and an idle, dissolute fellow, who had been cast out of his father's house in consequence of his evil doings. Much to

the catechist's surprise, instead of speaking rude on being reproved, he exclaimed, 'I really do want to live a better life; will you teach me your doctrine, that I may be enabled to do so?' The catechist promised to let him have a room in the house he occupied if his father was willing to support him; pointing out to him that God alone could give him strength to overcome his habit, and that I must pray to Him for help. The catechist, with one or two of the leading Christians, went to the young man's father, who is a respectable, well-to-do farmer, and made themselves answerable for his son's good behavior. On these conditions the father advanced money and provided clothing for his son, and from that time to the present he has abandoned opium, and, best of all, he has been converted to Christ."

A Pharisee has been Converted in Germany. The Rev. P. E. Gotthel, of Stuttgart, lately narrated the following incident: "A Jewish brother had been anxiously laboring to establish a righteousness of his own, toiling and toiling to conquer step by step a right to the inheritance of heaven. For above four years we had almost daily intercourse, and I watched with deep and anxious interest the issue of the struggle; for he had at the same time set before him Jesus as the Lord of Righteousness. Unhappily, on seeing a great many faithless and sin-indulging Christians around him, he was much strengthened in his own good opinions of himself, consoling himself with the poor comfort: 'Oh, we Jews are better than them and surely God must be more pleased with us than with them.' Yet there was no peace in his soul. One morning he came to me and said: 'Jesus has proved Himself too strong for me; I must throw away everything, and trace my way to Calvary and cast myself down at the feet of Jesus, taking from Him, by grace alone, pardon and peace.' He had done so to his soul's peace, and has had the further blessing that his wife and children have joined him now and are learning the way of Christ from him. He is engaged in the work of colportage among his kindred, and is cheered by signs of the divine approval."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been Analyzing Mrs. Partington's observations. He says the author who invented Mrs. Partington made her utter more of the truth than she thought when she said "Dear me! nothing don't do me so much good as to go to church Sunday morning, and hear precious minister *dispense with the Gospel!* Yes, dear soul, that is exactly what some of them do; they give us anything and everything but the glad tidings of salvation, and then they wonder that their chapels become empty. Yet it does no good to say as much, or you will have a hornet's nest about your ears. Of course, they preach gospel—that is to say, a gospel, if not *the Gospel*. What is the difference? Only the indefinite for the definite article, only sand instead of rock, only opinion in the place of truth! Blessed is he who dispenses the Gospel, but cursed is he that dispenses with it!"

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JULY, 13 1882.

16th Year. No. 28.—New Series.

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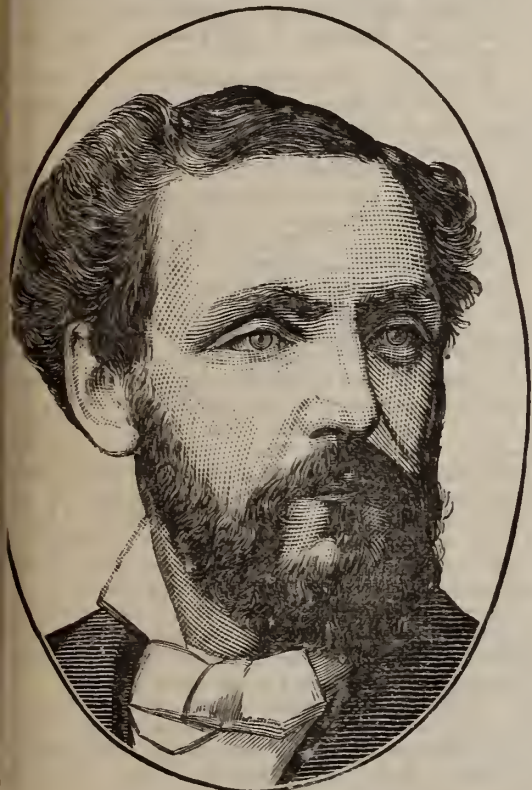
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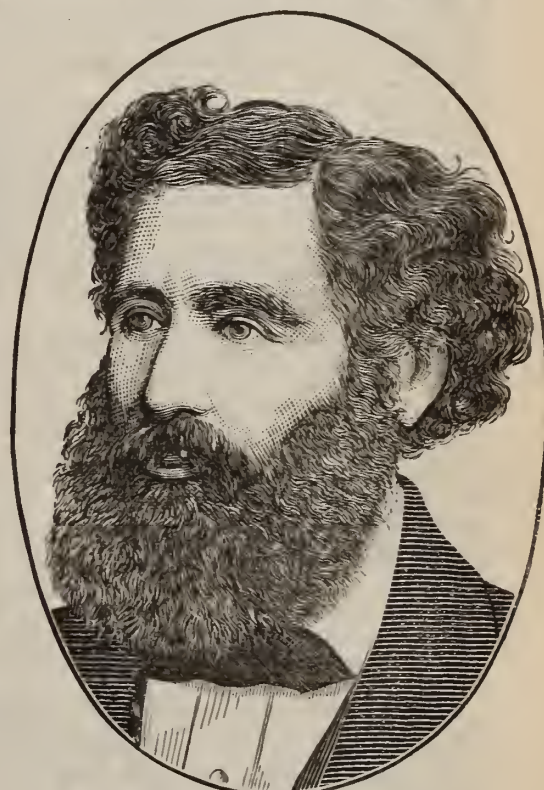
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MR. CLARK WILLSON.



MRS. C. WILLSON (Sister of Mr. Bliss).



THE LATE MR. P. P. BLISS.



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Willson and the late Mr. P. P. Bliss—Scene of the Fatal Ashtabula Disaster.

MR. CLARK WILLSON.

Birth in 1836—Early Struggles—Educational Difficulties—Conversion to Christ—Church Work—Lessons from Mr. Bliss—Marriage in 1860—Services of Song—Success as a Music Teacher—Called to a Nobler Service—A Cheerful Retrospect—Work in Great Britain.

THE three portraits which adorn the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week need little introduction to the readers of this journal. Mr. and Mrs. Willson were, at their first appearance on the Christian platform, cordially welcomed by the great army of Christ's workers, as the near relatives of one whose valued services had recently come to a tragic close. It was not long, however, before they established a claim to popular regard on their own account. The sweetness of their songs, their depth of feeling, and their evident earnestness left a deep impression wherever they were heard. Especially in New York, when only a few months ago the Cooper Union services were enlivened and impressed by these wondrous songs, was it felt that a new power for good had been called forth.

Mr. Clark Willson was one of those whom the Lord calls to bear the yoke in his youth. He was left fatherless when an infant. His father died in February, 1836, when the future evangelist was only six weeks old. His mother, left a widow at the age of thirty, was called upon to undertake the management of her family of six children—three sons and three daughters—and to direct the realization of a large estate, which was so encumbered and in so unsettled a condition, that its settlement involved loss as well as serious trouble. It finally left a balance so trifling that the widow saw with surprise and dismay that her children's bread must be won by hard work, and that she had no means even to educate them.

At the early age of twelve the subject of our sketch went from his mother's immediate guardianship to fight life's battles alone. At this time he could not even write, and could read only with difficulty, and he has a most vivid recollection of the fact that his first letters to his mother were dictated to a friend, by whose hand they were written. But the lad was determined to secure at least the elements of education, and therefore, with a heroism unusual in one so young, the first money he earned was expended in the purchase of a few books, which he assiduously studied after the day's work was done. In this manner, subduing one difficulty after another, he laid the foundations of his present mental and intellectual acquisitions.

HIS CONVERSION TO CHRIST.

For some years he led a prayerless, irreligious life, and as his earnings increased and he had money and time at command, he sought gratification in sinful pleasures, and found delight in the companionship of youths as wild and reckless as himself. But when he was about twenty years of age, he was convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit, and made to feel his lost position, as a sinner, before God. A brief period of deep distress of soul followed, and then he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour. The change was most marked. New motives were brought into operation, and the servitude of Satan was exchanged for the service of Christ.

Though characterized by much natural timidity and nervousness, he was gradually led to take a part in the social and religious meetings of the Church, and his natural love of music and the possession of a melodious and powerful voice led him especially to the Song Services, which were led by the late Mr. P. P. Bliss, so well known to the whole Christian world by the rich legacy of sacred song which he has left, and which finds a responsive chord in the hearts of all who are privileged to listen to it.

LESSONS FROM MR. BLISS.

About this time, 1857, Mr. Bliss, a tall, honest-hearted country boy, with large expressive eyes, handsome face, and sunny demeanor, with a kindly word for everybody, began giving instruction in singing, and under his tuition, Mr. Willson learned the rudiments of music. In the class, he formed the acquaintance of the teacher's amiable sister Mary Elizabeth, whom three years after-

ward, in 1864, he married. Attracted toward each other, as they were, by the sweet charm of music, they had one unflinching source of pleasure, and their first week of union was rendered memorable to them by attending a great Singing Convention in Pennsylvania.

SERVICES OF SACRED SONG.

It was not long before the qualifications of Mr. Willson to take a prominent part in leading the public praises of God were recognized and highly appreciated. He was appointed choir-master in the church with which he was identified, and his wife sustained the position of chief soprano, and also presided at the organ. But they did not confine their services to the congregation to which they formally belonged. They realized that they were stewards of the gifts with which they were intrusted, and were ever ready to assist neighboring churches as opportunity offered.

HIS SUCCESS AS A MUSIC TEACHER.

In 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Willson began teaching vocal music, and their success was remarkable. Inspiring their pupils with an enthusiasm kindred to their own, their fame travelled far and wide, and unceasing requisitions were made upon them to sing in different parts of the land. At length, in 1874, it was deemed advisable by them to devote the whole of their time to the organizing and conducting of musical conventions, Mrs. Willson invariably, and with rare skill, presiding at the organ, and Mr. Willson acting as conductor. It is worthy of notice that at the very hour when Mr. P. P. Bliss and his wife were killed in the Ashtabula Railway bridge disaster, in December, 1876, his sister and her husband were closing, amid applause, a two weeks' Convention in Central Pennsylvania, with a concert. This was the last secular concert they ever gave.

Referring to the event which we have just described, Mr. Willson himself thus pathetically writes: "The sudden and awful death of our dear brother and sister was to myself and to my wife also, at once the greatest sorrow and the greatest blessing of our lives. In the depth of our bitter sorrow we were led to give ourselves more fully to the Saviour, and our talents and time exclusively and evermore to His service."

CALLED TO A NOBLER SERVICE.

Two months after this resolution was made, Major D. W. Whittle, of Chicago, whose richly-blessed evangelistic labors in this country and in Europe have made his reputation world-wide, asked Mr. and Mrs. Willson to assist him in his efforts to reach and win the masses of the perishing for Christ. For a considerable time Mr. Bliss and Major Whittle had worked happily and successfully together, and they had continued in this blessed connection of Gospel ministration till that disaster dissolved the union, and ushered one of the beloved laborers into the presence of his Lord. There was a propriety therefore in Major Whittle asking Mr. and Mrs. Willson to continue their brother's work. Happily, they recognized it as such, and with a sense of the divine nearness and sufficiency which they had never before experienced, they at once solemnly and without reserve, laid themselves upon the altar of Christ's service, and devoted themselves to the holy enterprise of publishing the glad tidings of salvation in sweet accents of sacred song.

A CHEERFUL RETROSPECT.

In looking back upon more than five years of continuous work in the principal cities and towns of the Union, Mr. Willson says, "I can say thankfully that we have never received an unkind notice in a newspaper, and everywhere, both in our own loved land and in Great Britain, the people and the press have helped us greatly by generous reports of our work and expressions of good will."

But the goal of yesterday becomes the starting-point of to-morrow, and having experienced so much of the guidance of God, and enjoyed so rich a revenue of blessing in serving Him, in 1880 Mr. Willson began to be impressed with the conviction that he must not only sing the Gospel but speak it also. As opportunity offered therefore in connection with the Song Services, he commenced to give public Bible-readings, which were most highly appreciated, and resulted in great blessing to

many souls. Calls to conduct evangelistic service now poured in with a frequency and earnestness which proved embarrassing, but, as health permitted, Mr. Willson, with his devoted wife, have spent the past two years especially in seeking to win sinners to Christ, and the divine benediction has rested richly upon them.

WORK IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Willson have been in Great Britain for about three months, during which time they have been present at some of the large and successful meetings conducted by Mr. Francis Murphy in Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere on behalf of Gospel Temperance; and during the stay across the Atlantic their ambition has been to win souls to Christ, and help His people to closer walk with Him, and they are still glad accepting invitations to labor in the towns and cities of Great Britain.

MRS. CLARK WILLSON.

Birth in 1842—Memories of Childhood—Portrait of Her Father and Mother—A Humble but Happy Home—The Public Worship of God—Lessons in Music and School Work—Marriage in 1860—Her Brother's Death—First Meeting with Mr. Murphy—A "Wandering Boy" Led to Christ.

MARY ELIZABETH, the accomplished wife of Mr. Clark Willson, whose portrait accompanies that of her husband on our front page, was born at Clearfield, Penn., on May 1st, 1842. Her parents were in humble circumstances but pre-eminently pious, and their highest earthly hope was to see their children called early by divine grace, and become earnest and devoted servants of Christ.

Mrs. Willson's memories of her parents and of the home of her childhood are of the most pleasant character. Of her father she says, "He was a poor but honest farmer, a man of godly principle and of simple and childlike faith. His aim was to live honestly and uprightly, so that he could look both God and man in the face, and keep a clear heart and a clear conscience." Speaking of her mother she writes: "She was a noble-hearted Christian woman, whose desires to serve others far transcended her ability, and her life was rendered beautiful through perpetual communion with God, whose glory she sought in everything she did." There were five children, two of whom died in early life, leaving two daughters and one son. One of the daughters is the subject of the present sketch, and the son was the late beloved P. P. Bliss, author of "Hold the Fort," and many other hymns in Mr. Sankey's hymn book.

While the family were still very young, they removed to Vernon, Trumbull County, where Mrs. Willson remembers spending some of her happiest girlhood days. They lived in a little cottage by the road side—

A HUMBLE BUT HAPPY HOME.

The next removal of the family was into the very heart of the untutored wilds of Pennsylvania, and here in the northern county of Tioga, Mrs. Willson's father bought a tract of wild land, and built a modest home in the midst of the great maple and hemlock forest, where but seldom the axe of the woodman had been heard to ring.

"So very humble indeed was the house," says Mrs. Willson, "that there were only two rooms, but sweet are the reminiscences which even to this day gather around it." And no wonder. For there the honest, clear-browed, loving-hearted Christian father was accustomed as the evening shadows closed in on the day's work to gather his children with their mother around the great open fireplace, and reverently read and expound to them the Word of God. Then kneeling down he would ask the blessing of God to rest abundantly upon them, making his son and daughters true disciples of Christ and useful in His blessed service. His prayers have been answered even beyond his expectations.

Here, amid these primeval forest solitudes, the family resided for several years, in circumstances sometimes bordering upon need of the very necessities of life, but happy in each other's society, and rich in an abiding sense of the presence and protection of God. "My dear father toiled long and

ently, frequently sitting up all night through to the sap of the maple-trees that he might provide his little household with sugar." But the respect is associated with nothing but joy in the life of Mrs. Willson. "Here," she says, "many of us have I roamed through those dear old woods, singing and shouting with my beloved brother," "it is to this woodland life that she attributes the clearness of voice, naturalness of tone, and strength of lungs which have characterized both brother and herself in the rendering of Zion's songs.

LESSONS IN MUSIC AND SCHOOL-WORK.

When Mrs. Willson was fifteen years old her father Philip crossed over into the adjoining country of Bradford, and took her with him. For a time the young man taught a select element-school, and brother and sister made their home with a most excellent Christian family named Jennings, who were also very musical. Miss Young, the sister of Mr. P. P. Bliss, his first lessons in singing and music, and she eventually became his wife, and for a brief life of usefulness in Christ's earthly service, they entered heaven together. There was a singing school in the village, and Miss Young, and the two Blisses, regularly attended its classes, though Mrs. Willson herself admits "I cannot remember ever learning to read notes at sight; it seems to me that I always knew how."

During the two following years (1858-59) we were engaged in teaching her first school, and the following year she went on a visit to her sister, who had married a Mr. Jennings, and resided at Addison, N. Y., by whom she was eventually solicited to accept the charge of the day-school in that place. She did so, and continued to teach there until her marriage with Mr. Willson on March 4th, 1860, when she accompanied him to their present home at Towanda. From this time onward the life of the youthful couple has been lived in the same channel, experiencing the same vicissitudes, carrying the same burdens, sharing the same sorrows, and rejoicing in the unfailing presence of the same divine consolations.

HOW SHE HEARD OF P. P. BLISS'S DEATH.

The reference which Mrs. Willson makes to the death of her brother is so remarkable in its gracefulness that we are constrained to quote it here. She says: "No such trouble had entered our home before, and our hearts were crushed and bleeding. It was then that I said, 'I can never sing again, but I will go on singing.' Very shortly afterward a call came to us from Chicago, where for Mr. Whittle was engaged in evangelistic effort, requiring our immediate aid. We at once responded, and most cordially worked with him and Mr. M. Morton, State Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. of Chicago, for three months, and God greatly blessed us during that time."

THE FIRST MEETING WITH MR. F. MURPHY.

Concerning the association of Mr. Willson and herself with Mr. Francis Murphy in his great temperance work, she says: "It was while in Lowell Hall, Chicago, one day, at the noon prayer-meeting, that I first met Francis Murphy. He did I imagine then that there was such a work before us as has since been done by this vigorous worker and ourselves by God's help. The following summer we were engaged to conduct the musical part of a Gospel Temperance Camp Meeting, presided over by Mr. Murphy. It was a glorious meeting, and its magnificent results eternally alone is able to reveal."

Mr. Murphy then asked Mr. and Mrs. Willson if they would join him in his work, and "Sing the Gospel for him." After much consideration and prayer they decided to accede to his request, and a few weeks afterward united with him in the conduct of a great convention held at Cleveland, Ohio, and for nearly three years co-operated with him, and thousands have been won from sin and brought to Christ through their associated efforts. It was marked by the success of this campaign, that Mrs. Willson was led to believe that God would have her entirely consecrate her voice and self to His service. She therefore gave up home and family, and all her personal interests, and

stepping forth into the world as an evangelist, the Lord gave her grace to do His work, and astounding and gratifying have been the results. Visiting many of the principal towns and cities in the Union, divine attestation was given to the ministry of herself and husband, and "the effects are plainly visible still in the happy homes and hearts, and by numerous additions to the churches."

Having received an invitation from Mr. Murphy to visit Great Britain and assist him in his work there, she and her husband yielded to his request, and on February 13th, 1882, they set sail for Liverpool. Already her sweet voice has charmed large numbers of people in Ireland, Scotland, and England, and we hope that God will continue to use the gift with which He has so richly endowed her for the winning of sinners to Christ, and the furtherance of His kingdom.

A "WANDERING BOY" LED TO CHRIST.

As an evidence of her power of sacred song, we may quote the following incident. After singing, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" one evening in Bristol, a young man went to Mr. Willson, and begged the privilege of shaking hands with his wife. As she took his hand, she saw the effects of strong drink upon him, and he said, "Mrs. Willson, I couldn't stand that song; I want to sign the pledge. Oh, my wife, and poor old mother will be so glad." She responded, "I want you to give your heart to the Lord, and trust Him to keep you." Mrs. Willson also kindly asked him to write to her, as she was about leaving that place, and shortly afterward she received a letter from him, saying that he had been attending Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings, and had given his heart to Christ.

MR. P. P. BLISS.

Birth in 1838—His Early Proficiency in Music—His Conversion to Christ and Union with the Church—Joins Major Whittle in Evangelistic Work—His Last Journey and Death at Ashtabula in 1876—Reception of the News at Mr. Moody's Tabernacle.

MR. P. P. BLISS, whose portrait accompanies that of his sister, Mrs. Clark Willson, in our frontispiece, was born in Clearfield County, Penn., on July 9th, 1838, and at the time of his decease in December, 1876, had entered the thirty-eighth year of his age. He has been described as a noble specimen of physical manhood, of commanding presence, naturally dignified in movement, and of easy address, possessing in a rare degree the elements of personal popularity, which always attracted the attention of the multitude whenever he appeared in public, and won hosts of friends, who without intermission held a warm place in his great affectionate heart.

His love of music was intense, and his proficiency was remarkable. At an early age he became a popular teacher of singing, and subsequently was called to occupy a prominent position in the musical conventions conducted by Bradbury, Root, and others. He himself afterward became a successful conductor of such gatherings, and devoted much of his time to that branch of labor, until, as the intimate friend of Mr. Moody, the way opened for engaging in evangelistic work. Meanwhile, he had become widely known as a writer of pleasant Sunday-school and prayer-meeting hymns, sometimes both words and music, some of which attained remarkable popularity, as for instance, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," which went like a sunbeam round the world.

HIS EARLIEST EFFORTS FOR CHRIST.

Mr. Bliss was for a time in the employment of the publishing firm of Root & Cady of Chicago, and held musical conventions at leading points throughout the Northwest. His early religious connections were with the Methodists, but on going to Chicago he united with the First Congregational Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, and became the leader of the choir and the superintendent of the Sunday-school.

When Major Whittle, induced by the example and urgent entreaty of Mr. Moody and other Christian friends, surrendered a lucrative commercial position, and gave himself to the work of a lay evangelist, Mr. Bliss decided to become his

fellow-laborer, and to "sing the Gospel" while Mr. Whittle preached it. And in this congenial work he continued for the three years prior to his death, visiting numerous places in the Western States and elsewhere with much success.

Being tall and finely-developed, with clustering black hair, and a handsome face, with easy and polished manners, combined with a joyous temperament and a wealth of sympathy, he impressed most favorably those who saw and heard him, whether in public or in private. His singing, like that of Mr. I. D. Sankey, often led sinners to Christ by its pathetic presentations of Gospel truth.

HIS LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

Mr. Bliss was on his way to Chicago to engage in special evangelistic labor when the accident occurred which terminated his beneficent career. An extension of the New York Central, which runs from Buffalo to Chicago, is called the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. About sixty-five miles east of Cleveland, Ohio, this railway crosses a deep ravine, through which flows Ashtabula Creek. It is a narrow shallow stream flowing between high banks, and the single span iron Howe truss railway bridge (as shown in our picture) crosses at an elevation of seventy-feet above the water, and is one hundred and fifty feet long.

During December 28th and 29th, 1876, snow fell almost incessantly in that region, a high wind drifting it, so that it was everywhere at least two feet deep, and in some places much more. Railway trains were run with much difficulty, and the "Pacific Express" which left Buffalo for the West, about noon on the 29th, was three hours behind time when it approached the creek at eight P.M. As it neared the bridge it slowed up, preparatory to stopping at the station just beyond. The train had stretched itself across the bridge, the engines being almost over, when suddenly the structure fell into the chasm beneath, carrying with it the train and its precious living freight.

THE DISASTER AT ASHTABULA.

The fall of seventy feet shattered nearly all the carriages, and the broken lamps and stoves, together with the hot coals from the overturned locomotives, quickly set the wreck on fire, so that in five minutes the portion that had not sunk beneath the water was a mass of flames. There were about 180 persons in the train, about 120 of whom were killed. The survivors said that the greater part would have been saved had it not been for the fire, but many of those who escaped destruction by the fall, were burned or drowned, while many others were frozen to death. Every horror that could enter into a disaster of the kind made havoc here, and so general was the destruction that only seven persons escaped unhurt, while not more than sixty escaped alive, and of these several were so seriously injured that they afterward died.

Mr. Bliss, after the accident, escaped from the wrecked carriage in which he had been travelling, but immediately returned to save his wife. Finding that she could not be extricated from the debris, he remained with her, and together they were caught up as by a "chariot of fire" into the kingdom of the Eternal.

When the news of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss reached Chicago Tabernacle, it was at once draped in deepest mourning. Mr. Moody could scarcely give utterance to his feelings, and Mr. Sankey at times begged to be excused from singing alone; at other times he sang some of Mr. Bliss's songs literally through his tears. Of his friend, Mr. Moody said: "He was a noble man, a prince among men. Chicago never had a truer man. He will be preaching years hence, and so long as Christians shall sing his beautiful, cheerful hymns. It seems as though God raised him up to write these hymns. God be praised for such a man; God be praised for such a woman."

Among the popular hymns from Mr. Bliss's facile and consecrated pen are the following universal favorites: "Almost Persuaded," "Hold the Fort," "When Jesus Comes," "I am so Glad that Jesus Loves Me," "Dare to be a Daniel," "Only an Arnorbearer," "What shall the Harvest be?" and "The Light of the World is Jesus."

THE VANITIES.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity" (Eccles. 12: 8).

The Author of the Book—His Opportunities—The Happiness Producers—Solomon's Command of them all—His Denunciation of them as Frauds—I. No Happiness from Official Position—Ashes! Ashes!—President Jackson's Testimony—The Testimony of History—The Ice and Snow on the Mountains of Honor—II. Wealth Fails to give Happiness—The True Uses of Wealth—Solomon's Possessions—Cranky Millionaires—Rothschild's Tormentors—III. Learning and Science bring no Happiness—Solomon's Learning—John Stuart Mill's Misery—Literary Jealousy—IV. A Voluptuary Disappointed—Solomon's Vice—A Howl of Woe from the Disenchanted—Put Back Now—The Guide to the Paths of Peace.

WHEN a book is placed in your hands the first question you ask is, "Who wrote it?" Not all the political astuteness and classic grace and unparalleled satire of Junius' letters can satisfy you because you do not know who Junius was—whether John Horne Tooke or Bishop Butler, or Philip Francis, or Edmund Burke. Mightier than a book always is the man who wrote the book. Now

WHO IS THE AUTHOR

of this text? King Solomon. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lip. It robbed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, sound no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but *it was all his*.

Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from En-gedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from eastern forests. Fish-pools fed by artificial channels that brought the stream from hills far away were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to water cave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviary glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over *troughs of gold* waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace, when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers, with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril, would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels, while within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added or of a single splendor that could be kindled.

Down on the banks of the sea the dry-docks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights, who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up

SOLOMON'S GLORY.

No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axes hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazaar, his name be honored by every tribe; and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace and see his robes actually encrusted with jewels as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion,

great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing there amid all that splendor the tears start and his heart breaks, and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No,

NOT HAPPY.

I. I learn from this subject in the first place that

OFFICIAL POSITION

will never give solace to a man's soul. I know there have been very happy men in high positions, such as Wilberforce, as Theodore Freylinghuysen, as Governor Briggs, as Prince Albert. But the joy came not from their elevated position; it came from the Lord God whom they tried to serve. This man Solomon was king thirty-five years; all the pleasure that comes from palatial residence, from the flattery of foreign diplomatists, from universal sycophancy gathered around him. For a long while his throne stood firm and the people were loyal, and yet hear his awful sigh of disheartenment in the words of my text. How many people in all ages have made the same experiment with the same failure!

How often you see people who think: "If I could only get into this or that position—if I could be a Mayor or a Governor, or a Senator, or a President I should be *perfectly happy*!" And they have gone on climbing from one position to another never finding the solace they anticipated. Ask the men who have gone through the political life of the last forty years, in their old days what they think of the honors of this world, and they will tell you, "*Ashes! Ashes!*" An old man told me some time ago that he called at the White House just before the expiration of the second term of President Jackson. He sent a message in; the President came not. He sent a second time and a third time. After a while the President came out in great indignation and said: "Gentlemen, people envy me in this White House and they long to get here, but I tell you at the end of the second term I am glad to get out of it, for it is

A PERFECT HELL."

The honors and emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharaoh sat on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III. of Prussia is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV. and William III.

The ghastliest suffering, the most shrivelling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, has walked amid obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power. Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and the good in all ages have been execrated by the mob, who cry out: "Not this man but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By patriotic devotion, by honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you, my hearers, seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow-men, but do not look upon some high position in society as though that were always sunshine. The *mountains of earthly honor* are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and the love of your associates be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into this world and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God. Who aspires not for that royalty? Come now and be kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever.

II. Still further I learn from my subject that

WORLDLY WEALTH CANNOT SATISFY

the soul's longing. The more money a man has

the better, if he gets it honestly and uses it lawfully. The whole teaching of the Word of God has a tendency to create those kinds of habits, and that kind of mental acumen which lead on to riches. A man who talks against wealth as though it were a bad thing, is *either a knave or a fool*, not mean what he says, or ignorant of the glorious uses which money can be put. But the man who buys his soul's happiness on earthly accumulation is at all wise, to put it in the faintest shape.

To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of \$3,400,000,000, and he had silver to the value of \$5,146,885,000. The Queen Sheba made him a nice little present of \$3,600,000, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of pocket it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down to pick it up; and yet with all that affluence he writes the words of my text: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Alas! if that man could not find in all his worldly possessions enough to satisfy his immortal soul, no amount that he could ever gather by the sweat of our brow or by the strength of our arm, will make us happy.

I have been amused to hear people when they start in life say at what point in life they will be contented with worldly possessions. One man says: "I want to get \$20,000 and I will be satisfied." Another, "I want to get fifty or a hundred thousand or a million, and then I will be satisfied." Then I will say to my soul: "Now, just look at that block of storehouses. Just look at those government securities. Just look at those bonds and mortgages. Just look what

LUCRATIVE INVESTMENTS

you have. Now, my soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry!" Thou fool! If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions, you will never be with the larger possessions. If you have decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful if you had a princely wardrobe crowded till the hinges burst. If you are this morning at your table and the fare was poor you complained, you would not be satisfied though you sat down to *partridge and pineapples*.

If you are not content with an income to support comfortably your household, you would not be contented though your income rolled in on you for a hundred thousand dollars a year. It is not what we get, it is what we are that makes us happy or miserable. If that is not so how do you account for the fact that many of those who fare sumptuously every day are waspish and dissatisfied, and overbearing, and foreboding, and *cranky and uncomplaisant*; with a countenance on which wrinkles always lowers and a lip which scorn curls; while many a time in the summer evening you see a boring man going home in his shirt-sleeves, with a pickaxe on his arm and a pickaxe over his shoulder, his face bright with smiles and his heart with hope, and the night of his toil bright with flaming auroras? It is an illustration of the fact that it is the outward condition that makes a man happy.

A man came to Rothschild, the great banker, and said: "You must be a thoroughly happy man." He said: "Happy? Me happy? Happy, what just as I am going to dine a man sends me a note saying, 'If you don't send me £500 before tomorrow night, I will blow your brains out.' Is that happy?" Oh, I wish I could by the power of the Lord Almighty, break the infatuation of those men who are neglecting the present sources of satisfaction, hoping that there is to be something in the future for them of a worldly nature that will satisfy their souls. The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong. But I ask you to high riches, to crowns that never fade, to investments that always declare dividends.

III. I go still further and learn from this subject that

LEARNING CANNOT SATISFY

the soul. You know that Solomon was one of the largest contributors to the literature of his day. He wrote a thousand and five songs, he wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the

asop that groweth out of the walls; and about
ds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put
his royal robes and put on hunter's trappings
I went out with his arrows to bring down the
est specimens of birds, and then with his fishing
paratus he went down to the stream to bring up
denizens of the deep, and plunged into the
est and found the rarest specimens of flowers;
I then he came back to his study and wrote
oks about zoology, the science of animals; about
thyology, the science of fishes; about ornithol-
y, the science of birds; about botany, the sci-
ence of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his
nievements he cries out in my text, "Vanity of
ities; all is vanity."

Have you ever seen a man trying to make learning
science his God? Did you ever know such a
ful autobiography as that of *John Stuart*
//, a man who prided himself on his philosophy
I had wonderful strength of intellect; yet
er his death his autobiography went forth to the
rld showing that his whole life was a gigantic
etchedness. We have seen men go out with
neralogist's hammer, and geologist's pry, and
anist's knife, and ornithologist's gun, and
rm the kingdom of nature in her barred castles
cave and grove and forest; and if there is any
iven on earth it is that. With your eyes pre-
red for all beautiful sights and your ears for all
et sounds, and your soul for all great thoughts,
ou go forth in the place where God breathes in
aroma of flowers and talks in the wind's rus-
ing, and sings in the roar of the forest and moun-
tain cataract, then you know why *Linnaeus* spent
life among plants and Cuvier found intelligent
verse among beasts and Werner grew exhilarant
ong minerals, and Audubon revelled among
ds, and Agassiz found untravelled worlds of
ught in a fish.

But every man has testified after trying the
rning and science of the world for a solace, that
s an insufficient portion. The philosopher has
en wept in astronomer's observatory and chem-
s laboratory and botanist's herbarium. There
times when the soul dives deeper than a fish
I soars higher than the bird, and though it may
enraptured with the beauties of the natural
rld, it will long after trees of life that never
her, and fountains that never dry up, and stars
it shall shine after the glories of our earthly
ghts have gone out forever.

Oh what discontents, what jealousies, what un-
ntrollable hate has sprung up among those who
ended upon their

LITERARY SUCCESS!

How often have writers plunged their pens into
e hearts of their rivals, pens sharper than cim-
ers, striking deeper than bayonets. Voltaire
ted Rousseau, Charles Lamb could not endure
deridge, Waller warred against Cowley. The
red of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as
ic works. Corneille had an utter contempt for
icine. Have you ever been in Westminster Ab-
y? In the *Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey*
ep Drayton, the poet, and a little way off Goldie,
o said the former was not a poet. There sleep
yden and a little way off poor Shadwell who
rsued him with fiend's fury. There is Pope and
little way off is John Dennis, his implacable
emy. They never before came so near together
thout quarrelling. Byron had all that genius
uld give a man, and that sympathy with nature
uld give a man, and that literary applause could
e a man, and yet he died of wretchedness.

IV. I come to learn one more lesson from my
bject, and that is that there is no comfort in the
e of

A VOLUPTUARY.

I dare not draw aside the curtain that hides the
esses into which Solomon's dissoluteness
inged him. Though he waved a sceptre over
ers there arose in his own soul a tyrant that
stered him. With a mandate that none dare
obey, he laid the whole land under tribute to his
quity. Delilah sheared the locks of that Sam-
a. From that princely seraglio there went forth
uinous blight on the whole nation's chastity;
t after awhile remorse with feet of fire leaped
on his soul, and with body exhausted and loath-

some and dropping apart with putrefaction, he
staggers out from the hell of his own iniquity to
give warning to others.

Oh, how many have ventured out on that wild
sea of sensuality, driven by fierce winds of passion,
hurled against rocks, swallowed in the whirl of
hell's maelstrom; that was the last of them.
No; that was not the last of them. Everlastingly
ruined, with their passions unsubdued and burning
on the soul fiercer than unquenchable fire, they
shall writhe in a torture that shall make the cheek
of darkness pale and utter a blasphemy that shall
shock devils damned. Oh, how many young men
have gone on that path of sin because it seemed
blooming with tropical splendor and the sky was
bright, and the air was balm, and from the castles
that stood on the shore of glittering seas there
came ringing up laughter as merry as the waves
that dashed on the crags beneath.

By some infernal spell their eye was blinded and
their ear was stopped; or they would have heard
the clank of chains and the howl of woe, and
across their vision would have come spectres of the
dead, with shrouds gathered up about faces blis-
tered with pain and eyes starting from their sockets
in agony. But they saw it not, they heard it not,
until from the slippery places the long, lean, skele-
ton hands of despair reached up and snatched them
down, destroyed without remedy!

Has this sorcerer cast its eye on you? O young
man, have you been once again to the places where
the pure never go? Have you turned your back
upon a mother's prayer and a sister's love, and
while I speak does your conscience begin to toll
dismally the burial of your purity and honor? Put
back now or never! Put back! The shadow that
falls upon your soul is from no passing cloud but
from a night deep, starless, eternal. God's eye
watcheth thy footsteps. A little further on and no
tears can wash out thy sin and no prayer will bring
a pardon.

PUT BACK NOW

or never! I tear off the garlands which hide this
death's head and hold before you the reeking skull
of sinful pleasure.

Nations have gone down under this sin. Ex-
humed cities on broken pillars and on temple walls
have preserved in infamous sculpture the memory
of scenes before which the antiquarian turns his
head and asks if there be a God where so long has
slept His vengeance. The world still trembles un-
der the weight of this behemoth of iniquity, and
from the myriad graves in which it holds the
scarred carcasses of the slain lifts up its hands cry-
ing: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

From Christian circles, from the very altars of
God, the ranks of ruin are made up. They march
on with scorched feet over a pathway of fire, the
ground trembling with earthquakes and the air hot
with the breath of woe and sulphureous with the
fleet lightnings of God's wrath. Scorpions strike
out at every step, and the worm, that never dies lifts
its awful crest, with horrid folds to crush the de-
bauched. Oh, *there is no peace* in the life of a
voluptuary. Solomon answer! "None! none!"

But, my friends, if there is no complete satisfac-
tion in worldly offices, in worldly wealth, in world-
ly learning, in sinful indulgence—where is there
any? Has God turned us out on a desert to die?
Ah, no; look at this fair one that comes! Im-
mortal garlands on her brow! The song of heav-
en bursting from her lips! "Her ways are ways
of pleasantness and *all her paths* are peace." In
Christ is peace. In Christ is pardon. In Christ is
everlasting joy, and nowhere else.

WHAT THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS MAY LEAD TO.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE gravity of the outbreak of Mahome.an
fanaticism in Egypt against Europeans, four hun-
dred of whom were massacred in Alexandria on
Sunday, June 11th, consists in the fact that it *may*
lead on to the predestined war between France
and certain nations on the one side, against Ger-
many and other nations on the opposite side.
That predestined war is indicated by the prophetic
dates to take place more probably in 1882-3-4 than
at a later period, and therefore every national dis-

turbance that seems likely to lead to it will be
watched by prophetic students with eager atten-
tion.

Germany, under Bismarck's leadership, is said
to have formed an alliance with the Sultan of Tur-
key, who is going to reorganize the Turkish army
on the Prussian military system under Prussian
officers. It is therefore the interest of Germany to
consolidate and extend the power of Turkey over
Egypt, Tripoli, and North Africa, as much as pos-
sible. But the interests of France, in consequence
of its desire to seize Tunis and Tripoli, are directly
antagonistic to those of Turkey, and consequently
of Germany in the North of Africa. Here then a
collision may arise between France and Germany
before long; and it is a problem of intense im-
portance, Will Britain side with Germany or
France in that approaching contest?

Prophecy shows us that, contrary to what we
should naturally expect, France will actually con-
quer Germany and the nations allied with it, and
that the Turco-Mahomedan Empire (the prophetic
Euphrates of Rev. 16 : 12) instead of being
strengthened and upheld by its alliance with Ger-
many, will be "*dried up*," and will lose Mace-
donia, Syria, and part of Asia Minor. France
will annex all the left bank of the Rhine, and form
the confederacy of ten nations prefigured by the
ten horns (Daniel 7 : 24).

Britain will emerge out of forthcoming troubles
with the disastrous loss of Ireland and India. For
the present she has already lost possession of the
Suez Canal, which is her highway to India, and it
cannot be doubted but that the observation of this
fact will tend to encourage the disaffected tribes in
India in due time to rise up and cause such a
mutiny and rebellion as utterly to shatter Britain's
dominion over India. The whole Mahomedan
world is now in a state of fanatical agitation, and
Mahomedans in India may soon be stimulated to
drive Europeans out of India, seeing how easily
Mahomedans have driven them out of Egypt.
Britain is destined to undergo the most frightful
disasters and calamities in the next few years.

The London *Record*, under the head of "An-
archy in Egypt," says: "History has been moving
fast on the northern shores of Africa. The insigni-
ficance to which the country of the Pharaohs
has been reduced by the progress of Christian
civilization has disappeared as if by magic. Egypt
is again upon the lips of every one, and the whole
world awaits with anxiety the telegrams from
Alexandria.

"More than a twelvemonth ago it was suffici-
ently obvious that mischief was brewing in Egypt.
It possessed within itself all the elements of danger.
There was a population steeped to the lips in
ignorance and poverty. There was a paper army
of 18,000 men, recruited exclusively among the
'fellahs,' every man of which was only anxious to
strip off his uniform and go back to his little farm.
Of the whole force about one-third are supposed
to have existed on paper alone. Their pay was
drawn, notwithstanding, by Arabi Pasha, the un-
scrupulous Minister of War, and spent either for
his own purposes or in largesses to the military
officers. Of these there were about two thousand,
one to every six available privates. It is these men
who have mutinied against the Khédive, the sover-
eign of the country, and who have been prompted
to mutiny, and sustained in insubordination by the
unscrupulous adventurer Arabi Pasha, who has
managed to foist himself upon Egypt as her
'national' champion.

This is the plain unvarnished tale of the re-
sults of our 'Egyptian policy.' Our fellow-sub-
jects have been murdered, ill-treated, and maimed
with impunity. Our demands have been scornfully
refused. Arabi Pasha seems at his ease. And
England has again made herself the laughing-
stock of Europe. The loss of private prop-
erty, realized in a state of panic, or destroyed by
the mob, has been enormous. The injury to Egypt
by the exodus of the foreign merchants, and the
closing of their establishments, is serious in the
extreme. The danger to the Suez Canal and to
the safety of those who traverse it is imminent.
That all this must be stopped at all hazards is ob-
vious enough."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Watching for Christ's Return.—Speaking at a meeting in the Circus on June 11, Mr. Scroggie said: "I was told by a friend that a Presbyterian minister winds up his blind every night when he goes to bed. When asked by a friend the reason of this, he replied, 'I wish to get the first glimpse of the glory of my Lord and Master when He comes. We should all be ready and watchful, for He may come at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.'

A Whole Sunday Class Converted.—A young lady who was brought to a knowledge of the truth, on the occasion of Mr. Moody's previous visit, was afterward laid upon a sick bed, where she underwent weeks and months of patient suffering, and then passed away in peace. The genuineness of her conversion was seen in her anxiety for the salvation of the members of her Sabbath-school class. One day she had them brought to her bedside—most of them oftener than once—and by her entreaties and in answer to her prayers, we have reason to believe that *every one in the class* was brought to Christ."

An Irishwoman's Conversion.—Mr. Jack said: "An Irishwoman—the mother of a rough family of two big lads and other younger branches, and the wife of a careless husband—told me that she was brought into the light three weeks ago. The family soon came to know the change," I used, she said, "to use the tawse very often indeed, but since I have been converted I have never had the strap in my hand." The boys cannot understand what has come over the mother, and now ask to be taken to 'kirk' with her. She is now ruling her family with love; and it would do you good now to see that woman's beaming, joyful face, as she rests in the Lord."

A Pedestrian Party.—Mr. M'Farlane said that "on the previous Sunday, after the meeting had dispersed from the City Hall, seven persons remained in their seats. It was found that they had come a distance of *thirteen miles*. They had been working hard on Saturday, but that did not prevent them getting up at 4 o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning, in order to accomplish this journey. Two of these young men were already earnest Christians, the other five were not, but they had a purpose in view in coming such a distance. They were taken to the Circus and in the evening they were at Mr. Moody's meeting in the Cowcaddens district; the whole party, in fact, returned to their distant home praising God for what He had done for them."

Gospel Work Among Bakers.—A young man speaking about the Gospel work being done among the bakers said: "That on Thursday night, when Mr. Moody conducted a meeting attended by members of the trade in their working clothes, thirteen of them stood up for prayer, which was a good number, considering that the men were so well known to each other. Last night, at the bakers' meeting eight of them gave testimony, and one of them said that for fourteen years he had never entered a church, and for five years he had not had a Bible in his hands. Another man, who had been much given to drunkenness, said that on early morning he had often found himself going over Glasgow Green with nothing on but his trousers and boots. Many others who had been living a life of dissipation were now seeking the Saviour."

Circus Conquests.—At the Noon-day Prayer-meeting, Glasgow, June 14th, Mr. Mabon said: "Yesterday I visited a family that some time ago I almost thought past redemption. I saw the wife at my meeting on Sabbath evening, bare-headed, and I determined to make a call as soon as possible. When I went into her house yesterday she told me that a great change had taken place. I said 'I am very glad to hear of it if it is a change for the better.' 'Oh yes,' she said, 'it is for the better. Our eldest boy left home and was away for four months. He came back and we took him in again, but he became as bad as ever. One night he came home at half-past ten o'clock and I scolded him for being late, for I had asked him to be in

by ten. He said, 'Mother, I am saved.' I said, 'Are you sure you are saved.' He said, 'Yes, I trusted Jesus in the Circus to-night.' Then he got down on his knees and prayed earnestly for me and my husband who were in bed at the time. I could not sleep that night for weeping. My daughter also, who is in service, heard of the conversion of her brother and went with him to the Circus, heard the Gospel, and was saved. The two pleaded with their father, who was a drunken man, and took him to the Circus, and he has been saved too." She said 'It's a different world to me now.' I asked, 'But what about yourself—are you saved?' There was a slight hesitation, and then she said, 'Yes, I will trust Jesus too!'"

Prayer on a Stone-heap.—Mr. Jack said: "A little over two years ago, when I changed my residence from Glasgow to the country, I was going to conduct a little meeting, near Busby, on a bright June Sabbath night. Being a little early *we sat down on a heap of stones* on the side of the road, and I recollect opening my Bible at the passage from which we were going to tell the story of grace; and we lifted up our hearts asking God that He would bring the few Christians of the place together to plead for blessing. He did so, and He has been doing 'exceeding abundantly above all we could ask or think.' I now hold in my hands the names of fifty-eight men and women who have obtained blessing to their souls within the last eighteen months. Busby is a place of about six hundred or seven hundred inhabitants."

A Bad Business Crippled.—Mr. Mabon (Missionary) speaking on the night of June 13th, at a meeting held at the Christian Institute to form the "Mispah" Temperance Band, in connection with the mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Glasgow, said: "I met a friend recently who told me he had been travelling from Dundee to Larnett, and in the railway carriage he came across a gentleman who complained about the badness of trade. He remarked that in Dundee and Forfar, where he used to get large orders, he could scarcely get an order now. He said 'That man Murphy through his temperance meetings, and that man Moody in Glasgow, are doing such a work among drunkards that there is no business stirring.' My friend said, 'What trade are you,' and the stranger replied, 'I am in the spirit trade.' 'Praise the Lord' exclaimed my friend at hearing of the falling off in his business."

A Happy Man.—"A Lady once said to me, 'You ought to be a happy man if you know you are saved.' 'Certainly,' I replied; 'there is the blessedness of a man whose sins have been forgiven. Jesus came to make us happy. And,' I said, 'you could be happy in knowing you were saved if you could give a moment's attention to the matter.' 'I would give worlds to know that,' she answered. 'Well, you haven't to do anything or give anything.' I said this because she was a very benevolent woman. Not only did she go regularly to the church, but she gave much to the poor and for religious objects. I remarked, 'All your benevolence is not worth a straw as far as the salvation of your soul is concerned.' 'I could never believe that; I could never believe that,' she exclaimed. Her delusion was a very prevalent one. But if salvation were obtainable by good works, Jesus Christ would not have come down from heaven and died for us."

A Minister's Testimony.—At the Prayer-meeting, June 12th, the Rev. Mr. Carstairs said: "I felt guilty once and again in the young converts' meetings that, while they came forward to thank God for the good that they had received, I was keeping silence in reference to the great blessing I had myself received, and I felt that before Mr. Moody left us there was something I owed to him, something I owed to myself, as well as a debt I believe I owe to God, which would necessitate me publicly stating the blessing I have received to my own soul during Mr. Moody's visit to Glasgow. When Mr. Moody came, I do not think there could possibly be in this city a *minister of Christ more deeply depressed* than I was. In bad health and low spirits, I was almost beginning to think my work was done. On my own platform, in my own church, I rose and asked for prayer. Since then nearly five months

have passed, and during that time God has me strength, help, and joy in His work. I think I have enjoyed better physical health than I have enjoyed during these months. Certain that I have never had a more enjoyable time during this mission, and never has God so ordered and blessed my endeavors in His service. I am grateful to Almighty God, and I think it is for glory that I should here openly and frankly re-thanks to Him for the answer to that request prayer which I presented on the platform five months ago."

Another of God's Ravens.—Mr. Campbell said: "Some time ago I visited a family who were bordering on starvation. The landlord was pressing them for the rent, and the grocer was hounding them up for the back account. Many other reverse circumstances were pressing them down; they had nothing to eat in the house. I could assist them at the time, but I said to the mother, 'We will get down on our knees and pray over the matter, and see what the Lord will do.' Praying I left the house, expecting to return for some assistance. Soon after I had left, a woman, who was in the habit of calling upon the family, came to the door. The mother told her story, and said, 'We have nothing to eat in the house and have had nothing since yesterday.' The old woman said, 'Now take what I have gotten my apron,' and produced some bread and butter and tea. She said, 'I have been making a call on a friend who was in the habit of giving me something, and though I told him I did not want anything, he would make me take the things.' A poor woman who was herself dependent on charitable relief was able to assist this family, and are fortunately now in much better circumstances. The mother is now trusting in the Lord, who is supplying her according to His riches in glory."

A Cure for Scepticism.—Speaking of the fact that Christians ought to show, Mr. Scroggie said: "A woman who had been for long a nominal Christian was wonderfully quickened by some meetings held by Mr. A. B. Earl. She became deeply concerned about her husband. He was falling into infidel opinions, and his state filled with anxiety. She besought Mr. Earl to go and see him, but warned him to approach him with caution on account of his sceptical views. Mr. Earl, however, found little caution necessary, he found the man really anxious about his soul. Mr. Earl was astonished. 'I thought,' he said, 'you were very sceptical. What, may I say, awakened you?' The man replied that it was a changed state of his wife. For sixteen years religion had afforded her no happiness, and had seemed much happier when she pursued pleasures of the world. It was this that had made him entertain infidel opinions. 'But now,' he said, 'she is wholly different; her religion evidently gives her true happiness, and I myself should like to know something of the secret of her peace and joy.' It is important for the sake of others that Christians should seek what the Psalmist so often calls 'the joy of salvation.'"

Dying in Despair.—At the Meeting on June 8th, the Rev. Mr. Bremner, speaking on the subject of the Ten Virgins, said: "In trying on one occasion to improve the death of a member of our congregation, I preached from this portion of Scripture, and endeavored to describe the character of sleeping, slumbering professors of religion. There was a person present—one of our members—who that afternoon went to see that young man in the grave. He returned and was taken ill. I was called to visit him. I found him in the depths of despair. He said, 'I am one of the sleeping professors you described.' I endeavored to turn his mind to Christ; but he exclaimed, 'There is no hope for me; I am lost, I am lost.' I asked him if I might pray. 'There is no use praying for me,' he said, 'my salvation is impossible; pray for my wife (who was standing weeping beside us); there is no salvation for me.' He died in despair the next Lord's day, improving this providence also, told the story of the man's death, and said the man might be some one present who was in the same position. There was in the church a mother who had come from Perthshire to visit her family

lasgow. She too visited the same Necropolis that afternoon, was taken ill on the Monday, and on Tuesday was a corpse. Oh, how many lessons of this kind are constantly afforded us, and how unwilling are men to believe that time is short and life uncertain."

Death of a Soldier's Wife.—Colonel Anderson then remarked: "With regard to this drink question when I was in Burmah, three years ago, my friends used to say, 'You can't live without taking drink'; but I am here to-day hale and hearty, notwithstanding that I kept from it. At one of my total abstinence meetings one of the men said to me, 'They say that though you and the missus are total abstainers, if Dick, Tom, or Harry goes to our house he can get drink.' That rankled in my heart, and when I went home I put all the wine, &c., out of my house, and now we haven't even of a wine-glass or a decanter. In December last I was in Burmah with a noble battery of the Royal Artillery. I had splendid men, and I was often asked, 'How is it that you have so little crime in the regiment?' 'I can tell you,' was my invariable answer. 'It is because we have so little to do with the drink.' Sickness broke out while we were at Rangoon, and one after another of our men were struck down with cholera, but comparatively few of them died. I shall never forget the death of the wife of one of our men, from cholera, whom he had often endeavored to lead to Christ. When he knew that death was upon her, she screamed, 'Too late, too late! I am lost—I am lost!'"

SATANIC WONDERS.

By Rev. William Maude.

(Continued from page 423.)

The Miracle of Carmel Repeated—Life Given to the Image of the Beast—V. The Universality of Evil Supernaturalism—Antichrist's Rule in America and Australia—How is the Divine to be Distinguished from the Satanic?—An Efficient Safeguard.

NOR only will the intrepid and confident challenge of Elijah the Tishbite, God's ancient prophet, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God," be fairly met by the awfully delusive power of the son of perdition; but the contemporary divine supernaturalism, exhibited by God's "two witnesses," concerning whom it is written, "If any man be minded to hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies" (Rev. 11: 5)—will thus at the same time be matched, though not indeed be eclipsed. How solemn is this appalling fact; and how deeply should its consideration impress on our minds the livine warning that Antichrist would by his great signs and wonders—were it possible—"deceive even the elect."

LIFE GIVEN TO THE IMAGE OF THE BEAST.

The second specimen of the "great signs and wonders" to be wrought in attestation of the blasphemous claims of the Antichrist to divine homage is of a still more amazing and almost irresistible character; for of the False Prophet it is said, that he "deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by means of those miracles which he had power to do in the presence of the Beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image of the Beast, which had the wound by the sword, and did live. And he had power to give life unto the image of the Beast, that the image of the Beast should even speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the Beast should be killed" (Rev. 13: 14, 15).

It may perhaps help us to realize all that is involved in this truly "great wonder," and the almost overwhelming impression which it will be calculated to produce on those who shall witness it, if we again refer to a very striking scene in Old Testament history. In the third chapter of the Book of Daniel we have a graphic record of the setting up of a great image by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, "in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon," and the issue of a decree that the inhabitants of his vast empire should, representatively at least, "fall down and worship it," under pain of being "cast the same hour into a burning fiery furnace."

This image, which doubtless bore the human

form, was a very splendid and impressive object. It was, including its pedestal (nearly thirteen feet square), one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, and being made of gold, no doubt glittered resplendently in the Eastern sun. But just let us imagine for a moment how enormously the impression it was calculated to make on the beholders would have increased—how absolutely overwhelming it would have become—had this colossal image suddenly become *endued with life and issued its awful commands in the sounds of human speech*. Yet this is only what in very truth the stupendous miracle of Antichrist is actually to effect. Nay more; Nebuchadnezzar's image was but one, while it seems very probable that Hengstenberg is correct when he says, in reference to that of Antichrist, "only one image is spoken of, but in regard to the sense a multitude of images is meant," and that thus "a sort of ubiquitous presence" will be given to the Beast, greatly facilitating his worship throughout the world.

LIFE FROM NON-LIVING MATTER.

But there is a further and deeper suggestiveness in this "great sign," which it may be well to point out in passing. As the former of these two Satanic wonders—that of calling down fire from heaven—will very powerfully appeal to the credulity of the superstitious—as actually accomplishing what the Greek patriarch at Jerusalem, year by year, feigns by contemptible trickery to produce; so this second one, of giving life to the image of the Beast, will meet the scepticism of science on its own ground; for it is now almost universally admitted by the most eminent scientists, including Pasteur, Tyndall, and Huxley, that, wonderful as are the transformations which science can effect, there is one thing which yet clearly lies beyond human power—viz., to produce *life from non-living matter*. To do this would be the supreme triumph of that school of science which would fain banish God from His own universe. But all such attempts have been in vain; not all the resources of modern chemistry can produce the lowest and simplest form of animal life, and how much less that highest and most complex of all—the human body. Yet this is what Antichrist will actually accomplish, and thereby he will not only put human science to confusion, but at the same time apparently exercise the prerogative of Him who has said: "I kill and I make alive."

Reader, do you believe that these things shall one day—perhaps at no very distant day—take place? Or do you seek to explain away the solemn statements by accepting some non-literal interpretation? Well, you may do so if you please; but remember that, as Dr. de Burgh has well said, "whatever liberty of exposition you adopt, you are bound to grant the same to the infidel and enemy of truth; and if it serves your purpose on one occasion to say that miracles, even when so specified as these here, are mere delusions and cheats practised on the senses by dexterous impostors, it may serve the purpose of the sceptic to say that such impositions also were the miracles of the Saviour Himself."

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE AREA OF LATTER-DAY EVIL SUPERNATURALISM.

V.—I pass on to advert, very briefly, to the last of the five general conclusions which seem to be established by the testimony of Scripture on this subject—viz., the area over which the evil supernaturalism of the last days will extend will be world-wide and not confined to any particular class or nation. This, it seems to me, may fairly be inferred from our Lord's own statement that these "great signs and wonders" should, were that possible, "deceive the very elect;" taken in connection with the declarations which we find in the Book of Revelation that "all the world wondered after the Beast;" and that "all that dwell on the earth shall worship him, every one whose name hath not been written in the Book of Life of the Lamb" (Matt. 24: 24; Rev. 13: 3-8.)

No doubt the throne of Antichrist will be in the earthly Jerusalem, and there will be the centre of his authority; for it is in the restored Jewish temple that he is to sit "as God, showing himself

that he is God." Moreover, the area of his special dominion, with which he will have peculiarly intimate relations, will be the ten kingdoms of the Roman world, for it is the kings of this world that the demon spirits of Rev. 16 are to "gather to the war of the great day of God Almighty." Still neither his rule nor his persecution will be absolutely restricted to the Roman earth, as is apparent from the statements of Scripture above quoted.

Indeed, it is in the nature of things absurd to suppose that, at the very time when Antichrist is persecuting unto death all who refuse to worship him—e.g., in Britain as one of the ten kingdoms, any inhabitant of this country has simply to cross over into Ireland to escape his power. And if Ireland will not be excluded, why should we suppose that *America or Australia* will be? No; let no vain hopes be entertained. Wherever the Gospel has been preached as more than "a witness," and over every land in which, generally speaking, the name of Christ is confessed, the awful power of Antichrist will extend; only those nations, it may be, being exempt of which it may with truth be said that they "have neither heard Christ's fame nor seen His glory" (Isa. 66: 19); and in which, therefore, apostasy is impossible.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE SATANIC.

Thus, then, will the evil supernaturalism of the last days be Satanic in its origin, wrought by the instrumentality of demons, manifested especially in connection with Antichrist, be at once of a most startling and seductive character, and extend its influence over the whole civilized world. But there is one practically momentous question to which I must endeavor to supply an answer before quitting this strange and solemn subject. If the miracles wrought by Satanic power are, in some cases at least, as real as those which are in truth divine, how are the two to be distinguished? By what test can a miracle of the Devil be detected?

I think the true answer is supplied by the late Dean Mansel, when he says, "It is not the truth of the doctrine but the authority of the teacher that miracles are employed to prove," and the authority therefore being established, the value of the miracle follows from it. Now within the spiritual sphere the Christian is bound to recognize no authority but that of Christ." It follows, therefore, that the miracles of Antichrist being wrought for the express purpose of "doing away with Jesus," will, to the spiritual eye, carry the mark of their condemnation, as it were, stamped on their forehead. "God cannot deny Himself." A miracle wrought to disprove God's existence or the Gospel of Christ cannot be wrought by divine power; and is, therefore, as valueless as a seal would be torn from the document which it was intended to confirm.

AN EFFICIENT SAFEGUARD.

But it has pleased God to supply those who shall be exposed to this special temptation of Satan with a further safeguard. And it is this: God never permits the exercise of an evil supernaturalism without at the same time providing a divine supernaturalism to meet and eclipse it. And so shall it be when Antichrist shall be permitted to show his "great signs and wonders;" for still greater and more significant will be the miracles wrought in attestation of the truth of God.

To take a single instance: The False Prophet, as we have seen, is to have the power of calling down fire from heaven in the sight of men, and the full significance of this sign has been pointed out. But, contemporaneously, of God's Two Witnesses—presumably Enoch and Elijah—it is written: "If any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies" (Rev. 11: 5). Here it may be noted that while in both cases a certain "power over fire" is predicated, in the one case it is only called down from heaven, and does not seem to have any particular result; in the other it proceeds out of the very mouths of the Witnesses themselves, and, moreover, "devours their enemies." Thus it will be seen that even in the most terrible hour of the powers of darkness, the divine promise will still hold good, that "God is faithful, who will not suffer His people to be tempted above that they are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape."

* See Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine."



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Proposal to Amend the Constitution by making all postmasters, revenue collectors, marshals and United States district attorneys elective by the people of the States in which they are to perform duties, was advocated in the House of Representatives on Thursday, July 6th, by Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bayne claimed for the change that it would decrease the power of the executive and abolish the spoils system. Mr. Bayne, made sweeping charges against the present administration, to which, on the following day Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, made an elaborate reply. Comparing the administration of President Arthur with that of President Garfield, Mr. Butterworth said that during the four months of Garfield's Administration there had been 301 reappointments of officers and 89 removals from office. During the ten months of President Arthur's incumbency, according to the tables displayed by Mr. Butterworth, there had been 874 reappointments and only 49 removals. In Pennsylvania President Arthur had made only five removals, three of which were for good and sufficient cause. In New York there had also been only five removals.

In the Senate an Acrimonious Debate was provoked last week by the proposals for defraying the expenses of President Garfield's illness. The item of \$52,500 for the physicians was strongly opposed. Senator Vest led the opposition, and in strong terms expressed his surprise that after the disclosures revealed by the autopsy of the errors that had been made so large a claim should have been made for medical services, especially by Dr. Bliss, whose enormous fee for eighty days' service was the principal object of attack. Mr. Vest also referred to the charges made during the President's illness that while the public bulletins were giving favorable reports, the President's physicians were telegraphing in cipher to Wall Street brokers information exactly the reverse of that which was being published. He thought it due to the country that an investigation into that charge should even yet be made. It was decided to reduce the sum payable to the physicians to \$35,000.

The Passing of the Naval Bill in the House on Thursday, July 6th, was one of the most important political events of the past week. On being put to the vote, 119 members voted in its favor and 75

against it. The close of the debate was marked by a *most disgraceful scene* in which Mr. Robeson and Mr. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, took part. It was only by the intervention of friends that a personal scuffle on the floor of the House was averted. During the debate, the ex-Secretary's administration of the navy had been freely criticized. The appropriation asked for, naturally elicited comment, because it implied that the navy is in a deplorably inefficient condition, notwithstanding enormous sums were voted for it only a few years ago. It was openly asserted that Mr. Robeson had not applied the money to the purpose for which it was appropriated, and that a large part of it had been squandered or stolen. Mr. Robeson in reply charged Mr. Whitthorne, who had been prominent among his assailants, with dishonesty and immorality. Mr. Whitthorne thereupon denounced the charges as false, and the two men had to be separated. The incident was not only degrading to the principals, but an insult to the House. It succeeded, however, in diverting at the critical moment the attention of members from the troublesome inquiry as to the expenditure of previous appropriations for the navy. Mr. Robeson said, "What I have been in character and principle, I am; and what I am, I expect to continue to be." After giving so explicit a warning he should not have been surprised at opposition to the appropriation he asked, nor have been provoked into making charges which whether true or false could do nothing toward clearing his own character.

Drunkenness will not be Accepted as an Excuse for crime, nor will the plea be admitted in extenuation by the law courts. The Court of Appeals has recently rendered a decision upon the question. A new trial was asked by the counsel of a convicted murderer because the judge who presided at his trial had refused to charge the jury that the accused was not responsible if the crime had been committed when he was drunk. The Court of Appeals ruled that not even frenzy or mental alienation caused by drink can exempt a person accused of murder from criminal responsibility. If a man voluntarily gets drunk and commits a crime while in that condition he must answer for the consequences of his acts. This is a most just and wise decision.

An Unusual Scene at Police Headquarters in New York was witnessed a few days ago. District-Attorney McKeon paid a visit to the building to witness the destruction of gambling implements which were seized by the police last April in the gambling house of the 29th Precinct. The law directs that such implements shall be destroyed after the conviction of the persons who owned and used them. Superintendent Walling and Commissioner Nichols received Mr. McKeon and escorted him to the sub-cellar of the building, where the janitor and his assistants had heaped implements for playing faro, roulette, keno, and red and black, worth *eight thousand dollars*, in front of a blazing furnace. Mr. Walling threw off his coat, seized an axe and demolished one of the tables. Mr. McKeon looked on smilingly until most of the tables had been broken into kindling-wood and the smaller implements had been burned up.

A Terrible Steamboat Disaster Occurred on the Ohio River near Mingo Junction and about fifty miles below Pittsburg on Wednesday, July 5th. It was caused by a collision between the steamers Scioto, and the John Loomis, in which the Scioto was sunk. Conflicting accounts are given of the disaster, but it appears to have arisen from a *misunderstanding of signals* or a disregard of them. The Scioto with some six hundred people on board, was returning to Wheeling from Moundsville, W. Va., and about 9.30 P.M. sighted the John Loomis near Mingo Junction, coming rapidly down stream. The John Loomis whistled for preference of sides, and the pilot of the Scioto, who wanted the Ohio side, replied, claiming that course. What followed is uncertain, but in a few minutes the John Loomis struck the Scioto, tearing a great hole in her bow and scattering the engine fires about the deck. The Scioto was instantly on fire, but she went down so rapidly that all danger from fire was averted. The John Loomis was comparatively uninjured and ran to the bank to land her

passengers and then returned to the scene of the disaster to rescue the drowning passengers of the Scioto. Several skiffs also went to render assistance. The water at that time is stated by an eyewitness to have been black with floating persons crying for help. They had been on the upper decks of the steamer and sprang off as she sank. The persons on the lower decks are supposed to have all been drowned. Parties with grappling irons were engaged each day last week in a search for corpses, and on Saturday *thirty-eight* had been recovered. Twenty others are known to be missing, and it is feared that when the wrecked boat is raised many more will be found. The report that the Scioto was illegally overcrowded at that *large quantities of liquor* were sold on board will be investigated at the inquest.

Temperance Work in Illinois Conducted under the auspices of the Citizens' League has made considerable progress. The League has just issued a pamphlet containing the liquor laws of the State, and a brief review of its work since the organization in 1877. During that period 73 saloon-keepers have been prosecuted, 281 held to the Grand Jury, and 264 fined by justices, the total expenses of prosecution being \$5782. In the five months of this year 400 saloon-keepers have been arrested, 40 held to the Grand Jury, 294 fine by justices, and the balance remain to be tried. The League claims to have saved the city in police expenses \$300,000, and among other things has diverted from saloons at least \$1,000,000. The organization is represented as prosperous and successful.

Rev. Dr. Poisal, an Eminent Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died on June 25th. He was the oldest minister of the Baltimore Conference. He was 75 years old, and had suffered from illness for a long time. He was a native of Martinsburg, W. Va., and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church when about 20 years old, attaching himself to the Baltimore Conference. His first ministerial service was on circuit, and subsequently he became junior preacher at Monument and Exeter Streets station, with the Rev. Charles B. Tibbett as his senior. His ministry there was identified with a large number of conversions, and was very successful. He afterward joined the New York Conference, in which he continued eight years, when he returned to Baltimore. At the commencement of the war with the Rev. Alphus Wilson, lately elected bishop by the General Conference at Nashville, and the Rev. Mr. Busey, he established the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Baltimore.

The Following List of Temperance Campaigns has been issued: Ocean Grove, N. J., commencing July 19th; Island Heights, N. J., July 27th to 30th; Women's National, Ocean Grove, N. J., August 2d to 4th; National, Atlantic Highlands, N. J., August 2d to 6; Thousand Island Park, N. Y., August 9th to 13th; Bennett, Neb., commencing August 14th; National, Sing Sing, commencing August 15th; National Christian, Old Orchard, Me., August 16th to 20th; Women's National Christian, Martha's Vineyard, August 30th to 31st.

The Arrivals in New York of Jewish Refugees from Russia during the month of June were 2379, of whom 420 were women and 947 children. Since the commencement of the movement 6822 have been received. The Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society, which has hitherto take care of these emigrants, furnishing them with meals, clothing and shelter temporarily, and supplying them with railroad tickets to places in various States in the West and South where employment was offered, has now announced that its funds are exhausted. In future, aid will be furnished to Jewish emigrants by the society only so far as new contributions will permit. Any arrivals whom the society cannot aid will be left in care of the government commissioners. This collapse is due to the fact that the London Committee, although possessing large funds, has not assisted the American society to any proportionate extent, but has sent over large numbers of families absolutely penniless, and in many cases unfit for the only occupations in which they could be employed.

A Clergyman's Unusually Varied Experience is related in a Maine journal. It is that of Rev. John Spinney, a Baptist minister of Starks, who is now sixty-four years old. It appears from the account given, that originally the old gentleman was a blacksmith by trade, having worked twenty years at that business. When nineteen years old he commenced preaching, frequently walking ten miles to church on a Sunday, preaching two sermons, and returning on foot at night. In his life he has moved thirty-eight times and has erected twenty-three buildings. Among other things he has delivered over eight thousand sermons, attended over two hundred funerals in Starks, married over two hundred couples, baptized over two hundred people, and has brought up a family of ten children.

A Remarkable Case of Spontaneous Combustion occurred at Norwalk, Conn., on June 29th. The thermometer registered 97°, and there was no air stirring. A lady thought she smelled something burning upstairs, so going up into the garret—a small, close, stifling room used for storage—she opened a small window to look around, when instantly a bag of carpet rags hanging up burst into a flame. But for her presence of mind in catching up a blanket and smothering the fire the building would have soon been ablaze. The rags had been hanging there from October last. It is a well-known fact that certain materials when subjected to known atmospheric conditions, will produce flame without the external application of fire. The analogous spiritual fact, however, is not so generally recognized, or we should not so frequently hear a child's soul compared to a sheet of white paper. Parents and teachers cannot too constantly remember that children, however pure and innocent they may appear, have propensities that will burst into a flame of open or secret sin unless they are born again of the Spirit (Job 25 : 4.)

A Valley of Dry Bones is Said to have been found in Arkansas. A Little Rock journal states that a farmer while working on a farm in Faulkner County, Ark., recently, saw a ravine which had been washed by a recent overflow of the Black Fork and in which reposed a large number of human skeletons, lying in natural positions, together with several earthen bowls, shells, arrows, and leaden bullets. The skulls were all encased in vessels made of clay, while one, with handsomely engraved ornaments, denoted that the skull belonged to an unusually important personage. The farm has been under cultivation over forty years, and relics denoting the existence there at one time of a prehistoric race have been frequently found. This strange discovery reminds us of that vision of dry bones which Ezekiel saw (Ezekiel 37), and in which the prophet was taught to see a type of the spiritual condition of his people. It is a type of the spiritual state of many in our day in Christian as well as in heathen lands. The transformation Ezekiel saw worked may be worked again, and that too by the same means, when God shall say, "I will put my Spirit in you and ye shall live."

A Rope-Walker Lost his Life at Omaha, Neb., on July 1st in the course of one of his dangerous performances. It was announced that Henry Foster would walk on a rope stretched from the roof of the Academy of Music in that city to the roof of another building on the opposite side of the street. The performance attracted thousands of people, and was repeated on successive evenings for more than a week. On July 1st another exhibition of the tight rope feat was to be given, and at eight o'clock Foster appeared upon the roof of the Academy, carrying his balancing pole as usual. Stepping on the rope, he walked slowly to about the centre of the street. He was still standing erect and balancing with the pole, when suddenly he was seen to shoot downward, straight as an arrow. *The rope had broken*, and shrieks of horror were heard here and there in the crowd, and several women became faint and sick, for all knew that the man was doomed. He struck the ground upon his feet with a *dull thud*, and then fell backward, the balancing pole falling across his breast. He was picked up and medical assistance was summoned, but he died before the doctors arrived. The rope had been in place for two weeks, in wind

and rain, and appeared to have rotted through at a place where it was held by an iron hook. It seems incredible that a man performing so dangerous a feat should have neglected to examine the rope before venturing on it, but uninterrupted success had probably rendered him negligent. The path of the worldling through this life is not unlike that exhibition. Continued safety and freedom from trouble produces a sense of security, but the awakening will be terrible (Eccles. 8 : 11).

Serious Warning to Railroad Corporations has been recently given by an expert, who cautions them against the idea that the durability of railroad plant is great. New roads with iron rails and wooden structures, he states, will need renewals for the most part within ten years. Rails endure according to traffic, and for light work will last ten years. Good wooden bridges when new will be dangerous in ten years unless covered, and a wooden bridge *nicely covered and painted* may appear to be in the best of condition, but really be in the very worst. It may be hoped that this word of caution will lead to a closer and more frequent inspection of these structures. The same warning might advantageously be given to people who are trusting to other bridges by which they expect to reach Heaven. Ornate ritual and gorgeous ceremonies do not prove that the way is sound and strong. The outward show may reasonably arouse suspicion that it is necessary to conceal inward rottenness (2 Cor. 5 : 12).

A Pleasure Party was Carried over a Precipice in California on the night of June 24th. The party was returning from Santa Cruz to Camp Felton. The moon was shining brightly and the party was a gay and joyous one, but its pleasure was marred by a nervous feeling occasioned by the carelessness of the driver. About midnight a point was reached *two hundred feet* above the railroad track, when the stage suddenly went over the grade and rolled over and over until it struck the track below, a complete wreck. Three out of the company were killed in the descent, and one died an hour after. Two others were seriously wounded, and the rest escaped with bad bruises. It is a pity that the driver, whose carelessness had been observed before the accident, was allowed to continue in charge. On such a road as the one traversed, carelessness on his part should have been followed by his prompt and imperative removal. In the journey of our lives a similar watchfulness is needed. Passions within us and enemies without us may usurp the guidance of our course and drive us to eternal ruin. Happy is he who confides his safety to the hands of an all-wise Saviour (2 Tim. 1 : 12).

A Telegrapher's Curious Blunder Might have caused unpleasantness between two Congregationalist associations recently had not the probability of its being a blunder been apparent. It is stated that the Maine General Association two weeks ago sat at the same time as that of Connecticut, and it was thought it would be brotherly to send a telegram expressing kindly feeling. It was done, and the Connecticut association directed its committee to send to Maine in reply a message concluding with the text (Numbers 6 : 24-25) which reads, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee." But when the minister who had sent it went again to the telegraph office to send another message to the Massachusetts association, also in session at that time, the telegraph operator uneasily said: "*I hope there wasn't any mistake about that other dispatch which went to Maine.*" "No, indeed. What makes you think there was?" "Why, the gentlemen there wanted their message repeated so as to be sure that it had been sent accurately, and I looked at the text, and it did seem an odd one." "What text did you send?" "That written in the dispatch given me by you—Numbers 24 : 25." A Bible being hastily examined, these words were found at that place: "And Balaam rose up, and went and returned to his place; and Balak also went his way." Which might have been taken as a hint that the association would do well to discontinue its deliberations.

THE BLESSED GUEST DETAINED.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and He made as though He would have gone further. But they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them."—Luke 24 : 28, 29.

The Walk with Jesus—Other Men have Walked with Him—The Deep Responsibility of Jesus' Visits—I. Companions Likely to Part—The Reason of Parting—The Point when Parting was Likely—A Point of Change—The Peril at the Switches—The Hour of Achievement—The Place of Rest—II. The Guest Needing to be Pressed—Characteristic of the Son of God—His Jealousy—III. A Guest worth Pressing—IV. An Argument to Hold Him—The Evening of Affliction—Of Depression of Spirit—Of Old Age—The World's Sun Setting—The Approach of the Night of Nights.

WHAT a blessed walk was that from Jerusalem to Emmaus! Were they not highly favored men to have such a companion as the Lord Jesus, to hear Him converse upon such a subject, and to feel their hearts burning within them with so divine a flame? Brethren, these are *not the only men who have walked with the Lord Jesus*. I trust I look into the eyes of full many who can say, "We too, have communed with the Son of the Highest; the eyes of our faith have seen Him, and our ears have heard His voice." Thank God, our divine Master is

STILL THE FAMILIAR FRIEND

of His disciples, and our life-walk is with Him. In one sense "He is not here, for He is risen;" but in another sense He is more peculiarly here because He has risen; and whereas unrisen He could only have been in one place at a time, now that He is risen He is by His Spirit present with thousands of His people at the same moment, and he walks not only from Jerusalem to Emmaus, but to many a village, through many a garden, along many a street. Jesus delights to manifest Himself unto His people; He is not strange unto His own flesh. We are bound to bear witness to the fact that He is not ashamed to call us brethren, and to be found walking with us.

Yea, even to those who are not His people Jesus comes very near at times, and though they know Him not He walks at their side; and this not in silence, for He instructs them by His word and makes their hearts warm by His sacred influence. You have been more than half inclined to cast in your lot with His disciples because their Master has warmed your hearts, if He has not made them burn; and if there has not been the glow of life yet there have been many flickering desires. I pray that Jesus may never leave you, but that your intimacy with Him may be growing, till at last you shall know Him and He shall know you, and there shall be a union formed between you which never shall be broken.

To return to that walk to Emmaus. How short it must have seemed; by far too short for hearts so sad, who at every step found solace. Nor was that walk more sweet than solemn; for it is no mean thing to walk with the risen Son of God. Kings might fling their crowns away to enjoy five minutes of such honor; it was *nothing less than sublime*. Those brethren must often during the rest of their lives have looked at each other and said, "We walked with Jesus." If you and I had ever actually walked with Jesus, I am half afraid we might have grown proud of it; at any rate, if we were helped not to be proud, yet it would always be a sublime memory. How sublime a thing to have kept pace with incarnate Deity, and marched foot to foot with Him who is God over all, blessed forever! How solemn to those who all unwittingly had enjoyed it! Methinks when they knew Him they must have been overwhelmed with the thought that they had been so near, and they must have feared in the silence of their souls that possibly they had been rashly familiar. They must have looked back upon that high honor with great awe, even as Jacob did after he had communed with God at Bethel, and said, "Surely the Lord was in this place; and I knew it not. How

dreadful is this place! this is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven."

Brethren, it is a great thing to come near to Christ; and you who have not yet believed in Him, I should like you to feel in what a solemn position you have sometimes been placed when "He hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you!" and you have felt somewhat of that presence. *Jesus does not draw nigh to a man for nothing*; He has an influence upon all whom He visits. Your sense of His presence has left upon you a deep responsibility, especially if you have remained chill under the influence of His holy love and have refused to believe in Him. Oh, that you would think of this! Ere our Lord passes on and leaves you to your own devices, I would have you know that the King of heaven has been very nigh to you. Oh that you would cry out to Him, nor cease the cry till He comes and abides with you!

I. This must suffice for an introduction. Oh that the Spirit of God may give the sermon. My subject runs thus: First, observe in the text,

COMPANIONS LIKELY TO PART.

The walk had come to an end, for they had reached Emmaus, whither they went, and now the Master made as if He would have gone further, and so the holy talk was likely to end. Jesus is going on, and they may never see Him again. The choicest of all conversations now draws to a close unless the speaker can be induced to stop with the two favored travellers. We are told that our Lord Jesus would have gone further. He did not pretend that He would have gone; but He was actually going. It is the way of Him not to stay anywhere except He is invited and pressed. Certainly He would have gone further; He saith not whither, but He knew right well. Under the circumstances, He and His companions seemed likely to part.

Now, observe *the reason of parting*. They were not about to separate because of any ill-will on the part of those who had walked with Him. No anger had broken out; nothing that He had said had aroused any animosity—very, very far from it; they felt an intense reverence for the unknown stranger, and sincere gratitude to Him for the charming words which He had addressed to them. He was likely to have gone further; but not because of any rupture between them. Nor would they have divided because of any weariness of Him on their part; He had not prosed away and tired them out so that they would be glad to see the back of Him. The rest of the narrative shows that they were in a very different condition of heart from that. If Jesus had gone further, it would have been entirely because they forgot to invite Him, or failed to urge Him to stay. They could not have felt an utter indifference to Him, but they might have forgotten to press their hospitality upon Him.

Many have short memories when hospitality is concerned. Sometimes we have failed to invite a friend when he needed our kindness, and we have felt sorry for it afterward. They might have supposed that if He went further, so important a person was too great to tarry with them, and perhaps so wise a person had an errand further on which required immediate despatch, and therefore He could not remain with them. Thus they might have let Him go. Had they lost Him it would have been simply through inadvertence.

Communion with the Lord is oftener broken by want of thought than by want of heart; though, alas, when the want of thought has let Him "go further," then it has cooled down into that rock of ice which we have called a want of heart. Therefore, brothers and sisters, let us charge our hearts that we do never forget to entertain the Saviour. Let this be our first thought—that we give Jesus a lodging in our souls. Be this our morning prayer, "Abide with us;" be this our evening petition, "Abide with us;" be this the prayer of all the day long, "Abide with us." May we resolve that under no circumstances will we permit our souls to be at rest unless we rest in Him, or to be happy except He shall be our joy.

The point at which they were at all likely to part company with Christ is worth noting, for it may give us timely warning.

It was, first,

A POINT OF CHANGE.

They had been walking with Him, and the journey was over. They had been out of doors, but now they have come to their house and are about to enter. Always there is a danger to us of missing fellowship with Christ at points of change, and especially at seasons of greatly altered circumstances. I do not wish, brethren, that you and I should be often transplanted; trees do not flourish well when this happens to them. *I knew a friend* who appeared to be wedded to the Gospel, and was zealous in promoting it when he was persecuted very severely by his father. His father died, and he inherited the old man's property; and from that hour he was not seen in his former place, nor did he manifest any love to the Lord. This is sad. I would hardly dare to pray for some men that they might have a change from persecution to prosperity; plants that flourish amid ice and snow are burned up when placed beneath a tropical sun.

On the other hand, I have known many who once were in comfortable circumstances, and when prosperous they appeared to walk with God; as far as we could judge they were patterns of godliness; but *they fell upon hard times*, and they grew poorer and poorer, till they tasted the bitterness of want, and now they say they do not like to be seen by those who knew them, and, therefore, they stay away from the house of God. They have lost the comforts of religion when they most need them, lost worldly substance, and, alas, lost fellowship with Christ as well. This is equally sad, for whether Jesus leaves us at the golden gate, or at the broken-down door of poverty, His departure is equally a calamity.

I suppose there is upon a railway a measure of peril at the switches where the train is turned upon another line, and it is certainly so on the main line to glory. At all times it is well to watch, but especially when we are entering upon new duties, new trials, new temptations. Lord, let not the novelty of our position fascinate us even for a moment; but evermore do Thou abide with us.

It was a point, too, where something had been accomplished. They had finished their journey and reached their homes. Oh, we are such poor things that we can hardly complete anything without being self-satisfied. As little a thing as a finished walk will exalt little minds; but if it is some greater work, the peril is increased. When Christ said, "It is finished," He opened a river of comfort; but when we exclaim, "I have finished it," we too often set our minds on fire with pride. Certain men have undertaken a work for Jesus and they have done it by the Holy Spirit's blessing, and now they feel so pleased with themselves and so satisfied that they are likely to spoil all, and give their Lord occasion for grief. The lowly Jesus does not seek self-exalting companions.

Then, dear friends, they were now about to rest for a time. They had reached home, and they looked for repose after the excitements of the week. They had been detained at Jerusalem by grand yet terrible events, and one of them was glad that day to lodge in his own house; as for the other, he was glad to get out of the city and retire with his friend for a little till good news should come from the apostles. They both hoped for a little peace. Just then the Master made as though He would have gone further; and when you and I are promising ourselves repose, such as we have known little of upon earth, it is well at such times to specially ask the Master to abide with us. When we are in the battle we are sure to beg Him to abide with us, because He covers our head, and we cannot live without Him, and when we are proceeding in a weary walk we are likely to pray to Him to remain with us; but when we sit down upon the settle of ease, sleep too often creeps over us. Having put off our travelling sandals, and stretched ourselves at ease, ah, then there is the possibility, the sad possibility, of the Master's going further while we take our rest.

HE IS ALWAYS GOING FURTHER;

and when we resolve to go no further, but to consider ourselves to have attained, then our Lord will soon be gone. We must not take the motto of *the famous statesman* who has been so often laughed

at for his finality; we must not say, "Rest and be thankful," or we shall soon come to grief. If we fall into that vein it is well to remember that just at such a point Jesus and the disciple are apt to break fellowship. I mention this that we may be wise in the hour of trial.

Now, had they parted company, *the act would have been most blameworthy on their part*. To have lost the society of such a friend, how foolish! Here was one who had instructed them with tenderness and skill—one who spake as never man spake; would they let Him go? Here was one who evidently could explain their mysterious sorrows, and take the sting out of their griefs; and would they let Him pass on? They had been fools indeed if they had done so. It would have shown that they did not appreciate His teaching, nor feel grateful for His opening to them the Scriptures. It would have been gross folly.

And yet there is another thought. It was toward evening, and night was lowering, and therefore they said, "Abide with us: for the day is far spent." It would have been very cruel to have allowed Him to journey on in the dark and the dews. Would we thus treat any friend of ours? Could we allow a beloved one to abide abroad all night? "Be ye not forgetful to entertain strangers" is a Gospel command; but be ye specially eager to entertain your Lord. Shall your Lord ever say to any of you who are called Christians, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in?" Oh, no, let us invite Him, beg Him, entreat Him, constrain Him to abide with us for His own dear sake, and let us give Him in our warm hearts the best entertainment that we can. Sure we never received such a guest before, and another such we shall never see again.

II. Now I change the scene, and notice next the Guest

NEEDING TO BE PRESSED.

The guest is Jesus, and He is about to go further, and He will go further unless they invite Him, ay, unless, according to the twenty-ninth verse, they constrain Him. It is a very strong word that, "they constrained Him;" it is akin to the one which Jesus used when He said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence." You never see anything in Jesus approaching to roughness or want of delicacy; He exhibits the manners of the noblest man that ever lived. He does not force His acquaintance upon any, He goes where He is constrained. Besides, what pleasure could it have been to Him or to them for Him to have lodged in their house if He had not been wanted? Without a welcome, few of us would care to accept a lodging. Jesus therefore naturally, because the other thing was scarcely feasible, waited till He was asked, and even pressed, and had they not constrained Him He would have gone further.

Remark that *this is a characteristic of the Son of God at all times*. I have not time this morning, otherwise I could show you that all through the Old Testament as well as the New, when the Lord reveals Himself in any visible form He has to be pressed ere He will abide with any. The Lord came to Abraham, and Abraham said, "My Lord, if now I have found favor in Thy sight, pass not away, I pray Thee, from Thy servant: let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree: and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant" (Gen. 18:3, 4, 5, and 19:2, 3). Abraham constrains these wondrous guests, or otherwise they will pass on.

We know that our Lord Himself had a *shy habit*; He often withdrew Himself, and the multitude sought after Him; He walked upon the sea, and they in the vessel saw Him and He would have gone by them, but they cried out to Him. The Syro-Phœnician woman, who sought for the healing of her daughter, found Him at first very cold to her, and only by the greatest faith did she win her desire. He needed earnest pressure ere He yielded to her suit. The blind men cried unto Him for sight, but He passed on, till louder and louder yet went up their piteous cries, and they held Him, for Jesus stood still. The nobleman when he came about his son pleaded with tears till he cried,

"Lord, come down ere my child die." *It has been often so* with our gracious Lord; He would not come until He saw that the desire for Him was intense. He gives us two parables—one tells us of the man in bed who must be roused with many a knock and many a call ere he would rise to give bread to his friend who sought it; and the other parable is that of the unjust judge who must be wearied by the woman's importunate entreaties before he will vindicate her cause. From all this you see it is the Master's habit to hold back till He is pressed and constrained.

If we must give a reason for this I would remind you of the jealousy of His character. He is jealous of our love; He says, "Give me thine heart," and so He pauses awhile that He may see that we love His person and prize His benefits. Of old the Father said, "The Lord thy Lord is a jealous God;" and Jesus, the incarnation of the divine love, has told us that "love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave," and hence it is that He will not give His company to those who have no heart for it. Ye shall not have His smiles if the smiles of the world will do as well. If intercourse with worldlings will please you as much as intercourse with Him, you shall have none of His company. It is only when you languish for him, and cry for Him that He will abide with you.

III. I have said that here was a guest who needed pressing; there will be no necessity to enlarge upon the remark that here was

A GUEST WORTH PRESSING.

He was indeed worth pressing when we consider what He had done for them. He had given them comfort and instruction, and He was worth detaining if only for that. Had they known Him they would have felt still more that they could not let Him go. This is what has happened to some of us when we have carelessly let slip our Lord; we have been like widows who have newly lost their husbands, sore in heart and desolate. "Should the children of the bridegroom fast?" Not while the bridegroom is with them; but if he be taken from them, then shall they fast. Better to have been outside in the open air, or to have gone further with the unknown traveller, than to have been comfortably housed, and to have treated Him ill. He was a guest worth constraining to remain when we think of the vacuum there would have been if He had gone further.

Besides, we know what they did not then know, that this unknown One would make Himself known to them, as He has done to us. Now knowing Him, as they knew Him afterward in the breaking of the bread, we ought to feel, we must feel, we do feel, that we cannot, will not let Him go, but will detain Him; for He is Christ our Lord.

I spoke at the beginning to some here who have never known our Lord, and yet He has been very close to them frequently, in hearing sermons, and the like. Dear friends, I earnestly beseech you to receive Christ as a stranger, and you shall soon know Him as a friend. You only know of my Lord, that He makes you have the heartburn every now and then, and when we talk about Him you go home very uncomfortable. How I wish that you knew Him better! Oh, that you would entertain Him, for then you would know His excellence! Bid Him come into your heart, and He will be infinitely more to you than He is now. You have no idea what He is; He seems a well-spoken friend, but He will prove to be a brother; He promises now to instruct you, but He will love you, enrich you, and glorify you.

IV. I close by telling you of an argument with which to hold Him. Here it is in the text, "They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." My first way of using this text does not commend itself to my judgment, but yet it is necessary. All the commentators and preachers I have ever met with suppose that these disciples meant by this argument that it was dreary for themselves to be alone, and therefore for their own comfort and protection they begged the stranger to remain. I do not believe it for a moment; still, that would have been a good argument with the tender-hearted Saviour, and if you and I cannot attain to anything else, let us use that plea. It is toward

EVENING WITH MANY OF YOU.

You are in affliction, and the shadows thicken; your light has departed, and you are afraid; sorrows come on like the darkness of night; you know not what approaches; you are heavy of heart. Ah, then that is a blessed prayer—

"Fast falls the eventide!

The darkness thickens: Lord with me abide."

You can bear any trouble with Christ. No adversities shall hurt you, no afflictions shall grieve your spirit if He be with you. Pray, therefore, this prayer, and no longer fear as you enter into the cloud.

Or it may be that some of you are falling into *depression of spirit* through the loss of the light of God's countenance; you are not as joyful a Christian as you used to be; the high felicities of your spirit have burned down, and all is dim. Now is the time to say, "Lord, abide with me. If I have no joy, still let me have Thyself." It is a blessed thing when a believer does not set his affection so much upon the joy of the Lord as upon the Lord of His joy; when he says not only, "Lord, I will rejoice in Thee, while Thou dost smile," but cries with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It was a beautiful expression of David, who often asked the Lord to shine upon him, when he said, "In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." As much as to say—if I have no light from God's face, I will be glad to be hidden beneath His wing. Abide with me, then, even if my reason almost fails me, and my darkened soul dreads a yet more tremendous night. Abide with me, O Lord, even should my sorrow seal my eyes in death.

"Abide with me" is a blessed prayer for those believers who are *getting aged*. With them it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. Now should they cry, "Abide with me." Then will you sweetly go to your chamber and fall into your last, most blessed sleep, and obtain the fulfilment of your prayer that you may be forever with the Lord.

I have used the text in this way because everybody has used it so, but I believe that these disciples meant it in quite another sense. They used the argument to detain Christ because it was evening; *for His sake*, because the night was coming on, and they could not think of His being out in it. They knew how heavy the *Eastern dews* are, and so they pressed Him with this: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Let us each one use that argument with our Lord even now: Lord, the world has no entertainment for Thee; unbelieving hearts give Thee no shelter; the self-righteous repel Thee from their doors; the worldly see no beauty in thee; carnal hearts refuse Thee; every house is locked against Thee, therefore come in and abide with me. Here is lodging for Thee; come in, Thou blessed one, and stay with me. If Thou lackest shelter in king's palaces, abide with me; if there is no room for Thee in the inn, yet come in hither and find Thyself at home, for I shall count myself greatly honored by receiving Thee. Therefore, dear Master, abide with me.

Another form of the plea is this. The ages are growing old and dark. What a plea that is for the church to put up now, for the coming of her Lord. O Lord, it is toward evening,

THE WORLD'S SUN IS SETTING;

it is nearly nineteen hundred years ago since Thou didst ascend, and still the world lieth in the wicked one; Lord, come to Thy church, come and abide with her, for as the world grows old, good Master, a chill night comes on, and the love of many waxes cold, and there be some that turn aside who once ran well. Dire evils walk abroad in the dark, and blasphemy and rebuke are rife. Good Master, come unto Thy church, and dwell in her, and find there Thy home.

And the night of all nights is coming on, even the end of the world. We know not when, but we know we are getting nearer to it every day. Earth's day is far spent; her day of mercy comes toward its eventide, and the night draws on, therefore, Master, come and abide with us, that we may win the world for Thee. Come, come that we may convert the heathen to Thy cross, and that Thou mayest have them for Thine inheritance,

In the Romish Church there is a chant which they use from Easter to the day of Ascension, and though I care nothing for liturgies or anything of the sort, yet it is certainly a suggestive canticle. The first line of the chant is,

"Abide with us: Hallelujah."

And the next is,

"For it is toward evening, and the day is far spent: Hallelujah."

With that I close. May we use that argument well, until our Lord shall in very deed abide with us.

MRS. MUMFORD AND HER WORK IN BULGARIA.

(See Portrait, page 444.)

Ancestry, Conversion, and Marriage—First Experiences of the Battle-Field—Qualifies Herself to Become a Foreign Missionary—Her Mission and School Work at Philippopolis.

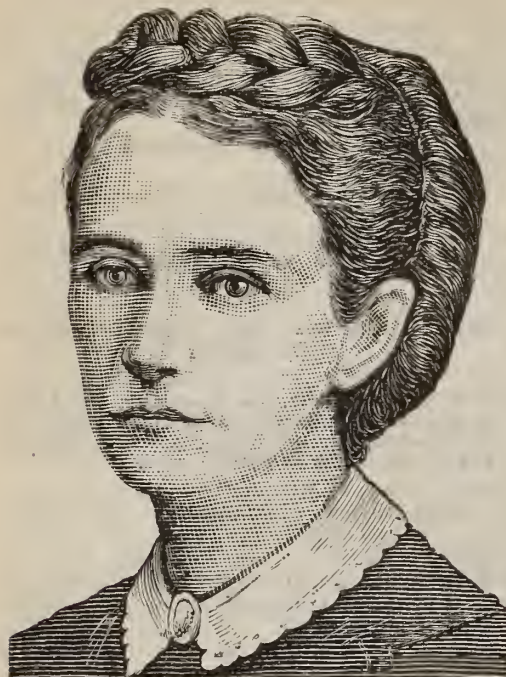
MRS. ANNA V. MUMFORD, whose work as an American missionary in Bulgaria is well known, and whose portrait appears on page 444, is the daughter of an English gentleman, who was a descendant of the Earl of Dartmouth. He lost his fortune by the bankruptcy of others, and emigrated to the United States. Anna was born near Rochester, N. Y. When she was seven years of age her mother died; and her father being in indigent circumstances she was adopted by a Christian gentleman and lady, named Crampton, who gave her a good education. Her conversion occurred at the age of thirteen. Although of a very retiring disposition, she gave early promise of usefulness, and spent her time in teaching until her marriage with Colonel Mumford, in 1858.

Three years subsequent to this, the war broke out, and Colonel Mumford was severely wounded at Bull Run, and taken to the hospital at Alexandria, Va. Here his devoted wife took her first lessons in caring for the sick and wounded, in her loving care of him during many wearisome nights of pain and weakness. As he became better, she ministered to the wants of the suffering and wounded around her, until at length she was regarded in the hospital as a minister of mercy and blessing.

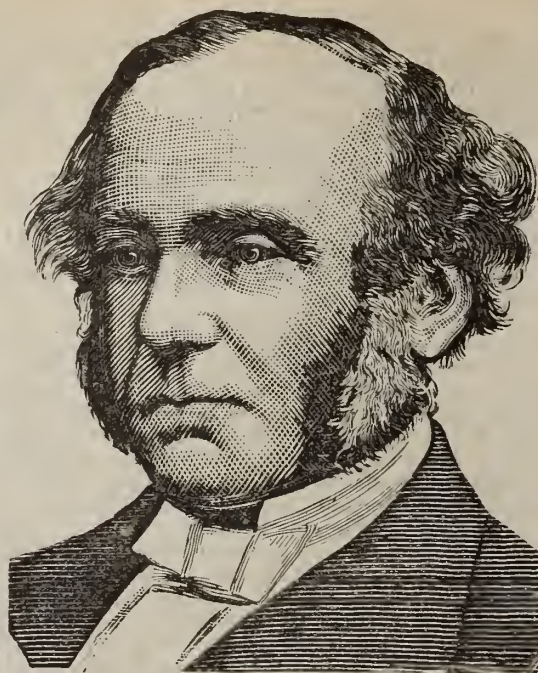
In the year 1866, Colonel Mumford was killed by a sharpshooter at Petersburg, Virginia. He was taken to Pennsylvania to be interred; and just as the remains of Colonel Mumford reached home, his only son, two years of age, expired in the arms of his mother. Bereft of husband and child at one stroke, the suffering which followed is difficult to describe. The mother's desire was that she, too, might pass away, and thus escape her great sorrow; but this the Lord did not permit. She at length felt that God was calling her to work in His vineyard, and the all-absorbing inquiry occupied her heart, What can I do for the kingdom and glory of Christ?

In order to complete her preparation for any work to which she might be called, she entered Oberlin College, where she graduated in 1871. While there she received a great baptism of the Holy Spirit. Her light shone before the pupils and the community and she was recommended to the American Board of Foreign Missions as a missionary. She was accepted, and sent to Bulgaria, where she labored with great success for five years. As an instance of the work then accomplished, it may be stated that in one revival in her school at Samakov, every one of her pupils was brought to the Saviour.

In the summer of 1876, she returned to America to recuperate her overtaxed energies. While there she learned with much pain that it was the intention of the Board to send her to the South Sea Islands. But the suffering women of Bulgaria (for in that country women are regarded as an inferior class of beings) were ever uppermost in her mind. She longed to return to her former field of labor, having with great pains acquired the language, and gained the confidence of the people, and she was in constant reception of letters from former pupils and others entreating her to return. After earnest prayer for divine guidance, she finally concluded to go back to Bulgaria, and that she might be the more free to teach, and live out fully her



Mrs. Anna V. Mumford, American Missionary.



The Late Dr. Hanna, of Scotland.



Miss Kate Shelley, of Ogden, Iowa.

ideal of the Christian life, she decided to go out as the apostles did, "without purse or scrip," trusting alone in the living God and His precious promises, "that her bread should be given, and her water should be sure."

It was at this time that the war broke out between Russia and Turkey. When Mrs. Mumford reached London, on her way to Bulgaria, her friends earnestly urged her not to hazard her life in a country disorganized by the demon of war. She invariably felt, however, that though the prospect was dark, and the future no one could tell, yet she was impressed that God called her to hasten on, and that if the war should rage she would be all the more needed to minister to the sick and dying, and bind up broken and sorrowing hearts.

She reached Philippopolis (a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, where, at that time, there was no other missionary) in June, 1877. Soon afterward the Russian cavalry crossed the Balkan Mountains, and marched southward as far as Eskazara. Here they were met and driven back by the Turks under the command of Sulieman Pasha, who exasperated by the sympathy that the people of Eskazara had shown for the Russians, commanded that the male inhabitants should be put to death and the city burned. Most of the women and children fled to Philippopolis for protection, and it was among these suffering refugees that Mrs. Mumford labored, ministering to all their bodily wants, and telling them the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." In the midst of the most exciting and heartrending scenes, this heroic woman remained at the post of duty, and won all hearts, high and low alike, by her self-sacrificing spirit, and her noble efforts to alleviate the suffering and sorrows of those who crowded around her.

At the close of the war, when the refugees had returned to their homes to try to begin life anew, Mrs. Mumford asked the Lord for other work. Speaking of this period she says: "Immediately we received application for some Bulgarian girls to enter our family to learn to read. We asked the Lord to show His will by sending the money to feed them; and the next post brought us the news that the money was on the way. In this manner we began a boarding-school to educate missionary workers, who promise when they enter, to use all their powers when they shall finish their course, to make known the riches of Christ in 'the regions beyond, and to those who sit in darkness.' The work thus commenced continues to progress. A lady from America (Miss Eunice Knapp) has since joined Mrs. Mumford to assist her in her onerous labors. Her pupils are largely the daughters of those who have lost everything in the war, and are consequently unable to remunerate her. If the

history of these girls was written it would be more thrilling than any romance. The fathers of some of them were killed, and the children were left orphans and penniless.

There would be a larger number of paying scholars but for the Greek Bishop, who prohibits his church from patronizing the school unless his priests are admitted as catechists, which Mrs. Mumford refuses to do; therefore, she depends upon God, through His people in America and England, for means to carry forward the work.

In addition to the school, and the labors in connection with it, every effort is used to extend the Gospel; and a dispensary has also been established which gives out medicine and advice to many poor people in the city and villages round about. Thus the work has gone on by faith and prayer, aid being asked from none but God; and Mrs. Mumford testifies to the praise of His grace, "We have lacked nothing," God having hitherto supplied her constantly increasing need.

THE LATE REV. DR. HANNA.

THE Rev. William Hanna, D.D., whose portrait appears on this page, was the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, one of the heroes of the Disruption in the Scottish Church in 1843, and for many years the colleague of Dr. Guthrie. He has recently passed away, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Dr. Hanna withdrew from the pastorate of Free St. John's, Edinburgh, as far back as 1868, since which time he has devoted himself to literary pursuits, residing for the most part either in the Isle of Wight or on the Continent of Europe. It was when returning a short time ago from Ventnor to Edinburgh, and while making a brief stay in London, that Dr. Hanna was seized with paralysis. From this shock he never rallied, and calmly breathed his last on Wednesday, May 31st.

Dr. Hanna was a son of Professor Hanna, of Belfast, Ireland, in which city he first saw the light in the year 1808. After passing through Glasgow University, young Hanna studied divinity under Dr. Chalmers, who is said to have been quick to recognize the powers of his pupil. In 1835, having been licensed to preach the Gospel, he was presented by the Crown to the living of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire; and two years later he removed to Skirling. About this time Dr. Hanna married Agnes, eldest daughter of Dr. Chalmers. Being thus brought into close relationship with the founder of the Free Church, it was only natural that Dr. Hanna should have quitted the Established Church with so many of his brethren at the Disruption about eight years later. Nearly the whole of the congregation at Skirling followed his ex-

ample and cast in their lot with the Free Church, and to that congregation he continued to minister during the succeeding six years. He was instrumental in turning many from sin to righteousness, the blessing of God resting richly upon his labors.

At the death of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Hanna removed to Edinburgh to prepare the life of his illustrious father-in-law, which work was in due time published in four volumes, and met with a well-deserved popularity. Dr. Hanna subsequently became colleague to Dr. Guthrie in the pastorate of Free St. John's, a post he occupied for a period of fifteen years.

In addition to his "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers," Dr. Hanna published several works, which were widely circulated, including, "Martyrs of the Scottish Reformation," "Wycliffe and the Huguenots," "The Earlier Years of our Lord," "The Ministry in Galilee," "The Close of the Ministry," "The Passion Week," "The Last Day of Our Lord's Passion," and "The Resurrection of the Dead." Some of these volumes are characterized by great beauty, and have passed through several large editions.

Dr. Hanna's body was conveyed from London to Edinburgh, where the interment took place at the Grange Cemetery, in the presence of a considerable company, including members of both Assemblies.

A BRAVE HEROINE.

MISS KATE SHELLEY, whose portrait appears on this page, is the heroine of a wonderful exploit described some months ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She is fifteen years of age. Her presence of mind and her splendid daring saved an express train from an appalling catastrophe on July 13th, 1881. The incident as related by the Ogden, Iowa Reporter, is as follows: Miss Shelley lives near the railroad track with her widowed mother. An accident occurred on the line on the night of July 13th, and she knew that if the express train, which would soon be due, were not warned, every one in it would be killed. Kate took a lantern, and, amid the hurricane of the wind, and incessant glare of the lightning, and peal upon peal of deafening thunder, left her home and started for the railway line. Her light soon went out, but she felt her way through the woods, resolving to walk to Moingona, a mile off, where there was a telegraph station. But between the point where she was and Moingona was the Des Moines River, and to cross this she must pass over the railroad bridge, fifty feet above the rushing waters. She must cross this bridge, 400 feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething, muddy waters beneath.

Not one man in a hundred but would have shrunk from such a task. But this brave girl gathered about her her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees crawled over the long, weary bridge. Tie after tie was passed. It was time for the express train to come dashing over the bridge, and to hurl her down to death amid the dark and turbid waters of the roaring, rushing river. The blood from her lacerated knees stained her dress, but she did not falter for a moment. At length she reached the other side, and the remaining half mile she ran as quickly as she was able to the telegraph office. Breathless, and in broken accents, she told her tale of anticipated death and destruction, and fainted in the arms of the bystanders. The telegraph wires were set at work and the express train was stopped in time.

What an example of zeal to save life is here given to those who labor to save it spiritually! All the best and highest qualities of the soul are needed for such an enterprise, and opportunity is frequently furnished for the manifestation of the noblest heroism. But who that is impressed with the value of a human soul, its exposure to eternal ruin, and the price which Christ has paid for its redemption, can hesitate for one moment to imperil even his own life, that the jeopardized may find salvation? The name of Kate Shelley will ever stand associated with deeds of daring and self-sacrificing courage, but they who win souls for Christ "shall shine as the stars in the firmament forever."

OSCAR'S PERIL.

"WELL, Oscar, I am sorry to see you are still reading that pernicious volume. I assure you, it is worse than a waste of time, for the mental and moral injury which you are contracting may prove to be irreparable, both in time and eternity."

The speaker was Raymond Osborne, of Osbornville. He was a man of strong convictions, and as he spoke there was a cadence in his voice which evidently sprang from deep emotion, and for a moment secured the surprised attention of Oscar Osborne, his nephew and heir.

"Pernicious! injury irreparable! time and eternity!" Oscar stammered out. "These are strong terms, uncle; and, pardon me, but there is nothing in this book to afford you justification for their use. Why, dear me, what harm can it do any one to read up these questions, and keep himself acquainted with the latest utterances of science and philosophy, which many Christians believe are the handmaids of religion?"

"Ah, my boy, it's the old talk about 'no harm being done,' the same sense of security, the same pride of intellectual vigor, and withal the same false and specious logic with which I was familiar nearly thirty years ago," replied Raymond Osborne sadly. "God grant that your ingenuousness may not lead you astray. Believe me, the perusal of sentiments subversive of the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ may be followed by bitter results, which in after years you would give all you hold dear to undo."

Oscar Osborne had just returned from Germany, where, for nearly five years, he had studied mathematics, and mental and moral philosophy, and, unhappily, had become impressed with the arrogant pretensions of nineteenth-century neologian-



Oscar Osborne Warned by his Uncle.

ism, and had imbibed from the teachings of rationalistic instructors a distaste for the Word of God, and a feeling that the needs of the age had transcended its teachings and doctrines.

The knowledge that Oscar had fallen under the influence of these teachers had caused his uncle consternation and sorrow, and there were recalled to his mind dark passages in his own history, when he was not only "without God," but even had the temerity to deny His existence. But God had mercifully driven the infidelity out of him as with a whirlwind; and though, in his recklessness Mr. Osborne maintained a prolonged fight against God, his scepticism was at length superseded by a childlike faith, and his defiant attitude toward the Almighty was exchanged for a humble dependence upon His forgiving love.

Presently, with an air of condescension, the young man rose from the trunk of a fallen tree upon which he had been sitting, closed his book, and linking his arm in that of his uncle, said, "Proceed, sir, let us argue the question; I am quite ready to hear your sermon to the end. You are a little prejudiced by the bigotry of a narrow circle." Indifferent to the sneer, Mr. Osborne quietly said, "I should be very sorry to appear bigoted in your eyes, Oscar, nor do I expect you to be weighted with a wisdom which comes only with experience and after the lapse of years. May God in mercy spare you the payment of the terrible price which has been exacted from me for the wis-

dom which I am anxious you should possess at a small cost!"

Pursuing the relation of the various stages through which he had passed, from the darkness and unrest of godlessness, to the serenity and safety which spring from simple trust in Christ's atoning blood, Mr. Osborne won the attention of his nephew.

Oscar recognized in the picture his uncle drew of his early days a parallel to his own present condition, and saw with surprise that the theories he prized as novelties in the world of thought, were really old, the mere modernized cast-off garments of the past, and that his uncle had once held and had been forced by the hard logic of facts to discard the very doctrines he was now learning.

When they parted for the night, some hours afterward, Oscar retired to his room with a solemn feeling pervading him of which he had never been conscious before; and instead of seeking to banish his reflections in sleep, he faced his position and environments, and gravely considered the narrative of his uncle's life, until there escaped from his lips, half-involuntarily, but yet from the very core of his being, the cry, "Lord, help me; Lord, save me!"

That night decided his destiny. Though it was several weeks before he could truly say he had the rest of faith, yet the day did dawn which brought heavenly glory into his soul, and gave him to see that Christ was his Saviour. He has since tried to help forward the Kingdom of Christ, and especially devotes himself to the reclamation of young men who are in danger of being spoiled and corrupted through the deceitful and unsatisfying philosophies of the age, and points them to Him who is both "the power and the wisdom of God," as their Redeemer and Friend.

If young men realized that scientific scepticism is only a revival of an old and exploded emanation of intellectual arrogance, they would be far less likely to fall under the spell of its influence.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 431.)

An Emigration Scheme.

AN empty room, swept clean of everything which made it a living habitation. The sunshine fell in pencils of colored light upon the bare walls and uncarpeted floor. It bore no trace of any occupant; yet to him it seemed but yesterday that he had been in here, listening to the low tones of Felicitas's sweet voice, and gazing with silent pride on her beautiful face. There had been *unmeasured passion and ambition* in his love for her, which had fatally changed his whole life. But he knew now that he had failed in winning her love, and in making her happy; and the secret dissatisfaction she had felt in *her ill considered marriage* had been fatal both to her and to him. The restless eagerness it had developed in him to gain a position that could content her, had been a seed of worldliness which had borne deadly fruit.

He opened the casement, and looked out on the familiar landscape, on which her eyes had so often rested; eyes that were closed forever. The past, so keenly present to him at this moment, was in reality altogether dead and buried. She had ceased to be his wife years ago, when she had accepted the sacrifice he proposed to her of his very exist-

ence. That old life was blotted out; and he had no right to mourn openly for the dead who was being laid in the grave of her fathers at this hour. His children were counting themselves orphans, and it was not in his power to comfort them.

He knelt down at the open window, and rested his bowed head on the window-sill. The empty room behind him was but a symbol of his own empty lot; swept clean of all its affections and aspirations. Two-thirds of his term of years were already spent, and he found himself bereft and dispossessed of all that makes life worth having; all except the power of service. Even at this late hour a voice within him called to him, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard." It was not too late to serve God, who had forgiven him, and man, whom he had wronged. There was time to make some atonement; to work out some redemption for his fellow-men.

To Roland Sefton had arisen a vision of a public and honorable career, cheered on by the applause of men, and crowned with popularity and renown for all that he might achieve. But Jean Merle *must toil in silence* and difficulty, amid rebuffs and discouragements, and do humble service, which would remain unrecognized and unthanked. Yet there was work to do, if it were no more than cheering the last days of an old man, or teaching a class of the most ignorant of his townfolk in a night-school.

He rose from his knees after a while, and left the room, closing the door as softly as he had been used to do when afraid of any noise vexing Felicity. It seemed to him like the closing up of the vault where she was buried. She was gone from him forever; and there was nothing left but to forget the past, if that were possible.

As he went lingeringly down the staircase, which would henceforth be trodden seldom if ever by him, he heard the ringing of the house-bell, which announced the return of Mr. Clifford, and of Felix and Hilda, who were coming to stay the night in their old home, before returning to London on the morrow. He hastened down to open the door, and help them to alight from their carriage. It was the first time he had been thus brought into close contact with them; but this must happen often in the future, and he must learn to meet them as strangers, and to be looked upon by them as little more than a hired servant.

But the sight of *Hilda's sad young face*, and the expression of deep grief that Felix wore, tried him sorely. What would he not have given to be able to take this girl into his arms, and soothe her, and to comfort his son with comfort none but a father can give? He stood outside the sphere of their sorrows, looking on them with the eyes of a stranger; and the pain of seeing them so near, yet so far away from him, was unutterable. The time might come when Jean Merle could see them, and talk with them calmly, as a friend, ready to serve them to the utmost of his power. But so long as they were mourning bitterly for their mother, and could not conceal the sharpness of their grief, the sight of them was a torture to him.

Several months passed away, bringing no visitor to Riversborough except Phebe, who came down two or three times to see Mr. Clifford, whose favorite she was. But Phebe never spoke of the past to Jean Merle. Since they had determined what to do, it seemed wisest to her not to look back so as to embitter the present. Jean Merle was gradually gaining a footing in the town as Mr. Clifford's representative, and was in many ways filling a post very few could fill.

Now and then some of the elder townsmen, who had been contemporary with Roland Sefton, remarked upon the resemblance between Jean Merle and their old comrade; but this was satisfactorily accounted for by his relationship to Madame Sefton; for Roland, they said, had always had a good deal of the foreigner about him, much more than this quiet, melancholy, self-effacing man, who never pushed himself forward, or courted attention, yet was always ready with a good, sound, shrewd opinion, if he was asked for it. It had been a lucky thing for old Clifford that such a man had been found to take care of him and his affairs in his extreme old age.

Felix had gone back to his curacy under Canon Pascal, in the parish where he had spent his boyhood, and where he was safe against any attack upon his father's memory. But, in spite of being able to see Alice every day, and of enjoying Canon Pascal's constant companionship, he was ill at ease; and Phebe was dissatisfied. This was exactly the life Felicity had dreaded for him; an easy, half-occupied life in a small parish, where there was little active employment for either mind or body. The thought of it troubled and haunted Phebe.

Felix, with his magnificent physical strength and active energy, and the strong bent to heroic effort and Christian devotion given to him in his earliest years was thrown away in this tranquil English village, where there was clearly *no scope for heroism*. How was it that Canon Pascal could not see it? His curacy was a post to be occupied by some feeble man than Felix; a man whose powers were only equal to the quiet work of carrying on the labors begun by his rector. Besides, Felix would have recovered sooner from the shock of his mother's sudden death, if his time and faculties had been more fully occupied. She must give words to her discontent, and urge Canon Pascal to banish him from a spot where he was leading too idle a life.

Canon Pascal had been in residence at Westminster for some weeks, and was about to return to his rectory, when Phebe went down to the Abbey one day, bent upon putting her decision into action. The bitterness of the early spring had come again, and strong easterly gales were steadily blowing day after day, bringing disease and death to those who were feeble and ailing; yet not more surely than the winter fogs had done. As Phebe passed through the Abbey on her way to his house in the cloisters, she saw Canon Pascal standing still, with his head thrown back, and his eyes uplifted to the noble arches supporting the roof. He did not notice her until her clear, pleasant voice addressed him.

"Ah! Phebe!" he exclaimed, a swift smile transforming his grave, marked face; "my dear, I was just asking myself how I could bear to bid farewell to all this."

He glanced round him with an expression of unutterable love and pride, and of deep regret; and as he paced down the long aisle he lingered as if every step he took was full of pain.

"Bid farewell to it!" repeated Phebe; "but why?"

"For a series of whys," he answered. "First and foremost, because the doctors tell me, and I believe it, that my dear wife's days are numbered if she stays another year in this climate. All our days are numbered by God, I know; but man can number them also if he pleases, and make the sum of them longer or shorter by his obedience or disobedience. Secondly, Phebe, our sons have gone on before us as pioneers, and they send us piteous accounts of the spiritual needs of the colonists and the native populations out yonder. I preach often on the evils of over-population, and its danger to our country; and I prescribe emigration to most of the young people I come across. Why should not I, even I, take up the standard and cry 'Follow me!'"

"We should leave England with sad hearts, it is true; but for her good, and for the good of unborn generations who shall create a second England under other skies. And last, but not altogether least, the colonial bishopric is vacant, and has been offered to me. If I accept it I shall save the life most precious to me, and find another home in the midst of my children and grandchildren."

"And Felix?" cried Phebe.

"What could be better for Felix than to come with us?" he asked; "there he will meet with the work he was born for; the work he is fretting his soul for. He will be at last a *gallant soldier of the Cross*, with no dread of his father's sin rising up against him. And we could never part with Alice; her mother and I."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, with tears standing in her eyes; "Felix must go with you."

"And Hilda too," he went on; "for what would become of Hilda alone here, with her only

brother settled at the antipodes? We shall need for this Phebe Marlowe's influence with old Mr. Clifford, who might prevent his ward from quitting England. I am counting also on Phebe herself as my pearl of deaconesses; with no vow to bind her, if the happier and fuller life of marriage opened before her. Still, to secure these benefits, I must give up all this."

He paused for a minute or two looking back up the narrow side aisle; and then, as if he could not tear himself away, he retraced his steps slowly and lingeringly; and Phebe caught the glistening of tears in his eyes.

"Never to see it again!" he murmured; "or if I see it, not to belong to it! To have no more right here than any other stranger! It feels like a home to me, dear Phebe. I have had solemn glimpses of God here, as if it were indeed the gate of heaven. To the last hour of my life, wherever I go, my soul will cleave to these walls. But I shall give it up."

"Yes," she said, sighing; "but there is no bitterness of repentance to you in giving it up."

"How sadly you spoke that!" he went on; "as if a woman like you could know the bitterness of repentance. You have only looked at it through other men's eyes. Yes, we shall go. Felix, and Hilda, and you, are free to leave Mr. Clifford now he is so admirably cared for by this Jean Merle. I like all that I hear of him, though I never saw him; surely it was a blessing from God that Madame Sefton's poor kinsman was brought to the old man. Could we not leave him safely in Merle's charge?"

"Quite safely," she answered.

"I have a scheme for a new settlement in my head," he continued; "a settlement of our own, and we will invite emigrants to it. I can reckon on a few who will joyfully follow us; and it will not seem a strange land if we carry those whom we love with us. This hour even I have made up my mind to *accept the bishopric*. Go on, dear Phebe, and tell my wife. I must stay here alone a little longer."

But Phebe did not hasten with these tidings through the cloisters. She walked to and fro pondering over them, and finding in them a solution of many difficulties. For Felix it would be well; and Hilda, too, what could be better or happier for her than to go with those who looked upon her as a daughter? There was little to keep them in England; she could not refuse to let them go.

But herself? The strong strain of faithfulness in Phebe's nature knitted her as closely with the past as with the present; and with some touch of a pathetic clinging to the past, which the present cannot possess, she could not separate herself from it. The little home where she was born, with the wide moors encircling it, was as dear to her as the Abbey was to Canon Pascal. If she cut herself altogether adrift from it, and all the subtly woven web of memories belonging to it, she fancied she might pine away of home sickness in a distant land. There was Mr. Clifford, too, who depended so utterly upon her promise to be near him when he was dying; and Jean Merle, whose *terrible secret* she shared, and would be the only one to share with him, when Mr. Clifford was gone. How was it possible to separate herself from these two?

Yet it was even more difficult than Phebe anticipated to resist the urgent entreaties of Felix and Hilda. Her devotion to them in the past had made them feel secure of its continuance; and to quit England, leaving her behind, seemed impossible. But Mr. Clifford's reiterated supplications that she would not forsake him in his old age, drew her as powerfully the other way. Scarcely a day passed without a few lines reaching her, written by his own feeble and shaking hand, beseeching and demanding of her a solemn promise to stay in England as long as he lived.

Jean Merle said nothing, even when she went down to visit them, urged by Canon Pascal to set before Mr. Clifford the strong reasons there were for her to accompany the party of emigrants; but Phebe knew that Jean Merle's life, with its unshared memories and secrets, would be still more

dreary if she went away. After she had seen these two she wavered no more.

It was a larger party of emigrants than any one had foreseen; for it was no sooner known that Canon Pascal was leaving England as a *colonial bishop*, than many men and women came forward anxious to go out and found new homes under his auspices. He was a well-known advocate of emigration; and it was rightly deemed a singular advantage to have him as a leader, as well as their spiritual chief. Canon Pascal threw himself into the movement with ardor; and the five months elapsing before he set sail were filled with incessant claims upon his time and thought; while all about him were drawn into the strong current of his work.

Phebe was occupied from early morning till late at night; and a few hours of deep sleep, which gave her no time for thinking of her own future, was all the rest she could command. Even Felix, who had scarcely shaken off the depression caused by his mother's sudden death, found a fresh fountain-head of energy and gladness, in sharing Canon Pascal's new career, and in the immediate prospect of marrying Alice.

(To be continued.)

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

S.S. Lesson for July 23, Mark 10: 46-52. Golden Texts, Ps. 119: 18; Isa. 35: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Light of the World—His Approaching Suffering—Readiness to Help—Blind and a Beggar—Those who Hinder—Incident of a London Child—Christ's Response—The Garment Cast Aside—The Blind Man's Implicit Confidence—In the Will and Power of the Saviour—The Miracle Worked.

"I AM the Light of the world," said our blessed Master (John 8: 12; 9: 5), and again, "I am come a Light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness" (John 12: 46). Blessed be God, His power is the same to disperse spiritual and physical blindness. When He quoted the prophecy of His own anointing by the Spirit of the Lord for His ministry (Isa. 61: 1, 2), He added, "He hath anointed Me to preach . . . recovering of sight to the blind" (Luke 4: 18), and His commission to Saul of Tarsus, when He sent him to the people and to the Gentiles was, "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light" (Acts 26: 18).

Why should lost souls remain in darkness when God is present among us, God who "is light, and in Him is no darkness at all" (1 John 1: 5)? Why should there be any darkness in the experience of any of God's children, when Jesus is come a Light into the world that they who believe on Him

"SHOULD NOT ABIDE IN DARKNESS?"

Why should they who are physically blind remain so, when He who was anointed to preach and to work "recovering of sight to the blind" is with us "always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 20). The Lord our God bless this little paper to bring those who are in darkness in contact with the Life, "The Light of men" (John 1: 4).

Our beloved Lord was on the way to Jerusalem, "knowing all things that should come upon Him;" His disciples were with Him and "a great number of people." Had He considered Himself, it would have been natural that at this time, immediately before His sufferings, He should desire to be alone, in preparation for that which was to come. But Jesus in His humanity was as a true trusting child; He knew that His Father could not but give strength at the time for all which He might call Him to endure, and He continued to be as much at the disposal of those around Him as though Gethsemane and the cross were years distant.

As they left Jericho, Blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway side begging. He had no higher vocation in life than to crave the often grudged alms of those who might commiserate him. It was a deplorable condition, but O how many poor blind ones in our day have to experience the most mortifying humiliation from those who look upon them as useless, and as a burden

upon them! Truly the Lord has raised up those who have founded institutions where the poor blind can be taught a way of reading His blessed Word, and of gaining their own living. This is a step in the right direction, and many blind, we may believe, have had the eyes of their understanding opened to see Jesus and to know the pardon of their sins through His blood.

But Bartimeus was evidently aware of His healing power. "And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." This is all which Jesus waits for; an appeal which puts the whole case for soul or body in His hands, an abandonment of all to Him. "Many charged him that he should hold his peace." To this day we know it is the case that when a sinner begins to confess that he throws himself upon the mercy of God, his old companions will do all they can to hinder him. When a blind person, or one with diseased eyes, afflicted with inflammation, cataract, or paralysis of the optic nerve, comes boldly forward to trust his case avowedly into the hands of Jesus, the majority of those who know him think he is fanatical or excited, tell him he is acting in self-will, and so throw every hindrance in the way of his faith. O reader, if you have blind friends or those with diseased eyes, would you keep them from Jesus if He were among us now as in the days of His flesh? Would you think it wrong or fanatical for your blind relation to ask you to lead Him to Jesus, who came to open the eyes of the blind? Tell him, then, that Jesus is not changed, that He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever;" for God's sake do not hinder him. In the early part of 1882

A LITTLE GIRL

of eleven, in London, had been for five years unable to use her eyes. Her parents had taken her during this time to hospitals and eye institutions, but the poor eyes remained almost sightless. At last they asked the prayers of believing Christians. One day soon after this she said to her parents, "I must not continue this eye lotion, we ought to obey God rather than men." It was discontinued, and the next morning she ran to her mother with a paper she had picked up, and said, "See, mother, I can read quite well, I can see anything;" and so it was, the Lord had recovered her sight, and the next week, at Dr. Boardman's meeting, she told in a simple, child-like way, in answer to questions put to her, that which the Lord had done for her.

"Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called." One cry of distress, one direct appeal to Him was a stronger claim than that of the multitude around Him. Reader, are you in darkness, not knowing what step to take, whether it be about your own spiritual experience, your family, your business, your reputation, or whether it be physical blindness? God has "laid help on One that is mighty," and you cannot make a real appeal to God, placing the matter in His hands, without making Him immediately responsible. "Jesus stood still," and commanded him to be called, gave His attention and took the matter in hand. You, dear reader, may feel nothing, but if you have trusted Him, be sure that according to your faith it shall be unto you. "They call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee."

Reader, if you are making any real appeal to God for soul or body, or both; if you are really abandoning all other way of help; if you are willing that the Lord shall have His whole will done in you, then, in the name of my Lord, I say these words to you, "Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee." This is as much as to say the thing is done, for it is never making an experiment to trust Jesus. Bartimeus understood this. Once knowing that his case was undertaken, nothing could hinder him; guided by the sound of Jesus' voice he sprang forward, casting away his garment, and came to Jesus. Had he been uncertain about his cure he would have considered that whatever he did, he must take care of that garment; for how could he, a blind man, find it again if it were lost, and even were it restored him it would be torn by the feet of the crowd. But such considerations were far from him;

HE COUNTED ON HIS RESTORATION, and with eyes to see he could soon do work enough to buy another. Now, my reader, in putting your case into the hands of God, are you keeping in reserve something to do, something to fall back upon, in case Jesus fails you? If so, you are hindering Him. He cannot do the work because of your unbelief (Matt. 13: 58). Until you are fully persuaded that what you ask Him is completely in accordance with His will there will be no faith in your petition, and until there is faith, you will be making provision for the rejection of your prayer instead of its acceptance, and God, who knoweth all hearts, will see that it is so.

Now, are you coming to the Lord for deliverance from the power and the taint of sin? and do you fully believe that He undertakes to do this work for and in you? Then allow no such suggestion as that you may again entertain those thoughts and desires from which you believe He delivers you, for this is counting upon His failing you. If such suggestions arise, turn them over instantly to Him, and He will deal with them, for you cannot. If friends, prejudices, customs, plans, or any other entanglements stand in the way, cast them aside, as Bartimeus did his garment, let nothing come between you and Jesus.

When the blind man was come to Jesus, and he knew that no man stood between them, no distance separated them, that He and the mighty Healer were then close to, perhaps touching one another, Jesus said unto him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" O mighty possibilities which lie before a man who can believe fully in his God! Jesus places Himself at his disposal! Can anything be impossible to Him? Lord educate our faith! The blind man's request was quickly made, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." He did not say, "If it be Thy will" for that would have been unbelief in the words of Jesus, "What wilt thou?" How often we mistake about this, and hide our miserable, culpable unbelief, under the pretext of not knowing the will of God, and then we are guilty of casting the consequences of unanswered prayers on God, instead of taking the blame upon ourselves. Especially have we been taught unbelief with regard to sanctification and healing, and most of us have too well learned the lesson. God's word says, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and may your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you,

WHO WILL ALSO DO IT?"

(1 Thess. 5: 23, 24. Rev. Ver.). Will also do what? Will sanctify us wholly, i.e., make us completely holy, fully sanctified, kept from sinning, made and kept clean, "whiter than snow" as regards the soul, and "entire" as regards spirit, soul, and body. This is the will of God for each one of us, and to ask Him to make us holy, or to heal our bodies *if it be His will*, is to doubt whether He means what He says. Let us rather say, "Lord sanctify me wholly, and let my spirit, soul, and body be preserved entire *because it is Thy will*."

"And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight." And went his way? No, he had no other way but one, and that was the way Jesus would go; "he followed Jesus in the way." It was the instinct of love and gratitude, it was the only possible course for him, to follow Jesus in the way. And if you, my reader, claim and accept spiritual or physical healing or both at the hands of Jesus, you will experience a compelling power which claims you for the service of Jesus. You will be fitted for it as never before, for you will have songs of victory, and conquest, and glory to sing; you will "tell of all His wondrous works." The Lord our God bring you into close contact with Himself, that you may experience for yourself the mighty exhaustless fulness of His great salvation. Our golden text for England and America beautifully unite the spiritual and bodily healing of our Lord. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." Lord fulfil them both in us. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Reliable Intelligence of the Proceedings of the Conference of European Powers in session at Constantinople is not published. Indications, however, of the course pursued by the diplomats are not wanting. The latest rumor is that Turkey has been invited under certain conditions to intervene in Egypt with the view of suppressing Arabi Pacha and restoring order. The London *Times* publishes a despatch from its correspondent stating that a formal invitation of the Powers to the Sultan to intervene in Egypt was delivered on Monday, and a reply asked for by Wednesday. If the Porte refuses or seems afraid to accept, 25,000 men, with 15,000 in reserve, will be concentrated by the intervening Powers. The army will land at Aboukir, and will be divided into two parts. One will march on Alexandria and be supported by the fleet, which will open fire as soon as the army is landed. The other portion will cross the dry lake of Aboukir to Kafr Devar and seize the railway at Damanhour, Arabi Pacha's only means of retreat, and will thus force him to either fight or yield. The Sultan, in conversation, complained of the want of friendship shown him by England in the unjust, suspicious, and erroneous interpretations placed on all his actions. Prince Bismarck is said to be the adviser on whom the Sultan relies, believing that Germany having no interests at stake in Egypt gives disinterested advice.

The Bombardment of Alexandria by the British ships in the harbor has been hourly expected during the past week. Admiral Seymour, who commands the fleet, complained to the Governor of Alexandria regarding the placing of two large guns in a position threatening the fleets, and the explanations offered were deemed unsatisfactory. Admiral Seymour subsequently intimated that if the works were not stopped he would promptly take measures to stop them. A formal ultimatum was afterward forwarded stating that if the erection of the fortifications was not immediately discontinued the British ships would open fire forthwith. Toulba Pacha, commander of the garrison, replying to the ultimatum, assured Admiral Seymour that no such hostile act as he apprehends had been or will be undertaken. He concluded with an appeal to Admiral Seymour's well known humanity. The answer of Arabi Pacha did not satisfy Admiral Seymour, who sent out a call on all the English warships. *The Consul of the United States*, with the other consuls, held a conference to discuss the best means of inducing Arabi Pacha to send a more conciliatory reply to the British Admiral. All the Americans in Alexandria except General Stone and the consul have sought safety afloat. Arabi Bey has expressed the hope that America would force England to act fairly by the national party. It is believed that should the squadron bombard the forts a prolonged resistance would be made. If this should prove unavailing the troops would retire, leaving the European quarter of the town to be sacked by the populace.

The Safety of the Suez Canal, which now forms so prominent a subject of debate in European cabinets, is of serious concern to England above all other Powers. A glance at the map will show that the canal which now connects the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean is of inestimable advantage to England in her intercourse with her possessions in India. If that canal were closed, her ships would have to sail, as they did previous to the construction of the canal, southward off the west coast of Africa, crossing the equator to the Cape of Good Hope; thence sailing northward off the east coast of Africa to India. The canal was opened in 1869, and its advantages were quickly recognized. Every year since that date the number of vessels passing through it has increased, as also has the quantity of freight. The following are the statistics of the respective years: In 1870, 490 ships, of an aggregate tonnage of 486,000 tons; in 1879, 1470 ships, tonnage 3,236,000 tons; in 1880, 2026 ships, tonnage 4,344,000 tons; in 1881, 2727 ships, tonnage 5,794,000 tons. Last year the increase of traffic over the previous year was 34 per cent. The profits of the enterprise have been enormous. Last year the receipts amounted to a sum which,

after paying all expenses and adding five per cent. to the reserve fund, paid fourteen per cent to the shareholders. Of these ships 78 or 79 per cent. are under the English flag.

Another Cowardly Murder has Been Committed in Ireland. A man named Kenny, a dockyard laborer, suspected by the Land League, apparently without cause, of having given information to the police, was shot in Dublin on July 4th. He had been advised not to venture out after sunset, but on Tuesday night he went out for a short walk, and his dead body was found in less than an hour after he left his home. His overcoat was singed, which showed that the shots had been fired in close proximity to him. There were four bullet wounds—one in the centre of the back, two on the back of the head and another on the left side. There were also seven stab wounds, as if from a knife, in the region of the heart. The wounds being on the back indicate that it was a murder of the Land League type. Placards offering \$100,000 reward for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish were posted in Ireland last week but without result.

An Attempt to Frustrate the Design of the Arrears Bill, which Mr. Gladstone has introduced to relieve the Irish tenants, has been made by a Conservative member of Parliament. He proposes to instruct the courts when estimating the assets of an embarrassed tenant to include the value of his tenant right, which it would be easy by an organized scheme to raise to a fictitious sum, thus excluding him from the benefits of the new law. The effect of the amendment is described by an American correspondent as being "to compel the court to sell out the tenant and actually reduce him to beggary before permitting him to obtain the advantages of the Arrears Bill." Should the government be unwise enough to accept this principle the Arrears Bill will prove a greater failure than the Land Bill, and will probably become an additional source of disorder instead of a healing measure.

The Expulsion of Sixteen Irish Members of Parliament on July 1st, was a consequence of their persistent opposition to the Repression Bill. During the whole of the previous night relays of members had maintained the conflict over the bill. The House sat for nineteen hours, during which division followed division on the obstructive tactics which prevailed during former sessions. The chairman in the absence of the Speaker then reported sixteen members, among whom were Messrs. Parnell, Mc Carthy, O'Donnell, and Biggar, as guilty of obstruction and the House voted to suspend them. Four of the sixteen had been absent during the sitting, but they were expelled with the others. Mr. O'Donnell, who was one of the innocent members, lost his temper when he heard his name included in the list and he addressed an insulting remark to the chairman. He was punished by suspension for two weeks. The Irish members then held a meeting at which the following resolution was passed:

"We hereby resolve to take no further part in the proceedings of the Committee upon the Coercion Bill, and we cast upon the Government the sole responsibility for the bill, which has been urged through the House by a course of violence and subterfuge, and which when passed into a law will be devoid of moral force and will not be a constitutional act of Parliament."

The Sudden Death of General Skobelev occurred in Moscow on July 7th. It will be remembered that this Russian general only a few months ago agitated all Europe by certain speeches delivered in Paris, advocating a Slav war and assuring the Slav students that if an outbreak should occur Russia would protect and support them. General Skobelev was only thirty-seven years old when he died, yet his life had been a very eventful one. He served in the Khivan Campaign on the staff of General Kaufmann, in which he displayed brilliant skill and reckless daring. On one occasion with a troop of 150 Cossacks he attacked and routed a wing of the enemy in which there were 7000 men. He took a prominent part in the war against Turkey and was promoted to a generalship. In the Turkish as in the Khivan Campaign he was remarkable for his reckless daring, and in more than one battle he led charges which were regard-

ed as a "forlorn hope." Early in 1880 General Skobelev was placed in command of an expedition against the hostile Tekke Turcomans in Central Asia, in which campaign he won fresh laurels. When he was sent to take Geok Tepe and subdue the Tekkes many shook their heads and predicted that his impetuosity would be his ruin. So far from that being the case he displayed caution and sagacity with which he had not been credited, and on January 24th, 1881, the Russian colors floated over the city. He was on a visit to Moscow when he died. He walked about the city all day making calls, and on the way back to his hotel he fell down dead. The cause assigned for his sudden seizure is heart disease, but rumors of foul play are in circulation and will be investigated.

The Bill for the Repression of Crime in Ire-land passed the British House of Commons on July 7th, and was sent to the House of Lords, where it immediately passed its first reading. Its final debate in the Commons was signalized by a most unexpected occurrence. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues suffered a humiliating defeat. They had promised the Irish members to introduce an important amendment to the bill, limiting the right of search to the daytime, and it was accordingly moved by Mr. Trevelyan, the Secretary for Ireland. It was, however, notorious that many of Mr. Gladstone's supporters were opposed to any more concessions being made to the Irish party. Several Irish members who would have voted for the amendment refused to do so, owing to their having been suspended by a vote of the House, and they had announced their intention of taking no further part in the debate on the bill. When the division was taken it was found that the ministers were in a minority, and for a time it seemed probable that Mr. Gladstone would resign. Representations were made to him that the party would suffer by a general election, which would probably follow his resignation, and he consented to continue in office.

A Consultation with Mr. Moody has Been held in London to arrange as to the future plans of the evangelists. There were present representatives from many towns in the kingdom, as well as from London. Mr. Moody said that he had in hand sufficient invitations to keep him hard at work in Great Britain for the remainder of his life, and he was urged to return to Chicago at once. He proposed, however, moving about Scotland for a short time, and then visiting Paris for a fortnight. After that he hoped to preach in a number of towns in the south and southwest of England. Liverpool might probably be reached next spring, and London last of all, where a long stay was necessary. It was ultimately decided that all future arrangements should be left in the hands of the London Committee.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanages Held a celebration on June 21st in honor of the distinguished minister's birthday. It was in 1866 that the announcement was made that a lady, the widow of a clergyman, had given Mr. Spurgeon \$100,000 for the purpose of founding a boys' orphanage. In this gift Mr. Spurgeon recognized a distinct call to undertake the work, notwithstanding the many labors in which he was then engaged, and the cares and anxieties growing out of them. He was seconded by his people and others. House after house sprang up, the orphans living in true family and homelike way in little groups. The Girls' Orphanage dates from the meeting held at the Tabernacle May 19th, 1879, for the purpose of presenting \$30,000 to Mr. Spurgeon in commemoration of the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate. The lady who founded the Boys' Orphanage had given to him a day or two before \$250 as the "first brick" of a Girls' Orphanage; and a portion of the testimonial was also set aside for the same purpose by Mr. Spurgeon. The undertaking thus happily inaugurated has been as successfully carried out as was the project for erecting a Boys' Orphanage. The cost of erecting the girls' houses has been about \$55,000, the whole of which sum has been subscribed. In all, up to last March, 758 children have been received into the institution.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also occasionally a Sermon by the late Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D., the celebrated Methodist Minister, Rev. W. M. HAY AITKEN, Dr. DEEMS, or some other Eminent Preacher; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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THURSDAY, JULY, 20 1882.

16th Year. No. 29.—New Series.

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LONG SING.

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LIEUT. J. W. DANENHOWER.

HERBERT WOOD LEACH.

RAYMOND L. NEWCOMB.

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Lieut. J. W. DANENHOWER and Five of the Survivors of the "Jeannette" Arctic Expedition.

THE SURVIVORS OF THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION.

Thrilling Narrative of the Voyage.

Completing the Crew—The Ship Frozen in—Break in the Ice—Frozen in Again—A Startling Discovery—Bear Hunts—The Second Winter—Land Ahoy—Discovery of Two Islands—The Wreck—The Weary Journey Over the Ice—The Boats Launched—The Last Meal Together—Separated in the Gale—Succor from Natives.

THE picture on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is taken from a photograph of a group of some of the survivors of the Jeannette expedition. It was done at Yakutsk, a city in Siberia, to which after unparalleled hardships they made their way from the Lena delta, where they landed after the wreck of their vessel. Seven other survivors are known to have been saved, five of whom were in the same boat with the six whose portraits form the group, and two others—Noros and Ninderman—who were in the Captain's boat. The other twelve of the captain's party are known to be dead. Eight men who were in the boat commanded by Lieutenant Chipp, whose portrait appears on page 460, have not been heard of since September 12th, 1881, when the three boats were separated in a gale off the coast of Siberia. There is only too good reason to fear that the boat must have foundered and all on board have perished.

It was on July 8th, 1879, that the Jeannette set sail from San Francisco on her voyage of discovery in the Arctic Ocean. She had been purchased and fitted out by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, and by special act of Congress she was registered as an American vessel. Her crew of thirty-three were selected from volunteers, and the courage and endurance they displayed proved that the selection was carefully made.

Lieutenant Danenhower, Dr. Newcomb, the naturalist of the expedition, Jack Cole, a seaman whose protracted sufferings during the long retreat affected his reason, and Long Sing, the Chinese steward, arrived in New York on May 28th last. The other two portraits in the group on our frontispiece are of Henry Wilson and H. W. Leach, who remained behind with Engineer Melville to assist in the search for De Long and his men, and are now on their way home in company with the other seven survivors.

The courage and fortitude displayed by these brave explorers amid dangers and discouragements which might well have produced despair, deserve all honor. The record of their struggles adds another chapter to the history of Arctic exploration, and their names will live in history with those of Franklin and his compeers.

The following narrative of the voyage is compiled from the exhaustive account supplied by Lieutenant J. W. Danenhower and published in the New York Herald. The Lieutenant was not an eye-witness of all the events about which he speaks. Struck about a year after the vessel left San Francisco with an affection of the left eye, by which the right one was sympathetically affected, he was confined to his darkened berth for a period of six months, during which time he underwent *thirteen operations*, and until the time of the disaster he was declared by the doctor as incapacitated for duty, and was thereby deprived of any active share in the labors in the Arctic. But while confined to his berth his companions relieved the tedium of his existence by telling him all that was going on in the little world above and around him, and when he was able to go on deck and on the ice he was an accurate observer of all that went on around him, and his marvellous memory enables him without notes to tell with exactitude every date, name, or event memorable in the history of the voyage.

"We arrived at Ounalaska," says the Lieutenant, "on the 3d of August, after a long passage caused by head winds and the vessel being laden below her proper bearings. The Jeannette was perfectly seaworthy, having been thoroughly put in order at Mare Island before starting. After coaling ship at Ounalaska we proceeded to St. Michael's, Alaska, to meet our supply schooner, the Fanny A. Hyde. There we filled up with

stores, got fur clothing, purchased forty dogs and engaged two American Indians—Aneguin and Alexie—as hunters and dog drivers, thus completing our complement of *thirty-three*.

IN THE ICE.

"On August 31st, 1879, we stood to the northwest, shaping our course to the southeast cape of Wrangel Land, and then we felt that our Arctic cruise had actually commenced. On September 6th we met with the young ice, and through this forced our way by ramming. This shook the ship very badly, but did not do her any damage; indeed, the ship stood the concussions handsomely. But in the evening we could proceed no further. We banked fires, secured the vessel with ice anchors and remained. That night was exceedingly cold. *The ship was frozen in.* At this time the ice was in pieces, ranging from ten square yards to several acres in area, with small watercourses like veins running between them, but now quite frozen over. It remained quiet for a number of days, and we found ourselves in the middle of a large accumulation of *floes about four miles across*. Our position was not an enviable one. At any moment the vessel was liable to be crushed like an eggshell among this enormous mass of ice, the general thickness of which was from *five to six feet, though some was over twenty* where the floe pieces had overrun and cemented together and turned topsy-turvy.

A BREAK IN THE ICE.

"About the 6th of November the ice began to break round the ship and a regular stream of broken masses gradually encroached upon us. From aloft the floe that had appeared so uniform a few weeks before was now tumbled about, and in a state of greater confusion than an old Turkish graveyard. Tracks began to radiate from the ship, and the noise and vibration of distant ramming were terrific, making even the dogs whine. November 23d was a calm starlight night. I was on deck when a crack was heard and we found that *the floe had split* and that the ice on the port side of the ship had drifted off, leaving the ship lying in *a half cradle* on her starboard bilge. The water looked smooth and beautiful, and there was no noise save that of four dogs which had drifted off with the port ice."

The ship was then in a critical condition. When wedged in the ice she had not been upright, but had leaned over to the starboard side, resting on the ice. She still rested there, but on the opposite side the ice had drifted away leaving that side washed by the waves. A few mornings later, however, drift ice came down upon the Jeannette on the starboard side and pushed the vessel off her cradle into the water. She drifted all day, but about seven in the evening she met more young ice and was *frozen solid again*. It must be remembered, in order to adequately realize the situation, that the events described occurred in the long Arctic night, which continued from November 10th to January 25th, during the whole of which time the sun never rose above the horizon.

The chief source of danger at that time consisted in the pressure of the ice, which threatened at any moment to crush the ship like an eggshell. That this was no fancied danger is evident from the facts cited by Lieutenant Danenhower showing the immense pressure exerted by the ice on the ship. He says: "The ship would groan from stem to stern; the cabin doors were often jammed so that we could not get out in case of emergency, and the heavy truss was imbedded three-quarters of an inch into the ceiling. The deck planking would start from the beams, showing the unpainted wood for more than half an inch. This, together with the sharp cracking of the ship's fastenings, like the report of a discharge of rifles, would wake us at night. Each man kept his knapsack by him ready for an instant move, and preparations were made for leaving the ship with sleds and boats if necessary."

A STARTLING DISCOVERY

was made on January 19th, 1880, which proved that the apprehensions entertained of the effects of the ice pressure were not without basis. The crew were aware that there were tremendous pressures, even the ice being affected by it, for the floes actu-

ally backed up into mounds under the strain. The heaviest strain came in the stem of the ship, in longitudinal direction. There was also a heaviest lateral strain, especially under the starboard masts. About nine o'clock one morning a man went down into the fire room on duty and found *the foreplates covered with water*; he immediately reported the fact and all pumps were started. The temperature was below —42 degrees Fahrenheit (the freezing point of mercury). Mr. Melville had great difficulty in getting up steam and starting the donkey pumps, but succeeded admirably the men working with *their feet and legs in the water* and everything frozen and freezing solid. It was found that the vessel leaked badly in the bows, and it was thus evident that when the ice broke up there was a strong probability of the ship foundering, all her seams having been forced open by the iron grip of the ice.

Meanwhile the drift continued, but it was found that it was not in a uniform direction as mariners Arctic explorers supposed. The drift was very uncertain, and in June of 1880 it was found that the vessel imbedded in its ice floe had actually drifted back over the course it had taken in May. The weary monotony of these months of inactivity in the ice was broken occasionally by

A BEAR HUNT.

About fifteen animals were obtained the first year. Mr. Dunbar, the ice pilot, was the champion bear slayer and was always ready for a keen jump when game was reported. During the first winter a tremendous bear approached the ship about midnight, drove the dogs in and attempted to board the ship. The alarm was given. Mr. Dunbar was on deck instantly, with rifle in hand and shot the bear through the heart at ten paces. It was probably the biggest and most ferocious bear secured on the cruise, and he had been attracted by the quarters of his comrade that were triced up in the fore rigging.

On one occasion Captain De Long was alone in the dingy and was *interviewed by a bear*, who suddenly approached out of the mist and stood watching him in the most dignified manner. The captain retreated in good order. During the summer it was very difficult to get bears, because they could take to the water so readily and thus cut off their pursuers. During the misty times they were very bold, and on one occasion a she bear with two cubs approached the ship to within 400 yards of the starboard quarter. Fortunately the dogs were on the port side and to windward, so they did not scent the bear. The greatest quietness prevailed and a squad of about ten riflemen was immediately organized on the poop. Lieutenant Danenhower says, "I was watching the bears through a cabin air port and it was a very fine sight to see the mother and her two cubs approach the ship in a wondering and cautious manner. I could see better under the mist than the people on the poop."

"Then succeeded a volley. The bears reeled and made several turns, and I thought that we had bagged all of them, but was astonished to see them get up and walk off in the most lively manner. Of course, all the dogs took the alarm and pursued them to the first crack, which the bears calmly swam across and thus escaped."

This dreary existence continued through the summer of 1880, the Jeannette still imbedded in and drifting with the ice floe. At the beginning of September Lieutenant Danenhower thus describes the situation when the ship was being got into condition for

THE SECOND WINTER

in the ice: "The ship was firmly imbedded in ice of about eight feet in thickness; but there were immense masses shoved under her keel, and the bows were lifted so that the keel was inclined about one degree, the ship at the same time heeling to starboard two degrees, and so firmly held in this gigantic vice that when the blacksmith struck his anvil in the fireroom one could see the shrouds and stays vibrate, and they were not very taut. The morale of the ship's company was excellent, yet we looked anxiously toward the long night of the second winter, which proved to be the most fearful part of our experience."

"The ship was banked up with snow, the warehouse was put up for the use of, the men, and the awning spread so that the spardeck was completely housed over. Economy and reinforcement were the order of the day in fuel, provisions and clothing."

The Captain expressed his determination not to abandon the ship as long as the provisions lasted, and the impression prevailed among the ship's company that if the Jeannette continued to float on the ice through the winter and the following summer, in the fall of 1881 the Captain would commence his southward journey with the sleds. The next night set in and during the next three months a routine of the previous winter was repeated. Regular exercise, constant meteorological observations, hunting every day, and such expedients as could be devised for diverting the company and relieving the strain of the monotonous life. The sufferings of that second dreary night the Lieutenant passes over briefly, but it is evident they were tense, for on the approach of spring Dr. Ambler, the ship's medical officer, reported "the physical condition of the crew rapidly deteriorating."

LAND AHOY.

On May 16th the cheering cry of "land ahoy" was heard and intense excitement followed, for it had been many months since land had been seen, and it was nearly two years since any of the brave little band had set foot upon it. The island was named Jeannette Island. No such land being laid down in any chart on board the Captain believed they were justified in regarding it as a discovery. It was small and rocky. The southern end appeared high and the land sloped down to a low point to the northward when the island was first seen, but subsequently mountains behind the low point were observed and from this fact the island was adjudged to be more extensive than at first supposed. Sketches were made whenever the land was in sight, but it would have been foolish to have attempted a journey to it, for the drift of the ship was too rapid and the state of the ice so changeable.

The third day after the discovery of the island, the land beyond and to the westward was noticed, but nothing could be made out respecting it.

On May 25th, however, it proved to be another and a larger island and it was resolved to explore it. On June 1st the exploring party set out. Assistant-engineer Melville was in command, and with him were Mr. Dunbar and four seamen. They took with them a boat secured on a sled drawn by fifteen dogs and provisions for seven days. The party arrived on the island, which they named Henrietta Island, hoisted the Stars and Stripes and took possession in the name of the United States. On June 6th they returned to the ship. Lieutenant Danenhower says, "We were all very glad when Melville got back, for the ice had commenced to swing around the corner of Henrietta Island very rapidly. The ship continued drifting to the northwest rapidly until June 10th. During this time the ice in which she was imbedded began to crack and the area of the piece was increasing rapidly. We knew that the important moment was coming when the Jeannette would be liberated from this cyclopean vice and that her future would be more hazardous than while in the monster's grip, for it was impossible to shape a course, and she would be momentarily liable to be crushed by the impact of the antagonistic ice floes, which sent immense masses of ice into the ship, and among which the Jeannette would be like a glass toy ship in a railroad collision."

"About eleven P.M., June 10th, I was awakened by the ship's motion. It sounded as if she were sliding down hill or off the launching ways. I was frightened for an instant, but immediately recovered and jumped out of bed for my clothes. The ship had slid off her bed after the ice on the port side had opened with a loud crack. There she floated calmly on the surface of the beautiful blue water. She could not proceed, being hemmed in on all sides by almost limitless masses of ice in close contact and having only a small pool in which she could bathe her sides. The starboard half of her cradle remained, so she was hauled into it and secured with ice anchors on the bow and quarter

to await her chance to escape. The rudder had been previously shipped and the screw propeller had been found to be undamaged, so every preparation was made to move at a moment's notice.

THE WRECK.

"I will now describe the supreme and final moments in the life of the Jeannette. I went on deck at one o'clock in the afternoon and saw the hunters start out. I still lingered on the quarter deck, for the ice on the port side; some twenty-five yards distant, had commenced to move toward us, and I was fascinated by the dangers of the situation. The Captain was on deck and immediately hoisted the hunters' recall, which was a big black cylinder, at the main truck. They began to come in one by one. At the time of their arrival the ice was in contact with the port side of the ship, and she was heeling to starboard with her port bilges heavily pressed. The pressure on the ship was terrible, and we knew that she must either lift and be thrown up bodily upon the ice or be crushed."

"Thus the ship lay for two hours and a half, the pressure of the ice relaxing at times and the ship almost righting. Then again she would be hove over and we felt sure there was no longer any hope for her, for she would not lift. Her fate was practically decided the moment we found she would not lift, and a large amount of provisions and clothing was then placed on the ice in readiness for the catastrophe. The ship in this condition was like a broken basket, and only kept from sinking by the pressure of the ice, which at any moment might relax and let her go to the bottom."

"When the order was given to abandon the ship her hold was full of water. We had a large quantity of provisions on the ice about a hundred yards from the ship. We also had three boats—namely, the first cutter, second cutter, and the whaleboat. As soon as Dr. Ambler had looked out for Chipp he relieved me at my post and I went to work with No. 3 sled party, which I had been detailed previously to command. The order was given to camp and get coffee, so we pitched our tent abreast of the whaleboat, and I set about fitting out for the retreat. After about two hours' work the order was given to 'turn in' and was obeyed promptly."

"About four o'clock I was awakened by Seaman Kuehne calling his relief, Fireman Bartlett, who was in our tent. Kuehne called to Bartlett that the ship was sinking and the latter jumped to the tent door and saw the spars of the Jeannette after the hull was below the surface. We heard the crash, but those were the only two men who saw the vessel disappear. It was said that the ice first closed upon her, then relaxing allowed the wreck to sink; the yards caught across the ice and broke off, but being held by the lifts and braces were carried down—depth, thirty-eight fathoms, as I remember. The next morning the Captain and others visited the spot and found only one cabin chair and a few pieces of wood—all that remained of our old and good friend the Jeannette, which for twenty-one months had endured the embrace of the Arctic monster. The Jeannette sank about four o'clock of the morning of Monday, June 13th."

The situation of the brave men encamped on the huge piece of ice was critical in the extreme. They were hundreds of miles from the nearest land, and they were about to commence a long and toilsome march across the ice dragging with them all their stores. This was no slight burden, for in addition to food and clothing there were three large boats to be taken with them, ready for the time when they should reach open water or for the time when the floe on which they were should break asunder or be crushed by other ice. They did not lose courage, but immediately commenced the labor of packing all the stores and boats on sleds with heavy runners tipped with whalebone, and on June 17th, the anniversary of Bunker Hill, the retreat commenced.

We have not space to describe here the horrors of that dreary journey which then commenced. Only twenty-two of the thirty-three men were fit for duty, and these had to drag across the rough and uneven ice floe the eight sleds, aggregating in weight 15,400 pounds. It was necessary that all

hands should take one sled at a time the distance of the daily march, then return for another, and so on; thus going over the distance fifteen times at least for the first march. They made a mile a day. But even that slow progress was only apparent, for at the end of seven days they found that the ice-floe on which they were travelling was drifting northward, so that they were really about twenty-seven miles farther from land than they were when they commenced their march. This toilsome journey continued until on July 12th another new island was sighted, to which the name of Bennett Island was given. Here a short but much needed rest was taken."

On August 6th the boats were launched, and though the danger was not diminished, the work was much lighter than that of dragging the sleds over the ice. The ships company was distributed as follows: FIRST CUTTER—THE CAPTAIN'S BOAT.—Captain De Long, Dr. Ambler, Mr. Collins, Ninderman, Erickson, Gurtz, Noros, Dressler, Iverson, Kaach, Boyd, Lee, Ah Sam, Alexei. SECOND CUTTER.—Lieutenant Chipp, Dunbar, Sweetman, Staar, Warren, Kuehne, Johnson, Sharwell. WHALEBOAT.—Engineer Melville, Lieutenant Danenhower, Coles, Newcomb, Leach, Mansen, Wilson, Bartlett, Lauterbach, Steward, Anequin.

THE LAST MEAL.

The boats kept together until September 9th when Semmoffsky Island was reached, and there the entire company landed and dined together off a deer killed soon after landing. This was a most welcome meal, for provisions had been running short for several days and every one had been placed on small allowance. *That was the last meal eaten together.* On Monday, September 12th, the voyage was resumed. About five P.M. that day a gale was blowing, with heavy seas, and it was only by excellent seamanship and constant watchfulness that the whaleboat survived the night. When the sun rose the next morning she was alone on the water. The Captain's boat it was afterwards found had drifted southwest, while the second cutter has not been heard of since, and it is feared she must have foundered in the storm.

After four days more of solitary sailing the whaleboat grounded in two feet of water with a low-lying coast in the distance. An effort was made to effect a landing, but it was unsuccessful, and it was not until evening and at another point to the southwest that a landing was made. Here, to the intense joy of the party, a hut was found; and after sixty-eight days in the boat, and ninety-four days from the day the Jeannette went down, the men slept under cover around a good fire. The next day the voyage was continued among what appeared to the men a cluster of islands, but at length they came to the conclusion that they were sailing up one of the mouths of the Lena. On Monday, September 19th, a party of natives was met, who showed some kindness toward the travellers. Food was given them and they were taken to a village and lodged in an empty house, where their limbs, frozen during the long exposure in the boat, were dressed. There they made the acquaintance of two Russian exiles, who proved very useful friends and who told the Jeannette men some news of the great world from which they had been two years absent. There they first heard of the assassination of the Czar.

One of the exiles undertook to carry news of the party to the commandant at Bulun, and on his way back he met Noros and Ninderman, two sailors belonging to the Captain's boat. They had been sent forward by the Captain to obtain assistance for the others, who were in a deplorable condition, sick, exhausted, and without food. They had landed at a point to the west of that at which Danenhower's party landed, and had not met any natives. On hearing this news from the exile on October 29th Melville immediately started to meet Noros and Ninderman and to carry food to the Captain and his party, leaving Danenhower to carry forward the rest of the party to Bulun. Melville found the two men, but the effort to reach the Captain and the rest of the party was not successful. It was not until March, 1882, that Melville discovered the Captain's party, all dead.

ENOUGH.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage,

"Be content with such things as ye have."—
Heb. 13:5.

The People who get no Vacation—Common Sense View of Social Differences—Good Reasons for Contentment—I. The Indispensable Secure—Healthy Poverty—Wealthy Indigestion—The Poor Man's Sunset—His Gallery Grander than the Louvre—II. Happiness not Dependent on Externals—A Study of Wall Street Faces—The Knitting Apple-Woman on Broadway—Testimony of Wealth and Genius and Power—A Shipwrecked Woman's Song—III. All Differences Transitory—The Voices of the Graves—IV. God Knows what is Best—The Best of Fathers—What the Wheat Asks—V. God's Provision Certain—An Impudent Crowd—VI. A Grand Indemnity—Fretting Down—The Coming Great Vacation.

If I should ask some one, "Where is Brooklyn to-day?" he would say: "At Shelter Island." "Where is New York to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where Philadelphia?" "Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are

AT HOME

detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employees, and ferry masters, and the police, and tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of business, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and other multitudes by the stringency of the times hindered from further expenditure, and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go.

When the express wagon with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Fools that we are! as though one could not be as happy at home as anywhere else. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have long before the first spring was bored at Saratoga or the first deer shot in the Adirondacks. They made their wedding tour to the next farmhouse, or, living in the city, they celebrated the event by a walk on the New York "battery."

Now, the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families, detained in the city, who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the door-plate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety. My friends, if it is best for us to go let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home let us stay, and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews, "Be content with such things as ye have."

I. The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships but how little we talk of

OUR BLESSINGS.

Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted and fondled and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary.

These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagle's down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's axe or a reaper's scythe, than *wealthy indigestion* experi-

ences seated at a table covered with partridge and venison and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuileries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout?

"Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosser pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied. What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens? What is a cascade, silent on a canvas, compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of

HOLLOW AFFECTATION

about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies at the photograph. Bless the Lord, O man, O woman, that though you may be shut out from the works of a Church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxemburg or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

II. Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people

HAPPY AND MISERABLE

under all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war-whoop and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor.

I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall Street, at the foot of Trinity Church, to see who seemed to be the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks that the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall Street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall Street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home, than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre.

I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, Prime Minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat, and Ahithophel, one of the great lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man forty years ago in New York when congratulated over his large estate replied, "Ah, you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it."

Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I. said, "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension."

While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy amid the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the *Ocean Monarch* had been wrecked in the English Channel a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down towards that voice and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the time of St. Martin's:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll
While the tempest still is high."

The heart right toward God and man we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man we are unhappy.

A TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENT.

III. Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter are soon to go to other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of planks is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver-mounted mahogany or rosewood.

Go down among the resting-places of the dead and you will find that though people there have great difference of worldly circumstances, none of them are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator and the president and the king is as still as the hand that hardened on a mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now whether there was a plain stone above them from which the traveller pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies. In that silent land there are no titles for great men and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels and there is never heard there the foot of the dance. The

EGYPTIAN GUANO

which is thrown on the fields in the East for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchres of kings and lords and mighty men. Oh the chagrin of those mighty men if they had ever known that in after ages of the world their would have been called Egyptian guano!

IV. Another reason why we should cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that

GOD KNOWS WHAT IS BEST

for His creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now God is the best of fathers. Sometimes His children think that He is hard on them and that He is not as liberal with them as might be. But children do not know as much as a father.

I can tell you why you are not largely affluent and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but God roughened that path so you would have to take hold of His hand. If the weather had been mild you would have loitered along the water-courses, but at the first howl of the storm you quicker your pace heavenward and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Saviour's righteousness.

"What have I done," says the wheat-sheaf to the farmer, "what have I done that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the gold grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. Awhile the straw looking down from the mow up at the golden grain banked up on either side the flail understands why the farmer beat the wheat-sheaf with the flail.

Who are these before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who out of great tribulation had their robes washed and made white with the blood of the Lamb." Would to God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of the truth then we should know why it was that John the Baptist, the martyr, in the very midst of the flames reached down and picked up one of the faggots that was consuming him and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preference." They who suffer with Him on earth shall be glorified with Him in heaven. Be content with such things as you have.

V. *Another consideration* leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE

Somehow. Will He who holds the water in the hollow of His hand allow His children to die of thirst? Will He who owns the cattle on a thousand hills and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow His children to starve? Go out tomorrow morning at five o'clock into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast. They know not where they will dine. They have no idea where they will sup. But hear the birds chant at five o'clock in the morning. Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not either do they reap nor gather into barns, yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?"

Seven thousand people in Christ's time went into the desert. They were the most improvident people I ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A man, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the 7000 were fed, and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew, until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "Oh," you say, "times have changed and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that what God did then by miracle He does now in some other way and by natural laws.

"I have been young," said David, "but now am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances and who are fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the Eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

VI. Again I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented.

INDEMNITY AGAINST ALL

financial and spiritual harm. It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. O ye who have been going about from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I commend you to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common-sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make Him your portion and start for heaven and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Yet, my friends, notwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you that the human race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a banker, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the minister anything but a minister, and everybody would be happy if he were only somebody else. Parents have the worst children that ever were, and everybody has the greatest misfortune and everything is upside down or going to be. Ah, my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that.

YOU CANNOT FRET YOURSELF UP

you may fret yourself down. Amid all this grating of tones I strike this string of the Gospel harp: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment let us therewith be content."

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to have

A GLORIOUS VACATION.

As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay

down our weariness, and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow!" and the earth will say "Come and sleep in my bosom;" and the winds will say, "Hush, while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting-place and ashes come to ashes and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken soil and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice tender with all affection and mighty with all omnipotence will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

MR. MULLER'S PREACHING TOUR IN THE EAST.

Arrival at Joppa—Jerusalem and Judea—Present Population of Jerusalem—Bethany and Bethlehem—Beyrout, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, and Florence.

AT the Midway Conference in London on Thursday, June 22d, Mr. George Müller, of the Orphanages, Bristol, told the story of a "Preaching Tour in the East." He said: While I was at Basle, preaching to 2500 or 3000 persons night after night, a beloved brother in Christ, Mr. Saracen Bishop, told me how important and beneficial it would be if I would visit the missionary stations in Palestine, Syria, and the East generally, and after much prayer and consideration I agreed to do so. We sailed from Marseilles to Alexandria, in Egypt, and there I at once found an open door for labor, the American missionaries, the Scotch pastor, the German minister, and the faithful deaconesses from Kaiserwerth, all rallying round me.

The same was the case at Cairo, and after staying there some little time we went to Port Said, whence we sailed to Jaffa (the ancient Joppa), on board a Russian vessel, and in the company of about 100 or 150 Russian pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem, to each of whom we were able to give, for a nominal price, copies of the Word of God. It was remarkable that the Greek priests—though holding errors as grievous as the Church of Rome—so far from putting any hindrance in the way of buying the Word of God, rather encouraged these Greek Christians to do so.

ARRIVAL AT JOPPA.

After remaining twenty-four hours in quarantine we were allowed to land. Though the town, as seen from the vessel, looked a beautiful place, we found it to be about as filthy, wretched, and miserable a one as you could imagine. Here there was a German colony residing; the members are called the Templars. They went out there many years ago under the leading of a gentleman of the name of Hoffman—not to build a new temple at Jerusalem, but as they said to form a spiritual temple as God's people. At first all went on well, because this Mr. Hoffman was, during the years 1848, 1849, and thereabouts, a most devoted servant of Christ; but since then this poor man has departed greatly from the truth; he denies the divinity of our adorable Lord; he denies the necessity of His atonement; he discards the Lord's Supper and Baptism, and holds other fearful errors.

One of my objects at Jaffa was to lead such of this colony as had wandered from the truth, back again; but after I had preached one evening, I received a letter stating that the meeting-place could no more be allowed me. However, not only was this not a hindrance to my work, but it was the very reverse, for another hall was opened to me, and not only did those persons come who ordinarily attended the meetings of Mr. Hoffman, but a number of Christians who had separated from him because of the errors he taught. I had also opportunities of preaching in connection with the American and English missions; and in case neither English nor German was understood by my hearers, some of my addresses were translated into Arabic by competent translators.

JERUSALEM AND JUDEA.

After being in Jaffa twelve days, during which time I preached eighteen times, we went to Jerusalem by the only made road there is in Palestine, and that the worst of all I have seen in the sixteen countries I have labored in. During the first

twelve of the forty miles of route the land was comparatively well cultivated, that is to say, well for Palestine, but after this we came in sight of what in Scripture are known as the mountains of Judæa, and where the country is so rocky and barren that one could wonder what it had ever been described, and truthfully described, as "the land flowing with milk and honey." You could not help saying to yourself: The curse of God not only rests upon the descendants of Abraham, but it rests also on the land itself. The streets of Jerusalem are narrow, dirty, and wretched, and, indeed, the city is in the utmost contrast to what it was when David, in the 48th Psalm, spoke of it as "the joy of the whole earth." But the spiritual state of Jerusalem is far worse. We lived opposite a small market which was used seven days in the week—Sunday as well as other days—and where the poor women who sold vegetables were so famished that they ate the outside leaves of their produce to stay the pangs of hunger. In Jerusalem, beggars meet you in all directions, and if you relieve one you are immediately besieged.

PRESENT POPULATION OF JERUSALEM.

There are, at the present time, between 7000 and 8000 Jews in Jerusalem; and in the whole of Palestine there are not so many as in the city of London alone. That will give you an idea that at present Palestine is not overrun with Israelites; and on the first of December one of the missionaries connected with the Scotch Missionary Society told me, that just a few days before an order was received by the Pasha from the Sultan that no land on a large scale should be sold to the Jews for the purpose of forming a colony, and he gave as a reason "lest it should involve the Ottoman Empire in difficulties with the European Great Powers."

Therefore there is no present prospect of Palestine once more becoming the possession of God's people; but it must be borne in mind that God can overrule all things, and in His good time He will so order it that the Holy Land will be again peopled by the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The number of converted Israelites in Jerusalem is extremely small; though I do not mention this and other disagreeable facts to induce you to slacken your efforts, but rather to induce you to more frequent waiting on God in prayer.

BETHANY AND BETHLEHEM.

While in Jerusalem I had two meetings at the hospital for lepers, of which a German brother has for fourteen years had the oversight. From Jerusalem we visited Bethany and Bethlehem, and while at the latter place we entered the church which is said to be built over the place where our adorable Lord was lying in a manger. Well, this place is appropriated by the Roman Catholics, by the Greek Church, and also by the Armenians; and continually quarrels have been carried on among these three different bodies of professing Christians. There we found a Turkish soldier, with his rifle and bayonet, in order to keep the peace if the priests should quarrel among themselves at any time. What a fearful degradation to Christianity! What can the Mahomedans think of such a "religion" as this? Returning to Jaffa, I suffered extremely from cold—so cold and windy, indeed, was it, that in the absence of a stove or fireplace, I was obliged to sit in my coat, with a greatcoat and an Inverness cape over that, a travelling-cap, and padded gloves on, and hot jars at my feet, in order to keep circulation in me.

HOMEWARD.

From Jaffa we went to Beyrout, thence to Smyrna. There, happening to look out of the window one Sunday, I saw a hundred kites flying, and learnt that it is the practice of the people to fly kites during Lent, discontinuing such practice on Good Friday. After visiting Constantinople we went to Athens, which is a city that bids fair to become as splendid as it was in its palmy days—and thence to Rome and Florence, on our way back to England. Of the missionaries and other Christian laborers whom we met when on our travels, I may say that they all seemed earnest, God-fearing men, diligently and devotedly laboring, amid many difficulties, to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and most truly deserving of your sympathies and prayers.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Cabby and the Blue Ribbon.—Rev. Dr. Wallace, speaking at the all-day meeting in Glasgow, June 20th, said: "I got a cabman the other day who saw the blue ribbon in my coat, and he took it himself. He had been fined 10s. 6d. the week before, and he said, 'If I had had a blue ribbon a week ago, instead of getting drunk and driving furiously, it would have saved me a fine, and I should have been a better man to-day?'"

A Poor Woman's Love for Christ.—The Rev. W. McDougall said: "I spoke to a woman in the Circus the other day who showed a warm affection for the Saviour. Her words were very expressive, and her face showed that she was not exaggerating what was in her heart. She said, 'If every bone of my body were a tongue, and every one of those tongues could speak a million times, they could not tell all the love I feel to Christ for what He has done for my soul.'"

The Artist and his Picture.—Mr. Sloan said: "I have read of a painter who was making a great painting of the Last Supper, and he wished that it might hand his name down to posterity. After it was finished he sent for a friend who was an admirable judge, and said, 'I want you to tell me what strikes you most in that picture?' His friend looked at it long and looked at it carefully. Then he said, 'That which takes my eye most is the cup in the Saviour's hand; whereupon the painter took up his brush and dashed out the cup, saying, 'I am determined that nothing in that picture shall obscure the attractiveness of my Master—that He shall be the one central figure that draws the eye and heart in my picture.' So it should be in our preaching and in all our work—Christ should be all conspicuous and self should be abased."

A Whole Family Saved.—Mr. Richard Hill said: "A lady came to some meetings we had some time ago, and a minister's sister was leading her to her Saviour. Her trouble was that if she took Christ for her Saviour she would have to go home and tell her mother, her brothers, and sisters that she was a Christian. The lady dealing with her did not begin to pare down the way of salvation, but told her that in the midst of her fashionable home she would have to take up her cross, as that was what the Master said. 'Take Christ first, and then go to Him for whatever you want. He will give you strength to confess Him.' The young lady acted on this advice and a month later the whole family had abandoned the gayeties of society and found salvation and joy in the Saviour."

The Missionary's Medicine.—At the All-Day Meeting, Glasgow, June 20th, the Rev. Rajah Gopal (Madras), said: "When people are awakened and converted in our country, their friends often ask them, 'Has the missionary given you any medicine?' How is it you speak to us in a way that you never spoke to us before?" I remember a young man, a *Brahmin by birth*, whose soul was awakened within him, and when he came to the missionaries and accepted Christ his mother, father, relatives, and friends fell at his feet and besought him to return home. But he said, 'Christ, Christ—it is for Christ I must give up father and mother, and follow Him.' When he was taken before Christian judges who sat and adjudicated on his case, and when the question was put to him whether he would go back with his relatives, he said, 'No, I will follow Jesus Christ, and go and live with the missionaries who worship the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Heave Awa' Chaps, I'm no Dead yet!"—Dr. Wallace related the following: "I was a minister in Edinburgh, when a dreadful catastrophe happened—an old house in High Street, situated not far from John Knox's pulpit, fell, burying in its ruin twenty-three or twenty-five families. This happened on Sunday morning, and I remember Dr. Guthrie closing his place of worship. Many of us went to the place to encourage the workmen who were removing the ruins and bringing out the dead. The Roman Catholic priest was there, Dr. Guthrie was there, and other ministers, all engaged in the same work—that of cheering on the men doing a work of humanity. After

twenty-three or twenty-four bodies had been got out a voice was heard—the treble voice of a little child—'Heave awa' chaps, I'm no dead yet.' Some stones had so fallen as to protect the poor little fellow, who after a time was recovered unhurt. Willie Inchelwood, I think, was his name, and in the new tenement that has been put up in the place of the old one, and above the door, is a stone representing Willie's head in a scroll, bearing the words, 'Heave awa' chaps, I'm no dead yet.' There are many sinners who are lying amid the ruins of sin. 'They are no dead yet. Who will 'heave' them out, and lead them to Christ, that they may be saved from eternal death, and find life eternal?'"

"Going to the Devil."—At a Recent Meeting in Glasgow, Mr. Sawyer, of New York, said: "I remember a drunkard who was known as 'Dig-gins.' One day he was staggering along the street—the sidewalk was not wide enough for him—when one of our Gospel temperance workers saw him, and going across the street, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Where are you going?' He said, 'To the devil, just as fast as I can'—which was the truth. The lady, half by force and half by persuasion, got him to the Gospel Temperance Meeting at one of the theatres; and there after listening to some of the testimonies, his heart was touched, and he was savingly converted to God. That was five years ago. He is now doing well, and has been received into a Baptist Church, the pastor of which says he would rather part with a dozen members than this man, who was once known as 'the drunken shoemaker of the Ninth Ward of New York.'"

Getting Rid of Bad Company.—Dr. Bonar in an address delivered to young converts in the Christian Institute, on "Communion with God," said: "I have a case vividly before me just now of two godly men who, before their conversion, were very well known in this district. Their house was frequented by persons of all kinds, not only in the way of business but for company's sake. When they were brought to the Lord the question was, how are we to get quit of all this company—this carnal, worldly company. The Lord guided them wisely. They did not say one unkind word, but they just showed their acquaintance how happy they were in their new-found salvation. What was the effect? In a fortnight their house was as quiet as they could wish. Their worldly friends did not care for their society. Now, if you are troubled with worldly people who will insist that you go out to dinner, and so on, *go out and shine*, and then they won't ask you back again. Your very presence will condemn them, and they will feel you are right."

A Sceptic in a Fix.—Mr. J. M. Scroggie said: "I remember about seven years ago, I was conducting special meetings at Stockton-on-Tees, in England. There was at that time a very blessed work, and some of the sceptics of the town were converted. The leading sceptic in the place was greatly roused at this, and was full of blasphemy and wickedness. He determined to come to the meeting in order to pick up something that he might ridicule. He got into the centre of the Corn Exchange, wedged in the midst of about 2000 people. The Lord took hold of him, and as he told me afterwards, 'For ten minutes I was in an agony. I looked round and wanted to get out, but I was so hemmed in that I found this was impossible. I thought if I could get to the public-house and have a drink, I should get rid of my agony. But in ten minutes time I was resting on Jesus.' I went home and burned my entire infidel library; and now," added he, 'I know in my own experience the power of God unto salvation.' That man is now a living witness to the Lord Jesus Christ."

A Good Night's Sleep Secured.—Mr. R. Simpson spoke as the result of a long experience of the power of the grace of Christ to deliver and keep standing the most helpless inebriates, and said: "A lady came into a meeting, about 150 miles from this, who had been a confirmed drunkard for many years. She had three beautiful little daughters, and her husband, who was a Christian man, was having his heart crushed through his

wife's incurable intemperance. She came into the Gospel meeting about 6 o'clock at night a hopeless drunkard, and before half-past 8 o'clock she had been delivered from the thralldom of sin, and never looked upon a countenance beaming more brightly with the love of Christ. In trying to tell the Lord Jesus how much she owed Him, words could not express the feelings of her heart. She said to me, 'What a night this will be to me! I shall be able to lay my head upon my pillow with perfect peace, and that I have not been able to for long past, expecting as I went to rest *that night wake in darkness forever and ever.*'"

"COMING EVENTS AND THE COMING KINGDOM."

By Rev. Richard Chester.

A New Work on Prophecy—Its Divergence on an Important Question—Different Resurrections Who are the Occupants of the Sea of Glass? Dr. Seiss' Views—Mr. Goodhart's Views Irreconcilable—Is the Lord Near at Hand?—The Case of the Thessalonians—No Event Necessarily Intervening—Return of a Son from India—A False Assurance.

MY attention has been recently directed to a very attractive book with the above attractive title, written, moreover, by one whose praise is in all the churches—the Rev. J. Goodhart—and containing much most valuable and instructive information concerning the all-important subjects upon which it treats.

All this, however, and the consequent probability that the book is familiar to many of those who are interested in the study of prophecy, seem to me to render it only the more needful to direct attention to one most important point in which it differs very materially from the views which have been from time to time put forward by other writers.

The learned author of "Coming Events and the Coming Kingdom" holds and advocates what we fully believe to be the truth concerning the yet future revelation of a personal Antichrist, and also concerning the rapture of the raised and living saints, before the last judgments of "the day of the Lord" are poured out upon the earth. He holds, however, that this latter event cannot possibly take place—in other words, that the stage of the Saviour's Second Advent, which is predicted in 1 Thess. 4: 13-18, cannot possibly occur until after the future personal Antichrist shall have been revealed and until the portion of the Church of this dispensation then existing upon the earth shall have undergone a fearful persecution, in which many of them shall suffer martyrdom at his hands—which persecution, moreover, is to last three years and a half—and until the close of which period the Advent must therefore be deferred. To guard against all possible misrepresentation, I shall quote his words, in which he gives a summary of his views upon this subject.

SUMMARY OF VIEWS OF THE REV. J. GOODHART.

"It appears in short—to anticipate very briefly what will be noticed more at large hereafter—that the Antichrist will be revealed. He will slay the witnesses—two persons, as we believe—he will persecute the saints for three years and a half, and then the resurrection of all the saints that have died up to that time, and the changing of all the saints who shall be living at that time, shall take place, and both of these classes shall be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air; upon whose removal the commissioned angels will proceed to pour out their vials upon the Beast, that is the Antichrist, and all connected with him, after which the Lord shall come to the battle of Armageddon with His saints" (pp. 96-97).

This conclusion the author has thus arrived at: He regards those who are spoken of (Rev. 20: 4-6) as having been "beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and who have not worshipped the Beast, nor his image, nor received his mark," etc., as identical with the saints who are represented as to be raised from the dead at the Lord's coming (1 Thess. 4: 16), and the resurrection of Rev. 20: 4-6, as thus identical with that of 1 Thess. 4: 16. He also regards the vision Rev. 15: 2-4 of those

standing upon the sea of glass, and who have gotten the victory over the Beast," etc., as representing the same body of risen, changed, and glorified saints, just subsequent to their rapture and prior to the pouring out of the vials of wrath upon the earth.

THE DIFFERENT RESURRECTIONS.

Now that the resurrection spoken of Rev. 20 and called "the First Resurrection" cannot possibly be identical with that of 1 Thess. 4:16, has, I think, been already proved. I would, therefore, only observe here that, while the resurrection spoken of in 1 Thess. 4:16, is simply that of the "dead in Christ" the resurrection of Rev. 20:4-6, is therein limited, as expressly as language can limit it, to the dead who shall have been beheaded

during the reign of the last Antichrist for refusing to worship him, or to receive his mark, and for testifying to Christ and adhering to His word, during that period of all but universal apostasy.

These characteristics, however, could not possibly belong to more than the very small fragmentary portion of the great body of the dead in Christ (the vast majority of whom must have died very long indeed before that Antichrist has been revealed) who shall live, and die by being beheaded, during the three years and a half of the exercise of his persecuting power. Besides, this resurrection most manifestly is to follow *after* the Advent of the Lord with His saints in judgment to the earth (Chap. 19:11-21), and *after* the binding and shutting up of Satan, and is to coincide with the commencement of the thousand years' reign of the Lord and His saints over the earth. While, according to Mr. Goodhart's own views, the resurrection of 1 Thess. 4 is to take place some three years and a half *prior* to these events. The resurrection of Rev. 20:4-6, is therefore evidently called the *first* resurrection in connection with a *second* resurrection spoken of in the same chapter (verse 12), which is to take place *at the close of the thousand years*, and is totally distinct from and subsequent to, that of 1 Thess. 4:16.

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SEA OF GLASS.

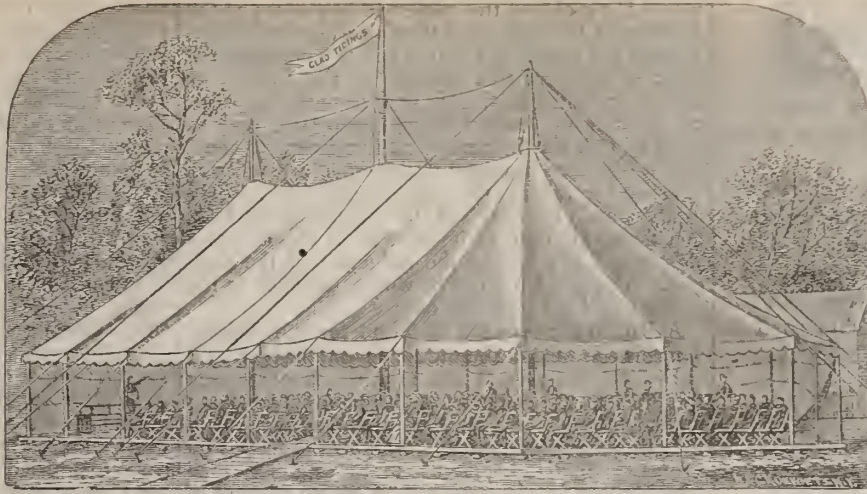
I submit, further, that the occupants of the sea of glass, Rev. 15:2-4, are not to be regarded as representing the risen changed, and raptured saints of 1 Thess. 4. In the fourth chapter of Revelation we find a body of redeemed, glorified men, represented to St. John in vision as crowned and enthroned with the Lord in the heavens, and who "have been redeemed out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people"—who have been moreover, "made kings and priests unto God," and who are to "reign on the earth." Who are these unless they be the risen and changed and raptured saints? That they do represent the redeemed glorified Church is almost universally admitted.

The deniers of the futurity of the Book of Revelation, however, regard them as either representing the members of that Church in their separate disembodied condition prior to resurrection—a view, I submit, altogether irreconcilable with their being enthroned and crowned—or else they look upon them as *by anticipation* representing that Church as being in heaven, at a time at which its living members are still actually upon earth, and its dead members as yet unrisen.

But this view is, I submit, equally irreconcilable with the fact that these elders are throughout the book continually represented as

ACTUALLY IN HEAVEN,

and as taking part in the varied and very important action there going on during the opening of the seals, the sounding of the trumpets, and the outpouring of the vials. For, to my mind, unanswerable proof that these elders do represent the raptured saints of 1 Thess. 4:16-17, subsequent to their rapture, I would refer the reader to the admi-



The "Glad Tidings" Tent in New York.

nable lectures on the Apocalypse, by Rev. Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia. If they do represent such, however, it must be another altogether different, and subsequently gathered, body, which is represented by those standing upon the sea of glass; and that such is the case, and also who these last are designed to represent, we may learn, as it seems to me, from their position being "before the throne,"—not "in the midst of it," and "round about it," as is that of the living creatures and the elders of chap. 4:4-6, and from a comparison therewith of Rev. 7:9-17, where the position "before the throne" (verses 9-15) of the great multitude who have come out of the great tribulation is exactly similar.

Neither body is enthroned—both standing before the throne. Both, as I fully believe, represent that wonderful "harvest of the earth" (Rev. 14:15), after it shall have been reaped and gathered into the garner of which the previously translated Church of this dispensation shall have been but the *first-fruits*—a glorious harvest of saved souls, ripened only and made ready under the three and a half years' fiery tribulation of the time of the Antichrist, and whose position in the kingdom and the glory, although unspeakably blessed, shall be altogether inferior to that of the "Church of the first-born," which is to "sit with Christ upon His throne."

What would seem to me to set the seal of truth upon these views, in their divergence from those of "Coming Events and the Coming Kingdom," and to render them of paramount importance, is, that they accord most perfectly—while those of Mr. Goodhart are altogether irreconcilable—with the position of unceasing watchfulness for, and unremitting expectancy of, His coming as an event that may take place at any moment, which are so strongly insisted upon by our blessed Lord Himself in so many passages of His Holy Word, especially in Luke 12:35-40.

(To be concluded.)

MISSION WORK IN NEW YORK CITY. The "Glad Tidings" Tent.

THE Gospel Tent "Glad Tidings," now located on Second Avenue and Twentieth Street, was dedicated to evangelical missionary work in the City of Taunton, Mass., June, 1879, under the direction of Evangelist S. Hartwell Pratt and the Gospel Singers Mr. and Mrs. Clark Willson, whose portraits appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 13th. For a long time these Christian workers had felt that the summer seasons were being wasted even by many who professed to be interested in the welfare of the unsaved masses. Calls for evangelistic service commenced to come in about the middle of November and ceased about the first or middle of April. No churches were opened for special services during the intervening months. The question would continually come up, Cannot the summer be utilized for the salvation of men?

After much earnest prayer for Divine guidance, in a very wonderful manner the way was open

ed for obtaining a tent. A noble Christian layman ordered one built in the most substantial manner, and an equally benevolent friend furnished it with easy folding chairs. Much opposition was encountered and many criticisms from conservative friends in New England had to be borne. The people, however, hailed the tent with great joy, coming to it in large numbers and receiving the Word with an eagerness that was truly refreshing.

For two seasons the tent work was carried on in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and as a rule all the evangelical churches in the city or town where it was located heartily co-operated with the evangelists. The result was that in place of a few depleted and half discouraged prayer-meeting services in church vestries the people flocked by

hundreds to the tent, even during the month of August, and scarcely a night passed without witnessing from ten to twenty earnest seekers for salvation bowing with Christian friends in prayer.

In one city during a part of July and August two hundred persons professed conversion, the greater part uniting with the evangelical churches which co-operated in the work. Last summer the Baptist City Mission of New York, having heard of the work wrought by the tent in other places, held a conference through their committee with the evangelists, which resulted in securing their services with the tent for the season. The tent was opened Sunday, June 19th, with a large congregation present. The first week souls began to inquire the way of life, and some marked cases of conversion were witnessed. A missionary was employed who followed up the inquirers and instructed them more perfectly in the way. The interest increased from week to week until the tent closed by reason of the cold weather. Services were held in it for sixteen weeks, and the following, from the printed report of the committee, will give the results as far as they could be tabulated:

"One hundred and two services were held. Fifty-two thousand have attended the services, and if we include those standing around on the sidewalk, 100,000 at least have heard the Gospel message. Four hundred and twenty have asked prayers for themselves. Sixty-five who have been visited have given unmistakable evidence of conversion. One hundred and over are known to be seeking Christ. At the after-meetings, held at the close of the regular services, from 150 to 400 have remained for testimony and inquiry. There has been no undue excitement at any of these services, the utmost quiet, order, and decorum being observed. A spirit of reverence has characterized the assembly. The place was solemn, for the Spirit was present. The work has been deep, earnest, and thoughtful. It has seemed as if those who have been converted have had their judgments aroused and have carefully weighed what was their duty, and then, with determination yielded their wills to God and are now striving to live godly, righteous, and sober lives."

The work the present summer opened on even a higher plain of power than when it was left last season. The first evening eleven persons asked to be prayed for, and now after six weeks of labor some 250 different persons have presented themselves as inquirers. Many who are gathered at these services hear the Gospel for the first time for years. One lady, a mother of a family, has been converted, who had not entered a church for twenty four years. Scores of young men away from their homes who had forgotten home, altar, and church, are here gathered in, and made the subjects of God's grace. The work is assuming new proportions of power every week, and the attendance is on the increase. Meetings are held every night. Mr. E. F. Miller, Gospel singer from Mr. Moody's church, Chicago, is assisting in the glorious work.

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Wrangle Between the Senate and the House on the River and Harbor Bill appears imminent. The Senate devoted the greater part of last week to the discussion of this bill, and made no less than *one hundred and fifty amendments* to it. The Senate raised the aggregate amount appropriated to twenty million dollars. When returned to the House the vote to non-concur passed almost without discussion, and the Committee on Commerce will instruct the conferees. The committee expects to be able to take off \$2,000,000 from the bill, \$1,000,000 of which will be cut out of the appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi. It will also make an effort to strike out the provisions of the bill making appropriations for surveys for the Hennepin Canal and the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, to which a large number of Congressmen are opposed.

The Closing of the Stations of the National Board of Health has been ordered by the Board all along the line of emigrant travel between the Atlantic seaboard and the West and the Northwest; also along the South Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, and in the Mississippi Valley. This action is rendered necessary by the *failure of sufficient appropriation* to cover the expense of keeping up that service. It will involve suspension of inland inspection of foreign immigrants for the discovery and prevention of transmission of small-pox, at ten stations distributed on the trunk lines of railway in the North, and of the inspection of infected vessels arriving at our ports from yellow fever points abroad. It is singularly unfortunate that this display of economy should have been made at this period of the year when yellow fever may be imported.

Senator Bayard's Speech on the Revenue bill delivered in the Senate on July 14th, received the close attention of Republicans as well as Democrats. Mr. Bayard is an admitted authority on the subject, and his speech was carefully prepared and was believed to be an expression of the general view of the Democratic party on the question. He thought it a cause of congratulation that the subject of a reduction of taxation was to be considered. He dwelt upon the importance of the subject and referred to the *labor strikes*, which he believed were the indirect results of our tariff sys-

tem. He spoke of the power to levy taxes as the greatest of the powers of the Government, but expressed the conviction that it had no constitutional right to exercise this power for the benefit of classes or individuals. He read from the speeches of Republican leaders made when the present tariff system was in process of formation, to show that it was then designed to be temporary and was a device for raising the money necessary to carry on the war. He analyzed the bill feature by feature, declaring that as it came from the House it was misnamed a bill for the reduction of the revenue. The relief it afforded would be relief to the wealthy and the powerful only.

A Uniform Standard of Time for the Whole world is the object sought to be established by a bill which has passed the House. It authorizes the President to convene an international congress for the adoption of a common meridian to regulate time throughout the world. The plan proposed by Professor Benjamin Pierce is to establish time meridians at regular intervals of fifteen degrees of longitude, exactly one hour apart, each belt being 900 miles wide, in each of which the local time would be the same. There would be four standard meridians within the United States, but it is proposed that railroads and telegraphs, to secure accuracy and uniformity, should adopt one, probably that of the Mississippi valley, for the whole country. To simplify matters, it is also suggested to abandon the present division of the day into two sections of twelve hours each, and to count continuously to 24 o'clock. There are at present about *eighty different and arbitrary time standards* used by the railroads in the country, and about 100 so-called standards in the various cities. The proposed change would be of material advantage to scientific men as well as to travellers.

The Shame of the Political Assessments grows and deepens as the facts are disclosed. In a recent issue of the New York *Herald* a letter, signed by Mr. Jay Hubbell, is published which was sent to a boy twelve years old employed in the Navy Yard at a *dollar a day*, out of which he contributes to the support of his widowed mother and his two fatherless sisters. Mr. Hubbell and his friends "invite" the poor lad to contribute six dollars and twenty cents to the campaign fund. Another letter calling for seven dollars was sent to an old man over eighty years of age employed as a sweeper at a *dollar and a quarter a day*. The "invitation" is in itself an outrage, but when, rightly or wrongly, the poor employé sees in it the glitter of the axe, it becomes a cruelty against which the protest is general and indignant.

The Tariff Commission has Commenced its labors by issuing an invitation for correspondence from all associations, corporations, and individuals interested in the subjects of its inquiries desiring to furnish information or testimony for its consideration in the discharge of its duties. The Commission also announces that "persons desiring to be heard will be given notice of the time and place at which the Commission will hear the testimony which they may offer." The Commission has decided to make Long Branch its headquarters for the present, because of the proximity of that place to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The members decided on that place because they believed it would be impossible to induce witnesses and experts to travel to Washington during the hot weather.

Some of the Star Route Charges on which the Grand Jury failed to indict are to be submitted to arbitration at the request of the accused parties. The New York *Times*, which has taken a prominent part in the investigation, states that it has been arranged to submit certain questions to three arbitrators. Among these questions is whether the Salisburys, since July 1st, 1878, when the contract term began, had received any money by means of mail contracts on four routes named to which they had not been entitled, with the understanding that if they had so received money, it was to be repaid. The three arbitrators were authorized to act by a majority, and to act on any evidence satisfactory to a majority, and it was agreed that, pending the decision of the arbitrators, no other proceedings were to be taken. After this

arrangement had been made with the Salisburys a similar agreement was made, under similar circumstances, with the Parkers as to the Vinita and Las Vegas route, on which the annual pay was raised by Brady from \$6330 to \$150,000, but the agreement did not include any of the other Parker routes. It is reported that the government expect to secure the repayment of about \$150,000 by this arbitration, while it could not be recovered in any other way except by long litigation. A bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Hill, of Colorado, providing punishment for Postmasters who make false certificates of the arrivals and departures of mails, has been reported from the Senate Post Office Committee. As amended by the committee the punishment is to be removal from office and a fine of from \$100 to \$1000. It is alleged that the contractors who had been paid large sums for expedition were able to avoid doing the additional work required by the assistance of the postmasters who forwarded incorrect statements concerning the time of their arrivals and departures.

Interesting Facts Continue to Come from the Census Bureau, which has not yet completed its labors. The latest bulletins issued relate to the enumeration of native and foreign-born residents of the States and Territories, and indicate the direction of immigration. The number of foreign-born in Virginia is less than 1 per cent of the population, and in West Virginia less than 3 per cent. In Wisconsin it is more than 30 per cent, in Wyoming 28 per cent, and in Washington Territory 21 per cent. *One-fifth of the foreign born in Washington Territory are natives of China.* The great bulk of the native immigration into Texas has been from the Southern States; and of the foreign-born residents of the State—these being about 7 per cent of the whole population—*two-thirds came from Mexico and Germany.* The foreign born of Vermont are about 12 per cent of the whole, and three-fifths of these were born in Canada. About two-fifths of the native born in Wisconsin who were not born in that State were born in New York.

The Exposure of Dr. Slade, a Noted Spiritualist, at Belleville, Ont., on July 7th, may possibly open the eyes of the dupes to the frauds practised by these swindlers. Dr. Slade being caught in the act of deception, admitted, in the presence of a dozen gentlemen, including the chief of police, that he was a fraud and that his "*manifestations*" were mere *trickery*. His slate-writing had provoked much wonder among the people in attendance upon his daily seances, and a plan was formed for detecting him. Upon being charged with cheating and threatened with arrest the medium fell upon his knees, "trembling like an aspen," and begged to be let off. The chief of police finally relented sufficiently to give him three minutes in which to get to the railroad station, and by the first train he went East. Some doubts are expressed as to whether he is the same man whose exposure in London some years ago led to a prosecution.

The Immoral Business Alluded to in a Recent issue of this journal has at length received a check which it may be hoped will operate as a warning to other members of the villainous sisterhood. A German dame was examined in the Mayor's office on July 13th, on the charge of using her license as the keeper of an intelligence office for conducting an immoral business. A girl who claimed to have knowledge of the woman's doings and to have resisted that female's entreaties to enter a house of ill-fame, made an affidavit which formed the basis of the charge. In this document the names of three men are mentioned to whom the woman sent applicants for positions as domestics, and by whom they were persuaded to lead immoral lives. She also deposed that a Coney Island den was furnished with its inmates by this female dragon. The woman denied the charge, and produced six girls to support her statements. On their testimony, however, she was convicted, for they all swore that the places which she had found for them were houses of ill-fame. The Mayor ordered the woman's license to be revoked, and the testimony which had been taken in the case to be sent to the district attorney.

A Handsome Medal has been Presented by the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board to A. Van Dusen, who so bravely risked his life to ascertain the fate of the men imprisoned in one of the drifts by the flooding of the lower level of the Alta Mine in June last. The medal bears an inscription describing the deed of daring for which it was given, and concluding with the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15: 13). It is well that such instances of noble self-sacrifice should be honored, but it is remarkable that men who are quick to recognize and honor them often hear without emotion of the death Christ died to save them, and so far as they are concerned allow His sacrifice to have been made in vain (Isa. 53: 3, 4).

Worthless Booty was Carried off by Burglars in New York last week. Four boys broke into the business place of a dealer in paper and paper rags, in Ann Street, on July 12th. They effected an entrance through a window and began business by breaking open the proprietor's desk. There they found two pocketbooks in which were collections of old State bank bills, which the paper dealer had during his many years' experience in the business fished out of different lots of old paper rags. Supposing the bills to be good currency, the young thieves helped themselves liberally. They must have been much mortified when they discovered the worthlessness of their prize which, when they found it, doubtless seemed to them very valuable. The same discovery awaits many men who have risked their souls for gain. Only, unhappily for them, the discovery of the real value of their prize is not realized until it is too late (Matt. 16: 26).

Fogs of Unusual Density, and Gigantic Icebergs are reported by the Transatlantic steamers which arrived last week. The captain of the Arizona, of the Guion line, says that during several days an extremely dense fog settled down on the ocean. The engines of the Arizona had to be slowed up in order to decrease the danger of collision with an iceberg or with some other vessel. The ship Spicer, from Liverpool, had seventeen days of very heavy fogs. A large number of icebergs, many of which were 100 feet high, were passed. The position of a captain sailing under such circumstances is a very anxious one. There are times in the Christian's voyage of life when he is similarly situated, unable to see his way and conscious of the proximity of danger. At such times he becomes tranquil when he realizes that his Heavenly Father is guiding him and will keep him from evil. The anxious worldling can have no conception of that peace or he would leave all else to seek it for himself (Psa. 107: 28-30).

The Discovery of an English Earl in a Carpenter's shop at Connellsville, Pa., is reported by the Philadelphia Times. Two years ago a tramp arrived at Connellsville and applied for assistance to the Rev. W. F. Stoner, rector of the Episcopal church. Representing himself as an Englishman in utter destitution, the rector aided him, not only supplying his needs, but in procuring employment as a coal heaver in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Subsequently he was promoted to grease wiper in the round-house, and thence to work in the carpenter shop. By his good behavior he won upon the esteem of the community. He kept up a correspondence with his wife in England, who has just informed him by letter that by the death of an uncle he succeeds to the title of Earl of Ellesmere, with an income of \$250,000 a year. When he received notice of his accession to title and fortune he told the story of his life. He said he was born in Liverpool, England, in 1837, and was educated at Eton. Then reverses came; being unwilling to do manual labor in his own country he emigrated to America, landing in New York. After repeated misfortunes there he went to Philadelphia, where he was robbed of what remained of his effects. After an unsuccessful effort to recover his stolen property, in which all his resources were dissipated, he became a tramp, and finally reached Connellsville, where he happily obtained the assistance of the rector. His unexpected good fortune caused no little sen-

sation in the shop where he worked, his comrades having no idea that they were working with the heir to an earldom. The time is coming when there will be surprises far greater than that; when the poor in this world, rich in faith, are revealed in glory as the sons of God (Matt. 19: 30).

A Crushed and Burned Saloon in Arkansas has involved the death of more than thirty persons. A telegram from Little Rock states that on July 12th a heavy wind and rain storm, accompanied by lightning, visited the adjacent town of Texarkana. During the storm a large three-story brick edifice, almost completed, was struck by lightning and fell in a mass on the top of a frame building known as the Paragon Saloon, burying everything beneath the ruins. The lamp in the saloon set fire to the ruins underneath, burning slowly upward. At midnight the fire was still burning inside the ruins. Thirty corpses, charred and almost unrecognizable, were taken out of the burned building, and it is feared that fifteen persons who are missing were also there when the disaster occurred and have perished. The sufferings of the victims, who were not crushed but slowly burned to death, must have been terrible. A catastrophe of that kind might happen to other structures where people meet in large numbers; but in cases like this of a saloon, or in the destruction of theatres, there is the additional cause for sorrow that death comes upon men engaged in an occupation with which the solemnity of sudden death is in ill accord. Christians ought never to enter such places for a moment (Luke 21: 34).

The Snake's Power of Charming its Prey was witnessed in exercise by a gentleman strolling through a plantation near Petersburg, Va. a few days ago. He was walking leisurely along the path when his attention was directed to the movements of a brown thrush which was circling about a small plum bush. This circling was kept up for a while, and then the thrush seemed gradually to weaken and at length stood perfectly still—immovable, with its wings partly open, and with its head bent forward. He drew nearer to the bush, when he heard an ominous hiss, and, looking down under the plum, he saw a large black snake coiled up and about to spring upon the bird. He frightened the snake away, and picked up the bird, which made no effort to escape, and seemed powerless. In a few minutes, however, the bird revived and shortly afterward flew off. It was a remarkable case of infatuation that attracted the bird toward its deadly enemy when it might have easily risen beyond its reach, and the gentleman who rescued it from its charmer did a kindly act. Sunday-school teachers and other Christian workers are engaged in a similar occupation. The charm they seek to break is more potent than the snake's, and the prey they would rescue more precious than anything on earth (Prov. 7: 23).

Locked up in a Burning Room was the Fate of two children in New York recently. A woman named Ellis, living in Twenty-seventh Street, having to go out to work, left her two children, one aged three years and the other six months, in the rooms. The babe was lying asleep in his crib and the other child was playing about the floor, and Mrs. Ellis locked them in. She had been gone but a short time when the other tenants were alarmed by smoke filling the house, and they discovered that the apartments occupied by the Ellis family were all ablaze. The cries of the children could be heard within the burning rooms. An alarm was given, and the engine company was summoned. They burst into the apartments and with great difficulty rescued the imperilled children. The infant was severely burned about the lower limbs, and the older child was almost suffocated, but revived quickly after being brought out into the open air. The woman's poverty doubtless led to her locking up the children, she having no means to pay for their being cared for, but it is an expedient she is scarcely likely to adopt again. To have her children shut in with the fire, with no way of escape, was a condition which must have made the mother's heart bleed. As we realize that terrible scene we cannot forget that it is by such a picture that the Bible indicates what will be the punishment of the impenitent (Rev. 21: 8).

THE FIRST RECORDED WORDS OF JESUS.

A New Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when they saw Him, they were amazed: and His mother said unto Him, Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold, Thy Father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. And He said unto them, How is that it ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—Luke ii. 48, 49.

A Solitary Utterance of Childhood—Reported by Mary—Where Hard Sayings should be Treasured—I. The Holy Child's Perception—Of His High Relationship—Of the Constraints of the Relationship—Of the Forgetfulness of Mary and Joseph—Of His Personal Work—II. The Holy Child's Home—His Father's Dwelling-Place—Where His Father's Work Went On—Where His Father's Name was Taught—III. The Holy Child's Occupation—Learning and Enquiring—Engrossed in It—IV. Special Lesson to Seekers—Where to Look for Jesus—Where is the Father's House—What is the Father's Business?

THESE words are very interesting because they are the first recorded utterances of our divine Lord. No doubt He said much that was very admirable while yet a child, but the Holy Ghost has not seen fit to record anything except these two questions, as if to teach us that childhood should be retiring and modest—a stage of preparation rather than of observation. We hear little of a holy child, for modesty is a precious part of its character. We ought therefore to give all the more earnest heed to these words, because they stand at the very forefront of our Lord's teaching, and are in some respects the announcement of His whole life. Spoken as they were at twelve years of age, we may regard them as the last words of His childhood and the first words of His youth.

I suppose that these words must have come into Luke's Gospel

THROUGH MARY HERSELF.

How otherwise could the evangelist have known that "they understood not the saying which He spake unto them," or that Mary "kept all these sayings in her heart?" Mary evidently here narrates the words of the holy child, words which she had pondered again and again. She treasured up for us the gems which dropped from Jesus's lips. She tells us that this saying, simple though it seems to be, was not fully understood either by herself or by His reputed father, Joseph; and yet, mark you, we are told expressly that Mary "kept all these sayings in her heart." When you cannot put a truth into your understandings, yet lay it up in your affections.

Do you wonder that there should be much in Scripture which you cannot comprehend, when even the first word of Christ when He is yet a boy is not understood? nay, not understood by those who had nursed Him, who had lived with Him the whole twelve years, and consequently knew His mode of speech and the peculiarities of His youthful language. If even Mary and Joseph did not understand, who am I, that I should forever be saying, "I must understand this or I will not receive it?" Nay, if we understand it not, yet will we keep all these sayings in our hearts; for we have this advantage, that the Holy Spirit is now given, by whose teaching we understand things which were hidden from the wisest saints of old.

A LITTLE BIBLE.

We might call these questions of Jesus the prophecy of His character, and the programme of His life. In this our text He set before His mother all that He came into the world to do; revealing His high and lofty nature, and disclosing His glorious errand. This verse is one of those which Luther would call *His little Bibles*, with the whole Gospel compressed into it. What if I compare it to the attar of roses, whereof a single drop might suffice to perfume nations and ages. It would not be possible to overrate these "beautiful words! wonderful words! wonderful words of life!"

I shall handle the text thus: First, here is *the holy child's perception*; secondly, *the holy child's home*; thirdly, *the holy child's occupation*; and fourthly, *the holy child's lesson to any of us who may be seeking Him*.

I. Here we see

THE HOLY CHILD'S PERCEPTION.

Notice, first, that He evidently perceived most clearly *His high relationship*. Mary said, "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." The child Jesus had been wont to call Joseph His father, no doubt, and Joseph was His father in the common belief of those round about Him. We read in reference to our Lord, even at thirty years of age, these words: "Being as was supposed the son of Joseph." The holy child does not deny it, but He looks over the head of Joseph, and He brings before His mother's mind another Father. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

He does not explain this saying, but it is evident enough that He remembered then the wonderful relationship which existed between His humanity and the great God; for He was not conceived after the ordinary manner, but He had come into the world in such a fashion that it was said to Mary, "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." In a still higher sense and as a divine being He claimed filial relationship with the Most High; but here no doubt He speaks as a man, and as a man He calls God "My Father," after a higher fashion than we can do, because of *His mysterious birth*.

Brethren, this holy child's perception should be an instruction to us. Do you and I often enough and clearly enough perceive that God is our Father too? Do we not often act upon the hypothesis that we are not related to Him, or that we are orphans, and that our Father in heaven is dead? Do you not catch yourselves sometimes departing from under the influence of the spirit of adoption and getting into the spirit of independence, and so of waywardness and sin? This will never do. Let us learn from this blessed one that as He early perceived His high and eminent relationship to the Father, so ought we to do, even though we may be nothing more than children in grace.

This holy child next perceived *the constraints of this relationship*. He says, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Write that

"MUST"

in capital letters. It is the first appearing of an imperious "must" which swayed the Saviour all along. We find it written of Him that "He must needs go through Samaria," and He Himself said, "I must preach the kingdom of God;" and again to Zaccheus, "I must abide in thy house," and again, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me." "The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders." "The Son of man must be lifted up." "It behoved Christ to suffer." As a son He must learn obedience by the things which He suffered. This First-born among many brethren must feel all the drawings of His sonship—the sacred instincts of the holy nature, therefore He must be about His Father's business.

Now I put this to you again, for I want to be practical all along: Do you and I feel *this divine "must"* as we ought? Is necessity laid upon us, yea, woe laid upon us unless we serve our divine Father? Do we ever feel a hungering and a thirsting after Him, so that we must draw nigh to Him, and must come to His house, and approach His feet, and must speak with Him, and must hear His voice, and must behold Him face to face? We are not truly subdued to the son-spirit unless it be so; but when our sonship shall have become our master idea, then shall this divine necessity be felt by us also, impelling us to seek our Father's face. As the sparks fly upward to the central fire, so must we draw nigh unto God, our Father and our all.

This holy child also perceived *the forgetfulness of Mary and Joseph, and He wondered*. He sees that His mother and Joseph do not perceive His lofty birth and the necessities arising out of it, and He wonders. "How is it," says He, in a childlike way, "How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" He is astonished that they do not recognize His sonship, that they do not perceive that God is His Father. Does not Mary remember the angel's word at the Annunciation? Of course she did;

but she was a woman, and as a woman she had nursed this child, and she had brought Him up, and therefore she began to forget the mystery which surrounded Him, in the sweet familiarities with which she had been indulged, and so she has to be reminded of it by her child's wonder that she should have forgotten that He was the Son of the Highest.

The spiritual man is not understood, he is a wonder unto many. Marvel not, my brethren, if carnal men do not understand you. Yea, even your own brethren in Christ—those who do love your Father—have sometimes been astonished at you when you have only been acting simply out of your own renewed heart. *Many Christians get so stilted* that they are not like children at home; they act more like strangers or hired servants in the Father's house, who have bread enough and to spare, but yet never can talk as the children do. Few let their hearts flow out with that holy fearlessness, that sweet familiarity which becomes a child of God. Why, if you and I went about the world under the full possession of this idea, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," I have no doubt we should act in such a way that the mass even of professors would be amazed at us, and we should be still more amazed at their amazement and astonished at their astonishment.

The child Jesus began also to perceive that *He Himself personally had a work to do*, and so He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" He had been twelve years silent, but now

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

began to fall upon Him! and He felt a little of the burden of His life-work. He perceives that He has not come here merely to work in a carpenter's shop, or to be a peasant child at Nazareth. He has come here to vindicate the honor of God, to redeem His people, to save them from their sins, and to lead an army of blood-washed ones up to the throne of the great Father above, and, therefore, He declares that He has a higher occupation than Mary and Joseph can understand. Yet he must go back to the home at Nazareth, and for eighteen years he must do His Father's business by, as far as we read, doing nothing in the way of public ministry. He must do His Father's business by hearing the Father, in secret, so that when He comes out He may say to His disciples, "All things which I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you."

Beloved, I come back to the practical point again. Have you with your sonship obtained a vivid perception of your call and your work? You have not redemption set before you to accomplish, but you have to make known that redemption far and wide. As God has given to Christ power over all flesh that He may give eternal life to as many as the Father has given Him, so has Jesus given you power over such and such flesh, and there are some in this world who never will receive eternal life except through you. It is time that you and I, who perhaps have reached thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty years, should now bestir ourselves and say, "Wist ye not that I must be up and doing in my Father's business?"

II. We shall now think of

THE HOLY CHILD'S HOME.

Here I am obliged to amend our version, and I am certain that the correction is itself correct. I am all the more strengthened in this opinion because the Revised Version indorses the emendation. This is how they read it: "Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's house?" That may not be verbally exact, but it is the true sense. It should run thus: "Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's?" There is no word for "house." But in almost all languages "house" is understood. You know how we commonly say to one another, "I am going down to my father's," or "I shall spend the evening at my brother's." Everybody knows that we mean "house," and that is just how the Greek here runs. "Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's." It means "house."

That is plainly a complete answer, and therein strikes you as more natural than a reference to business. If Jesus had only said, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" it

would not have been any guide to them as to where He would be, because all His life long He was about His Father's business, but He was not always in the temple. He was about His Father's business when He sat by the well and talked to the woman of Samaria; and about His Father's business when He trod the waves of the sea of Galilee. He might be anywhere and yet be about His Father's business; but the natural answer to the question was, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's house?" Let us read the passage thus, and see the child's home.

Where should Jesus be but in *His Father's dwelling-place*? He looked upon the Temple as being for the time the residence of God, where He manifested Himself in an unusual degree, and so this holy child looked upon those walls and courts with delight as His Father's house. It seemed most natural to Him that when He reached the place He should stay there. *He had never really been at home before*. Nazareth was the place where He was brought up, but Jerusalem's Temple was on earth His true home. I picture to my mind how that blessed child loved the place *where His Father was worshipped*. When the solemn prayers were uttered, and He heard them, there were none so devout as He as He heard the people worshipping His Father in heaven. It is touching to think of Him

IN HIS FATHER'S PALACE.

It was His Father's house in a special sense because in the temple did everything speak of God's glory, and everything there was meant for God's worship. It was His Father's house, too, in the sense that *there His Father's work went on*. If it had not been for the sin which had turned aside the Rabbis and the priests from the faithful following of God, the Temple was the place out of which God's power went forth. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." There, too, His Father's truth was proclaimed, and His ordinances were celebrated. The Temple was the centre of the great Husbandman's farm; it was the homestead from which all the workers went forth to till the fields of Christ's own Father.

It was there especially to Him that *His Father's name was taught*. He speedily made His way away from the place of sacrifice to that of teaching: "sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire;" but away He went to the doctors. This thoughtful, spiritual child wanted to know about everything sacred, and so he took His place among the learners, and the teachers were astonished when this new "child of the law" put to them questions which showed that He must have thought vastly more than any other person in the temple. When these inquiries were answered they were but the predecessors of a whole army of other questions, for He wanted to know more.

Should not this compulsion, blessed and sweet and irresistible, continually be upon us? I must be where God is. If I am not with His people because I am detained by sickness, yet I must be in My Father's house. There are many mansions in that great house on earth as well as in heaven, and we can be with God in the streets, and in His house when working in the field. But we must be in our Father's house; we cannot bear to be away from God. Loss of communion is loss of peace, loss of delight. Oh, crave fellowship with God; be covetous of it; love everything that keeps you to it, hate everything that leads you from it.

III. Consider, thirdly,

THE HOLY CHILD'S OCCUPATION.

Although I demur to its being the correct reading, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—yet we know that this holy child would not be in His Father's house as an idler. He would be sure to be in the Father's house in the sense of being one of the workers in it. Our Father's house is a *business house*, and therefore we must be in our Father's business when we are at our Father's. That is the word. Though the translation which mentions business may be a questionable one, yet it is abundantly lawful to say that this holy child's occupation was to be about His Father's matters. What, then, did He do?

First, *He spent His time in learning and inquiring.* "How I pant to be doing good," says some young man. You are right, but you must not be impatient. Go you among the teachers, and learn a bit. You cannot teach yet, for you do not know; go and learn before you think of teaching. Hot spirits think that they are not serving God when they are learning; but in this they err. Beloved, Mary at Jesus' feet was commended rather than Martha, cumbered with much service.

"But," says one, "we ought not to be always hearing sermons." No, I do not know that any of you are. "We ought to get to work at once," cries another. Certainly you ought, after you have first learned what the work is; but if everybody that is converted begins to teach we shall soon have a *mess of heresies*, and many raw and undigested dogmas taught which will rather do damage than good. Run, messenger, run! The King's business requireth haste. Nay, rather stop a little. Have you any tidings to tell? First learn your message, and then run as fast as you please. There must be time for learning the message. If our blessed Lord waited thirty years, He is an example to eager persons who can scarce wait thirty minutes. See how fast light things will travel! *How eager are those to speak who know nothing!* How swift to speak what they do not know, and to testify what they have never seen. This cometh not of wisdom, but is

THE UNTIMELY FRUIT OF FOLLY.

I have heard it said that Dissenters do not go to their chapels for worship, but for hearing sermons. It is not true; but if it were, I beg to say that hearing sermons may be one of the divinest forms of worship out of heaven; for in hearing the Gospel as it should be heard every sacred passion is brought into play, and every power of our renewed manhood is made to bow before the Majesty on high. Faith by embracing the promise, love by rejoicing in it, hope by expecting its fulfilment—all worship when the theme is some gracious word of the Most High.

This holy child is about His Father's business, for *He is engrossed in it.* His whole heart is in the hearing and asking questions. There is a force, to my mind, in the Greek, which is lost in the translation, which drags in the word *'about.'* There is nothing parallel to it in the Greek, which is, "Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's?" The way to worship God is to get heartily into it. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are Thy ways." Our Lord, when He went into the temple, became engrossed with its worship and teaching, and that was His answer to Mary. He did as good as say, "Wist ye not that I was absorbed in My Father's? I did not know you were gone; I forgot all about you. Wist ye not that My soul was in My Father's? I was so taken up with what I was learning from the doctors and what I was seeing in the temple that I could not but remain. Did you not know that? Did you not also become absorbed?" He seemed to think they might have been as interested as He; and they would have been if they had borne the same relation to God as He did.

Besides, the holy child declares that He was *under a necessity* to be in it. "Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's?" He could not help Himself. Christ could never be a half-hearted pupil or a lukewarm worshipper. It was not possible for Him to be that. He must get absorbed in it; drawn right into the blessed whirlpool; He must be lost in it, and give His whole thought and attention to it; and He tells His mother so. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Other things did not interest the holy child, but this thing absorbed Him.

You know the story of Alexander, that when the Persian ambassadors came to his father's court, little Alexander asked them many questions, but they were not at all such as boys generally think of. He did not ask them to describe to him the throne of ivory, nor the hanging gardens of Babylon, nor anything as to the gorgeous apparel of the king; but he asked what weapons the Persians used in battle, in what form they marched, and how far it was to their country; for the boy Alexander felt the man Alexander within him, and he had presenti-

ments that he was the man who would conquer Persia and show them another way of fighting that would make them turn their backs before him. It is a singular parallel to the case of the child Jesus, who is taken up with nothing but what is His Father's; because it was for Him to do His Father's work, and to live for His Father's glory, and to execute His Father's purpose even to the last.

IV. Let us, lastly, learn this holy child's SPECIAL LESSON

to those of us who are seekers. Do I address any children of God who have lost sight of Christ? It does happen at times that we miss the Holy Child, and it happens oftenest when we are happy in company, and so are taken off from Him. Mary and Joseph were, no doubt, delighted with the festival, and so they forgot Jesus. You and I, when in God's house, may forget the Lord of the house. Did you never lose Him at His own table? Did you never lose Him while engaged in His work? Have you never missed Him even while you were busy with holy things? When you do, perhaps you will say to Him, "Lord, I have sought Thee long; I have been among Thy kinsfolk." His answer is, "Wherefore have you sought Me? He is not lost to those who long for Him."

Mark, dearly beloved ones, if you and I want to find our Lord

WE KNOW WHERE HE IS.

Do we not? He is at His Father's. Let us go unto His Father's; let us go to our Father and His Father, and let us speak with God and ask Him where Jesus is if we have lost His company. We may be sure that He is in His Father's work. We are sure of that. Let us go to work for Him again. Do not let us say, "I feel so dull I cannot pray." Now is the time in which we must pray. "But I do not feel as if I could praise Him." Now is the time when you must praise Him, and the praise will come while you are praising.

At times we have no heart for holy exercises, and the devil says, "Do not go." My dear friend, be sure to go up to the assembly now; go to get the heart for going. Does Satan say with regard to private prayer, "You have not the spirit of prayer; you must not pray?" Tell the devil you are going to pray for the spirit of prayer; and that you will plead till you get it. It is a sign of sickness when you cannot pray, and surely then you should go to the doctor. If there is ever a time when a man should pray more than usual, it is when he feels dead and cold in the holy engagement; go and seek Jesus at the Father's, and seek Him in the Father's work, and those of you who have lost communion with Him will find it again.

One more word, and that is to sinners who are seeking Christ. I would not say a word to discourage any who are seeking Jesus, but I should like to get them far beyond the stage of seeking. Perhaps the Holy Spirit will help them to do so if I read Christ's word to them. "How is it that ye sought Me?" Dear, dear! That is indeed a turning of things upside down. Our Lord Jesus has come into the world to seek and to save the lost, and is it not an odd thing when those who are lost get seeking Him? That is a reversal of all order. "How is it," says He, "that ye sought Me?" Now, if I this morning am a poor, lost sinner, and can honestly say I am seeking Christ, there must be some blunder somewhere! How can this be? How shall I make head or tail of it? Here is a sheep seeking the shepherd. A lost piece of silver seeking its owner. How can this be?

It will all come right if you will just think of this, first, that Jesus Christ is not far away. He is in the Father's house.

"WHERE IS THE FATHER'S HOUSE?"

Why, all around us! The great Father's house covers the whole world, and all the stars; He lives everywhere. He dwelleth not in temples made with hands, like this Tabernacle, or yon cathedral; the Lord God is outside in the fields, and in the streets; wherever you seek Him. What are you looking for, man? Are you seeking for some spirit of the night, or spectre of darkness? An old man of my acquaintance in great distress was looking for his spectacles. Dear good man, he could not have seen if he had not had them on, and he was

looking through his spectacles and by their aid to find them. So many a soul is looking after Christ by the grace which they have received in Him. Jesus is near. Believe in Him.

Recollect also another thing, that Christ must be about His Father's business. And

WHAT IS HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS?

Why, to save sinners. This is his great Father's delight. He is glad to bring His prodigals home. Are you seeking Jesus as if He would not be found, as if it were hard to make Him hear, and difficult to win His help? Why, He is busy in saving sinners. Jesus sits on Zion's hill; He receives poor sinners still. Be encouraged, and do not go about among your kinsfolk seeking Him, nor with bitter tears and cries of despair look for Him as if He were hiding away from you. He is not far from any one of us. He stands before you, and He bids you trust Him. Look to Him and be saved. Do you look? You are saved. Go on your way rejoicing. God bless you. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

DANGER OF PAN-ISLAMISM.

By Sir Richard Temple, Bart. G.C.S.I., D.C.L., lately Governor of Bombay, India.

THERE has been for some years past, and there still is, a stir among the Mahomedan nations of the world. It is called "Pan-Islamism" by Europeans; the word "Islam" meaning the Mahomedan religion. As is well known, the Slavs of Europe, or their political leaders, have recently been writing and speaking of "*Pan-Slavism.*" This implies a *general union among the Slavs living in Russia, in Austria, in European Turkey.* In the same way "*Pan-Islamism*" implies a *general union among Mahomedans dwelling in the various countries of Asia and in some parts of Africa.* This Pan-Islamism, then, is a real movement, though perhaps it has not gone very far as yet. *But no man can say to what lengths it may go.* At all events it deserves the watchful attention of Christians.

England is now the greatest Mahomedan Power in the world. Englishmen may perhaps be surprised to hear that, but it is the case. While England has been busy with her fields and her factories, her trade, her ships, and her colonies, her sons have, within the last generation, raised up for her a dominion among the Asiatic Mahomedans. In the presence of that Anglo-Mahomedan dominion, the Sultan of Constantinople, the Shah of Persia, the Grand Scherif of Mecca, and the Viceroy of Egypt must droop their flags. There are in India and Ceylon *fifty millions of Mahomedans subjects or feudatories of the British Queen.* In Afghanistan, Beluchistan, and other places there are *ten millions more* under the political control of England. On the whole, then, the Anglo-Mahomedan dominion includes about sixty millions of souls. As compared with that, the other Mahomedan Powers of Asia have altogether only thirty-two millions. In Egypt and the rest of Africa there may be millions of Mahomedans.

But it may be said that the mere numbers of the population prove little. What is the power and wealth of the Anglo-Mahomedans as compared with that of the other Mahomedans? Well, as regards power, it is impossible to distinguish the Anglo-Mahomedan power from that of England herself. To describe the effective might of such a power, as compared with other nations, might savor of national vanity. We need not, therefore, dwell upon that. But as regards wealth we may remark that the agriculture of the Mahomedan peasantry of India, the navigation in the hands of her Mahomedan sailors and boatmen, the trade conducted by her Mahomedan traders, greatly



Lieutenant Geo. W. De Long.



Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp.



Engineer Geo. W. Melville.

exceed anything that can be shown by any other Mahommedan nation, indeed, by all other nations together.

Moreover, the Anglo-Mahommedan population is increasing fast, whereas in Turkey and Persia it is understood to be decreasing.

In all the counsels of political Mahommedanism, then, the British Sovereign is entitled to a place in the very first rank, as representing the largest and richest Mahommedan population in the world.

In India the mass of the Mahommedans are peaceful, industrious, and loyal. It is well that Englishmen should realize this great fact. But it is also necessary for them to remember that among these generally sober-minded Mahommedans there are many persons of a different stamp. These are bigoted, and even desperate; and nothing that we can offer will pacify them. Therefore *Mahommedan troubles* have from time to time arisen in India. The assassination of Chief Justice Norman, at Calcutta, and of Lord Mayo, at Port Blair in 1872-73, are instances fresh in the public memory. Bad as these events were, *even worse things might possibly happen if England were to fall asleep.*

It may then be asked, "Why are the Mahommedans bestirring themselves in these days, and what is it that they are thinking about?"

Well, outside India, they feel that they are politically decaying. They can no longer help seeing the strides which the Christian nations are making in wealth, power, and civilization. Thus they dread the advance of Christendom. The leaders among them look back wistfully to the great days when the Mahommedan Crescent drove back or bore down the Cross in many of the fairest and holiest regions of the earth. When the Cross rallied under the Christian warriors, such as Charles Martel, of France, and John Sobieski, of Poland, and stopped the Crescent in its career, Mahommedans comforted themselves with the thought that South-eastern Europe, Northern Africa, and a goodly part of Asia still remained to Islam. They perceive, however, that within the last hundred years the Christian power has been making inroads upon Mahommedanism in all directions. Now, however, they are becoming aroused by the idea that Christian influence and authority are drawing so near as to threaten the very existence of Islam itself. The alarm is gradually growing in their minds. This alarm refers in the first place to their political power, but in the second place to their religion also.

Meanwhile they are becoming very uneasy under the prospect, and are thinking that some plunging struggle must be tried. Instead of looking their misfortunes quietly in the face, and devising really workable remedies, they seem to believe that the first thing needful is to restore the energies of their religion. The Wahabi revival in Arabia, of which the public has heard much, was an attempt of

this nature. It is likely that similar movements may arise in various quarters; indeed, they are springing up already.

There might then be a rising in Egypt or some other part of the Mahommedan world, outside the Anglo-Mahommedan dominion above described. Such a combined movement would manifestly affect British interests. It would of itself be serious indeed; still England is quite mighty enough to withstand or overcome it, if only she were left to herself. But would she be let alone? Obviously not. Other Christian Powers would be naturally jealous of her acting singly. They would lift up their voices and put in their claims. Thus political complications would arise. In the midst of such complications any rash proceedings on the part of one or other of the Christian Powers might bring on a deadly quarrel in Christendom itself about the affairs of the Mahommedan world. That would indeed be an unseemly spectacle to be exhibited by Christianity in the presence of the heathen.

LIEUTENANT DE LONG.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DE LONG, the commander of the *Jeannette*, was born in New York in 1844. He was an only child, and his parents dying in his early childhood, he was left quite alone in the world and was reared by strangers. His intelligence, self-reliance, and unwearied industry won him many friends, among whom was Congressman Benjamin Wood, who procured for him an appointment in the Naval Academy. His success from that time was rapid. He graduated in 1865, and was promoted to ensign December 1st, 1866; master, March 12th, 1868, and lieutenant, March 26th, 1869.

"He was connected with the *Polaris* search expedition in 1873," says the writer of his obituary published in the *New York Herald*, "as navigator of the United States steamer *Juniata*, commanded by Captain D. L. Braine. Lieutenant De Long on that cruise accomplished a most perilous undertaking. At Upernavik, Greenland, he superintended the fitting out of the steam launch *Little Juniata*, a boat about thirty-five feet long, and with a picked crew clad in seal-skins, and with provisions and coal, started further north in search of the missing vessel *Polaris* and Captain Buddington's party. He attempted to cross Melville Bay as far as Cape York by hugging the coast, but finding himself obstructed by ice he was obliged to put back several times. He finally struck a 'true lead' (a channel way through the ice) and laid his course for Cape York.

"The fifth day out from the vessel a terrific gale sprang up while the boat was under sail, which had been resorted to the day previous to save fuel. For thirty hours they battled with this Arctic gale, more terrible than anything in the lower latitudes, and were threatened with destruction by the hun-

dreds of toppling and crashing icebergs around them. When the gale subsided they found themselves in sight of Cape York, which was only eight miles distant. De Long desired to push on in further search, but as it was impossible to get over the ice to the land, and having imperative orders from Captain Braine to return when the fuel was half consumed, there was no alternative, and he reluctantly returned.

"De Long had been an enthusiast on the subject of Arctic exploration since his return from the cruise in the *Juniata*. He made a study of the literature of the subject after that expedition was over, and the interest in the problem of the frozen North which that experience fostered never faltered in the mind of the young naval officer. He had the faculty of inspiring others with something of the same interest in Arctic exploration which he felt, and no one was more earnest and persevering in preparing for the *Jeannette* expedition than he who was to command the unfortunate vessel.

"Lieutenant De Long leaves a widow and one child, his daughter *Silvie*, for whom a mountain in the Arctic regions was named. Mrs. De Long is the daughter of Captain James A. Wotton, of New York. He commanded the steamer *Fulton*, one of the American line of passenger vessels plying between this port and Havre, until 1868, when Captain Wotton retired from the service and removed to Havre, France, to become the agent of the company in Europe. His house was always open to Americans visiting Havre, and many of his countrymen, especially naval officers, were in the habit of enjoying his hospitality. It was in this way that Captain De Long became acquainted with one of Captain Wotton's two daughters. The friendship ripened into love, and in 1870, while on leave of absence in this country, the young naval officer returned to Havre for the purpose of making the elder Miss Wotton his wife.

"Captain De Long had a sincere affection for his wife and child, and since his marriage, in 1870, had managed, whenever it was possible in the exigencies of a naval officer's life, to have them with him wherever he was stationed. He was so fortunate as to have them with him the greater part of the time, and when, in 1879, he brought the *Jeannette* from Havre to San Francisco to prepare for her cruise in the Arctic, Mrs. De Long accompanied him upon the voyage. He always expected to return in safety from the fatal expedition. He told his wife never to give him up, and his last letters to her are buoyant with hopes that were never realized.

"De Long was a man of fine appearance and of splendid physique. He was six feet in height, weight 170 or 180 pounds, and was of a vigorous constitution and athletic frame. One who knew him intimately says of him that he was a gentleman of charming manners and an interesting, bril-

liant conversationalist. He was an acute observer of men and things, and in his travels had acquired a fund of valuable information. He took great pride and pleasure in his profession and was a close student and an industrious reader. The notes found on his dead body and the testimony of his comrades prove him to have been a man of deep religious feeling, and of a faith that in his overwhelming troubles and in his terrible death never wavered."

Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, U. S. N., whose portrait we give, was the commander of the third boat, which it is feared foundered in the gale. No intelligence could be found of him by Melville, who searched the coast hoping to discover some relics of his boat. Lieutenant Chipp was second in command, and was born in Kingston, N. Y. He was the companion of De Long in his perilous journey in the *Little Juniata* in Melville Bay. During his career in the navy he fought in the Korean war, served long on the Asiatic station, and was in Santiago de Cuba during the Virginius excitement.

Past Assistant Engineer George W. Melville was born in New York City in January, 1841. He, like the first two officers, has had previous Arctic experience. He was engineer on the *Tigress* during her cruise after Buddington and his party from the *Polaris*. He served on the *Chattanooga* during the war, and had, when he left with the *Jeannette*, twelve years of sea service to his credit. He is now on his way back to this country, having conducted the search for his comrades to its final issue.



A Mysterious Document.

CAPTAIN MURRAY'S OFFENCE.

The mail at Emsley Lodge contained a number of letters on all kinds of subjects. Since Mr. Emsley's marriage the social kind of correspondence had largely increased. Edith Murray was a *society belle*, and when Edward Emsley married her, a large accession to his circle of acquaintance was made.

I was Mr. Emsley's private secretary and had been in his father's employ in a similar capacity before the old man died, and when Edward was a young man at college.

One morning about a year after Mr. Emsley's marriage an unusually heavy mail came in, and our consultation was continued longer than was customary. Mrs. Emsley had risen from the breakfast-table saying that she was going to the city, and Mr. Emsley asked her to come in before she started as he wanted her to discharge a commission for him. She returned in a short time and then Mr. Emsley opened a package and drew out a number of papers. He separated them and selected from among them *one oblong strip*. "Edith," he said, "I wish you would ask your brother Walter to come here as soon as he can, I find that some one has robbed me and I think he can help me to discover the guilty party."

Mrs. Emsley said, "I should not think very highly of Walter's genius as a detective, but I will certainly ask him to call."

"I do not want Walter to act as a detective at all," Mr. Emsley said, "but he may know who is likely to have performed this piece of rascality. This cheque has come from my bankers with others; and though the writing is so like mine that I could not swear it was not mine, yet I know I never wrote it, and I have been to the bank to inquire to whom it was paid. It appears that an officer in

Walter's regiment collected it, and I thought he might give me some clue to the man."

I noticed that Mrs. Emsley's face wore a look of deep concern at this explanation, and as I rose to go to my own room I detected a glance in her eyes that I was sure was one of apprehension. I knew something of Captain Walter Murray, and I had heard that he was fast becoming an *inveterate gambler*. It crossed my mind when I saw Mrs. Emsley's perturbation that she suspected her brother of the crime. The cheque was for six hundred and fifty dollars, and I was too well acquainted with my employer's business not to be perfectly sure, as he was, that the document was a forgery.

Mrs. Emsley returned later in the day with a message that her brother had promised to make inquiries and would call at Emsley Lodge. It turned out, however, that the message was only a *ruse* to gain time, for in less than a week afterward Captain Walter Murray was missing and it was reported that he had gone to Europe. Then a disclosure took place, and Mr. Emsley knew that it was his wife's brother who had robbed him.

About two weeks after Captain Murray absconded I was instructed by my employer to go quietly among the Captain's set and if possible get a thorough knowledge of his affairs. The task was not a pleasant one, but I did my best with it, and as people are always ready to talk against an *absent wrongdoer* I had no difficulty in soon learning all the Captain's faults and offences. It was easy to see that he had been a victim to the wiles of clever schemers who inveigled him into gambling houses and stripped him of his last dollar. Then, like all weak men, he had borrowed money to continue his play in the hope of winning back some of

his losses, which is always a vain hope. He had become involved so seriously that in a moment of reckless desperation he committed the forgery of his brother-in-law's name, and used money belonging to his regiment temporarily in his keeping. I learned all this easily and found that there was more sympathy for him among those who knew all the facts than I expected.

On making my report to Mr. Emsley I saw that the revelation was a relief to him, and he immediately gave me instructions to *make good the Captain's defalcations*, supplying me at the same time with funds for the purpose. Nor did his good work stop there. He was bent on the reclamation of the defaulter. He found out a clergyman who was about to start on a tour in Europe, and acquainting him with the whole story, he begged him to seek out the young man and use his influence in restoring him. The clergyman, guided by a clue I was able to furnish him, traced the young man to England, where, having neither money nor friends, he had *enlisted in the army*, in a regiment which had been despatched to Africa, where England was then engaged in war with the Zulus. The clergyman was not in time to see him before he sailed, but sent a letter to him by the next mail and also a letter to the chaplain of the regiment asking his interest in the young American.

No more was heard of Captain Murray for several months, but at length a letter came from Africa. I recollect well the morning of its arrival. Mr. Emsley opened it eagerly and then his face fell. *The young man was dead*. There was a letter from him written the day before he died, full of gratitude for his brother-in-law's kindness, news of which had followed him to Africa. The letter was dated from a hospital where he lay dying of a fever, and he said that the chaplain had promised to write particulars he was then too weak to give.

The chaplain's narrative we did not get until the clergyman returned from Europe who had undertaken the duty of tracing the young man. It was as joyful as it was pathetic. The young American had attracted the chaplain's notice on the voyage to the seat of war by the superiority of his manner and education over his English comrades, and he had won his confidence and learned his history. Remorse filled his heart, and the chaplain had, after many prayers and much pleading been enabled to lead him *a penitent to the Saviour*. Soon after the arrival in Africa the young man was seized with fever, and while he lay ill, news came of Mr. Emsley's kindness. Then his cup of happiness seemed to run over and he died rejoicing in the consciousness of forgiveness by God and man. His last prayer had been for his sister Edith, that she and her husband who had pitied him in his sin and disgrace might know the same joy that in his last hours filled his soul. That prayer was answered. It was not long before Mrs. Emsley, touched by her dying brother's solicitude on her behalf, was led to earnest inquiry, and first she, and then through her instrumentality her husband, accepted Christ as a Saviour. Thus the act of mercy and pity toward a fallen man led to a blessing of which eternity alone can show the fulness, but which this life has already given an earnest, in peace and joy never enjoyed in the gaieties and pleasures of their former life in the world.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 447.)

His Own Children.

THOUGH Phebe telegraphed at once to Canon Pascal, she did not stay in Engelberg till he and Felix could reach her, lest they should urge the burial of Felicity's corpse beside her husband's. She hastened down with her sad charge to Lucerne, and met them there. The tidings of Felicity's death spread rapidly in England. Its suddenness, and the circumstance of its occurring in the Alpine village where her husband had perished, gave it more than ordinary interest. It was naturally discussed in literary circles, and the fashionable clique to which the Riversfords belonged. There were the usual kindly notices of her life and works in the daily papers; and her publisher seized the occasion to advertise her books more largely.

But it was in Riversborough that the deepest impression was made, and the keenest curiosity aroused by the story of her death, obscure in some of its details, but full of romantic interest to her old townspeople, who were thus recalled to the circumstances attending Roland Sefton's disappearance, and subsequent death. The funeral, also, was to be in the immediate neighborhood, in the church where all the Riversfords had been buried time out of mind, long before a title had been conferred on the head of the house. It appeared quite right that Felicity should be buried among her own people; and every one who could get away from business went down to the little country churchyard to be present at the funeral.

But Phebe was not there; when she reached London she was so worn-out that she was compelled to remain at home, brooding over what she had come through. And Jean Merle had not trusted himself to look into the open grave, about to close over all that remained of the woman he had so passionately loved. The tolling of the minute-bell, which began early in the day, and struck its deep knell through the tardy hours till late in the evening, smote upon his ear and heart every time the solemn tone sounded through the quiet house. He was left alone in his old home, for Mr. Clifford was gone as one of the mourners to follow Felicity to the grave, and all the servants had asked to be present at the funeral. There was nothing to demand his attention, or to distract his thoughts. The home was as silent as if it had been the home of death, and he but a phantom in it.

Though he had been six months in the house, he had never yet been into Felicity's study; that quiet room shut out from the noise both of the street and the household, which he had set apart and prepared for her, when she was coming, stepping down a little from her own level, to be his wife. It was dismantled he knew; her books were gone, and all the costly decorative fittings he had chosen with so much joyous anxiety. But the panelled walls which he had worked at with his own hands were there, and the window, with its delicately-tinted lattice panes, through which the sun had shone in daintily upon her at her desk. He went slowly up the long staircase, pausing now and then lost in thought; and standing at last before the door, which he had never opened without asking permission to enter, he hesitated for many minutes before he went in.

In addition to all the other constant calls upon her, Phebe was plunged into the preparations needed for Felix's marriage, which was to take place before they left England. There was no reason to defer it for lack of means, as Felix had inherited his share of his mother's marriage settlement. But Phebe drew largely on her own resources to send out for them the complete furnishing of a house as full of comfort, and as far as possible as full of real beauty, as their Essex rectory had been. She almost stripped her studio of the sketches and the finished pictures which Felix and Hilda had admired, sighing sometimes and smiling sometimes, as they vanished from her sight into the packing-cases, for the times that were gone by, and for the pleasant surprises that would greet them in that far-off land, when their eyes fell upon the old favorites from home.

Felix and Hilda spent a few days at Riversborough with Mr. Clifford; but Phebe would not go with them, in spite of their earnest desire; and Jean Merle, their kinsman, was absent, only coming home the night before they bade their last farewell to their birthplace. He appeared to them a very silent and melancholy man, keeping himself quite in the background, and unwilling to talk much about his own country, or his relationship with their grandmother's family.

But they had not time to pay much attention to him; the engrossing interest of spending the last few hours amid these familiar places, so often and so fondly to be remembered in the coming years, made them less regardful of this stranger, who was watching them with undivided and despairing interest. No word or look escaped him, as he accompanied them from room to room, and about the garden walks, unable to keep himself away from this unspeakable torture. Mr. Clifford wept, as old men weep, when they bade him good-by; but Felix was astonished by the fixed and mournful expression of inward anguish in Jean Merle's eyes, as he held his hand in a grasp that would not let him go.

"I may never see you again," he said; "but I shall hear of you?"

"Yes," answered Felix; "we shall write frequently to Mr. Clifford, and you will answer our letters for him."

"God bless you!" said Jean Merle; "God grant that you may be a truer man, and a happier man, than your father was."

Felix started. This man, then, knew of his father's crime; probably knew more of it than he did. But there was no time to question him now; and what good would it do to hear more than he knew already? Hilda was standing near to him, waiting to say good-by, and Jean Merle, turning to her, took her into his arms, and *pressed her closely to his heart*. A sudden impulse prompted her to put her arm round his neck as she had done round old Mr. Clifford's, and to lift up her face for his kiss. He held her in his embrace for a few moments, and then, without another word spoken to them, he left them, and they saw him no more.

The marriage was celebrated a few days after this visit, and not long before the time fixed for the bishop and his large band of emigrants to sail. Under these circumstances the ceremony was a quiet one. The old rectory was in disorder, littered with packing cases, and upset from cellar to garret. Even when the wedding was over, both Phebe and Hilda were too busy for sentimental indulgence. The few remaining days were flying swiftly past them all, and keeping them in constant fear that there would not be time enough for all that had to be done.

But the last morning came, when Phebe found herself standing amid all those who were so dear to her on the landing-stage, with but a few minutes more before they parted from her for years, if not for ever. Bishop Pascal was already gone on board the steamer standing out in the river, where the greater number of emigrants had assembled. But Felix and Alice and Hilda lingered about Phebe till the last moment. Yet they said but little to one another; what could they say which would tell half the love, or half the sorrow they felt? Phebe's heart was full. How gladly would she have gone out with these dear children, even if she left behind her her little birth-place on the hills, if it had not been for Mr. Clifford and Jean Merle!

It was early in June, and the days were at the longest. Never before had Phebe found the daylight too long, but now it shone only upon dismantled and disordered rooms, which reminded her too sharply of the separation and departure they indicated.

What was she to do with herself? Quite close at hand was the day when she would be absolutely homeless; but in the absorbing interest with which she had thrown herself into the affairs of those who were gone, she had formed no plans for her own future. There was her profession, of course; that would give her employment and bring in a larger income than she needed with her simple

wants. But how was she to do without a home, she who most needed to fill a home with all the sweet charities of life?

She had never felt before what it was to be altogether without ties of kinship to any fellow-being. This incompleteness in her lot had been perfectly filled up by her relationship with the whole family of the Seftons. She had found in them all that was required for the full development and exercise of her natural affections. But *she had lost them*. Death and the chance changes of life had taken them from her; and there was not one human creature in the world on whom she possessed the claim of being of the same blood.

Phebe could not stay amid the crowds of London with such a thought oppressing her. This heart-sickness and loneliness made the busy streets utterly distasteful to her. To be here, with millions around her, all strangers, was intolerable. There was her own little homestead, surrounded by familiar scenes, where she would seek rest and quiet before laying any plans for herself. She put her affairs into the hands of a house-agent, and set out alone upon her yearly visit to her farm, which until now Felix and Hilda had always shared.

She stayed on her way to spend a night at Riversborough, her usual custom, that she might reach the unprepared house on the moor early in the day. But she would not prolong her stay; there was a fatigue and depression about her, which she said could only be dispelled by the sweet fresh air of her native moorlands.

"Felix and Hilda have been more to me than any words could tell," she said to Mr. Clifford and Jean Merle, "and now I have lost them I feel, as if more than half my life was gone. I must get away by myself into my old home, where I began my life, and readjust it as well as I can. I shall do it best there, with nothing to distract me. You need not fear my wishing to be too long alone."

"We ought to have let you go," answered Mr. Clifford; "Jean Merle said we ought to let you go with them. But how could we part with you, Phebe?"

"I should not have been happy," she said, sighing, "as long as you need me most; you two. And I owe all I am to Jean Merle himself."

The homely little cottage, with its thatched roof and small lattice windows, was more welcome to her than any other dwelling could have been. Now her world had suffered such a change it was pleasant to come here, where nothing had been altered since her childhood. Both within and without *the old home* was as unchanged as the beautiful outlines of the hills around, and the blue vault of the sky above. Here she might live over again the past, the whole past. She was a woman, with a woman's sad experience of life; but there was much of the girl, even of the child, left in Phebe Marlowe still; and no spot on earth could have brought back her youth to her as this inheritance of hers. There was an unspoiled simplicity about her, which neither time nor change could destroy; the childishness of one who had entered into the kingdom of heaven.

It was a year since she had been here last, with Hilda in her first grief for her mother's death; and everywhere she found traces of Jean Merle's handiwork. The half-shaped blocks of wood left unfinished for years in her father's workshop were completed. The hawk, hovering over its prey, which the dumb old wood-carver had begun as a symbol of the feeling of vengeance he could not give utterance to, when brooding over Roland Sefton's crime, had been brought to a marvellous perfection by Jean Merle's practised hand, and it had been placed by him under the crucifix which old Marlowe had fastened in the window-frame, where the last rays of daylight fell upon the bowed face hidden by the crown of thorns. The first night that Phebe sat alone on the old hearth, her eyes rested upon these until the daylight faded away and the darkness shut them out of her sight. Had Jean Merle known what he did when he laid this emblem of vengeance beneath the symbol of perfect love and sacrifice?

But after a few days, when she had visited every place of yearly pilgrimage knitting up the slackened threads of memory, Phebe began to realize *the ter-*

rible solitude of this isolated home of hers. To live again where no step passed by, and no voice spoke to her, where not even the smoke of a household hearth floated up into the sky, was intolerable to her genial nature, which was only satisfied in helpful and pleasant human intercourse. The utter silence became irksome to her, as it had been in her girlhood; but even then she had possessed the companionship of her dumb father. Now there was not merely silence, but utter loneliness.

The necessity of forming some definite plan for her future life became every day a more pressing obligation. Until now she had met with no difficulty in deciding what she ought to do; her path of duty had been clearly traced for her. But there was neither call of duty now, nor any strong inclination to lead her to choose one thing more than any other. All whom she loved had gone from London, and this small solitary home had grown all too narrow in its occupations to satisfy her nature. Mr. Clifford himself did not need her constant companionship as he would have done if Jean Merle had not been living with him. She was perfectly free to do what she pleased, and go where she pleased; but to no human being could such a freedom be more oppressive than to Phebe Marlowe.

(To be concluded.)

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

S.S. Lesson for July 30, Mark II : 1-11. Golden Text, Zech. 9 : 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Christian Worker's Duty—Where he Finds Bound Ones—The Effect of the Loosing—The Real Work of an Evangelist—The Lord's Need—Jesus Visible while the Colt was Hidden—A Great Triumph—Is Jesus Our King?—Where were the Multitude?

AFTER the healing of Bartimeus, "when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethpage, and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, He sendeth forth two of His disciples, and saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him." It was an unusual and might have seemed a questionable errand, but Jesus made provision for any difficulty which might arise. "If any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither." This is a lesson for every evangelist or Christian worker. Our first duty is to untie those who are bound, to loose them and bring them to Jesus. We find them, as these disciples found the colt, "in a place where two ways meet." The wrong way and the right way, the way of death and the way of life, the broad way and the narrow, meet before the feet of the unsaved. They are on the broad way, but the other way lies open, and runs out of this one.

The work of an evangelist is to get souls

THOROUGHLY LOOSED

from the place where they are, from their old life, associations, tastes, desires. It is not enough to bring them to faith in the atoning blood of Christ where they are, and leave them to carry on their own life of ease and comfort, with the addition of some measure of spiritual life, which may render a little Christian work easily done a new interest to them a new way of occupying their time. No, God wants a man to be revolutionized, to give himself completely up to God, to be another man than he was before, so that it could be said of him, he is become "a new creature, old things have passed away, behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5 : 17). If this is so, then the former votary of fashion is to be loosed from the world's fashion, and made a striking witness for God's fashion, *i.e.*, "modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety;" and against "brodered hair, or gold or pearls or costly array" (2 Tim. 2 : 9). The former pleasure lover, who spent all he had upon himself, is to be loosed from his self-indulgence, and to become God's chosen witness of the Christian vocation, *viz.*, to live not unto ourselves but unto Him which died for us and rose again. The money lover is to be loosed from his golden idol and ready, like Zaccheus to give away half his goods; nay more, like the early Christians, to abstain from

saying of aught that he possesses that it is his own. The man who made his position in society his idol, is to be loosed from it, and made willing to take the lowest place.

The real work of an evangelist is to capture men for Jesus, and in answer to all the stir and tumult of those who do not like the world to be turned upside down, to have but one answer, "The Lord hath need of him." It is time the Lord's claims were advocated; we have had enough of easy going religion, easy going work for God, spasmodic efforts just when it is the thing, of speaking in the aftermeetings when Mr. Moody was in London because Lady So-and-So did it, working in a church mission because such and such a distinguished person was there. But do we find these spasmodic workers sticking to it at all times, coming into hand to hand fights with the devil, when the slaves of drink, of lust, of morphia, or of all three, come and ask if there is salvation for such as they? Are such workers to be counted upon? Do they go with their life in their hands, regardless of comfort, honor, health, or aught else, wherever the Lord calls them?

You may say, "But what evangelist has power to cut souls loose from all these trammels? Not one in himself, but he also as 'a man sent from God' goes forth to do God's work in God's strength; let him once see that God calls men completely out from the world, to be not of the world as He is not of the world (John 17 : 14, 16), and there will be a boldness in his assertion of the Master's claims which will overpower the adversaries. He will not make his appeals on the ground of self-interest, but on the ground of God's right over His creatures. 'The Lord hath need of him.'"

Reader, whoever you are, the Lord hath need of thee, of thy spirit, soul, and body, time, influence, money, children, friends, thy all. Wilt thou surrender all to Him? Two ways meet before thee, first, the way of unreserved consecration to Christ in a path which is unpopular; the way of being misunderstood, despised, and singular as far as earth is concerned, but which is full of the blessed sunshine of God's presence, which brings "a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward man" (Acts 24 : 16), which makes you a blessing to many, and removes from you all fear; secondly, the way of self, whether in open sin, or as a believer in compromise with the world. This is the popular way; but in treading it, who knows you to be a Christian? You often doubt it yourself. What power have you to bless others? what peace have you in your own soul? Are you not paying too heavy a price for the worthless approbation of a condemned world, against whose godless follies you have been called to bear witness?

The two disciples did as they were told, and to every question made them, they returned the answer, "The Lord hath need of him." O how much stronger than any argument is this simple assertion of God's claim. "Why are you so peculiar? why need you be so different from other people?" is often asked. Here is the answer, "That the name of my God may be hallowed in me, that His kingdom may come and His will be done in me." "But you don't think there is any harm in amusements or such and such simple indulgences?" "The Lord has need of me for another purpose" is sufficient answer,

"I AM AT HIS DISPOSAL."

They brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and He sat upon him. The colt had never been broken in, but the presence of Jesus did it. He can better use those whom man has not broken into the false notions and the false standards of truth and life which are current. And as Jesus sat upon him, Jesus was raised by means of the colt above the heads of the people; He could be seen and heard by all, but the colt which thus raised Him was hidden out of sight. This is our place; hidden, lost, unperceived; but raising Jesus into prominence; instruments by which He may be seen and heard, not *we*. "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3 : 30) said His great forerunner, and this is our constant privilege as His disciples.

The Apostle Paul had no shame in naming himself "the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you Gentiles"

(Eph. 3 : 1). He wrote to the Philippian, "If I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith I joy and rejoice with you all" (Phil. 2 : 17). Let the church live, let Paul die, he was but material to be used up, as God willed, for the cause he served. Moses was ready to be blotted out of God's book, rather than that the cause of God's people should suffer (Ex. 32 : 32).

The example of the disciples was contagious. They had spread their garments upon the colt, the multitude spread theirs in the way. O how easy it is to be generous in a moment of enthusiasm, when one is surrounded by those of a like spirit! But that which God prizes is the continual keeping of ourselves upon His altar. There was

A GREAT TRIUMPH

that day; it would seem as though the multitude did at last recognize their Messiah, for cries of "Hosanna" (save now) rang through the air, and the shout of the people took up the prophecy of the hundred and eighteenth psalm, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." And then again, "Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest." This was the king, then the kingdom was at hand, then they would be saved now. But what kingdom and what salvation? Alas, alas, earth bounded their horizon, an earthly kingdom and an earthly deliverance from the Roman yoke were the utmost of their desires. It was a short-lived triumph, they knew not the way of the cross, nor did they know from how much they needed to be delivered.

Is Jesus our king? Then let us claim His kingly power. He reigns over all creation, all things are subject to His sway, because He is universal Sovereign, let us live in one continual Hosanna, one constant deliverance from sin, self, the world and sickness, that the exercise of His power may be known in the world which He has created. Instead of being conquered by difficulties and temptations, let our cry and our expectation be

"SAVE NOW."

Let every circumstance, as it arises, be an opportunity for the intervention and the conquest of our King. He has made us responsible by the exercise of faith to let Him work or to hinder Him; and He is as willing to exercise His power in small things as in great, in waking His child for prayer in the morning, as in pouring out the power of His Spirit upon a meeting; in enabling a forgetful servant to remember some injunction, as in bringing thousands of sinners to His feet; in delivering His trusting child from a slight burn or some small pain, as in healing a disease of years' standing.

"Jesus entered into Jerusalem," His own city, "and into the temple," His own house. The passers by said, "Who is this?" for "all the city was moved" (Matt. 21 : 10). The multitude around Him said, "This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." Was that all? "He came unto His own and His own received Him not" (John 1 : 11). The inhabitants of Jerusalem could not and would not believe that any good thing should come out of Galilee; their prejudices and their pride stood in the way of their intercourse with Jesus. He passed by them and

NOTHING HAPPENED;

they were not saved now. Was it this which made the multitude which followed Him drop off one by one?

When the eventide was come, He went out to Bethany with the twelve. *Where were the multitudes?* He had made no political demonstration, had not so much as had an interview with Pontius Pilate (that was yet to come). He had only "looked round upon all things" the earthly hopes of the multitude which for a moment had centred in Jesus, were baffled, and only His few chosen ones remained on the evening of His triumphal entry. Did any one among them recognize the fulfilment of our Golden Text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass?" Their hopes were set upon the words which follow and which can only be accomplished when the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled (Luke 21 : 24).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Bombardment of the Forts of Alexandria by the British fleet on Tuesday, July 11th, resulted in their demolition. The assurance given to the British admiral, mentioned last week, that no hostilities against the foreign ships in the harbor was intended by Arabi Bey was distrusted by Admiral Seymour. As a test of its sincerity the electric light on the ships was thrown upon the forts at night, when it was discovered that large numbers of men were busily mounting guns and strengthening the defences. A demand was then made by Admiral Seymour that the forts should be surrendered to him, and on that demand being rejected he gave twenty-four hours notice of his intention to bombard the forts. The storm of shot and shell commenced at seven A.M., on Tuesday morning and lasted twelve hours. The Egyptians made a vigorous and well conducted defence, but the heavy guns of the British ships made the contest hopeless. The British had five men killed and twenty-seven wounded. The Egyptian loss has not been ascertained, but is supposed to have been very heavy. On Wednesday Arabi Bey hoisted a flag of truce, which the British admiral respected, and a party was sent to negotiate. On its arrival it was found that Arabi had used the flag as a ruse to stop the British fire while he made his escape with his army.

The Burning of the City of Alexandria was ordered by Arabi Bey before he evacuated it. The convicts in the prison were liberated, among them the ringleaders of the riot of June 11th, when the Europeans were massacred. These men, when the soldiers were withdrawn, commenced the pillage of the city and set fire to the European quarter. Early on Thursday morning a number of persons were seen on the edge of the water of the harbor. Glasses showed them to be Europeans. Boats were at once lowered from the fleet, and crews armed to the teeth started for the shore. They found about one hundred Europeans, many of them wounded, who had gathered in the Anglo-Egyptian Bank and had *resisted desperately*. They had maintained themselves there throughout the night. Toward daylight their assailants drew off, and the party made their way to the shore. They reported that from the part they were defending they could hear shrieks and cries and the reports of pistols and guns. Scores of fugitives were cut down or *beaten to death in their sight*. The murders were committed with circumstances of horrible barbarity. Some of the victims with their hands tied behind them and their feet tied together were flung into the burning buildings. It is probable that all the Europeans, with the exception of those who reached the beach, have been slain. A newspaper correspondent in Alexandria telegraphed as follows: "The fact that there is still a large portion of the city in flames prevents any investigations being made; but, from what I hear, the number of Europeans killed will not exceed five hundred. If, however, the estimated loss of life should appear in some cases exaggerated, it is impossible to exaggerate the destruction of property. This is complete and absolute. In the European quarter every house appears to have been sacked before it was fired. The whole population left loaded with European goods." Admiral Seymour was unable to take prompt measures to restore order and stop the sacking of the city as he had only *three hundred men* at his disposal, and Arabi was reported to be lurking near the city with nine thousand.

The Resignation of the Right Honorable John Bright is announced. He has been the close friend and strenuous supporter of Mr. Gladstone in his home policy, and his defection will be a serious blow to the Cabinet, already weakened by the withdrawal of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Forster. Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, telegraphs that the real cause of Mr. Bright's resignation was the use of force, which was not defensible on moral grounds. "For forty years," Mr. Bright says, "I have told my countrymen that morals were the true basis of politics. I have denounced war, and I should have been false to my principles had I become a party to a war which was begun without necessity." Mr. Bright

was opposed to sending a fleet to Egypt originally for any political purpose. He considered that England had no business to interfere with the internal affairs of Egypt, having no serious interest there except in the Suez Canal, and the canal was never menaced by Arabi or anybody else. He believes that the massacre on the 11th of June was largely provoked by the presence of the English fleet. He regards the continued presence of the fleet, with a constantly increasing number of foreign men-of-war in a friendly harbor as in itself a menace and unfriendly act. The motive of sending them, namely, the protection of English subjects, was a good motive; but matters were so managed that the fleet became a source of danger rather than protection.

Mr. Gladstone's Government has been Severely censured in England and in Europe for its want of foresight in leaving Admiral Seymour with a force too small to check the outbreak of lawlessness in Alexandria. When asked in the House of Commons why the government had not done something to save the lives of the people of Alexandria, especially Europeans, from the violence of the mob, Mr. Gladstone replied that the government could not have anticipated the outbreak. As every one else anticipated that it would follow the bombardment, and as people resident in Egypt had warned the government of its certainty, the neglect adequately to provide for its suppression is culpable, and many lives have been lost and much property destroyed through the negligence.

The Fact that Arabi Bey is not the Leader of a national movement, as has been falsely asserted, but is a mere political adventurer, was proved by an order he issued shortly after the bombardment commenced for the murder of the Khédive. He had previously posted a strong force around his palace as a guard, but before he fled from the city the guard was ordered to enter and kill the Khédive. They were, however, induced by gifts of money to abstain from violence, and at the request of the Khédive a guard of British marines has been supplied from the ships. A proclamation has been issued by the Khédive stating that the British have no designs on the country or the city and he assumes his proper authority. *The American admiral* sent a force of sixty marines to assist the British in restoring order.

The Bill for the Repression of Crime in Ireland passed its three readings in the House of Lords last week and received the royal assent on July 12th. Sixteen counties, four baronies, and eight cities were promptly proclaimed as under the operation of the act. The House of Commons is engaged in the discussion of the bill to relieve Irish tenants of their arrears of rent. Mr. Gladstone announced that the Government could not hope to pass more than one of the measures proposed for the benefit of England and Scotland owing to the lateness of the session; but he intimated that a special winter session of Parliament would be held to arrange rules of procedure for expediting public business. It is evident that the pressure of Irish business on the time of the Parliament is leading to the conclusion that some portion at least of Irish legislation might be wisely relegated to a council of Irishmen.

The Avalanche which Destroyed a Large part of the Swiss village of Elm last fall has left a gap in the mountain side which shows signs of a further destruction. It is estimated that the mass which fell formed only a hundredth part of the whole mass of the impending earth slip. A Geneva correspondent writes that the final catastrophe cannot long be delayed, but that neither the precise time nor the direction of the inevitable fall can be foretold. Much depends upon the weather during the next few months. Meanwhile, although the people of Elm watch the mountain with extreme solicitude and are always ready for temporary flight, they show no disposition to leave their homes permanently.

A Sermon on the Future of America was recently preached in Westminster Abbey by Canon Farrar on the occasion of uncovering a stained glass window presented by American citizens. In the course of the sermon Canon Farrar pointed out the most imminent danger threatening this

country as that of socialistic nihilism. He reminded America as well as England, that the shield of liberty is broad and terrible, the ægis of the nations, but at the same time the shield of men—*of vipers*, not of hyenas that thirst for blood. "If," he said, "murder and anarchy crouch beneath that shield, let them be dragged out of its sacred shadow. It is the shield of innocence, not of outrage; of obedience, not of assassins. The day has come when neither in panic nor with thirst for vengeance, but, girding her loins for work, all nations, firm yet merciful, Freedom must grasp the sword of her sister Justice, not forgetting that it is a sword of celestial temper and forged in the armory of God. And the day may come when not in blind passion, but with the sternness of inexorable duty, she must with that sword star ready to smite once and smite no more."

A Remarkable Case of Faith Healing thus reported in an English journal: A young lady suffering for thirteen years from an internal tumor and other complaints was pronounced to be incurable after being treated by several doctors belonging to some of the London hospitals. She arrived at Bethshan (the house for faith-healing in London) on a Wednesday, looking more dead than alive and almost unable to speak and had to be carried upstairs. On the following Sunday during an address by Dr. Boardman the words "Himself to our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (Matthe 8: 17) fastened on her mind. She believed that *if Christ bore her sickness it was no longer her* and therefore she was healed in Christ. She then rose at once in the midst of Dr. Boardman's address, without waiting to experience any feeling of being healed, and openly testified "*Jesus has borne my sickness and it is no longer mine, as therefore I am healed.*" Then at once she felt through her whole body that she was "healed the plague." Her sensation was that of all illness rolling off her from head to foot down to the very ground. She was able to run upstairs that night and has since been actively helping in her home in the country in domestic arrangements. She is now enjoying excellent health.

A Monk Brought to Christ.—Mr. McAll, Paris, relates that a certain man whom he knew had been a monk in one of the severest orders, Trappists, and for seven years had vainly sought peace and happiness by fasting. The first time that he ever heard the Gospel was in a *reunion* in Paris. A lady gave him a Bible, which became his constant companion. Though in great poverty, he would not give up reading it, even when by so doing he might have obtained much-needed relief from a nun who sometimes visited him, but would not return, because he said, "This book has done me good. Why am I not to read it? Show me what is wrong in it." He shortly afterwards died of consumption, brought on by the privations of a monastic life; but he told the Christian friends who visited him that he had never prayed with so much fervor nor been so happy as in his cold empty garret where he had learned to love Jesus and read His Word. One day, speaking of being a burden to others, he was cheered by the thought that he was of some use in speaking of those around him of Jesus. His end was perfect peace.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxendale, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers of prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, JULY, 27 1882.

16th Year. No. 30.—New Series.

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Prof. AUGUSTUS HERMAN FRANKE, the George Muller of Germany—Scenes in his Life.

AUGUSTUS HERMAN FRANKÉ, The Friend of the Orphans of Germany.

Birth, Parentage, and Education—Proficiency in Hebrew—Early Religious Influences—Conviction of his Condition—A Beneficial Discovery—Begins a Private School—Pastoral Work at Halle—Commences a School for the Poor—Project of an Orphan-house—Purchases a House—Extensive Additions—The Orphans—Buys the "Golden Eagle"—Completion of the Large Building—Last Words—Peaceful Death.

KINDNESS to the widow and the orphan has always been a work especially pleasing to God, and it has seemed throughout all ages that there was a profound significance and a solemn pledge in the words in which Moses enjoined the duty on the Israelites: "The fatherless and the widow which are within thy gates shall come and shall eat and shall be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest" (Deut. 14: 29). The marvellous success which has attended the work of George Muller at Bristol, England, is known throughout the world, and has caused astonishment everywhere; but it does not stand alone. Other men in other countries who have put their hands to the same work in faith have had a measure of the same success. One conspicuous example is that of the eminent German professor whose portrait appears this week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Augustus Herman Franké, was born at Lübeck, Germany, on March 23d, 1663. His father, John Franké, was Doctor of Laws and Curator of the Cathedral of Lübeck; but removed in 1666, with his family, to Gotha, whither he had been invited by Duke Ernest, the Pious, who nominated him superintendent of schools and all ecclesiastical concerns in his dominions. Here he died in 1670, when young Franké was only seven years of age.

The early education of Franké was conducted by his parents, and at the age of thirteen he entered the Gymnasium at Gotha, and soon became distinguished for his scholarly habits and varied acquirements. The year following he was dismissed from the school, as being fit for the university. For the next two years, however, he remained at home, continuing his studies under the direction of a private tutor. He also began at this period to study divinity and philosophy. Having completed his sixteenth year he entered the University of Erfurt, which is situated near Gotha, but he removed to Kiel toward the close of the year, where he was supported by one of his uncles.

PROFICIENCY IN HEBREW.

At Kiel, Franké became intimate with a devout evangelical minister, named Christian Kortholt. He not only attended his theological lectures, but also boarded and lodged with him, had the use of his library, and received special instruction from him in ecclesiastical history. After a three years' residence he removed to Hamburg, in 1682, to place himself under the celebrated Hebrew linguist, Ezra Edzardi. But such was his faculty of acquisition, that after only a two months' residence, he returned to his family at Gotha with a knowledge of the rudiments of the language, and during the following year he read through the Hebrew Bible seven times, and became familiar with every word of it.

Franké had spent about eighteen months in the most diligent application to study, when a student of divinity in Leipzig, of the name of Wichmannshausen, who was very wealthy, desired his companionship and tuition in Hebrew. Franké accepted, and removed to Leipzig in 1684. A year later he took his degree of M.A., and began to deliver lectures, which were numerous attended by the students, and founded what was termed the Philobiblical Society, for the purpose of reading and expounding critically the Word of God.

EARLY RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.

Though Franké had enjoyed the advantages of a religious training in the house of his parents, it was not until 1687, when he was nearly twenty-five years of age, that he was truly converted to Christ. But as a lad he was always serious and thoughtful, as many thought, even beyond his years. When he was but a boy he requested his mother to provide him with a little room, which he could call his

own, for the purposes of silent study and prayer. His request was granted, and as often as he came home from attending his private teacher, he went into his room, closed the door, fell upon his knees, and prayed for whatever his childlike heart prompted him.

The example of his youngest sister, who was a pious girl, three years older than himself, had a beneficial influence upon him. She died early, and after her death he retained a vivid recollection of the many and earnest endeavors she had made to lead him to the Saviour. But these impressions died away, and during the period which he spent at the university, his only object was to increase his store of knowledge; in his own language: "It rarely occurred to me to inscribe anything in the way of divinity or the Bible on my heart."

A VITAL CHANGE.

But even at this time, and particularly while at Kiel—where Kortholt's example had an influence over him—he frequently felt constrained to entreat God in secret to grant him a real change of heart and make him His child. Often he walked solitarily on the seashore, and debated within himself—first, how he might attain to true godliness; next, how he might acquire a high degree of learning; and lastly, how he might usefully communicate what he had learnt to others?

How Franké attained, at length, in 1687, through divine grace, to a sense of reconciliation to God through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, the following extracts from a lengthy entry in his private journal will show: "In 1687, when I was about twenty-four years of age, I began to come to myself, to perceive more deeply my corrupt and depraved state, and to long with greater earnestness that my soul might be delivered from it. I perceived that I could not possibly venture to deceive the people, nor enter upon a public office, and then preach to others that of which I had no heartfelt conviction. My heart was led by the Holy Spirit to humble myself before God, to entreat His favor, and frequently to beseech Him, on my knees, to make me a sincere child of His." But the light had not yet dawned.

A BENEFICIAL DISCOVERY.

Settled in Lüneburg for a time, he occupied a small apartment, and enjoyed the society of a few real and earnest Christians. A short time after his arrival he was requested to preach a sermon, in the course of a few weeks, at St. John's Church in that city. "My mind was in such a state," he says, "that I had not the mere exercise of preaching in view, but the edification of my hearers. While reflecting upon this subject, I happened upon the words, 'These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have life through His name' (John 20: 31). My intention in selecting this text was, to treat of true and living faith, and how it is distinguished from a mere human and imaginary belief. While revolving the subject in my mind, with all seriousness, I felt that I myself was still devoid of that faith, which would be required in my sermon. I therefore relinquished meditating upon the sermon, and found enough to do with myself."

He then describes the great uneasiness and distress into which he fell but of which he told no one anything, and rather sought to conceal it as much as he was able: "At one time I wept, at another I walked up and down in great distress; then fell upon my knees, and called upon Him whom I knew not. I said, 'O God, if Thou really art, I beseech Thee to have pity on me,' and this I did frequently, and in various ways. One Sunday, I reflected upon the propriety of declining to preach, if no change manifested itself; because I could not preach against my conscience, nor deceive the people with respect to my state. It was in such anguish of soul that I again knelt down, and called upon that God and Saviour whom I knew not, nor believed in, for deliverance from my wretched state. And the Lord heard me. Every doubt disappeared; I was assured in my heart of the favor of God in Christ Jesus; I could not only call Him God, but also Father—my Father." The following Wednesday he delivered his discourse with heartfelt satisfaction. (One of the Pictures

in our frontispiece, represents Franké in his distress praying for deliverance.)

OPENS A PRIVATE SCHOOL IN HAMBURG.

While he was at Hamburg, he cultivated close intimacy with Nicholas Langé, afterward superintendent in Brandenburg, and in consequence of several consultations with him upon the defective state of the instruction of the young, he was induced to establish a private school in the city for children. This occupation had great influence upon the whole of his future life. He often asserted, that his teaching the children in Hamburg must be considered in reality as the basis of all that God effected through him.

In 1688-89 we find him again at Leipzig, in the capacity of private tutor, and reading exegetical and practical lectures upon the Epistles to the Corinthians, Ephesians, and Philippians. The applause bestowed on him was enthusiastic. His own hired room becoming too small for him, he obtained the use of the public hall in the university, which also in a short time became so crowded that many of his hearers were obliged to stand outside the door and at the windows. His unwearied labors for Christ were accompanied by the divine blessing, and among those who were brought to the knowledge of the truth was the son of the rector of the university, Godfrey Olearius, who was afterward professor of divinity at Leipzig.

But envious and bigoted opposition arose, and rather than enter into a conflict, in 1690 he left Leipzig for ever. He then took pastoral charge of St. Augustine's Church, in Erfurt, from June, 1690, to September, 1691. There his evangelistic fervor brought down upon him the most malevolent opposition, which compelled him to leave. In February, 1692, he became pastor of St. George's Church, Glaucha, near Halle.

PASTORAL WORK.

When Franké undertook his new pastoral charge, he found his congregation in a very deplorable state. A multitude of taverns and places of amusement, which stood upon the very site of the present Orphan house, and to which the inhabitants of Hallé resorted in crowds, had demoralized the greater part of the population of Glaucha. He therefore found a wide field of labor before him; and only a man of faith, zeal, and love such as he was could have cultivated it as successfully as he. In 1714 he was called to be the pastor of St. Ulrich's Church, in Halle.

At that period, the poor of Hallé were accustomed, on an appointed day in the week, to collect alms at the doors of the charitably disposed, and Thursday was the day on which this was done in the neighborhood of Glaucha. Franké was in the habit of distributing bread and money to them (as shown in one of the panels of our front picture); but he soon began to reflect that this was a favorable opportunity to administer spiritual food in like manner to these poor people, who were living in a state of ignorance and depravity. "Therefore, on an occasion," he says, "when they were assembled as usual before the house, waiting for the customary alms to be distributed, I sent for them all to come into the house, and placing the aged people on one side, and the young on the other, catechised them (as indicated in a panel in our frontispiece), and commended them to God in prayer. I afterward informed them that in future they should have food for the soul as well as for the body every Thursday, in my house, which they accordingly did." This really good work was undertaken at the commencement of the year 1694.

A SCHOOL FOR THE POOR.

The distress of those among the poor who were ashamed to beg, went to his heart. One of the expedients he adopted to obtain money for them, was the fastening up of a box in the parlor of the parsonage-house, over which he wrote, "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John 3: 17), and underneath 2 Cor. 9: 17. This box, which was destined for the reception of the casual gifts of those who visited Franké, was fixed up at the beginning of 1695. "After it had been there about a quarter of a year," he says, "a cer-

tain person put, at one time, four dollars and sixteen groschen (about four dollars) into it. On taking this sum into my hand, I exclaimed with great liberty of faith, 'This is a considerable sum, with which something good must be accomplished; I will commence a school with it for the poor.'

Acting under the impulse of faith, he immediately made arrangements for the purchase of books to the amount of two dollars, and engaged a poor student to instruct the children for a couple of hours daily, promising him a small sum weekly for doing so, in the hope that meanwhile God would send more. The children, of course, joyfully accepted the books, but of twenty-seven which were distributed among them, only four were brought back again; the rest were either sold or kept by the children, who did not return. But Franké did not suffer this to deter him; for with the remainder of the money he again purchased books, which the children were obliged to leave at the school after lessons had concluded. The school was held in the ante-chamber of the good pastor's study, and the children were first regularly received for instruction at Easter, 1695.

PROJECT OF AN ORPHAN-HOUSE.

About Whitsuntide of the same year, Franké laid the first foundation of what was subsequently called the Royal School, at Hallé, and which, in 1709, had attained to considerable proportions. But with all his successful efforts on behalf of the poor, he realized that many a hopeful child was deprived, when out of school, of all the benefit he received in it and he determined if possible to remedy the evil. In the autumn of 1695, he finally decided to undertake the entire charge and education of a limited number of children, "and this," he says, "was the first incitement I felt, and the first idea of the erection of an orphan-house, even before I possessed the smallest funds for the purpose."

On mentioning the plan to some of his friends, one of them funded the sum of five hundred dollars for the purpose—twenty-five dollars for the interest on which were to be paid over every Christmas. Reflecting upon this instance of the divine bounty, he inquired for some poor orphan child, who might be supported by the yearly interest. At once four fatherless and motherless children, all of the same family, were brought to him. He ventured with humble confidence in God, to receive them all; but as one of them was taken by some Christian people, only three were left; but a fourth soon appeared in the place of the one that had been taken. He, therefore, took these four, placed them with religious people, giving them weekly half a dollar for the bringing up of each child. Having once begun in God's name to receive destitute orphans without any human prospect of certain assistance (for the interest on the five hundred dollars was not enough to feed and clothe a single one), he trustingly left it to the Lord to make up whatever might be deficient.

The day after he had undertaken charge of the four orphans above mentioned, two more were added; the next day, another; two days afterward, a fourth; and one more after the lapse of a week. So that on November 16th, 1695, there were already nine, who were all placed out with pious people. Meanwhile, the faithful God and Father of the fatherless, came most powerfully to his aid, and donations flowed in with such rapidity that Franké was emboldened to take a yet further step in the same direction.

A HOUSE FOR THE ORPHANS.

His next neighbor's house, in which rooms had been hired for the instruction of the children of the poor, being offered for sale, Franké purchased it, and in the spring of 1696 added two rooms to the back part of it. But it soon occurred to him that it would be advisable to take away the orphan children, whose number now amounted to twelve, from the three houses in which they were being brought up, and bring them together into the house he had bought. He accordingly did so. Beds and furniture were procured, and the twelve children were fed, attended to, and instructed by good teachers under the inspection of a divinity student named Neubauer, who had been appointed for the purpose. This change was completed a

week before Whitsuntide, 1696. During the next six weeks, the number of the orphan children amounted to eighteen.

It was not long before the house which had been purchased for the children became too small for them. Franké, therefore, hired the house adjoining, which he subsequently bought and united with the first. Though he was now in possession of two houses for the use of his schools and orphans, the number of the latter, together with the poor scholars, and impecunious students, who dined at the open table, and which continued to increase, rendered the buildings altogether insufficient for the purpose. With a heroism born of humble faith in an Almighty and ever-faithful God, Franké began to revolve plans in his mind for the erection of a larger building, and sent Neubauer to Holland in June, 1697, to inspect some celebrated orphan-ages there.

THE "GOLDEN EAGLE."

Meanwhile an inn, bearing the sign of the "Golden Eagle," situated outside one of the gates of Hallé, was offered for sale. Franké thought he could make use of it for the purposes of his institution, and purchased it on April 6th, 1698, for \$1950. But he soon perceived that the edifice was not exactly suited for an orphan-house, and in particular, that it was not large enough to hold the great number of children, students, domestics, etc., there being already a hundred orphan children and seventy-two students. In order to hinder the plot of ground in front of the "Golden Eagle" from being applied to the building of another tavern, or occupied in some other way to the detriment of the Orphan-house, Franké saw himself compelled to build upon this open space; and, calling Neubauer from Holland, on July 24th, 1698, the first stone was laid, in the name of God, of the present edifice, known by the name of "the Orphan-house."

At the very outset of building, many difficulties presented themselves. At one time stones were wanted, at another sand, lime, etc., and the over-looker of the men was utterly at a loss for want of horses—there being none to be had during harvest-time, even for money. Franké therefore went into his closet, and in silence prayed to God for help. On returning to the place, a laborer handed him

A MEDAL

which had just been found among the rubbish, on which was impressed the words, *Jehovah Conditor Condita Coronide Coronet* (Jehovah the Builder complete the work). "This," says Franké, "revived me, and strengthened my faith in such a manner, that I went again cheerfully and courageously to work, in believing hope that I should live to see the completion of the building."

COMPLETION OF THE ORPHANAGE.

Nearly every one who knew of the enterprise was asking, "Is Franké mad?" "Where is he going to get the money from to pay for the work?" It frequently happened, indeed, that he was in great straits; without a farthing left, and hundreds of individuals needing food. But still assistance always came, his orphans and students never wanted a meal—and the masons and day laborers always received their full wages. They always began their work with prayer, and at the end of the week, when the people were paid, Franké concluded with a Gospel address and prayer. Thus the work went on, and on July 24th, 1699, the house was roofed; at Easter of the following year the orphans and students began to dine in it; and at Easter, 1701, the remaining stories were completely occupied.

God's smile continued to rest upon the undertaking, funds and friends and fellow-laborers were forthcoming, and Franké's institution increased from year to year; so that at the time of his death, in 1727, it had attained to extensive proportions. It then contained 134 orphan children, who were attended to by ten male and female overseers; 2207 children and youths in the various schools, who were instructed for the most part gratuitously by 175 teachers and inspectors, and besides the orphans, a great number of poor scholars; it provided dinner also for 148, and supper for 212, besides 255 poor students, who were fed from the funds of the Orphan-house.

As time rolled on the mighty man of faith grew

more valiant, and, in the strength of God, more victorious. His confidence in God grew with what it fed upon, and in multiplied, and ever-multiplying labors—among which should be distinctly mentioned his furtherance of the interests of the Bible Institution, founded by his friend Charles Hildebrand, baron of Canstein, and his unwearied activity in the missionary cause; and it was he who at the request of Frederic IV., King of Denmark, selected the first students from the Copenhagen College, for work in the East Indies. But in the midst of his vigilant and energetic toil for Christ, he was summoned to his

ETERNAL REST AND REWARD.

In November, 1726, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of his left hand, and on his birthday, March 23d, next year, he writes as an addendum to a letter, "My course, thank God, is near its close." On the morning of May 25th, he wished a hymn to be sung to him, which commences—

"Now boldly cross the dark, cold stream;
'Tis not so deep as some may dream," &c.;

and toward evening he was seized by the illness from which he never recovered. On June 1st, on awaking from a faint sleep he said, "Ah, my Saviour Jesus, how shall I feel, and how rejoice, when I behold Thee for the first time face to face!" His weakness continued to increase, but his joy in Christ to deepen; and on June 8th, when asked by his wife whether his Saviour was near him, he replied in the most cheerful manner, "Of that there is no doubt." These were his last words. He then began to slumber, and quietly and blissfully fell asleep, amid the prayers and songs of his family and friends, in the 65th year of his age. "His memory is blessed."

A Moorish Tradition is Described in a Work by Arthur Leared on "Morocco and the Moors." The author says: "The Moors have a current opinion that *the end of the world* is at hand. We were told in 1872 in the city of Morocco, that the end of the world is to take place in the year 1300 of the Hegira, a date corresponding with A.D. 1883. The destruction of the world will, according to the orthodox Mahomedans, be preceded by wars and tumults, miracles and portents. The successful revolt against the powerful governor Ben Doud was regarded as the first sign of the times." It is worthy of remark that the same year is indicated in Scripture as the end of the 1260 years of the temporal power of the Mahomedan Antichrist (Rev. 11:2, 3), because the Mahomedans date their calendar from the Hegira A.D. 622 as the commencement of their religion; and thus 1260 solar years commencing in 622 end in 1882-3. The Mahomedans reckon by lunar years, according to which 1882-3 is the 1300th year in their calendar from 622.

An "Incurable" has been Cured as the Result of faith and prayer. The incident was related at the recent yearly meeting in London of the Society of Friends. Irena Beard said: "I should like to say a few words on the power of prayer, and illustrate them by my own experience. Thirteen years ago I was here on my way to India. I was an invalid. I came here, and the physicians could do nothing to help me. They said *no mortal hand* could touch my disease. It came into my heart that there was an Immortal Hand that could. I prayed six weeks, and others prayed with me. One night, 19th of 1st Month, 1874, between three and four o'clock, I woke up with these words: 'If ye abide in Me, and My words in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Again I consecrated myself anew to His service, and my health, *as though I had it*, and I took these words and said, 'Thou hast said it, and Thy words shall never pass away.' I had lost the use of my right side. I could stand, but could not sit upright. I said, 'These are Thy words. I ask the blessing of health,'—that very moment the pain ceased, the abscess was gone, the disease was gone. *A new life* ran through my body, and I said again and again, 'I have it, I have it!' From that day to this the disease has never made its appearance. I walked a mile that day, and worked in a temperance crusade."

CRYSTALS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"The Crystal cannot equal it."—Job 28: 17.

The things Compared—The Star of the Mountain—Job was Right—Religion's Superiority to the Crystal—I. In Exactness—Spiritual Precision—No "Happen-so's" in Theology—Not a Slipshod Universe—Remarkable Providences—II. In Transparency—The Crystal Glass of Religion—What it Reveals—A Transparent Bible—Reveals the Uses of Trouble—Where Persecution Places the Persecuted—III. In its Beauty—Beautiful in its Symmetry—The Biblical Comparisons of It—IV. In its Transformations—God's Jewelry—Poor Prayer-meeting Rhetoric—The Setting for Eternal Jewels—John's Three Crystals—How the Coal becomes Crystal—What is to become of Sin—The Christian Martyr's Fiery Boat.

MANY of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job in my text compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming in the words of my text, "the crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Hartz Mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is

THE STAR OF THE MOUNTAIN;

it is the queen of the cave; it is the ear-drop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring: "The crystal cannot equal it."

I. In the first place I remark that religion is SUPERIOR TO THE CRYSTAL in exactness.

That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has *mathematical precision*. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square or it is a rectangle or it is a rhomboid or in some way it hath a mathematical figure.

Now religion beats that in the simple fact that *spiritual accuracy* is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact. God's law exact. God's decrees exact. God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though He counts the grass-blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-sided prism. Born at the right time; dying at the right time. There are

NO "HAPPEN-SO'S"

in our theology.

If I thought this was a *slipshod universe* I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that *Napoleon* was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that *John Thomas*, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of *F. W. Robertson's* dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry,

where he served God with world-renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

II. Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal

IN TRANSPARENCY.

We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it 3000 years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day—the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour—the crystal of the telescope by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury!

But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a *transparent religion*. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it.

WE PRAY FOR VISION,

Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye-salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a *transparent Bible*. All the mountains of the Bible come out: Sinai, the mountain of the law; Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out: Hidekel, or the river of paradisiacal beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came; it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence.

And now you understand *why they lied about you* and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ;" or the company of such men as Polycarp, who when standing in the midst of the amphitheatre waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting, "The lions for Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooping down toward the cave where the wild beasts were roaring to get out, "Let them come on." Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company; and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

III. I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal

IN ITS BEAUTY.

That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer and he sees in it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splinters of hoar-frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple-blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross and not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been culturing an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of a half century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw." "The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enthrone and emparadise an immortal spirit. Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliated cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz and the sapphire and the chrysoprase—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is

NOT A STALE RELIGION,

it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merries with shrivelled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heirless of all His wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slake the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliated cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord the king while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge "the crystal cannot equal it."

IV. Again, religion is superior to the crystal in

ITS TRANSFORMATIONS.

The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the Gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron God by His comforting grace stoops and says: "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

"What," say you, "will God wear jewelry?" If He wanted it He could make the stars of heaven His belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of His feet; but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry he comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on and He wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be Mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up My jewels." Wonderful transformation!

THE CARBON BECOMES A SOLITAIRE!

"The crystal cannot equal it." There she is, a waif of the street; but she shall be a sister of charity. There he is, a sot in the ditch; but he shall preach the Gospel. There, behind the bars of a prison, but he shall reign with Christ forever. Where sin abounded grace shall much more abound. The carbon, the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer-meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the Gospel will not be seen in this world and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. Oh what

A MAGNIFICENT SETTING

for these jewels of eternity. I sometimes hear people representing Heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar Heaven as they represent it with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents Heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says: "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal."

THREE CRYSTALS.

John says *crystal atmosphere*. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of storm clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

John says *crystal river*. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Thames or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. Not one tear of human sorrow to embitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

John says *crystal sea*. That means multitudinously vast. Vast in rapture. Rapture vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arctics and Antarcics and Mediterraneans and Atlantic and Pacific in crystalline magnificence. Three crystals. Crystal light falling on a crystal river. Crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

"Oh," says some one putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?" Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have

whatever else we have or have not, and we come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart which is harder than stone, for the promise is "I will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want; God is to do everything and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization, but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal. I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it.

O, my friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins and you will have to get rid of your sins.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH OUR SINS

among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere will display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled with our touch. The crystal sea would whelm us with its glistening surge. Transformation now or no transformation at all. Give sin full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder.

In the days of Carthage a Christian girl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was bedaubed with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was off shore and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of Heaven. Sin wants to put you in a fiery boat and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from Heaven, everlastingly off; and the port toward which you would sail would be a port of darkness, and the guns that would greet you would be the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death.

O, my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice. A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between Heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE JEWS.

An Address at the Conference at Mildmay Park, London, by Rev. J. Wilkinson.

We are now most evidently at the very close of this dispensation. The Lord Himself is near at hand, and will come speedily. These considerations ought to have great weight with us in our efforts to lead the outcasts of Israel to Christ.

As to their guaranteed preservation to the end of time, we need only turn to Jeremiah 31, to find out how explicit and unmistakable are the declarations upon this point. As long as the heavens last, and the sea obeys the voice of God, so long will God's promises to His ancient people endure.

I. We have now to consider briefly *Israel's national rejection; its causes, consequences, and duration*. The Jews were rejected not solely because of their rejection and crucifixion of the Messiah. On more than one occasion they had been cast out of Palestine before they rejected Christ. Neither were they entirely dispossessed of their land until nearly forty years after the death of the Messiah. There were other and antecedent causes which resulted in the loss of their inheritance. 1. *Idolatry*. The Books of Kings and Chronicles, and especially Hosea, are sufficiently explanatory and conclusive on this point. 2. *Rejection of the Messiah*. They knew not the day of their visitation, therefore Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled, but no longer. 3. *Forbidding the Gospel to be preached to the Gentiles*. In reference to this point, read 1 Thess. 2 : 15, 16.

The *Consequences* of Israel's rejection may be summarized thus: *To themselves*, there has been loss of country, king, constitution, home, and social privileges. The Kingdom of God has been taken from them. In their corporate capacity they were God's representatives to the world. But what have they been doing for the last eighteen hundred years? Nothing! They are not now His representatives to men; the Kingdom has been taken from them, and given to others.

The *Consequences to the Gentiles* has been the impossibility of realizing more than a partial blessing. Through the ministry of the Gospel *individual* Gentiles are being gathered in with *individual* Jews. There is going on an election of individuals out of all nations, but not an election of nations themselves. And we must not expect more during the continuance of the present dispensation. It is just as I once heard the Rev. Hugh McNeile say in Exeter Hall. There are four steps or stages in the conversion of the world: The salvation of individual Jews, the salvation of individual Gentiles, the salvation of the Jewish nation, then, the salvation of all nations.

As to the *Duration* of their rejection, I may be asked, When will their wanderings cease? I answer, Until the times of the Gentiles close. Do you ask me when that will be? I answer, It is evidently very near at hand. Keep your eyes open to observe passing events, and what they indicate.

II. I now want to say just a word on the *impending restoration of the Jews, and the time of Jacob's trouble*. What warrant have we that the prophecies relating to the restoration of the Jews as a nation do not refer to their return from the captivity of Babylon, and have therefore all been fulfilled? 1. In Isaiah 11 : 11, it is said, "The Lord shall set His hand a second time to recover the remnant of His people," etc. If it has ever been once done, why do it a second time? 2. In the very next verse (12) it is declared the outcasts of Israel and the dispersed of Judah shall be assembled from the four corners of the earth. That is to say, the whole of Israel and Judah shall be assembled, and this has never yet been done. 3. When once restored to their land, they will never again be driven from it and dispersed. Some persons say, "Suppose the Jews do go back to Palestine, they may be scattered again?" But this cannot be, for in Amos (9 : 15) God says: "I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God." 4. The Promised Land is still the Land of Promise. It never has been fully possessed by them yet; they have possessed some—from Dan to Beersheba—but not all. Voltaire used to ridicule the idea that the Jews' land was, as it is declared to be (Judges 18), a "good land and a large," but the land formerly trodden by them does not comprehend the whole of God's promise. The extent of the land to be possessed according to the frontiers assigned by God includes an area of 300,000 square miles, or two and a half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland put together; and in the latter chapters of Ezekiel we have the predetermined location of the tribes, and the distribution of the land which will soon take place.

OF THE TIME OF JACOB'S TROUBLE,

I simply quote what the Chief Rabbi in England, Dr. Adler, has recently stated: "The time of Jacob's trouble has now commenced." Yes, it has commenced now, and it will grow more intense, but its climax will be reached in Palestine, for "His fire is in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem" (Isaiah 31 : 9).

III. *The Position and Mission of the Jews in the Millennial Age*. 1. Their geographical position in relation to man is described in Deuteronomy 32 : 8; Acts 17 : 6; and Ezekiel 5 : 5, to which I refer you. 2. Their religious position in relation to God is most solemn and tender. Men talk about their "scientific frontiers," and so on, and in order to secure them nations are plunged in repeated wars. But all this will cease at the beginning of the Millennium, for God Himself will assign geographical limits to the nations. God's geographical centre is Palestine, and Jerusalem is in the midst of Palestine.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN AFRICA.

(See Illustration, page 476.)

AN awful and abominable practice which still prevails in some parts of Africa, especially in Ashanti and Dahomey, is that of the offering of human sacrifices. This is done by the deluded natives with the idea of appeasing the anger of their demon gods, whom they believe delight in human blood, of honoring those who have recently been called away by death, and of *sending messages to them in the spirit world*. If a chief or nobleman wishes to convey a message to a departed friend, he whispers the message in the ear of a slave, adding, "be sure to tell him," and immediately orders his head to be struck off. And at the death of persons of distinction hundreds and sometimes thousands of hapless human beings are cruelly slaughtered, that their spirits may attend, in the unseen world, upon the distinguished person deceased in honor of whom they are slain. On the death of a former King of Dahomey two hundred and eighty of his wives fell victims to the sanguinary superstitions of the country, and still larger numbers have fallen in Ashanti on similar occasions.

The missionary traveller, Whartin, thus describes a visit which he paid to the Court of Ashanti: "At a moderate calculation there could not have been an assemblage of less than 10,000 persons to witness my reception by the King of Ashanti in his capital of Kumasi, all immersed in the greatest ignorance and superstition, literally without God and without hope in the world. One circumstance of the reception deeply impressed me, and, being the first of the kind *I had witnessed*, I shall not easily forget it. While waiting to receive the respects of the King and his counsellors, *two men about to be sacrificed* were marched along near where I sat. They were in a state of complete nudity. Their arms were closely tied behind their backs. Long spear knives were thrust through their cheeks, from which the blood flowed copiously and curdled on their breasts. The moans of one of the victims were most heart-rending. In all, eight human beings fell under the sacrificial knife that day in Kumasi alone, in honor of the deceased Queen of Jabin. Human sacrifices are almost of daily occurrence in Kumasi. I have witnessed several decapitations since I came here, and have seen as many as twelve headless human bodies scattered along the public streets of the town."

That Africa needs the light and love of the Gospel to be widely diffused among her dark people, the cruel practice described in the following sketch by Bishop Crowther clearly shows: A slave who professed to be a doctor was decoyed from a neighboring village under pretence that he was appointed to offer sacrifices to a dead man, for which a goat was also brought to the village Alenso. On arrival at the house where the corpse was laid out, the goat was taken from the slave doctor, and he was at once pounced upon by two stalwart men and bound fast in chains. The poor man saw at once that he himself, not the goat, was to be the victim. He calmly addressed the people around, saying he was quite willing to die and need not be put in chains. *A pipe was brought to him*, which he smoked, a new cloth replaced his rags and while he was having his last smoke the daughter of the deceased chief stood before him and began to eulogize her dead father, telling of his former greatness and achievements. The address was directed to the victim, as if to her dead father, that he might repeat the same to the inhabitants of the spirit world when in attendance there.

The news of the intended sacrifice was soon circulated. It reached the ears of the missionary, Rev. J. Buck, who, with some Sierra Leone friends, hastened to the spot. A large hole had been already dug; the poor man was led into it, and ordered to lie on his back with his arms spread out. The missionary and his friends used all possible arguments, entreaties, and pleadings for his release, but in vain. They offered bullocks for sacrifice instead of the man, but these were flatly refused; and while they stood entreating, the corpse was brought and placed on the poor slave. He was then ordered to embrace it, and obeyed. The missionary and his friends turned away from

the horrible sight as the grave was being filled, burying the living, *as a sacrifice*, with the dead.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Trying for a Medal.—At the Circus Meeting, Glasgow, on June 15th, the Rev. R. M. Thornton said: "Lately, I saw a lad who was going to stand an examination. He was going to compete for a medal. The prize was to be given to any boy who could recite the last five chapters of St. John's Gospel without a single mistake. He recited three chapters, beginning at the fourteenth, perfectly, and then he made one error. So now he has given up all hopes of winning the medal. Similarly we fail with God's law. The Word of God says, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all.'"

An Infidel Lecturer Saved.—A Young Man said: "About eighteen months ago I went to the little town of Ayr, and after being there for some time I thought I had fairly deserted the devil's service, but I soon found I was still wearing part of his uniform, and plunged deep in sin again. A friend called on me and began to reason with me about the plan of salvation, but I knew it already; however, his kindly way of dealing with me led me to Christ, and from that day to this I have been rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ. This was on the 15th of February last year. Not only was I a hard drinker before that, but I committed many other sins too numerous to mention. I was an infidel lecturer for six years; but I have now found victory through the blood of the Lamb."

A Thankful Wife's Letter.—Mr. Miller said: "I have had a letter put into my hands from the wife of a man who has been reclaimed from a life of drunkenness at these meetings. She says: 'Sir,—It is now three weeks ago since my husband told me that he had been converted to Christ at one of Mr. Moody's meetings. I can with deepest gratitude thank God for the great benefit to him and to our home; for since he has accepted Christ as his Saviour, he has successfully resisted that great and evil temptation, strong drink. I can only testify as a wife and mother that it has made a great and happy change in our home. These meetings have been a great comfort to me also, and I earnestly pray that you all may be long spared to carry on this blessed work.'"

A Civil Engineer's Anxiety.—Mr. Scroggie said: "I was told yesterday that there was a man in the meeting who wanted to see me. I went to him; he was a poor degraded-looking object, as he sat there, with his head down, crying. He took hold of my hand and said, 'You will not know me?' 'No,' I said, 'I do not.' Then he told me his name, and said he came from the same town as I did. I then remembered him, for *I used to work with him*. He was a clever young fellow, a *civil engineer*, and might now have been in a good position; but drink had got him down; it had led to the separation of himself from his dear wife and child; and now his one piteous appeal was, 'Do you think there is any hope for me?' I told him 'Yes,' and tried to lead him to Christ. I believe he will yet rejoice in His salvation, but I want you all to pray for him."

Warning from a Death-Bed.—At the Gospel Temperance Meeting, in the Circus, Mr. Richard Hill said: "I knew a man in Edinburgh who was 'hail-fellow-well-met' with nearly everybody, but he was a hard drinker. After one of his drinking bouts he ran off to England, and was away for six months. During this time his mother died. He came home, went into a public house to see some of his old companions, and one of them cried, 'Halloa, Bob! are you back again? Don't you know your mother is dead?' He staggered to the counter and cried, 'A gill! a gill!' with the feeling that the floor was giving way, and that he would fall into hell because of his conduct. I often spoke to him about his soul. Sometimes he cried. Again he would put the matter off, and at other times he would say, 'It is not my fault that I am not saved.' He was carried to the infirmary one day very ill. The last time I saw him he was screened off from the other patients. I pushed

aside the screen, took his hand, and spoke to him about the Lord Jesus Christ; but all was dark with him. I turned to leave him, but I thought, 'I will never see you again—I cannot leave you.' So again went to his bedside. I said, 'Will you make a desperate effort, and take the salvation that Jesus offers you? He says, "Him that cometh will in no wise cast out." He died to save you and now you are dying.' He said, 'Oh, am I dying? Am I dying?' and in three minutes he was in the eternal world."

Laying Down the Bottle for Christ.—Mr. Sawyer, in appealing for the assistance of a Christians in his Gospel Temperance work at the Circus, Glasgow, on June 16th, said: "We were forming a committee in New York, when one of the gentlemen said to me, 'I cannot help you, because I am not a total abstainer myself.' I said, 'That is a very flimsy excuse. You are a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'And you love the Lord Jesus and wish to see these men saved, don't you?' 'Yes; my heart is right in the work.' I said, 'You won't want to drink any more by serving our committee,' and he agreed to serve. Six months had not passed before he confessed, 'I have laid aside everything. No wine comes to my table or to my house now. I could not see so much of this work and be even a moderate drinker. If Christ has laid down His life for me—as I firmly believe He has—I can well lay down the bottle for Him.'"

Sins, not Religion.—The Rev. James Scott said, at the meeting on May 8th: "I was dealing with inquirers at the Circus last night, and among others I saw *five young women* who interested me. I said to the eldest, 'Would you like to become a Christian?' 'Oh, no, no, Sir,' she replied, 'I don't want to do that.' I was very much surprised at the answer, and I said, 'How is that?' 'Oh,' she replied, 'I don't belong to your religion at all. It didn't come in here for anything of that kind; *it just came in to hear the singing*.' 'Well,' I said to her, 'but would you really not like to become a Christian?' After a pause she answered, 'Oh, no, but if I belonged to you I would be converted in a minute; I would not wait a minute; but I don't belong to you, and I don't want to hear anything of your religion.' I said, 'Isn't it true that it is not *religion*, you have no trouble about that, *but it is your sins*?' She said, 'I am all right; I never did anything wrong.' I asked, 'Can you read?' 'No, I can't. Come away,' she said to her companions, and three of the girls ran out. The other two were, however, dealt with successfully by lady workers. These ignorant Roman Catholic girls come in to hear the singing; and I think we should pray that the singing may be very much used in reaching the people."

A Sunday Sportsman.—A Man between thirty and forty years of age said: "It is five weeks yesterday since that I was brought to the light." I had not before that been to any church or chapel since I was a boy. I remember once then going to hear Mr. McCall in the Briggate, and except when in the Colonies I one day went to church, I do not remember going again. I used then generally to go out with a gun on the Sabbath. However, five weeks ago I went to the Circus, and I heard Mr. Scroggie speaking. I thought it was rather curious. I said, 'If it is so easy to take Christ it is easy for me to accept Him.' A gentleman asked me if I was a Christian, and I told him no, but I was willing to be one, and he laid down the 37th verse of the 6th of John, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I accepted Christ, and went home and told my 'better half' of the change that had come over me. I got her to come to the Circus, and Mr. Scroggie sent Miss Jones to speak to her. My wife was also led to accept Christ. I praise God I have now a blessed house; I never was so happy either since I was married or before. I have seen a good deal in my day of going into the dramshop and cursing and swearing, but I tell you it is a deluded idea that you can do anything great without Christ."

How Mr. Sawyer was Converted.—Mr. Sawyer, of New York, said: "Nine years ago on the 27th day of November, I had been drinking so long that I hadn't any hope of living. I used to

have good positions and everything of that kind, but the devil got me right down, and I was without money without hope, without friends, without anything in this cold world. One day, under the influence of drink, I went into a little meeting, smaller than this; there was only one man beside myself present, and that man spoke to me about my soul. He treated me kindly and though I forget everything else I shall never forget that man's kindness. I staggered into his office, and he took me by the hand and led me into his back office, saying to me, 'Sit down and sleep as long as you want.' After I woke up he came to me and said, 'I am sorry for you, my good friend, but I think I can be of some service to you.' Then he said, 'Have you had any breakfast?' 'No,' I said; 'I don't know when I had anything to eat.' 'Go out and get a little refreshment and then come back and see me;' and he slipped a dollar into my hand. I thought I would go out into the first public-house and get a good square drink, but when I remembered his kindness I could not do that; it broke my heart, and big tears rolled down my cheeks. I got something to eat and returned. 'Sit down,' he said, 'I want to have a bit of talk with you. Nine years ago I was a *poor drunken sot* in the streets of this city, and one day when laid down in the gutter an old, white-haired apostle of God came along and showed me a little kindness—a good old man named Dr. Lord, whose heart was full of the love of God. He took me by the arm and led me home; talked to me a little and said, 'I will be round in the morning and see you again. That man kept his word, and was there before I rose. He spoke to me about my Saviour, and got me to give my heart to God.' This story went to my heart. I had heard a score of good sermons, but they all went over my head; but when the man told me his living experience and brought out the practical truth of kindness he won my heart, and it wasn't long before I followed his example and took Jesus as my Saviour."

"COMING EVENTS AND THE COMING KINGDOM."

By Rev. Richard Chester.

(Continued from page 455.)

IS THE LORD NEAR AT HAND?

MR. GOODHART adverts in his book, as do all writers who maintain that the coming of the Lord is not to be regarded as an event that may take place immediately, to 2 Thess. 2, the popular interpretation of which he maintains to be the true one. That it is not the true one, however, is, I affirm, rendered conclusive by the fact that the rendering of the Greek word translated "is at hand," verse 2, is admittedly one of the few utter and palpable mistranslations of our Authorized Version. The true rendering, as given by Alford and in the Revised Version, is, "*is come*," or "*is present*."

Now the Thessalonians could not possibly have imagined that the Second Advent of the Lord to the earth to set up His glorious kingdom over it had actually come and was present. Nor, if they had, according to the mistranslation of the Authorized Version, supposed that such was near at hand, could they, as true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and expecting a glorious reign with Him in immediate connection therewith, have been "shaken in mind and troubled" at the thought of its nearness. Nor, least of all, could the apostle, who in his previous epistle had set that Advent before them as an object of most joyful expectation—have now permitted fear and trouble of mind as the result of thus expecting it to have passed unproved—or rather have sanctioned and encouraged such feelings by just striving to allay them for the present, assuring the Thessalonians that the object of their fear was not, as they imagined, imminent, inasmuch as there were interposing events yet future, which it was necessary should previously occur.

THE THESSALONIANS' EXPECTANCY.

The true interpretation of the passage manifestly is as follows: The Thessalonian converts had their minds much occupied with the subject of the Second Advent. They fully entertained the blessed, happy view which, in chapter 4 of his

previous epistle, St. Paul had set before them, of the Advent to the air in the first instance, the resurrection of the dead in Christ, and their rapture together with that of the living, to the meeting of the Lord in the air. Of this they were in constant expectation, as the Lord would have all His people at all times to be.

But fearful tribulations had come upon them; and these they had been somehow led to regard as the commencing troubles and judgments of the "great and dreadful day of the Lord," previous to which they had expected to be "taken," but for which they now supposed themselves to have been "left" (see Luke 17: 34-37). This most naturally disturbed and troubled them very much. And to remove all such trouble, the inspired Apostle assures them that no trials, however sore and hard to be borne, were to be regarded as indicating the presence of the day of the Lord's judgment until after the revelation of a yet unrevealed "man of sin."

That this passage, thus interpreted, affords no warrant whatever for regarding any intervening events as necessarily to occur between the present moment and the Advent of the Lord for His saints to the air, is most evident, while the popular interpretation represents both the feelings of the Thessalonian Christians and the teaching of St. Paul to them as at utter variance with what God's Word everywhere instructs us ought to be the feelings entertained by Christ's people at the prospect of His approaching Advent, and with the express teaching both of our Lord Himself, as also with that of the Apostle Paul throughout his other epistles.

WAITING FOR HIS COMING.

But our author further proceeds thus: "Once more it is urged that if anything *must* intervene between the present time and Christ's coming, we are looking for that event, and not for the Lord's Advent. This is scarcely a point for argument; we would rather treat it in the way of illustration. The looking for Christ must depend really on the state of the *heart and soul* of the believer; and if these are really waiting and longing for Christ, no intervening event can occupy His place. Any one waiting for the friend he loves most dearly to arrive by the train, knows that he cannot come till the signal of the train's approach has been given. The wife waiting for her husband from a distant land, looks earnestly and anxiously for the telegraphing of the vessel—but neither of them is therefore looking—not for the friend or the husband—but for the signal or the telegraph."

My reply to this is simply that, while I do for my part very humbly, but very earnestly, claim to be regarded as one of those who are "really waiting and longing for Christ," I must also maintain that the very reality and earnestness of this waiting and longing would only cause me to look all the more anxiously and jealously for an intervening event (were there any such) which I believe would from its commencement place an interval of three years and a half between me and the possibility of His coming; and the non-occurrence of which as yet puts necessarily a still longer, and I know not how much longer period than these three years and a half between Him and me. The very reality and earnestness of my waiting and longing would, I feel convinced, cause this event, and not the subsequent Advent of my Lord, unavoidably to

OCCUPY THE FOREGROUND

in my outlook at the future. I should indeed in such case, be looking for Him and expecting Him, but I could not as yet expect Him for more than three years and a half, and therefore I could not occupy that position of constant, unremitting watchfulness for him, and expectation of Him, which I maintain that He has Himself enjoined upon me.

Again, as to the illustrations which I have quoted: they would, no doubt, be very apposite were the event thus placed between us and the Advent at all analogous in its relationship to it, to the signal of the approaching train, or the telegram announcing the arrival of the vessel—were the event, in other words, the immediate precursor of the Advent. In such case, its occurrence would, of course, seem of small moment in comparison with

the glorious one of which it was the immediate herald. Such, however, is by no means the case as regards the revelation of the Antichrist. This event, according to Mr. Goodhart, will, when it occurs, assure those who witness it that three years and a half of imminent and awful tribulation and martyrdom are between them and the Coming of the Son of Man. Is it, I would ask, in human nature to overlook, in our expectations of the future, the occurrence of such an event? Is it in human nature to *long* for such an event?

I should like to use a somewhat similar illustration to those employed by our author.

EXPECTING A SON FROM INDIA.

A few months ago I was myself in anxious expectation of the return from India, after six years absence, of an only son. I knew the time at which the vessel in which he was a passenger was to leave Bombay, I knew the time at which she was due at Portsmouth, I knew also that after his arrival there, he would have to go to London to report himself to the authorities, and to obtain his leave of absence. Until, therefore, the telegram announcing his arrival in Portsmouth and his departure for London had been actually received, I was not in daily expectation of his return home.

I did not occupy a position with regard to him at all resembling that of a servant watching "with girded loins and lighted lamp for his master's return from a wedding, that when he comes and knocks, he may open to him immediately." I was not at all in a position resembling that of those who are watching for an arrival of which they know not whether it will take place "in the second watch, or in the third watch, at even, at midnight, at cock-crowing, or in the morning." Had I only known that my son was positively coming home from India without knowing anything as to the time at which he was to leave or to arrive, without expecting any telegram or other notification of his actual arrival—my expectation having simply been that on some day, at some hour, near at hand, he would be present; *then* my position would have accorded with such language. But my position with respect to my Saviour's coming, ought, I submit, to be *ever and always* in exact accordance with such language, *inasmuch as the language is His own!*

"MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING."

I have myself known an instance in which the idea of the intervention of the restoration of the Jews, and the revelation of the Antichrist being between us and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ has been hailed with heartfelt satisfaction and pleasure, as affording assurance that the world would go on as at present, at all events for some time longer, and would continue to afford enjoyment to its votaries even as it is doing now. Surely the view which may possibly thus minister to the thought of the evil servant, "My Lord delayeth His coming," is one that without very sure warrant from Scripture for its maintenance, we should be slow to maintain.

The very great importance of the views, so familiar to the student of prophecy, which I have thus endeavored to maintain, is my only, and, I trust, will be a sufficient apology, for criticizing in an apparently adverse spirit, any portion of a work with by far the larger portion of which I most fully agree, and from which I have derived some valuable instruction concerning "Coming Events and the Coming Kingdom."

It will, I trust, be most fully understood that I do not for a moment mean to imply that Mr. Goodhart, and many of those who hold with him in this matter, are not looking and longing for the Advent of our blessed Lord. I am perfectly sure that they *are* so doing. What I contend for is that, so long as they put one or more as yet unaccomplished events, with at least three years and a half subsequent to their occurrence, as of *necessity* to intervene between them and that Advent, so long they cannot expect it as possibly immediate—so long must they regard it and long for it as being still certainly at some distance, and not, as His solemn and repeated injunctions, as I understand them, would have us regard Him, as one who may at any moment be present with us, and we with Him.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Improvement and Development of the postal service was a subject which occupied the attention of the House of Representatives during a part of last week. Several bills were passed, the effect of which, if they become law, will be to modify the postal money-order system. One of them provides for the issue of "postal notes" for sums less than five dollars, to meet a want which has been strongly felt ever since the fractional currency went out of circulation. The fee for the issue of a postal note is to be three cents, and the note is to be payable to bearer at the money order office from which it is issued, or at the office designated by the person who procures it. The bill also provides that the amount of all money orders which shall have remained unpaid for a period of seven years shall be deposited in the treasury for the service of the Post Office Department. The total amount of unpaid money orders at the end of June, 1881, was \$2,005,966.56, of which the Post Office Auditor intimates that \$1,250,000 is never likely to be demanded by the parties to whom it belongs.

Secretary of State Frelinghuysen has Written a letter in reply to a suggestion that he should warn foreign governments of the nature of Mormonism. In the course of his reply Mr. Frelinghuysen states that such a warning was given by William M. Everts, while Secretary of State. Mr. Frelinghuysen then continues: "As to my individual views, an expression of which you invite in connection with certain suggestions concerning Mormon polygamy, I may assure you of my hearty sympathy with any movement which has for its object the eradication of such evils as are practised by Mormons, and the elevation of our people to a higher plane of morals, consistent with the broadest Christian ideas. Whatever influence, therefore, I might be able to exert, either as a private citizen or in my official capacity as Secretary of State, toward the accomplishment of that desirable end, would not be spared in that direction."

The Legality of the Political Assessments has been submitted in the form of a question to the Attorney-General, and Mr. Brewster has now given his opinion. The issue was raised between Mr. George William Curtis and Representative

Hubbell, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee. Mr. Brewster holds that a member of Congress is not an officer of the United States; so that a gift to him for campaign purposes does not fall within the statute regulating political assessments. This is based on the principle that a member of Congress is not an officer of the United States within the meaning of the law against assessments; first because he is not "appointed," as such officers are assumed to be, and second because the penalty of the law—removal by the President—cannot be visited upon a Congressman. The day laborers, scrubwomen, little boys and old men to whom Mr. Hubbell has forwarded his application will therefore have to pay or take the consequences.

The Post Office Self Supporting is the Grati-fying intelligence published in the Washington reports. It is stated that the receipts of the Post Office Department for the quarter ending March 31st, 1882, were \$10,956,235.86; payments \$9,976,307.81; excess of receipts, \$979,927.99; probable profits on money orders, \$75,000; total \$1,054,927.99. The expenses properly belonging to the quarter not yet paid are expected to aggregate \$450,000. This makes the net receipts for the Postal service for the quarter, above all expenditures and liabilities, more than \$600,000.

The Reports of Bright Prospects for the South gladden the hearts of the people throughout the country. Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose residence is in Atlanta, said last week that there was a great future for the Southern States. Northern capital is pouring in, and the people are becoming inspired with Northern enterprise to a degree surprising to those acquainted with the South before the war. The wheat crop was phenomenally large this year, and the cotton crop will be above the average. The extension of Southern railroads and the development of the mines and the opening up of markets for Southern products, the bishop cited as evidence of prosperity. The devastation by the spring floods has made the abundant crops of this year all the more welcome by the people. All the South needs, the bishop says, is a continuance of the present spirit of investment and local improvements and for helping on the cause of education.

The Prohibition Wave is Reported as Roll-ing over the Western States, especially Wisconsin and Minnesota. The St. Paul Pioneer-Press says: "An influential official, who lives in the southern part of the latter State, writes that the temperance wave has swept from Iowa into the southern tier of counties, and is carrying every thing, temporarily at least, before it. He says people are wild with excitement, and that the question of prohibition, or certainly of local option, will be a prominent issue in the fall." The victory in Iowa is ascribed to the ladies of the State, who, says a correspondent, entered into the work as they never did before, and to them belongs much of the credit of the success. In Des Moines and all over the State they were at the polls in large numbers, distributing tickets and in a womanly way soliciting votes. These women were most exemplary wives of prominent citizens, and mothers interested in the future of their children.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Died at the Home of her sister, in Springfield, Ill., on Sunday, July 16th. She had been afflicted, mentally and physically, for a long time, and had indeed never recovered the shock occasioned by the murder of her husband, at whose side she was sitting when Booth fired his fatal shot. On Saturday, July 15th, she was stricken with paralysis and remained in a comatose condition until she died. Mrs. Lincoln, whose maiden name was Mary Todd, was a native of Lexington, Fayette County, Ky. She was the daughter of a physician, and was born in the year 1815. She married the future President on November 4th, 1842. Her life was one of many troubles. Her second son died in childhood. Her third son, William, died during the first year of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency. He was a lad of singular and unusual precocity, having a taste and talent for mathematics which were extraordinary. Her fourth son, Thomas Todd, who was the pet

and plaything of the Executive Mansion, died some eight years ago, after a short and very painful illness. Her eldest and only surviving son is the present Secretary of War. After the assassination of the President, Mrs. Lincoln remained for several weeks in a state of nervous prostration, which it was thought would end fatally. She recovered her health, however, but her mind never thoroughly regained its balance. Her mental condition rapidly deteriorated, until about seven years ago symptoms of the most alarming gravity supervened, and it became necessary for her friends to take legal measures to have her placed under restraint. She remained under the charge of a competent physician for some time, and then, her condition having somewhat improved, she was released from restraint and immediately sailed for Europe, where she remained until the fall of 1880, residing chiefly at Pau, in the Pyrenees.

A Verdict Against the Merchants' Dispatch Transportation Company is one of the results which the strike of freight handlers has developed. It is one of several attempts being made to force the railroad companies to perform the duties required of them under their charters. As it is, rather than grant their employes the three cents demanded of them, they suffer the freight to accumulate and business to stagnate, while merchants are losing hundreds of thousands of dollars a day. The verdict in the case of this company was for only forty dollars and was claimed by a carman for detention; but if it is affirmed in the higher courts a principle will be established which may make the companies less reckless in their oppression of their servants.

A Most Righteous Decision was Rendered in a New York court on Wednesday, July 19th, in a case in which the overseers of the poor endeavored to make an old man eighty-two years of age contribute to the support of his dissolute son, a man thirty years old. Judge Gifford, who presided, listened to the aged father's account of his efforts to reclaim his son, who could not resist the attractions of the saloons, and then he indignantly refused to make the order requested by the overseers. "The town," he said, "has licensed the establishments where this old man's son buys his rum, so the town must take care of the drunkard. I cannot order a man of eighty-two to provide for a son who, were it not for rum, could and should now be caring for his father."

A Prize Fight Under Police Supervision took place in Madison Garden, New York, on July 17th. Sporting men explain that it was not a prize fight because the combatants wore gloves, but the fact that one of the men had to remain for some days in bed under medical treatment after his contest and that the other was knocked down twenty-six times in fifteen minutes, shows that the fight was serious enough. The saddest part of the affair is the proof furnished by the exhibition, of the vast number of people in the city who delight in such brutality. More than fifteen thousand persons were present, all of whom had paid one dollar, and the greater part of them two dollars, to witness the performance. The fact that the Englishman, who won, received \$11,000 as his share of the proceeds renders his decision to become a citizen instead of going back to England comprehensible. If such disgraceful exhibitions are not contrary to law, as is asserted, there is urgent need for an amendment of the law.

The Opening Services at Ocean Grove on Tuesday, July 18th, attracted a large gathering. Dr. Stokes delivered an address of welcome to those who had come to take part in the National Temperance Camp Meeting. Hon. William E. Dodge was elected permanent president, and in a brief but exhaustive address reviewed the results of the year's work and congratulated the friends of temperance on the progress made. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster also delivered a stirring speech, in which she recalled the pledge given two years ago in the same place that Iowa would be won for prohibition. She received a perfect ovation, and deserved it, for to her labors and to those of her lady colleagues much of the credit of the victory is due. An address by Mr. Edward Craswell, of Canada, was also listened to with much interest.

The Seaside Sabbath-School Assembly will be held August 1st to 15th, at Asbury Park, three miles south of Long Branch, N. J. Board and hotel accommodations may be had at from six to twenty dollars per week. Programmes of the exercises, containing full information on all points of inquiry, may be had on application to the secretary of the Sabbath-school Committee of Synod of New Jersey, Newark, N. J.

A Quaint Epitaph is inscribed on a Monument in a cemetery at Syracuse, N. Y., where a printer was interred last week. Several years ago the veteran Syracuse journalist who died on Friday, July 14th, had placed in the cemetery lot where he wished to be buried a humble marble slab, having inscribed upon it, under a carved medallion portrait, the words: "Lewis H. Redfield, printer. A worn and battered 'form' gone to be recast, more beautiful and perfect." The confidence implied in those words is very beautiful, for if the form has been worn and battered in God's service, its recasting will be for more efficient and more exalted employment (1 Cor. 15 : 43).

The Long Snow White Hair which Covers the head of an aged politician in Texas has a history that gives additional interest to its remarkable appearance. The citizen who wears it was an ardent supporter of Henry Clay during the latter's candidacy for the Presidency of the United States about 1840, and in a moment of enthusiasm he registered a vow never to allow his hair to be cut until Clay was elected President. There are many men still living who shared in the disappointment of that time, but this gentleman's hasty vow and his faithful fulfillment of it, silly as it was, render his enthusiasm in the great statesman's cause memorable. It would not have been surprising if so rash and unavailing a vow had been broken, but his persistence in its observance is a sad contrast to the conduct in a better cause of some Christian men, whose vows of fidelity, service and sacrifice made to God in moments of sickness and peril are often lightly broken (Eccles 4 : 4, 5).

Senator Brown's Gift of Fifty Thousand dollars to the University of Georgia is to be administered on a novel principle. He directs that it be invested in a special State bond, running fifty years, and bearing seven per cent interest. This annual income of \$3500 will be lent to poor but promising young men, to enable them to pursue courses of study at any department of the university, or at the North Georgia Agricultural College. Not more than \$200 annually will be lent to any one student at the university, and not more than \$150 each to students at the college. Senator Brown's four surviving sons have the right each to choose one beneficiary annually. On being graduated the young men are to begin paying four per cent interest on the loans, and are to repay the principal thereof as soon as they have earned a sufficient amount in addition to economical living expenses. This interest and the repaid loans are to be added to the principal of the fund. *Students for the ministry* will be required to pay back only half the amount they receive.

A Thrilling Adventure in a Mine Occurred at Hyde Park, Pa., on July 18th. On the morning of that day Mr. Thomas Richards the "donkey runner" of the Oxford Mine, accompanied by Mr. James Lewis, one of the workmen, descended the pit, which is now idle, to examine an engine in one of the lower workings. No men were at work in the pit and the journey was therefore one of the gloomiest imaginable. The two men entered the car and were lowered to within thirty-five feet of the bottom of the shaft. Then water appeared upon the carriage, and Lewis said that their feet would get wet, but not thinking there was any danger. Richards, knew that *the shaft was flooded*; which was only too true, the water having overflowed a dam at the Rock vein above and filled the mine to the depth of thirty-five feet. When Richards saw the water, with a spring from the side of the carriage he reached the side of the shaft, and clung to a water-pipe that passed down the shaft. He called to Lewis to do the same, but the latter, realizing the danger now, was too excited and tailed to follow. The engineer at the top of the shaft was not aware of the danger below, and kept letting

the car containing Lewis under the water nearly twenty-eight feet. As soon as freed his body floated to the surface, where he grasped the rope, which attaches to the roof of the carriage, and floundered about. In the meantime Richards, who had jumped from the car, was undergoing a severe struggle. One hundred and fifty feet separated him from *the only place now left* to signal the engineer. Hand over hand he clambered up the pipe. At last he gained the signalling place, but the time consumed was three-quarters of an hour, and all that time Lewis was clinging for life to the rope. Richards quickly gave the signal, and the engineer hoisted the carriage from the water. As the carriage gained the top of the water Lewis slid down the rope to the car, and so both were saved by Richards' desperate exertions. Had Lewis neglected to avail himself of the way of escape his companion had struggled to obtain for him, he would have been denounced as an ingrate and an imbecile. We constantly see, however, men more desperately situated spiritually, persisting in such wicked and stupid conduct (Heb. 2 : 3).

The Ingenuity of a Blind and Deaf Man in the South is described in a New Orleans journal. It might be expected that sight and hearing, the two chief gateways of knowledge, being closed to him, he would lead a dark and gloomy life, but his ingenuity has enabled him to acquire considerable knowledge and to become proficient in many branches of education. The sense of touch, quickened in him by the loss of hearing, enables him to understand what is said to him, for among his inventions is a leather glove with the letters of the alphabet painted on it. Any one can talk to him as fast as they can touch those letters with the end of the finger. Another of his inventions is a mechanical writing machine. The machine pricks its way along the paper, and he can read his own writing by the sense of touch. Others can use the machine to write out for him anything not procurable in raised type, and he can then read it with his fingers and indirectly have access to the literary gems which would otherwise be a sealed book to him. He has had many books copied for him with this machine, which he has read and largely memorized. He has even essayed authorship by its means, and a volume of his poetry displaying ability and taste has been published. His triumphs over difficulties apparently insuperable show him to be a man of extraordinary character. It would be difficult to imagine a case furnishing a more startling contrast to the spiritual condition of the men our Saviour denounced (Matt. 13 : 14, 15).

The Return of Paupers to Germany from this country may, it is hoped, teach the authorities there that we do not intend to have America made a dumping ground for their social refuse. Among those recently sent back was Christine Linck, an unprepossessing-looking young woman about twenty-six years old, who was among the immigrants landed at Castle Garden by the Rotterdam, on June 25th. She had no money, and she seemed unable to keep any situation. According to her story, she was sent here by the poor authorities of Bornheim, Germany. For a year she was an inmate of the Rothenburg Prison, having been committed for vagrancy. After her discharge she was again arrested as a vagrant and sent back to prison for a further term of three months. Finally, the poor authorities of Bornheim had her sent to this country, paying an agent named Wieder 100 marks for her passage money and other expenses. She was entirely destitute on her arrival here and has since been a pauper. The Commissioners of Emigration required the steamship company which brought her here to return her to the poor authorities of Bornheim. Had the immigrant shown any inclination to honest labor she would have been permitted to commence a new life in the new world, but she had no disposition in that direction and to impart it was beyond the power of the Commissioners. They were, therefore, obliged in self-defence to reject her. Christians who go out into the highways and hedges inviting all who will to come to the Saviour and commence a new life, have no fear of any such result happening to those whom they bring in. He rejects none, and He is able to give them a new heart (Ezek. 36 : 26-28).

"LOVE AND I"—A MYSTERY.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it : that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them."—John 17 : 26.

A Rich Soil—A Prayer under Solemn Circumstances—The Last Word of the Prayer—Love is the Crown Jewel—I. The Food of Love.—What it is—Who gave it—How it Comes—Righteous and yet a Father—The Name as Character—II. The Love Itself—What it is not—Of a Peculiar Sort—Its Four Precious Things—Its Power Expulsive and Impulsive—III. The Companion of Love—Jesus and Love as Guests—Where Love is, Life is—And Faith—A Sacred Secret.

FOR several Sabbath mornings my mind has been directed into subjects which I might fitly call the deep things of God. I think I have never felt my own incompetence more fully than in trying to handle such subjects. It is a soil into which one may dig, and dig as deep as ever you will, and still never exhaust the golden nuggets which lie within it. I am, however, comforted by this fact, that these subjects are so fruitful that even we who can only scratch the surface of them shall yet get a harvest from them.

You see, this text is taken out of our Lord's last prayer with His disciples. He did as good as say, "I am about to leave you, I am about to die for you ; and for awhile you will not see me ; but now before we separate, let us pray." It is one of those impulses that you have felt yourselves. When you have been about to part from those you love, to leave them perhaps in danger and difficulty, you have felt you could do no less than say, "Let us draw nigh unto God." Your heart found no way of expressing itself at all so fitting, so congenial, so satisfactory as to draw near unto the great Father and spread the case before Him. Now, a prayer from such a one as Jesus, our Lord and Master ; a prayer in such a company, with the eleven whom He had chosen, and who had consorted with Him from the beginning ; a prayer under such circumstances, when He was just on the brink of the brook of Cedron, and was about to cross that gloomy stream and go up to Calvary, and there lay down His life—such a prayer as this, so living, earnest, loving, and divine, deserves the most studious meditations of all believers.

You will observe that

THE LAST WORD

of our Lord's prayer is concerning *love*. This is the last petition which He offers: "That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them." He reaches no greater height than this, namely, that His people be filled with the Father's love. How could He rise higher? For this is to be filled with all the fulness of God, since God is love, and he that loveth dwelleth in God and God in him. What importance ought you and I to attach to the grace of love ! How highly we should esteem that which Jesus makes the crown jewel of all. If we have faith, let us not be satisfied unless our faith worketh by love and purifieth the soul. Let us not be content indeed until the love of Christ is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. Well did the poet say,

"Only love to us be given,
Lord, we ask no other heaven ;"

for indeed there is no other heaven below, and scarcely is there any other heaven above than to reach to the fulness of perfect love. This is where the prayer of the Son of David ends, in praying "that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them."

I shall this morning try to speak first upon *the food of love*, or what love lives upon ; secondly, upon *the love itself*, what kind of love it is ; and then, thirdly, upon *the companion of love*. "That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them."

I. First,

THE FOOD OF LOVE

to God : what is it ? *It is knowledge*. "I have made known unto them Thy name, and will make it known." We cannot love a God whom we do not know : a measure of knowledge is needful to affection. You cannot reciprocate love which you

have never known, even as a man cannot derive strength from food which he has not eaten. Till first of all the love of God has come into your heart, and you have been made a partaker of it, you cannot rejoice in it or return it. Therefore our Lord took care to feed His disciples' hearts upon the Father's name. He labored to make the Father known to them. This is one of His great efforts with them, and He is grieved when He sees their ignorance, and has to say to one of them, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then Show us the Father?" Study much, then, the Word of God; be diligent in turning the pages of Scripture and in hearing God's true ministers, that the flame of love within your hearts may be revived by the fuel of holy knowledge which you place upon it.

The knowledge here spoken of is a *knowledge which Jesus gave them*. "I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it." O beloved, it is *not knowledge that you and I pick up* as a matter of book learning that will ever bring out our love to the Father; it is knowledge given us by Christ through His Spirit. It is not knowledge communicated by the preacher alone which will bless you; for however much he may be taught of God Himself, he cannot preach to the heart unless the blessed Spirit of God comes and takes of the things that are spoken, and reveals them and makes them manifest to each individual heart, so that in consequence it knows the Lord. Jesus said, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee," and you and I would have been in the same condition, strangers to God, without God and without hope in the world, if the Spirit of God had not taken of divine things and applied them to our souls so that we are made to know them.

This knowledge, dear friends,

COMES TO US GRADUALLY.

The text indicates this. "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it." As if, though they knew the Father, there was far more to know and the Lord Jesus was resolved to teach them more. Are you growing in knowledge, my brothers and sisters? My labor is lost if you are not growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I hope you know much more of God than you did twenty years ago when first you came to Him. That little knowledge which you received by grace when you found "life in a look at the Crucified One" has saved you; but in these after years you have added to your faith knowledge, and to your knowledge experience; you have gone on to know more deeply what you knew before, and to know the details of what you seemed to know in the gross and the lump at first.

Are you not thankful for this blessed word of the Lord Jesus: "I will declare it;" "I will make it known?" He did so at His resurrection, when He taught His people things they knew not before; but He did so much more after He had ascended up on high when the Spirit of God was given. "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." And now to-day in the hearts of His people He is daily teaching us something that we do not know. All our experience tends that way. When the Spirit of God blesses an affliction to us, it is one of the *Saviour's illuminated books* out of which we learn something more of the Father's name, and consequently come to love Him better; for that is the thing Christ aims at. He would so make known the Father, that the love wherewith the Father hath loved Him may be in us, and that He Himself may be in us.

Now let me try to show you what the Saviour meant when He said, "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare." This knowledge which breeds love is *knowledge of the name of God*. What does He mean by "Thy name." Now, I do not think I should preach an unprofitable sermon if I were to stop with the connection and say that the "name" here meant is specially the name used in the twenty-fifth verse: "O

righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee." "This is the name which we most need to know—" righteous Father."

Observe the singular combination here.

RIGHTEOUS, AND YET A FATHER.

"Righteous;" to us poor sinners that is a word of terror when first we hear it. "Father,"—oh, how sweet. That is a word of good cheer even to us prodigals; but we are afraid to lay hold upon it, for our sins arise, and conscience protests that God must be righteous, and punish sin. Our joy begins when we see the two united: "righteous Father,"—a Father full of love, and nothing but love, to His people, and yet righteous as a Judge, as righteous as if He were no Father. Dealing out His righteousness with stern severity as the Judge of all the earth must do, and yet a Father at the same time.

I do protest that I never did love God at all, nor could I embrace Him in my affections, till I understood how He could be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; how, in a word, He could be the "righteous Father." That satisfied my conscience and my heart at the same time, for my conscience said, It is well. God hath not put away sin without a sacrifice, and hath not winked at sin nor waived His justice in order to indulge His mercy, but He remains just as He ever was—the same thrice holy God who will by no means spare the guilty. He hath laid the punishment of our sins upon Christ; He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. And all this He has done that He might act to us as a Father, and save His own children from the result of their transgressions.

Here we see the righteous Father. But the world will not learn it, and a large part of the professing church, which is nothing better than the world wrongfully named with Christ's name, will not learn it. They do anything they can to get away from atonement; love without righteousness is their idol. Substitution is a word that is *hard for the world to spell*; they cannot abide it. That Christ should suffer in the stead of the guilty, and bear that we might never bear the Father's righteous wrath—this they cannot away with. These who have been taught by Christ, and these alone, come to find as much joy in the word "righteous" as in the word "Father;" and blending the two together they feel an intense love to the "righteous Father," and their hearts rejoice in a holy Gospel, a message of mercy consistent with justice, a covenant salvation ordered in all things and sure, because it does no violence to law and does not bind the hands of justice.

Still, I would take the word "name" in a wider sense. "I have declared unto them Thy name," which signifies "Thy character." The word "name" is used as a sort of summary of all the attributes of God. All these attributes are well adapted to win the love of all regenerate spirits. Just think for a minute. God is *holy*. To a holy mind there is nothing in the world, there is nothing in heaven more beautiful than holiness. Moreover, we learn from our Lord Jesus that God is *good*. "There is none good but one; that is God." How inexpressibly good He is! There is no goodness but what comes from God. His name, "God," is but short for "good," and all the good things that we receive in this life, and for the life to come, are but enlargements of His blessed name. To sinners like ourselves perhaps the next word may have more sweetness. God is *merciful*; He is ever ready to forgive. Note how the prophet saith, "Who is a God like unto thee, passing by transgression?" He does not say, "Who is a man like unto thee?" for none among our race can for a moment be compared with Him; but even if the gods of the heathen were gods, none of them could be likened unto the Lord for mercy. Now, when a man knows that he has offended, and yet the person offended readily and freely forgives, why, it wins his love. If he is a right-hearted man he cries, "I cannot again offend one who so generously casts all my offences behind his back."

But then there is a higher word still. God is *love*, and there is a something about love which always wins love. When love puts on her own

golden armor, and bares her sword bright with her own unselfishness, she goeth on conquering and to conquer. Let a man once apprehend that God is love, that this is God's very essence, and he must at once love God. I do not mean merely "apprehend" that God is love in the cold intellect; but when this heart begins to glow and burn with the divine revelation, then straightway the spirit is joined unto the Lord, and rests with delight in the great Father of spirits. Love knits and binds. O to feel more of its uniting power!

Thus have I shown you the manna which love feeds upon, the nectar which it drinks. Everything in God is lovely, and there is no trait in His character that is otherwise than lovely. All the lovelinesses that can be conceived are heaped up in God without the slightest admixture of adulteration. He is love altogether, wholly, and emphatically. Oh, surely our Lord and Master was wise when He fed His people's love upon such meat as this.

II. Brethren, we have as yet only been standing at the furnace mouth; let us now enter into the devouring flame while we speak, in the second place, upon

THE LOVE ITSELF.

Observe, first, *what this love is not*. "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them." Do notice that the prayer is not that the Father's love may be set upon them, or moved toward them. God does not love us because we know Him, for *He loved us before* we knew Him even as Paul speaks of "His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in trespasses and sins." Jesus has not come to set His Father's love upon the chosen. Oh, no; He did not ever die with that object, for the Father's love was upon the chosen from everlasting. "The Father Himself loveth you" was always true. Christ did not die to make His Father loving, but because His Father is loving; the atoning blood is the outflow of the very heart of God toward us. So do not make any mistake.

And this love is of a *very peculiar sort*. Let me read the verse again: "That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them." It is God's own love in us. The love of the Father toward Jesus springs up like a crystal fountain, and then the sparkling drops fall and overflow, as you have seen the fountains do, and we are the cups into which this overflowing love of God toward Christ Jesus flows, and flows till we too are full. The inward love so much desired for us by our Lord is no emotion of nature, no attachment proceeding from the unregenerate will, but it is the Father's love transplanted into the soil of these poor hearts, and becoming our love to Jesus.

But what can this mean? I must ask you to observe that it includes within itself four precious things.

First, the text means that *our Lord Jesus Christ desires us to have a distinct recognition of the Father's love to Him*. He wants the love wherewith the Father loves Him to be felt in us, so that we may say, "Yes, I know the Father loved Him, for I, who am such a poor, unworthy, and foolish creature, yet love Him; and, oh, how His Father must love Him!" Now, go a step further and deeper. Our text bears a further reading. Remember that *you are to have in your heart a sense of the Father's love to you*, and to recollect that it is precisely the same love wherewith He loves His Son. "That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them." Oh, wonder of wonders, I feel more inclined to sit down and meditate upon it than to stand up and talk about it! The love wherewith He loved His Son—such is His love to all His chosen ones.

But now this goes to a third meaning, and that is that *we are to give back a reflection of this love, and to love Jesus as the Father loves Him*. A dear old friend speaking to me the other day in a rapturous tone said, "I love Jesus as the Father loves Him." This is true; not equally, but like. Is not this a blessed thought? I said, "O friend, that is a strong thing to say!" "Ah," said he, "but not stronger than Jesus would have it when He prays that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them." His people

love Christ as the Father loves Him—in the same way, though from want of capacity they cannot reach to the same immeasurable force of love. And then, fourthly, *this love of the Father in us is to go beaming forth from us to all around.* When we get the love wherewith the Father loves the Son into our hearts, then it is to go out toward all the chosen seed. He that loveth Him that begat loveth also them that are begotten of Him. Ay, and your love is to go forth to all the sons of men, seeking their good for God's glory, that they may be brought in to know the same Saviour in whom we rejoice. Oh, if the love of the Father to Christ once enters into a man's soul it will change him; it will sway him with the noblest passion; it will make him a *zealot for Christ*; it will cast out his selfishness; it will change him into the image of Christ, and fit him to dwell in heaven where love is perfected.

So I conclude this second head by saying that this indwelling of the Father's love in us has the most blessed results. It has an *expulsive* result. As soon as ever it gets into the heart it says to all love of sin, "Get thee hence; there remains no room for thee here." When the light enters in the darkness receives immediate notice of ejection; the night is gone as soon as the dawn appears. It has also a *repulsive* power by which it repels the assaults of sin. It repels the devil, the love of the world, the love of sin, and all outward temptations. And then what an *impulsive* power it has. Get the love of Christ into you, and it is as when an engine receives fire and steam, and so obtains the force which drives it. Then have you strengthening, then have you motive power, then are you urged on to this and that heroic deed which, apart from this sublime love, you never would have thought of. And, oh, how elevating it is. How it lifts a man up above self and sin; how it makes him seek the things that are above! How purifying it is; and how happy it makes the subjects of its influence. If you are unhappy you want more of the love of God. "Oh," say you, "I want a larger income." Nonsense. A man is not made happy by money. You will do very well in poverty if you have enough of the love of God.

III. Thirdly, here is

THE COMPANION OF LOVE.

"I in them." Look at the text a minute and just catch those two words. Here is "love" and "I"—*love and Christ* come together. Oh, blessed guests! "Love and I," says Christ; as if He felt He never had a companion that suited Him better. "Love" and "I": Jesus is ever at home where love is reigning. When love lives in His people's hearts, Jesus lives there too. Does Jesus, then, live in the hearts of His people? Yes; wherever there is the love of the Father shed abroad in them He must be there. We have His own word for it, and we are sure that Jesus knows where He is.

We are sure that He is where love is; for, first, where there is love there is *life*, and where there is life there is Christ, for He Himself says, "I am the life." There is no true life in the believer's soul that is divided from Christ. We are sure of that; so that where there is love there is life, and where there is life there is Christ. Furthermore, where there is love there is *faith*, for faith worketh by love, and there never was true love to Christ apart from faith; but where there is faith there is always Christ, for if there is faith in Him He has been received into the soul. Jesus is ever near to that faith which has Himself for its foundation and resting place. Where there is love there is faith, where there is faith there is Christ, and so it is "love and I."

"I in them." Yes, if I were commanded to preach for seven years from these three words only I should never exhaust the text, I am quite certain. I might exhaust you by my dulness, and exhaust myself by labor to tell out

THE SACRED SECRET,

but I should never exhaust the text. "I in them." It is the most blessed word I know of. You, beloved, need not go abroad to find the Lord Jesus Christ. Where does He live? He lives within you. "I in them." As soon as ever you pray you are sure He hears you, because He is within you. He is not knocking at your door; He has entered into

you, and there He dwells, and will go no more out forever.

What a blessed sense of power this gives to us. "I in them." Then it is no more "I" in weakness, but, since Jesus dwells in me, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." "I in them." It is the glory of the believer that Christ dwells in him. "Unto you that believe He is precious."

Hence we gather the security of the believer. Brother, if Christ be in me, and I am overcome, Christ is conquered too, for He is in me. "I in them." I cannot comprehend the doctrine of believers falling from grace. If Christ has once entered into them, will He not abide with them? Paul saith, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." To that persuasion I set my hand and seal.

I know not what more to say, not because I have nothing more, but because I do not know which to bring forward out of a thousand precious things; but I leave the subject with you. Go home, and live in the power of this blessed text. Go home, and be as happy as you can be to live, and if you get a little happier that will not hurt you, for then you will be in Heaven. Keep up unbroken joy in the Lord. It is not "I in them" for Sundays, and away on Mondays; "I in them" when they sit in the Tabernacle, and out of them when they reach home. No; "I in them," and that forever and forever. Go and rejoice. Show this blind world that you have a happiness which as much outshines theirs as the sun outshines the sparks which fly from the chimney and expire. Go forth with joy and be led forth with peace; let the mountains and the hills break forth before you into singing.

"All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come,
To bear me to the King."

"Oh, but I have my troubles." I know you have your troubles, but they are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in you, nor even with your present glory. I feel as if I could not think about troubles, nor sins, nor anything else when I once behold the love of God to me. When I feel my love to Christ, which is but God's love to Christ, burning within my soul, then I glory in tribulation, for the power of God shall be through these afflictions made manifest in me. "I in them." God bless you with the knowledge of this mystery, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—
John 17.]

"A DROP TO KEEP THE SPIRITS UP."

"WHERE are you off to now?"

This question, although somewhat prying, was asked of two men who were moving pretty briskly across the road.

Doubtless, if they had been more leisurely in their movements, and less eager in their looks, the question would never have been asked. But under the circumstances the questioner might well be pardoned for thinking that there was, as he afterward expressed it, "something up."

There was "something up." And the men were not slow to confess it. They were off, they said, for "a drop to keep the spirits up."

Apparently, this reply was entirely satisfactory. It was a sufficient justification for their unusual hurry. He perfectly understood it. He himself was both eager and quick in his movements when off for "a drop to keep the spirits up."

I am not satisfied, however. I hold their reply to be eminently unsatisfactory. And it is with this conviction that I now purpose to take a good long look at this expression. Time and labor will not be thrown away if I can show that there is no more delusive set of words than these, "A drop to keep the spirits up."

In the first place, *they do not keep the spirits up*, if by "spirits" is meant the spirit of merriment, and laughter, and lightness. It sends them up, if

you like, for a moment or two; perhaps for an hour or two. But as for keeping them up, a glance at the drinker's face soon after will testify to the direct opposite. In the act of drinking there is no doubt a flash of enjoyment and satisfaction, but how long does it last?

Isn't it a fact as clear as daylight, that instead of "keeping the spirits up," it sends them down? Where will you find gloomier and more dismal faces than those of the men who, but a little before, visited the public-house? It is a great mistake surely to speak of "a drop to keep the spirits up."

And even if they did keep the spirits up, *what are they worth when they are up?* A man may laugh, and joke, and sing songs, and yet not be really happy. Excitement and happiness are by no means the same thing. Beer and brandy are not the manufacturers of true peace, and never can be. And if a looker-on can pass an opinion, he would only pity the man who, having taken his drop, has got "his spirits up."

Of all sad and melancholy sights that any sensible man can witness, few can give a greater heart-ache than that of the man whose drop has sent his "spirits up."

And another fact worth pondering, is *the kind of spirits the drop keeps up*. Not good spirits, but bad ones. These, if you like, are kept up. Bad tempers, bad thoughts, bad desires, bad everything. The worst part of a man gets uppermost when the drink is in. In this sense of the word, men are perfectly right who expect the drink to keep their spirits up.

And here is a question which will not come amiss in our consideration of this expression. *Are "spirits" the only things to be kept up?* Surely, a wise man will remember that there are many other things beside this. There's position to be kept up. There's strength to be kept up. There's the home to be kept up. There's reputation to be kept up. Which are the most important, these things, or the "spirits"? And who doesn't know that either the one or the other must go to the wall? Pursue "the drop," and money, time, respectability, position, home, and strength must be squandered. O! foolish men, so to scatter your substance for the sake of a shadow.

And then, *how long will the "drop" suffice?* When the drop loses its virtue, as in the very nature of things it must, you will have to multiply it, "to keep the spirits up." And not only will you need more drops, but drops of stronger and more fiery stuff. And where will you stop? It is a perilous path that you have chosen. It is a path where many are even now stumbling and falling. It is a path which, if you pursue it, must lead to utter drunkenness. Terribly sad is the prospect of that man who is obliged to add to his drops in order "to keep his spirits up."

Neither should we forget *the abominable selfishness of the man*. As though his "spirits" were the only "spirits" in the universe. He quite forgets that his wife and family, and friends and neighbors, have "spirits" as desirous and as worthy of being "kept up" as his own.

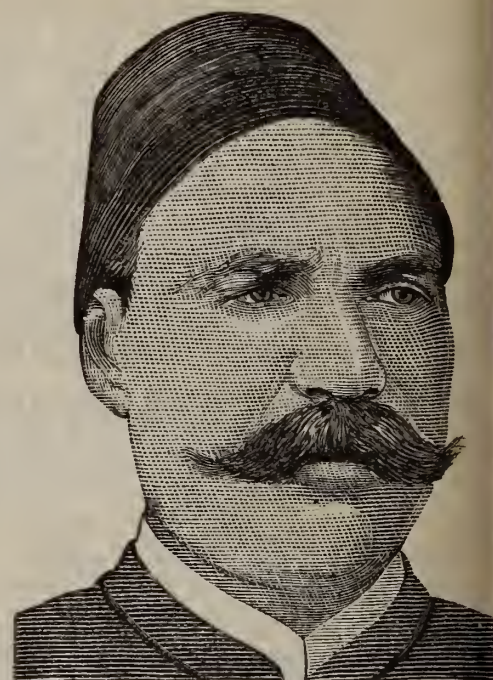
But no, so long as his spirits are kept up, others' spirits may go down as much as they like. So long as his spirits are high, nobody has a right to complain of the way in which he does it, although they may suffer from his free expenditure. If the landlord seeks his rent, the tradesman the payment of his account, the wife money for bread and clothing, they should, one and all, be satisfied with the information that he is "keeping his spirits up." Whatever is left after his spirits are kept up, he promises faithfully to pay in. And if they are not contented with this, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. O, miserable man! So eaten up with selfishness! A hardening process indeed is this of "keeping the spirits up!"

"Keeping the spirits up!" *Up where?* Not "up" in a spiritual sense, certainly down, down, terribly down, as regards the never-dying soul. How can that man, whose only object in life is "to keep the spirits up" by strong drink, face the great Judge at the last great day? With spirit soiled and blackened, it will fare ill with him then.

Better far to cease these drinkings, to spurn



A Message sent to the Spirit World (see page 470).



Arabi Pacha, Leader of the Egyptian Revolt

these false supports, and to seek the one only way of peace through the Lord Jesus Christ, who "made peace by the blood of His Cross."
"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

ARABI PACHA,

THE leader of the revolution in Egypt, whose portrait appears in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, is a man whose capacities are variously estimated by those who have come in contact with him. The first notice of him that reached the world outside of Egypt was that he was the colonel of a regiment in the Egyptian army. He was represented as an ambitious man, without education or culture, but very popular in the army. He received an excellent education in a military school. After leaving the military school he entered the army and remained for some time in the ranks. Although the late Khédive patronized him he did not advance above the rank of major under that ruler. On three different occasions he endeavored to obtain the rank of Bey or Colonel, but Ismail replied to the person advocating his cause: "If I create him a Colonel, he will create a revolt in the regiment under his command in less than six months." But when Ismail abdicated, his son and successor, Tewfik, shortly after his accession gazetted Arabi a colonel.

In January, 1881, Arabi aroused an agitation against the favoritism shown by the Khédive of Egypt toward Turkish and Circassian officers. Arabi, who is an Arabian by birth and about forty-five years of age, conceived the idea of forming a national party in Egypt looking toward the expulsion from Egypt of the Turkish Khédive as well as the English and French controllers. The army was officered exclusively by Turks, and the civil service was in the hands of

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH CONTROLLERS who administered the finances of the nation.

Ismail, the late Khédive, had expended large sums of money in unproductive public works, on his own palaces and on his harem. He had borrowed this money at a high rate of interest, principally in England and France. He was unable to pay either interest or principal, for of the taxes levied, large sums were stolen by the collectors and other officials. He then applied to his creditors for assistance, and by the advice of the European governments placed the conduct of the finances in the hands of controllers appointed by England and France. Under their management the taxes were honestly applied to the expenses of

the government, including the payment of the interest on the debt. But, with a singular lack of sagacity and tact, they dismissed the Egyptian employees of the government and filled the offices with their own relatives and hangers on, who in many cases did not even know the language of the country, and while performing a small modicum of service drew large salaries from the impoverished national treasury.

DISCONTENT WAS SPREADING rapidly, and Arabi found no difficulty in fanning the glowing embers into a flame. He had read the history of such heroes as Washington and Napoleon, and without understanding anything of the circumstances which gave strength to their cause, his ambition was fired to tread in their footsteps. His first effort was directed toward the removal of the Turkish and Circassian officers in the army, he feeling assured that with Arab officers the army might be used to coerce the Khédive into dismissing the controllers, and after that he might succeed in deposing the Khédive himself. The project was a dazzling one, and it had in its favor several important coincidences. The Khédive was a weak man, the Sultan of Turkey had his hands full at home, France was busy in Tunis and England was ruled by a man remarkable for nothing so much as his dilatory and vacillating foreign policy.

ARABI'S FIRST MOVEMENT

—that of a petition against the Turkish officers—resulted in his being cast into prison, with two other Arab officers who had supported him. Before they were tried, and while the court was still sitting on their case, the regiments rose and carried off their officers. They then demanded their reinstatement without trial. The Khédive and Ministers protested, entreated, but the attitude of the troops was so threatening that the Khédive gave way. They demanded, further, that the Minister of War should be dismissed, with the same result. Incited by Arabi they then demanded the right of electing their own officers, and when this was agreed to they asked that their numbers should be increased.

Other demands followed, and the Khédive becoming uneasy, accepted the advice of Riaz Pacha, his minister of war, and ordered the removal of Arabi's regiment from Cairo to Alexandria. Then open rebellion broke out, and the troops surrounded the palace of the Khédive and demanded that the Minister who had advised the obnoxious measure should be dismissed with his colleagues, and menaced the Khédive with deposition in the event of his refusal. The danger was imminent, and the Khédive, being without

protection and at the mercy of the army, made the concession demanded. The ministers were dismissed and a new cabinet formed, in which Arabi himself held the portfolio of Minister of War. Arabi's first step was the convocation of a species of parliament, which he called an Assembly of Notables, composed of leading men of the various provinces, but only such as Arabi thought were favorable to his design of expelling the English and French controllers. This body was convened on the 26th of December, 1881, and proposed to establish reforms limiting the power of the Khédive and vesting the power of levying taxes in its own hands.

England and France had been watching the progress of events with anxiety because of the large interests which their subjects had as holders of Egyptian bonds, and on the 8th of January last they united in

A JOINT NOTE

to the Khédive informing him that the two governments "consider the maintenance of His Highness on the throne under the conditions sanctioned by successive firmans of the Porte, and which they have officially accepted, as being at present and in the future the only possible guarantee for the maintenance of order and the development of the general prosperity of the country." This, however, had no effect on the Notables, and on the 2d of February Cherif Pasha, the Prime Minister, resigned, being unwilling to provoke a conflict with the European governments and feeling it impossible to conduct the government in opposition to the Notables, who were really the creatures of the army.

The next important event, and the one which ultimately produced the present crisis, was the discovery about three months ago of

AN ALLEGED CONSPIRACY

among the Circassian officers in the army against Arabi. They were charged with conspiring to take his life, and were tried before a court-martial of his friends, who sentenced forty Circassian officers to be degraded and sent to the extreme Soudan region, where the climate is so unhealthy that few exiles ever return. The Khédive, acting by order of the Sultan of Turkey, who was as much under the power of England and France as the Khédive himself, refused his sanction to the sentence, and commuted the punishment to a mere exile out of Egypt. Arabi and his party protested against this act, and a pronouncement was issued in Cairo. The Khédive was informed by Arabi, on the 10th of May, that he would be deposed if he persisted in refusing his sanction.



Cairo, the Capital of Egypt.

in consequence of these threats and the danger to public order, the consuls general of England and France telegraphed to their Governments for ships of war to sustain the authority of the Khédive. Meanwhile Turkey was secretly encouraging Arabi to resist and sent him a decoration of honor. A pacha also was sent from Turkey, who appears to have exerted no useful influence.

Finally, an ultimatum was handed by the English and French ministers to the Khédive, requiring him to banish Arabi Pacha. He, poor fellow, would have been glad enough to comply on his own account, or even to have his ambitious subject beheaded, but he had no means of executing his sentence, and he knew well enough that if he injured a hair of Arabi's head he would have to reckon with the whole army, who had now come to regard Arabi as a national hero. The situation was further complicated by the outbreak of a riot in Alexandria on June 11th, which if not ordered by Arabi was instigated by him, and a large number of Europeans were killed.

British ships were sent to Alexandria in the hope that they would frighten Arabi into submission. Arabi, however, declined to be scared, and commenced strengthening the fortifications of the harbor. As the guns were so placed as to bear on the ships, orders were issued by the admiral in command to discontinue the work. These orders were disregarded, and then the British fleet opened fire and dismantled all the forts. Arabi then let loose a tribe of wild Bedouins and convicts from the prisons, whom he ordered to burn and pillage the city. He then hoisted a flag of truce to stop the British fire, and under its protection he escaped with his troops to a position of safety.

Arabi's movement being called a national movement, and its object being stated as "Egypt for the Egyptians," has called forth much sympathy in his behalf in this country, which has been fostered by public speakers who should have known better. Arabi's object is simply to replace the Khédive with a military despotism of which he would be the head and hold supreme power. If he were successful the last state of that land would be far worse than the first.

A DESCRIPTION OF ARABI

has recently been published from the pen of Dr. Henry M. Field, the eminent Presbyterian minister of New York, who met the Egyptian agitator during his recent visit to Egypt and conversed with him. Dr. Field says: "The first time I saw Arabi Pacha but a moment, but the second time I was in his society for a whole evening. It was last February. Consul General Wolf, with General Stone, the chief of staff to the Khédive, and some other Americans passing the winter at Cairo,

thought it would be pleasant to celebrate Washington's Birthday with a grand dinner, which was given at the hotel where I was stopping. It brought together a distinguished company, although it is not common for Arabs and Europeans to mingle, and all the Khédive's Ministers were present. There was the greatest curiosity to see Arabi, and I was placed opposite him at the table.

"He is a man of large physique and rather heavy features; but his eye looked as if it might flash fire were he aroused. He had committed a gross act of insubordination in leading the army against the government, for which, had Ismail Pacha been still Khédive, he would undoubtedly have been shot. I felt that he might be *destined to supreme power* or death, and I observed him closely. His manner was very quiet, and although it was a merry party and Americans and Europeans on all sides were gayly drinking wine he was very grave, and I noticed that he did not even raise the cup to his lips. He spoke Arabic, but through the interpreter he told me that he had come out that evening, although not feeling well, to do honor to the memory of a man who had freed his country from a foreign yoke. I felt that he was thinking that what Washington had done for America he might do for Egypt.

"I was not impressed with his greatness. He is unquestionably a very brave man, for he took his life in his hand when he revolted against the government, but his looks do not indicate greatness. His heavy jaw shows a strong will, and his eye indicates craft, but if he proves himself a great man he will disappoint most people who have studied his face.

"He is a Moslem above all things. A gentleman who knew him intimately told me that he is very devout in private. Undoubtedly he is thoroughly established in the faith of Mohammed. He is also considered by those who know him well a sincere patriot—that is, he desires to elevate Egypt and make his country great. But selfish ambition is mingled with his devotion to Egypt and Mohammed, and he would like to make himself a monarch."

CAIRO.

THE attention of the whole world has for some months been attracted to Egypt by the stirring political events which have occurred there. Though the centre of interest has for the moment shifted to the city of Alexandria, it was originally at Cairo the capital of Egypt, that the movement originated which is now agitating the cabinets of Europe, and it is in that city that the final development of the agitation will be witnessed.

The illustration on this page represents the portion of the city of Cairo most frequented, on account of its including the principal Mahomedan place of worship, the Mosque of Sultan Hassan. This mosque is a building of exceeding beauty, its two *tall and graceful minarets* rendering it a conspicuous object throughout the city. The walls of the mosque are very strong and massive; they have frequently afforded protection, during the five centuries that have elapsed since they were erected, to insurgents who have seized the building and used it as a fortress, in constantly recurring revolutions. Its courtyard is paved with marble *strangely streaked with red*. These streaks were not in the marble when it was laid, they are *the stains of blood* shed in defending the building at various times of conflict.

Near the mosque is the citadel, which, like many eastern strongholds, is quite a town in itself, and contains some of the largest fountains to be found in the locality. It is situated on the side of a hill, commanding the city, and is said to occupy the site of the Acropolis of ancient Bablioun.

The citadel will always be a matter of historical interest from the fact that it was the scene of the massacre of the Mamelukes, by Mehemet Ali, in 1811. Only one escaped, Emir Bey, who spurred his charger over a heap of his slaughtered comrades, and sprang upon the battlements. "It was a dizzy height," says the historian Warburton, "but the next moment he was in the air; another, and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse, amid a shower of bullets." He escaped and found sanctuary in a mosque. The eastern platform terrace of the citadel whence he leaped is still called "*the Mameluke's leap*."

The city of Cairo covers about three square miles, and is surrounded by a wall of considerable strength. Under the rule of the late Khédive the city was very greatly improved. New streets were opened, imposing buildings erected and it was lighted with gas. The frequent outbreak of religious riots brought about the precaution of separating the city on religious or race lines. The Christians, the Jews, the Turks, etc., have each their separate quarter divided off by huge gates, which are closed and guarded every night. The entire population of Cairo is 327,462, about the same as that of Baltimore, Md. What their present condition is there is no means of learning. Since the Khédive removed from Cairo to Alexandria, so as to be near the British fleet on which he relied to protect him from his own army, little has been heard of the state of Cairo. Reports of anarchy and of the slaughter of Europeans have been brought in, but they were not considered trustworthy, though probably not without foundation.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

A Serial Story. By Hesba Stretton.

(Continued from page 463.)

Last Words.

PHEBE had sauntered out one evening, ankle-deep among the heather, aimless in her wanderings, and a little dejected in spirits. For the long summer day had been hot, even up here on the hills, and a dull film had hidden the broad landscape from her eyes, shutting her in upon herself and her disquieting thoughts. "We are always happy when we can see far enough," says Emerson; but Phebe's horizon was all dim and overcast. She could see no distant and clear sky-line. Therefore the sight of Jean Merle's figure coming near to her through the dull haziness brought a quick throb to her pulse, and she ran down the rough wagon track to meet him.

"A letter from Felix," he called, before she reached him. "I came out with it, for you could not get it before to-morrow by post, and I am longing to hear news of him and Hilda."

They walked slowly back to the cottage, side by side, reading the letter together, for Felix could have nothing to say to Phebe which his father might not see. There was nothing of importance in it; only a brief journal dispatched by a homeward-bound vessel that had crossed the track of their steamer; but every word was read with deep and silent interest, neither of them speaking till they had read the last line.

"And now you will have tea with me?" said Phebe joyfully.

He entered the little kitchen, so dark and cool to him after his sultry walk up the long, steep lanes, and sat watching her absently, yet with a pleasant consciousness of her presence, as she kindled her fire of dry furze and wood, and hung a little kettle over it by a chain hooked to a staple in the chimney, and arranged her curious old china, picked up long years ago by her father at village sales, and set the quaintly carved table in the coolest spot of the dusky room. There was an air of busy, simple gladness in her face, and in every quick, yet graceful movement, that was inexpressibly charming to him. Maybe, both of them glanced back at the dark past, when Roland Sefton had sat watching her with despairing eye; but neither of them spoke of it. That life was dead and buried. The present was altogether different.

Yet the meal was a silent one, and as soon as it was ended they went out again on to the hazy moorland.

"Are you quite rested yet, Phebe?" asked Jean Merle.

"Quite," she answered, with unconscious emphasis.

"And you have settled upon some plan for the future?" he said.

"No," she replied; "I am altogether at a loss. There is no one in all the world who has a claim upon me, or whom I have a claim upon; no one to say to me 'go,' or 'come.' When the world is all before you, and it is an empty world, it is difficult to choose what way you will take in it."

She had paused as she spoke, but now they walked on again in silence, Jean Merle looking down on her sweet, yet somewhat sad face with attentive eyes. How little changed she was from the simple, faithful-hearted girl he had known long ago! There was the same candid and thoughtful expression on her face, and the same serene light in her blue eyes, as when she stood beside him, a little girl, patiently yet earnestly mastering the first difficulties of reading. There was no one in the wide world whom he knew as perfectly as he knew her; no one who knew him as perfectly as she did.

"Tell me, Phebe," he said gravely, "is it possible you have lived so long, and that no man has found out what a priceless treasure you might be to him?"

"No one," she answered, with a little tremor in her voice, "only Simon Nixey," she added, laughing.

Jean Merle stopped, and laid his hand on Phebe's arm.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked.

The brief question escaped him before he was aware of it. It was as utterly new to him as it

was to her; yet the moment it was uttered he felt how much the happiness of his life depended upon her answer. Without her all the future would be dreary and lonely for him. With her—Jean Merle did not dare to think of the gladness that might yet be his.

"No, no," cried Phebe, looking up into his face furrowed with deep lines, "*it is impossible!* You ought not to ask me."

"Why?" he said.

She did not move, or take away her eyes from his face. A rush of sad memories and associations was sweeping across her. She saw him as he had been long ago, so far above her that it had seemed an honor to her to do him the meanest service. She thought of Felicitia in her unapproachable loveliness and stateliness, and of their home, so full to her of exquisite refinement and luxury. In the true humility of her nature she had looked up to them as far above her, dwelling on a height to which she made no claim. And this dethroned and discredited king of her early days was a king yet, though he stood before her as Jean Merle, still fast bound in the chains his sins had riveted about him.

"I am utterly unworthy of you," he said, eagerly and sorrowfully; "but let me justify myself if I can. I had no thought of asking you such a question when I came up here. But you spoke mournfully of your loneliness; and I, too, am lonely, with no human being on whom I have any claim. It is so by my own sin. But you, at least, have friends; and in a year or two, when Mr. Clifford dies, you will go out to them; to my children, whom I have forfeited and lost forever. I am older than you, poorer, a dishonor to my father's house. Yet for an instant I fancied you might learn to love me; and no one but you can ever know me for what I am; only your faithful heart can possess my secret. It was a *selfish impulse* that prompted me to speak. Forgive me, Phebe, and forget it if you can."

"I never can forget it," she answered with a low sob.

"Then I have done you a wrong," he went on; "for we were friends, were we not? And you will never again be at home with me as you have hitherto been. I was no more worthy of your friendship than of your love; and I have lost both."

"No, no," she cried, in a broken voice, "I never thought—it seems impossible. But oh! I love you; I have never loved any one like you. Only it seems impossible that you should wish me to be your wife."

"Cannot you see what you will be to me?" he said passionately; "it will be like reaching home after a weary exile; like finding a fountain of living waters after crossing a burning wilderness. I ought not to ask it of you, Phebe. But what man could doom himself to endless thirst and exile? If you love me so much that you do not see how unworthy I am of you, I cannot give you up again. You are all the world to me."

"But I am only Phebe Marlowe," she said, still doubtfully.

"And I am only Jean Merle," he replied.

Phebe walked down the old familiar lanes with Jean Merle, and returned to the moorlands alone, while the sun was still above the horizon. But a soft west wind had risen, and the hazy heat was gone. She could see the sun sinking low behind Riversborough, while the fine cloud of smoke hanging over it this summer evening was tinged with gold. Her future home lay there, under the shadow of those spires, and beneath the soft floating veil ascending from a thousand hearths. The home Roland Sefton had forfeited, and Felicitia had forsaken, had become hers. There was a deep sadness mingled with the strange, unanticipated happiness of the present hour; and Phebe did not seek to put it away from her heart.

Nothing could have delighted Mr. Clifford so much as a marriage between Jean Merle and Phebe Marlowe. The thought of it had more than once crossed his mind, but he had not dared to cherish it as a hope. When Jean Merle told him that night how Phebe had consented to become his wife the old man's gladness knew no bounds.

"She is as dear to me as my own daughter," he

said, in tremulous accents, "and now, at last, shall have her under the same roof with me. I shall never lie awake in the night again, fearing lest I should miss her on my death-bed. I should like Phebe Marlowe to hold my hand in hers as long as I am conscious of anything in this world. All the remaining years of my life I shall have you and her with me as my children. God is very good to me."

But to Felix and Hilda it was a vexation and surprise to hear that their Phebe Marlowe, so exclusively their own, was no longer to belong only to them. They could not tell, as none of us can tell with regard to our friends' marriages, what she could see in that man to make her willing to give herself to him. They never cordially forgave Jean Merle, though in the course of the following year he lavished upon them munificent gifts. For when Mr. Clifford died, in less than twelve months after his marriage, Jean Merle found himself once more a wealthy man, and, as the old banker's heir standing high in the estimation of Riversborough.

No parents could have been more watchful over the interests of their children than he and Phebe were for the welfare of Felix and Hilda. But these two could never reconcile themselves to the marriage. They felt that Phebe's shortcoming made the old country less of a home to them; she had severed the last link that bound them to it. Canon Pascal alone cordially rejoiced in the event, though conscious there was some deep secret about it which was to be kept forever from all the world.

"Phebe," said her husband some few days after the funeral of Mr. Clifford, "do you feel as if you would be happy out of England?"

"I could be happy anywhere with you, if I knew we were not acting against God's will," she answered.

"I feel," he said, "as if this place grew more intolerable to me. I walk among my fellow-townsmen as one guilty of perpetual deceit, knowing more of them than they think I know. It seems to me as if I could live a truer and simpler life in my mother's old home among her people. Would it grieve you to live in Switzerland?"

"In Switzerland?" she repeated.

"Yes," he replied, "this house is haunted for me. I cannot shake off its oppressive memories. Out yonder there would be no memories but those of my boyhood; for we will not go near Engelberg, Phebe. Where my grandfather lived is a quiet village up the mountains, with a wide parish, and a very simple population. We could find work enough among them, and I should feel more at peace there than here. Only you would feel it strange and foreign, I fear."

"No," she answered, "not with you."

So in the distant mountain village, where his happiest and most innocent days had been spent, Jean Merle found a *new home*. Phebe also lived in a more natural atmosphere among the simple people, and the simple customs of the little village, than she had done as Jean Merle's wife in the old house at Riversborough. The past lay all behind them; to Jean Merle as a thirsty and burning wilderness which he had crossed; to Phebe as the green pastures and quiet waters beside which her path homeward had led her, on that pilgrimage which was not yet ended. Yet though Jean Merle thanked God daily, and felt his love for Phebe growing and deepening, there were times, when in brief intervals of utter loneliness of spirit, the long buried past arose again, and cried to him with sorrowful voice amid the tranquil happiness of the present.

The children who called Phebe mother looked up into his face with eyes too like those of the little son and daughter whom he had once forsaken, and their sweet shrill voices at play sounded like the echo of those far-off tones, which had first stirred his heart to its very depths. For there were times when he had still to pass through deep waters, with the light of his Father's face withdrawn, and the sense of forgiveness lost. He had sinned greatly, and suffered greatly, and the scars of that bitter conflict remained. He loved, as he might never otherwise have loved, the Lord, whose discipline he professed to be; yet there remained for him seasons of bitter remembrances, and vain looking

ack upon the irrevocable past. It was no part of her nature to inquire jealously if her husband loved her as much as she loved him. In this, as in all other things, she knew "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Her tenderness for him was perfectly unselfish and faithful, and she was satisfied that she made him happier than he could have been in any other way. No one else knew him as she knew him; Felicita herself could never have been to him what she was. When darkness fell upon him, and she saw his grave face sadder than usual, she left everything to sit beside him, with his hand in hers, ministering to him by her silent and tranquil sympathy; and by-and-by the sadness fled away. This true heart of hers, that new all, and loved him in spite of all, was to him sure token of the love of God.

THE END.

THE FRUITLESS TREE.

S. Lesson for Aug. 6, Mark 11 : 12-23. Golden Text, John 15 : 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jesus Hungering for more than Ordinary Food—Fruitless Human Trees—Life without Development—The only Source of Life—A Wonderful Declaration—The Sentence on the Fig Tree—Why it was Pronounced—Unreal Prayer—The Lord's Pledge Absolute.

ON the morrow after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, Jesus was hungry. We are not told how He was engaged during the night, but very probably some part of it was passed in communion with God, for the Gospel of Luke tells us, "In the day time He was teaching in the temple; and at night He went out, and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives" (Luke 21 : 37). Jesus "was hungry": His hunger and His thirst were of a deeper kind than those of most men. When He said to the Samaritan woman, "Give Me to drink," He thirsted for that woman's soul, that He might deliver her from sin, and make her a vessel of His grace to others, much more than for the water of Jacob's well, and when she left her waterpot, and went into the city with her simple, self-condemning message, "Come, see a Man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not his the Christ?" He had meat to eat of which His disciples knew not; the longings of His heart were satisfied, there was in that woman a blessed proof that He had not labored in vain. And on the present occasion He was hungering for more than ordinary food.

"Seeing a fig tree afar off, having leaves, He came, if haply He might find anything thereon: and when He came to it, He found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet." To how many of the children of men does Jesus come, hungry after some fruit of all His labors and sufferings, and find there nothing to satisfy

THE LONGINGS OF HIS HEART,

"nothing but leaves." To how many of His own loves He come, seeking the fruit of the Spirit, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. 5 : 22), and instead of this precious fruit, He finds nothing but leaves; an evidence of life, but not of development; the tree beautiful in itself, but yielding nothing. Jesus said, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." His own life was one long giving itself out in fruit to God and man; it was all yielding. And He would have us to be like Him, always yielding, always giving out that which will satisfy God. But O how true are His words, "From Me shall ye fruit find" (Hos. 14 : 8). "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in Me" (John 15 : 4). All

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

is the outcome of the life of Jesus who dwells in us, manifest in our mortal body (2 Cor. 4 : 10, 11); it is not us at all, it is His own life with its peculiar properties, His own nature with its special characteristics.

"Love" is the exact contrary of self, and cannot exist but on the death of self. Joy, real joy, comes from Christ's joy being in us, and then our joy is full (John 15 : 11), for joy in what *we* are or what *we* have is short-lived, the fount of it is soon

exhausted. Love creates "longsuffering, gentleness, goodness," these are but manifestations of a self-forgetful love. And who can love God without trusting Him? therefore Christ in us must produce "faith" in God, and also in one another, for nothing wounds love like distrust. Faith again brings with it "meekness" and "temperance," for faith which always sees God cannot assert itself in His presence, and must therefore be meek; recognizing His hand, must be temperate, neither given to exaltation nor to depression.

But how many there are who sigh to bring forth such fruit, and yet are conscious that the Master finds on them "wild grapes" (Isa. 5 : 2), or "nothing but leaves." And yet they strive, and pray, and do all they can, but it is in vain; they are seeking to do themselves that which Christ in them alone can do, what He wants of them is themselves as His dwelling-place, where He can produce His own fruit. "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me [apart from Me] ye can do nothing." How clear is the inference here, that if we

are doing nothing, if we are bringing forth no fruit, we are not abiding in Him and He in us. We may be doing something, or hoping for something, independently of Jesus; but the branches severed from the vine lose the vital power which is fruit producing. "I am determined I will love such and such a person who has injured me," says a self-reliant Christian. But the injury is repeated, the determination is put to the test, the Christian feels himself wronged, and all his determination goes to the winds. "Lord Jesus," says a self-surrendered Christian, "Thou hast permitted me to be tried by the injury of such an one: Lord I trust Thee in me to love him, and to keep me from any bitter feeling," and the Lord surely responds.

Perhaps the most wonderful declaration of our Lord regarding fruit-bearing is the following: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you" (John 15 : 16). God is longing to put us in possession of power with Him.

HE WANTS US TO CONQUER HIM,

prevail with Him, and obtain what we will; but in order that this may be possible, we are ordained to bring forth fruit, and fruit which remains, immortal fruit, a life and ministry which is eternal in its character and issues, because it gives God His place. The life of any man which is not thus serving God's purpose is useless, and the branches in the vine which do not bear fruit He takes away; but men gather them, like the savorless salt they are "trodden under foot of men" (Matt. 5 : 13). Yes, men, men of the world gather the fruitless branches, the savorless salt, the light hidden under a bushel, and seek to prove from such as these that Christianity is a failure.

Jesus had a lesson to teach His disciples, and He said to the fig-tree, "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever." Does this look like severity? It is the same Lord who spoke the parable of the unfruitful fig tree, for which the dresser of his vineyard pleaded, saying, "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit well; and if not, then after that Thou shalt cut it down." The Jewish nation had been dug about and tended, God had sent unto Jerusalem prophets "rising up early and sending them," but they had not hearkened to His voice. And now there was but one course, they must be cut off from being a people, must be put out of their position of honor as God's chosen witnesses, and "abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image [or a standing], and without an ephod, and without teraphim" (Hos. 3 : 4). And just as surely, any child of God who has been in a position of privilege, who has been sought again and again by God, and who has nevertheless refused to deny himself, take up his cross and follow Christ, must be cut off from his privileges, and be eternally a loser; there is no other alternative, there must be fruit-bearing or death (Heb. 6 : 7, 8).

After teaching in the temple, Jesus went with

His disciples, probably after dark, out of the city. "And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto Him, Master, behold, the fig tree which Thou cursedst is withered away. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God," or "Have the faith of God." As though to say, As living "by the faith of the Son of God" (Gal. 2 : 20), deal with God and have power about everything. "For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." "Shall not doubt in his heart," this is the essential for prevailing prayer. How often we are requested, "Pray every day" for such and such a blessing for my daughter or my son, or for the healing of such an invalid. Now if God really did undertake the case the first day it was laid before Him, why continue asking Him to do it, as though He had not undertaken it? O how much there is of

UNREAL PRAYER!

Sometimes we depend more upon the feeling of our own hearts, the measure of liberty we have had in prayer, than on the faithfulness of God. How can He answer us? We are looking for the answer really from our own earnestness, and thus our expectation is from ourselves and not from God. Let us give God credit for being at least as real as we ourselves, and if we have actually committed a thing into His hands, let us not act as though He were indifferent to it.

Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, "Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked" (1 Kings 18 : 27). Too many follow with regard to God, advice thus given in regard to Baal. But when Elijah himself began to pray he put his case in a few simple words before God, there and then counting upon the answer, "and the fire of the Lord fell." O for more of reality in prayer! "Shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass." In these words there is no perhaps, there is no *If* it be Thy will, all is certainty; when we have God to deal with, we may be absolute. For "if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask; we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him" (1 John 5 : 14, 15). "We know that we have," not we feel that we have; we *know* it, because God cannot fail us; we know it, because "faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it" (1 Thess. 5 : 24).

The Lord continued, "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," or (Rev. Ver.), believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them. "But," say many, "is not this to believe a lie?" If we were dealing with fallible, unreliable man, it might be so, but God is pledged to keep His Word, and to be true to Himself; to trust Him with anything is to place it in the utmost security, a thing cannot be unsafe in His hands; and thus we may say when we have lodged a request with Him, which is according to his will, "It shall be done," for we dishonor Him if we are not absolute about it.

A Word of Sound Advice to the Advocates of prohibition was spoken by Rev. Phillips Brooks at the last meeting of the Temperance Union in Boston the other day. Dr. Brooks urged that the best help to the movement would be the establishing of places that would successfully compete with the beer saloons in point of attraction for men who had uncomfortable homes. He said everything which makes it possible for a poor man to find some healthy stimulus outside the grog-shop will have an inestimable influence in bringing about total abstinence. We may close our grog-shops just as completely as we can, but if we do not open places where the poor, hard-working, unfortunate people can resort, they will find places of their own in spite of all the laws that can be made."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The International Conference at Constantinople convened to consider the Egyptian problem, after repeated invitations to Turkey to participate has at length received notice from the Sultan of his acceptance of the invitation. The note of acceptance does not imply that the Sultan will send troops to Egypt, but it is now proposed by England that she, with the aid of France and Italy, shall protect the Suez Canal, while the Turkish army operates in the interior against Arabi. The Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs that "daily sessions of the Conference are being held, where the more serious duties of the wily diplomatists are sandwiched between delightful variations of lawn tennis, five o'clock tea, riding parties and sailing excursions. The six Plenipotentiaries pull together in most delightful harmony in everything except politics. The concentrated wisdom of Europe, as represented by the Therapia Conference, seems to have at length come to the conclusion that the Egyptian question can now be solved in no other way but by sending a military expedition to Egypt. But of what troops this expedition is to be composed, or, in other words, who is to bell the cat, is a point upon which no two of the ambassadors agree. To send Turkish troops would be simply to reinforce Arabi's army. To send European troops would kindle terrible flames in India and Algeria. The Conference is for the moment at a deadlock."

The Condition of Egypt is Described as one of complete anarchy. Arabi Pacha issues commands to the Governors of the provinces which are countermanded by the Khédive, and the Governors, not knowing whom to obey, are taking no precautions for the safety of Europeans. From Cairo and Port Said reports arrive of *outrages and massacres*, and the ruffians of the cities, which seem to form no inconsiderable part of the population, pillage and kill unchecked. The Khédive's following is of the smallest, and even of those who remain with him the majority are said to be in communication with Arabi. A reconnoissance has been made by the English troops in Alexandria of Arabi's position, and they were met by the Egyptian cavalry six miles from the city, where a *skirmish ensued*. Arabi was found occupying a strong position flanked by two rivers, from which it will be difficult to dislodge him. Arabi has embarrassed the English by diverting the Mahmoudieh Canal, which supplies Alexandria with water. The attitude of the people has changed from abject servility to sullenness and insolence. Newspaper correspondents in Egypt assert that there is no longer any doubt but that the religious hatred against Christians is spreading like a contagious disease from Egypt to Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor.

Active Preparations for War in Egypt are being made by England, and a special vote of \$11,500,000 has been asked from the Parliament to defray the cost of the expedition. Twenty thousand men are to be sent out under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Duke of Connaught, Major-General Sir Archibald Alison and Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood will command the brigades under him. It is expected that the force will arrive at the seat of war in two weeks. Considerable indignation is expressed in Parliament and in the country against Mr. Gladstone, whose dilatory policy has rendered this large expenditure and serious risk necessary. It is apparent now that the bombardment of Alexandria ought not to have taken place until England had troops ready to follow up the attack. Had the troops been at hand Arabi's army might have been overcome, and the horrible slaughter of innocent persons and the destruction of property averted. Numerous blunders are reported in the preparation of the expedition.

Preparations for the Coronation of the Czar of Russia at the end of August are now being made. Fears of a Nihilistic explosion on the occasion have spread, and foreign courts and have made a change of the programme necessary. According to custom in such cases the foreign Powers would be represented by the heirs to the respective thrones of Europe. The invitation to Germany,

however, elicited in reply a communication from the aged Emperor stating that the interest of his dynasty was opposed to his exposing the Crown Prince, and if he did not send his son on account of the danger he could not decently intrust the perilous mission to another of his relatives. Then the German Court, not wishing to be the sole one abstaining, communicated its reply to the other European Courts, which immediately decided on a general abstention. A St. Petersburg newspaper correspondent says: "The Emperor of Russia has been influenced in fixing positively the date of the coronation for August by certain proceedings of the party of the Grand Duke Constantine, which are beginning to develop themselves, and the phrase of '*the deposition of an uncrowned sovereign*' is frequently to be heard. Placed in the alternative of either losing his life or his crown the Czar prefers to expose the first to save both, knowing that in losing the second he would probably lose the first and that all his dynasty and family would share his fate. He also knows that the party of the Grand Duke Constantine is being organized to this point, and that it is already completely provided with ministers who would accept the responsibility of a constitution." It is understood that some extensive reforms will be granted by the Czar on the occasion, but that the general demand for a constitution will not be granted.

The Appalling Destitution Prevailing in some districts in Ireland was described on July 20th in the House of Commons by the Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Trevelyan said that the official reports showed a state of abject pauperism existed throughout the west of Ireland. The poor rates were so heavy that they were threatening to reduce the whole population to beggary. It is stated that there are 800 homeless families in Clifden at present, although 1300 persons have lately been emigrated by the charity of Luke's Committee. The poverty of the people is so great that they have already sold or pawned the most necessary articles of furniture. One inspector reports that in Clifden alone he has seen 300 beds in pawn.

The Arrears of Rent Bill Introduced by the British Government for the relief of the Irish tenants passed the House of Commons on July 20th and was sent to the Lords. A new clause was previously inserted authorizing Boards of Guardians to borrow money to promote emigration, and empowers the Board of Works to make a free grant of £100,000 to the impoverished unions of Behnullet, Clifden, Newport, Oughterard and Swineford, where there is the greatest distress, for the same purpose. The Government stated in the course of the debate that care would be taken that emigrants should *not be thrown adrift* in the great cities of their new country, but that they should be forwarded to places where they could obtain work. Conservative opposition to the bill was anticipated in the Lords, but at a meeting of Conservative peers at Lord Salisbury's residence on July 21st to consider the course to be adopted, Lord Salisbury stated that, in consequence of the gravity of foreign affairs, he could not recommend the peers to bring about a crisis on a domestic question by rejecting the bill.

A Letter from Queen Victoria to Mrs. Booth, wife of the general of the Salvation Army, was read at the army's "field-day" at the Alexandra Palace on July 3d, at which about 20,000 persons were present. During the proceedings the letter was read by Mr. Booth, in which her Majesty, while declining to subscribe to the fund being raised for acquiring the Grecian Theatre, expresses the satisfaction with which she has heard of the society's efforts to win thousands of people "to the ways of temperance, virtue, and religion."

The Effect on Russian Business of the Jewish persecutions has been most disastrous. "They have," says the London *Daily News*, "put a complete stop to business, and the passenger traffic of the Russian Steam Navigation Company between Odessa, Nicolaieff, Kherson, and the Dneiper, and also of the South Russian Railways, fell lower than it had been in any previous year. The Kachovka May fair was a complete failure, as half of the Jews, who do nearly all the trading, abstained

from appearing, and half the remainder hurried back their goods before the fair opened. At this time barges were hired and moored off the shore and household effects and valuable goods placed on board, to be safe in case of riot—those Jews who had Christian friends bringing to them for safe keeping their jewelry and documents.

The Programme of Messrs. Moody and Sankey has been arranged as far forward as April 14th, 1883, when they hope to return to America. From September 1st to 24th they expect to labor at Swansea and other towns in Wales. They then go to Plymouth, in the south of England. Thence on October 8th to Paris; on October 24th they will commence services in Bristol, England. After leaving Bristol they will hold services in Cambridge, Oxford, Torquay, Exeter and other large cities in England. From January 1st, 1883, to February 6th, they hope to work in Ireland. Returning to England on February 8th and commencing labor in Birmingham, they intend visiting also Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, Leeds etc., arriving in Liverpool March 31st, and spending two weeks in that city, whence they hope to sail for America on April 14th.

Major Sawyer, of New York, is Earnestly following up Mr. Moody's work among the inebriates of Glasgow. The Circus, the scene of hundreds of conversions, not solely, but specially of drunkards, is now closed, and the degraded district of Cowcaddens is the centre of Mr. Sawyer's labors.

The United Christian Army Recently held its annual conference at Goole, England. It is an organization employing a similar method to the Salvation Army, but having a distinct organization. Most of its members originally belonged to the Salvation Army, but seceded from it on account of its *recent strange developments* and because of that "army" being a "one-man" movement. The United Christian Army has stations in Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire, and is purchasing and acquiring property at its several stations the last purchase being the Public Rooms there which cost them \$8500. The main business of the conference was to settle a code of doctrines, as well as rules and regulations for the government of the "army." The doctrines defined are of the simplest—the belief in God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the efficacy of Christ's atonement. The rules place the government of the body in the hands of an annual conference. Over 100 delegates and evangelists were present. The Rev. W. Garner presided, and he was subsequently, by the unanimous vote of all present elected general superintendent. Arrangements were made for the work of the coming year.

A Beautiful Bible was Presented to the Duke and Duchess of Albany recently among other gifts and congratulations at Buckingham Palace. The Countess of Aberdeen introduced a deputation of twenty young ladies, who presented the duchess with a beautiful Bible, subscribed for by *twenty-six thousand maidens* of the United Kingdom.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1882.

16th Year. No. 31. New Series.

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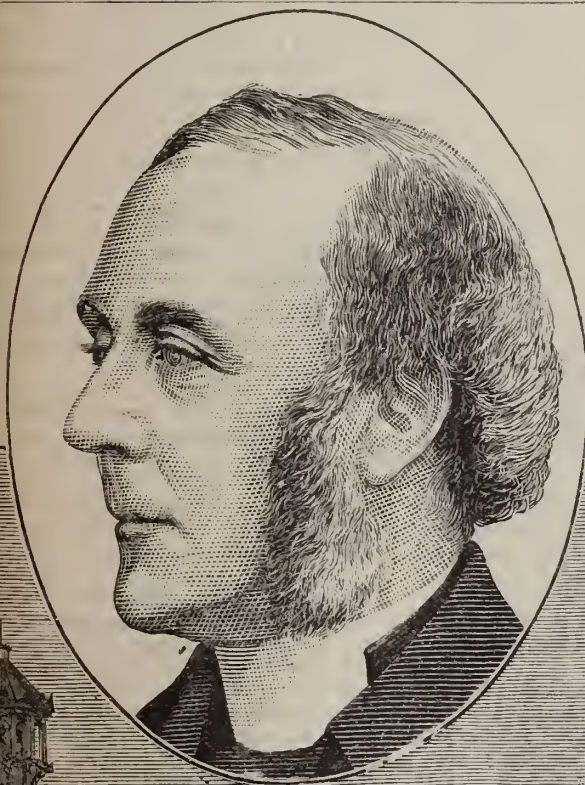
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THE REV. CANON ELLISON.

President of the Church of England Temperance Society.

The Pioneers of the Temperance Movement in the Episcopal Church of England—A Well-Deserved Encomium—Canon Ellison's Character, Qualifications, and Distinctions—Report of Convocation in 1870—A Drunkard Reclaimed—A Suicide Averted—The Crystal Palace Fête on July 4—The Mass-Meeting, and Speeches.

THE early band of temperance pioneers in the Episcopal Church included many clergymen of eminence for their services on behalf of the Gospel of Christ, and for the enlightenment and elevation of the people. Such were Dean Close, Canon Bardsley, Dr. Maguire, and Canon Babington, who stood shoulder to shoulder in the hard fight against prevalent drunkenness and consequent poverty and immorality. Among the most prominent and persevering stands the name of the Rev. Canon Ellison, who has throughout the whole course of the movement been a tower of strength to the temperance cause within the Church of England, and it is to his wise judgment and unflinching and well-directed zeal that, under God's blessing, the organization owes its great success and present commanding position.

CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Some details of the origin and progress of this movement in the Church of England have already appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They were related in connection with the life of Mr. Robert Graham, whose portrait appeared in the issue of January 5th last, and who is the energetic and indefatigable secretary of the American Church Temperance Society. He was originally connected with the same movement in England.

Of Canon Ellison's efforts on behalf of the English Temperance Society there are many testimonies. The London *Church Standard* says of him: "It would be impossible to speak too highly of Canon Ellison's labors as a founder—one might almost say the founder—of the Church of England Temperance Society. At Church Congresses, conferences, public meetings, and in the pulpit, he has been from the first its chivalrous champion through evil report and keen criticism, and happily lives to see his labors crowned with a success far exceeding the most hopeful anticipations of those who were associated with him during the difficult course of its early history."

The progress of the society, which in its present form was inaugurated about ten years ago, like all efforts undertaken for the amelioration of the masses, has been attended with many difficulties, arising not only from the nature of the work itself, but also from the prejudices, and animosities, and misunderstandings, which have been encountered since its commencement; but so manifestly has the divine favor rested upon the heroic undertakings and untiring energy of the agents and agencies employed by the society, that nearly every diocese in Great Britain is now thoroughly organized for temperance effort; sermons are preached periodically in most of the churches; coffee-stalls and coffee-trucks have been multiplied in the streets; coffee taverns and workmen's restaurants established; and an illustrated and well-edited journal, entitled *The Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, is published weekly, dealing with every aspect of the temperance question in Great Britain.

QUALIFICATIONS AND DISTINCTIONS.

Canon Ellison is rather more than sixty years of age, but happily possesses the vitality and strength of many a far younger man. His duties are multifarious and onerous, but he discharges them with a readiness and ease which demonstrates the versatility of his genius and the cordiality and thoroughness of his devotion to the work in which he is engaged. He graduated at the University of Oxford about forty years ago, when he took his M. A. degree, and was appointed vicar of Edensford, in Derbyshire, whence he afterward removed to Windsor. There his labors in the church and in the cause of temperance were incessant. There was considerable scope in the royal borough for work in both capacities, and Mr. Ellison was not the man to leave undone, or half done, work ready to his hand. The result was that his health, never

very robust, broke down and necessitated his removal to another sphere where the labors would be less onerous.

He accepted the appointment to the parish of Haseley, of which he is now the esteemed Rector; and as a result of the appreciation of the University authorities for his invariable urbanity, ripe scholarship, and conscientious ministry, he had the distinction conferred upon him of an honorary canonry in connection with his *alma mater*, Christ Church College, Oxford. He is also a Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and has been for many years past the able and energetic Chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society, and the controlling and directing leader of the movement.

REPORT OF CONVOCATION IN 1870.

A remarkable impetus to the work of the Church Temperance Society was given in 1870 in a report of Convocation issued in reply to an inquiry into "The Extent, the Causes, the Results, and the Remedies of Intemperance." The testimony as to the results of intemperance was unanimous and unqualified. In turning over the pages of the report such sentences as the following catch the eye: "No drunkard attends the ordinances of religion;" "Sabbath-breaking, swearing, and drunkenness are vices that go together;" "No room in man's heart for two Gods; when they worship drink, there is a corresponding absence from God's worship." Such were the unmistakable testimonies of those who had opportunities of observing the effects of the vice.

On the other side of the question, it was stated that in 2000 parishes there was no grogshop or beershop; and in answer to the inquiry, how does it work? twenty-five pages of testimonies were given: "The constable's office is a sinecure." "I have no squalor and misery, no rags, no tatters in my parish." "Magistrates never have a case from this parish, nor has there been a pauper in the union for a long time."

This Convocation report gave a remarkable impulse to temperance effort in the Church of England. The 2000 parishes thus privileged were placed in contrast with the other eight or ten thousand in which "crime, misery, lunacy, pauperism, disease, suicides, with a frightful waste of human life, and deterioration of national character," were resulting as the inevitable fruit of the evil tree of intemperance. Many of the clergy have long been laboring individually in their parishes to rescue drunkards from the slavery of their besetting vice; but now the necessity and wisdom of organized and united effort became apparent. Already, happily, a "Church of England Temperance Society" was in existence; and presently the committee of Convocation recommended this society as the very instrumentality required for dealing practically with the plague of national intemperance.

Canon Ellison relates many remarkable instances of

REFORMED DRUNKARDS

which were rescued during his residence in Windsor, and which happy result was in no small measure due to his own exertions. Among these was the case of *George Annett*, a man who made it his boast that he began to drink earlier in the day, and left off drinking later than any man in Windsor. Mary Annett, George's wife, had been the victim of his ill-treatment and neglect for twenty years, and was fast falling into premature old age. Mary was a Christian, and amid all her troubles had managed to give her children a Christian education, and when Canon Ellison first visited the house, though mother and children were uniting in prayer for the rescue of the drunkard, it was a most miserable and despairing home.

A second visit was paid by Canon Ellison to the home of the drunkard. A different sight greeted his eyes. The wife and children were rejoicing, for as the wife told him "George had signed the pledge." Canon Ellison at that time had not much faith in the pledge as a means of effecting a permanent change. He however welcomed the improvement in Annett gladly, and urged the wife to bring him under religious instruction. Time was necessary for this, but it was something that George should spend his Sundays at home and not

at the grogshop. In a very few months another step was taken, and George appeared at church and was converted to God.

George Annett forthwith commenced mission labors among the class from which he had been rescued, and it was at his solicitation that a temperance society was established at Windsor with Canon Ellison as president.

A SUICIDE AVERTED.

Canon Ellison relates that during his residence at Windsor a young man holding a responsible position in the city was discharged, after repeated warnings, as an incorrigible drunkard. Annett heard of it and went to his house the same night. He found the man sitting there the picture of misery. His wife and children had found some temporary shelter, for every article of furniture had been melted down into rum, and the man, having lost his situation, was preparing to commit suicide. Annett was the messenger of God to defeat his purpose. He talked with him and prayed with him, and finally brought him to Canon Ellison to sign the pledge. "Annett had the happiness," says Canon Ellison, "of seeing him before his death not merely re-established in his former position, but, within two or three years promoted to good conduct to a position of much greater responsibility and honor."

Canon Ellison is a very effective speaker, he has labored assiduously in the personal work of reclaiming drunkards, and when he rises to address a meeting it is patent to every one present that they are under the influence of a man who knows of what he is speaking, and who has faith in God that the power of Jesus is strong enough to deliver the victim of liquor from his thralldom.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.

THE Crystal Palace, London, a picture of which appears on the first page, is an enormous building composed wholly of glass and iron, and is used for monster fêtes, concerts, flower shows, etc. It was erected in 1854 on its present site at Sydenham, about seven miles from London proper, at a cost of \$7,500,000. It is surrounded with gardens a pleasure grounds tastefully laid out, which cover about two hundred acres.

At the temperance fête held there on July 4th it is estimated that about 35,000 persons participated in the holiday. Visitors came from all parts of the country, many of them wore the now popular *blue ensign of total abstinence* on their coat or dress, and as the society is said to have nearly four millions of pledged adherents, it can be imagined that the attendance was only representative of the supporters of the cause.

There was a large number of Bands of Hope from all quarters of London and various places in the provinces. They were accompanied by band banners, flags, and adorned with medals and temperance regalia. The executive of the Church of England Temperance Society had evidently determined to spare no pains to make the Fourth of July a memorable day in the annals of the society and the believers in the Declaration of Independence from Drunkenness were invited "to hear the firing of the temperance canons and the other speakers who would deliver Fourth of July orations," in which the cause of temperance should be reviewed and its prospects proclaimed.

THE MASS MEETING.

In accordance, therefore, with this portion of the programme, a mass meeting was held, in the course of the day, in the concert hall, under the presidency of the Rev. Canon Ellison, and he was supported by many eminent clergymen and laymen.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings said: "The movement in favor of total abstinence is one that goes hand-in-hand with the teaching of the Gospel. I therefore should feel ashamed, as minister of the Church of Christ, if I did not recognize and endeavor by all means in my power to foster it."

Canon Fleming, who was the next speaker, and who received an ovation, said in reference to the early history of the temperance cause, that "our pioneers had to suffer persecution, and even the Christian Church stood aloof from them. At the

esent time, however, Christians are being ousured to a sense of their duty and of the impor- of this mission ; hence the blessing of God is sting upon the multiplied efforts which are being ade."

CANON WILBERFORCE.

Canon Wilberforce followed, and in eloquent rmons declared that he must utter a strong protest ainst the refreshment bars being open for the le of intoxicating drink in the building on that y. He said, "It is the first time, and I hope it ill be the last, when a temperance meeting shall e literally held within the walls of a public-house. ere are gathered together in this building people ho have been rescued from this damning vice of eperance, and whom we are telling to keep out e temptation ; indeed, we have been in the habit e hearing that the devil tempts every man, but hen a teetotalter goes into a public-house he mpts the devil.

"I see on all sides of me bits of blue ribbon, stifying that the wearers have signed the pledge e name of the loving Jesus, and though I am t going to rob temperance reformers in the past e credit of their labors, I must say there never s been a time when the movement had been so knowledged of Almighty God as during the past w years, when this wave of blue has been eading all over the land. Away with our sec- rian exclusiveness ; away with our miserable elesiastical narrow-mindedness ; and away with e spirit, the very opposite to that of our Master, hich when it sees another man saving a soul in e unaccustomed way, says 'Drop that soul ; ave it alone !'

"Blessed be the name of the Lord, where this ovement has been spreading, this one thing has en doing—it has been gathering together in one eblendid embrace, men who name the name of e hrist, who hitherto have been standing aloof from ch other, and it may be coldly and suspiciously earding each other. Now they are offering an e divided front to the enemy, and where there was e oldness and division before there is Christian love e d Christian union now.

"Now I have got something very disagreeable ay. It is simply this, that I believe this great urch of England, to which I belong and which ove, has rested upon her shoulders a *tremendous eponsibility* with regard to intemperance. I ve here an extract, which I am going to ask the eporters to print, and which says that the Church e England, to which I presume you all belong, e d which we all love, is

THE LARGEST OWNER OF SALOON PROPERTY any corporation or large association in the whole e England at this moment. It is said that on ds of the Bishop of London there is one public ouse, called 'The Hero of Waterloo,' from which e returns are \$50,000 a year. Where does this me from but the hard-earned wages of the work- e classes, whom we are seeking to keep out of e mptation?" Canon Wilberforce went on to show ow the hands of the temperance advocates are eed while such things exist, and to advocate that e properly belonging to the Church of England ould in future be leased for the purpose of per- efitting the sale of liquor. In conclusion, he said, e We must work while it is day, for the night ometh when no man can work ; and we must be engle-minded and have clean hands, then God will e less our work."

ADDRESS BY MR. R. T. BOOTH.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who has done so much for urtherance of Gospel temperance principles in e England, was the next speaker. With character- eistic enthusiasm he referred to the development and eproaching triumph of the movement, and said : e When I came to this country I was told that eands of music, singing and shouting would not educe the people of Great Britain to sign the eledge. To a certain extent this is true, but then, e the people are going to be converted by logic and e argument and scientific proof, we had sufficient e years ago. But 'It is not by might nor by e power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.' As of e old, the evil spirit of drunkenness is cast out in the e name of Jesus of Nazareth. A grander and nobler epression of Christian manhood and womanhood

has never been known in the world than in connec- e tion with the Gospel Temperance movement.

WONDERFUL STATISTICS.

"When I landed in London I was told that the e Blue Ribbon had already found lodgment in the e land. There were some 15,000 who were wearing e it ; to-day, as I stand upon this platform, in those e towns and districts where I have visited, there are e more than 900,000 wearing the Blue Ribbon. Since the fifteenth day of last September I have e conducted eleven missions in all, and in the places e where such missions have been held, there have e been 240,000 new singers of the pledge. In New- e castle-upon-Tyne alone 36,000 names have been e placed on the roll of honor, and there are now e thirty-six fewer licensed houses, otherwise man- e traps, than there were a few months ago.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

"Now, the question is asked, in view of all these e results, Do the men stand? One of the most in- e teresting incidents that ever happened to me was e when I was in Southampton. I was leaving a e meeting with Canon Wilberforce, about ten o'clock e at night, and as we were going down a little alley e a man ran up to Canon Wilberforce, and clutching e him by the arm, said, 'Mr. Wilberforce I could e na: let you go home to-night until I had spoken to e you.' He said, 'Why not, my man?' 'Well,' e the man answered, 'It is just four years ago since e I heard you speak on temperance and I signed e the pledge. To-night is the anniversary, and I e wanted to tell you I had been true to it.' I know e that in Leicester the converts have been visited from e three to five times since last October, and ninety- e seven out of every hundred have been true to their e pledge. In Swansea, where there have been e 26,000 new signers, 99 per cent have kept the e pledge inviolate. They are, for the most part, not e trusting in their own power, but in the strength e given them by God.

"We find, too, that moderate drinkers all over e the country are giving up *their little drops for e Jesus' sake*. This self-denial is helpful to those e who have been rescued from a life of drunkenness, e but who are still beset with temptations, and the e effect of this magnificent meeting ought to deter- e mine every one present not to rest content till a e law is inscribed on the Statute-book that should e give Englishmen the right to say that the rumshop e shall not be set over against their dwellings. I e maintain that the public prints do not adequately e represent the extent of this movement, and, as an e instance of its far-reaching character, I would e mention that in Birmingham 50,000 signed the e pledge in twenty-four days.

BRING THE MEN UP TO THE COLORS !

"In the history of England I have read of a e regiment ordered to storm a fort. When they had e almost reached the breastworks a shower of leaden e hail stopped them, but he who carried the Union e Jack leaped the trenches, and planted the flag up- e on the enemy's ground. The colonel, fearing for e the safety of his soldiers, shouted, 'Sergeant, bring e the colors back to the men !' but the sergeant, turn- e ing his face begrimed with powder, shouted, e 'Never ! bring the men up to the colors.' Let it e be the same with reference to the proposed law of e local option, or entire prohibition ; let it be put on e the Statute-book and signed by the Queen ; it has e already been sanctioned by the King of Heaven. e Then let the people come up to it."

The programme of the day possessed special e attractions for the occasion. For the purpose of e exemplifying endurance without alcohol, *Edward e Payson Weston*, the well-known pedestrian, who e is a teetotalter, arranged to walk fifty miles in ten e hours without a rest. He covered the distance e within an hour of the appointed time, and, to use e the words of a spectator, "seemed none the e worse after it all." Nine or ten gentlemen ama- e teurs, members of the society, including the Rev. e J. W. Horsley, walked one hour each with *West- e on*. There was a grand concert on the Handel e orchestra by a choir of 4000 voices, under the e direction of Mr. G. Chapple. A lecture was given e by the Rev. J. W. Horsley on "Prisoners and e Prison Life." The Palace Company's military e band played at intervals during the day, and music e was also provided by several really efficient bands

that came with the temperance contingents, in- e cluding that of the Royal Hospital School, Green e wich.

It is interesting to learn from these accounts and e statistics that the temperance cause is making e rapid progress in a land where drunkenness has e been the national vice. It is also gratifying to e notice that the speakers and workers who have e most prominently contributed to the success of the e movement there, have to a very considerable extent e crossed the Atlantic from this country. That e *American speakers and workers* have been the e most energetic and successful in the temperance e cause in England, is a fact generally admitted even e by Englishmen, and that too without jealousy.

M. Reveillaud's Remarkable Conversion was

described at a recent religious meeting in London. e M. Réveillaud is much esteemed in this country, e but the narrative of his conversion has not been e generally known here, notwithstanding its wonder- e ful and interesting circumstances. Mr. Donald e Matheson, who presided at the meeting, said that e five years ago the distinguished French evangelist e was a Freethinker and was living in immorality, e but from the fact of his intense hatred to the e priests he was led to attend a Protestant church e after the baptism of his child. On a certain Sun- e day in July, 1878, the minister happened to be e preaching on the death of Stephen, and spoke of e his witnessing to the power of the Holy Spirit. e The minister begged that all who felt that power e would bear witness to it, and M. Réveillaud at e once walked to the spot where he was standing, e and begged that he might be allowed to do e so. Of course he was allowed to speak, and e he then told *an extraordinary story*. He said e that in agony of soul he had cried, "If there be a e God, save me from my sins !" One night he had e a *remarkable dream*, and he thought that he was e conversing with one who said, You have no relig- e ion. His reply was to repeat the Creed, and he e went on repeating it until he came to the sen- e tence, "He shall come to judge the quick and the e dead," and then he felt as if everything were e tumbling down beneath him. But in his dream e he had said, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," and he e awoke in a sort of ecstasy. He felt his pulse to e know if he were really awake or asleep, and he e then told his wife what had happened. She could e hardly believe it. He then awoke his servants and e read to them out of the Bible. He received the e baptism of the Holy Ghost, and was a new creat- e ure, and as he told his story that Sunday all felt e this, and they prayed that they too might have e the baptism of the Holy Ghost. From that time he e became a preacher of the Gospel, and has been e the means of great blessing to the church in Paris e and elsewhere.

Mr Moody has Issued a Letter of Suggest-

e tions to the Christians in all the places he expects e to visit. In the course of this letter he says : e "What you and I both need—what we all need—is e more power, the power of the Holy Ghost for e service and testimony ; and the help of this Divine e Person we are sure to obtain in answer to believing e prayer. Let me entreat you then to be much in e prayer, united prayer as well as individual prayer ; e for it is when we manifest love one to another that e all men know that we are His disciples. Let e minor differences be laid aside in view of the great e end we are seeking to secure ; and let us with one e mind besiege the Throne of Grace. I have found e that a United Daily Prayer-meeting at noon is in- e valuable as a centre and rendezvous for Christian e workers. And as prayer and work must go to- e gether, I would suggest the opening of your e churches and chapels for evangelistic meetings. e I am thankful to know that in many places such e services are being held. But with such masses all e around still away from God, there is much need e of largely extended effort. It will also tend to help e forward the work when it shall please God to send e me among you. Efforts should be made, some- e what systematically, by a staff of earnest minded e persons, to invite non-church-goers to attend the e evangelistic services, by calling at their houses and e speaking a kindly word when leaving notices of e the meetings.

THE WELL AT THE GATE.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage

"Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"—2 Samuel 23 : 15.

War in Harvest Time—David's Refuge—His Deep Thirst—A Desperate Enterprise—The Carrier-Pigeons of the Gospel—Burdens laid Down at the Gospel Well—I. A Well of Bethlehem—Dug in the Night—In a Barn—The Thirst of the Hunted Deer—II. A Captured Well—The Philistines who Repel Comers—The Sceptic—The Substituted Water—The Turning of the Tide—III. A Well at the Gate—At the Gate of Purification—The Natural Development of the Race is Downward—At the Gate of Comfort—The Caves of Adullam—What is your Trouble?—The Armed Ranks of Sorrow—At the Gate of Heaven—The Dust of the Earthly Pilgrimage—Souls Dying of Thirst—Three Little Children Lost in New Jersey.

WAR, always distressing, is especially ruinous in harvest time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cavalry horses and heavy supply trains gulling the fields, is enough to make any man's heart sick. When war broke out between France and Germany I rode across their golden harvest fields and saw the tents pitched and the trenches dug in the very midst of the ripe fields—the long scythe of battle sharpening to mow down harvests of winrows of the dead. It was at this season of the harvest that the army of the Philistines came down upon Bethlehem.

HARK TO THE CLAMOR

of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets and the clash of their shields. Let David and his men fall back!

The Lord's host sometimes loses the day. But David knew where to hide. He had been brought up in that country. Boys are inquisitive, and they know all about the region where they are born and brought up. If you should go back to the old homestead, you could, with your eyes shut, find your way to the meadows or orchard or hill back of the house, with which you were familiar thirty or forty years ago. So David knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps in his boyhood days he had played "hide and seek" with his comrades all about the old cave; and, although others might not have known it, David did.

Travellers say there is only one way of getting into that cave, and that by a narrow path; but David was stout and steady-headed and steady-nerved; and so, with his three brave staff officers, he goes along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around at the roof and the dark passages of the mountains, feels very weary with the forced march, and *water he must have or die*. I doubt not there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern, or that there may have been some water in the goat-skin slung to his girdle; but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a *deep, full, cold drink*—such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss-covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well as that—a well where he used to go in boyhood—the well of Bethlehem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid plashing of that well, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh that some one would give me drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

It was no sooner said than done. The three brave staff officers bound to their feet and start. Brave soldiers will taken even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay the hosts of the Philistines, and what could three men do with a great army? But where there is a will there is a way; and with their swords slashing this way and that, they make their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming foolhardiness of these three men, and can not make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men have come to the well. They dropped the bucket. They brought up the water. They poured it in the pail and started for the cave. "Stop them!" cried the Philistines; "clip them

with your swords! Stab them with your spears! Stop these three men!" Too late. They have got around the hill. The hot rocks are splashed with the overflowing of the water as it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along the dangerous paths, and with cheeks flushed with the excitement and all out of breath in the haste, fling their swords red with the skirmish to the side of the cave and cry out to David: "There, captain of the host, is what you wanted—a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

A text is of no use to me unless I can find Christ in it; and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words I shall wish I had never seen them. I have heard it said that *carrier-pigeons* have sometimes letters tied under their wings, and that they fly hundreds of miles—a hundred miles in an hour—carrying a message. So I have thought I would like to have it with the Gospel. O heavenly Dove, bring under thy wing to my soul some message of light and love and peace!

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather around a well in summer time. The husbandman puts down his cradle at the well. The builder puts down his trowel. The traveller puts down his pack. Then one draws the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passing around and the fires of thirst are put out, and the traveller starts on his journey and the workman takes up his burden. Thus we come around

THE GOSPEL WELL.

We put down our pack of burdens and our implements of toil; one man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well. I will try to draw the water; and if, after I have poured out from this living fountain, I just taste of it myself, no one will begrudge me a "drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

I. This Gospel will be like the one spoken of in the text:

A WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

David had known hundreds of wells of water, but he wanted to drink from that particular one; and he thought nothing could slake his thirst like that; and unless our souls can get access to the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlehem. It was *dug in the night*. It was dug by the light of a lantern—the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug—not at the gate of Cæsar's palaces—not in the park of a Jerusalem bargain-maker. It was *dug in a barn*. The camels lifted their weary heads to listen as the work went on; the shepherds, unable to sleep because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the opening of the well. The angels of God at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it and drank to the health of earth and heaven as they cried: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace." Sometimes, in our modern times the water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the beasts that perish as for our race—thirst-sinited, desert-travelled simoom-struck. O my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink out of that Bethlehem well!

David said: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God!" One would get a better understanding of this if he were *amid the Adirondacks* in summer time. Here comes a swift-footed deer. The hounds are clear on the track; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs; it is fagged out, its eyes are rolling in death; its tongue lolling from its foaming mouth. Faster the deer, faster the dogs, until it plunges into Schroon Lake, and the hounds can follow it no further, and it puts down its head and mouth, until the nostril is clean submerged in the cool wave, and I understand it: "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Oh! bring me water from that well. Little child, who hast learned of Jesus in the Sabbath-school, bring me some of that living water. Old man, who fifty years ago didst first find the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung amid the Highlands

of Scotland, to the tune of "*Bonnie Don*," "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem," bring me some of that water. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall never thirst." "Oh that some one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

II. Again: This Gospel well, like the one spoken of in the text, is

A CAPTURED WELL.

David remembered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ancestors; his father drank there, his mother drew there. He remembered how that water tasted when he was a boy, and came up from play. "I never forget the *old well* we used to drink from when we were boys or girls. There was something in it which blessed the lips and refreshed the brows better than anything we have found since. As we think of that old well the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, sun-glinted; and, all the more, we remember the hand that used to lay hold of the rope, and the hearts that beat against the well-curb, are still now. We never get over these reminiscences."

George P. Morris, the great song writer of this country, once said to me that his song "Woodman, Spare that Tree," was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were wrought upon the audience by that song. "Woodman, Spare that Tree," that, after the song was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas, for the man who has no early memories.

David thought of that well—

THAT BOYHOOD WELL—

and he wanted a drink of it; but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When the three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about. And this is true of this Gospel well. The Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old-fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, don't their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash? Why, the *sceptics* tell us we cannot come to that fountain. They say the water is not fit to drink anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is the *well of philosophy*; there is the well of art; there is the well of science." They try to substitute instead of your boyhood faith, an ideal religion. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our mortal hunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants, when nothing will satisfy but "a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate."

They try to starve us on husks when the Father's banquet is ready; and the best ring taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance. They patronize heaven and abolish hell; and try to measure eternity with the hour-glasses, and the throne of the great God with their yard-sticks. I abhor it.

I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the elect host, three anointed men, with courage enough to go forth in the strength of the omnipotent God, with the glittering swords of truth to be the way back again to that old well. I think *the tide is turning* and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university and in the legislative hall. Men have tried world philosophies and have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an arched midnight upon the death pillow. They fail who there is a dead chief in the house; and, when the soul comes to leap into the fathomless ocean of eternity, they give to the man not so much as a broken spar to cling to.

Depend upon it that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. There be not three anointed men in the Lord's host with enough consecration to do the work, then the swords will leap from Jehovah's bucklers and the eternal three will descend—God the Father, God

son, and God the Holy Ghost—conquering for lying race the way back again to "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." And be for us, who can be against us? It God did not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? For I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall take from us into final captivity the well of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I. Again, the Gospel well, like the one spoken of in my text is

A WELL AT THE GATE.

The traveller stops the camel to-day, and gets on and dips out of the valley of the east some beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out the very well that David longed for. Do you say that that well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it. And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at the *gate of purification*. We cannot wash away our sins unless at that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is hardly any man, woman or child who has escaped sinful defilement. Is it outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? I have all committed a sin worse than murder. I have by our sin, crucified the Lord, and that decide! And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will be empanelled as a jury to render a unanimous verdict against us: guilty one—guilty one.

With what a slashing stroke that one passage sweeps us away from all our pretensions: "There is no one that doeth good, no not one."

"Oh," says some one, "all we want—all the world wants—is development." Now I want to say that the race develops without the Gospel into a hell, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It develops downward and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What is to become of your soul without Christ? Punishment—disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For eighty years of transgression an eternity of forgiveness. For crime deep as hell, an atonement high as heaven. That where sin abounded, so grace may reach more abundantly. That as sin reigned unto death even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Angel of the covenant, dip thy wing into this living fountain and wave it over us that our souls may wash in "the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate."

Further, I remark that this well of the Gospel is at the *gate of comfort*.

Do you know *where David was* when he uttered the words of the text? He was in the cave of Adullam. That is where some people are now, as the world always goes smoothly with you? as it never pursued you with slander? Is your health always good? Have your fortunes never diminished? Are your children all alive and well? Is there one dead lamb in the fold? Are you ignorant of the way to the cemetery? Have you ever heard the bell toll when it seemed as if every stroke of the iron clapper beat your heart? Are the skies as bright when you look into them as they used to be when other eyes, now closed, used to look into them? Is there some trunk or drawer in your house that you go to only on anniversary days, when there comes beating against your soul the surf of a great ocean of agony? It is the cave of Adullam—the cave of Adullam!

Is there some David whose fatherly heart toward Absalom has broken? Is there some Abraham who is lonely because Sarah is dead in the family plot of Macpelah. After thirty or forty years of companionship how hard it was for them to part. Why not have two seats in the Lord's parlor so that both the old folks might have gone up at once? My aged mother in her last moment said to my father: "Father, wouldn't it be nice if we could both go together? No, no, no; we must part." And there are wounded hearts now. Some have had trouble. The world cannot give comfort. What can it bring? Nothing—nothing.

The salve they try to put on your wounds will not stick. They cannot with their bungling surgery mend the broken bones. Zophar the Naamathite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Eliphaz the Temanite come in and talk and talk and talk; but miserable comforters are they all. They cannot pour light into the cave of Adullam. They cannot bring a single draught of water from "the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." But, glory be to Jesus Christ, there is comfort at the gate. There is life in the well at the gate. I will draw up a promise for every man, woman and child. I will lay hold of the rope of the old well.

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

"Oh," you say, "I am so sick, so weary of life—ailments after ailments." I will draw up a promise: "The inhabitant shall never say, I am sick." What is your trouble? "Oh, it is less of friends—bereavement," you say. I will draw up a promise fresh and cool out of the well. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live." What is your trouble? You say it is the infirmities of old age. I will draw you up a promise: "Down to old age I am with thee, to hoar hairs will I carry thee." What is your trouble? "Oh," you say, "I have a widowed soul and my children cry for bread." I bring up this promise: "Leave thy fatherless children—I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." "Oh," says some one, "you have missed my case, that is not my trouble." I will not miss it. I bring up now a promise for every Christian soul: "All things work together for good to those who love God," I break through the *armed ranks of your sorrows* and bring to your parched lips a drink of "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again: this Gospel well is at

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I have not yet heard one single intelligent account of the future world from anybody who does not believe in the Bible. They throw such a fog about the subject that I do not want to go to the sceptic's heaven, to the transcendentalist's heaven, to the worldly philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley or Stuart Mill or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it. Heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a hell! Oh, they tell us, there are no songs there, there are no coronations in heaven, that is all imagination. I turn to my Bible, and I find John's picture of that good land—that heaven which was your lullaby in infancy—that heaven which our children in the Sabbath-school sing about—that heaven that has a well at the gate.

After you have been on a long journey and you come in all bedusted and tired to your house, the first thing you want is refreshing ablution; and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrimage of this world—the hard, dusty pilgrimage—we will find a well at the gate. In that one wash away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub or seraph, or my own departed friends in that blessed land place to my lips the cup of life, the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven. I was reading of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought that if they could find and drink out of that well, the old would become young again, the sick well, and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Of course they could not find it.

EUREKA!

I have found it—"the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate." I think we had better make a bargain with those who leave us—going out of this world from time to time—as to where we will meet them. Travellers parting appoint a place of meeting. They say: "We will meet at Rome or we will meet at Stockholm or Vienna or Jerusalem or Bethlehem." Now, when we come to stand by the death pillow of those who are leaving us for the far land, do not let us weep as though we would never see them again, but let us there standing appoint a place where we will meet. Where shall it be? Shall it be on the banks of the river? No, the banks are too long. Shall it be

in the temple? No, there is such a host there—ten thousand times ten thousand. Where shall we meet our loved ones? Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, Heaven! sweet Heaven! Dear Heaven! Heaven where our good friends are. Heaven where Jesus is. Heaven! Heaven!

But while I consider there comes a revulsion of feeling when I know there are

SOULS DYING OF THIRST

notwithstanding the well at the gate. Between them and the well of Heaven there is a great army of sin; and though Christ is ready to cleave a way to that well for them, they will not have His love and intercession. But I am glad to know that you may come yet. The well is here—the well of Heaven. Come, I do not care how feeble you are. Let me take hold of your arm and steady you up to the well curb. "He, every one that thirsteth, come." I would rather win one soul to Christ than wear the crown of the world's dominion. Do not let any man say I did not invite him. Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord once, if you could just see Him full in the face, if you could only just come up behind Him and touch His feet—methinks you would live.

In northern New Jersey some winters ago *three little children* wandered off from home in a snow-storm. Night came on. Father and mother said: "Where are the children?" They could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for these three children, but found them not. After a while a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the elder boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the other one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the younger one. And then they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh, it was a *touching scene* when that was brought to light. I was afterward on the ground and it brought the whole scene to my mind; and I thought myself of a more melting scene than that—it is that Jesus, our elder brother, took off the robe of His royalty, and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that He might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Some ministers say the worst can be saved, because Richard Baxter was saved and John Newton was saved, and any man can be saved. I do not want to put it in that way. You can be saved. I am certain of it; because I have been saved. Oh, the height and the depth, and the length and the breadth of the love of God!

A Sleepy Worshipper in a Scottish Church was locked in a few weeks ago. A gentleman who was passing a church in Selkirk, about nine o'clock on the evening of June 4th, had his attention attracted by a sound proceeding from the building. Getting over the wall surrounding the church grounds, he saw a man standing inside one of the windows of the ground floor of the building. He naturally inquired, "What'er 'e daein' there?" to which came the response from inside, "Man, I'm lockit in." "Lockit in!" exclaimed the interrogator; "hoo did 'e get lockit i' the kirk?" "I'll tell 'e that efter," was the reply; followed by the request, "Wull 'e gang for the keys, an' let me oot?" The door being opened, how the man came to be "lockit i' the kirk" was soon explained. He had been one of the congregation at the evening service, had fallen asleep, and on awaking had found himself the sole occupant of the church. He began to look for a way of escape, but there was none. He at length found his way down the stair leading to the vestry; this room being near the thoroughfare he was able to attract the attention of passers-by and so was released. He resolutely expressed his determination "no' tae fa' asleep i' the kirk again." If he keep his promise he may hear something which by the blessing of God may save him from a worse fate than being locked up in a church. It is to be feared that the lack of interest in divine things of which sleeping in church is a sign may lead to some people being *locked out* of the House of God.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Nearly Over the Brink.—A Man of much Intelligence, speaking at the Circus Temperance Meeting, said: "For twelve years I was a total abstainer; but I gave way, broke my pledge, and I was gliding very quietly, almost unconsciously, down the river toward a drunkard's grave, and what I have no doubt would have been a drunkard's hell, when, on the night before the last Glasgow Fast, the 6th of April, God arrested me, and since then not a single drop of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips, and, God helping me, never shall."

Betty's Flitting.—Mr. R. Hill, Speaking of the peace and calm enjoyed by a Christian at death, said: "There was an old woman dying at Jedburgh. She had been the talk of the district because of her piety. Her minister, Dr. Young, went in to see her one day, and said, 'How are you to-day, Betty?' She said, 'I am really well enough, but I am just put about a bit in the flitting.' She was flitting from earth to heaven, and was disturbed a little. How blessed when we contemplate the change with such unconcern."

How Tom was Struck Dumb.—A Young Man said: "I rise to thank God I came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, on the 16th day of April. I saw a Christian friend on that day and he put this question to me, 'Tom, in the event of your dying to-night, where would you spend eternity?' Well, I did not know what to think, nor what to say; *I was struck dumb*. When we parted he said, 'Remember what I say to you and pray for the pardon of your sins through Christ.' I did pray and the Lord Jesus Christ revealed Himself to me as my Saviour."

A Wife's Dying Charge.—Mr. Sawyer, at the same meeting, referring to the loss of his wife, said: "I have missed her more in the last few days than perhaps in all the rest of the time. One of the last things she said was this: 'Charles, I shall not be with you any longer; I am going into a better country. But I want to say to you, my dear, don't try to be *successful*, but try and be *faithful*. Be thou faithful unto death and God will give thee the crown of life.'"

Intending Disturbers.—On June 17, at a Gospel Temperance meeting held in the Circus, a young man rose and said: "Three years past last April I went into the tent without knowing exactly what I was going to do, but there was a companion with me who was much the worse for drink, as I was, and we intended to interrupt the speakers. We sat down, and he said, 'Let's make a row now, John.' I said, 'No; sit down a bit.' I heard a man speaking, and he said, 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come, and let him that heareth say Come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' That word reached my heart and broke it. The Holy Spirit not only took from me my love of intoxicating drink, but gave salvation to my soul through faith in Christ. He that believeth shall be saved, and He saved me as soon as I believed that promise."

A Unitarian Wreck.—A Young Man said: "I thank God that I am now a Christian. My brother died when he was twenty-one years of age. He was a Christian, and I was at his bedside. I then thought religion was a very good thing to die with but that you could not get along with it in this life. A friend was present—a man about forty years of age, who was a Unitarian. My brother said to him, 'George, ought I to throw Christ overboard now I have to cross the dark waters of Jordan.' He said, 'No, David, stick to your faith,' and tears rolled down his cheeks. In another year this Unitarian came to die, and I was at his death-bed. He said to me, 'Peter make sure of Christ. My life has been a wreck. Had I to commence life again, I would accept Christ in the hey-day of youth.' He also told me to inform some infidel friends in Glasgow that Christ's sufferings were foretold in Isaiah, in the 53d chapter more particularly. As for myself, I was converted on Friday the 9th of May. My great difficulty was to believe on Christ. I was looking for feelings and expecting to be agitated, but light broke in upon me in

this way: I was shown that Christ had suffered in our stead, and that He had *completed the work* of redemption, and something seemed to say, 'Can you not be satisfied?' I thank God I am now fully satisfied."

Gift of a Suit of Clothes.—Mr. Thornton said: "A man met an old friend who had gone down in circumstances. He was all in rags. He had been a drunkard. His friends said to him, 'I am very sorry to see you all in rags; come home with me, and I will give you a suit of clothes.' The man went home with him, and his friend gave him his second-best suit of clothes and told him to put them on. He did so, and when he returned into the room and stood before his benevolent friend, he said to the gentleman who had given him the clothes, 'What do you think of me now?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'you are very respectable now.' 'No,' said the poor man, 'it is not me that is respectable, it is *your* clothes.' Now, when the Lord Jesus Christ meets us in our rags, the rags of our own righteousness, He strips us of them, and He gives in return—not a second-best suit of clothes, but the best robe, the robe of His righteousness; and when we are clothed with that, and ask God what He thinks of us, He will say, 'Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.'"

A Lesson from a Stocking.—Mr. Scroggie said in the Circus on June 18th: "A dear old Scotch-woman had got it into her head that she must get salvation by her work. She was often spoken to on that subject, and a Christian friend pointed out that salvation was a gift—the gift of God is eternal life—and that she could not gain it by working, as, if she could, it would cease to be a gift. But the old lady was not to be moved from her interpretation of her favorite text, 'Work out your own salvation.' One day, when this friend called; he found the old lady knitting a stocking. He asked, 'Mrs. So-and-So, what is that you are doing?' She answered, 'I am knitting a stocking.' 'Let me see it—I should like to see it.' He got possession of the stocking, and going over to the other side of the hearth he sat down. He said, 'Now work out your stocking.' She said, 'I canna.' He said, 'Oh, yes; work it out—work it out.' She replied, 'Give me the stocking, then. I canna work it out unless you give it up.' 'But,' he said, 'you are trying to work out salvation before you get it, and you cannot even work out the stocking unless you have it.' That simple incident was the means of bringing light to her soul, and leading her to trust wholly in Christ."

A Safe Ship to Sail in.—Another Speaker said: "I have been seven times across the Atlantic, and once to the Cape of Good Hope and back, but I am still a little timid at going down to the sea in ships. So having once to go to America, I went to Mr. Allan's office and said, 'Have you any steamers going to Montreal in a week or two?' 'Yes,' he said, 'the Circassian.' 'All right,' I said, 'I will let you know in a little while.' I went outside, and had a talk to some of the sailors on the Broomielaw. I said, 'Do you know anything about this vessel, the Circassian?' I found it was a new vessel that had lately taken a trial trip, with some new-fangled apparatus about the boiler, and although it was said to be all right, I made up my mind that I would not take my passage by the vessel. Four years afterward I went to Mr. Allan's office at Montreal and asked, 'Have you any vessel going to Liverpool?' They told me, 'We have the Circassian.' I said, 'Is that the Circassian which has been sailing for four or five years past?' 'Yes.' 'Then put down my name.' I could trust it now. It had been well tried. So this way to heaven has been well tried; Christ secures eternal safety; thousands have travelled over the pathway of salvation He has opened, and we can trust it too."

A Hopeless Inebriate.—Mr. Sawyer said: "A man came into our meeting about two years ago, and told this story. He said: 'Two years ago I had lost all hope. My wife would not live with me, and my little children seemed to hate the sight of me. I made up my mind the sooner I died the better. One Saturday night I walked along Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, trying to beg a few pennies for bread. At last I went into a corner shop and told

the man I was very hungry. I said I did not deserve his kindness, but would he give me something to eat. He did give me something, and then he said, Go and hear our friend Sawyer in the Cooper meeting. I went round to the meeting and heard a number of testimonies which I thought were all for me, it seemed as if every word came straight from the throne of God for poor John White.' Some one came and spoke to him and prayed with him. He said, 'I made up my mind—if I go to the poor house I will go rejoicing; if I go to the station house, I will go rejoicing; good health or bad, sink or swim, live or die, I will have my poor soul saved.' The next Monday I went to see the friend in Fulton Avenue who had behaved so kindly to him, and said, 'I just did what you told me. I went to the meeting; but did more, I gave my heart to the Lord, and now am perfectly happy. I haven't any money, nor don't know where I am going to get it, but I tell you I have got righteousness, and joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost.' The tradesman said, 'I will give you employment, I like your straightforward way.' He has now been nearly three years in the man's service, and every month he sends a letter enclosing a dollar, and says, 'Give that to some poor man like I was.' And after such cases as these you tell me the Gospel doesn't pay!"

THE NIGHT FAR SPENT.

The Great Kingdom of Prophecy—Sleeping Christians—A Contrast but No Contradiction—The Most Marked Characteristics of the Night—The Night of Nature's Darkness—II. Of Satan's Dominion—III. Of Death's Desolation—"The Day at Hand"—What Day?—I. The Day of Creation's Deliverance—II. Of Resurrection Life—III. Of Christ's Personal Presence—Necessary Exhortation.

"KNOWING the time, that now it is high time for you to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13: 11-12.

If the Christian Church were in truth—as many Christian people erroneously suppose—the great kingdom of prophecy—that "Kingdom of the Heavens" for the establishment of which on this earth we are taught continually to pray, the language of St. Paul in the above passage of Scripture would not only be emptied of its grand and glorious meaning, but we should be utterly at a loss how to interpret it. For clearly it is to his Christian brethren—*i.e.*, to members of the Church whose truest definition is "the congregation of a faithful people," that the Apostle is here speaking. "It is high time for you to awake out of sleep"—you whose "salvation is nearer than when we first became Christian believers." And, again, "let us cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light."

Here, then, we have men who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ cleansed by the washing of regeneration and sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, spoken of as still covered by

THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT;

still needing to be awakened out of sleep; still uncrowned with the anticipated great salvation. In what sharp contrast with this is the language of the same Apostle, in another Epistle: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that the day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of the darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that are drunken, are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation."—1 Thess. 5: 4-8.

And yet there is no real contradiction between these two Scriptures. All that is needed in order to harmonize them is, that we understand that in the one case the night and darkness are spoken of *objectively* and in the other *subjectively*. True believers are even now "children of the light and of the day," the day-star has already arisen in their hearts; but they are still walking in what St. Paul

alls "this present darkness" (Eph. 6 : 12): waiting and watching for that long-promised and radiant

"MORNING WITHOUT CLOUDS," which will only come when "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, with healing in His wings." Let us for a few moments meditate on some of the most marked characteristics—*first*, of the night "whose approaching termination the great apostle so confidently predicted; and, *secondly*, of the glorious "day" which he so exultantly anticipated.

1. The night, then, which St. Paul even in his day regarded as far spent, is *the night of nature's darkness*. Its shadows fell upon the groves of the old Eden, when man's sin had dimmed its primal unshine, and its wailing winds awoke when he was driven out and heard the clang of its closing gates behind him. Since then, from the fall of the primal man and his kingdom on to the glorious manifestation of the Lord from heaven, the whole period of earth's history is regarded in Scripture as the time of night and darkness.

Since then the whole creation has been made subject to vanity; it has groaned and travailed in pain together even until now; its flowers have faded, its fruits have failed, its fields have withered. Above all, the moral night has been deep and biding; "darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." Oh! long and weary night, shall it never end? Yes; even when St. Paul wrote, four thousand years of it had passed away, and therefore it was verily true that "the night was far spent." But, if true then, how emphatically true is it now, for how much nearer are we to that blessed day when "the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of

THE GLORY OF THE SONS OF GOD."

2. Again, the night to which the apostle refers is *the night of Satan's dominion*. In Eph. 6 : 12, we read: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of *this darkness*, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." And our Lord Himself speaks of the evil one as "the power of darkness" (Luke 22 : 53). As long, then, as Satan rules, not only in the hearts of men and the government of the nations, as we are taught in the Book of Daniel, but in some sort over the powers of nature, the night must continue, and not till he is bound and imprisoned can the morning dawn.

This shows the folly of those who anticipate that by the advance of civilization, the more earnest and universal preaching of the Gospel, and the larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the dark shadows of the night will be dispersed, and the Millennial day dawn upon the world. Can civilization control the destructive elements of nature? Can the Gospel secure the world righteous government, while Satan still points to the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them and says, without rebuke, "All this is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it?" Or can even the outpouring of the Holy Spirit preserve the purity of the visible Church of Christ, while the enemy continues to sow his tares among the wheat? No; the night, though "far spent," will not be passed till the oppressive curse be removed—till Satan be bound—

TILL THE LORD HAS COME.

3. Once more, the night which is, blessed be the Lord of Life, so soon to end, is *the night of death's desolation*. The history of this fallen world is most emphatically the history of death. Death has reigned, not only "from Adam to Moses," and from Moses to Christ, but even from Christ to the present hour, and still the veil of its dreadful night is spread over the world. By what a natural association of ideas do we speak of "the night of death." Our Lord Himself does so when He says, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; *the night cometh* when no man can work" (John 9 : 4). "They that sleep, sleep in the night," and hence throughout Scripture death is spoken of as a sleep.

Of David it is said, that having "served his own generation by the will of God, he fell asleep and

was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption" (Acts 13 : 36). Concerning the beloved Lazarus Christ said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awake him out of sleep" (Luke 11 : 11). And to those who have died in the Lord is the glorious promise sure: "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. 4 : 14).

Oh! ye bereaved ones, believing, how may ye rejoice in the thought that the night of death is far spent! One by one we have laid the beloved ones—parents, friends, children—in the silent tomb. Year after year we have heard, as John Foster says, "the thunder of death's wings," and upon many the darkness which those awful wings create will soon be falling. But, glorious tidings!—"the night is far spent, the day is at hand." Yes, as the hymn has it—

"The night is wearing fast away,
The glorious light is dawning;
I see the streaks of coming day,
The bright Millennial morning."
"THE DAY IS AT HAND!"

What day? We have seen some of the characteristics of the far-spent night. What kind of day is it that the Apostle so joyfully looks forward to?

1. It is *the day of creation's deliverance*. For this the winds are sighing, as they make their sweet but melancholy music amid the leafy groves of summer; for this the wild waves cry aloud, as they dash themselves upon the rocky shore; for this the starving beasts of the forest, and the birds perishing in the cruel frost, and all the innocent, suffering creatures God has made, send up to Him their constant inarticulate prayer. "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope, because the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now" (Rom. 8 : 19-22, R. V.).

It is in anticipation of that day that the Psalmist exclaims, "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth." "Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us" (Ps. 96 : 11-13; 67 : 6). When Adam was driven out of Paradise, and the long night of centuries fell upon the world, it was said, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return" (Gen. 3).

But in what exquisite contrast is the picture of *THE COMING MILLENNIAL DAY* which Isaiah presents, when the curse is removed, and the world is, as it were, new-born: "For ye shall go out with joy—not with shame and sorrow, as Adam went forth from Eden—and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off. . . . The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 55 : 12-13; 11 : 6-9).

Oh, blessed thought! "The day is at hand." The day when all Nature's wounds shall be

healed; when her sorrowing heart shall be comforted; and when, as in a mirror from which all obscurations have been removed, she shall truly reflect the glory of her Creator.

RESURRECTION LIFE.

2. Again, the day which the Apostle declares to be at hand is *the day of resurrection-life*. Of the wicked it is said, in the 49th Psalm, "Like sheep, they are laid in the grave (*sheol*); death shall be their shepherd." But, it is added, "the upright shall have dominion over them *in the morning*." And what morning is this but the morning of the resurrection? when they that have slept in Jesus shall awake, and be—to use the exquisite figure of the Psalmist—as the multitudinous dew-drops shining in the brightness of the morning sun.

Oh, glorious day! when disease and death shall no more torture and destroy "this trembling house of clay;" when by the possession of nobler powers we shall be fitted for a nobler though not a more acceptable service than we have been able to render here; when that which was "sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, and that which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power."

Reader, are you not only looking but *preparing* for that day? Remember Paul's language: "*Our citizenship is in heaven*, from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. 3 : 20-21).

CHRIST'S PERSONAL PRESENCE.

3. Lastly, "the day" which not only inspired testimony, but many concurrent signs also assure us is even now "at hand" is *the day of Christ's personal presence*. As long as He is absent, the night continues, for is He not the Sun of the moral and spiritual world? Yea, even before He rises on the world as the Sun of Righteousness, He will be to His waiting and watching saints "the bright and morning star." Hence, in the parable of the Ten Virgins, the period during which the Bridegroom tarries is represented as the time of night, for it is "*at midnight*" that the cry is made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and the prophetic midnight immediately precedes the dawn.

In vain do we hope that the night shall end and the shadows flee away till the Day-star shines in the eastern sky; in vain we look for the dawn of Millennial day till "the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in His wings." No rest for creation till Christ comes; no binding of Satan till Christ comes; no Millennium of peace till Christ comes; no resurrection-life till Christ comes; no consummation of bliss in body and soul till Christ comes; for in His presence only is the fulness of joy, and on the wings of His love and power He brings the everlasting day.

A NECESSARY EXHORTATION.

And, oh glorious assurance! that day is about to dawn. Yes, "the night is far spent, the day is at hand?" And what then? What are the solemn words which the Apostle adds? "Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." Strange and sad that such an exhortation should be needed by "the children of the day;" stranger and more sad that it should never be so much needed as *now*.

Woe unto us if we do not regard it. "Wherefore He saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee" (Eph. 5 : 14, R. V.). Otherwise, the light of the morning will be turned into the shadow of death, and the solemn words of the prophet will become applicable to us: "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! to what end is it for you? The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him, or went into the house and leaned his hand upon the wall, and a serpent bit him. Shall not the day of the Lord be darkness and not light? even very dark, and no brightness in it?" (Amos 5 : 18-20).

God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all, and unless we walk in His light, and are beautiful in the beauty of holiness, we can neither receive radiance from His face now, nor have place and power in the coming Kingdom of the Day.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate made Important Amendments to the Naval Appropriation Bill on July 29th, which seriously curtail the measure which Mr. Robeson is so anxious to see passed. The Senate passed Mr. Beck's amendment prohibiting the completion of four vessels until the Naval Advisory Board shall report the cost of finishing them to the next Congress, and reduced the appropriations for finishing another ship and launching the monitors from \$1,000,000 to \$400,000. In the course of the debate on Mr. Beck's proposition Mr. Ingalls asserted that the five monitors provided for had cost \$9,000,000 already, and that we now expected to spend \$3,000,000 more on them. His information was that \$5,500,000 had been spent on four vessels which were afterward sold to the contractors for \$1,324,290. The accuracy of Senator Ingalls' figures was disputed by Senator Hale, but Senator Ingalls insisted that they were substantially correct.

The Assessment of the Civil Service for campaign expenses is still causing public comment. An application for an opinion on the subject was made to Secretary Folger last week, who said in reply that there was no statute to prevent any employé contributing to the fund who might feel disposed to do so, but that if he did not so desire, or was unable to give, no penalty would attach to him. President Arthur made a similar declaration. The President said in effect that no person in any one of the executive departments declining to contribute shall on that account be subject to discharge or criticism, and no attempt to injure him on this ground will be countenanced or tolerated. It would, however, have been more satisfactory if the notorious circulars signed by Mr. Jay Hubbell had been withdrawn.

The Disclosures Made by Mr. James A. Walsh in the Star Route trials last week, furnish a means of estimating the amount of which the public treasury was robbed during the administration of the department by Mr. Brady. Mr. Walsh, who was originally a Washington banker but afterward became a mail contractor, testified that when the route he had was expedited, he received an advance on his contract of \$60,000 a year. In

settling some private business afterward with Mr. Brady that gentleman referred to the expedition and presented a claim for \$36,000 on that account. Walsh states that Brady explained it as being one-fifth of the sum paid Walsh for expedition, covering three years' payments, and said that the other contractors had paid him that proportion of their receipts. If Walsh's statement is true the contractors must have paid an enormous sum in commissions. In any case it is evident that whoever the guilty parties were, the treasury was robbed of above a million dollars. The work is now being performed at little more than one-half of the amount it cost during the administration of Mr. Hayes.

A Motion for a Court of Inquiry as to the loss of the Jeannette was made in the House on July 25th, by Mr. Washburne, of Minnesota, who was prompted thereto by Dr. Collins, a brother of one of the men whose dead body with those of his companions in De Long's party was found by Melville. The motion included an inquiry into the condition of the vessel on her departure, into her management, into the provisions made for the safety of the boats' crews on leaving the wreck, and into the general conduct of her officers and men.

Several Unexpected Votes were Cast in Favor of the amendment at the recent contest in Iowa. The Dubuque Times reports that two saloon-keepers in Des Moines voted for the amendment, and wrote their full names on the back of their tickets. One of these men was an Alderman by the name of Egan, who was arrested, tried, and convicted last winter of selling liquor without a license. The gentleman from Des Moines said that nearly all the colored voters in that city cast their ballots for the amendment, and several habitual drunkards also voted with the majority.

The Effort to Compel the Railroad Companies to fulfil their duty to the public has failed. Justice Haight, on July 28th, handed down his decision in the case refusing the mandamus requested. In the course of his decision Justice Haight said: "The conflicts that from time to time arise between capital and labor present the most serious and difficult problem that the Government at the present day has to solve. It is the duty of the Court to guard and protect to the utmost every right of the poor man who is compelled to support himself and family by manual labor, and when an opportunity presents, and in a proper case, this Court will not be slow to act in his behalf. But in this proceeding it is powerless to aid him. The Court has not the power to prescribe a scale of wages. Hitherto the amount of wages to be paid has been left to the parties to determine by contract, express or implied. If the power exists at all to change the law in this regard, such power rests in the legislative, and not in the judicial branch of the Government."

The Fatalities from the Heat in New York reached a higher figure on Thursday last than on any single day in a period of more than ten years. One hundred children and ninety-four adults succumbed under the pitiless heat. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the rays of the sun seemed like a rain of fire. The closed shutters on Fifth Avenue and other thoroughfares occupied by wealthy citizens indicated that their denizens had removed to cooler and more healthy localities, but the poorer neighborhoods were as crowded as usual. Several funds have been commenced for the benefit of the convalescent and for delicate children, with the object of enabling them to enjoy a holiday in a purer air. One of these funds—that of the New York Tribune—has already accomplished much good in this way and has doubtless saved many lives. The fact that 194 persons died from the heat in one day should prompt those who can afford it to render timely aid to the poor and the suffering.

A Raid on a Pool Room was Effectuated in New York on Monday, July 24th, by Mr. Anthony Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Many complaints have recently been made to the society by parents whose sons have been enticed there, and by employers who have been robbed by their employes and the proceeds taken

there, and it was accordingly decided to enforce the law. There were fully two hundred persons in the place when the descent was made upon it. One solitary doorman barred the ingress of the officers. He refused them admission unless they showed a ticket, but it took only a moment to effect an entrance. Anthony Comstock and his agents were posted on the inside, and upon the arrival of the police they were in a position to point out the proprietors and attachés of the place, and thereby cause their arrest. There was a good deal of excitement among the habitués, several of whom made violent but ineffectual efforts to escape. All the paraphernalia of the place was seized. There were twenty-five books of records, twenty-eight blackboards, 180 bundles of tickets, six trays, \$750 in money and fifty statement cards of the races. These were loaded on a truck and taken to Police Headquarters.

The Alumni of Yale College and the Young Men's Christian Association there are making an effort to raise \$25,000 for the erection of a building at Yale College, to be used for holding the religious meetings of the college and association. The college has at present two buildings for religious worship. The Battell Chapel and the Marquand Chapel, which suffice for the regular religious exercises of the college. The object of erecting the building contemplated is mainly a desire to increase the activity of the Young Men's Association, which had its origin in Mr. Moody's revival efforts in New Haven some five or six years ago.

State Conventions of the Young Men's Christian Associations are summoned for the following places: Colorado, at Denver, September 12-14; Illinois, at Jacksonville, October 5-8; California, at San Francisco, in October; West Virginia, at Charlestown, October 12-15; Massachusetts, at Charlestown, Oct. 11-13. The British Conference will be held at Glasgow, September 6-9. The Dominion Convention will be held at Truro, Nova Scotia, August 10-12. Prominent workers in the cause will be present at all these gatherings, both from at home and abroad.

Major James H. Cole Conducted Services at Palmyra on Sunday, July 23d, which were signally blessed. The interest excited was so deep that one service continued for three hours, and the altar was surrounded by Christian people praying for more spiritual power and by seekers for salvation, of whom five decided for Christ that night. Major Cole has held many such meetings since leaving Cleveland with similar results. He says to Christian workers: "Many churches in the rural districts need a word of cheer. If the workers in the cities can go for only one meeting good can be accomplished. Instead of going to the large Christian gatherings where they are so thick as to tread continually on each others' toes, go out among the farmers. Gather them in their little churches, or if shaded by trees, as many of them are, hold the meeting under the trees. You will have a good time in body and soul."

An Historic Relic with Quaint and Curious associations is to be added shortly to the museum at the Washington Headquarters at Newburg. It is known as *Queen Anne's bell*, and is more than a century and a half old. It weighs about twenty-five pounds, is exceedingly sweet-toned, and was made, as a Latin inscription states, at Amsterdam in the year 1716. In 1719 it was presented by Queen Anne to the settlers of Newburg. They had no church edifice at the time, and it was lent to the Lutheran Church at New York, where it hung for some time, until in 1733, the pioneers built a church, and the bell was removed to Newburg. During the conflict of 1776 the bell was taken from its tower and hidden in a swamp, it is said, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Whigs. After the peace of 1779 it resumed duty in the church. In 1798 it was hung in the Academy and rang the village children to school, and also did duty as a court bell. From 1834 to 1873 it was used as a signal bell for the stables of one of the city hotels, and in 1874 became the property of a lady residing in Newburg, who has recently given it to the trustees of the Washington Headquarters, to be preserved with the other treasures of that historic building.

A Hundred-Dollar Gold Watch was Accidentally thrown away recently by a young lady. She went to a picnic up the Wabash River with some friends, and in the course of the evening among other amusements the party tried who could throw pieces of wood farthest into the stream. The young lady in question seized a stick to try her powers. In throwing it with all her might it caught in her watch-chain, which broke, and the watch followed the stick into the river. The young lady's chagrin can be imagined, and she learned a lesson she will probably not soon forget. That loss, however, may be made good more easily than can the losses incurred in other amusements and competitions. It would be easy to name some that are very popular in which those who engage in them heedlessly throw away their souls (Gal. 5: 21).

A Rock that Poisons the Hands of those who are scratched by it has been found in the excavations now going on in connection with the work of the West Shore Railroad near Milton. Its dangerous quality was accidentally discovered by the similarity of the sores on the hands of the men working the rock. It is said to be as poisonous as the ivy and some other vines, the slightest scratch by a piece leaving a troublesome running sore. The thing is quite a new experience to railroad men, and it renders the wounds of those injured by it all the more serious because physicians do not know its proper antidote. If there is much of this rock in the excavations there will probably be some difficulty in getting men to work it. They generally prefer to avoid handling materials that are liable to inflict physical injury, though they are less reluctant to enter occupations in which their moral nature is liable to be poisoned (Ezek. 20: 43).

A Suit Brought by a King is to be Tried shortly in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Three of the defendants are bankers in Boston and proprietors of the Union Safe Deposit Concern. A fourth defendant is a Belgian immigrant who has leased a vault in the Safe Deposit building. The plaintiff is Leopold II., King of the Belgians, who alleges that the Belgian defendant appropriated money belonging to the king and intrusted to him for specific purposes. The suit is brought to recover the money, which is believed to be stored in the vault, and an injunction has been obtained restraining the defendants from entering the vault until the suit is tried. The unusual circumstances of a *regal plaintiff* suing in an American court has attracted considerable attention to the case. Reflecting on the facts the thought is suggested that there are many hoards of money lying idle or being squandered on personal luxury which do not properly belong to the persons controlling them. If every Christian realized that his property has been intrusted to him for sacred purposes by the King of kings we might soon witness a marvellous change in the mode of spending money (Isa. 58: 6-8).

A Tramp's Fortune is Awaiting the Appli-cation of his heirs in Europe. One evening near the close of last June a shabby-looking tramp applied to the steward of the Westmoreland County Alms-house, Penn., for a night's lodging. The steward, seeing how filthy he was, told the man, who proved to be a German named Henry Rhemberg, that he must first submit to a scrubbing in the bath-room. Rhemberg hesitated, but at last consented. Before taking off his coat he handed Steward Gay a bag of gold, silver, and German securities amounting to nearly \$21,000. The wealthy tramp was furnished with a hearty supper and retired. In the morning he complained of feeling ill. The alms-house physician pronounced his ailment typhoid fever, and having heard of his wealth advised him to make a will. The tramp declined to comply, saying *he would not die*. The sick man sank rapidly, and in spite of his resolve he died on July 5th, and was buried in the Lutheran Cemetery. The heirs will be looked up and acquainted with their good fortune. It is said that Rhemberg hoarded the alms received, living in almshouses and spending nothing, satisfied if the store he would not use increased. All sensible men condemn such a life as foolish if not insane,

but when we see millionaires spending their days in scheming and plotting to add to their enormous fortunes by unrighteous tricks, we are forced to conclude that the old tramp was not alone in his folly (Eccles. 4: 8).

A Death Struggle in the Hollow Trunk of a tree occurred near Tusculumbia, Ala., recently. A Tusculumbia journal states that a man living near Wolf Creek hunted a ground hog, which took refuge in a log that was hollow nearly all through. He tried to reach the hog with a pole, but it was too short, so he crawled into the log to get at him. In the struggle that ensued he lost the hold he had with his feet on the end of the log, and it being on the side of the mountain with the entrance highest he slid down head foremost upon the beast. Then there was a fierce fight, but the man, though in a cramped position, succeeded in killing the animal. The next difficulty was to get out of the log, and he found himself unable to crawl out backward, his course being up hill. He would have remained there till he died had not his family become alarmed by his absence, and, guided by the dog, found him in his strange trap and extricated him. The adventure had its ludicrous side, but if assistance had not been at hand its termination would have been sad enough, for the man was utterly unable to deliver himself from the results of his own imprudence. Similarly desperate is the moral and spiritual condition of many a man whose downward course has led him into durance, from which Divine help alone can rescue him (Isa. 59: 16).

A Clergyman's Dinner was Unexpectedly provided in a strange manner recently, according to a report in a New Jersey journal. It is stated that in a sea-coast village in that State a clergyman lives who has a large family, but whose means are extremely small. The family were one day lately in a store strait, having no meat for dinner nor means of purchasing any. The clergyman's wife and daughters were in the back yard consulting about the preparation of a meal of vegetables, when a large fish fell into the yard, apparently from the sky, for no one could have thrown it there. It seemed to come so appropriately as to be a special providence and was in any case thankfully accepted. An explanation of the affair was given afterward by some one who witnessed it. A large fish hawk had been seen to swoop down to the sea and rise with a large fish in its beak. The hawk rose with difficulty, for the fish was heavy and wriggled violently. At last a vigorous twist freed the fish, which fell to the ground, happily at a point where it was very acceptable. The journal relating the incident states that its truth is vouched for by several trustworthy people. The incident is remarkable, but there are many cases well known to every Christian in which help has come in a time of difficulty quite as unexpectedly (Job 35: 16).

A Child was Lost in the Woods for Six Days two weeks ago, near Girard Manor, Schuylkill County, Pa. On July 8th Mrs. Wolfe, the wife of a farmer whose land adjoins the woods in that locality, missed her ten-year old son, and it became clear that he had wandered into the woods. Wolfe's home being situated in a wild, thinly settled district, there is a high fence surrounding the dwelling to prevent his children from going into the woods. But on that day the gate was left open, and through it the child disappeared. Mrs. Wolfe gave the alarm to her husband, and together they began the search, which the night's darkness terminated. Their neighbors were summoned, and all started next morning at daybreak, scouring the hills and valleys in vain. The mother became frantic, but no trace of the missing boy could be found until the six days had passed, when, after climbing rugged mountains and wandering through swamps, the father at last beheld his son sitting on a rock *crying bitterly*. He was taken home, five miles distant, and cared for. He was in a precarious condition, the result of long suffering and bites and stings of innumerable insects. The child's body presented a terrible appearance. He had appeased his hunger by eating bark from trees, a piece of which he had in his hand when found. How many a wanderer from his heavenly Father's House could tell a similar tale of heedlessness, suffering, and restoration (Jer. 2: 19).

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?"—1 Kings 19: 12, 13.

Elijah's Despondent Retreat—How God Treated Him—Physical Causes of Mental Depression—A Physician often more Useful than a Clergyman—The Mountain Tempest—The Voice of Gentle Silence—I. The Chosen Agency—Not a Display of Power—Futile Trust in Tambourines—In Oratorical Fireworks—How Conversions are Wrought—II. Its Effects—The Man Subdued—Obedient—Dealing Personally with God—III. Its Lessons—The Means Relied on not Used—Strength in Weakness—IV. The Duty of Listening—"What Doest Thou?"

ELIJAH no doubt expected that after the wonderful display of God's power on Carmel the nation would give up its idols, and would turn unto the only living and true God. Had they not confessed as with a voice of thunder "Jehovah, He is the God; Jehovah, He is the God?" The prophet trusted that the heart of Ahab might perhaps be touched, and possibly through him the heart of Jezebel. If she did not become converted, at least the manifest interposition of Jehovah might check her hand from future persecution. The prophet hoped that by an influence thus established over the king and queen, the whole land would speedily glide back to its allegiance to Jehovah. Then would his stern heart have been glad before the Lord.

When he found out that it was not so his spirit fainted within him. The message from Jezebel that he would be slain the next morning was probably not so terrible to him as the discovery that came with it that his great demonstration against Baal was doomed to be a failure. *The proud Sidonian queen* would still rule over vacillating Ahab, and through Ahab she would still keep power over the people, and the idol gods would sit safely on their throne. The thought was gall and wormwood to the idol-hating prophet. He became so despondent that he was ready to give up the conflict, and to quit the battle-field. He cannot bear to live in the land where the people were so blindly infatuated as to honor Baal, and to dishonor Jehovah. He resolves to go right away.

WHAT A RETREAT

before a beaten enemy! Where now is the dauntless courage which faced all Israel, one against thousands? How are the mighty fallen!

Is this my lord Elijah, crouching in a cavern? Is this the man who seemed to leap into Israel's history like a lion roaring on his prey? Is this Elijah the Tishbite who brought both fire and water from the skies? Yes, it is even he. He has become faint-hearted and weary, and therefore he has fled his Master's service. It is well for us who are always weak that we can so clearly see that the strong are only strong because God makes them so. Their occasional weakness proves that they are naturally as weak as we are; it is only by divine strength that they are made mighty, and this strength is ready to gird us, also, for the conflict. We take comfort from this, though we do not from it excuse our own infirmity. The Lord God of Elijah is our God, and as He sustained a man of like passions with ourselves, He can and will sustain us if we cry unto Him.

Observe how God dealt with His downcast servant. The Lord began with him in much tenderness by refreshing his physical frame. He permitted him to fall into a sleep, and when he was awakened there was a cake ready for him and a cruse of water. Then the Lord allowed him to sleep again, for this he greatly needed. We do not lose the time we spend in sleep when we are worn out with fatigue. It is the best economy of life to let the body have a sufficiency of "*kind nature's sweet restorer*, balmy sleep." God gave His servant, after a second sleep, a second meal, and thus refreshed he was able to look at things in a more cheery light.

Time was when Christian people thought very little of the corporeal system; they called their physical frame a vile body, as indeed it is in some sense, but not in every sense. If they had any doubts, and fears, and tremblings our good fathers laid them all on the back of the devil, or else ascribed them to their own unbelief; when frequently their depressions arose from want of food, or of fresh air, or from a torpid liver, or a weak stomach. A thousand things can cast us down, and we ought not to despise the body through which they act upon us. Rather should we attend to natural laws, and so look to the God of those laws to help us.

If any of you here present are depressed, and in mental trouble, I would invite you to look to your health, and not to blame yourselves till first, you have seen whether your sadness arises *from sickness or from sin*, from a feeble body or a rebellious mind. Do not think it unspiritual to remember that you have a body, for you certainly have one, and therefore ought not to ignore its existence. If your heavenly Father thinks of

YOUR PHYSICAL FRAME.

He therein gives you a hint to do the same. If the Lord in His wisdom began with the high-spirited Elias by feeding and refreshing His mortal body, we ought to count it wisdom to look to our outward parts; it is of heretics that we read that they inculcate neglecting of the body: wise men value it as the temple of the Holy Ghost. With us it is often the case that "the spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak;" it is no small thing to get the flesh put into order; *the physician is often as needful as the minister.*

When the man of God had been refreshed by the great Physician, he was led of the Lord to Horeb, where he would be quite alone. The Lord knew that he needed quiet as well as sleep and food, and there among the lone crags, where utter desolation reigns undisturbed, Elias found himself somewhat at home. When the quiet had in a measure calmed his mind, the Lord began to speak with him. He bade him go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. No sooner had the prophet come to the mouth of the cave than a *tremendous hurricane* swept down the rifts of the valleys with such force that it tore the mountains and brought down great masses of granite from their lofty summits. The great and strong wind seemed to shake the mountains to their foundations, and huge columns which long had breasted ordinary storms began to rock and reel and fall about the lone observer with thundering crash.

The prophet was not at all alarmed. He was the child of the storm, a reprobator born to rule amid tempestuous scenes. It is very possible that his spirit felt exhilarated by the terrors around him. The tumult in which he had lived among the people was now imaged before him in the strife of the elements; I should not wonder if he even felt at home, joyously excited as the terrific blast swept over the mountains' brows. As he stood at the mouth of the cavern the earth gave way beneath his feet; he leaned against the mountain, and lo it shook and quivered; for *now the earthquake* was passing by, and it seemed as if nothing was stable around him.

Scarcely had this convulsion ceased than the fire displayed its brightness. The lightning flamed over the whole heaven, attended by peals of thunder such as the man of God had never heard before. From crag to crag leaped the live lightnings, till the whole firmament blazed with the fire of God. Yet we do not find that the prophet was in the least cowed or dismayed. His was a brave spirit; calm amid the storm. As the eagle mounts in the centre of the lightning, and rises on the wings of the storm, so did it seem with Elijah's spirit; he was aroused by the fury of the elements, but he was not afraid. And now the thunder ceased, and the lightning was gone, and the earth was still, and the wind was hushed, and there was a dead calm, and out of the midst of the still air there came what the Hebrew calls

"A VOICE OF GENTLE SILENCE,"

as if silence had become audible. There is nothing more terrible than an awful stillness after a dread uproar. Even the noise of the wind and of the

storm which could not cow Elijah were not so terrible as the still small voice by which Jehovah called His servant near. Then the prophet covered his face, and went to the mouth of the cave and stood to listen, for the still small voice had won the solemn attention of his soul. It had done for him what all the rest could not do; for this reason, that the Lord was not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but the Lord was in the still small voice, and Elias knew it, and he was awed, and prepared himself to hear what God the Lord would speak.

What is the lesson of this? May God the Holy Spirit help us this morning to learn it.

I. First, I call your attention to THE CHOSEN AGENCY.

Notice, at the outset, *what it was not*. It was not the terrible, it was not the tremendous, it was not the overwhelming, but something the reverse of all these. It was not a grand display of power, for God was in none of those great things which Elias saw and heard. That which conquered Elijah's brave heart was not whirlwind, was not earthquake, was not fire; it was the still small voice. That which effectually wins human hearts to God and to His Christ is not an extraordinary display of power.

Have you not judged that if God would send a pestilence to our thoughtless city it might, perhaps, impress the thoughtless crowd, and drive to our houses of prayer those who now habitually waste the Sabbath? Might not cholera, or war, or famine alarm the consciences of the careless and drive the ungodly to their knees? Have you not thought that perhaps the screening which God has given us in saving us from the plagues of war, and from innumerable ills, may have tended to breed in men's hearts presumption, and carelessness, and indifference?

Thanks be to infinite mercy, the Lord does not at this present choose the terrible way of action. He leaves the wind, He leaves the earthquake and the fire, and He speaks to men in the silence of their souls by a voice which, though it be as "silence audible," yet it is the power of God unto salvation. But we are hard to convince that it is so. We still cling to the idea that outward pomp of power tremendous would advance the kingdom of God. We are not so ready to dispense with the twelve legions of angels as our Master was. So far as our own action is concerned, we are poor disciples of Him of whom we read, "He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets."

In our religious exercises we are too apt to rely upon carnal force and energy. We are hopeful if we can make a noise, and create excitement, stir, and agitation. The heaving of the masses under newly invented excitements we are too apt to identify with the power of God. This age of novelties would seem to have discovered *spiritual power in brass bands* and tambourines, and it is hoped that souls which could not be saved by a church may be *reached by an army*, and minds that were insensible to Gospel arguments it is supposed can be charmed by banners. Simple apostolic teaching is at a discount, and we are treated to more

SENSATIONAL METHODS.

The tendency of the time is toward bigness, parade, and show of power, as if these would surely accomplish what more regular agencies have failed to achieve. But it is not so, or else both men and God have greatly changed.

The same tendency appears in the too common saying, "At least, we must have an eloquent preacher; let us have one who can plead with choice, picked words, a master of the art of oratory; surely this we may rely upon, and fall back upon earnest pleading, and intense, arousing speech." Yet peradventure God will not choose this form of power, for still He will not have our faith to stand in the wisdom of words, but He will have us learn this lesson, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." Crash after crash the orator's passages succeed each other. What a tremendous passage! The hearers must surely be impressed. *Wind! And the Lord is not in it.*

And now everything seems to shake, while, like a second John the Baptist, the minister proclaims woe and terror, and pronounces the curse of God upon a generation of vipers! Will not this break hard hearts? No. Nothing is accomplished. It is an earthquake, but the Lord is not in the earthquake. Another form of force remains. Here comes one who pleads with vehemence; all on fire, he flashes and flames! Look at the coruscations of his sensational metaphors and anecdotes. Yes, fire; might we not say fireworks? and yet the Lord does not work by such fire. *The Lord is not in the fire.*

The furious energy of unbridled fanaticism the Lord does not use. He may employ great and terrible things as preliminaries to His soul-saving work, but they are only preliminaries; the work itself is done in the secret silence of the heart. As they were in Elijah's case, so are these things in the cases of others: they startle and arouse, but they cannot convince and convert. That which is to quicken, enlighten, sanctify, and really bless is the still small voice of gentle silence; the words sound like a paradox, but the sense is clear to him who knows truth by experience. The voice which is not heard without is omnipotent within.

We have sufficiently shown the negative side of it; God's work standeth not in the power of the creature. What, then, doth God use to touch the heart? Our heavenly Father generally *uses that which is soft, tender, gentle, quiet, calm, peaceful*—a still small voice. In the work of real conversion, of bringing the soul to decision and complete obedience to God, the calling voice is often so gentle that it is quite unperceived by others except in its results; ay, frequently so gentle that it is almost unperceived by the man who is the subject of it.

Here, then, we see the weakness of power, but we learn also the power of weakness, and how God often makes that which seems most resistible to be irresistible, and that which we would suppose to be easily waived away weaves about a man fetters from which he never can escape. Softly and gently works the Holy Spirit, even as the breath of spring which dissolves the iceberg and melts the glacier. When frost has taken every rivulet by its throat, and held it fast, spring sets all free. No noise of hammer or of file is heard at the loosing of the fetters, but the soft south wind blows, and all is life and liberty. So is it with the work of the Spirit of God in the soul when He comes actually to set the sinner free; He works effectually, but no voice is heard.

He works usually to the salvation of the soul by revealing the love of Christ, and it is so, not only at our first conversion, but afterward. All along His operations are after the same quiet and effectual kind. As we grow in sanctification it is by tender revelations of the Father's love. What has such influence over any of us as the infinite, overflowing grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ? You know how *M. Monod* in his sweet hymn sets forth not only our growth in sanctification, but the gentle instrument of it.

"Yet He found me:

I beheld Him, bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father:'
And my wistful heart said fondly,
'Some of self and some of Thee.'

"Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and oh, so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self and more of Thee.'"

Still you perceive it is the operation of love upon the soul which works it all.

"Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea;
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
Grant me now my spirit's longing,
None of self, but all of Thee."

Thus like the silent morning light grace works upon the man. Its processes are carried on by love; there is not a touch of terror or bondage in the great reconciling deed within.

This, my dear friends (to close this first head), coming quietly home to us, to each one of us individually, without animal excitement—this it is

which unites us to Jesus by faith. Elias was calm and quiet when he heard that still small voice of God. He neither fell down in horror, nor danced for joy, yet his whole nature was touched, his inmost heart was convulsed. The silence which God had caused to be heard within him thawed his soul. This is

HOW CONVERSIONS ARE WROUGHT.

When the truth comes right home to the heart, when the man perceives that the message of grace belongs to him, when he grips and grapples with that truth and that truth with him, then without help from the outside he seeks and finds eternal life. The still small voice within the conscience is God's chosen instrumentality effectually to convert and comfort the souls of men; the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but in the secret chamber man is brought near to God.

II. Notice the *choice effects* of this chosen mode of working. The first effect of it upon Elijah was that *the man was subdued*. I have gone over this before. He who could confront the raging wind, he who was not terrified by the lightning, nor made to tremble at the earthquake, the moment he was in that stillness, and heard that gentle voice, wrapped his face in his sheepskin robe, and went outside the cave, like a child obedient to the call of his heavenly Father. And when the Spirit of God comes in His gentle power upon any of you, then you will resist no longer; you will be subdued and conquered by His soft and tender touch.

The first thing Elias did, I said, was to wrap his face in his mantle, therein imitating the angels, who cannot stand unveiled in that awful presence. He did his best to hide his face, like one ashamed—ashamed of having doubted his God, ashamed of having played the coward, ashamed of being found away from the place of his service.

It appears in reading the chapter as if the prophet did not come out of the cave until he heard that voice. He was called upon by God to come but and stand in the open before the Most High, out as I read it he had not done this until the still small voice called him, and drew him in the way of the command; so that *obedience* is a second blessed effect. Shamefaced on account of his errors, he is now resolved to follow his Lord's word at once, and he stands at the opening of the cave to hear what God the Lord will speak. If the Spirit of God shall work effectually upon any of us one of the first marks of it will be that while we are humbled because of sin we shall grow earnest to work righteousness.

And now that Elias has come out into the clear air, the next effect upon him is that *he has personal dealings with God*. The voice says to him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" It is a home inquiry, made to himself alone. He knows that God is speaking with him, and therefore he feels the force of every word which searches him. Then he pours out the bitterness of his grief, and tells the Lord what ails him. The Spirit is surely at work with you when your converse is with the Lord alone. When you want nobody to hear what you have to say, but are glad to enter into your closet and shut to the door, and pray to your Father that seeth in secret, this is real work, the work of God. When you feel every line of the Word of God as you read it as if it were written for you, and you alone; when you think that nobody else in the world can enter so fully into it in your judgment as you now do, for the sentences seem shaped for you, and there are little words dropped into the threatening and the promise exactly adapted for you; then it is that the still small voice is executing its sacred office.

III. In the third place, let us say a little concerning the lesson which

ELIJAH HIMSELF LEARNED

from this acted parable. He himself had taught the people by deeds rather than words, and now he is himself similarly instructed. He was taught several things which it was essential for him to know; and among them, first, that *God does not always use the means which we suppose He will use*. We sit down and think how a nation can be blessed, and we form our own idea of the most excellent way; but our thoughts are not the Lord's thoughts, for as the heavens are high above the

earth so are His thoughts above our thoughts, and His ways above our ways. It is not ours to propose to Him what He shall do, nor how or when He shall do it, but we must leave to His sovereign will to choose and to command, and we shall yet see how wondrous He is in His workings.

Elijah's life had been

ONE CONTINUED STORM.

From the first time when he appears as the prophet of fire till he fled from Jezebel, he had always spoken out of the whirlwind, and either threatened or executed the judgments of the Lord; and it may be he relied too much upon this form of ministry. No doubt it was right in him thus to rebuke a sinful and obstinate people, but still God would let him know that Carmel, with its complete victory over Baal's priests, till its rivulets ran red with blood, was not the way by which God would vanquish His enemies. Men would not worship God aright merely because in an excited moment they had slain a band of impostors. The heart is not won to loving reverence by slaughter.

It is to be lamented that the most of professors obstinately cling to the fatal error of looking for displays of power of one kind or another. I hear that a certain church is seeking for a very *clever* man; she thinks that God is in the wind. I hear the deacons say, "We must look out for the best man. No matter what we give, nor what church we rob of its minister, we must get a first-class man, and then we shall have a full house, and see many converted." Nothing of the kind; it is not God's way to work by clever men, and men who aim at grandeur of speech. He may, if so He pleases, permit the house to be thronged with attentive hearers, but converts will be few when people are

RELYING UPON CLEVERNESS.

"Oh, but we must have a first-rate organization, we must work the church up by revival services." Yes, do it, and do it again, if you choose, and the result may be good if you can do the work humbly; but if you trust one iota upon the means employed, away will depart the Spirit, and you will see nothing but your own folly. That still small voice will be hushed and silent, while the boastings of your wisdom resound like a howling wind or a thunder unaccompanied by rain.

God would have Elijah know another thing, and He would have us know it, that *our weakness may be our strength*. Elijah did not know anything about those seven thousand converts of his who had been won by the silent voice of his devoted life. Because the success of Carmel melted like the morning mist, he thought that his career had been a failure all along, and that he had brought no one to reverence Jehovah; but he was reading with the eyes of unbelief, and his imagination was leading him rather than the facts of the case. Here are seven thousand people scattered up and down the country to whom God has blessed Elijah's testimony. If He had not blessed his big things as he had desired, yet his little things had prospered greatly.

Moreover, the Lord would have us note the *strength of other people in their weakness*. That lesson we do not always catch up so soon as we do the first. We are pleased to learn that when we are weak we are strong, because being generally weak we are glad to learn that we are usually strong; but we speak not thus of others, who may in some respects be our inferiors. If we see a man a little more energetic than usual we inquire petulantly, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" If some holy woman bursts out into pleading testimony, we say, "She had better be quiet. Nothing will come of her talking." A work is doing over yonder, and we do not quite approve of its methods, and therefore we cry, "Foolishness!" Ah, but brother, you have to learn the strength of other weak people as well as of yourself.

You know that there are others as weak as you; you are very glad to find that out, and go and tell it; but there are also others as strong as you whom God makes strong because they are weak, dealing with them in His tender lovingkindness just as He does with you. The Lord has still a remnant who are as faithfully serving Him as you are. Believe this and be happy, for God wants you to believe it.

He is not always with our powerful preachers, our learned canons, our reverend bishops, our great generals, and all that, but he may be with that poor young brother who stands at the corner of the streets, and speaks such broken sentences, and with that dear sister who takes a dozen or two of girls and teaches them the Saviour's love. You wonder what these can possibly have to teach, and yet the Lord is quietly and effectually speaking by their gentle voices.

IV. Lastly,

LET US LISTEN

this morning; let the listening be practised at once, most reverently. If we are too many to do it here, let us get home to our own rooms and listen there. Especially do I address myself to you who do not know the Lord; you cannot cause the still small voice to be heard; but often, by making silence and sitting still in it, you may hear that call of tender love. What does it say to you unconverted people? Does it not speak to your consciences, and say, "How is it that you have lived so long in the light and yet have never seen it? I will not speak for your conscience, but I do ask your conscience to inquire of you, why you use your best friend so ill? why you slight His bleeding love? why you postpone Him to any trifle, and are always saying, 'Go Thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will send for Thee?'"

When conscience has done speaking, then let Jesus speak. And what will He say? "I have loved thee, and given myself for thee; wherefore dost thou despise Me? I have come to thee and spoken in accents of love, and I have bidden thee trust Me, and I have said I will not cast thee out if thou wilt come to Me; why dost thou not come and trust?" Let His soft voice be heard, the voice of the Babe of Bethlehem, the voice of the dying Lamb on Calvary; let Him plead with you: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Finally, let me with tenderest accents ask each unconverted one the question Jehovah asked of Elijah. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" What brought you here this morning? Did you come to worship God, or to gratify curiosity, or merely because it is a proper thing to go to a place of worship on a Sunday? "What doest thou here, Elijah?" What has thou been doing all the morning? When the hymn was lifted up, didst thou praise or didst thou mock? And when prayer was offered didst thou join in it, or hast thou been sitting here insulting the Most High by offering Him the outside of devotion while thy heart has been far from Him.

"What doest thou here, Elijah?" Oh, that you would reply, "I do repent of what I have done, and of what I have not done, and I lay myself down at the Father's feet, and beseech Him for Jesus' sake to have pity upon me and forgive me my transgressions." Thou art forgiven already if thou believest in Christ Jesus. If thou dost trust thy soul with Jesus, go thy way; there is no sin in God's book against thee now; He hath blotted out thy transgressions, and will no more remember thy sins. It shall be a happy day, for the voice shall speak to you this morning, and never leave off speaking till the King shall come in His glory, and take you to His right hand. The Lord bless you, dear friends, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"The Treasury of David," by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A homiletical exposition of the Book of Psalms. Vol. II., comprising psalms 27 to 52; Vol. III., psalms 53 to 73; Vol. IV., psalms 79 to 103. We have not the other volumes. Price \$3 a volume, postage free. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.



Ceremonies at the Feast of the Moon in India.

THE FEAST OF THE MOON.

OUR picture on this page represents a ceremony which is frequently observed in different parts of India. The admiration of the heavens and the worship of the celestial bodies are characteristic of Asiatics generally, and among the Parsees of Western India, and in the Presidency of Bombay, the adoration which they more especially pay to the element of fire has given rise to the name of fire-worshippers, by which they are distinguished. Fire, as the pure and radiant source of light, heat, and vitality, is regarded by them as the most perfect symbol of the divinity.

Among other and less intelligent classes of the people, the moon, during the phase known as its first quarter, is the object of reverential awe, deepening into worship. Sometimes the observance is marked by details of much rude magnificence and gloomy grandeur. Elephants and priests, torches, tom-toms, and material for sacrifice, the clangor of deafening gongs and the shrill shriek of enthusiastic devotees, combine to make night hideous, during the hours occupied by processions to some antiquated umbrageous grove or appropriate temple.

The ceremonies are described by travellers as extremely picturesque and the apparently sincere devotion of the worshippers as very impressive. To the Christian the scene is one inexpressibly sad.

The work of Christian missionaries in India is to direct the minds of these infatuated adorers of His heavenly handiwork to Himself, as alone worthy of their praise and worship. A light has already risen upon them, brighter than any of the luminaries of the skies, and the day will come when the millions of India will walk in the brightness of the countenance of their reconciled God and Father, who has given His Son to die for them. Christians should pray for the speedy advent of that radiant morning, and by their consecrated efforts and gifts hasten it forward with all the energy and devotion of their nature. The heathen shall yet be given to Christ for "His inheritance."

and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession after His personal second advent during the next few years.

A JAPANESE HOME.

OUR illustration represents the interior of a home occupied by a middle class family in Japan. It is the time of the customary evening meal, which in Japan is usually of the lightest and most digestible kind.

The Japanese are a most interesting people, and their history goes back into the mythical and obscure ages of antiquity. The population of Japan is about thirty-four millions. They have post offices, common schools, and newspapers in all parts of Japan, much the same as in America.

For ages this country, like that of China, was entirely closed to foreigners, and consequently to missionary effort and influence. Happily, however, the last twenty years has witnessed an increasing relaxation in this attitude of exclusiveness. A desire on the part of the Japanese for Western arts and sciences has opened the door for the entrance of missionary enterprise.

American Christians were the first to avail themselves of the new opening, and in 1870 the Rev. Mr. Goble and his wife had the honor of inaugurating the earliest Christian mission there. The efforts of Mr. Goble were of the most heroic and praiseworthy character. He went out without support, relying upon the Lord for protection and provision. He went to work at whatever he found to do, to earn his living. He mended shoes, managed to get a small piece of land, engaged in building, and subsequently erected a house.

While Mr. Goble was mending shoes he had a Chinese translator sitting beside him reading translations into the Japanese language from the Chinese. In this way, during one summer, they translated the Gospel of Matthew three times. His wife having been compelled, through family trouble and personal ill-health, to return to America, her husband toiled bravely on, and though he has



A Home in Japan.

had to face difficulties which to many would have appeared insurmountable, the lonely missionary worked on, in the strength of his divine Master, and, according to the latest accounts, his labors are enjoying a rich measure of spiritual blessing.

Now that the partition wall is broken down, we are every year becoming better acquainted with this mysterious people. The Japanese are represented as being of middle size, well made, and robust, with complexion either brown or pale like the Chinese; but their distinctive feature is the eye, which is small, oblong or almond shaped, and deeply sunk in the head. They have the head large, the neck short, the nose large, black hair, thick and shining from the oil they rub into it.

They are divided into two religious sects, called Sinto and Budso. The former believe in a Supreme Being, who, they conceive, is too exalted to concern himself with their affairs, but they invoke divinities of an inferior order as mediators; they believe that the souls of the good inhabit luminous regions near the empire, while those of the wicked wander in the air until they have expiated their faults. The Sintos abstain from animal food, because they abhor the effusion of blood, and dare not touch a dead body. The sect of Budso is the same as Buddhism, mixed with peculiar superstitions, and the idolatry practised by the people is similar to that which is common among other pagan nations of the East. Among the more important agencies which are now in operation for the diffusion of the Gospel among the Japanese, are the Church Missionary and Baptist Missionary Societies, but practically the land is untouched, and its need and vastness remind us of the Master's admonition, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth more laborers into His harvest."

EGYPTIAN WHIRLING DERVISHES.

THE Mahomedan dervish occupies a similar position in relation to Mahomedanism to that occupied by monks toward Roman Catholicism. For

the most part they reside in richly-endowed monasteries, in which food and lodging are provided, but not clothing. There are many different orders of them, and the manner of their devotions differs according to their respective orders. Each order is under the control of a sheik or elder, who exercises over them despotic power. Some of the orders are very ancient and possess large wealth, derived principally from gifts of sultans and other potentates and officials anxious to attain a reputation for piety.

Our picture represents a group of the order called whirling or dancing dervishes, whose performance, similar to that depicted, may be frequently witnessed in the streets of Cairo, Alexandria, and other towns where there is any chance of a rich reward of *bachsheesh*, or alms, from peregrinating Europeans, or others who are spectators of such energetic specimens of so-called devotion.

There are two sorts of dervishes, the "whirling" and the "howling." The performances of both are described as being exceedingly offensive, but those of the "howling" dervishes are by far the worst. Their heads are thrown about with sonorous grunts and hideous howls, and the pride of these devotees, and a sign of their superior sanctity, is to continue their revolutions and howlings so long that they entirely lose their equilibrium, and fall to the ground in a state of insensibility and utter physical prostration. The whirling dervishes, such as our picture represents, skim round with uplifted arms, and pirouette with remarkable rapidity, their motions, however, skilfully timed to music, with closed eyes and lugubrious-looking faces, their ample tunics meanwhile waving in the air. The more intelligent Mahomedans condemn both classes of their co-religionists, whom they regard as heterodox.

Mahomedanism, which is the established religion of Turkey, and prevails in some parts of Africa, India, and other countries, was founded by Mahomet, at Mecca, in A.D. 608 to 622. He announced himself as a prophet sent by God; and the best of all prophets who had ever appeared on earth, and as superseding Moses, Christ, and all others. He professed to receive revelations directly from God, through the medium of the angel Gabriel, which he committed to writing, and gave out to his followers as occasion required. Out of these the Koran, or sacred book of the sect, was compiled after his death. It is a strange medley of human weakness and folly.

The religious dogmas of this strange but numerous sect, are few and simple, but their superstitious ceremonies are numerous and diversified. The first and chief article in their creed, "There is one God, and Mahomet is His prophet," is perpetually on their lips, and the knowledge of many of their votaries seems to go no farther than this. They abstain from wine and strong drink, while they practise polygamy, believe in a sensual paradise after death, and feel justified in propagating their tenets by the power of the sword.

A Prayerful Search for a Sister Lost in London was carried to a successful conclusion recently by the aid of a society established for the rescue of the fallen. A lady who is interested in rescue work in the East of London, recently gave a house in one of the suburbs for the occupancy of reclaimed and penitent fallen women, and herself works personally among the lost. She re-



The Whirling Dervishes of Egypt.

cently brought to the institution a woman of twenty-five, who was keeping a house of ill-fame in that neighborhood. The visit made a deep impression on the woman; she resolved to leave her vile way of life and go to the home, bringing three other girls with her. These were all suitably provided for, and one was married respectably a few months later on. Shortly afterward a poor little girl about twelve was taken to the institution, who driven from home by unkind treatment, had been wandering the streets of London for a month, trying to find a sister who "was a bad girl." Further conversation elicited particulars which confirmed the idea that the girl who had been married from the home might be the lost sister. The bride was sent for, and joyfully identified the little waif and took her to her own home. When a lady asked the child whether she prayed to God while wandering the streets, she replied, "No, ma'am, but I asked Him to find Fanny!" Had not the labors of Christian workers been blessed to the conversion of the elder girl the younger who sought her out in her trouble might have been another recruit for the ranks of the lost.

WEE DAVIE.

A Tale of Scottish Life. By Dr. Norman McLeod.
A Child's Influence.

"WEE DAVIE" was the only child of William Thorburn, blacksmith. He had reached the age at which he could venture, with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another: his wits kept alive by maternal warnings of "Tak' care, Davie; mind the fire, Davie." When the journey was ended in safety, and he looked over

his shoulder with a crow of joy to his mother, he was rewarded, in addition to the rewards of his own brave and adventurous spirit, by such a smile as equalled only his own, and by the well-merited approval of "Weel done, Davie!"

Davie was the most powerful and influential member of the household. Neither the British fleet, nor the French army, nor the Armstrong gun, nor the British Parliament, had the power of doing what Davie did. They might as well have tried to make a primrose grow or a lark sing!

He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labor. The smith had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival. He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities which offered themselves, of bettering his condition; and Jeanie was easily put off by some plausible objection when she urged her husband to make an additional honest penny to keep the house.

But "the hairn" became a new motive to exertion; and the thought of leaving him and Jeanie more comfortable, in case sickness laid the smith aside, or death took him away, became like a new sinew to his powerful arm, as he wielded the hammer, and made it ring the music of hearty work on the sounding anvil. The meaning of benefit clubs, sick-societies, and penny banks, was fully explained by "wee Davie."

Davie also exercised a remarkable influence on his father's political views and social habits. The smith had been fond of debates on political questions; and no more sonorous growl of discontent than his could be heard against "the powers that be," the injustice done to the masses, or the misery which was occasioned by class legislation.

He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him, until the required reforms in church and state, at home and abroad, had been attained.

He was one of a very numerous class of reformers whose ideas are somewhat vague as to the direction which the needed reforms should take or how to set about them. It was easy to see that the condition of society was a long way from being perfect, and that anomalies unnumbered existed and fearful abuses flourished, but, after reading the books of his favorite radical philosophers and listening at the tavern to blatant demagogues, each with his pet nostrum, Will Thornburn came away more and more dissatisfied, but also more confused in his ideas of the best remedy to apply. As he told his Jeanie at home, they all wanted to pull down but very few knew how to build up.

But his wife, without uttering a syllable on matters which she did not even pretend to understand; by a series of acts out of Parliament; by reforms in household arrangements; by introducing good bills into her own house of commons; and by a charter, whose points were chiefly very commonplace ones—such as a comfortable meal, a tidy home, a clean fireside, a polished grate, above all, a cheerful countenance and womanly love—by these radical changes she had made her husband wonderfully fond of his home. He was, under this teaching, getting every day too contented for a patriot, and too happy for a man in an ill-governed world.

His old companions at last could not coax him out at night. He was lost as a member of one of the most philosophical clubs in the neighbor-

hood. "His old pluck" they said, "was gone." The wife, it was alleged by the patriotic bachelors had "cowed" him, and driven all the spirit out of him. But "wee Davie" completed this revolution. I shall tell you how.

One failing of William's had hitherto resisted Jeanie's silent influence. The smith had formed the habit, before he was married, of meeting a few companions, "just in a friendly way," on pay-nights at a public-house. It was true that he was never "what might be called a drunkard"—"never lost a day's work"—"never was the worse of liquor," etc. But, nevertheless, when he entered the *snuggery in Peter Wilson's whiskey-shop*, with the blazing fire and comfortable atmosphere; and when, with half a dozen talkative, and to him, pleasant fellows and old companions, he sat round the fire, and the glass circulated; and the gossip of the week was discussed; and racy stories were told; and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry meetings; and current jokes were repeated with humor, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on "innocent social enjoyment"—then would the smith's brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and his feelings become malleable, and his sixpences begin to melt, and flow out in generous sympathy into Peter Wilson's foxy hand, to be counted carefully beneath his sodden eyes. And so it was that the smith's wages were always lessened by Peter's gains.

His wife had her fears—her horrid anticipations—but did not like to hint "even to" her husband anything so dreadful as what she in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good, and gently insinuated wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no doubt, she comforted herself by thinking, was only "merry," and never ill-tempered or unkind—"yet at times"—"and then, what if—!"

Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sneaks into the house by degrees, and at first may be kept out, and the door shut upon him; but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, lovely, and of good report—barring it against thee and "wee Davie," ay, and against One who is best of all—and will fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But "wee Davie," with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus.

One evening when the smith returned home so that "you could *know it* on him," Davie toddled to him; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of "dad-a." The smith gazed on him intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness.

"Isn't he a bonnie bairn?" asked Jeanie, as she looked over her husband's shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed intently upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenance. "It's done!" he at last said, as he put his child down.

"What's wrang! what's wrang!" exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his. "Everything is wrang, Jeanie!" "Willy, what is't? are ye no weel?—tell me what's wrang wi' you?—oh, tell me!" she exclaimed, in evident alarm. "It's a' richt noo!" he said, rising up and, seizing the child, lifted him to his breast, and kissed him. Looking up in silence, he said, "Davie has done it, along wi' you, Jeanie. Thank God, I am a free man!" His wife felt awed, she knew not how. "Sit doon," he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, "and I'll tell you a' about it."

Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet, with Davie on her knee. The smith seized his child's little hand with one of his own, and with the other took his wife's. "I havna been what ye may ca' a drunkard," he said, slowly, and like a man abashed, "but I hae been often as I shouldna hae been, and as, wi' God's help, I never, never will be again!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie. "Let me speak," said William; "to think, Jeanie,"—here he strug-

gled as if something was choking him—"to think that for whiskey I might beggar you and wee Davie; tak' the claes aff your back; drive you to the workhouse; break your heart; and ruin my bonnie bairn that loves me sae weel; ay, ruin him in saul and body, for time and for eternity! God forgie me! I canna stand the thocht o't, let alane the reality!"

The strong man rose, and little accustomed as he was to show his feelings, he kissed his wife and child. "It's done, it's done!" he said; "as I'm a leevan man, it's done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my best blessings." "Except Himsel!" said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck. "And noo, woman," replied the smith, "nae mair about it; it's done. Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready."

"Wee Davie" was, also, a great promoter of social intercourse; an unconscious link between man and man; and a great practical "unionist." He healed breaches, reconciled differences, and was a peacemaker between kinsfolk and neighbors.

For example: Jeanie's parents were rather opposed to her marriage with the smith. Some said it was because they belonged to the rural aristocracy of country farmers. They regretted, therefore, it was alleged—though their regret was expressed only to old friends—the day when the lame condition of one of their horses had brought Thorburn to visit their stable, and ultimately their house. Thorburn, no doubt, was admitted to be a sensible, well-to-do man; but then he was, at best, but a common smith; and Jeanie was good-looking, and "by ordinary," with expectations, too, of some "tocher."

Her mother, with the introduction, "Tho' I say it, that shouldna say it," was fond of enlarging on Jeanie's excellences, and commenting on the poor smith, with pauses of silence, and expressions of hope "that she might be mistaken," and "that it was ill to ken a body's ways," all of which remarks, from their very mystery, were more depreciatory than any direct charges. But when "wee Davie" was born, the old couple deemed it proper and due to themselves—not to speak of the respect due to their daughter, whom they sincerely loved—to come and visit her.

Her mother had been with Jeanie at an earlier period; and the house was so clean, and Thorburn so intelligent, and the child pronounced to be so like old David Armstrong, Jeanie's father, especially about the forehead, that the two families, as the smith remarked, were evidently being welded, so that a few more gentle hammerings would make them one.

"Wee Davie," as he grew up, became the fire of love which heated the hearts of good metal so as to enable favorable circumstances to give the necessary finishing stroke which would permanently unite them. These circumstances were constantly occurring; until, at last, Armstrong called every market-day to see his daughter and little grandson.

The old man played with the boy (who was his only grandson), and took him on his knee, and put a "sweetie" into his mouth, and evidently felt as if he himself was reproduced and lived again in the child. This led to closer intercourse, until David Armstrong admitted that William Thorburn was one of the most sensible men he knew; and that he would not only back him against any of his acquaintances for a knowledge of a good horse, but for wonderful information as to the state of the country generally, especially of the landed interest; and for sound views on the high rent of land. Mrs. Armstrong finally admitted that Jeanie was not so far mistaken in her choice of a husband. The good woman always assumed that the sagacity of the family was derived from her own side of the house.

But whatever doubts still lingered in their minds as to the wisdom of their daughter's marriage, were all dispelled by one look of "wee Davie." "I'm just real proud about that braw bairn o' Jeanie's," she used to say to her husband; remarking one day, with a chuckling laugh and smile, "D'ye no think yersel, gudeman, that wee Davie has a look o' auld Davie?" "Maybe, maybe," replied auld Davie; "but I aye think he's our ain

bairn we lost thirty years syne." "That's been in my ain mind," said his wife, with a sigh; "but I never liked to say it." Then after a moment's silence she added, with a smile, "But he's no the waur o' being like baith."

Again:—there lived in the same common passage, and opposite to William Thorburn's door, an old soldier, a pensioner. He was a bachelor, and by no means disposed to hold much intercourse with his neighbors. He greatly disliked the noise of children, and maintained that "an hour's drill every day would alone make them tolerable." "Obedience to authority, that's the rule; right about, march! That's the only exercise for them," the corporal would say to some father of a numerous family in the "close," as he flourished his stick with a smile rather than a growl.

Jeanie pronounced him to be "a selfish body." Thorburn had more than once tried to cultivate acquaintance with him, as they were constantly brought into outward contact; but the corporal was a Tory, and more than suspected the smith of holding "Radical" sentiments. To defend things as they were, was a point of honor with the pensioner—a religion. Besides, any opposition to the government seemed a slight upon the army and therefore upon himself. Thorburn at last avoided him, and pronounced him to be proud and ignorant.

But one day "wee Davie" found his way into the corporal's house, and putting his hands on his knees as he was reading the newspaper near the window, looked up to his face. The old soldier was arrested by the beauty of the child, and took him on his knee. To his surprise, Davie did not scream; and when his mother soon followed in search of her boy, and made many apologies for his "impudence," as she called it, the corporal maintained that he was a jewel, a perfect gentleman, and dubbed him "the Captain." Next day, tapping at Thorburn's door, the corporal gracefully presented toys in the shape of a small sword and drum for his young hero.

That same night he smoked his pipe at the smith's fireside, and told such stories of his battles as fired the smith's enthusiasm, called forth his praises, and, what was more substantial, procured a most comfortable tea from Jeanie, which clinched their friendly intercourse. He and "the Captain" became constant associates, and many a loud laugh might be heard from the corporal's room as he played with the boy, and educated his genius. "He makes me young again, does the Captain!" the corporal often remarked to the mother.

Mrs. Fergusson, another neighbor, was also drawn into the same friendly net by wee Davie. She was a fussy, gossiping woman, noisy and disagreeable. Jeanie avoided her, and boasted indeed that it was her rule to "keep hersel to hersel;" instead of giving away some of her good self to her neighbor, and thus taking some of her neighbor's bad self out of her. But her youngest child became seriously ill, and Jeanie thought, "If Davie was ill I would like a neighbor to speir for him."

So she went up stairs to visit Mrs. Fergusson, "begged pardon," but "wished to know how Mary was." Mrs. Fergusson, bowed down with sorrow, thanked her, and bid her "come ben." Jeanie did so, and spoke kindly to the child—told her mother, moreover, what pleasure it would give her to nurse her baby occasionally, and invited the younger children to come down to her house and play with wee Davie, so as to keep the sick one quiet.

She helped also to cook some nourishing drinks, and got nice milk from her father for Mary, often excusing herself for apparent "meddling" by saying, "When ane has a bairn o' their ain, they canna but feel for other folk's bairns." Mrs. Fergusson's heart became subdued, softened and friendly. "We took it as extraordinar' kind," she more than once remarked, "in Mrs. Thorburn to do as she has done. It is a blessing to have sic a neighbor." But it was wee Davie who was the peacemaker!

The street in which the smith lived was as uninteresting as any could be. A description of its outs and ins would have made a "social science" meeting shudder. Beauty or even neatness it had

not. Every "close" or "entry" in it looked like a sepulchre. The back courts were a huddled confusion of outhouses; strings of linen drying; stray dogs searching for food; hens and pigeons similarly employed with more apparent success and satisfaction; lean cats creeping about; crowds of children, laughing, shouting, and muddy to the eyes, acting with intense glee the great dramas of life, marriages, battles, deaths, and burials, with castle-building, extensive farming, and various commercial operations; but everywhere smoke, mud, moisture, and an utterly uncomfortable look.

And so long as we, in Scotland, have a western ocean to afford an unlimited supply of water; and western mountains to condense it as it passes in the blue air over their summits; and western winds to waft it to our cities; and so long as it will pour down, and be welcomed by smoke above, and earth below—then consequently so long we shall find it difficult to be "neat and tidy about the doors," or to transport the cleanliness of England into our streets and lanes.

But, in spite of all this, how many cheerful homes, with bright fires and nice furniture, inhabited by intelligent, sober, happy men and women, with healthy, lively children, are everywhere to be found in those very streets, which seem to the eye of those who have never penetrated further than their outside, to be "dreadful places;" and who imagine that all their inhabitants must be like pigs in pigstyes, or steeped in wretchedness and whiskey.

A happier home could hardly be found than that of William Thorburn, as he sat at the fireside, after returning from his work, reading his newspaper, or some book of weightier literature, selected from his well-filled shelves in the little back parlor; while Jeanie was sewing opposite to him, and, as it often happened, both absorbed in the rays of that bright light, "wee Davie" which filled their dwelling, and the whole world, to their eyes; or both listening to the grand concert of his happy voice, which mingled with their busy work and silent thoughts, giving harmony to all. How much was done for his sake! He was the most sensible, efficient, and thoroughly philosophical teacher of household economy and of social science in all its departments who could enter a working man's dwelling!

(To be continued.)

PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 13, Mark 11: 24-33. Golden Text, Matt. 6: 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Aggregate Unanswered Prayers of the Churches—Of Individuals—Why are there few Answers?—Business in the Temple—Gehazi's Failure—Elisha's Power—Confession and Restitution Necessary—A German Wife's Forgiveness—The Dilemma of the Pharisees.

NEVER was a prayer more necessary than that of the disciples, "Lord teach us to pray" (Luke 11: 1). Let us think for a moment of the amount of so-called prayer which is manufactured every day, and of the terribly little result. Take the service of the Episcopal Church for one Sunday, and imagine the answer to all these prayers; "all who profess and call themselves Christians" would be "led into the way of truth," every one who worships would be pardoned or restored according to the promises of God, we should be kept "without sin," and "live in newness of life." Take the sum total of the prayers of the different denominations on a single Sunday, and suppose the answer received, what would be the state of the different churches? There would be life and power in every congregation. Take the prayers of any individual believer for a single year of his life; suppose them all to be answered, what a change would take place in him, in his family and his surroundings! What then hinders the answer of God?

IS THE WHOLE THING A MISTAKE, and is it a waste of time to pray? Is God hard to be persuaded, or does He not trouble Himself about us? as many are not afraid to affirm. Or is there something radically wrong about our prayers? Which is it? Surely God is not changed, He is ever the same, and His Word stands fast. "He cannot deny Himself" (2 Tim. 2: 13) and he who "shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that

those things which he saith shall come to pass; *he shall have whatsoever he saith.*" But is it not rather the rule than the exception for a man to pray doubting in his heart. Are not men generally more astonished when God answers their prayers than when He does not answer? Is not prayer often like drawing a bow at a venture? How then can God answer? And these doubts in the heart, whence come they? Surely from a want of cleanness, from an impure atmosphere in the soul.

When Jesus, three days before His crucifixion, taught the people in the temple, He said unto them, "Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves." He had just cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, had overthrown "the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and would not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple." The "house of prayer" must be sacred to God, emptied of all else that it might be filled with Him. When it was first dedicated in the time of Solomon, "the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God" (2 Chron. 5: 13, 14). And just as fully is the Lord willing to fill us with His presence. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. 6: 19, 20).

Our body is, or ought to be, a house of prayer, empty of all which is not God, that intercourse with Him may be unhindered. So long as there is anything taking up God's place in us, prayer is hindered, it cannot have free flow. There is no power with God in prayer when our hearts are not clean; and unclean, they are dens of thieves, haunts of that which robs God. It is an insult to God, as well as being utterly futile in itself, to attempt a spiritual action with an unclean heart. When the prophet Elisha sent

GEHAZI HIS SERVANT

to lay his staff on the face of the Shunamite's dead child "there was neither voice nor hearing," and he was obliged to return to his master with the acknowledgment, "The child is not awaked" (2 Kings 4: 29-31). Gehazi's heart was not clean, there was in it that principle of self which led him afterward to take advantage of Naaman, to obtain garments and money by compromising his master Elisha, with the terrible result of inheriting Naaman's leprosy. But when Elisha came in contact with the dead child, how far otherwise was it! Elisha, who had accepted his vocation to follow Elijah, destroying his oxen and burning the agricultural instruments, which meant his bread, that he might have no way of return—Elisha, who withstood, not only the sons of the prophets, but even Elijah himself, and who followed out his vocation to the very letter at any cost—Elisha, whose heart's desire "a double portion of thy spirit," was fulfilled, this man, when he came in contact with death, brought with him enough of God's life to overcome it; death could not stand against him, and the child lived.

ARE OUR PRAYERS POWERLESS,

let us look to it that no unclean thing is in us. "When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." O how many there are who want to be right with God, while they know they are not right with man. God will always do what He has undertaken to do. He forgives if we do our part, if we repent and believe the record which He has given of His Son.

Repentance includes both confession and restitution to man, of all in which we have injured man. God cannot confess for us, nor yet believe for us, for this is our part; God cannot restore for us that which we can restore, but He can forgive, He can cleanse, He can restore us, and He waiteth to be gracious. A young man has wronged his employer, he confesses to God, seeks pardon

through the blood of Jesus, gives the equivalent of that which he has taken, to some good work, or secretly puts it into the business, but he does not own it to his employer. He reasons, "If my employer knows it, he will never trust me again," and he keeps his secret. Has that man power in prayer? Of course not, something chokes the channel. A man has been injured by another, outwardly he is reconciled to him, he has asked pardon of God for any bitter feelings he may have had toward him, but he never told that man himself, that which was in his heart concerning him, and he knows that he does not feel toward that man as God feels toward sinners. Heartburnings are still there, he feels himself wronged, he looks at the matter as between him and the other, and does not recognize the hand of God in permitting it. Has that man power in prayer? Surely not. God is upright, righteous, holy. "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity" (Heb. 1: 13). He will "by no means clear the guilty" (Ex. 30: 7). God cannot ignore sin, and He never made His redemption a means by which man can sin more easily because pardon is to be obtained, or a means of settling things with Him which it is inconvenient and painful to settle with man. All things

MUST COME TO THE LIGHT,

God will never be a party to the hiding away of evil or slurring over that which ought to be confessed; and most surely when prayer is not prevailing, there is either some uncleanness in the heart, want of forgiveness, jealousy, untruth, or want of faith, a lack of holding God to be the real God He is.

A wife in Germany was cut to the heart by her husband's unfaithfulness, and setting aside anything which God might have to teach her through this deeply humbling and painful experience, she listened to the advice of so-called Christian neighbors who told her she could not be expected to forgive such sin against her, that God did not require her to forgive it, and she thought herself justified in cherishing bitter feelings against her husband. Could she prevail in prayer for the children's conversion, and for the health of her own soul? Of course not. But there was a day when the light broke upon her that God had permitted this terrible cross that she might have an opportunity to forgive as Christ had forgiven her; and she humbled herself to that husband for her bitterness, as though *she* had been the chief offender, without one word of reproach to him. The channel of prayer was opened, she was in another atmosphere, she had power with God and prevailed.

Our blessed Lord and His disciples "come again to Jerusalem; and as He was walking in the temple, there come to Him the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders, and say unto Him, By what authority doest Thou these things? and who gave Thee this authority to do these things?" O how truly is the heart of man the same in all ages and in all circumstances! None dared say that the works of Jesus were evil, there was *no law broken* by restoring sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, power to the lame, life to the dead; but the chief priests, elders, and scribes wished to keep in their own hands the *monopoly of all intercourse* between God and man; and they could not forgive Jesus for bringing men in contact with God independently of them.

The Lord Jesus in all His answering of questions such as this, took His hearers out of their depth, He never met them on their own ground. He said, "I will also ask of you one question, and answer Me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men? answer Me." They reasoned *with themselves*; a sure sign of no hearty desire to come at the truth; why did they not inquire of the Lord? They were in a dilemma, and reasoned "If we shall say, From heaven; He will say, Why then did ye not believe on him? But if we shall say, Of men; they feared the people; for all men counted John, that he was a prophet indeed." They answered, "We cannot tell," and therefore they failed to obtain the answer which they sought. God grant us wisdom like our Lord, in answering those who question our authority.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Reports of Horrible Atrocities Committed by Egyptian troops and the mob continue to arrive. An eye-witness who arrived at Alexandria on July 23d from Tintah, a city situated between Alexandria and Cairo, gives appalling details of the massacres. Eighty-four Europeans, native Christians and Jews, including the English telegraphers, were tortured, disemboweled and torn in pieces. The women were violated before being tortured. Most of them were dragged into the principal square and murdered in the presence of the governor. Soldiers as well as the mob took part in the atrocities. Another officer, who also was at Tintah, said: "I counted not less than eighty-five corpses carried past, in groups of three and four, each procession headed by two women, carrying each a bludgeon to which dismembered arms and legs were tied. Then followed other women uttering cries of joy as at weddings, surrounding the bodies, which were dragged along by ropes tied to the legs until they became dismembered. Then the rope was shifted to other limbs. The mob with bludgeons beat the bodies until they were flattened, and afterward they caught up the viscera with sticks and threw them against the windows of the houses inhabited by Europeans, the bodies having previously been robbed."

The Dilatory Policy of the International conference in session at Constantinople appears to have exhausted the patience of the English Government. The Constantinople correspondent of the New York Herald states that Lord Dufferin, the English Minister, has informed the Conference that should Europe refuse its sanction to the temporary occupation of Egypt by English troops, England—unless Europe positively forbids her—is prepared to send a sufficient force to Egypt to remove Arabi, to disband the Egyptian army, to restore the authority of Tewfik and to re-establish the situation that existed two years ago. The German plenipotentiary is in favor of order being restored in Egypt by England. The other plenipotentiaries, and especially the Italian, are very much opposed to such a solution. The correspondent adds: "At all events one of two things must happen. The Powers will forbid England to act, in which event a European war is more than probable, or else England, with or without France, and with Europe's sanction, will send troops to Egypt; and in this event I am firmly convinced that a holy war is inevitable."

A Letter from Arabi Pacha to Mr. Gladstone has been published. It was sent prior to the bombardment of Alexandria, but did not arrive until several days afterward. In it Arabi Pacha says: "The Koran commands us to resist if war is waged against us. Hence England may rest assured that the first gun she fires in Egypt will absolve Egyptians from all treaties. The control will cease, the property of Europeans will be confiscated, the canals will be destroyed, and the Jihad will be preached in Syria, Arabia and India. The first blow which England strikes Egypt will cause blood to flow through the breadth of Asia and Africa, the responsibility for which will be on the head of England. Egypt is still ready to be the fast friend of England and keep her road to India, but she must keep within the limits of her jurisdiction. Finally, England may rest assured that we are determined to die for our country."

Mr. John Bright has Made an Explanation in the British House of Commons of his reasons for withdrawing from the Cabinet. In the course of his speech he said: "The fact is that there was a disagreement to a large extent founded on principle, and now I may say that if I had remained in office it must have been under these circumstances—either that I must have submitted silently to many measures which I myself altogether condemned, or I must have remained in office in constant conflict with my colleagues. Therefore, it was better for them and better for me that I should retire. The House knows that for forty years at least I have endeavored to teach my countrymen an opinion and doctrine which I hold—namely, that the moral law is intended, not only for individual life, but for the life and practice of States in their dealings with one another. I think that in the present case there

has been a manifest violation both of international law and of the moral law, and therefore it is impossible for me to give my support to it. I cannot repudiate what I have preached and taught during the period of a rather long political life. I asked my calm judgment and my conscience what was the part I ought to take. They pointed it out to me, as I think, with an unerring finger, and I am endeavoring to follow it." Mr. Gladstone said in reply, "This is not the occasion for arguing the point of difference which has unhappily arisen between my right honorable friend and those who were and still desire to be his colleagues. But I venture to assure him that I agree with him in thinking that the moral law is as applicable to the conduct of nations as of individuals, and that the difference between us, most painful to him and most painful to us, is a difference as to the particular application in this particular case of the divine law."

An Authoritative Explanation of the British policy in Egypt was given in the House of Commons on July 24th, by Mr. Gladstone in proposing an appropriation for the war in Egypt. The premier said: "There was not the smallest shred of evidence to support the contention that the military party was the popular party. The British Government had no desire to interfere with the legitimate authority of the Sultan. There was a universal recognition in Europe that a case had arisen wherein, in the interests of humanity, force should be employed to suppress a dictatorship. Whether England went to Egypt alone or in partnership she would not go for selfish objects. England's purpose would be to suppress tyranny in favor of law and freedom, and the government cherished the hope that they might yet give to the peace loving, laborious people of Egypt less military glory, perhaps, but more happiness even than she possessed when in a far-off and forgotten time she was the wonder of the ancient world."

A Political Crisis in France has Arisen out of the Egyptian question. The French Premier on July 29th proposed an appropriation for an expedition to protect the Suez Canal. There were signs of opposition in the Chambers, and M. de Freycinet then stated that he and his colleagues would resign if it were not granted. In spite of this threat M. de Freycinet's motion was rejected by a vote of 450 against 76, and the same evening the Cabinet placed their resignations in the hands of the President of the Republic. It is stated that the vote is received with satisfaction by the country generally, for since the promise of English intervention has been announced it has been felt that no undertaking on the part of the government could limit the perils to which France would be exposed in the action which M. de Freycinet destined her to play in connection with the Suez Canal. The old traditional jealousy and suspicion of England had a good deal to do with the decision of the Chambers.

The Bill to Relieve Irish Tenants of their Arrears of rent passed through another stage of its progress in the British Parliament on July 27th, when it was read a second time in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Salisbury, the leader of the Conservatives, from whom opposition was expected, said that he should not oppose the second reading but should try to effect changes when the separate clauses of the bill came up for discussion. He said he approved of that part of the Arrears of Rent bill relating to loans and the provisions for emigration, but he thought it would be very difficult to obtain proof of the tenant's inability to pay his rent. He also hoped the Government would make the bill optional for the landlord. There should be some inquiry as to what class of landlord it was who accumulated arrears of rent in order to evict the tenant before "this act of plunder" was committed.

Russians and Jews.—The London Pall Mall Gazette says that the first important public act of the new Russian Minister of the Interior is certain to meet with almost universal approval. One of the alleged reasons of Count Ignatieff's fall was his want of success in dealing with the anti-Jewish riots. Count Tolstoy is determined that if he himself fails to put a stop to these disgraceful barbarities, it shall at least not be for want of due

severity on his part. In the circular which he has just addressed to the Governors-General the Count insists that the strongest measures be taken to repress the outrages, and intimates that in the case of failure "the whole responsibility will fall upon the governors and officials under them charged with the prevention of outrages." The penalty for failure, moreover, is to be immediate dismissal from the public service. Here, at last, is something sufficiently drastic.

A Further Search for the Missing Boat of the Jeannette expedition is to be made, in the hope of finding some relics of Lieutenant Chipp and his party. Lieutenant Berry, Mr. Gilder and another officer of the burned steamer Rodgers are to start from Irkutsk to the Lena Delta in order to follow during the winter the coast as far as the frontier of European Russia, thereby completing Engineer Melville's search to Olenok. A steamer was to start for St. Petersburg on July 25th with Engineer Melville and two sailors of the lost Arctic steamer Jeannette.

The Appeal of the Canadian Parliament to the British Government on behalf of Ireland has drawn a reproof from the Secretary of State who replied to the Canadian address. He said: "Her Majesty will always gladly receive the advice of the Parliament of Canada on all matters relating to the Dominion and the administration of its affairs; but in respect to the questions referred to in this address, her Majesty will, in accordance with the Constitution of this country, have regard to the advice of the Imperial Parliament and of the Ministers, to whom all matters relating to the affairs of the United Kingdom exclusively appertain."

Mr. Moody Commenced Services in Paisley, on July 2d. The inquirers were numerous and also deeply in earnest. Those who were present can never forget what followed; many of them, who have seen a good deal of this kind of work, remarked that it was the most solemn and the most successful meeting for anxious inquirers they ever attended. As one after another stood up and said in a subdued tone of voice, "I will trust and not be afraid," Christians bowed their heads in silent prayer and thanksgiving. This went on for about an hour, Mr. Moody and others bringing text after text to bear upon the cases before them.

Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Mass., has Been in Japan, and in May delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association. It is stated that as many as 2000 students were among the audience. Among the special applications which Mr. Cook made to his Japanese hearers was the following: They should heed the evidence of history as to the claims and results of Bible religion, representing as it does the "Gulf-stream of history;" and study Christianity not with the intellect only but the heart. He warned them that if Japan did not become Christian, it would not succeed in its new free development. In the eighty-four days Mr. Cook was in India and Ceylon he made forty-two addresses.

Dr. Ziemann has Been two Months in Ger-many preaching the Gospel, and the people had everywhere come eagerly to listen to the Word. He has visited Heidelberg, Goerlitz, Breslau, and other towns and cities, with congregations varying from 150 to 800. He has now invitations to nineteen different places.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

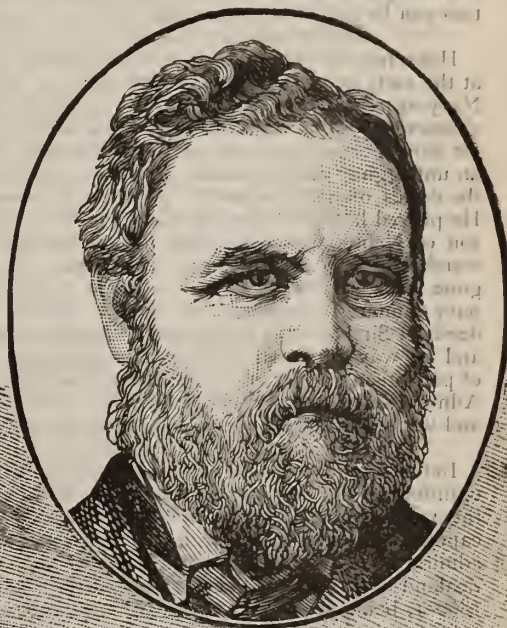
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16th Year. No. 32.—New Series.

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ADMIRAL SIR F. B. P. SEYMOUR, K. C. B.—The Bombardment of Alexandria, on July 11.

ADMIRAL SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, K.C.B.

Commander of the British Fleet in the Recent Engagement before Alexandria. Enters the Navy in 1834—Appointed Lieutenant in 1842—Gazetted Commander in 1847, and Captain in 1854—Services and Honors—Success of His Plans Before Alexandria.

THE British naval officer, whose portrait appears on our first page this week, and who is now in command of the fleet before Alexandria, Egypt, is the son of the late Colonel Sir H. Beauchamp Seymour, and was born in 1821. He is, therefore, now sixty-one years of age. Apart from his distinctively professional career, very little information can be gathered concerning him.

EARLY CHARACTERISTICS.

His school life was passed at Eton, and in 1834, at the early age of thirteen, he entered the Royal Navy as a *midshipman*. As a mere boy he was characterized by a calm intrepidity and a contempt for danger amounting almost to recklessness, and an unflinching determination to qualify himself for the duties of his position in a thorough manner. He proved himself, even while a boy, to be a hardy son of Neptune—a true child of the sea—and a worthy descendant of those naval heroes of bygone days, whose heroism has made the British navy famous throughout the world. The daring deeds of Sir Francis Drake were his favorite study, and he was animated by the same lofty principle of patriotism as that which glowed in the breast of Admiral Lord Nelson, whom he made his model, and whose devotion to duty inspired his emulation.

APPOINTMENTS AND HONORS.

In the year 1842, he obtained a *lieutenancy* in recognition of his merits; in 1847 was elevated to the rank of commander; in 1854, was gazetted a captain, appointed rear-admiral in 1870, and vice-admiral in 1876. He served in Burmah and New Zealand during the respective wars of 1852-3, and 1860-1, being severely wounded in the latter. He was commodore in command of the Australian station from 1860 to 1862, was appointed aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria in 1866, a Lord of the Admiralty from 1872 to 1874, and commanded the Channel Squadron from 1874 to 1877. In 1861 he was created a Commander of the Bath, and in 1874 a Knight Commander of the same Order.

THE ALBANO-MONTENEGRIN DIFFICULTY.

But though his "blushing honors" fell upon him they were everywhere recognized by the Fleet and Admiralty as being richly deserved. It is said that his skill and tact in the face of complex difficulties are only equalled by his calm courage. Not many admirals, probably, since navies were first formed, have had to perform a more delicate and difficult mission than Admiral Seymour, when entrusted with the command of the Allied Squadron which, in 1880, demonstrated in the Adriatic Sea, with regard to the Albano-Montenegrin difficulty.

The squadron was intended to be in the eyes of the Turks a symbol of the united Sovereignty of Europe, but it has been repeatedly asserted, on what appears to be sufficient and conclusive authority, that if Admiral Seymour, as Commander-in-Chief, had not exercised the most masterly address and tact, this unity would have been seriously imperilled, if not destroyed, for the crews of several of the vessels representing the different nationalities, would far sooner have engaged in *hostilities with each other*, than concentrate their forces for the overthrow of the Turk. It used to be said of the skippers of the old East Indiamen, a century ago, that it was far harder for them to settle questions of precedence at the cuddy-table than to sail their ships round the Cape; and a good deal of this sort of delicate arrangement fell to Admiral Seymour's share.

THE WAR CLOUD IN EGYPT

which for some months past had been growing larger and darker, was rendered still more portentous when, on July 4th, the Commanders of both the English and French Fleets demanded that the defence works at Alexandria should be stopped during the sitting of the European Conference at Constantinople. For some time past the military preparations on the Egyptian shore were carried on at the instigation and under the superintendence

of Arabi Pasha, on an extensive and threatening scale, and the rebel himself arrogantly boasted that "the peculiar construction of the forts will enable me to repel the landing of 20,000 troops."

These ominous preparations, concurring as they did with the movements of suspicious-looking boats in the harbor, induced Admiral Seymour to send a polite demand to the Governor of Alexandria to discontinue the mounting of guns, as otherwise some "decisive action" might be found necessary. Assurances were at once sent from Arabi that no obstruction of the Suez Canal was intended; but on the same day that this assurance came, new guns were placed on Fort Pharos.

On July 6th the Admiral wrote to the Egyptian Commandant pointing out what was being done in spite of the assurances sent two days before, and giving notice that unless the hostile proceedings were discontinued he should give twenty-four hours notice of opening fire. The reply was a denial that any works were going on. The Egyptians, like the Turks, are adepts in the art of prevarication, and Admiral Seymour had good reason for suspecting that they were trying to deceive him. He therefore caused the apparatus for producing the *electric light* on board his ships to be so altered by huge reflectors as to cast a light like a bull's eye on the forts, and the night of the day on which he received assurance that the work of fortification had been stopped, he turned his light suddenly on the works. *Then the lie was detected*. Large bands of workmen were busily engaged mounting guns and storing ammunition. On discovering proof of the treachery intended, he telegraphed to the English Government, and on July 8th he received a message which authorized the sending of an ultimatum, that unless the fort guns were dismounted they would be fired upon. As no attention was paid to this demand, at about six o'clock on the morning of July 11, Admiral Seymour gave the signal for the British Fleet to prepare for the bombardment of the forts and earthworks commanding the harbor of Alexandria. A description of these proceedings is given below.

The Admiral had an anxious time before the action, but, in the unanimous opinion of the Fleet, he has conducted the difficult negotiations with tact, judgment, and dignified firmness, while the manner in which he arranged the action of July 11 proves his high capabilities for command. From the beginning to the end there was not a single hitch or the slightest confusion. Everything had been arranged and foreseen, and the crew of each ship knew exactly what to do and did it.

THE BOMBARDMENT AND BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA.

Terrible Scenes of Rioting and Massacre.

THE first important operation of war in which the English Fleet has been engaged since the Crimean war, more than a quarter of a century ago, and, indeed, the first occasion on which the famous British ironclads, broadside and turret ships, have been put to the test of actual fighting, was the engagement of the forts of Alexandria. During that time there have been endless debates, not in Great Britain alone, but by all the first-class European Powers as to the effect of a conflict between ironclad ships and forts on land. This encounter therefore has been regarded by both sides as a practical test of the theories of both sides of the dispute.

Eight ironclads, supported by five gunboats, represented the effective English force. The ironclads were:

Name.	Tonnage.	Armor.	Men.	Guns.
Inflexible....	11,400	16 to 24 in.	349	4,81-tons.
Alexandra... ..	9,490	8 to 12 in.	671	2,25-tons.
				10,18-tons.
Sultan.....	9,290	6 to 9 in.	400	8,18-tons.
				4,12-tons.
Superb.....	9,100	10 to 12 in.	620	4,25-tons.
Téméraire... ..	8,450	8 to 10 in.	534	4,25-tons.
				4,18-tons.
Invincible...	6,010	6 to 8 in.	450	10,12-tons.
Monarch....	8,320	8 to 10 in.	515	4,25-tons.
				2,64-tons.
Penelope....	4,470	5 to 6 in.	—	10,12-tons.

These eight powerful fighting ships were supported by the gunboats Beacon, Bittern, Cygnet, Condor, and Decoy. All the thirteen vessels were fully manned, and in addition to their heavy armaments most were fitted with

TORPEDOES AND MACHINE GUNS

of the modern Nordenfolt and Gatling patterns. The whole fleet was under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir F. Beauchamp P. Seymour, K.C.B., the flag officer on the Mediterranean Station of the British Fleet.

Admiral Seymour's plan of attack (as shown in the sketch map on page 508) consisted of dividing his vessels so as practically to bombard simultaneously the whole of the Egyptian positions. All the vessels belonging to other nations left the harbor so as to be out of the way of the attack. *Our own squadron*, the Lancaster and the Quinhébang, as they steamed past the British Fleet played God Save the Queen, to which the bands on the British ships replied with the strains of *Hail, Columbia*.

The British men-of-war steamed into their allotted positions at five A.M. on July 11. The "Alexandra," "Sultan," and "Superb" steamed to the east, the first-named vessel opening fire on Fort Ras-el-Tin. The "Monarch," "Penelope," and "Invincible" engaged the forts guarding the *Western Harbor*. They went inside, and fought at close quarters, being supported by the "Téméraire" in their heavy cannonade upon Fort Meks. The "Inflexible," from the great range of her 81-ton guns, was able to assist both the eastern and the western squadrons of the British Fleet, and meantime gunboats were, on the extreme west, engaging the Adjimi Fort and Marabout Island.

An eye-witness on board the *Invincible* writes, "the roar of the heavy guns, the ceaseless rattle of the Gatlings and Nordenfolt machines, and the rush of rockets which the *Monarch* was discharging, added to the sound of our own guns, made up a deep, continuous din, which is impossible to describe and was most bewildering to hear." The great power of the naval guns, and the skilful way those guns were worked soon took effect. The "Alexandra," "Sultan," and "Superb" were continuously engaged with the forts along the northern front of the town from Fort Pharos to the Lighthouse. Fort Marsa-el-Kanat was destroyed by the fire of the "Monarch" and "Invincible" at half-past eight in the morning, and blew up with

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

The correspondent previously quoted writes: "By nine o'clock our fire had silenced all the guns in Fort Meks with the exception of four heavy rifled pieces, the sound of whose conical shot was easily distinguished, even in the din of combat, from the round shot of the smooth bores. These four guns gave us great trouble. They were all placed under cover and the gunners stuck well to their work. The *Téméraire* was, therefore, signalled to come to the assistance of the three ships before engaged. It was difficult to hit the exact locality of the guns, seen as they were dimly and occasionally through the smoke. But by half-past ten only three maintained fire. These guns were concentrated on the *Invincible*, and must have been worked by some of their best gunners, for they struck us every time, often quite on the water line."

The gunboats were able to silence the Marabout forts soon after eleven o'clock. The "Téméraire" anchored in the Central Pass and aided in the direct cannonade upon Fort Meks at a distance of a mile and three-quarters. The "Téméraire" did great execution, while the "Inflexible," from a longer range, kept up a good fire, assisting the closer bombardment of the batteries by the "Monarch," "Invincible," and "Penelope." The reply from the forts was at first feeble and ill-directed, the missiles either falling short of the ships or flying above their mast-heads.

But afterward a marked improvement was witnessed in the fire; several vessels were hit with the conical shot, and if the Egyptians had fired shells it is probable that one or more ships would have been sunk. Fort Meks was unable to withstand the combined attack; for the gunboats, after silencing the Marabout guns, ran close in and shelled Meks,

which was captured by a landing party and thrown to ruins. On the west the fleet had thus completely succeeded, and on the east the force assaulting Fort Ada was now strengthened by the *Inflexible*. This vessel brought her heavy guns bear upon the fort, the whole face of which was own away by the shot from the 81-tonners. About a quarter past one the magazine of Fort da blew up, and no further danger was to be apprehended from that part of the defences. Fort Iaros and the adjacent batteries, however, still held out, so the *"Inflexible"* and *"Téméraire,"* the most powerful vessels in the fleet, turned the full force of their fire upon these positions, and by four in the afternoon

THE FORT AND BATTERIES WERE SILENT RUINS.

While the outer bombardment was still in progress, Admiral Seymour determined to destroy the shore guns to which his ship had been opposed. Volunteers were called for, and offered themselves once. Twelve were selected and sent ashore, accompanied by a Staff Officer, Major Tulloch, who is reconnoitred all the forts for several weeks past. This duty was skilfully carried out. To effect a landing the men

HAD TO SWIM THROUGH THE SURF.

They took with them charges of gun-cotton, which were laid on the guns and exploded. They lay in fragments strewn over the batteries, and the remaining forts are in ruins; the guns which Arabi persisted in mounting and pointing against the ships are shattered, and the fragments dispersed. Their ruins show the terrible meaning of war; the signs of destruction, like the men who use them, shattered in the fray.

The general result of the day's engagement seems to be that the whole of the outer defences of Alexandria were rendered useless. In fact, the fortifications protecting the approaches to the town are in ruins. Fort Napoleon occupies a strong position commanding the entrance to the inner Western harbor. This fort, which is said to mount one 80-ton gun, still stands. The English losses were

FIVE KILLED AND TWENTY-SEVEN WOUNDED.

Eleven shots burst aboard the *Alexandra* and twenty shots struck the ship. One man was killed and four wounded in the commander's own cabin. Another shot smashed the captain's binoculars.

Five gunboats were engaged not merely as supports to the ironclads, but actually in the serious fighting at Marabout and Meks, and yet there was not a single casualty on board any one of the five. Dynamite was used for blowing up the heavy guns at Fort Meks, the operation being performed after the silencing of the fort by a small party from the *"Invincible."*

Thus ended the first naval fight in which England has been engaged since the time of the Crimean war.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, WEDNESDAY, the British sailors and marines landed, and a large number of Europeans, chiefly Greeks and Levantines, who had hidden all day and night in town from the time of the bombardment, came running down. Some French ladies were among them, whose sad condition was very pitiable to behold. They said that the Arabs killed all the Christians they could find. These fugitives had hidden in cellars as best they could. They said the noise of the bombardment was most awful, but even more dreadful still were the cries of the many wounded Arabs and soldiers who ran through the streets cursing, screaming, and vociferating vengeance. Then in post-haste came tearing along a *posse* of the Khédive's servants to announce that the Khédive himself was coming up the road from Ramleh, attended by Dervish Pasha, in a carriage, seeking shelter on board one of her Majesty's ships. His highness was put aboard of the little steamer, and conveyed round to the harbor. Arabi had gone to Ceft-el-Dewar, a place about an hour from Alexandria, where he was reported to be entrenching his troops, and had blown up the railway between himself and Alexandria.

Just before the bombardment the Khédive and Dervish Pasha had both quitted Ras-el-Tin for the palace at Ramleh. There they had stayed all day, the Khédive being terribly anxious and despondent,

as well he may be if he knows anything of history. Potentates whom a foreign Power supports are never popular with their people. Even if his enemies are vanquished he is still in danger from England, who has a bad habit of using those she has helped for her own selfish ends.

The morning after the bombardment Arabi suddenly ordered a detachment of soldiers to surround the palace where the Khédive and Dervish were awaiting the issue of events, with full intent to kill them both. Thereupon Raghib Pasha went to Arabi, and demanded sternly what this manoeuvre meant. Arabi replied that it meant no particular harm, but that the troops only wished to keep the Khédive. He, however, promised to order the soldiery away, but did not keep his word, and at the last moment he actually told his men to kill the Khédive. The soldiers, however, by that time heard the English were coming, and were bribed by the Khédive to remain loyal to him. But his life was in considerable danger. His Highness sent word to tell the English where he was, asking how he could come off safely; whereupon the Admiral quickly arranged everything, and got him on board an Egyptian steamship, from whence he has now returned to Ras-el-Tin.

Alexandria is practically destroyed. The European quarter is nearly all burnt to the ground, and all the best houses in the Arab quarter looted. The Bedouins, hearing that there were no soldiers or police to preserve order, entered the city and commenced the work of robbery and destruction. Then the convicts were released from the prisons, and an awful scene ensued. Fires were lighted in the stores with petroleum and spread with terrible rapidity. There has befallen a vast destruction of property everywhere.

A HEROIC EXPLOIT.

On board the *Alexandra* a most gallant deed was done by a gunner. A lighted shell came through upon the main deck, and the brave gunner picked it up and immersed the burning fuse in a bucket of water to extinguish it. It is described as a wonderful piece of devotion, more gallant than anything of the sort ever before chronicled. This fearless man will be recommended for the Victoria Cross.

If the Admiral had only had at his command as many as 1000 or 1200 troops, this magnificent emporium of commerce might have been saved, but the imbecility of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues left him with only 300 men that could be spared from the ships. Afterward when in the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone was charged with the responsibility for the loss of life and property, he had the audacity to say that the Government could not foresee what had occurred. The unblushing falsehood was apparent, for it is notorious that the Government had been explicitly warned that such scenes would follow the bombardment if a sufficient force to keep order was not landed. As events show the greater part of the city is destroyed. The English church is a mass of smoking ruins; so are almost all the other English buildings. The destruction of property has been enormous. As many as 2000 Egyptians must have perished by shots, shells, and explosions.

One of the foreign correspondents relates: Alexandria presented

A TERRIBLE SIGHT.

A vast conflagration was raging in the European quarter, and flames were ascending from other parts of the city. The mob were plundering and burning the city. It was terrible, with the great sheets of flame and the clouds of smoke lit up by innumerable sparks and flakes of fire.

Arabi, before he left with the troops, had the prisons opened, and the convicts, joined by the lower class of the town and by some of the Bedouins, who have been hovering round for some days, proceeded to sack the city, to kill every Christian they could find, and to set the European quarter on fire. Scores of wretched fugitives were cut down or cruelly beaten to death, and hundreds must have been massacred.

Eye-witnesses describe how they saw parties of soldiers with their officers pillaging shops; and when they had wrecked everything, and seized as much as they could carry off, they would tear the

paper wrappings from pieces of manufactured goods, make a heap of them, and set it on fire.

The Ras-el-Tin forts are as they were left by their defenders—a complete ruin. Signs of the presence of Europeans are manifest. French newspapers lying about, some unopened, some read—European clothing, and other circumstances go to prove the truth of the report that the gunners were directed by French and Italian artillerists.

ROCKS AHEAD.

Commenting upon the significance and probable results of the bombardment of Alexandria, the *Standard* says: "Apart from any and every question as to the policy which has led up to this result, we may point out what may possibly lie beyond the events of to-day. Whatever further intervention there may be must in all probability be carried out by British troops alone. It is impossible to see the end of the course which will thus be entered upon. There is no knowing what echoes a gun fired by Britain in the East may awake. It may roll through the whole of the Arab countries as through Alpine summits, and bring down avalanches. There is at this moment an unusual ferment in the Mahomedan world. According to an ancient tradition, the year which begins in November is to witness great changes in the East, resulting in the political overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, and the establishment of a universal Caliphate. The Sultan himself cherishes the dream of reviving in his own person the spiritual authority vainly asserted by his predecessors, but once actually exercised by the Caliphs of Bagdad. There might, perhaps, be a chance for such a policy if resistance to English interference with Egypt should be made the occasion of a holy war against the infidels. Even apart from this danger, the nature and extent of which it is impossible to estimate, there is the proverbial uncertainty as to where a conflagration once begun will end."

Gospel Work in Portugal Appears to be making very slow progress. At the Mildmay Park Conference recently held in London, Mr. Rozas described the religious condition of Portugal, remarking that while the French had got rid of the Jesuits, Portugal had the misfortune to have taken them in. Wherever there are Jesuits they are certain to be known, and already the workers in the mission were made aware of their existence in the country. Portugal had not religious liberty to the full, for speakers of the truth might be mobbed and stoned. They were not the people to start schools or to care about them unless they were gratuitous. One of their great difficulties, which they had experienced for years, was the coldness and the opposition of business men in the place. The Portuguese did not understand a word of anything said to them about the necessity of the new nature. In Portugal he was sorry to say the people appeared to have no sense of sin, and they did not understand what was meant by substitution. These two problems always came up. The people did not feel sin as sin, and they knew nothing of the preciousness of the Atonement.

Luxuries Relinquished for Christ's Sake.—

A letter recently received by a Christian worker in London contains the following passage: "I enclose you a cheque for £38 12s. (\$196), the proceeds of the sale of cigars which I have been moved to part with by the testimony of Miss Macpherson at the noon prayer-meeting a few weeks ago. I asked God then what He would have me do; I was unmistakably moved to get rid of my cigars, and I feel that the money should go to Mr. Fegan's new Southwark Home for Boys. I am disposing of my wine also, which I hope will fetch \$486, that also I intend giving to the Lord's cause, and anything else He may direct me to part with. I am pleased to give testimony that I have, by grace, surrendered myself wholly to Jesus, and I want Him to use me for His glory. I feel my weakness, and I require my Lord's sustaining grace. Will you ask believers to pray for me? To Him be all the glory forever." This letter was sent anonymously, but the writer is one of many instances constantly coming to light of the valid and permanent results of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's London campaign.

THE ROCKS OF TROUBLE.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"There was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."—I. Sam. 14:4.

A Wonderful Conflict—Two Famous Rocks—A Supernatural Consternation—The Crisis—An Evil Case when Troubles fall Together—I. Failing Health and Fortune—A Wife's Help in Trouble—Pity those who Sink—II. Home Trouble and Outside Persecution—Objurgation from Milton and Luther—John Wesley's Home Deserted—His Decision—III. Bereavement and Hard Labor—The Widow's Height of Promise—IV. A Wasted Life and an Unilluminated Eternity—Come up from Between the Rocks.

THE cruel army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man accompanied by his body-guard to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a pebble well slung, and that three hundred Gideonites scattered ten thousand Amalekites by the crash of broken crockery; but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his body-guard in the valley.

On the one side is a rock called Bozez; on the other side is a rock called Seneh. These two rocks were as famous in olden times as in modern times are Plymouth Rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, unscalable and sharp. Between these two rocks Jonathan must make his ascent. The day comes for the scaling of the height. Jonathan on his hands and feet begins the ascent. With strain, and slip, and bruise I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan and then goes his body-guard; Bozez on the one side, Seneh on the other side.

After a sharp tug and push and clinging I see the head of Jonathan above the hole in the mountain, and then I see the head of the body-guard above the hole in the mountain and there is a challenge and a fight and a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his body-guard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks and open a campaign which demolishes the enemies of Israel. I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did not balk or dishearten Jonathan or his body-guard, but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

My friends, you have been, or are now, some of you in

THIS CRISIS

of the text. If a man meet one trouble he can go through it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them upon one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him is to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh. God pity him. There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side.

I. In this crisis of the text is that man whose FORTUNE AND HEALTH

fail at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden euroclydon.

When the calamity does come it is awful. The man goes home in despair and he tells his family "We'll have to go to the poor house." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes and he

says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all; I have my family left." Before the Lord turned Adam out of Paradise he gave him Eve, so that when he lost Paradise he could stand it.

Permit one who has never read but three or four novels in all his life and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition to say that if when a man's fortunes fail he has a good wife, a good Christian wife, he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate, for the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking looks around and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes and the smile to his face and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a new era of prosperity. He met that one trouble—conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozez, yet he soon rose and began, like Jonathan, to climb.

But how often it is that physical ailment comes with financial embarrassment. When the fortune failed it broke the man's spirit. His nerves were shattered, his brain was stunted. I can show you hundreds of men in New York whose fortune and health failed at the same time. They came prematurely to the staff. Their hand trembled with incipient paralysis. They never saw a well day since the hour when they called their creditors together for a compromise. If such men are impatient and peculiar and irritable, excuse them. They had two troubles, either one of which they could have met successfully.

If, when the health went, the fortune had been retained it would not have been so bad. The man could have bought the very best medical advice and he could have had the very best medical attendance, and a long line of carriages would have stopped at the front door to inquire as to his welfare. But poverty on the one side and sickness on the other are Bozez and Seneh, and they interlock their shadows and drop them on the poor man's way. God help him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

Now, what is such a man to do? In the name of Almighty God I will tell him what to do. Do as Jonathan did—

CLIMB; CLIMB UP

into the sunlight of God's favor and consolation. I can go through the churches and show you the men who lost fortune and health at the same time, and yet who sing all day and dream of heaven all night. If you have any idea that sound digestion and steady nerves and clear eyesight and good hearing and plenty of friends are necessary to make a man happy you have miscalculated. I suppose that these overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scramble the harder and the faster to get up and out into the sunlight, and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often sent a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor and the noonday of His glorious promises.

It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God with ten thousand dollars in the bank and fifty thousand dollars in government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray, 'Give me this day my daily bread' when my pantry is full and the canals from the West are crowded with breadstuffs destined for my storehouses." O, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless Him that in this world there was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side.

II. Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has

HOME TROUBLES AND OUTSIDE PERSECUTION at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays best to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone and brain and muscle it favors him. The world

fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it his duty to cross the track of the world, the every bush is full of horns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle him. They will caricature him. They will call his generosity self-aggrandizement and they will call his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution will sometime come upon him from those who profess to be Christians.

John Milton, great and good John Milton, so I got himself as to pray in so many words that enemies might be eternally thrown down into darkest and deepest gulf of hell, and be the undmost and most dejected and the lowest down vials of perdition! And Martin Luther so far I got himself as to say in regard to his theological opponents: "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted or fried or baked or stewed or boiled or hashed, they are nothing but asses!" My friends, if John Milton and Martin Luther come down to such scurrility, what may you expect from less elevated opponents?

Now, the world sometimes takes after them, newspapers take after them, public opinion takes after them, and the unfortunate man is lied about until all the dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted on him. You often see a man whom you know to be good and pure and honest set upon by the world and mauled by whole communities, while vicious men take on a supercilious air in condemnation of him; as though Lord Jeffrey should write an essay on gentleness, or Henry VIII. talk about purity, Herod take to blessing little children.

Now, a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than would have been without the persecution. So was with the great reformer when he said: "I will not be put down, I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI. sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied, "Tell me that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." A certain amount of persecution is a tonic and an inspiration, but too much of it and too long-continued becomes a rock of Bozez, throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do then?

GO HOME,

you say. Good advice that. That is just the place for a man to go when the world abuses him. Go home. Blessed be God for our quiet and sympathetic homes.

But there is many a man who has the reputation of having a home when he has none. Through unthinkingness or precipitation there are many matches made that ought never to have been made. An officiating priest cannot alone unite a couple. The Lord Almighty must proclaim banns. There is many a home in which there is no sympathy and no happiness and no good cheer. The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the plaudits of the "Wedding March" and all the odor of the orange blossoms and the benediction of the officiating pastor, there has been no marriage.

Sometimes men have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution and on the other side the rock of domestic infelicity. What shall such a one do? Do as Jonathan did—climb. Get up into the heights of God's consolation, from which he may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good as great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates and having his name written on the board fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could—acting as though she were possessed with the devil, as I suppose she was; never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that I wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her; I have not dismissed her; I will not recall her."

Planting one foot, John Wesley did, upon outside persecution and the other foot upon home trouble he climbed up into the heights of Christian joy, and after preaching forty thousand sermons and traveling two hundred and seventy-six thousand miles, reached the heights of heaven though in the

world he had it hard enough—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

III. Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text who has

BEAREMENT AND A STRUGGLE FOR LIVELIHOOD

at the same time. Without mentioning names I speak from observation. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman to make an honest living even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek and a magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now her husband or the father is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings bank; and woe and wretchedness with weeping and watching she goes forth—a grave, a corpse, a coffin behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children.

When I see such a battle as that open I shut my eyes at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless letters about women's wages; but that question is made up of tears and blood and there is more blood in their tears. Oh, give women free access to all the alms where she can get a livelihood, from the *telegraph office to the pulpit*. Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have power in their souls and can stand it. Make the way easy to her of the broken heart. May God put in my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Waterloo, the Waterloo of life for bread.

And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side and the rock of destitution on the other, Bozez and the interlocking their shadow and dropping them upon her miserable way. "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." What are such to do? Somehow let them climb up into

THE HEIGHTS OF THE PROMISE.

"Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Or climb up into the heights of that other glorious promise: "The Lord preserveth the stranger and reveleth the widow and the fatherless." O ye sewing women on starving wages! O ye widows turned out from a once beautiful home! O ye female teachers kept on niggardly stipend! O ye despairing women seeking in vain for work, wandering along the docks and thinking to throw yourself into the river at night. O ye women of aching sides and weak nerves and short breath and broken heart! You need something more than human sympathy. You need the sympathy of God. *Climb up into His arms*; He knows it all and He loves you more than father or mother or husband ever could or ever did; and instead of sitting down wringing your hands in despair you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

IV. Again that man is in the crisis of the text who has

A WASTED LIFE

on the one side and *an unilluminated eternity* on the other. Though a man may all his life have culled deliberation and self-poise, if he gets into that position all his self-possession is gone. There are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong words, all the wrong deeds—strata above strata, gigantic, ponderous, overshadowing. That rock I call Bozez. On the other side are all the tribulations of the future, the thrones of judgment, the eternal ages, angry with his long defiance, piled up, concentrated, accumulated wrath. That rock I call Seneh.

Between these two rocks Lord Byron perished and Alcibiades perished, and Herod perished, and ten thousand times ten thousand have perished. A man immortal, man redeemed, man blood-bought, climb up out of those shadows! Climb up by the way of the cross! Have your wasted life forgiven; have your eternal life secured. This morning just take one look to the past and see what it has been and take one look to the future and see what it threatens to be. You can afford to

lose your health, you can afford to lose your property, you can afford to lose your reputation, but you cannot afford to lose your soul. That bright, gleaming, glorious, precious, eternal possession you must carry aloft in the day when the earth burns up and the heavens burst. O God, help that man to save his soul!

You see from my subject that when a man goes into the safety and

PEACE OF THE GOSPEL

he does not demean himself. There is nothing in religion that leads to manliness or unmanliness. The Gospel of Jesus Christ only asks you to climb as Jonathan did—climb toward God, climb toward heaven, climb into the sunshine of God's favor. To become a Christian is not to go meanly down; it is to come gloriously up—up into the communion of saints, up into the peace that passeth all understanding, up into the companionship of angels. He lives up; *he dies up*.

Oh, then, accept the wholesale invitation which I make to all people! Come up from between your invalidism and financial embarrassments. Come up from between your home trouble and your outside persecution. Come up from between your bereavements and your destitution. Come up from between a wasted life and an unilluminated eternity. Like Jonathan climb with all your might instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

RACHEL ELLIS'S PERIL.

(See Illustration on page 509.)

A MERRY picnic party of young people from the city settled down on a rock-bound shore for a day's enjoyment one sultry day in July. None know so well how to enjoy the sea breeze and the view of the open sea, as those whose days are spent in stores and warehouses and their nights in small bedrooms in the most densely populated localities. Such were most of the party, and all were prepared to enjoy the trip to the utmost.

Among the ladies present were two sisters, Ada and Rachel Ellis, both young and attractive girls, whose high spirits and merry laughter added to the general merriment. Rachel especially was in a joyful mood, for one of the party was Edgar Milverton, a young man to whom she was engaged to be married, and whom she loved with all a woman's devotedness. In fact, Edgar was loved too well and far better than he deserved. Had Rachel Ellis given to her God the love she lavished on this man, her whole life would have been revolutionized. But young men and maidens rarely realize that God claims and should receive a love beyond even that which they give to each other.

All went well with the party until the evening. That is to say with the bulk of the party. Individually, perhaps, there might have been worries and heartburnings of which each knew its own bitterness. Early in the day Rachel and Edgar had separated themselves from the party and wandered off alone. There was a little good-humored raillery about "lovers' society," and then they were forgotten. Later in the day Edgar rejoined the party, but Rachel was not with him. No inquiries were made about her for each was intent on their own enjoyment, and Rachel was sure to turn up in time to return. So all went on with the amusements on hand, bent on enjoying the last few minutes of sunlight.

The tide was rising fast and the time for return approached when the whole party was startled by a shrill cry. It came from Ada Ellis, who had several times cast an anxious glance around for her sister, and had at last descried her as she stood, waving her handkerchief, far out at sea, upon a small piece of rock completely surrounded by the boiling waves. This was what had happened; Rachel and Edgar when they strolled off by themselves had a lovers' quarrel. Edgar showed himself in his own character, which he had concealed before, but which he thought he might reveal now that the poor girl had shown by word and manner how deeply she loved him. But he was not an honest man, and his meanness and wickedness disgusted Rachel. With indignant words she dis-

missed him, and then sat down on the rock to weep. Before she knew it, the tide came in, and when she turned to go to her friends she saw that her way was cut off by the billows.

When Ada saw her sister she went straight to Edgar and demanded to know why he had left her in so a critical a position, and pointing to her begged him to rescue her. But Edgar was not of the heroic sort, and with his hands in his pockets, and a face as indifferent as he could make it, he said, "It is Rachel's own fault, and I am not mad enough to go to certain death out there; I cannot swim."

An old man behind him pointed out to him a path he might safely take, but Edgar would not venture, and then with a frantic cry Ada turned to her companions and two of them started out to find a boat. It would, however, have been useless had not help come from another source. A brave fisherman who had seen from the rocks the girl's peril plunged into the water, and was swimming to her rescue before even Ada had seen her. By the time the boat was found and launched Rachel was halfway to the shore clinging to her preserver's neck, and when he was almost exhausted they had the pleasure of receiving both into the boat. It was an hour of peril Rachel never forgot; but she said afterward that even that danger was not so terrible as the one which threatened her in her love for Edgar. From both dangers God delivered her, and it has been her aim since that event to show by a life of Christian work and service how sincere is her gratitude to Him.

An Atheist Lecturer Saved.—At a Recent

meeting in London, Mr. Henry Thorne, of the Y. M.C.A., spoke of the great blessing which had lately rested upon the work of the Association in Yorkshire. He said: "In the town of Barnsley there was a man who had been for many years an Atheist, and a lecturer upon Atheism and Secularism, who had taken part frequently in open-air debates. When spoken to one night about the Lord Jesus Christ, he replied, 'Christ is not worth a thought;' but on the following night he came, and as I was going into the hall, he held out his hand as if to shake hands. I thought he was coming with fresh argument, which I was not going to meet, for I find the best argument to put before Atheists is the simple Gospel. But he took hold of my hand and said, 'Mr. Thorne, I have received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour.' On the following Sunday evening, in the presence of a large audience, he said, 'Last Tuesday night I told Mr. Thorne I had received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and to-night I want to tell you that I am rejoicing in Him.' Tears were streaming down his face as he said it. 'Last week,' he continued, 'I did not believe there was a God, but now I know that the Lord Jesus Christ has pardoned all my sins.'"

A Discovery of a Prodigal in a Fish Market

by a Y.M.C.A. worker was described at the recent Mildmay Park Conference in London by Vice-Chancellor Blake, of Toronto. He said: "A young man went to the Southern States of America, a distance of 2000 miles from Toronto, and the Secretary of the Association there wrote and said, 'You will find So-and-so in your city; look him up, and see if anything can be done for him.' He was so low down that, although the son of wealthy parents, he was found in one of the fish-markets cleaning fish. 'Young man' said the delegate who had found him, 'you have got pretty near to the husks.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have; it was painted very bright as I entered, but I find it a very dark and miserable place where I have got to.' 'Do you want to leave it?' 'I do.' 'Are you determined to make a struggle?' 'Yes.' 'Then come to my warehouse and I will give you a place. I will expect you at my Bible-meeting every afternoon, and you will come and take a seat in my pew at church.' 'I will,' he said. At our great Sunday-school Convention last year in the city, where we had delegates by the hundred, that young man came as one of the delegates sent up from that town in the United States. He is an earnest Christian."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Barnum's Challenge.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting in Glasgow, on Sunday, July 2d, Mr. Sawyer said: "The great American showman, Mr. Barnum, at a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, asked any one in the hall, employer or employé, who had not felt the curse of strong drink, directly or indirectly, to stand up. Not one person did so."

Holding up Father's Hand.—Mr. Sawyer said that at one of the Gospel temperance meetings in New York, a man came in to hear the "Old, Old Story," with a vague hope that he might be delivered from the burden of his degraded appetite. His heart was touched. A request was made toward the end of the meeting, that those who desired to be prayed for would hold up their right hand. Being near the platform the poor besotted drunkard felt ashamed to do so; his little girl, however, lifted his arm and held it up against his will, and that night his heart was softened and opened by the Holy Spirit, and feeling himself to be a great sinner he received Christ.

A Kiss Instead of Whiskey.—A Man of about forty years of age said: "I thank God that since attending the Circus on the 14th of this month I have been delivered from the curse of strong drink. If I had not found Christ as my Saviour and experienced His mighty power to save, I should never have been cured; for the loving prayers of my wife, a Good Templar's card, and my own resolutions were unable to keep me from indulgence in strong drink. Since that Friday night, however, my wife, on my return home from business, at night, instead of saying 'You have been drinking again,' comes and gives me a kiss, and says, 'There is no whiskey now.' No, thank God! the consciousness of Christ's love has destroyed the longing I once had for that sort of thing."

"The Happiest Week of my Life."—A Man said: "I was going home from work at six o'clock one evening, recently, when a Christian friend put a ticket in my hand and said, 'We are going to hear Mr. Moody preach; would you like to go?' I said, 'Yes, I should.' And we went to the church in Cowcaddens. The sermon did not move me much; but I went to the after-meeting, and when the hymn was sung 'Take me as I am,' I said, 'I am going to Christ as I am to ask for forgiveness of my sins.' I found Christ willing to save, and obtained His pardoning grace. I wish I had heard Mr. Moody years ago, for *it has been the happiest week of my life.* I afterward felt that God had given me work to do, and last Sabbath night I fetched a friend from Govan to attend the meeting in Buchanan Street, and there his soul was saved."

A Minister's Fallen Daughter Reclaimed.—On June 21st Mr. Simpson was called to speak to an inquirer sitting near the door of the church in Glasgow. When he reached her he found a woman dressed in filthy rags and with all the usual appearances of being a debased drunkard. After a little conversation he recognized her as a minister's daughter who had been, to his own personal knowledge, a burning and shining light in her father's church twenty-three years ago, but through an insatiable craving for intoxicating drink was now a byword among the lowest in the city. But the power of God has happily restored her, and she is now full of happiness. Her life for the last few days is such a complete contrast to that which she has led for so many years that she is a moving testimony to Christ's redeeming power as she goes through the streets of Glasgow, though as yet she has not opened her lips to speak for Him.

Taking off the Colors.—Just as the Church was being closed on Sunday, 2d July, the attention of a worker was called to a man who had crept in quietly, and was standing in a depressed-looking way at the inner door. When spoken to he explained that in the month of June last, being then a hard drinker, he went to the Circus out of curiosity on hearing that drunkards were being saved. Staying to the after-meeting, he was constrained to take the pledge. On the following Saturday he noticed that his blue ribbon and medal were being soiled, and to protect them he put them into his

pocket, instead of leaving them outside his coat. His mates took this as a sign that, being "pay Saturday," he intended to break the pledge and go back to his old habits. They teased and jeered at, and finally half-forced, him into a public-house, where he got helplessly drunk, only reaching home some time on Sunday morning. When he came to himself in the evening, and fully realized what he had done, his grief was intensely bitter. He hurried off to the meeting, dressed just as he was when he fell, with his blue ribbon and medal still in his pocket, to ask some one to guide him back. He humbly confessed his sin to God, and asked for grace that he might stand firm in the future. Some members of the "Mizpah Band" are to look after him.

A Girl Graduate Converted.—At the Noon-day meeting at Glasgow, on July 3d, a minister said that he once gave some Bible readings at Wellesley College, in America, where about three hundred young ladies were being educated. The principal of the college asked him to give them to two of the students who were confined to their room by sickness. On being introduced to them, he inquired if they were Christians. One replied, "I hope so;" the other answered, "Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I am not." The minister said: "If I met your father in Boston and told him that I had met a young lady at Wellesley who said that she thought that you were her father, what would he think?" The tears streamed over her cheeks as she replied, "Do you mean to say that it is our privilege to call God our Father in the same way as our earthly father?" This circumstance was the means of leading her to Christ.

"Thank God for the Blood."—A Partick man said: "Down in Partick, where I live, there was an old man lying on his death-bed. He had sunk very low and was very degraded through strong drink. I went to see him. The Roman Catholic priest had been there shortly before me. I said, 'You seem to be very near the end of the journey?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I am—very near.' I asked, 'Where do you think of going to spend eternity?' 'Ah, man,' said he, 'I don't know that; it is all dark—it is all dark.' I said, 'I have got good news from God for you,' and I quoted him this precious Scripture from 1 John 1:7, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' I quoted it again. I said, 'How many sins is that?' 'All,' he said; 'but I never saw it in that light before.' 'Now,' I went on, 'if the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin, how much is left for good works to do?' He said, 'Thank God for the blood; thank God for the blood; thank God for the blood.' Then beckoning his wife he said, 'Wife, won't you trust the blood of Jesus, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin, and meet me in heaven?' She was speechless, but since then she has been led to trust in the blood, and through its efficacy to once more meet with her husband."

A Tarnished Husband Brightened up.—Mr. Sawyer related the following incident. "At a New York meeting an abandoned drunkard, named William Cale Smith, was sitting in the front seat. He had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation a man can fathom, entirely through his own insensate folly and persistent wickedness. He was prevailed upon to accept Christ that evening, and promised to surrender everything to God and to trust Him implicitly for the help he needed. Next morning he did not know where to turn for bread to satisfy his hunger. It suddenly occurred to him that work might be had from a firm at Brooklyn whose business it was to discharge ships, but he had not got the two cents to cross the ferry. While puzzling himself as to the means of raising the money, he thought of his sister, whom by his spendthrift habits he had ruined, and decided to apply to her. He obtained it from her, but when he was near the landing-stage, the promise made on the previous night, that he would trust entirely in God and not in man, flashed into his mind. Turning round to take back the money, he saw a wagon breakdown, the owner of which called out to him: 'Come, help me to put this right, and I will pay you.' Smith ran joyfully to do so, and when the work was

finished received a dollar for his assistance. Hrying back to his sister he, to her surprise, repaid the two cents, and showing her the dollar, promised not to trouble her again. At the meeting that night he told how God had helped him, and at the meeting a gentleman interviewed him saying 'I know your old employers and will speak to them about you.' The next morning they heard the story, and gladly took him back into their warehouse. Smith's only regret now was that his wife and child, who had been forced most unwillingly to leave him, would not believe in the reality of conversion. One evening Mr. Sawyer suddenly called upon him to testify to the power of the Grace of God. The audience was moved to tears. Unknown to him his wife and child were sitting in the hall, they now came forward with full hearts, Mr. Smith declaring that her husband was indeed a new man, and as bright as when she married him."

Lydia the Governess.—A Clergyman said: "I remember in the early part of my ministry a young girl came out expecting to secure a situation as teacher in a public school. After spending some time till all her money was gone, she reluctantly took a situation as governess and a sort of up-servant combined. In a little while she lost the governess part, then the 'upper' part went, and she became a kitchen maid. I was a young minister at the time, about her own age, and was quite incompetent to guide Lydia, but the Word came at the right time. When I saw her she spoke bitterly of her 'fate,' that she, an educated New England girl, able to mix with any society, should be compelled to do this disgusting work. I urged her to take Jesus into the work, whatever it was, and said that no matter how offensive it might seem to be, He would glorify it. The sequel was that she went to work to sweep, brush, dust, and clean pots and pans with great vigor and cheerfulness. The lady she worked for asked her, 'What is the matter? Yesterday you went about as irritated and disagreeable as you could be; now you are singing over your work. It is a pleasure to you.' Lydia told her story, and it was the means of guiding her mistress and the whole family to Christ, and the lady became a great worker in the Lord's cause."

THE DOOM OF ANTICHRIST, AND HIS FAMILY AND ALLIES.

By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Rise and Fall of Antichrist.

The Sentence to be Pronounced on Antichrist—His First Attempts to Subjugate the World—Opposition Aroused—His Ultimate Success—One of His Heads Slain—His Wounds—What Period He Receives Them—His Entrance into Hades—Who Will Antichrist Be—He Will Have Delegated to Him the Power of Satan—A Publicly-Acknowledged Compact—The Worship of the Dragon—The Initial Steps Already Taken—Men Waiting for a Miracle—Antichrist to Become King—Revived Rome—The Nations Infatuated.

WHEN Jesus as Judge of all men, adjudicated and sentenced the impenitent at doomsday, it will not be like a Russian autocrat, who does what he pleases, simply because he pleases, irrespective of merit or demerit. This is such a primitive and fundamental truth, that it was recognized so long ago as the time of Abraham. Hence he said, when interceding for Sodom (Gen. 17:25): "Shall I the Judge of all the earth do right?" or, rather, what is just? We may therefore infer that, when the Books of Life and of Works are opened at the Great Assize, the individual penalty inflicted will be governed by and correspond, not only with the turpitude of the sin, but with the amount of light vouchsafed to the lost.

This principle will, doubtless not be ignored when the sentence on Antichrist is pronounced. The very uniqueness of the penalty—"cast alive into the lake of fire," as he will be, will serve to show to men and angels that, of all sinners, and his ecclesiastical agent will have been the most daring. For, not content with (Ps. 94:2) "framing mischief by law," Antichrist will confront our Lord, and contend with Him for universal mastery.

EGYPT AND SYRO-PERSIA WILL AT FIRST OPPOSE ANTICHRIST, BUT FINALLY SUCCUMB.

The most cursory glance at Daniel 11: 26-29 will show, when Antichrist first attempts to subjugate the world, that at least two of the five toes, or nations, which will spring from the eastern foot of the revived Roman Empire—namely, Egypt and Syro-Persia—will oppose his pretensions. Such opposition, if at first only diplomatic, will finally close on the battlefield. At first aided by Great Britain with its ironclads (Dan. 11: 29-30) they will be successful in the conflict, but ultimately they will succumb through his combined military skill, treachery, and Satanic might.

In the course of his conflicts it would seem that ANTICHRIST WILL BE SLAIN.

For we read (Rev. 13: 8), "I saw one of his heads as it were slain (margin) to death." As if to leave no doubt as to the literalness of this incident the very weapon whereby his death-blow is inflicted is recorded. For when his marvellous resurrection from Hades becomes the foundation of the edict for his universal worship (Rev. 13: 14) we read that He "had the wound by a sword and did live." As the original word employed (*uaxaipac*), means not only a poniard but a large knife, it is possible that he may not die on the battle-field, but owe his death to assassination—or the mode whereby tyrants have been usually killed. So long ago as the time of Job, the Edomite, Eliphaz foresaw this fate of Antichrist, for he thus wrote (Job 15: 20-22) of the "wicked man," "a sound of fear (margin) is in his ear—he believeth not that he shall return out of darkness; and he is waited for of the sword."

HIS WOUNDS INDICATED.

Not only is the weapon of his destruction pre-ordained, but the very wounds of which Antichrist dies are indicated, as if to prove that his death is literal, and not allegorical, as some suppose. Then we read (Zech. 11: 17) that the sword shall be upon his right arm, and upon his right eye; his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened, or blinded. We are warranted, then, in inferring that, in addition to a paralyzed arm, the sword will pierce his brain, through his right eye, and hence that Antichrist will die of a brain-wound. And thus he who only used his eyes and his strength for selfish purposes will find, that his very punishment was only the shadow of his sin.

THE PERIOD OF HIS DEATH-WOUND.

At what period in his eventful history this death-wound will be inflicted is not definitely indicated in prophecy. But as Antichrist will make a treaty with the rulers of the Jews to protect those who have reached the Holy Land (Comp. Isa. 28: 14-15; Ps. 55: 20-21; and Dan. 9: 27, and ib., 11: 30-31) for seven years, and as that period will apparently be uninterrupted by any event until he makes his covenant when only three years and a half of the hebdomad have expired—we may conclude that he will receive his death-wound *prior* to his seven years protectorate of the Jews. Such assassination will possibly spring, not from religious, but political motives; for it is improbable that the communists, who will then dominate—suspicious as they will be of the principles and activities of this modern Bonaparte—will permit him to attain the object of his ambition—namely, universal rule, without first contesting his pretensions.

HIS ENTRANCE INTO HADES.

But, whatsoever be the period of time, or how, and from what motive Antichrist will be slain, the result of his untimely death will be that he will enter Hades, or the prison of lost souls, till the day of judgment, as contra-distinguished from Paradise, the abode of the saved, till the rapture of the Church. To Job, if not before, the fact was revealed that there is an awful prison where the souls of godless heroes and others await in mental agony their final judgment. Hence, to quote Boothroyd's version of Job 24: 5, "The mighty dead [nephaim] and those dwelling with them, die in anguish beneath the waters," or in the interior of the earth. Such temporary incarceration of Antichrist in Hades does not rest on mere supposition, but is intimated in unmistakable terms; for, in connection with the slaughter of the Two Witnesses, we learn

that Antichrist will be their murderer. Thus we find him designated as (Rev. 11: 7) "the Therion that ascendeth out of the abyss." Subsequently, too, when his evil doings are fully reported, he is thus described (Rev. 13: 8) "the Therion who shall ascend out of the bottomless pit" or abyss.

WHO WILL HE BE?

Probably up to the time of his descent into Hades, Antichrist will merely be one of those Godless, ambitious military adventurers, who, like Napoleon I. and III., "Wade through slaughter to a throne." But from his insight into Antichrist's principles and moral character, as well as from his daring defiance of God, Satan will discern that at length the personage has been born of whom the Spirit of God wrote, when He said, by Ezekiel (33: 16-17), "Art thou he of whom I have spoken in old times by the hands of my (margin) servants, the prophets of Israel, which prophesied in those days many years that I would bring thee against them in the latter days." A test will then be presented whereby it will be known to what extent his ambition reaches, and Satan will proffer to Antichrist the very temptation which our Lord resisted (Matt. 4: 8-9) when he was shown, as in a moving panorama, "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." For Satan will say, "All these things I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

As it is the very thought of Antichrist how (Hab. 2: 5) "to gather unto him all nations, and heap unto him all people," he will readily swallow the tempting bait. For, unscrupulous as he is, what cares he how power is obtained, so that he is universally hailed as

THE WORLD'S AUTOCRAT,

and his insatiable ambition is thereby gratified.

The fact that Antichrist will have the power of Satan in this world delegated unto him, was first foreseen by Daniel, who declared that (Dan. 8: 24) "his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power." What is thus stated in somewhat indefinite terms is interpreted by John, who says (Rev. 8: 3) "the Dragon [or Satan] will give him his power and his throne (literal) and great authority. It is there seen that in all his future career, Antichrist will become the agent, if not the very incarnation of Satan." Nor is this the first time that Satan incorporated himself with a man, in order to carry out his defiance of God, as we learn from the analogous case of Judas. Up to a certain period, he was simply a covetous man; but on the eve of the Passover (Luke 22: 2) "Satan entered into Judas Iscariot," and, as a result, he betrayed Jesus for that money which was his idol.

A PUBLICLY-ACKNOWLEDGED COMPACT.

That the compact with Satan on the part of Antichrist will not only be a voluntary, but a publicly-acknowledged one, we gather from Hab. 1: 11, which states that "he will impute (or ascribe) his power unto his God." It is probable, from Daniel 11: 37, which intimates that he will not "regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of woman (Christ), nor regard any God," that up to the time of his descent into Hades, he will be an avowed atheist or autolator. But, after his compact with Satan he will not be without an object of worship. For we read (Dan. 11: 38-39) "As for the Almighty God, in his seat [or room] he shall honor, yea, he shall honor a (margin) God of forces [or protector]; and a God whom his fathers knew not shall he honor with gold and silver, and with precious stones, and pleasant things: thus shall he do in the fortresses (margin) with a strange God, whom he shall acknowledge and increase with glory."

WORSHIP OF THE DRAGON.

Nor will such worship of Satan be confined to Antichrist; for, of the vast majority of the Gentiles we learn (Rev. 13: 4) that they will "worship the Dragon [or Satan] who gave power unto the Therion," such worship of the Evil One will be given externally to the miraculously-endowed image of Antichrist which will be located on the battlement of the rebuilt temple of Jerusalem (Comp. Dan. 11: 31; Hab. 2: 18-19; Matt. 24: 15; and Rev. 13: 15). We infer, too, from Dan. 11: 38, where we learn that God's protector will be universally worshipped, that copies of this idol will be

made and distributed throughout the ten last Gentile kingdoms for worship. Nor need we be surprised at such idolatry in an age which boasts of its freedom from superstition and general enlightenment. For never did Mariolatry so prevail in Popish countries. The initial steps of such demon-worship, in the endeavor of spirit-rappers to obtain oracular responses from the unseen world, and that not only by human medium but by means of *planchette* and other material agencies; and thus men, already men of the highest scientific and philosophical celebrity, are found *practically* (Rev. 9: 20) "worshipping demons and idols, of gold and silver, and brass and stone." Well, then, might the apocalyptic seer say, when he foresaw the prevalence of sorcery in the last days, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"

MEN WAITING FOR A MIRACLE.

Scientists, evolutionists, and agnostics as well as neologians, indicate that, if they saw a miracle they would believe in the possibility of the suspension of the natural physical laws. Hence, when they see such a miracle wrought in the person of Antichrist—namely, in his resurrection from the dead, and his speaking death-dealing effigy—there will be no room left for further scepticism, and they will at once render Divine homage to the man of sin or lawless one. Nor is such man-worship improbable in the face of the prevalent pantheism. For, in what Thomas Carlyle called "Hero-worship," and in what the Comtists call "the worship of humanity"—we may trace the genius of that man-worship, which will be one of the worst signs of the last times.

SUPREME KING OF REVIVED ROME.

Prior to, or in consequence of this universal worship of Satan in the person of Antichrist, he will become supreme king of revived Rome. To this dignity he will be elevated by the ten kings of eastern and western Rome; for we read what never yet universally occurred in sacred or profane history—that (Rev. 17: 13) "these have one mind, and will give their power and strength (or armies) unto the Therion." In thus electing Antichrist as Emperor of the world, the ten Gentile kings will doubtless think that they are acting as free men. But two factors in the career of Antichrist negative this impression: First, we learn from Daniel 11: 21, that he will "obtain the kingdom by flatteries." Secondly, such election of Antichrist will be but the outcome of a Divine penalty, since we read that (Rev. 17: 17) "God will put it into their hearts to fulfil His will, and to agree and give their kingdom unto the Beast, until the words of God are fulfilled." So that while they boast themselves to be supremely free, the ten Gentile kings will be the veritable slaves of the God that they have sought to dethrone!

THE NATIONS INFATUATED.

Whether the masses will at first concur in such election or not is somewhat doubtful; but as the Republicans will have been slaughtered, like as in the case of his prototypes, the two Napoleons—the residue of the infatuated nations, stunned as they will be by his military successes (Rev. 13: 3-4) will wonder after the Beast, and say, Who is like unto the Beast, and who is able to make war with him? and so will render him the very homage denied to the Most High.

ANTICHRIST OPPOSED.

But opposition to the pretensions of Antichrist will not be altogether, nor even chiefly political. Myriads will reject his claims to the godhead as the result of angelic preaching (see Rev. 14: 6-9). Refusing to worship either himself or his effigy, they will be guillotined wholesale (comp. Rev. 13: 15 and Ib. 20: 4) for their loyalty to God. Happily for mankind, God has never left Himself without witnesses in this world, and so it will be in the final crisis of this dispensation. Hence we read (Rev. 7: 9-17), that "a great multitude whom no man could number out of (literal) all nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues, shall come out of the tribulation, the great one, and stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." And thus, though he does not intend it, will Antichrist add mighty hosts to the redeemed in glory.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Principal Amendments to the Naval Appropriation Bill made in the Senate were concurred in by the House on August 1st, when Mr. Robeson agreed to the amendment restricting the cost of completing the four monitors to \$400,000 and postponing work upon the vessels until the approval of an advisory board is given. Of the 71 amendments from the Senate 29 were agreed to by the House, the majority of them being simple verbal changes or unimportant reductions of sums appropriated for minor matters in bulk. The Conference Committee then agreed to the only clauses in controversy, which were in regard to the closing of navy yards. The Senate conferees receded from their disagreement, and, as agreed upon, the bill leaves the closing of navy yards to the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy. The bill as agreed to in conference was passed by both houses, engrossed, signed, and sent to the President. This issue has occasioned some surprise, few people supposing that Mr. Robeson would have consented to forego so favorable an opportunity for controlling the expenditure of a large sum of public money in the channels with which he is so familiar.

The President sent to the House of Representatives on August 1st a message vetoing the River and Harbor Bill by which about twenty million dollars were appropriated. The bill was promptly passed over his veto by both branches of the Legislature, but there are evidences both in the press and in the country that the President's course was approved rather than that of the Senate and the House. In his message vetoing the bill, President Arthur said: "My principal objection to the bill is that it contains appropriations for purposes not for the common defence or general welfare, and which do not promote commerce among the States. These provisions, on the contrary, are entirely for the benefit of the particular localities in which it is proposed to make the improvements. I regard such appropriation of the public money as beyond the powers given by the Constitution to Congress and the President. I feel the more bound to withhold my signature from the bill because of the peculiar evils which manifestly result from this infraction of the Constitu-

tion. Appropriations of this nature to be devoted purely to local objects tend to an increase in number and in amount. As the citizens of one State find that money—to raise which they in common with the whole country are taxed—is to be expended for local improvements in another State they demand similar benefits for themselves, and it is not unnatural that they should seek to indemnify themselves for such use of the public funds by securing appropriations for similar improvements in their own neighborhood. Thus, as the bill becomes more objectionable, it secures more support." Another evil of which the President considered the bill an example he pointed out as follows: "The extravagant expenditure of public money is an evil not to be measured by the value of the money to the people who are taxed for it. They sustain a greater injury in the demoralizing effect produced upon those who are intrusted with official duty through all the ramifications of government." Both these evils are serious, though, as the President observed, one is greater than the other. Congress has now for a long time appeared oblivious of both.

The Passage of the River and Harbor Bill over the President's veto was accomplished by a departure from the customary practice of pairing. Senator Logan called attention to this fact in the Senate. He said that he wanted it to go on the record that the bill had been passed because of the peculiar method of pairing adopted. It had always been the custom, because it was the only fair way to pair, to demand two affirmatives for one negative vote where a two-third vote was required. That custom had been departed from in this instance. For that reason the veto had not been sustained, and he wanted it to so appear on the record. The analysis of the vote by which the bill was passed over the veto shows that in the House 64 Republicans, 53 Democrats, and 5 Greenbackers voted for the bill: 28 Republicans, 30 Democrats, and 1 Greenbacker against it. In the Senate 18 Republicans and 23 Democrats voted to pass the bill over the veto, and 12 Republicans, 3 Democrats, and 1 Independent against it. Journals of all parties have emphatically condemned this bill, and not a few have denounced those who voted for it as wilfully abetting a swindle. However that may be, the fact is clear that this Congress has refused to relieve the people of their heavy burdens, and has been energetic and united only when there has been a project to spend public money wastefully or otherwise. Messages have been sent to the President from New York, Chicago, and other cities, signed by bankers, merchants, and the most prominent citizens, irrespective of party, thanking him for his veto. We shall soon have an opportunity of seeing whether these citizens will give practical force to their words by refusing to renominate the men who voted to set the veto aside.

The Report of the House Foreign Affairs Committee on the Peruvian scandal leaves the case in the same unsatisfactory condition in which it was originally. While denouncing Mr. Shipperd, the committee say, with reference to the other parties involved, that "public officials cannot guard too scrupulously against engaging in enterprises where their private interests are, or may be, brought in direct conflict with their public duties." This general expression of opinion is rather a tame and trite conclusion to the inquiry, but as Mr. Blaine is removed from the State Department the committee probably thought there was no need to speak more directly or decidedly in the matter. Mr. Perry Belmont, though concurring in the report, appends to it a brief history of the Landreau claim and of "Mr. Blaine's improper efforts in its behalf," which are described as "alike disgraceful to our government and injurious to the welfare of Peru."

An Important Resolution was Adopted by the National Civil Service Reform Association at Newport, R. I., on August 2d. Resolutions were passed recommending the policy of forcing candidates for Congress of both parties to explicitly define their position on the question of Civil Service Reform. The association then passed the following resolution as a practical issue to its labors: Whereas, the practice of raising party campaign

funds by assessments upon officers and employees of the government is demoralizing in its effect and has of late been carried on with unprecedented shamelessness, in defiance of the spirit and in some cases also of the letter of the law, it is recommended that whenever an officer or employee of the government be found to have violated the law that respects civil service reform, the association within whose constituency the case may have occurred shall take measures the most efficient in its power to prosecute the offender; and it is further recommended that the counsel of the National Civil Service Reform League take such steps as they may think proper for testing the legality of the so-called Hubbell circular, by bringing the matter to judicial determination.

An Outbreak of Yellow Fever is Reported from Texas. A despatch from Austin, Tex., says: "The Mayor of Rio Grande City on August 2d telegraphed to the Governor that yellow fever had broken out in a town on the Mexican side of the river and that a panic existed, Rio Grande City being overrun with refugees. He wanted quarantine established, and the Governor had instructed him to use his discretion, unless the health officers of the State have arrived." Dr. Robinson, Lazaretto physician, reported on the same day to the Philadelphia Board of Health that he had detained the bark Parametta, from Havana, laden with sugar. The bark had three or more cases of yellow fever, and one death, namely, the mate, in the Port of Havana. The others of the crew are at present all well. One hundred cases of yellow fever were reported on August 1st at Laredo, Tex., but they were afterward stated to be at Matamoras, and not at Laredo. There were on August 5th about fifty cases of yellow fever at Brownsville, and the disease is spreading rapidly. One death has occurred, that of a German named Quast, recently arrived in this country. Reports are conflicting as to the existence of the fever at other points in the State.

A Repetition of the Shameful Spectacle Witnessed recently at Madison Garden, New York, has been declared illegal by the Assistant Corporation Counsel of the city, to whom Mayor Grace applied for advice. Glove-fights, says the counsel, are a clear violation of the law against prize-fighting, and the police have ample powers to prevent it. It is reported that an effort will be made to overcome this decision by obtaining a mandamus, but it may be hoped that no justice of the Supreme Court will consent to issue one. Its legality would be at best but doubtful, while it would be a direct encouragement to a most immoral, disgraceful and brutal exhibition.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is Paying a brief visit to America. One evening last week he visited Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission, which was crowded by an audience such as Jerry nightly gathers there. When Mr. Sankey entered he was immediately recognized and the hall was filled with applause. He was pleased, he said, to look once more upon friends in New York, and was glad that even on so warm a night such a throng was willing to rally to hear the Gospel songs. "My visit to America," he said, "is to be only temporary. I must return to my work across the sea. You have not heard so much of that work as of our campaign eight years ago, but the fruits are twice as great. I return in September, and with Mr. Moody will go through the towns in the south of England, ending in Liverpool next April, when we hope to come back to this city again and revive the old times which so thrilled us in the Hippodrome and Cooper Union." Mr. Sankey followed these words with the songs, "The crowning day is coming," "Say, are you ready?" "Oh, what shall I do to be saved?" and "Beyond the smiling and the weeping." Of the last song he said: "It was written by the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar. I sang it in his presence, and told him that it was the favorite of our lamented Garfield. The gray-haired poet bowed his head, listened in silence, and finally declared with unusual enthusiasm that until that time he had never fully appreciated it." Mr. Sankey later in the evening sang "I am waiting for the Master," "The Palace of the King," "Memories of Galilee," and "Gathering in the Sheaves."

Two Gold Watches have been Presented Respectively to Misses Hattie S. and Lillie H. Rice, two young ladies of Brownville, Jefferson County, N. Y., who, in January last, by prompt action, extinguished a fire which threatened to destroy the Empire Mills in that village. The watches were presented by insurance companies which had large risks upon the building. The owner of the mill made them substantial gifts just after the occurrence. The fire was extinguished by these two ladies in its early stage; had they not promptly taken action a company of firemen might not have succeeded in putting it out. It is so in all danger, individual and social. Bad habits, pernicious enterprises and social evils may at the outset be easily checked, even by slight and weak means, but later on, all the strongest resources in existence may fail (James 3 : 5).

An Ingenious Explanation of the Unsatisfactory state of the crops in some districts of New England is given by an observant farmer in New Hampshire. He says that the earlier part of the season being very wet, the roots of crops kept near the surface of the earth, and consequently when the later sudden heat came there was a quick scorching of vegetation. Some weeks ago a farmer owned one of the finest fields of wheat in the vicinity; now the stalk has turned yellow a foot from the ground, while the kernel is only just filling. It is possible that the unsatisfactory state of some of our churches might be explained on the same principle. Religion if not too pronounced and aggressive is fashionable, and Christians "not righteous over much" are popular; there has been no persecution forcing converts to seek earnestly for spiritual nourishment and so they fade and wither before they bear fruit (Matt. 13 : 6).

A Timely Warning against Poisonous Leaves is given in a scientific journal, which says: "Some of our most admired flowers, which we should least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison; the delicate compound leaves of laburnum have a narcotic and acrid juice which causes vomiting, and has not unfrequently led to death. The narrow leaves of the meadow saffron, or autumn crocus, give rise to the utmost irritation of the throat, thirst, dilated pupils, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of aconite, or monkshood, leaves, is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things those large, palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. Leaves of coarse weeds provide an abundant quota of danger, but frequently their strong scent and bitter or nauseous taste give warning against their being consumed." It is in nature as in the moral world, warning is not needed so much against the coarser forms of sin as against evil attractive in appearance but deadly in its effects (Prov. 1 : 17).

Two Man-Eating Sharks were Captured last week at the Fulton Ferry, New York, by Captain Patrick Owens. The male fish is 11 feet in length from the tip of the tail to the end of the nose, and weighs 500 pounds. The female is 7 feet long, and weighs 400 pounds. Each of these monsters of the deep is provided with four rows of teeth in the lower jaw and two in the upper. The teeth are small and sharp-pointed, and arranged closely together in such a manner that when the huge mouth is closed they act like a saw, and are capable of taking a man's leg off in a twinkling. From the inside of the male an old boot and a soda-water bottle were taken when the autopsy was made. Captain Owens says that the East River is swarming with sharks now, and he accounts for their appearance at this particular season of the year by the fact that fishing smacks are continually coming up the rivers with live fish. A shark, he says, will follow the smell of live lobsters or blue-fish wherever it leads him, and numbers of the monsters have been enticed up the Bay in this way. They very seldom enter the slips, but hover on the outside, waiting to pick up whatever may float out to them. This piece of news will probably suffice to prevent bathing in the river more effectually than the river police are able to do, for the prospect of encountering such a monster in the water is enough to

scare the boldest swimmer. People do not expose their bodies lightly to the risk of mutilation or destruction, though they go readily enough into theatres, gambling-saloons, and other places where Satan waits to make their souls a prey (Prov. 14 : 2).

A Coffin has been Made and Richly Decorated by a citizen of Ohio for himself in readiness for his death. The wood of which it is made was grown on his own farm and it has been polished and beautified with great care. It is made of white pine. The sides and the bottom are painted red, white, and blue, and the lid is covered with American flags. Near the head, covered with a small American flag, is a picture of the man who expects to be buried in it, taken when he was in the prime of life. The picture is a very good photograph of him as he was some fifty years ago, though it bears little resemblance to him now, for he has reached the advanced age of ninety-three years. It is seldom that we hear of a preparation for death so eccentric as this, though there is this to be said for the old gentleman's whim, that he has spent his labor on something that he is certain to need some day, which is more than can be said of the pursuits of all men. It may be hoped that in taking these measures for the care of his body which must perish he has not forgotten his soul which must live for ever. Otherwise his conduct is miserable folly (Psa. 49 : 12-15).

The Discovery of a Child Stolen by Gypsies fifteen years ago has gladdened a home in Michigan. It seems that in the year 1867 Mr. J. J. Bowers resided at Sandusky, Ohio. He had a well-loved daughter, Lilla, then three years old, who was suddenly lost. A thorough search was made for her, but without avail. Subsequently the family removed to Hudson, Mich., but inquiries continued to be made for the missing child, the father refusing to abandon hope until convinced of his daughter's death. Very recently he heard casually that a young woman about eighteen years of age was working at a farmhouse near Genoa, Ohio, having been placed there by the town authorities, who rescued her from a band of gypsies, who were suspected of having stolen her. Mrs. Bowers had no difficulty in identifying her child, though grown into a comely girl of eighteen, and she was taken home, to the delight of the whole family. How many whom Satan has lured away from God's family have come home through Him who came to seek and to save the lost, and have received a glad welcome, eternity alone will reveal. But as in this case the return results from the efforts of others, not of the victim (Luke 15 : 7).

Four Elephants were at Large at Midnight on August 3d in Troy, N. Y., and caused no little consternation in the city. After the exhibition of Barnum's show on Thursday the elephant "Emperor" broke away, and followed by three other elephants he went on an expedition through the city. Attracted by the bright lights burning in the Rensselaer Rail Mill he made his way to that building. The other elephants followed. Emperor entered, and as he roamed through the mill he stepped into the hot blooms and his forefeet were terribly burned. Goaded to madness with pain, the elephant rushed from the mill, and, reaching Jefferson Street, took the sidewalk. He was by this time furious with the pain in his feet and attacked several citizens whom he met, flinging them from his path with his trunk, breaking the ribs of some and crushing others against walls. A peddler's wagon in his way Emperor reduced to kindling wood in a few minutes. Finally he made his way into a cemetery, where he exercised himself in tearing up the headstones, and there he was captured and secured. The other elephants with him did little damage. Happily not many citizens were abroad at that hour or the loss of life would probably have been large. Those who were in that locality were amazed to see four huge elephants in mad career down the peaceful streets, and ran for their lives. There are curses in all our great cities more to be dreaded than the elephants were that night in Troy, and they do mischief far more irreparable, but men do not fly from them, because they do not realize their danger as they will do in the light of the last great day (1 Pet. 5 : 8).

TEACHING FOR THE OUTER AND INNER CIRCLES.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And with many such parables spake He the word unto them, as they were able to hear it. But without a parable spake He not unto them: and when they were alone, He expounded all things to His disciples."—Mark 4 : 33, 34.

Christ's Two Great Objects—Preaching to the Masses—Training Disciples—The Double Work of the Church—I. The Outside Gatherings—Preaching the Word—A Special Message—Simply Spoken—Modern Workmen with their Apparatus—A Man Whose Mind Needed Raising—Bullying Methods Futile—II. The Inner Circle—Christ Always Ready to Teach—Pentagonal Lozenges—Volumes that will not Match—The Arab's Magic Ointment—Christ the Ultimate Interpreter—The Way to Usefulness.

OUR blessed Lord had *two great objects* before Him in His ministry. The first was to preach the word to the outlying masses, that out of them He might gather a people to Himself who should be His disciples. This part of His work He carried on with great assiduity and perseverance, traversing the Holy Land from end to end and finding here one and there another, but never ceasing to preach the Gospel to the crowds that flocked to Him. His second object was to train those who became His disciples, that having gathered them to Himself He might educate them in the truth. He taught them concerning the Father and His love; concerning Himself, His work, His death, and His resurrection; and concerning the divine Comforter and His indwelling, and all else that would make for their progress and profit.

While our Lord was here He gathered the men together who should carry on the work after He was gone. He did not think it enough to make converts; He wished to make disciples. He did not think it enough even to make beginners in discipleship; but He would have them advance in knowledge and in holiness, learning till they were able to teach others also. To this day *this same double work* is carried on by the divine Spirit through the ministers and servants of God. We are to preach to the multitude who make up the outer ring; for our Lord has said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." That being done, however, the minister's work is only begun; for he is now to go on to expound the mystery, to open up the higher doctrine, to lead the disciplined ones into the deep things of God, that there may be in the church fathers, instructors, and leaders, and that the church may in all the generations yet to come, *until the Lord Himself appeareth*, carry out the glorious purposes of God for the upbuilding of a spiritual house and the conquest of the world.

I want this morning to call your special attention to the way in which the Lord spake to the outside gathering, and then afterward to the way in which He spake to the inner circle of His own disciples. From His conduct we may learn our own. Soul-winners and soul-helpers may here see their double work set before them in pattern.

I. First, let us study our Lord's conduct toward

THE OUTSIDE GATHERINGS.

Kindly read these verses: "And with many such parables spake He the word unto them, as they were able to hear it. But without a parable spake He not unto them." First, when our divine Lord preached to the outside multitude, *He evermore spake "the word" to them*. You see here *what He preached*: He spake "the word" unto them. This is a very short description, but it is intensely full of meaning; it has much more of fullness in it than I can show to you just now. He always spake "the word,"—that is to say, whatever sort of congregation gathered to Jesus He had only one grand system of truth to set before them.

It was *a special message*; not *a word*, but *the word*—the special speech of the Father. Jesus had received one weighty, all-important message from God, and this He delivered whenever He had opportunity. It was never His object when He was addressing the people to speak to them upon

subjects of merely temporal interest; He preached the eternal word. He did not come to instruct them in geology, or astronomy, or jurisprudence, or politics; His one business was to win their souls by proclaiming the love and mercy of the Father. He did not even come to open up a fresh system of morals, though of necessity a system of morals grew out of His central teaching. He came to preach the Gospel, and He preached nothing else. He spoke it in various ways, yet He always spoke the one thing: "the word."

"He spake the word *unto them*," to publicans and harlots, or to Pharisees and Sadducees. He declares to the blinded Jews, "I speak that which I have seen with My Father." "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God." What a lesson this is to all of us who try to do good in the world by teaching. We have only to preach "the word." Some fancy that they have to preach the thought, the deep thought, the wonderful thought of modern times. I have heard that expression, "modern thought," till I am sick of it; it is

A CANT PHRASE

smelling strongly of self-conceit. There is no command given in Scripture for us to go and preach our own thoughts, but we are always commanded to preach "Christ," and to publish His word.

Our Lord's mind was thoughtful, His genius profound, and yet He kept to "the word," even as He said, "He that sent Me is true; and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of Him." If He had pleased He might have told us many things hidden from before the foundation of the world; He might have opened up deep mysteries and profound secrets which He knew as the Son of God; for He is the wisdom of God; but instead of that He concentrated His ministry upon that which God had revealed, and He preached only "the word."

"The word" is an utterance from the mouth of God, and Jesus was God's mouth to men; all His teaching was the Father's word in one way or other. He confessed, "The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself." He said also, "As My Father hath taught Me, I speak these things." "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent Me." *Originality of doctrine finds no sanction* in the Saviour's ministry; true ministers repeat what they are told, they do not fabricate for themselves; they are not spiders to spin a web out of their own bowels. Now, beloved brethren, let us remember this whenever we are trying to win a soul for Christ. Souls are won by "the word." It is the word of God that is "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword;" it is "the word" which is "the living and incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever." Therefore we must stick to "the word."

"Oh," say some, "there are many that have been sitting under the old-fashioned Gospel for years, and they are not converted." What do you propose to do? Do you propose to preach another Gospel? Look you, sir; if they were not saved by the truth they will not be saved by a lie. It seems practically to be conceded that during revivals you may get a little beyond the Gospel; when there is an excitement upon the people you may say things which are not strictly accurate, and you may set yourself right afterward, when the desirable effect has been produced. This will never do. Not so the Saviour; He spake "the word" unto them, whoever they might be, and He never altered that word.

We have not to excogitate from our own brain a salvation that will fit this sinner or that; God has given us already the salvation, and the doctrine, and the truth which will suit all sinners who will accept it. Your judgment and your careful thought will be wanted to select the fitting portion of truth; your heart will be wanted to pray over that portion that God may bless it; your responsibilities are still great; but happily you are delivered from the more tremendous task of

MANUFACTURING A GOSPEL.

I see the modern-thought workmen with their bellows full of wind, and their fire of *very small coal*. They are puffing away at a great rate. And now they take to hammering! See how the sparks

fly; they are fashioning they know not what, neither do their people know what next they may forge upon the anvil. As for us, we invent nothing, but testify what we have seen and tasted and handled of the good word of God. God has promised that His word shall not return unto Him void, and therefore we feel sure of a happy issue.

Notice next, that our Saviour having no difficulty about His matter, but always speaking "the word," *spake it simply*. He never affected profundity or obscurity. Our Lord has said many things so deep that they are lower than the abyss, and He has spoken truths so high that they are higher than the highest heaven; but still He aimed at being understood. Some divines are like the cuttle-fish, which, when it descends into the sea, often opens its ink-bags, darkens the water, and hides itself from all observers. It cannot see itself amid the clouds which it purposely creates. Too many preachers are endowed with these darkening ink-bags. When they have simple truth to preach they surround it with an atmosphere of blackness, darkening counsel, and involving simplicity in mystery.

See how your children will read the parables of Jesus and remember them.

WHAT IS THE BEST BOOK

to put before a child when it is learning to read? Why, the New Testament; for if there be difficulties in the sense there are none in the words. What a multitude of monosyllables we have in John's Gospel! The Lord Jesus did not carry a *gold pencil-case* with Him, that whenever He met with a word of twelve syllables He might figure it down, and say, "That goes into next Sunday's sermon, and so the people will know what a superior person I am." No; but He looked about to find homely similes and instructive emblems, by which to make the truth plain as a pikestaff to those who wished to understand it. Of course the brightest light is lost on blind eyes; but Jesus never withheld that light. Let us learn from our Lord's example, and remember that we must do the work for those whom we would bless; we must make attention an easy matter for them by clearly setting forth the truth.

Dear brethren and sisters, when you are teaching others, take care that you yourself understand that which you would communicate. Whenever a man preaches so that you cannot understand him, the secret of it is that he does not understand himself; for if he knew what he meant to say he would, probably, be able to say it, and you would know what he meant by it; but he who is not clear in teaching in all probability does not know what he means. Therein full often lies his pretended wisdom; you, perhaps, look up and wonder at this superior man, when in fact he is an inferior man swollen out with pretence. It must be so. If he were better taught he would teach better. When a man has studied the subject so that he get a grip of it he is able to set it out to others; but when it passes over his head like a bird of the air, he has not seen it and cannot describe it, neither can any others learn from his language. Our Lord and Master taught in plainest words, and if His Gospel was hid, it was hidden only to the blind in heart.

I heard a gentleman once say that he found it very difficult to *bring his mind down* to the capacity of children; but the fact was that he had no mind of any consequence. He thought himself great, but this was

A CLEAR SIGN OF LITTLENESS.

He had *something which he mistook for a mind*, but it was an error on his part to talk of bringing it down; it needed raising up. Those who clearly know the truth of God will find children to be a congenial auditory. They will pick up similes as pigeons pick up seeds, and their little eyes sparkle as they catch your meaning. Therefore, "many such parables" let us speak unto them. If they do not always care for the moral, they are in this like the people to whom our Lord addressed Himself; but He put the truth in such a form that even if they did not care for it they cared for the picture in which He set it forth, and listened earnestly to His words, and so the truth was introduced to their minds.

Dear friends, notice again that our Lord spake

considerately. "With many such parables spake He the word unto them, as they were able to hear it." What wisdom there is here: "As they were able to hear it." Some of us are not so considerate as we ought to be, and drench those to whom we would give drink. Our Lord was not too long in his discourses; He never wearied the people by a sermon till midnight, as Paul did. It is always better to send a congregation away longing than loathing. Our Lord knew that earnest attention involves effort, and tends to exhaustion. True hearing lays a strain upon the mind which cannot be over-long endured. None of us have more than a certain quantity of attention, and when we have used up that certain quantity,

IT BECOMES TIRESOME

for us to hear more. He moderated the quantity, so that they might not be oppressed with too much.

He taught "as they were able to hear it;" that is to say, He did not puzzle them with deep doctrine when He wished to save them; for it is poor work to confound a man when you want to convert him. This Master Teacher gave forth such a quantity of truth as His auditors' hearts could take in, and the matter was so chosen as to be on the level of their comprehension.

As for His style, it was so pleasing that they who did not believe in Him nevertheless confessed that "Never man spake like this man." Oh, dear friends, if you want to be useful be careful to speak *considerately*. If you go into a sick chamber and the person says, "Would you read me the twenty-third Psalm?" do not bawl it out, but read in gentle tones suitable to the poor pained ear and weary brain. If you have to speak a word for Christ, let it drop like the gentle dew from heaven, and do not hurl it out like a hard driving hailstorm. *You cannot bully a man to Christ*; you will be wise never to attempt it. Load the camel as he is able to carry, and the mind as it is able to bear. Hearts are drawn not driven. We are not to teach as *we* are able to speak, but as the people are able to hear. We must not exhaust the hearer by our attempt to exhaust the subject. *Never overdo a good thing*, lest it be spoiled and rendered of none effect.

To conclude this matter: our Lord's address to the outside world was such that *if they did not receive the truth the fault lay with themselves*. It is true the mass of His hearers never saw beneath the surface, for they had no heart toward the truth, and so the parable did tend to their blindness; yet this was not the natural effect of His parable, but the misuse of it by slothful and carnal minds. Their foolish hearts were darkened. Jesus made truth so clear that their blear-eyes could not bear the light. The difficulty with them was that there were so few difficulties; the truth was hard because they were proud. Had they been taught of the Father they would have come to Jesus and delighted in the condescension which made all so plain; but their pride blinded them, even as He said, "How can ye believe that receive honor one of another?"

Oh that every worker here might say, "I have striven to commend the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Let it be so plain that he may run that readeth it. It is better to speak five words which are understood than a thousand which merely dazzle the eye of the mind. Use earnest, hearty, entreating words. You cannot chill a man into grace. I do not believe that anybody ever rode to Christ on an iceberg; frost and winter play but little part in opening the flowers in the King's garden. If icicles hang from our lips we shall not melt men's hearts. Cold hearts must be thawed by the warm, genial influence of a sunlit soul. May heaven's light of love rest upon us. It will if we are taught of the Saviour.

And now, you that are outsiders, see what trouble the Saviour takes with you; for what He did for men of His age He does for men of every age: He longs that you should come to Him; He puts the truth so that you may see it, and He preaches it persuasively and affectionately. Alas, that men should require such trouble to be taken with them! If any one were giving away gold and silver he would not need to go down on his knees and entreat men to accept the precious metals;

but when we have to preach "the word," how must we entreat, implore, beseech men to come, or else they will not come at all; nor even when we have implored and besought will they lend a listening ear and a believing heart unless the arm of the Lord be revealed. See you this, ye outsiders; let the reflection of this make you ashamed, and cause you to resolve that now henceforth, having ears to hear, you will hear, and when Jesus pleads you will bow to Him.

II. Secondly, let us see how Jesus dealt with THE INNER CIRCLE when He addressed Himself to His own disciples: "And when they were alone, He expounded all things to His disciples."

Notice, first, then, that the Lord Jesus Christ *opened up to them the inner meaning of the word*. Never yet did a man desire to learn of Jesus whom Jesus refused to teach. When men did not want to learn He drew back, and did not force Himself on them. He kept the exposition of His own teaching for those who were prepared to receive it, and who really thirsted to obtain it: "When they were alone, He expounded all things to His disciples." Come now, dear friends, do we not wish to learn? If you desire to have all things expounded, note well that *those to whom Christ expounded all things were His own disciples*. You must become a disciple of Christ if you are to know Christ's truth. A disciple of Christ is one who accepts Christ as his teacher, and himself becomes a learner. A disciple, however, is more than that; he is one who receives Christ as his leader and Lord. If we are to be His disciples, we must do what He bids us, as well as believe what He tells us. Except we are willing to tread in His footsteps and follow His example we cannot be His disciples; and until we are such He will not expound all things unto us.

Do you want to understand the Scriptures? Do you long to understand the deep things of God, and the high mysteries of the Word? Then first become Christ's disciples. "If any man shall do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." The teaching of Christ is spirit and life. The rabbis taught the letter, but Christ teaches the life; and if we submit ourselves to Him to receive His life, and to make Him our way, He will then be to us the truth; but if we refuse Him, if we will not yield to Him, we shall remain in darkness with all the rest of the outer circle; hearing, we shall hear and not understand; seeing, we shall see and not perceive. Oh, my hearer, instead of trying to untie all knots and unravel all difficulties, yield thyself to Christ first of all. If thou wouldest know, believe and obey.

If we claim to be His disciples *we must cultivate a desire to learn*. No man in holy lore learns more than he is willing to be taught. Certain who call themselves disciples of Christ have no wish to learn, but they have a great wish to teach before they have learned anything. See the many who *run away half-hatched*, with the shell on their heads, and yet they try to crow. They cannot teach, and they will not learn. If they would wait a little, and be instructed, their time might come; but they are so hasty to fight that they will neither put on armor nor gird on a sword. Eager to give drink to the thirsty, they cannot spare time to fill the cup.

Observe how our Lord Jesus prompts His disciples to learn. When He has given them a parable He says,

"HAVE YE UNDERSTOOD all these things?" He comes near to them when the crowd has dispersed, and He says to them privately, "Have ye understood all these things? The crowd know nothing, but they are gone. They have been pleased with My parables, but they have not entered into the soul of My teaching. Have ye understood all these things?" Now, at the end of a discourse that is full of Christ, this is exactly what Jesus says to you and to me: "Have ye understood all these things?" Have ye entered into the essential truth, and not been content to lie sleeping on the doorstep of the mere letter of it? The Saviour wishes us to be inquisitive, searching into the meaning of "the word."

We are to be His disciples, and anxious to learn;

it follows in consequence that we must *confess that we do not know*. Many a man might have known if he had but been aware that he did not know. A sense of ignorance is the doorstep of the palace of wisdom. These men that needed to be instructed by Christ, and to have all things to be expounded to them, were the very pick of the saints; out of them came the apostles and the seventy disciples, and these formed the first course of living stones laid upon the foundation to build up a spiritual house; and yet these admirable persons needed that they should be alone with Jesus to have all things expounded to them.

Oh, brothers and sisters, let us not be so wickedly self-conceited as to fancy that we know everything. Are there not some who think that they carry the Gospel and all the doctrines of it in their pockets as if it were a five-sided lozenge? They have *condensed the infinite into a pentagon*. If any one knows more than they know he is denounced as a heretic, hopelessly unsound. Let it not be so with us, for we dare not boast of such perfect knowledge. What do we know, my brethren? If what we do know and what we do not know were put together there would be such a difference in the size of the volumes that they could not be bound to match.

I beg you to observe carefully that these folk whom Christ instructed in the inner sense had *to be separated from the multitude*. "When they were alone." When they had got together as birds of a feather should; when like sheep they were penned in the fold, then the Great Shepherd fed them, and not till then. Come ye out from the world if ye would learn the deep things of God. The more conformity to the world the more shall we abide in darkness. It is wonderful what light will come to a man when he learns to walk the separated path. There is a way which is narrow as a razor's edge, along which none can walk but those whom Christ upholds; but if they are willing to walk there in strict integrity, keeping themselves from the temptations of the world, and rising above the customs of society, then shall they know the mind of God. More than this, I will go beyond my text; if you and I wish to know the heart of our holy religion, we must get alone, even from the church, with Christ. This is the pith of it—they *were alone with Christ*. If they had been alone, and Jesus had not been there, they would have learned nothing; but they were alone *with Him*. Oh, brothers and sisters, let us practise more meditation. We are none of us as much alone as we ought to be in these busy days.

You know

THE OLD ARAB STORY

of the dervish who crossed his eyes with a magic ointment, and straightway, instead of the common house in which he lived, he saw a palace sparkling with diamonds, radiant with rubies, adorned with emeralds and gold. After such manner the Lord opens up to us a passage of Scripture, by anointing our eyes with eye-salve that we may see. What sights have we beheld in the word! We have been lost in wonder, love, and praise! But the Lord does this to us when we are alone with Him. "When they were alone, He expounded all things unto His disciples."

Now, brethren, I leave this part of the subject, and conclude when I notice that, in order to get this precious exposition from Christ, *we must regard Him as being*

THE ULTIMATE INTERPRETER.

"He expounded all things to His disciples." Those men had settled it in their hearts that they would believe whatever He said; His *ipse dixit* was to stand to them instead of argument; He Himself was to them the Word of God, the revelation of the Most High, the mystic glass into which they looked and saw truth in all its glory. When they were willing to have it so, they were instructed. The key of Scripture is Christ. The only infallible interpreter of "the word" is Jesus the word. Him we may follow in every case with the utmost safety.

I have heard of a wise man of whom they said in his biography, that to be acquainted with him was a liberal education; that if you went and stayed with him you might put all your books away, for

he was a walking cyclopædia. I can hardly think that of any mere man, but I am sure it is true of Jesus. Communion with Him is illumination. He is that choicest book in the Christian's library which hath more teaching in it than all besides. The hem of Christ's garment is better than all the robes of philosophy. There is more to be learned from His footprints than from the profoundest reasoning of the most learned men. I commend to you, brethren, and to myself also, that we do continually sit at Jesus' feet.

Many defences of the Gospel have now been prepared, and we are thankful for them; but if you get to Christ Himself you do not need such protections. It is to me a work of supererogation when I read defences of inspiration and of the Gospel. Confirmed believers do not require them. I *know* the Gospel to be true. I am assured of it in my inmost soul. If anybody were to write a book about the excellences of my mother, and ask me to be a subscriber, I should say, "I know more about it than you do; I do not need to read, or listen to argument, I am quite beyond it, for I know her loving care for me." The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart is its own evidence.

Let us be earnest to get heavenly instruction from Christ, for then *we shall be useful*; and that is the end we aim at. If you do not know the inner truth what good can you do? Here you live in this world among blind men, and they say, "Lead us!" but if the blind lead the blind they shall both fall into the ditch. No, no; you must get your own eyes opened, and must know Christ and be known of Him, and then you can help the poor blind sinner, and you can guide him to Jesus. No one knows of what usefulness you will be capable when you have been taught of the Lord. God do so unto you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

An Undergraduate's Surprise at a Christian companion's unconcern was described by a speaker at the recent Conference at Mildmay Park, London, by Mr. Stanley P. Smith, who, speaking of opportunities of Christian influence, said: "I shall never forget an instance that occurred to Mr. Stuart, who is with us to-day. He had a fellow-student at the University of Cambridge, in his own boat, that he could never bring himself to speak to, because he seemed so set against Christ and all thoughts of religion. Years afterward he met this man as a clergyman; he came up and said: 'Stuart, I could never make out how it was you would never speak to me about my soul.' Mr. Stuart told us what a lesson this was to him, how this man, was thinking all the time, 'Why does not Stuart speak to me about my soul?' I am quite sure we have all felt this; the glorious opportunities we have of speaking to men, and the small use we make of them."

An American Naval Officer Converted in London.—Mr. E. Trotter, speaking of the value of the Evangelistic meetings conducted in Exeter Hall, London, said at a recent meeting: "I met a fine-looking man in the Strand, and asked him in. He had been drinking heavily. He was an American officer of a ship. I said to him, 'Do come in.' He said, 'What is it?' I said, 'Come and see.' He entered and sat through the meeting, and I afterward went and spoke to him. 'Well,' he said, 'I will come again to-morrow night.' My heart was greatly drawn out to that man. I went out into the Strand with him, but very soon he was caught hold of and dragged away to sin. He told me afterward that that night he got worse than he ever was before. He went and drank again heavily. But he came the next night, though he said his promise was nothing to him, but the power of God brought him a second time. That man went back to Liverpool, where his ship was, and he wrote, 'When you first spoke to me you didn't know what a poor drunkard I was. I thought Jesus could not save me from the torrent of oaths that came out of my mouth.' He had said to me, 'You don't know what a temper I have got. I would knock a man down as soon as look at him.' I said, 'The Lord can keep you from that.' In his letters he says, 'It is quite true that the Lord has done that. He has filled my heart with joy.'"



Sketch Map of Alexandria, its Forts, and the Positions of the British Ships in the Attack of July 12.

ALEXANDRIA.

THE city destroyed by the combined exertions of the British fleet and the incendiaries of the Egyptian army was a very ancient city. Historians tell us that it was founded by Alexander the Great 332 years before the birth of Christ. Struck by the excellent situation of the land near Lake Mareotis and the Mediterranean, the Greek warrior summoned Dynocrates, the architect, and ordered him to build a city which should rival Tyre. In a few years the city was built and thickly peopled. Eight years after, Alexander had laid its foundation with pompous ceremonies, his embalmed body was brought from Asia in

A SPLENDID GILDED CHARIOT

which was drawn through the principal streets, and a few days afterward the hero's remains were interred in splendid style by Ptolemy Lagos.

A description of this chariot presents a fair picture of ancient Alexandria in its glory, when its broad streets were filled with splendid pageants of soldiers; sumpter horses caparisoned in gold and scarlet cloths; elephants, camels and wild animals seized by hunters in the adjoining deserts. Alexander's funeral car rested on four massive wheels, all thickly gilded, and each hub bore the design of a lion's head worked in solid gold. Sixteen mules pulled the vehicle. Each wore a crown of gold, golden bells tinkled around their ears and from their caparisons; and the collars of the gaudy brutes were bejewelled with precious stones.

Reared high above the body of the chariot rose a gilded dome, the interior of which was decorated

with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and lapis lazuli. In front of the chamber stood a peristyle with four Ionic pillars, and within the chamber were four pictures representing events of the dead hero's career. They portrayed him with his Macedonian guards, his trains of elephants and camels, his cavalry charging the Tartar hordes of Baetria or preparing to meet King Porus on the banks of the Indus, "The Father of Waters," and his war galleys preparing to annihilate the fleets of Persia. These pictures looked down upon an empty throne of gold, from the dome there hung a massive crown of gold, and beneath this symbol of power lay the Greek warrior embalmed in spices in a coffin of solid beaten gold. The sarcophagus said to have been used for Alexander found its way into the British Museum.

The city was shorn of much of its ancient beauty by Julius Cæsar, who destroyed the Egyptian fleet in the harbor, and the flames from the burning ships spread to the city, consuming many magnificent temples and palaces. At a later date another scene of destruction was witnessed in the city. The Roman Emperor Caracalla in A.D. 213 went to Alexandria, and there, for no apparent reason, issued general orders for

A MASSACRE

of the Egyptians. He sat on a throne in the temple of Serapis, whence he directed the slaughter of many thousand citizens. He cared nothing for the sacredness of any individual. He wanted to amuse himself by an indiscriminate slaughter. The streets of Alexandria ran with blood, and the tyrant in the

temple of Serapis was delighted but not sated in his fury.

Eighty-three years later the Romans besieged the city, and destroyed the aqueducts which conveyed the water from the Nile to the inhabitants. This siege lasted eight months, and its surrender was followed by a massacre of the starving citizens, many thousands of whom were put to the edge of the sword.

When the Christian religion began to spread throughout the Roman Empire, many martyrs to the faith laid down their lives in Alexandria.

The Mohammedans were the next great scourge of Alexandria. Prominent among them was Amrou, the General of the Caliph Omar, who besieged the city and captured it after a siege of fourteen months, in which their losses reached an aggregate of 23,000 men. The magnificence of the city at that period may be learned from the letter in which Amrou described his conquest to his Caliph: "It contains," he wrote, "4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 400 theatres or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food and 40,000 tributary Jews."

Amrou dismantled parts of the walls and towers but spared the people, and a mosque was erected on the spot where he had stayed the fury of his troops.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY.

The most lamentable calamity which befel Alexandria during her occupation by the Caliph's viceroy was the barbaric destruction of her last remaining library, the greatest then in the world.

Philoponus, a Christian, whose conversation used to amuse Amrou in his leisure hours, asked for the library as a gift. Amrou was willing, but referred the matter to the bigoted Caliph, who ordered the library to be destroyed, on the comprehensive ground that "if these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." This doomed the library. Its books and manuscripts were given by Amrou to the flames, and it is said that it took the 4000 public baths of the city six months before they could consume them all in their furnaces. Omar's fiat struck a blow not only to the Alexandrians but to the whole world.

The next thrilling scene in the history of the city was its occupation by Napoleon. In 1798 Napoleon determined to land at Alexandria and thus balk Admiral Nelson, who was trying to find him. The French, numbering 4000, arrived at Alexandria at daybreak. Upon the sandy beach they met a few Arabs, who fired their matchlocks and then bolted into the city. Napoleon determined to follow their example. The Arabs and Turks could not resist the French attack. They were disposed to make a desperate resistance in the tortuous streets, when a Turkish captain mediated effectually and the fighting ceased. Napoleon now contemplated forming an administration in Alexandria in accordance with the manners and customs of the country. In the month of July he resolved to strike a blow at Cairo, and marched, after leaving 3000 men to look after Alexandria in his absence. But the French fleet was attacked and routed in the harbor by Lord Nelson, and Napoleon's career in Egypt abruptly terminated. Since that time the history of Alexandria has been dull and uninteresting. It has now again been brought into prominence by the thunder of the British guns.

A Gift Worth Fifteen Thousand Dollars was received recently in answer to prayer by Dr. Barnardo, the friend of the London street-wards. The expenses of the institutions under his charge in which the boys are cared for and educated cost as much as \$500 a day, and a few weeks ago the contributions by which they are supported sank through some unexplained cause to \$100 a day. Firmly convinced as Dr. Barnardo was that God would not suffer the boys to starve or the work to cease for want of means he could not watch the gradual draining of the treasury without concern, reflecting, as he did, that he was responsible for the food of the boys. The difficulty was made the subject of special prayer, and Dr. Barnardo thus describes the result: "A lady called on me, and said, 'I bring you some money because your doors are never closed to any poor child. Go on with your blessed work! God will surely help you!' and, to my astonishment, she placed in my hand a bank note worth \$5000. I had heard of such things, but never before had an incident of this kind befallen me; I fairly gasped for breath, while wonder and gratitude struggled for expression. My visitor gave me, however, fresh cause for such feelings, as she added, 'And I rejoice to know that your children are kept free from the work-house badge or taint, and that you seek to bring



Ada Ellis Appeals for Help for her Sister.—(See page 501.)

them up in the fear of the Lord;' and then another note for \$5000 was placed in my hand. I could only feel, though I dare not say it aloud then, 'O Lord, how wonderful are Thy ways!' and certainly this feeling was increased, to my utter bewilderment, when my visitor slowly took a *third* note for \$5000 from her bag, and placed it in my hands! Declining to give her name or to accept a receipt, but assuring me that she was familiar with every detail of our work, my visitor, who was deeply moved while bestowing her generous help upon our work, turned quickly from me, and was gone before I was aware."

WEE DAVIE.

A Tale of Scottish Life. By Dr. Norman McLeod.

(Continued from page 495.)

The Lesson of the Rod.

MY heart is sore as I write it; but wee Davie got ill. He began to refuse food, and nothing would please him. He became peevish and cross, so that he would hardly go to his father, except to kiss him with tearful cheeks, and then to stretch out his hands with a cry for his mother. His mother nursed him on her knee, rocked him, walked with him, and sang to him her own household lullabies.

What lessons of self-sacrificing love was she thus unconsciously taught by her little sufferer! Such lessons, indeed, as earth alone can afford—and so far it is a *glorious school*; for there are no sickbeds to watch, no sufferers to soothe, nor mourners to comfort, among the many mansions of our Father's house.

The physician, who was at last called in, pronounced it "a bad case—a *very* serious case." I forget the specific nature of the illness. The idea of danger to Davie had never entered the minds of his parents. The day on which William realized it, he was, as his fellow-workmen expressed it, "clean stupid." They saw him make mistakes he had never made before, and knew it could not be from "drink," yet could not guess the cause. "I maun

gang hame!" was his only explanation, when, at three o'clock, he put on his coat and stalked out of the smithy, like one utterly indifferent as to what the consequences might be to ploughs or harrows, wheels or horse-shoes.

Taking an old fellow-workman aside, he whispered to him. "For auld friendship sake, Tam, tak charge this day o' my wark." He said no more. "What ails Willy?" asked his fellow-workmen in vain, as they all paused for a moment at their work and looked perplexed.

It was on the afternoon of the next day that "the minister" called. It must here be confessed that William was a rare attender of any church. The fact was, he had been hitherto rather sceptical in his tendencies; not that his doubts had ever assumed a systematic form, or were ever expressed in any determined or dogmatic manner; but he had read Tom Paine, associated the political rights of man with rebellion against old authorities, all of whom Thorburn thought had tyrannically denied them; and he had imbibed the idea at the old "philosophical" club, that ministers were the enemies of all progress, had no sympathy with the working classes, were slaves to the aristocracy, preached as a mere profession and only for their

pay, and had, moreover, a large share of hypocrisy and humbug in them. The visit of Dr. Mc Gavin was, therefore, very unexpected.

When the doctor entered the house, after a courteous request to be allowed to do so—as it was always his principle that the poorest man was entitled to the same respect as the man of rank or riches—he said, "I have just heard from some of your neighbors, whom I have been visiting, that your child is seriously unwell, and I thought you would excuse my calling upon you to inquire for him."

William made him welcome and begged him to be seated. The call was specially acceptable to Jeanie. Old David, I should have mentioned, was "an elder" in a most worthy dissenting congregation, and his strong religious convictions and church views formed in his mind a chief objection to the marriage of his daughter with a man "who was not," as he said, "even a member of any kirk." Jeanie had often wished her husband to be more decided in what she herself cordially acknowledged to be a duty, and felt to be a comfort and a privilege. The visit of the doctor, whose character was well known and much esteemed, was therefore peculiarly welcome to her.

In a little while the doctor was standing beside the little bed of the sufferer, who was asleep, and gently touching wee Davie's hand, he said, in a quiet voice, to the smith, "My friend, I sincerely feel for you! I am myself a father, and have suffered losses in my family." At the word *losses*, William winced, and moved from his place as if he felt uneasy. The doctor quickly perceived it, and said, "I do not, of course, mean to express so rash and unkind an opinion as that you are to lose this very beautiful and interesting boy, but only to assure you how I am enabled from experience to understand your anxiety, and to sympathize with you and your wife." And noiselessly walking to the arm-chair near the fire, he there sat down, while William and Jeanie sat near him.

After hearing with patience and attention the ac-

count from Jeanie of the beginning and progress of the child's disease, he said, "Whatever happens, it is a comfort to know that our Father is acquainted with all you suffer, all you fear, and all you wish; and that Jesus Christ, our Brother, has a fellow-feeling with us in all our infirmities and trials."

"The Deity must know all," said William, with a softened voice, "He is infinitely great and incomprehensible."

"Yes," replied the minister; "God is so great, that He can attend to our smallest concerns; yet not so incomprehensible but that a father's heart can truly feel after Him, so as at least to find Him through His Son. Oh! what a comfort and strength the thought is to all men," continued the doctor "and ought to be to working men, and to you parents, especially with your dear child in sickness, that He who marks a sparrow fall, smitten by winter's cold, and who feeds the wild beasts, is acquainted with us, with our most secret affairs, so that even the hairs of our heads are numbered; that He who is the Father, almighty Maker of the heavens and the earth, knows the things which we need; that He has in us, individually, an interest which is incomprehensible, only because His love to us is so in its depth, for He so loved us that He spared not His own Son, but gave Him up to death for us all! It is this God who considers each of us, and weighs all His dealings toward us with a carefulness as great as if we alone existed in His universe, so that, as a father pitieth his children, He pitieth us, knowing our frames, and remembering that we are dust."

William bent his head, and was silent, while Jeanie listened with her whole soul. "It is not easy, minister," he at last said, "for hard-wrought and tired men to believe that."

"Nor for any man," replied the doctor. "I find it very difficult to believe it myself as a real thing, yet I know it to be true; and," he continued, in a low and affectionate voice, "perhaps we never could have known it or believed it at all, unless God had taught it to us by the life of His own Son, who came to reveal a father. But as I see Him taking up little children into His loving arms, when others would keep them away who did not understand what perfect love was, and as I see in such doings how love cannot but come down and meet the wants of its smallest and weakest object; and when I see all this love at last expressed in the giving up of His life for sinners, oh! it is then I learn in what consists the real greatness of God, 'whose name is Love!'"

"I believe wi' my heart," remarked the smith, "that no man ever loved as Jesus Christ did."

"But," said the doctor, "I see in this love of Christ more than the love of a good man merely; I see revealed in it the loving tenderness toward us and ours of that God whom no eye hath seen or can see, but whom the eye of the spirit, when taught of God, can perceive; for, as Jesus said, 'He who seeth Me, seeth the Father'."

"I believe a' ye say, doctor," said Jeanie, meekly. "I wadna like to keep my bairn frae Him, nor to rebel against His will, for it's aye richt; but, O sir, I hope, I hope, He will lift him up, and help us now as He did many distressed ones while on earth, by sparing ane that's just like a pair o' our ain hearts!"

"I hope," said the minister, "God will spare your boy. But you must trust Him, sincerely ask Him so to do, and commit your child into His hands without fear, and acquiesce in His doing toward you and your boy as He pleases."

"That is hard," remarked William.

"Hard!" mildly replied the doctor. "What would you choose else, had you the power of doing so, rather than acquiesce in the will of God? Would you trust your own heart, for instance, more than the heart of God? or, tell me, would you rather have your child's fate decided by any other on earth than by yourself?"

"No, for I know how to love the boy," was Jeanie's reply.

"But God loves him much more than you do; for he belongs to God, and was made by Him and for Him."

"I ken I am a waik woman, doctor, but I frankly

say that I canna, no, I canna, thole the thocht o' parting wi' him!" said Jeanie, clasping her hands tightly.

"May God spare him to you, my friends!" replied the minister, "if it be for your good and his. But," he added, "there are worse things than death."

This remark, made in almost an under-voice, was followed by silence for a few moments. The minister's eyes were cast down as if in meditation or prayer.

"Death is hard enough!" said the smith.

"But hard chiefly as a sign of something worse," continued the doctor. "Pardon me for asking you such questions as these: What if your child grew up an enemy to you? What if he never returned your love? What if he never would trust you? What if he never would speak to you? What if he always disobeyed you? Would this not bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?"

"Eh! sir," said Jeanie, "that *would* be waur than death!"

"But excuse me, doctor, for just remarking," interrupted William, "that I never knew any child with a good parent, who would so act. I really don't think it possible that our ain wee Davie, even with our poor bringing up, would ever come to that. It would be so unnatural."

"God alone knows how that might be, Thorburn," said the doctor. "But there are many things more unnatural and dreadful even than that in this world. Listen to me kindly; for I sincerely thank you for having allowed one who is a stranger to speak so frankly to you, and for having heard me with such considerate patience."

"Oh, gang on, gang on, sir, I like to hear you," said Jeanie.

"Certainly," added the smith.

"Well then," said the minister, "I have no wish even to appear to find any fault with you at such a time. I am more disposed, believe me, to weep with you in your sorrow than to search your heart or life for sin. But I feel at such solemn times as these, most solemn to you and to your wife, that *the voice of a Father* is speaking to you in the rod, and it ought to be heard; that His hand is ministering discipline to you, and that you ought to give Him reverence, and be in subjection to the Father of our spirits that you may live; in order, therefore, that you may receive more strength and comfort in the end, let me beseech of you to consider candidly, after I leave you, whether you have perhaps not been acting toward *your* Father in heaven in the very way in which, did your child grow up and act toward *you*, would be reckoned by you both as a sorrow worse than death?"

"How could that be?" asked Jeanie, with a timid and inquiring look.

"You may discover *how*, my friends, if you honestly ask yourselves, Whether you have loved God your Father who has so loved you? Has there been cordial friendship, or the reverse, toward him? Confidence, or distrust? Disobedience, or rebellion? Communion in frank, believing, and affectionate prayer, or distant silence? I do not wish any reply to such questions now; but I desire you and myself, as loving fathers of our children, to ask whether we have felt and acted toward the best and most loving of Fathers, as we wish our children to feel and act toward ourselves?"

The doctor paused for a moment. Jeanie shook her head slowly, and the smith stared with her at the fire.

"By the grace of God," said Jeanie, in a whisper, "I hope I have."

"I hope so too," replied the minister, "but it does not come naturally to us."

"It's a fact," ejaculated the smith, thrusting his hands vehemently into his pockets; "it does *not* come naturally, in whatever way it comes, and yet it's desperate unnatural the want o't."

"Yes, Thorburn," replied the doctor, "it is very dreadful, but yet we have all sinned, and this is our sin of sins, that we have *not known nor loved our Father*, but have been forgetful of Him, strange, shy to Him; we have every one of us

been cold, heartless, prodigal, disobedient children!"

Another short pause, and he then spoke on in the same quiet and loving voice:

"But whatever we are or have been, let us hope in God through Jesus Christ, or we perish! Every sinner is righteously doomed, but no man is doomed to be a sinner. God is our Father still, for He is in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses; and just as you both have nourished and cherished your dear boy, and have been loving him when he knew it not, nor could understand that great love in your hearts, which, sure am I, will never grow cold but in the grave, so has it been with God toward us. Open your hearts to His love, as you would open your eyes to the light which has been ever shining. Believe it as the grand reality, as you would have your boy open his heart to and believe in your own love, when he awakens from his sleep."

"Your love, as I have said, is deep, real to your boy, irrespective of his knowledge or return of it. But what is this to the love of God! *'Herein* is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son to be a propitiation for our sins.' Let us, my friends, never rest till we are enabled in some degree to see and to appreciate such marvellous goodness, and to say, 'We have known and believed the love which God has to us.'"

"Dr. McGavin," said William, "you have spoken to me as no man ever did before, and you will believe me, I am sure, when I say that I respect you and myself too much to flatter you. But there is surely a meaning in my love to that boy which I never saw before! It begins to glimmer on me."

"Thank God if it does! But I do not speak to you, and this you must give me credit for, as if it were my profession only; I speak to you as a man, a father, and a brother, wishing you to share the good which God has given to me, and wishes you and all men to share. So I repeat it, that if we would only cherish toward God that simple confidence and hearty love—and seek to enjoy with Him that frank, cheerful communion which we wish our children to possess in relation to ourselves, we would experience a true regeneration, the important change from an estranged heart to a child's love."

"That would, indeed, be a Christianity worth having," said William.

"It would be," continued the doctor, "to share Christ's life; for what was the whole life of Jesus Christ save a life of this blessed, confiding, obedient, child-like sonship? Oh that we would learn of Him, and grow up in likeness to Him! But this ignorance of God is itself death. For if knowledge be life, spiritual ignorance is death."

"My good friends, I have been led to give you a regular sermon!" said the doctor, smiling; "but I really cannot help it. To use common, everyday language, I think our treatment of God has been shameful, unjust, and disgraceful on the part of men with reason, conscience, and heart! I do not express myself half so strongly as I feel. I am ashamed and disgusted with myself, and all the members of the human family, for what we feel, and for what we feel *not*, to such a Father. If it were not for what the one elder Brother was and did, the whole family would have been disgraced and ruined most righteously. But His is the name, and there is no other whereby we can be saved!"

"Doctor," said William, with a trembling voice, "the mind is dark, and the heart is hard!"

"The Spirit of God who is given with Christ can enlighten and soften both, my brother,"

"Thank ye, thank ye, from my heart," replied the smith. "I confess I have been very careless in going to the church, but—"

"We may talk of that again, if you allow me to return to-morrow. Yet," said the doctor, pointing to the child, "God in His mercy never leaves Himself without a witness. Look at your child, and listen to your own heart, and remember all I have said, and you will perhaps discover that though you tried it you could not fly from the Word of the Lord, should you even have fled from the Bible. A father's voice by a child has been preaching to you. Yes, Thorburn! when in love God gave you that child, He sent an eloquent missionary to your

house to preach the Gospel of what our Father is to us, and what we as children ought to be to Him. Only listen to that sermon, and you will soon be prepared to listen to others."

(To be continued.)

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

S. S. Lesson for August 20. Mark 12: 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. 118: 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Parables Used in Mercy—The Sorrow of God—The Degenerate Vine—A Trusted People—A Parallel Case—A Common Mistake—How to Become a Blessing to Others—God's Messengers—How are They Treated?—To whom does the Cause Belong?—The Lord and the Life of the Vineyard—Rationalism and Worldliness in League—The Falling of the Stone.

OUR Lord's last day of public ministry was come, and "He began to speak unto them by parables." This had frequently been His custom since the time when the scribes had said "He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth He out devils" (Mark 3: 22). When the disciples had said unto Him, "Why speakest Thou unto them in parables?" He had answered and said unto them, "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given." For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath" (Matt. 13: 10-12). Jesus would not add to the condemnation of those who rejected Him, and in mercy He thus clothed His words, lest the wilful sin against the Holy Ghost should be repeated, and its fearful, irremediable consequence should come upon His hearers.

He said, "A certain man planted a vineyard, and set an hedge about it, and digged a place for the winefat, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country." Let us fill out the picture from another Scripture: "My wellbeloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and He fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein: and He looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes" (Isa. 5: 1, 2). O how touching is the sorrow of the heart of God when He mourns over Israel, "I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed; how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto Me?" (Jer. 2: 21.)

GOD HAD TRUSTED HIS PEOPLE

with His commission to be separated unto Him, "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth" (Deut. 7: 6; 14: 2). Therefore Israel was called upon to keep from idols, to make no unjust marriages (Deut. 7: 3-5); to eat no unclean things (Deut. 14: 3-21); to refrain from touching the dead (Num. 19: 11-13), to wear no garments of mixed materials (Lev. 19: 19), that there might be an outward witness of being set apart for God, to setting Him alone before their eyes, of eating for Him, drinking for Him, dressing for Him, consulting His will, not their own; in all these things; of being really cut off from all which was not of Him. He called for, looked for fruit of this vineyard, so fenced in, and so cared for, but only wild grapes were forthcoming. He had set husbandmen (the priests and Levites) over His vineyard, that they might render to Him the fruit which He expected, but they only ill-treated His messengers. When "they dwelt in their own land, they defiled it by their own way, and by their doings." Then God "scattered them among the heathen, and they were dispersed through the countries;" and what was the fruit which they then bore? "When they entered into the heathen whither they went, they profaned My holy name" (Ez. 37: 19, 20). "Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself" (Hos. 10: 1).

Is there no parallel between their history and ours? Has not God called His people in the present day to be "a chosen generation, a royal priest-

hood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Pet. 2: 9)? Do the majority of believers answer to this description? There was in the early Christians a marked unlikeness to other people, their whole aim and therefore their habits of life, were different. That which the world lived for, i.e., temporal possessions, they did not even call their own; the disputes and differences which so much obtain in our day, were unknown to them, for they were "of one heart and of one soul" (Acts. 4: 31, 32). With them, eating and drinking was not for gluttony, but for the glory of God (1 Cor. 10: 31), with "gladness and singleness of heart" (Acis 2: 46). And that which was becoming in them is also becoming in us, and any other kind of life most unbecoming. God's promise to Abraham was, "I will bless thee . . ."

AND THOU SHALT BE A BLESSING"

(Gen. 12: 2). It was the design of God that through Abraham and his seed all the nations of the earth should be blest, but through unfaithfulness Israel became a curse, and not a blessing among the nations. God blesses us, that we may be channels of blessing to others, and all His dealings with us are as much with a view to others as to ourselves.

It is a common mistake that we are blest to others in proportion as we are bold in speaking to them; truly when it is done in obedience to the Holy Ghost it is an untold means of blessing, yet, when it is not done distinctly in the power of the Spirit it is unavailing. But the best way of becoming a blessing to others is to be fully blest ourselves. As we live in the very presence and in the power of God, others are, unconsciously to themselves and often unconsciously to us, brought nigh unto Him. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto Me" (John 12: 32). If we lift up ourselves, we may draw men unto us, but not unto God, but if we are full of Christ men will soon find it out and our contact with them will most surely bring them nigh to Him.

God has intended that His dealings with the house of Israel shall be a lesson of instruction to the whole world, for as He dealt with Israel in the past, so He deals now with all His children. The Lord continued, "And at the season He sent to the husbandmen a servant, that He might receive from the husbandmen of the fruit of the vineyard." God has servants as well as husbandmen, prophets as well as priests, evangelists as well as pastors and lecturers. The prophet comes direct from the presence of God, charged with His message, and he says to those who are in office: "Where is the fruit of the Lord's vineyard? I am come to gather it and bring it unto Him."

Nothing so proves what manner of spirit the pastor of a congregation has. A man starts up, who has never studied theology, never been ordained, possessing few credentials from man, but God is with him; he rouses the neighborhood, God gives him many souls. How stands the vicar or the minister of a large Nonconformist congregation to this work? Does he humble himself, and recognizing the Spirit of God at work, does he work with the evangelist, himself learning from him, at the same time giving useful hints? Or does he let jealousy take possession of him; does he try to hinder his people from being drawn away from him, without stopping to ask, "Has God sent this man to require fruit from His vineyard, which I have been too unfaithful to yield Him?" The husbandmen of the parable caught the Lord's servant, beat him, and sent him away empty.

Men who are specially sent of God to do a special work, and one which humbles and exasperates those who are unfaithful in office, are they who come in most largely for the blessing of persecution. "Again he sent unto them another servant; and at him they cast stones, and wounded him in the head, and sent him away shamefully handled. And again he sent another; and him they killed, and many others: beating some, and killing some." The Lord has not been weary, "All day long," He says, "I have stretched out My hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people" (Rom. 10: 21). "Having yet therefore one son, his well-

beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours."

We wonder at the Jews, who could slay the Lord Jesus, even after all the proof of His Messiahship in the works which He had done among them; but self was their darling idol, they wanted the inheritance to be theirs. Are we free from this sin? When the elders of the Jews and the scribes sought to find fault with Jesus, and asked Him by what authority He did these things, it was as much as to say the prerogative of doing these works was theirs, and that He was usurping their right. And every particle of jealousy which exists between rival sects, churches, missions, individuals, is just the same thing. All party spirit says, "Get Christ out of the way, this is

'OUR CAUSE.'

God sends unto us His Son. To make room for Him, every "cause" must disappear but His cause. With Him there is but one church, His body, one spirit, His Spirit, and every breath of self is a usurpation of His inheritance. We have heard of a certain mission where a voluntary lady helper was rebuked for visiting a poor sick man, needing spiritual succor, and who much wished to see her, because she was not authorized distinctly to visit that individual case by the lady at the head of the mission. This is as much as to say, "This is *our* mission, not Christ's; we will not have the Spirit of God here, because where He is there is liberty, and here we must have everything proceeding from *us*, not from Christ." When the heart is surrendered to Jesus, there is no more mine or thine, all is His.

What awful robbery of God it is for us to claim as *ours* that which is really God's property; to take His vineyard, the souls He bought, and act as though we had any right except to serve them in the humblest way as His instruments. How was the son treated? "They took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard" The vineyard without the Vine, what an anomaly! and yet this is what we see, churches without Christ, ministers teaching souls which are not saved. "I am the true Vine and My Father is the husbandman" (John 15: 1). Jesus is both the Lord and the Life of the vineyard, and

JESUS IS CAST OUT!

"What shall therefore the Lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others." These words have been fulfilled, the branches of the olive tree have been broken off, the kingdom of God is taken from the Jews, and given to them who shall yield the fruits thereof (Matt. 21: 43). But the times of the Gentiles are nearly fulfilled, the Jews are rising into prominence again, they will soon look upon Him whom they have pierced, and even now God is requiring of the Gentile Church the fruit of His vineyard. And it is in this very day that men are casting out the Son; the rationalism, the superstition, the worldlings of our times all join to cast out the Son of God, to make men think they can be independent of Him.

But God has still a word to say: "Have ye not read this Scripture; The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner: this was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes?" In the Gospel of Matthew He added, "And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder" (Matt. 21: 44). Men may reject Jesus, but He is nevertheless the foundation of all God's building, whether in the church or in the individual. Man has no power to keep Him out. Blessed are they who fall on this stone and are broken, whose heart, and will, and self are broken; but O how terrible for those on whom Jesus shall fall in judgment, "it will grind him to powder." They are terrible words and, whatever they mean, certain destruction is implied by them. God teach us the great lesson of this parable, as stewards of God, to give God His place, to give God His rights; in our family, our church, our work, or in the world, yielding up ourselves to Him, that He may work out His will in us, and by us, in His own way, as full and complete proprietor.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Lull in the War Operations in Egypt has occurred. The British are awaiting reinforcements and Arabi Pacha is apparently determined to act on the defensive. Several reconnoissances of Arabi's position have been made from the British ranks, but without discovering the number of the troops he has at command. Unimportant skirmishing goes on from day to day, in which Arabi's troops display coolness and courage. Arabi is said to be still parleying with the Khédive, who has informed him that no terms will be acceptable except unconditional surrender. *Midshipman De Chair*, of the iron-clad *Alexandria*, who was sent to Ramleh on July 29th on horseback with a message, did not return. He strayed beyond the lines and was taken prisoner by Arabi's troops, who fired on a detachment sent to search for him. It was afterward learned from an official telegram that the midshipman was taken before Arabi Pacha, who ordered him to be sent to Cairo and to be well treated, comfortably lodged, and allowed to write to his relatives. The Khédive despatched a native emissary to the camp of Arabi Pacha for the purpose of procuring the release of *Midshipman De Chair*, but he did not return. In a reconnoissance made on August 5th the British lost six killed and 51 wounded; among the former was Lieutenant Vyse, an able officer much lamented. The British withdrew in good order after the engagement without accomplishing anything. There are troops enough in Alexandria to hold the city against an attack by Arabi Pacha, though not enough to drive him back to Cairo. Arabi has organized a committee of five officers in Cairo to prepare for the national defence, and he has arrested peaceful natives who have been charged with lukewarmness in his cause.

The Occupation of Suez by the British Forces took place on August 1st. At the same time British ironclads took up strong positions on the canal at Port Said, at Ismailia and at Suez. All Europeans have left Suez, and all the French men-of-war except four left Egyptian waters. M. de Lesseps, who has made himself an amateur guardian of the canal and who works in conjunction with Arabi, telegraphed to Paris that he had made no protest against the entrance of British men-of-war into the Suez Canal, but had notified the Sultan of Turkey of Admiral Seymour's action. He declares that it is in no danger from Arabi Pacha, who, he says, has already given numerous proofs of humanity. M. de Lesseps does not mention the burning and pillage of Alexandria as one of those proofs. He contends that British occupation of the canal will only compromise it by affording Arabi Pacha an example for violation of its neutrality.

Diplomatic Complications of a Serious Nature have arisen at the international conference at Constantinople owing to Russia assuming an attitude hostile to England in the Egyptian embroglio. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* at St. Petersburg says that "there is no longer any doubt that a divergence of views exists between England and Russia, which is exercising a very prejudicial influence upon all attempts to harmonize English action in Egypt with the legitimate rights and wishes of the Powers. It is not unlikely that this divergence will lead to a break up of the conference at an early date without any tangible result." Russia is evidently under the impression that England intends to take possession of Egypt, and is determined to oppose any such scheme unless she secures for herself an equivalent in European Turkey; she is therefore encouraging Turkey to resist the British advance in Egypt. Turkey under Russian tutelage proclaims herself ready to despatch troops to Egypt, but England insists that before doing so she shall take a decided stand toward Arabi by declaring him a rebel; or it may happen that when Turkish troops land they will join Arabi's forces and fight against England. The Porte, replying to the demand of England, states that such a proclamation can only be issued according to the exigencies of the situation and after the arrival of Ottoman troops in Egypt. Orders have therefore been given to Admiral Seymour to oppose the landing of Turkish troops, and to conduct the Turkish ships back to Constantinople

should they appear in Egyptian waters before the Sultan has declared his hostility to Arabi. The English Government have been led to this decision by the discovery of documentary proofs of Turkish complicity with Arabi since the burning of Alexandria. Should a conflict between England and Turkey occur through Russia's instigation, the disappearance of Turkey as a European Power would be only a question of a few weeks. Turkey owes its existence only to Russia's fear of England, which once allayed, Turkey would soon fall into the clutch of the Bear.

The Important Alterations Made by the British House of Lords in the bill for the relief of the Irish tenants from their arrears of rent have caused the Cabinet some embarrassment. When the amended bill was sent back to the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone moved that the consideration of the Peers' amendments should be deferred, as he did not wish to do anything precipitately before arriving at what might be a *momentous decision*. British journals are not sanguine of harmonious action between the two Houses. The *Daily News* says: "It is stated in conservative circles that the House of Lords will receive the full support of the conservatives in the House of Commons in maintaining the amendments to the Arrears Bill." The *Standard* believes that the Cabinet ministers decided to advise the House of Commons to reject both the amendments to the Arrears Bill adopted by the House of Lords. In Parliamentary circles the prospect of a settlement of the difference between the two houses is regarded as hopeless.

Discouraging Reports of the Agricultural prospects in Ireland are received. It will be a most serious circumstance if the present political situation, with its accompanying disturbances, is complicated by a failure of the harvest. The *London Times* correspondent in Ireland considers the outlook as being far from reassuring, for speaking of the probable failure of the harvest in Ireland he says: "It is to be hoped that these fears will not be realized, as the recurrence of another bad season in the present demoralized and lawless state of many parts of the country, with troubles and complications at home and abroad, of which full advantage would be taken to intensify discontent and disaffection, would be far more calamitous than at the commencement of the revolutionary movement."

The New Law for the Repression of Crime in Ireland is now in operation. The first arrest under its provisions was made on July 16th, when a young man named John Sullivan, a laborer, was arrested at Tralee. He was heard threatening a farmer that if he did not give him money he would have him settled. He was at once lodged in jail. Several arrests have also been made under the clause which enables the police to arrest suspicious persons who are *out after sunset*. Under another clause two criminal cases were on July 18th removed from Galway to Dublin for trial. Indeed the act, according to the Dublin correspondent of the *London Times*, is being administered with severity and vigor. The lord-lieutenant has taken care to obtain the services of the most energetic officers in every department. The appointment of special magistrates has created considerable jealousy among the resident magistrates, several of whom have resigned their offices. Efforts are being made to induce law-abiding people to submit cheerfully to the irritating restrictions of the act, which, though directed against criminals, curtails also the liberty of peaceable citizens.

A Financial Crisis in Odessa has been Caused by the Jewish persecution. In consequence of the alarming development of the anti-Jewish disturbances this year, says the *Jewish World*, the well-known bank of Ignace Ephrussi & Co., of Odessa, has terminated its financial operations in Russia. At the end of last month its doors were closed, Messrs. Ephrussi announcing their intention to transfer their business to Vienna and Paris. This is the most serious economical injury resulting from the anti-Jewish movement yet chronicled. Messrs. Ephrussi were the Rothschilds of South Russia, and since 1832 have been the principal factors in the trade and welfare of that region. Their banking establishment was the oldest and

most important in Odessa, and their transaction involved annually several hundreds of millions of roubles. The immediate result of the retirement of Messrs. Ephrussi was a crisis in the discount market. It is just now the practice in South Russia to discount a large number of short bills for farmers in view of the approaching harvest; the withdrawal of Messrs. Ephrussi's capital all but paralyzed such operations.

Cetewayo, the Captive King of the Zulus, has been permitted to visit England, where his rival has caused a social sensation. Cetewayo, who seems to have kept himself posted on the affairs of Zululand, expresses confident hopes that the troubles now agitating that country will lead to his restoration.

The Cabinet to Succeed that of M. de Freycinet in France has not yet been formed. The political situation is so complicated, owing to the radical division of parties, that the formation of a strong ministry appears hopeless. During the debate on the policy of France in Egypt which ended in the overthrow of the De Freycinet cabinet, an important speech was made by M. Clemenceau who made a fierce onslaught on the tactics of the comptrollers. He said French influence should be maintained by merchants, professors, doctors, even lawyers, not by placemen whose enormous salaries are a scandal. That influence, moreover, was much greater when Frenchmen were far less numerous and had not seized on the government of the country. The interests of the bondholder were not worth one drop of blood. The Egyptian financial system was thoroughly bad, for under the Europeans paid no taxes, the fellah bearing the whole burden of them. In speaking of the Khédive's loans and of the mode in which they were issued and spent he professed his sympathy with the Egyptians, who protest against a yearly expenditure of \$1,900,000 on European "dominators."

The Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain commenced their annual conference on Tuesday, July 18th. Dr. Warren attended as the delegate from the Methodist Episcopal churches of America. Rev. C. Garrett is the newly elected president of the conference. He is fifty-seven years of age and has been a *total abstainer since he was fifteen*. In his inaugural address to the conference Mr. Garrett said that the past year had been a great spiritual success without sensational means, and hoped that the coming year would be still more successful. He considered that the Ecumenical Conference had done good in drawing the different Methodist denominations nearer together, and it would be his endeavor to promote such union and friendly feeling.

Another Arrest of Nihilists has Taken Place in Russia in consequence of revelations made by the imprisoned Nihilist Kyrilloff, who has disclosed a long list of newly planned crimes against the Emperor and certain high officials. Immediately after his revelations the imperial prosecutor accompanied Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior to the imperial palace of Peterhoff, where a long council was held in the presence of the Czar, in consequence of which the prisoners are better treated.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 6, Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1882.

16th Year. No. 33.—New Series.

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Rev. ERNEST R. WILBERFORCE, D.D.—Scene at his Consecration as Bishop of Newcastle, Eng.

REV. DR. E. R. WILBERFORCE, THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE, ENG.

Born in 1840—Graduated M.A. in 1865—Ordained to the Ministry of the Church of England in 1864—Appointed Curate of Cuddesdon—His First Marriage in 1863—Becomes Rector in 1866—Death of His Wife and Resignation—Assists His Father, the Bishop of Winchester, until 1873—Instituted to the Vicarage of Seaforth the Same Year—His Success—Second Marriage in 1874—Inaugurates a Temperance Society—Numerous Public Engagements—Appointed Canon of Winchester Cathedral in 1878—Chosen for the New Northern Bishopric of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE appointment of bishops in the Episcopal Church of England is nominally vested in the Queen, as the head of that church, but as she follows the advice of the Premier for the time being, to that statesman belongs the actual responsibility of selecting from among the clergymen of the church a suitable man to occupy a vacant seat on the Episcopal bench. In bygone years some of these selections were very unhappy. The statesman did not always select a clergyman on account of his suitability for episcopal work, but rather because he had a friend in the church to whom a snug sinecure would be welcome, or because he wanted a man in the House of Lords who would be an active supporter of his party. As most of the bishoprics give the occupant the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords, the political opinions of aspirants for the position were of greater consequence than their piety or learning. Latterly, however, a welcome change has come in these matters. A bishopric is no longer regarded as a sinecure; and appointments have been made for other than political or personal motives. This was particularly noteworthy in the case of Lord Beaconsfield, who it might have been expected would have made many mistakes in this important duty. But his appointments commanded the approval of the public and the church. Mr. Gladstone has not been so wise in his selections, but in appointing Dr. Wilberforce to the newly created See of Newcastle he has shown more wisdom than is usual with him.

Fifty years ago the Bishopric of Durham was considered the wealthiest and best endowed Episcopal See in England, and its occupant a sort of Prince Bishop. The occupant of the position held a social rank and political influence second among English bishops, immediately following the Bishop of London, and preceding the Bishop of Winchester. But owing to the recent division of the great Northern diocese, the income, which used to be \$175,000, has been reduced to \$40,000 per annum, and the county of Northumberland has been formed into a new diocese, with Newcastle-on-Tyne as the cathedral city, and St. Nicholas Church, an ancient edifice which was erected five hundred and fifty years ago, is to be the new cathedral. It occupies a site on which for nearly a thousand years a Christian church has stood, and when the building upon it has been destroyed by fire or social disturbance another church has been built in the same place. The Rev. Dr. Ernest Roland Wilberforce was consecrated in Durham Cathedral, on July 25th, as the first bishop of the new diocese. (*Our frontispiece depicts the ceremony.*)

Ernest Roland, the second surviving son of the late estimable Bishop Wilberforce, who was Bishop of Oxford and afterward Bishop of Winchester, and younger brother of Canon Basil Wilberforce, of Southampton, the eminent total abstinence advocate, was born at Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, on January 22d, 1840. Having received his ordinary preliminary education at Harrow, he was transferred to Exeter College, Oxford University, where he graduated M.A., in 1865. Having determined to enter the ministry of the Church of England, he was ordained deacon by his father in 1864, and priest a year later, and lived with him in the episcopal palace of Cuddesdon as his domestic chaplain. He was also for about four years curate of Cuddesdon, where his ministry was most useful.

In 1863 he married Frances, third daughter of

Sir C. Anderson, and three years afterward he became rector of Middleton Stony in Oxfordshire; but in 1870 he resigned the living, where he had been both useful and happy, in consequence of the death of his wife, and subsequently devoted himself wholly to his father, rendering great aid to him in the administration of the See of Winchester, until the death of the amiable Bishop in 1873.

HIS WORK IN THE NORTH.

In the autumn of 1873 he was instituted to the vicarage of Seaforth, a large, populous town parish near Liverpool, with a small endowment, accepting the charge in deference to the cordially-expressed wishes of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who, as private patron, was most desirous of securing his services. More than one other valuable preferment was offered to him about the same time in various districts of London; but he had determined in the unfailing might of his Divine Lord to throw himself into his work at Seaforth, although it was a difficult field, which seemed outwardly to have nothing to recommend it.

The previous incumbent had been vicar for fifty-four years, and was not very popular with a certain section of the parishioners. Some prejudice was felt toward him on account of the name he bore, but little by little prejudice melted away, as people discovered he was not the man they had made up their minds he was to be, for they found him a large-hearted, earnest, uncompromising Churchman, who would not disagree with any one if he could help it, a genuine man, utterly devoid of eccentricities and littlenesses, which so often foment strife and hinder usefulness among the followers of Christ.

THE SUCCESS OF HIS UNDERTAKINGS.

As soon as he was understood, Mr. Wilberforce was warmly appreciated, and a host of friends surrounded him, who, with open-handed liberality were prepared to support him in whatever he wished to undertake for the good of the people. A new machinery for parochial organization, of an elaborate and comprehensive character, sprang up immediately, and prospered. The church as it stood was restored internally, and subsequently it was enlarged to meet the growing necessities. One landowner, who had been won by the genial manliness and moderation of the new vicar, built some splendid new schools, which were much needed, at a cost of \$30,000.

After Mr. Wilberforce had resided about a year at Seaforth, he married Emily, only daughter of the Rev. George Connor, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; and when he brought home his bride the reception they met with from all classes showed how firmly he had established himself in the affections of his parishioners. In this year of most useful work

HE FOUNDED A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

embracing the confessed advocates of moderation as well as total abstainers, to which latter section he himself conscientiously and tenaciously belonged; and ever since that day he has been known throughout the land as one of the ablest speakers on that great question; not, however, unwisely exalting total abstinence into a religion for the people, or otherwise provoking the hostility of non-abstaining Christians. He was also mainly instrumental in forming a Diocesan Temperance Society, which is now one of the largest in England.

About the same time also he originated a Clerical Society for the study of the Greek Testament, and for discussing subjects of practical interest to the parochial clergy—giving ample proof, in this instance likewise, of sound judgment, and of a conciliatory and charitable spirit.

NUMEROUS PUBLIC ENGAGEMENTS.

The marvel was that he got through such a vast amount of absorbing and distracting work. Diligent as the minister of his own parish, he yet found time to take a leading part in the great movements of the time—speaking in large towns and at Church Congresses, and preaching in many of the Cathedrals in England, as well as in those of Edinburgh and Dublin. In 1877, by invitation of the Archbishop, he preached in St. Paul's London, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; and the sermon, which was afterward published, was described at the

customary Mansion House banquet by the Prime as "magnificent." In Westminster Abbey, as well as in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, he preached to vast congregations, bringing back each occasion to the remembrance of his spellbound hearers a striking resemblance to the eloquence his distinguished father. He has also frequently preached at the request of Queen Victoria in Private Chapel, at Windsor, where the royal fan and the troop of German visitors the Queen entertains attend when at Windsor.

But the inevitable time drew near when he was to be removed from Seaforth, where he had gained much valuable experience, and had perfected his self in the difficult art of winning the confidence of hard-headed men of business, and of conciliating opponents without surrender of principle. Great was the consternation when tidings reached parishioners that their vicar was really about to leave them—for to many of their souls he had proved the instrumentality of blessing. Testimonials and other tokens of unfeigned regard were lavishly poured in upon him and Mrs. Wilberforce who had done so much to help him in his ministerial work.

APPOINTED CANON IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

In October, 1878, he was appointed to a canonry in Winchester Cathedral, in which his father had also held a stall when he was Archdeacon of Sarum. The offer of this promotion must have come upon Mr. Wilberforce quite unexpectedly after long a severance from the diocese, but circumstances seemed to point to him as eminently fitted to fill the vacant office. His name, his power of preaching, his remarkable energy, his special aptitude for work among those who were alienated from the church, recommended him to the Bishop of Winchester, who at the moment was inaugurating a scheme of home-missions to the seaport and garrison towns in Hampshire. The canonry was accepted on the condition that he should not only be allowed to superintend the work, but that he should also himself take an active part in the labors of several missions. Into this movement he threw his whole heart—preaching on its behalf continually and going down from time to time into the midst of the neglected masses, and speaking to those who hardly knew the face of a minister of the Gospel with singular power and success.

THE NEW BISHOPRIC.

The announcement that Canon E. R. Wilberforce was to be the first Bishop of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was made a few weeks ago, seems to have caused general surprise in England, popular conjecture having in this case fastened upon every name but the right one. But considering the fact that he is already to be ranked with the most distinguished of the clergy as a preacher and public speaker, and that there are few to surpass him in force of character and in his love of hard work in the service of Christ, his elevation can only be the subject of the sincerest congratulation, combined with hearty gratitude and prayerful hope. His duties of his new diocese will try his powers to the utmost, and perhaps, may give him an opportunity of doing a nobler work than any to which he has yet been called. From the peaceful comfort of a quiet cathedral city in the south, to the rough, strong colliers of the north, will be an immense change; but the Wilberforce family have always shown themselves ready and able to endure hardship in a good cause, and have not yielded to the seductions of ease and luxury.

At Seaforth, Canon Wilberforce won the affection and sympathy of those employed in commerce; at Winchester his quiet strength and general charity have won golden opinions. For his future work in the great northern diocese it will be of inestimable advantage that he has not spent his entire life in a college, or in a cathedral city, but acted for many years as his father's chaplain and secretary; from him, if from any one, the new bishop should have learned the secret of successful organization and administrative work. Among the pitmen of Northumberland he may do great things if they are rough, but when their confidence is won their loyalty and enthusiasm are boundless. To win them he must go as a Christian man and brother more than as a bishop.

A journal published in the locality in which Dr. Wilberforce has long labored, commenting on the appointment, says: "Canon Wilberforce has been recognized as a *living power* amongst us, and his place will not be easily filled when he is taken from us. But those who have had the best opportunities of knowing him thoroughly will be the first to acknowledge the wisdom of those who are in authority in making this selection. For the new Bishop of Newcastle is not to be called to a life of easy dignity, nor is it every learned theologian or every gifted preacher who would discharge the duties of that bishopric satisfactorily. A man is wanted there in the full burst of manhood, ready to endure hardship and to give himself, mind and body, to genuine toil among the rougher elements of our social system, and we are much mistaken if this is not the main purpose in the heart of Canon Wilberforce in accepting this arduous post. He leaves the comparative comfort of the stall at Winchester, with all its pleasant surroundings, for a *real life Mission*, for a higher work than ever his has been."

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

From a Narrative of a Journey to the Holy Land furnished to the Christian Herald by Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, the eminent Jewish philanthropist, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 9th, 1882, has sent us a copy of a portion of his journal describing his last visit to Jerusalem in 1875. He undertook this journey on hearing of the deplorable condition of the Jews who had settled in the land of their fathers.

Sir Moses commenced his journey on June 15th, 1875, travelling by easy stages which his advanced age (*ninety-one years*), rendered necessary. He arrived at Jaffa on July 13th and thence proceeded to Jerusalem, inspecting on his way the progress of various enterprises he and other philanthropists had previously inaugurated.

"At five o'clock in the morning of July 23d," says Sir Moses, "we were already saluted by friends who had anticipated our approach, and, half an hour afterward, we halted at the spot whence a full view might be had of the Holy City."

"As we now continued moving toward Jerusalem, I did nothing but look right and left to see the number of new houses; some of them very large buildings, and the mouths of friends did not rest from telling us, 'This is a house belonging to one of us;' 'That piece of ground has been bought by one of our community;' and as we still further proceeded, there was no necessity any more to inform us of the name of any proprietor, as the whole family of the occupants came out of their houses, and I had the happiness of myself seeing hundreds of our brethren lining the fronts of their dwellings."

"Proceeding a little farther on the road, a new synagogue was shown to me, it was surrounded by a number of houses, occupied, I was told, by fifty families. Again, a plot of ground was pointed out to me belonging to a party intending to build thereon sixty houses. And when coming near the Upper Gikhon pool, not far from the windmill which I caused to be built eighteen years ago, my attention was directed to two other windmills recently built, which, I was told, gave a good profit to the Greeks who owned them."

"Great was my delight when I considered that but a few years had passed since the time when not one Jewish family was living outside the gate of Jerusalem—not a single house to be seen, and now I beheld almost a new Jerusalem springing up, with buildings some of them as fine as any in Europe. 'Surely,' I exclaimed, 'we are approaching the time to witness the realization of God's hallowed promises unto Zion: "I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations" (Isa. 60 : 15).'

"When my carriage reached the Jaffa Gate I was obliged to alight. Neither the streets nor the pavements in Jerusalem, the driver observed, are yet prepared for carriages. Not having given any information of the time of my intended arrival, my friends did not order a sedan chair to be in readi-

ness for me, so it was rather a difficult and somewhat painful task to walk along the streets to the house prepared for my reception. I had still to ascend a number of steps before I reached the terrace, but only a few minutes were required to take me into my apartments."

"I had some conversation on the subject of general drainage in Jerusalem with a gentleman of authority; he told me that all the refuse of the city is now carried into the *pool of Bethesda*, which, strange to say, I was informed is close to the house intended for the barracks, and the soldiers living therein appear not to experience the least inconvenience on account of its vicinity. If arrangements were to be made to clear that pool entirely, to admit pure water only, and to dig special pools for the purpose of conducting there the city drains Jerusalem might become free from any threatening epidemic. All the doctors in Jerusalem assured me that the Holy City might be reckoned, on account of the purity of the atmosphere, as one of the healthiest places."

"I then proceeded to the synagogue, and was there most agreeably surprised with the magnificent appearance of that noble edifice. Its style of architecture is somewhat similar to that of the German synagogue, 'Beth Yaacob.' It is one hundred feet high from the floor to the cupola; contains a number of communal offices, a college for the study of the Holy Law, and in an adjoining building also a public bath."

"I was received on entering the synagogue by the representatives of the congregation and their President, Mr. Nissan Bak, and met there many esteemed friends, the Rev. Haham Bashi, the Rev. Meyer Auerbach, and the Rev. Samuel Salaub. The synagogue was brilliantly illuminated, presenting a most pleasing sight of the circular gallery under the cupola occupied by a number of ladies in their best holiday attire, and a crowded community of devout brethren in every part of the building. Hymns and psalms, the former specially composed for the occasion, were beautifully recited; and the Rev. Elia Sarahson delivered an excellent discourse. Prayers were then offered up for the Turkish, English and Austrian sovereigns; for the spiritual heads of the congregations in London and Jerusalem; for the speedy restoration to health of the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild and Sir Anthony de Rothschild."

"I was told that the whole of the noble edifice had been built by the hands of Jews; every kind of work, it was further observed, a glazier or an embroiderer, a goldsmith or an engraver, all had been done by the Jews in Jerusalem. I noticed some *beautiful silver ornaments* for the Sepharin, specially a large massive silver crown, and when I inquired where it had been made, the man himself who had done the work was introduced to me. The synagogue was full in every corner, but owing to the proper arrangements no inconvenience had been felt. On leaving the synagogue we entered a small room, where refreshments were handed round, and we drank to the prosperity of Jerusalem."

"Friday (13th August), I proceeded to the *Western Wall* to offer up the customary prayers. The road leading to that hallowed spot, and the houses in its vicinity are still in a state of ruin, causing man and horse to stumble over detached fragments of ancient structures, and remind the pilgrim that a great deal of work has yet to be done before the paths of Zion will be even and smooth."

"When I visited Jerusalem in the year 1866, I exerted myself very much to have an awning made in front of the Western Wall. I had already made an agreement for the execution of the work, but unexpectedly some obstacle occurred which could not be surmounted, and the matter dropped. A gentleman recently tried to place there some seats for the accommodation of the numerous visitors arriving daily at that spot, and, not succeeding in his endeavors, he asked permission to have at least a number of large marble stones placed there, and was allowed to do so. But they did not remain in the place assigned to them; first one stone was removed, then another, until at last all of them disappeared."

Sir Moses Montefiore remained in Jerusalem

until August 20th directing improvements, making inquiry as to the condition and prospects of the people, their disposition and ability, and willingness to work, and as to the prospects of their being able to maintain themselves if capital were supplied to establish enterprises in which they might engage. The following are the conclusions at which the aged philanthropist arrived after making his personal examination:

"In concluding this narrative I feel it my pleasing duty to inform all the friends of Zion, that I again have had every opportunity to convince myself of the correctness of the statements made by the Jews in Jerusalem. The great regard which I always entertained toward our brethren in the Holy Land has now become, if possible, doubly increased, so that if you were to ask me, 'Are they worthy and deserving of assistance?' I would reply, 'Most decidedly.' 'Are they willing and capable of work?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Are their mental powers of a satisfactory nature?' 'Certainly.'"

"Ought we, as Israelites, in particular, to render them support?" 'Learn,' I would say, 'if your own sacred Scriptures do not satisfy you, from non-Israelites, what degree of support those are entitled to who consecrate their lives to the worship of God. Go and cast a glance upon the numerous munificent endowments; upon the magnificent institutions; upon the annual contributions, not only in Jerusalem, but in every part of the world; not only by individuals, but by almost every mighty ruler on earth. Notice the war which had broken out within our recollection respecting a privilege of repairing a house of devotion, all for the sole object to support religion—and are we Israelites to stand back?'"

"If you put the question to me, saying thus: 'Now we are willing to contribute toward a fund intended to render them such assistance as they may require; we are ready to make even sacrifices of our own means if necessary; what scheme do you propose as best adapted to carry out the object in view?' I would reply: 'Carry out simply what they themselves have suggested; but begin, in the first instance, with the houses in Jerusalem.'"

"Select land outside the city, raise, in the form of a large square or crescent, a number of suitable houses with European improvements, have in the centre of the square or crescent a synagogue, a college, and a public bath. Let each house have in front a plot of ground large enough to cultivate olive-trees, the vine, and necessary vegetables, so as to give the occupiers a taste for agriculture."

"And if now you address me saying, 'Which would be the proper time to commence the work, supposing we were ready to be guided by your counsel?' My reply then would be, 'Commence at once, begin the work this day, if you can.'"

The tone pervading the whole of this narrative shows how intense is the desire on the part of this venerable patriarch of the Hebrew race that the ancient land should be again occupied by God's chosen people. That desire he has spared neither money nor labor to promote, and has not shrunk, even at his advanced age, from personally exploring the country, so that his advice may carry with it all the authority of reliability of his personal investigation.

That there are many Jews who do not sympathize with this scheme is well known. They have no desire to return to Palestine or to see a Jewish nationality re-established. They belong, as a rule, to the section of the Jewish community known as the Reformed School, which has abandoned the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible, and is for the most part favorable to the teachings of free thinkers. They place a high value on their Jewish lineage, and while abandoning their distinctively Jewish faith, they take pride in their race as intellectually and morally superior to all other races."

It is evident, therefore, that the movement toward Palestine on the part of the Jews must be at first a partial and gradual one. But all students of prophecy know that in spite of this indifference on the part of some Jews, the return is certain, for *God has said it*, and His word cannot be broken.

HEALTHY RELIGION.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"With long life will I satisfy him."—Psalm 91 : 16.

Religion a Chariot not a Hearse—Good for the Human Organism—It Promotes Longevity—

I. By Inculcating Care of the Health—A Positive Christian Duty—The Christian's Respect for the Temple of God—A Wonderful Body—Consecrated to Service—God's Caligraphy—An Ill-used Watch—II. By Preventing Dissipations—Curtailed Lives of Men of Genius—Byron, Poe, Napoleon—Religion Surrendered Before Morality—III. By Preventing Worry—A Twenty Millionaire Friend—The Wheels in a Carpet Factory—No Need for Worry About Business—Or Reputation—The Almighty Sedative for the Nervous—IV. By Assuring Post Mortem Felicity—Efforts to Remove Dread of Death—Three Experiments Fail—The Voice of the Lightnings on Calvary—The Message of the Rainbow—The Bottom Falling out of the Grave.

THROUGH the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David in another part of the psalms prays that religion may be dominant he does not speak of it as a mild-sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve

HUMAN LONGEVITY.

Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah 65 : 20 : "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought out from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

I. My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of longevity; I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the

CARE OF OUR HEALTH

a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to de-

face its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God-defying sacrilege.

He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy—three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour—the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistances amounting to 224,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry-cook or to the butcher or to the baker or to the apothecary or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the *whispering gallery* of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will \$40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is *God's eye*. His omnipresence—it is *God's ear*. His omnipotence—it is *God's arm*. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of *God's fingers*. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon *his shoulder*." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer?

Common sense answers. Now, the human body God's watch. You see the hands of the watch. You see the face of the watch; but the beating the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

II. Again I remark that practical religion is friend of longevity in the fact that it is

A PROTEST AGAINST DISSIPATIONS

which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens.

"Only this and nothing more."

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond middle life, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who took one step of his foot in the centre of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded. Yes; but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clean through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his moral would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defence and the equipage of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

III. Again religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that

IT TAKES THE WORRY OUT

of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men; it is worry, when a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell; and if he gains that is best, and if he loses that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend; I could fall back on \$20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and

ten I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Ekin, and Australia and California are mine; I foresee a panic a million years; I have all the sources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand-pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much would that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will, under is a factory, and one wheel is going north and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel says laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets; they are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric and Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not joy in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and cannot sleep, but religion comes to him and he says: "Man, God is on your side; He will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If at broker who some years ago in Wall Street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a rewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well-read New Testament there would have been one less suicide. O nervous and nervous people of the world, try this almighty sedative, you will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not *chloral* that you want, *morphine* that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

DREAD OF POST MORTEM FUTURE.

IV. Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail train you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would in as little a way as I know how, tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question most worried me upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the oppression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment the first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say. "My common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state where you can be converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being, you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever,' my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into

A RAINBOW

woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day-dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day-spring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward and behold there was a rainbow about the throne.

Accept that sacrifice and

QUIT WORRYING.

Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy. Religion is warmth, that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the river of life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion. There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulchre. I open the door on the other side the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out and the long ropes with which the pall bearers let down your dead, let them clear through into heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion! It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

MISS MARY GAULT, THE SCOTTISH EVANGELIST.

(See portrait on page 524.)

MISS MARY GAULT, the sister of General Gault of the Hallelujah Army, is a native of Johnstone, a small Scotch manufacturing town in Renfrewshire, where she was born in the year 1855. For many years before she gave herself entirely up to the service of Christ she lived a quiet, uneventful life in her native town. With her, as with many others, religion was but a name.

HER CONVERSION TO CHRIST.

In the year 1874 Miss Gault's father settled in the little village of Elderslie, a few miles from Paisley. It was about this time that Scotland received its first visit from Messrs. Moody and Sankey; and their labors were indirectly the means of Miss Gault's conversion. A year afterward, in 1875, Mr. Adams, an Edinburgh evangelist, visited Elderslie and began a series of Gospel meetings. The great attraction at those gatherings was the singing of Mr. Sankey's hymns. These Christian songs were to a large extent new to the quiet country people, and their sweet captivating melody soon recommended them to all hearers. Miss Gault traces her first impressions about religious matters to the singing of these hymns. The very first night that the meetings were held, conviction was carried home to her heart, and without daring to hesitate or to delay, the hour that brought conviction of sin, saw her a believer in Christ.

COMMENCES WORK IN PAISLEY.

Immediately after conversion she joined herself with a number of other earnest Christian people, and mission work of an unsectarian kind was begun in Paisley. Nearly three years afterward Miss Gault's brother—Mr. John Gault, devised and launched his scheme for the evangelization of the masses, then and now known as *The Hallelujah Army*. Work was begun and vigorously carried forward in the town of Paisley. Miss Gault was doubtful about the methods her brother adopted, and when large crowds gathered night after night to hear the Gospel preached in the old Jail Square of Paisley, she would place herself at the corner of the street, and watch with fear and trembling

THE PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Not many months went past, however, until she, with characteristic energy, threw herself heartily and completely into the open-air work. This change of attitude and action was effected by no human pressure, but by unmistakable evidence that the Spirit of God was using the questioned means for His own glory and the salvation of souls. As Mr. Gault's work grew in his hands, Miss Gault went to Ireland to assist in carrying on the work of the mission there. Operations were carried on by her in various towns in Ireland, until, in May, 1881, she was recalled to Scotland to nurse her father in what proved to be his last illness. After the removal of her father by death she did not rest long—anxious to resume active effort in the work she so much loves. The month of June saw her in Edinburgh, and a branch of *The Army*, by her unflagging energy was soon in

ACTIVE WORK IN THE CAPITAL OF SCOTLAND.

From the very first the meetings were largely attended, and proved eminently successful. Night after night the benches of that hall were crowded with the very class of people which the Church has not yet reached, and to reach which *The Army* was constituted. As giving an idea of the congregations which were assembled there, a policeman who looked in one night pointed out to one of the attendants *two entire seats filled with young men and young women, every one of whom had been in jail*. Of course with such gatherings as that the quiet and order which one naturally associates with religious meetings could not be expected; but at the same time the meetings were never beyond the control of Miss Gault. The success of the meetings may be measured not only by the numbers which attended, but also by the very large number brought to conviction of sin, and who have been led to Christ. These young Christians are not kept by *The Army* as its exclusive members, but are encouraged to join themselves to the churches of the city—a step which many have already taken.

THE VOICES OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

A HOLY WAR of Mahommedans against Christians is apprehended as likely to be proclaimed by Arabi Pacha if a conflict arises between his Egyptian army and either English or French soldiers. Whether or not Arabi becomes the author of it, *such a war is clearly foretold* in Rev. 16: 12-14 to take place about or soon after 1882, as the end of the predicted 1260 years of the Mahommedan Antichrist's supremacy. It is there said that when the mystic *Euphrates*, or Turco-Mahommedan Empire, is "dried up," and Syria becomes separated from it, an evil spirit of fanatical agitation is to "go forth from the mouth of the Mahommedan False Prophet to gather the nations to the war of the great day of God Almighty." This can mean nothing else than the proclamation of a Holy War by Mahommedan priests and leaders, which will embroil not merely Mahommedan countries like Turkey, Egypt, and India, but also other nations in deadly conflict.

A MASSACRE OF EUROPEANS

in India which will be far more appalling than what took place in the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857, and which will culminate in the separation of India as well as Ireland from Britain, neither India nor Ireland having formed part of the ten prophetic kingdoms belonging to Cæsar's Roman Empire, is indicated by the Scripture Prophecies to take place some time between 1882 and 1885, and therefore may be only a few months or a year or two distant. This predestined Indian rebellion may either arise in India itself, although there is not the least sign of it at present, or may possibly spring out of the present Egyptian crisis, if the Mahommedans in Egypt should unfurl the Standard of the Prophet and proclaim a Holy War, for then the sixty million Mahommedans in India might catch the fire of fanaticism. Just as in the past, we have recommended people to sell out their investments in Turkish bonds and in landed property in Ireland, so we now recommend them to *sell out of Indian railways* and other Indian securities, as they will be greatly depreciated in value before long.

THE FLIGHT OF THE JEWS

from Russia to Palestine is another significant sign of this time. Up to the present date the sum of about \$1,150,000 has been collected in the various countries of the world for the benefit of the Jewish sufferers by the Russian persecutions. Toward this sum the countries of Europe have contributed in the following proportions: England \$350,000, France \$200,000, Germany, \$150,000, Austria \$100,000; other European countries \$100,000. From America the amount raised appears to be about \$250,000, which completes the above total. It will thus be seen that England has contributed most money, though America has displayed her sympathy to a larger extent and rendered them better service by taking charge of the refugees and placing them in positions to gain a livelihood for themselves and their families.

The Russian people are beginning to see, says the *Jewish Chronicle*, that it does not pay to expel the Jews. The economic consequences of the recent outrages are forcing themselves in an unpleasant manner upon the attention of the commercial classes. Spain had to encounter a like experience after the events of 1492. The first result of the expulsion of the Jews was seen in the dearth of medical men, a large number of the profession having hitherto been Jews. As a consequence, the sick very often either died from lack of medical advice, or became the prey of quacks. Moreover, the expulsion deprived the country of a large number of skilled handicraftsmen and of the wealth which their combined labor represented. Spain lost, too, the distributors as well as the producers of wealth—a class indispensable to every community, and has recently issued an invitation to them to return.

The *Jewish World*, speaking of the economical results of the agitation, gives the following significant extracts: The *Zaria*, of Kieff, states that from the 8th to the 28th May more than 2000 Jews quitted Kieff. The town has now quite a deserted air. In one quarter, the Podol, more than 600 dwellings are to be let, and the general depression

is not only felt by the rich and middle classes, but among the work people also the most frightful misery prevails. At Odessa some of the largest business firms have recently failed, and the menacing attitude of the starving working classes is causing the authorities much anxiety. The *Moskovskie Viedomosti* states that in consequence of the expulsion of Jews from Moscow, the local exhibition of Russian products is a failure.

Hundreds of Jews are now constantly arriving in Palestine from Russia, according to the statement of the Rev. A. H. Kelk of Jerusalem.

FRANCE

is becoming more thoroughly permeated with infidelity. The *Spectator* calls attention to "the steadiness and rapidity with which the French Chamber is moving toward extreme communism, and toward the extinction of any official recognition of the value of religion." In the former direction so much has been done that but little remains to do. The Chamber is becoming sovereign, and if the judges, the only great officers beyond its control, are made removable and elective, we shall see democracy enthroned in France as it has hardly yet been in any European country. That democracy will, as all appearances portend, be *avowedly pagan*, using that word as the only one we possess to express a definite and conscious rejection of Christianity. The Deputies evidently believe that the complete secularization of the State will be acceptable to their constituents. This marks an immense change of opinion, which in no long time will affect other than the semi-ecclesiastical laws. With religion flatly repudiated, there is but one basis possible for legislation, and that is enlightened selfishness; and the code which enlightened selfishness will frame may differ very widely from any that modern Europe has yet seen. There is no reason, for example, why it should be so chary of the death penalty, which is very effective, and costs comparatively nothing."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Nuisance Transformed.—One of the most remarkable cases of conversion in Glasgow was effected through the agency of a little girl. One night, on Paisley Road, she met a man named Moses Wilson, then under the influence of whiskey. The girl went up to him and pressed him to take the pledge, and come in to a meeting. He did so, and although he had been so wedded to strong drink, that only two of his friends believed he would stand firm to his pledge for a week, he has kept it, and is now an energetic and successful worker for Christ, in the same district where formerly he was looked upon as a nuisance.

Taking Christ into a Station-House.—Mr. Sawyer said, at the Cowcaddens' Gospel Temperance Meeting: "I know a young man who became a Christian. One night he came into our meeting and said, 'Well, I gave my soul to Jesus on such and such a night, yet I had to sleep in the station-house, as I could obtain no other accommodation. It seems rather hard, doesn't it?' An experienced Christian said to him, 'Mr. France, why don't you take Christ into the station-house with you if He sends you there?' 'Well, I will do it,' France said, and that night and the next night he did it, but never afterward. A Christian worker got him work, and since that time he has secured a home of his own, with his wife and children around him again, and Christ is in the midst of them."

Five Jewels for Christ's Crown.—A Stalwart man rose in the meeting, and, addressing Mr. Moody, said: "I should like to state that five of my own friends have been brought to Christ since you have been in Glasgow. These are my own son, two of my brothers, and a sister and her husband. One of my brothers, who is a sailor, had just come from Liverpool, and he heard you preach in the West End, about the people who were making all the excuses they could find. As we came away the big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and I had that night to praise the Lord for the salvation of my sailor brother. Another brother had been to the gold diggings for nineteen years, and we never heard where he was until he returned about five years since. He was a regular wreck.

He took what they call 'the foreign sickness' through intemperance, and when he came back his constitution was quite broken down. He went to hear you, Mr. Moody, and was likewise brought into the light. He said, after, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I don't care where I go now; whether to the fishery or where, for if anything happens to me I am not afraid—Thou hast saved me.'"

Jumping into the Pit.—A Minister said, in the course of a Bible reading upon "The Bringing out of Egypt:" "A missionary in China once heard a group of Chinamen discussing the various religions with which China is afflicted. At last one of the group said, 'It is just as if a Chinaman were down in a deep pit, and wanted help to get out. Confucius came along and said, 'If you had only kept my precepts you would not have fallen into this pit.' Buddha also came to the mouth of the pit, saying, 'Ah, poor Chinaman, if you were only up where I am I would make you all right.' The Chinaman replied, 'If I were where you are I would not want your help.' But then there came along Jesus Christ, with tears in His eyes, and He jumped right into the pit and lifted the poor man right out of it.' This is the love which wins our hearts."

A Man all in Tatters.—Mr. Howie, in expressing his strong approval of open-air preaching, said: "When I was at the Wynd Church, a man who was all in tatters came to me. He had been a great drunkard. He said: 'John So-and-so, my companion, is evidently changed. We used to go drinking together, and I see what a wonderful change has been wrought in him. I myself wish to get the same change.' I took him into the vestry and talked to him about his soul. By-and-by he saw the way of life, and left and went away to speak to his companions, and during my ministry I have counted some twenty people brought to Christ through his instrumentality. That man, after his conversion, began to prosper in worldly matters as a joiner. He has shown his gratitude by presenting me at different times with three open-air pulpits."

The Song Outside the House.—A Man said: "I thank God I was enabled yesterday morning to look out of self to Christ. I had many a time wished for Christ, but I was looking into self, and did not feel as I wanted to do. Yesterday, while the meeting was singing 'Take me as I am' and 'Just as I am without one plea,' I was led to rest on Christ as I had never done before. But I did not find it such very easy work this morning. The enemy was buffeting me; he wanted to draw me off from Christ, and while wrestling with the temptation I heard a man outside the house singing 'Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.' I threw myself on my knees and said 'Lord, I will.' You have, my friends, not only to pray that the drunkards may be kept, but also that young Christians who have been looking into self instead of to Christ may be prevented from again going back into sin."

Message to a Manufacturer.—"There was a large manufacturer in this city of Glasgow went to hear Mr. Moody eight years ago in Kent Road U. P. Church. Mr. Moody preached from the text 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' That man went home in deep concern about his soul, and with tears running down his cheeks, he said to his wife who was already a Christian, 'Tell me how I can find the rest my soul requires.' She opened her Bible at Romans 10: 9, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' He inquired, 'Is that all?' 'That is all,' she answered; and these words were the means of lifting that man out of the darkness into light. He was a saved man from that hour."

A Dying Railway Guard.—The Rev. James Scott also said: "At one of the early meetings Mr. Moody held in St. Andrew's Hall, there was present a rail conductor, and the hymn which made such a deep impression when it was sung for the first time here was sung over and over again on that Sabbath morning. The conductor did as the hymn states—he gave himself to Christ as he was

and Christ took him. The man had been before thinking of giving up his work, because it was rather dangerous, and after his conversion he decided to turn his attention to some other kind of work. He gave in his notice to the railway company, and I believe he was running his last journey when he met with a fatal accident. He was not killed outright, and he died singing the chorus of the hymn, "Take me as I am." His companions had often heard him singing it after his conversion. It was the means of his conversion, and it was on his lips as he went into the presence of the King."

The Right Centre to Work from.—Mr. Scott said: "A business man was telling me that a friend who has been helping in Christian work was very much opposed to the after-meetings. He would not go near Mr. Moody's because there were second meetings; but a lad in his employment went to the Temperance Institute in Bridgeton and obtained salvation through faith in Christ. He could not hide it. He made it so manifest in the workshop that even his master, this good quiet man, who thought he was a Christian, saw the change. So he made up his mind that he would go to one of Mr. Moody's ordinary evangelistic meetings at any rate. The Holy Spirit met him, and he was saved on the spot. He went to his fellow-worker in the Christian work in which they had both been engaged, and said, 'I have been working very hard for five years, as you have seen, for salvation; but thank God! I have got it now; and in future I will be able to work from the cross and not to it.'"

An Indian Soldier's Career.—Major Colquhoun said: "Last January an old man was spoken of whose name and individuality were forgotten. About a month ago he reappeared in the Polmadie district, and said that he had ever since been searching for the person who had guided him to the Saviour in Mr. Wells's church. He had been a soldier in India. Every year for ten years he sent home, to pay his mother's rent, the sum of £10. He had fought in no fewer than twenty-three general engagements. At the siege of Delhi he was one of the first to scale the walls. Up till that day he and his comrade were sober, steady men, but from that time they were completely separated, for the demon strong drink had taken and kept possession of him till the meeting in Mr. Wells's church on the south side of the river. He is now working in some locomotive works, while his comrade, who kept sober, advanced in the service step by step, and is now colonel of the regiment into which he enlisted as a private soldier."

A Drunken Infidel Reclaimed.—A Working-man said: "I was given to drink, and, like a fool, blasphemed my Creator. I prided myself on holding very sceptical views. A man of my acquaintance, who had read a number of infidel books, used to discuss religion with me, and I used to sit with him and drink in his pernicious talk, and if any one opposed him I was ready to step forth in his defence. But my drinking habits all this while riveted themselves upon me. Many a time I was torn by the pangs of remorse, and I made resolution after resolution only to break them. One Sunday morning, after reading the newspapers, I went out, and unaccountably—for I intended to go in the opposite direction—went toward a church in my neighborhood, and going inside, I heard an evangelist named Mr. Stevenson. In the sermon the preacher spoke of a sceptical young man who had been led to a saving knowledge of Christ through carefully watching the consistent life of his Christian father. That story, although I often tried to forget it, clung to my memory, and it was ultimately the means of leading me to Christ, in whom I have found pardon and peace."

A Pugilistic Mason.—Mr. J. R. Jack said: "One of the worst men in Ayrshire, a drunken, godless mason, was converted to Christ nine years ago. He was a great swearer and also a great fighter—in fact, there was scarcely a man in Ayrshire who dare stand up against him. His wife was converted in a little church at Busby. She went home in fear and trembling, dreading to face her husband. She went upstairs, knelt down, and asked God to give her strength to confess Christ

before her husband. When she came down she said to him, 'I have found Christ.' His reply was, 'See you keep Him.' She threw herself down in the middle of the floor and on her knees cried to God to save her husband, and to save him immediately. Telling me about the matter, he said, 'I had to hold on by the arms of the chair, and my very nails made a mark in the wood. I clenched my teeth and said, "A woman shall never get the better of me." The poor woman continued her cries to God, and the next day the Holy Spirit brought him to the feet of Jesus. That man is now a respected elder in one of our Free Churches.'

THE DOOM OF ANTICHRIST AND HIS FAMILY AND ALLIES.

By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

(Continued from page 503.)

Opposition of Christians and Jews—Divine Intervention—Capture of the Man of Sin—His Ecclesiastical Agent—Cast Alive into the Lake of Fire—The Dungeon of Antichrist.

NOR will these Gentiles stand alone in their antagonism to Antichrist. Innumerable Jews will withstand both his blandishments and his terrors; for, though probably they have not as yet yielded their hearts to Jesus, they will at least be too loyal to Jehovah to supersede His worship for that of the lawless one. The preaching of Elijah as well as the testimony of the Two Witnesses in Jerusalem (see Mal. 4: 5-6, and Rev. 11: 1-6) will doubtless lead to such public antagonism to his divine pretensions. But, whatever be the origin of such active opposition, it will not be confined to mere private resistance to his edicts, but will lead to a general insurrection of all those Jews, who unlike their rulers, have not (Isa. 27: 15), made a "covenant with Death, and with hell are at agreement." JEWISH INSURRECTION AGAINST THE LAWLESS ONE.

First and foremost in this insurrection will be the royal tribe of Judah. When Antichrist and his confederates invest Jerusalem, its inhabitants will be apparently endowed with supernatural energy; for Jeremiah says, when describing the last siege of Jerusalem, of which that of Titus was but a faint type (Zech. 12: 8), "He that is feeble among them shall be as David; and the house of David as God, as the angel of Jehovah before them." But notwithstanding their valor, Antichrist, energized as he will be by Satan, and supported as he will be by the multitudinous battalions of the ten kings (see Joel 3: 9-14), the Jews will be eventually defeated. As one result of a victory so dearly bought, no less than *two-thirds* of the Jews in Palestine will either be slaughtered on the battle-field, or die of those diseases, dysentery and fever, which are the fatal legacies of war (see Zech. 13: 8-9).

DIVINE INTERVENTION.

The set time for divine intervention will now have arrived. The Two Witnesses will have been slain by Antichrist, the Gentile and Jewish antagonists will have been guillotined; and the powers of hell will have been apparently triumphant. There remains, then, but One who is equal to this conflict, and who He is Isaiah foresaw when he referred to this awful crisis in the world's history. For Messiah, speaking through the prophet, says (Isa. 63: 5-6), "I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered, and there was none to uphold; therefore, My own arm brought salvation unto Me; and My fury, it upheld Me. And I will tread down the Gentiles in My anger, and make them drunk in My fury; and I will bring down their strength [armies] to the earth."

Descending on Mount Olives, our Lord will come with His bride (comp. Ezek. 43: 2-4; Zech. 14: 4; Rev. 19: 11-16), and the reign of man and Satan will come to an end. Their great leader, Antichrist, and his ecclesiastical agent will then be captured; and as their sins will be *unique*, so will be their penalty, for (Rev. 19: 20) they will be "cast *alive* into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone."

We may infer from Hebrews 9: 27, that men cannot die more than once; since it is written that, "It is appointed unto men *once* to die, and after that the judgment." If this exegesis is cor-

rect, it will give the clue to the reason why the penalty of Antichrist will be different to that of other men; and why he does not die on the battle-field, for having died once he can die no more. His unique doom was foretold long before his guilty career. Thus Nahum, speaking as the mouthpiece of God, says (ch. 1: 14), "I will make thy bed [or grave] for thou art vile." But to Daniel and John alone was committed the revelation of the terrible fact that Antichrist will descend alive into Gehenna: for Daniel says (7: 11), "his *BODY* shall be given to the burning flame!"

HIS ETERNAL DUNGEON.

After the sentence is passed on Antichrist, in the valley of Jehosaphat, he will have to pass through Hades on his road to Tartarus, his terrible dungeon throughout eternity; while there, he will apparently be assailed by the taunts of his former royal victims, as well as other godless heroes. It is probable that many regal and military personages will be slain, either by treachery, or on the battle-field, before he attains universal sway. One at least of his opponents we know will be assassinated at his instigation; for we learn from Daniel 11: 25-26, that "they that feed of the portion of his meat shall destroy" the King of Egypt. It is possible that when Antichrist was formerly in Hades, that they knew of his compact with Satan for the emperors of the world. As it is clear from our Lord's parable of Dives and Lazarus that the lost carry their knowledge (Luke 16: 27-28) of earthly things into Sheol, the wondrous success of Antichrist will probably be known by its regal and other prominent tenants.

HIS WELCOME IN HADES.

Of his ultimate defeat they will also know by his imprisonment, if not before. Hence, when he again descends to Hades, we can well understand why the man of sin will receive such an ironical greeting from his many royal and military victims such as no former king has received. This fact, so galling to the king of pride, we learn from Habakkuk 2: 6-7, who says, "Shall not all these take up a parable against him and a taunting proverb against him, and say, Ho! to him that increaseth what is not his, and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay! Shall they not rise up suddenly that shall bite thee, and *awake* that shall vex thee?" Isaiah, too, pre-reports the very language that these kings shall employ (Isa. 14: 9-16) "Sheol from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee—even the Rephaim [or disembodied ungodly heroes] of the earth: it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we, art thou become like one of us? Is this the man that made the earth to tremble?"

And thus will end the career of him who not only defied the Most High, but dared to show himself as God, and as such was worshipped by the bulk of the Gentiles, and not only will he be cast alive with his prophet into the "lake of fire," but Antichrist will be imprisoned there at least 1000 years before Satan himself, and have for his solitary companion during that long period his compeer in iniquity.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Nor, judging by the signs of *our* times, is this day far off, when we see churches and chapels deserted wholesale, and are told, alas! even in too many pulpits, that music, art, and science can moralize those masses whom the Gospel has failed to reclaim, it needs not prophetic prescience to discern that we are at the closing hours of the Saturday night of this dispensation. Nor can we wonder, when so many are seeking to replace the Gospel of God's grace by music, Sunday exhibitions of sculpture and paintings in churches, and atheistic teachings of evolution and positivism—that God should at length say (Isa. 66: 3-4) "They have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abominations: I also will choose their delusions." Yea (2 Thess. 2: 11) "for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should *believe a lie*," and so give divine homage to the fierce "God of forces," Antichrist, rather than to Jesus, the Prince of Peace!"

(To be concluded.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Adjournment of Congress on Tuesday, August 8th, after a session of eight months, closes the record on which the citizens of the country will have to base their verdict on its performances. That it has been a busy session is generally admitted, but there has scarcely ever been a session which has provoked wider divergence of opinion throughout the land. While in some circles the proceedings have received warm commendation, in others they have received unmitigated condemnation. This result is not so unexpected as is the verdict of the press. Among the journals most pronounced in censure are several of the recognized organs of the Republican party, and these unhesitatingly and unambiguously denounce the action of Congress as dishonest, and its inaction as culpable. On the other hand the journals regarded as the organs of that section of the party calling itself "Garfield Republican," applaud the results of the session as showing prudence and industry. It will be the duty now of individual citizens to carefully consider their duty in preparation for the forthcoming nominations and elections. The division lists show that for what has been done and what has been left undone, the responsibility must rest jointly on Republicans and Democrats, for in every important division the names of Democrats have been found side by side with Republicans in the same list. There is no difficulty in getting at the record of every member of Congress, and it will be the most puerile folly for the citizen who disapproves of his representative's conduct to vote for the renomination and re-election of the same man. Every citizen, and especially every Christian citizen, should remember that his vote is an expression of his approval or disapproval of the methods and practices of Congress, and that his own character is involved in that vote. Party lines are just now less distinct than usual, but character is well marked and all-important. Men of sound Christian principle, of unblemished integrity, and of far-sighted sagacity are needed in Congress, and it is the duty of every Christian citizen to use his influence, be it small or great, to secure the nomination of such men and only those, whether they call themselves Republicans or Democrats. If it were clearly understood by the machine that the Christians in every district would vote solid on election

day against an improper candidate and that thieves if nominated could not be elected, there would be more care displayed in the selection of candidates, and the tone and character of the next Congress would be improved. In this way Christian men may make their influence felt, and the machine would learn that character is indispensable in any candidate seeking its powerful aid.

The Measures by which the Past Session of Congress will be chiefly remembered, are, the creation of the Tariff Commission; the reduction of certain unimportant taxes; the Anti-Polygamy Act; the bill restricting Chinese Immigration; the bill for extending the Bank Charters; the Reapportionment of Representation; the Three per cent Refunding bill; the River and Harbor bill, appropriating nearly twenty million dollars, vetoed by the President and passed over the veto by both Houses; and the Naval Appropriation, passed in the House to suit Mr. Robeson's ideas but reduced by the Senate in the interest of the people. It will also be remembered for the peculiar arrangement of its committees, the result of Mr. Robeson's influence over the man he manoeuvred into the Speaker's chair. Mr. Keifer's selections were made with a motive only too obvious, and resulted in the best men being placed where they could do least good. The House marked its opinion of the proceeding by separating without passing the customary vote of thanks to the Speaker, although Mr. Robeson importuned members to pass the vote.

The Kansas Republican State Convention has expressed its confidence in Governor St. John by nominating him for re-election. Solon O. Thatcher was also placed in nomination, but on the roll being called the Governor received 287 votes against 82 for Mr. Thatcher. It is gratifying to notice that the first plank of the platform adopted was that pledging the party to prohibition and its inflexible enforcement. It reads thus: "Resolved, That we declare ourselves unqualifiedly in favor of the prohibition of the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and pledge ourselves to such additional legislation as shall secure the rigid enforcement of the constitutional provision upon this subject in all parts of the State."

The Strike of the Freight Handlers in New York has apparently broken down, for many of the men have applied for employment at the old rates. At a large meeting held on August 6th at Jersey City it was announced that only \$300 remained in the treasury, and several prominent men withdrew from the union and stated that they intended returning to work if the companies would take them. The collapse is believed to have been caused by the readiness of Italian workmen to accept the companies' terms.

The Property Confiscated in the Recent Raid on the pool rooms of New York which was not classed as "gambling implements" was sold on August 3d at Police Headquarters by an auctioneer. There were carpets, chairs, mirrors, a sideboard, a safe, decanters and glasses, a stove, a desk, and tables. They were sold for \$278.54, less than their value. The money, less the auctioneer's fees, goes to the Public School Fund.

The Demand for the New Three per cent Government bonds fully equals the expectation of the advocates of the measure. More than 2000 packages of bonds surrendered for exchange into the new three per cents have been received at the Treasury Department. No estimate has yet been made of the amount of money represented by them. Secretary Folger estimates that the amount of the offers will exceed \$200,000,000.

The Prohibitionists of Ohio held a State Convention at Columbus on August 3d, when resolutions were adopted declaring that the manufacture and sale of liquors is a crime demanding total prohibition, and denouncing as wrong any license or taxation, and declaring that the policy of taxation is a perversion of the principles of our Government. The resolutions also repeat and reaffirm the principles of the party, namely, prohibition of gambling in every form, prohibition of all speculation, prohibition of class legislation, prison contract labor, and star route swindles; demand for the reduction of the salaries of government officials; for frequent investigations of Government affairs; oppose

adopting candidates from other parties; favor woman suffrage; approve the Women's State Temperance Union; congratulate the people of Iowa on the adoption of prohibition, and approve the Smith law as a step in the right direction and promise to assist its enforcement. A State ticket was nominated, with Mr. Ferdinand Schumacher for Secretary of State.

The Death of Rev. Joel Edson Rockwell, the eminent Presbyterian minister, of Brooklyn, is announced. He had been laid aside from active duty since March last owing to his suffering from cancer in the jaw, a disease which has now proved fatal. He died at the residence of his son on July 29th, at the age of sixty-six. Dr. Rockwell was born at Salisbury, Vt. His first charge was a Valatia, N. Y., but he afterward removed to Wilmington, Del. In 1851 he returned to New York State and settled in Brooklyn. It was mainly by his efforts that the church in Schermerhorn Street was erected at a cost of \$34,000. In September, 1878, he accepted the pastorate of the Edgewater Church on Staten Island. During his busy life, Dr. Rockwell was a frequent contributor to both the secular and religious press. Among the books which he published were "Sketches of the Presbyterian Church," "Young Christian Warned," "The Sheet Anchor," "The Visitor's Questions," "Scenes and Impressions Abroad," "Seed Thoughts," and "The Diamond in the Cage." He also published a number of sermons.

Mr. Thomas Harrison, the "Boy Preacher," has fully recovered from his attack of mental and physical prostration, and has been conducting revival work at the Jackson Street Church, in St. Paul. During six weeks of special meetings about 350 converts were enrolled. After laboring at the church, he went to the Minnesota State camp meeting, where there were about 200 tents and cottages, with an immense crowd of people. He expects to commence another series of meetings soon, in which he will be assisted by Chaplain McCabe and the colored lady evangelist, Mrs. Amanda Smith.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been Taking a few weeks of much needed rest, but while residing at his old home in Vernon, Ct., he has been out every Sabbath, holding union evangelistic meetings in the neighborhood as occasion offered, with marked success. He spent two Sabbaths in Somers under the auspices of the pastor, Rev. C. H. Gleason. The meetings were continued daily, with conversions at almost every gathering. At Newington, also, in co-operation with the Rev. J. E. Elliott, acting pastor, special interest is awakened. An interesting incident recently came under his notice. Mr. Hammond, in 1874 held a series of union meetings in St. Louis. Many persons addicted to liquor professed conversion, and by their lives have since proved the genuineness of the change wrought upon them by the Holy Spirit. Among the most remarkable conversions was that of Commodore Davidson, who was at the head of the principal line of steamboats running from St. Louis to St. Paul. He received \$12,000 a year for the privilege only of selling liquor on his steamboats, but after his conversion refused to continue this contract. A few weeks ago the commodore told Mr. Hammond that he now had a standing offer of \$14,000 a year for the same privilege, which he had not accepted and would not accept.

Successful Revival Services have been Held during the past four months in Brooklyn, E. D., by Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea. They have been held in Ellery Street Mission Rooms, and in the open air. A tent has also been erected on Broadway, in which services have been held with some tokens of encouraging success. Among the classes reached have been some of the very poorest tenement-house dwellers, who in that locality are chiefly Roman Catholics. Eight entire families have professed saving faith in Christ, and have been publicly baptized by a Brooklyn clergyman. Since the mission has been commenced over five hundred persons have made a profession of religion through its instrumentality. An effort is now being made to erect a church near the spot, and a large part of the cost has already been subscribed. Mr. Schiverea intends continuing the tent and mission work until the church is erected.

An Infidel Becoming a Missionary in Answer to prayer, was the subject of some remarks made at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting last week. A gentleman present said: "Eight years ago when on my way from Chicago to Scotland, I came to this meeting to ask you to pray that God would bless my visit to my dear ones in the old country. I had heard that my brother was delivering infidel lectures in the city of Glasgow. The report was only too true, and he was ventilating his views in the public press. He had held arguments with several ministers, but appeared to hold his own. When I saw him I told him the simple story of what God's love and grace had done for me. The story reached his heart and set him thinking. Enlightened by God, he soon saw and then admitted that there is something supernatural in the religion of the Lord Jesus. He became a Christian and is now a medical missionary."

A Registered Package Worth a Million dollars was mailed at Baltimore, Md., recently, on which the postage and registry cost over \$25. The package was about a foot long, ten inches wide, and eight inches thick, carefully sealed, and it contained bonds and other securities amounting to over \$1,000,000, mostly for one banking firm in London, England. The package attracted much curiosity owing to its great value, and it will doubtless have special care bestowed upon it lest it be stolen or lost before it reaches its destination. Yet its contents are of little intrinsic value. Its importance consists in its representative character as certifying to its owner's claims on people whom he believes to be trustworthy. To a child or an unlettered savage the package would seem as worthless as the Bible does to the majority of people. The enlightened in both cases judge more wisely. To the believer who knows that the promises the Bible contains will certainly be fulfilled the book transcends by infinity the most precious package of bonds or scrip known to Wall Street, and eternity will justify his estimate (Psa. 19: 10).

A Dog Settled a Controversy as to his Ownership at Fall River, Mass., recently. A gentleman of that city named Rodgers lost a valuable dog, and was satisfied that the animal had been stolen. Walking along the street one day afterward with his knife in his hand whittling, he met a man leading the dog by a rope attached to the collar. Mr. Rodgers immediately recognized his dog, and demanded it, but the stranger claimed that the dog was his and refused to give it up. There was an angry discussion, but at last Mr. Rodgers cut the rope and speaking sharply to the animal, ordered it to "go home." The dog instantly obeyed, and was found at home by Mr. Rodgers on his return, a result which satisfied the doubtful bystanders as to the ownership of the dog. The case may serve as a type of the experience of some worldly minded Christians about whom their fellow-men are in doubt. They suffer a bad habit or the love of money or of social position to bind them until it is not clear whether they belong to God or the world. Sometimes God cuts the cords by loss of fortune and friends, and then they return to Him from whom they were enticed (Ps. 119: 67).

A Fortune Inherited by a Foundling is the subject of a romantic story published by a Boston journal. It is stated that sixteen years ago a baby about a year old was found in a street in Boston, dressed in costly clothes and wearing a locket on which the name "Charles Willoughby" was engraved. The child was adopted by a restaurant keeper of Hartford, Conn. He grew up in ignorance of his origin, and the clues furnished by the articles worn by him when he was found led to no further discoveries. Recently he became a waiter in the Lawton House at Stone Bridge, R. I., and worked there several months. Then he suddenly received a message from a dying man at Providence, who proved to be his grandfather, and was informed that he had fallen heir to a large fortune. An unexplained mystery hangs about the history of the boy. It is said that his relatives have all along known of his whereabouts and doings, but, for reasons not stated, did not make themselves known to him until the occurrence that has suddenly placed him in possession of ample wealth. The conduct of the boy's relatives seems, without explanation,

very unnatural; and it is unaccountable that they should, while keeping themselves acquainted with his circumstances, have neglected to assist him or communicate with him. The condition of men in this world in relation to their Heavenly Father is exactly the reverse of this. While God is continually watching over them and doing them good they do not acknowledge Him (Isa. 51: 13-15).

Two Little Immigrants with Tags Affixed to them, as if they were freight, arrived in New York last week. They came from Manchester, England, and had made the voyage in the Spain. They were respectively eight and six years old, and are believed to be the youngest passengers who ever crossed the ocean without guardianship. The children stated that their mother came to this country three years ago, leaving them in the Industrial School at Manchester. A few weeks ago she paid their passage from Manchester to Philadelphia. There was no one coming this way in whose care the children could be placed. The manager of the school then fastened tags on their backs and had them sent to Liverpool, where they were placed on board the Spain. The tags bore the address of their mother in Philadelphia. They were placed on the Philadelphia train soon after their arrival in this city, and doubtless arrived safely after their long journey. The tags caused some little amusement to those who read them, but they saved some confusion and probably contributed to the safety of the little adventurers. Children cannot be secured from the perils they will encounter in their voyage through life by any such device, but parents can seek for them a better protection in the seal of the Spirit on their souls (Eph. 1: 13, 14).

A Lightning Bolt from a Clear Sky came near causing serious destruction on a farm at Granby, N. Y., on Tuesday, August 8th. An eyewitness states that he never before saw such a sight. Though a terrific thunder storm was raging over the cities of New York and Brooklyn at the time there was not at Granby any sound of thunder or signs of lightning, or a dark cloud overhead. Suddenly a lightning bolt fell, attracted, as he thinks, by a bronzed vane on the roof of the barn, attached by a heavy iron rod extending into an elm flag-staff. The latter was completely shattered and driven through the side of the building and into the earth. The new house was saved by the strong wind blowing in the right direction, but some lesser buildings were burned. No one was seriously injured, although the shock to the inmates of the house was great. Not a particle of rain fell for some time before or after the buildings burned. It is as a bolt out of a clear sky that the final termination of this dispensation with its accompanying terrors will come to many. To the believing student of prophecy there will be no such surprise. The sky is already overcast with signs of the impending end, and he, as commanded, is watching and praying (2 Peter 3: 3-9).

A Heartless Swindle has been Practised on a German immigrant who arrived at Castle Garden last October, but who having become dissatisfied with this country applied to the Commissioners of Emigration to be sent home. They declined going to that expense, as she was able to earn her living here. Finally she got together \$20 and asked the assistant superintendent at Castle Garden if he could not procure her a passage ticket for that amount, but he replied that the sum was insufficient. On Wednesday, August 2d, the Hamburg steamship Frisia landed her immigrants at Castle Garden, and among these was a German named Julius Blassus. This man learned of his countrywoman's desire to return home, and one day last week he approached her and stated that he was a steamship agent and would give her a ticket for her home for \$23, which was all the money she had in her possession. She gave him the money in return for a worthless order written on the back of a business card. With this money Blassus bought a railroad ticket for Wisconsin for himself, and his dupe soon afterward learned that she had been swindled. Far more heartless are those false priests who delude their dupes with the hope that they may secure a safe route to Heaven at death by gifts and penances. Too often that false hope is not detected until it is too late (Titus 3: 5).

ONE LION: TWO LIONS: NO LION AT ALL.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."—Proverbs 22: 13.

"The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."—Proverbs 26: 13.

A Pet Aversion—Slothful Men—Spiritual Sluggards—Not Lazy of Tongue—Nor of Imagination—I. A Lion—A Great Difficulty—The Ancient Order of Donomores—The Lions of Persecution—A Strange Place to Meet a Lion—The Real Lion—A Wonderful Lion-killer—II. Two Lions—The Trouble Increased by Waiting—One of the Devil's Old Soldiers—An Old Man's Regret—III. No Lion at all—The Lions Bunyan Saw—The Bird's Nest on a King's Tent.

THIS slothful man seems to cherish that one dread of his about the lions as if it were his favorite aversion, and he felt it to be too much trouble to invent another excuse. Perhaps he hugs it to his soul all the more because it is a *home-born fear*, conjured up by his own imagination; and as mothers are said to love their weakest children best, so is he fondest of this most imbecile of excuses; at any rate, it serves him for a passable excuse for laziness, and that is what he wants. If he can get the king of beasts to apologize for his idleness there is a sort of royalty about his pretences: he hopes his sloth will appear the less disgraceful if he can paint a *lion rampant* upon its shield.

I am not about to speak of

SLOTHFUL MEN IN GENERAL,

albeit that when a man does not diligently attend to his business he is committing great wrong to himself and to others. When a man is slothful as a servant he is unjust to his employers, and when he is in business on his own account idleness is usually a wrong to his wife and family. I know one who is the cause of poverty and want to those whom he ought to provide for; and all because honest labor and himself have long since fallen out. He would not move an inch if he could help it, nor even open his eyes if he could manage to live and sleep all his life away. When a man is thoroughly eaten up with the dry rot of laziness he generally finds some kind of excuse, though his crime is really inexcusable. "There is a lion in the way," and therefore the man judges it to be quite right that he should keep his bed, or that he should sit leisurely indoors, and should not give himself too much trouble or run any risks; but all this is a mere make-up to screen his loathsome vice.

No Christian ought to be slothful in his ordinary work: the apostle describes the good man as "not slothful in business"—of whatever kind that business may be. If you have a right to undertake it, if you have a right to continue in it, you have no right to be a sluggard in it. There should be as wide a division as between the poles between the thought of a Christian and the idea of a sluggard. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." An idler is a disgrace to himself, and if he professes religion he is a dishonor to it. *Paul would starve him*, for he says, "If any would not work, neither should he eat," and that is as near starvation as well can be. Popery may create and foster lazaroni, but the true faith bids every man eat his own bread.

I leave worldly sluggards to the moralist: doth not nature itself teach us to labor diligently? Man was not made for an idle life; labor is evidently his proper condition. Even when man was perfect he was placed in the garden, not to admire its flowers, but to keep it and to dress it. If he needed to work when he was perfect, much more does he require the discipline of labor now that he is fallen. Lions or no lions, men must work or find disease and death in sloth.

But we have many

SPIRITUAL SLUGGARDS,

and it is to them that I speak. They are not sceptics, they are not confirmed infidels, they are not opposers of the Gospel; perhaps their sluggish nature saves them from anything like energetic opposition to goodness. They claim that they are

not averse to the Gospel: on the contrary, they are rather friendly to it, and one of these days they intend to be obedient to its great commands, and to yield themselves as servants to Christ; but not just yet, the good time has not fully arrived. They have a very comfortable bed of sloth upon which they lie, and they do not want to rise in a hurry and exert themselves too much. They want to take this matter very leisurely and turn to Christ when it is quite convenient—when it will not require so much self-denial as at the present moment.

Our texts speak concerning the sluggard, and you first notice about him that *his tongue is not slothful*: "The slothful man saith," "The man who is lazy all over is generally very busy with his tongue." "The slothful man saith, There is a lion without." In both texts the slothful man is represented as having something to say, and I think that there are no people that have so much to say as those that have little to do. Where nothing is done much is talked about. Their goodness begins and ends in mere lip service. They talk about repentance, but they do not repent. They are willing to hear about faith, and even to speak about it, but they do not believe. They extol zeal and fervor, but they like to see these active graces rather than to feel them. They will talk till midnight, but all ends in smoke.

His imagination also is not idle. There were no lions in the streets. One does not expect to find lions there. They may be in the desert; they may be in the jungle; they may be in the forest; but who expects to find lions in the streets of Jerusalem or the lanes of London? *Laziness is a great lion-maker.* He who does little dreams much. An idler will never be short of difficulties as long as he has no heart for work. As they say that any stick will do to beat a dog with, so any excuse will do to ruin your soul with; for this man's objection, after all, was not to lions in the way: he objected to the way itself, and he was glad to place a lion there, so that he might be excused from going into the street. He did not want to get to his work, and therefore there was a lion in the way to obstruct him. *The lion was his friend.* He had invented him on purpose to be the ally of his idleness.

Now, in dealing with the sluggishness and its vain excuse, my divisions to-night will be such that every child can take them home and recollect them. The first head will be *a lion*; the second will be *two lions*; and the third will be *no lions at all*. Those three headings will surely abide in everybody's memory, and they are fairly derived from the two texts.

I. The first is

"A LION."

"The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets." That is to say, it is time for him to get to the vineyard to work, but he does not get up, and he pretends that he is best in bed, for there is a lion outside the door. Would you have him risk his precious life, so valuable to himself, at any rate, if to nobody else? He turns over upon his bed to sleep again; for this is far more comfortable than to be meeting a lion, and falling a prey to his teeth.

He means, I think, that there is a great difficulty—a terrible difficulty, quite too much of a difficulty for him to overcome. He has heard of lion-tamers and lion-killers, but he is not one. He has not the strength and the vigor to attack this dreadful enemy; he will even confess that he has not sufficient courage for such an encounter. The terrible difficulty which he foresees is more than he can face: it is a lion, and he is neither Samson, nor David, nor Daniel, and therefore he had rather leave the monster alone. Are there not many here who say much the same? "Oh," they say to the preacher, "you do not know our position, or the peculiar circumstances and special trials under which we labor. We would gladly be saved, but we cannot live as Christian men: our trade is a difficulty, our poverty is a difficulty, our want of education is a difficulty, and the whole put together make up an impossibility; there is a lion in the way."

Yes, I know, that is what your relative said many years ago, and as long as there is any of your family left there always will be lions about; and you, being a true descendant of the slothful one—

to speak honestly to you—can hear the lion roar under your window just as your great-grandfather's grandfather did in Solomon's time. I am persuaded that your sons and daughters, if they have the same mind as you have—that is, a mind unwilling to come to Christ—will hear the voice of the lions too; wonderful difficulties will be in their way, as they are in yours. *The ancient order of the Donmores* and the fruitful family of the Easys will keep their beds and their posts till the last trump shall sound. Though the promise is, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet," they have no heart for the conflict and therefore never win a victory.

Yes, but in this sluggard's case it was a *very fierce lion*. The Hebrew of the second text implies that it was a mighty lion that was in the street. His imagination pictured a very extraordinary monster, much larger than usual. And so, my dear friends, you have some difficulty much greater than anybody else ever had; at least, you talk as if this were the case. True, the martyrs swam through seas of blood to win the crown; and thousands were burned to ashes at the stake that they might be found faithful to Christ; but it would seem from your talk that those lions were nothing compared with your lion, which is of huge dimensions and extraordinary ferocity.

WHAT CAN THIS LION BE?

Perhaps if I were to examine a little closely it might come out that you are a great coward, and the lion a wretched cur not worth noticing. Your lion is a mere mouse: where is your manliness to tremble at so insignificant a trial? Perhaps you have an acquaintance who would be parted from you if you became a Christian. Is this your lion? *It is a very young one.* Or else you are following a bad trade, and a bad business, and you know that you would have to give them up. Is this all? Your shop would have to be shut on Sunday—is this the secret of the matter? You know that the tricks that you now practise, and that you find so profitable, you cannot practise if you become a Christian. Perhaps that is your lion.

I should not wonder, though you try to make others believe that it is so terrible, that you really cannot tell what it is; and yet you fondly dream that it quite excuses you for being what you are—an idle lie-abed, sleeping when the light of the Gospel is shining full in your face, and declining to decide for God and for Christ, though you know what the Lord requires of you.

Observe, again, that this sluggard said that there was a lion without, and he should be slain in the streets. It is rather a novel thing for people to be killed by lions in the streets. It has not occurred within my recollection, and I do not think that it is ever likely to occur; but still this man professed that he expected to be slain in the streets. In an age of liberty like this he is afraid to be a Christian because of persecution, for persecution would be the death of him. Oh, dear! In a time like this, when to be honest, to be upright, is, for certain, the best thing for this world as well as for the world to come, yet men still tell us that they would lose by being Christians; it would ruin their business, they could never make a living; they would be slain in the streets. If you had lived in Madagascar years ago, when to be a Christian involved your being hurled down a precipice or being speared, I could see something in the excuse; but in a land like this the persecutions which are endured may be bitter, and the losses which are incurred may be heavy; but they are hardly worth mentioning as compared with the sufferings of the first ages.

And then look at the base conclusion—"There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets," as if the lion would be sure to look for him if it did not meddle with anybody else, as if he was the only man in the street, and not one among hundreds equally in danger, if such danger there really were. The lion, for certain, would kill him, he was quite sure of it; "I shall be slain in the streets." This is how sluggards talk, as if all the troubles and trials that ever fell upon men that are decided for Christ would fall upon them; and whereas many of God's Daniels have lived in dens of lions

and have been none the worse for it, they cannot look to Daniel's God, and they do not expect Daniel's rescue. They are sure that they shall be torn in pieces, though there be but one lion and that lion in the streets, where there would be protection near and shelter at hand.

Now, look ye, you that talk about the difficulties of being Christians. Are there no other Christians beside you? Will you be the only believers? When you are converted to God will you be all alone? Will there be none to help you? Is there no Christian brotherhood left among us? Are there no advanced saints who will help you as a young man to struggle against your doubts, and against the temptations that are in the way? Why, you know that you will not be alone in the streets of the Jerusalem of God. Once get into the city of God, which is His church, and you will be safe, for "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, but the redeemed of the Lord shall walk there;" and thus you shall be in the blessed company.

THE REAL LION,

after all, is sluggishness itself, aversion to the things of God. Oh, how many we have in the Tabernacle whom I have looked to see coming forward to profess their faith in Christ, but they have not come, and, for all that I can see, they are just where they were ten, twelve, twenty years ago. The real difficulty lies in this—that their heart is not right toward God. They have not yet humbly acknowledged their need of Jesus: it is too much trouble to confess their sins. They have not yet accepted the Lord Jesus as God presents Him, as the propitiation for sin. Oh, if they were in earnest about these things—if their hearts were really anxious to find Christ, they would not see this lion in the way. I am quite sure that the monster would soon disappear.

But, says one, "If I did come to Christ, I am persuaded that after a little while I should fall back." Be not so sure of that. If you give your heart to Christ, has He not promised to keep you? Is it not written, "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hand?" Do you think that you are to keep yourself from falling? If so, read this doxology, and try to sing it—"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence with exceeding joy—unto Him be glory both now and ever."

"Yes, but I have tried," says one. Oh, that is your lion, is it? But how did you try? You tried in your own strength, I ween; and we do not invite you to do that any more, for your strength is perfect weakness. Had you committed yourself to the keeping of Christ you would have another tale to tell and another song to sing, for He is faithful, and He keeps those that are in His hand. If that is your lion, God grant that you may never hear it roar again. You are not asked to save yourself, or keep yourself, but to submit yourself to the grace of God, and surely that is able to keep you unto the end.

I have this to say to you before I pass to my second head. If there is a lion without,

IS THERE NO LION WITHIN?

That is to say, if you come to Christ and perish, you will most surely perish if you do not come to Him. If you live as you are, what must become of you? If you die as you are, what must be your lot? Without a Saviour to wash you from sin, and a Mediator to plead for you before God, what must be your eternal portion? Why, it would be better to go out among a thousand lions than to stay within and to perish in your sins. The lion within doors in your case will certainly destroy you; therefore up and away. Escape as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: that fowler is Satan, and his nets are the deceitfulness of sin.

If you do not feel that you can contend with the enemy—and certainly you cannot, without divine help—can you not cry for help? Our God hears and answers prayer; why not cry to the strong One for deliverance? Your lion is in the way. Shout, then, for a friend to come and help you; and within call there stands One who is a *wonderful lion-killer*. There is the Son of David. Did He not destroy the works of the devil when He

was here? Still He shows Himself strong for the defence of all them that put their trust in Him. Call to Him, "My Jesus, deliver me from the lion," and He will be with you, and take the lion by the beard and slay him. Therefore, sluggard, your excuses will not do. They are broken vessels that hold no water. God help you to be weary of them.

II. We leave our friend, the sluggard, for a little while in the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs, and we turn on three or four pages, till we come to the twenty-sixth chapter, at the thirteenth verse, and there we find the gentleman again. The slothful man is still talking, and he says, "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets." Is there any difference between this verse and the first one that I took for my text? Yes, I think there is this difference—that there are

TWO LIONS.

here instead of one.

He has waited because of that one lion, and now he fancies that there are two lions. He has made a bad bargain of his delay. He said that he would have a more convenient season, but where is it? It was inconvenient then because there was a lion. Is it more convenient now? Not at all, for now there are two lions. "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the street." That is always the result of waiting: procrastination never profits; difficulties are doubled, dangers thicken. The countryman who had to cross the river foolishly determined to wait until the water had all gone past, for, at the rate it was going, he was quite sure that it must run dry; but when he had waited long, to his surprise he found that a flood had come down from the upland country, and the river was much deeper than it had been before: the river was not dried, but swollen.

Those who think, when they are young, that it will be so much more easy to seek and to find the Saviour when they reach manhood are greatly deceived. Those who think that they will wait till their family has grown up, or till they retire from business, for then they will be able to attend to it so much more easily, may live to discover that hardness of heart has come upon them as the result of delay. Life is like an evening: the longer you wait the darker it becomes. Delay bristles with danger, and the best fruit it can possibly bear is regret. When those who lingered are at length brought to Jesus, how much they wish that the precious years that have been wasted could come back to them. How heartily do they love that promise, "I will restore unto you the years which the locust hath eaten!"

You see in the second text there were two lions, and, according to the Hebrew, they were quite as bad as the other lion, for one of them was a young lion. "There is a young lion in the way." And the second Hebrew word implies a great lion. "A strong lion is in the streets." So now there were two active enemies—two unconquerable difficulties—instead of one; and, as an old Puritan observes, the first time when the sluggard looked down the street, and saw a lion lurking on the left, he could have gone the other way; but now when he looked out there was a lion to the right as well as to the left, and he could not go either way without facing a foe. With a lion at the front door and a lion at the back, there seemed to be no way of escape for him, and this was

THE WRETCHED RESULT OF WAITING.

And do not some of you who, years ago, hesitated over the difficulties of being a Christian find more difficulties now instead of less? When you were one-and-twenty you were deeply impressed, and conscience was aroused; only you said, "No, not just now. It will be easier soon." Certain cords of sin held you. But now you are forty. Well, what about it?

You have heard the Gospel so long that there is no novelty in it; and you know the excuses so well that you have got to be *one of the devil's old soldiers*, a veteran injured to war. You know how to get over the Gospel somehow; like an old fox, you know all the traps, and cannot be caught in them. You are sticking to the old trick about the lions; but now there are two lions, so you say. Thus you have a double-barrelled excuse.

How can I be so unreasonable as to expect you to come out often to a week-night service? You have three or four shops. How can you come out of a Sunday evening, some of you? You have half a dozen children. How is it possible that you should give much time to prayer? You are here, and there, and everywhere in your worldly calling! "Oh!" say you, "do not talk to us. Years ago it might have been possible for us to be Christians, but now, how can it be?" Therefore, I say to you young people, hasten to be blest. I beseech you do not delay. An old man took a little child up into his arms, and put his fingers into the abundant curls of his sunny hair, and he said, "Oh, dear child, while your mother sings to you, and tells you about Jesus, think of Him, and trust Him." "Grandpa," said the little boy, "don't you trust Him?" "No, dear," he said; "I might have done so years ago, but my old heart has got so hard now, nothing ever touches me now." And the old man dropped a tear as he said it. "I wish," said he, "that I had a curly head like yours, and was beginning life like you."

Oh, old man, are you here to-night? *Let me tell you a secret.* You may become a boy again. I am sure you may, for you may be born again; and he that is born again is but an infant, and starts on a new life with freshly given strength. He shall have softer feelings than nature lends to manhood. He shall have the feelings which grace alone can produce. In a spiritual sense his flesh shall come again unto him like that of a little child, though he cannot grow young again as to his bodily frame. The Holy Spirit can make him a new creature in Christ Jesus. But do not delay! Do not delay, you that are yet young.

III. That brings me to my last point, which is

NO LION AT ALL.

If there be here a man who would have Christ, there is no lion in the way to prevent his having Christ. "There are a thousand difficulties," says one. If thou desirest Christ truly, there is no effectual difficulty that can really block thee out from coming to Him. You notice that Solomon does not say that there were any lions in the way: he only tells us that the sluggard said so. Well, you need not believe a lazy man. The sluggard said it twice; but it did not make it true. Everybody knew what a poor fool he was, and that it was only in his own imagination that there were any lions at all. Do not believe your sluggish self, then, and do not believe the sluggish speeches of others. There are no lions except in your own imagination.

John Bunyan pictures lions at the gate of the interpreter's house, and, according to some commentators, he meant the deacons and elders of the church that are outside to watch those who desire to join the church. I am one of those horrible lions; but the happy thought is that the lions are changed. Whenever you wish to join the church, if you will only have courage to come and face us who are the dreadful lions in front of the palace gate, you will find that we are chained; and, what is more, if we were not chained we would not harm you. We do try to roar at those who are not our Master's children, and we would drive away all who come as thieves and robbers, for it is our duty to do so; but if you have a true heart, and wish to cast in your lot with the Lord's people, you shall not find that we are any terror to you. We shall be glad to say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord. Wherefore standest thou without?" A believer's duty is to join a Christian church, therefore fear not the face of man.

I believe that some will never come to Christ until another and a real lion shall get at them, and then they will run to Jesus for shelter, lions or no lions. I mean if the lion of their sin should ever wake up and roar upon them terribly, then they will not say that there are lions in the way. I used to be terribly afraid to come to Christ until I came to be more afraid of my sin than of all things else in the world. And Mr. Bunyan, in one of his books, says that he pictured Christ in his own mind as standing with a drawn sword to keep him away, "but at last," says he, "I got so desperately worried by my convictions of sin that if the Lord Jesus had really stood with a pike in His hand, I

would have thrown myself upon the point of it, for I felt that I must come at Him or perish."

Oh, throw yourself on the very point of the pike, for it is but in seeming that there is either pike or point. Hasten to Jesus, even though He seem to frown, for there is more love in a frowning Saviour than in all the world beside. He cannot mean it. No sinner comes to Him but Christ is more glad to receive him than the sinner is to be received. Nothing charms Jesus like seeing a poor troubled one come to Him. He will in no wise cast out one who does so.

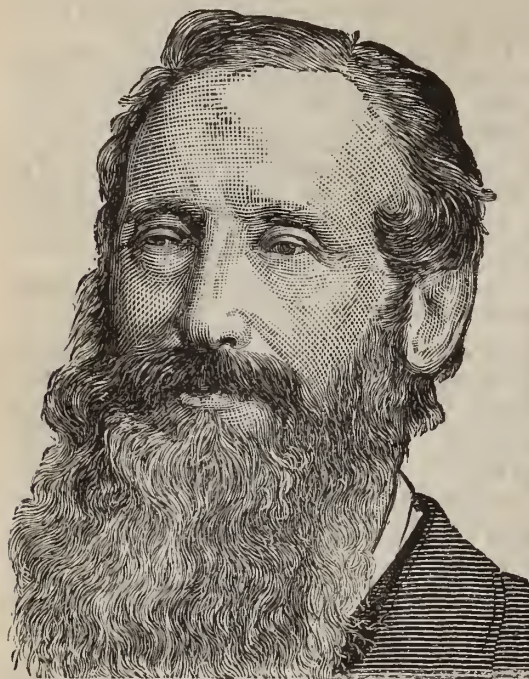
I have heard of a king upon the crown of whose pavilion, when it was pitched,

A PAIR OF BIRDS

came and built their nests; and he was gentle of heart and truly royal, for he said to his chamberlain, "The tent shall never be taken down till the birds have hatched their young. They have found shelter in a king's pavilion, and they shall not have to rue it." And oh, if you will go like the swallows and the sparrows, and build your nests under the eaves of Christ, who is the temple of God, you shall never have your nest pulled down. Ay, and if you can lay your young there, they shall be safe too. There is no place half so secure for our children as Christ's bosom. All who are in Christ shall be kept in safety, and shall be blessed.

Oh, come along with you. Come, you that are afraid of lions. *There are no lions.* The way is clear and open, for Jesus says, "I am the way," and "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Why do you still say that you will come by and by? Do not trifle so. I had almost rather that you cried, "I will not come at all;" such perversity might end better than feigned promises and base delays. I pray God to give you a better mind than that, and may you say, "Yes, this very night, please God, I will be saved. The sun has gone down, but there is a little twilight left, and I will yield ere darkness quite sets in, I will now trust my Saviour, and hasten to Him, and seek Him on my knees in prayer." May the Spirit of God sweetly lead you to do this; and oh, our heart will be so glad of it. The Lord grant it, for His dear name's sake. Amen.

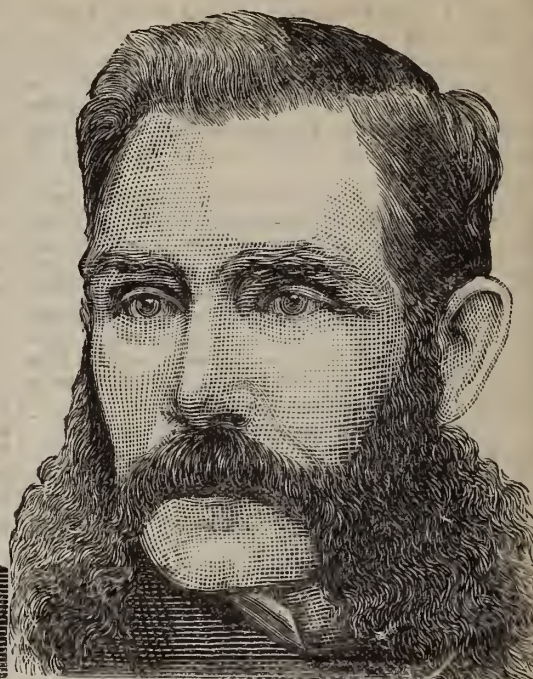
An Eloquent Defence of the Salvation Army, its teachings and methods, has been made by Mrs. Booth, the wife of the General of the Army. A defence was necessary, because several clergymen and evangelists, among whom was Henry Varley, have condemned recent departures, such as the dancing, as unseemly and irreverent. In the course of her address Mrs. Booth said that one critic had described the name of the Salvation Army as blasphemous. She thought it embodied the object of the movement, which was the salvation of the race, and one good thing about the name was it lacked any sectarian character. One gentleman declared that their proceedings were *all excitement*, in the midst of which people were told they were saved. Their Gospel was Christ's Gospel, which involved the giving up of sin, and walking in the light. Reality of conversion was evidenced by love and care for wife and family, *honest service* of employers, *payment of old debts*, even including public-house scores. Was that mere "music and excitement?" There were now awaiting their trial two men who had gone from the penitent forms of the Army, and given themselves up for the commission of murder. Was that mere "music and excitement?" Exception had been taken to the military method. She denied that God's resources for the salvation of the race were exhausted, or that He was tied down to any former regulations. There was much in the Bible to favor the assumption that a latter method for the salvation of the world would be a military one. It was to be observed that they had made their own army, and had not taken people out of the churches and chapels, but out of the gutters and slums, gin palaces and brothels. It is, however, evident, in spite of Mrs. Booth's eloquence, that the Army is in danger of gliding into paths which will end disastrously. It is matter for regret that when this danger is pointed out by *true friends of the Army* their warnings should be met with denunciation not far removed from scurrility.



Mr. M. R. Burns, the Deaf Mute Preacher.



Miss Mary Gault. (See page 517).



Major Gault, of the Hallelujah Army.

MR. M. R. BURNS.

The First Biblical Instructor to the Deaf and Dumb in London.

MATTHEW ROBERT BURNS was born at Dundee, Scotland, on the 10th of November, 1798. His father was a captain in the 84th Regiment. Matthew Robert, to the sorrow of his parents, was found to be a deaf mute, and it was decided that he should be educated at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, by Dr. Joseph Watson. At the age of thirty-six he became head-master of the Deaf and Dumb School at Aberdeen, in the year 1834. In 1841 he resigned, and went to Bristol as head-master in another school, and in 1842 went to London, where he played an important part in originating the first Chapel for Deaf and Dumb people in the British metropolis.

In 1841, a gentleman named Crouch, himself the father of three deaf and dumb children, became interested in the welfare of the deaf and dumb children of London, and he opened a public religious service in the month of October, 1841, which has since developed into the *Adult Institution for Providing Employment, Relief, and Religious Instruction for the Deaf and Dumb*. The committee then engaged Mr. Burns, as highly qualified to teach those similarly afflicted in every branch of instruction calculated to bring them into communion with their fellow-men, and to lead them into an understanding of the Scriptures, and to a knowledge of salvation through Christ.

Mr. Burns continued to preach the Gospel with much success till the year 1866, when he relinquished all public work for a time, and lived almost in obscurity, befriended by a few generous people. About eight years ago he was afflicted with a tumor in the neck, also with bronchitis. He was never known to murmur during all his afflictions, but enjoyed much deep peace and abounding joy in Christ. His death took place on January 21st, 1879, in the eighty-first year of his age.

THE HALLELUJAH ARMY, AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL GAULT.

I AM now thirty-six years of age. About eight years ago, in 1874, I was converted to God. My life up to that time had been spent in pleasure-seeking, but I had often been impressed with the need of salvation. Once, when a dear sister to whom I was attached went to be with Jesus, I promised God that I would serve Him, but my promises were like the morning cloud, and the early dew. They soon passed away, and I found myself once more with my companions in the whiskey shop and at the theatre.

For years after this I went on in sin, but God in mercy again brought me to feel my need of Christ,

and in deep distress I looked to Him, and found peace to my troubled soul. I was afraid at first to speak of the change, as I dreaded the scoffs of my old companions, but a dear servant of God, James Adams, of Edinburgh, came to the village where I lived, to hold special meetings. At these meetings I consecrated myself to God, and promised with His help evermore to serve Him.

I little thought at this time that God was going to lead me out into the mission field. I joined the Primitive Methodist Church, and soon afterward was an accredited local preacher in the town of Paisley, Scotland, where I labored nearly three years, and then went to London. After seven months' active service for the Master there, I returned to Scotland for a little rest. I began to hold open-air services in the County Square, Paisley, and crowds of people came to these meetings.

SUCCESSFUL EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Going down the street one day I saw a bill with the words, "A hall to let." It was a dancing-hall at the back of a saloon, with a long, dark, dirty entrance, and held about one hundred persons; but it was without seats. I took a lease of it for three months. I made the seats myself to save expense, working at them during the day, and holding the open-air meetings at night. Soon the hall was seated, but it was far too small. There were larger halls in the town, but I was unable to pay the heavy rents. So I was compelled to labor on in the little place till I had saved from the collections taken at the meetings as much as paid the rent of a larger hall for Sundays. I continued to use the small hall for week nights, and the Temperance Hall for Sundays, until I heard of a grog-seller's cellar that was to let. It had once been a six-loomed weaving shop with a room and kitchen attached. I took a lease for twelve months, and started at once to pull down the partition, and made it into a hall that would hold rather more than four hundred people.

WHERE WERE THE SEATS TO COME FROM?

I had only what would accommodate one hundred. I told God all about it, and then went to the timber merchant and ordered what was wanted, believing that when the bill was to be paid He would send me the money; and He did so. God continued wonderfully to help me. At the meetings held in the little hall two carpenters had been saved, and with their assistance it was not long before we had made arrangements for seating four hundred people. The faithful preaching of Christ as the only remedy for fallen men was attended with the manifest blessing of God.

I had long thought of Ireland as a field of labor, having been there several times before my conversion. The number of poor people who attended

no place of worship was laid on my heart; and on the 1st of May, 1880, two of our officers left for Ballymena; there they held up Jesus as "the Mighty to save," and before they were three months in that town one of the houses of ill-fame was closed; the woman who kept it was converted, as well as three or four of the unfortunate girls. This woman and one of the girls are at present in the town, and earning an honest livelihood.

Having made this town our headquarters we branched out to other towns. We have at present in the north of Ireland seven mission stations, in seven different towns. At each of these stations meetings are held every night in the week, both indoor and out, and hundreds have professed to find Christ. We have at present twelve paid agents in Ireland, also a number of cadets in the "Home" who are being trained for the work. Beside these we have six large stations in Scotland as well as many small ones.

Nearly all the paid officers that we have in the work were brought to the Lord at our meetings. The first that was engaged as an officer was standing one afternoon at the bar of a grog shop, with his companions, while we were holding an open-air meeting near by, and the singing attracted him. He followed to the hall, and God's Spirit convinced him of sin, and, to the surprise of all in the house where he lived, the next morning he went to church, and the following night he came to our meeting and found Christ. He was the first to go to Ireland, and is known in the Army as "Major Gillies." During the three years that the work has been going on, God has wrought wonders. Hundreds have been brought to repentance and salvation through our efforts, and many sleeping Christians have been quickened to a sense of their duty. Though we have been greatly blessed, yet we have had many difficulties. The collections taken at the meetings are relied upon to carry on the work, and we can truly say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and "we will trust and not be afraid."

JOHN READE'S RESCUE FROM MATERIALISM.

IT was a dark, chill winter's day and the sky seemed heavy with a coming fall of snow. On the streets were very few pedestrians, and such as there were hurried with quick steps toward their destination anxious to escape the bitter wind that blew as if it had come direct from the region of eternal ice and snow.

Poor half-clothed beggars shivered under their rags at the street corners, and seeing no prospect of alms went in quest of the poor-honse or of some cheap lodging for the night.

Noticeable in the solitude of the usually busy

streets was the figure of a man walking rapidly and with a firm erect bearing toward the outskirts of the city. He was tall and lithe, and his bearing betokened self reliance and energy. He could not have been over thirty, but his face was bronzed with travel and exposure, and though showing marks of intellectual culture, his occupation, of late at any rate, could not have been a sedentary one. Soon he was out of the business part of the city and entered a quiet street where the houses seemed to be occupied by private families and professional men. He stopped at the end of the street and opened the gate of a garden in the midst of which an old fashioned house could be seen through the trees. On the fence was a modest shingle on which was inscribed the words "Dr. Sedgwick."

Once inside the gate the traveller moderated his pace and finally came to a halt some dozen yards from the door. Some strange hesitation came over him and he appeared half inclined to retrace his steps. Then he apparently came to a decision, and mounting the stoop he rang the bell. When the door was opened he inquired, "Is Mrs. Reade at home?" and receiving an affirmative answer he entered and bade the help tell Mrs. Reade that "a friend wished to see her."

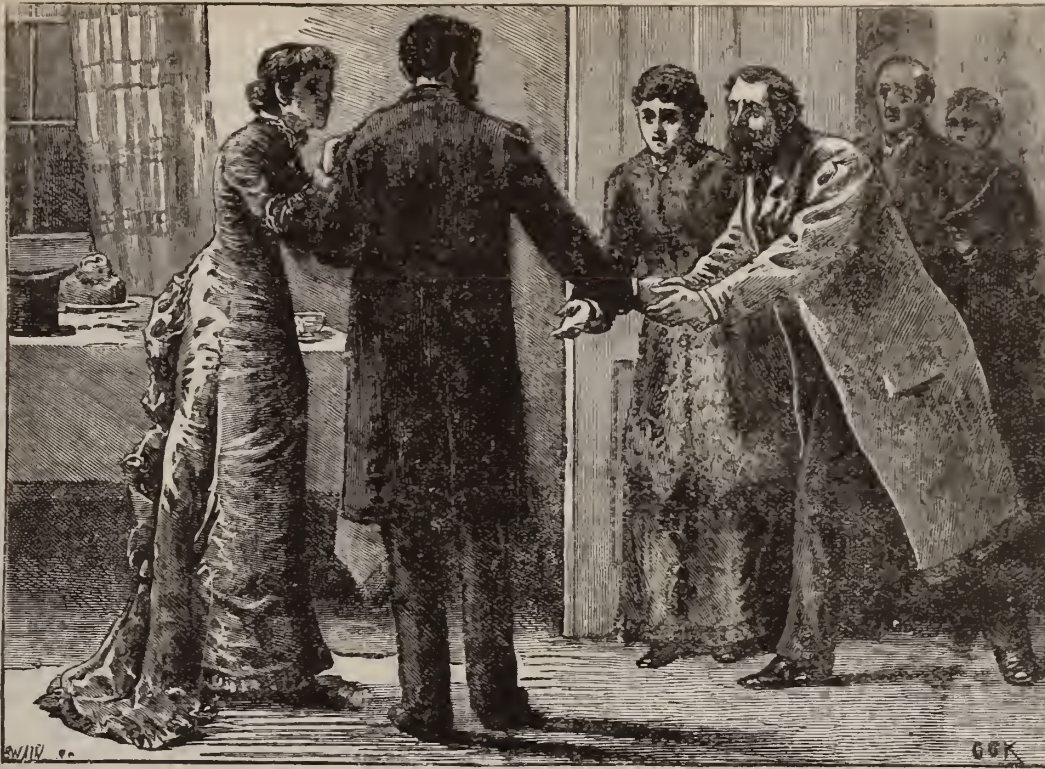
After a few minutes waiting in a room which seemed very familiar to the visitor, a lady entered. She was fashionably but neatly dressed, and her face, of almost childish beauty, wore a look of innocent wonder. She stood for a moment regarding her visitor with intense earnestness, and then with a cry of joy nestled in his outstretched arms, exclaiming, "My husband! my darling husband!"

This was the moment to which John Reade had looked forward for more than two long years during which he had been separated from his young wife. As she held him off at arm's length to note the changes time and travel had produced in the bronzed bearded face before her, he saw the look of love in her eyes, and once more clasped her to his breast in joyful gladness. Then she wanted to hear an account of his adventures and unexpected return, but before he could give it, the door was thrown open and John Reade was overwhelmed with hearty greetings from a group of delighted friends. Dr. Sedgwick, who was Mrs. Reade's father, had been driving with another daughter and two friends, and returning had heard of his son-in-law's arrival and rushed at once to the room where he was, to give him cordial welcome.

"I am delighted to see you, Reade," said Dr. Sedgwick, grasping with both hands Reade's extended palms, "you are just in time for a regular round of entertainments and new year's parties; you will have quite a public ovation, coming in like this as if you were an angel flying among us without a word of preparation."

"But I am only here for a day," said Reade; "to-morrow night I am off again for another two months trip and then I am coming back to stay."

The announcement brought a look of consternation and disappointment to every face in the group, and entreaties that a least for the new year's week Reade would postpone his departure. But Reade said, no; it was a case like that of Longfellow's standard bearer, he must refuse all entreaties, and if his motto was not "excelsior," it was "forward." So in spite of the pleading of his wife and her sister and Dr. Sedgwick he remained firm.



Dr. Sedgwick's Welcome to John Reade.

Reade was an ambitious man who, having devoted himself to the study of chemistry and medicine, had accepted an appointment which involved frequent and prolonged absence from home. He did this to increase his own knowledge as well as to gain for himself a public reputation. Dr. Sedgwick was proud of his son-in-law, and had approved of his course, and with true fatherly kindness consoled his daughter Emily for her husband's absence.

That night John Reade related his adventures since leaving home, and the family party was thrilled by a narrative of danger and of hair-breadth escape from death by drowning, from wild beasts, and by savage hands. At its conclusion Dr. Sedgwick proposed that they should all unite in offering thanks to God for His preserving care over one so dearly loved. John Reade for his part showed some reluctance, which did not escape his father-in-law's notice, though it was a mere look unobserved by the others, and a fervent prayer was offered by Dr. Sedgwick.

The next day Dr. Sedgwick spoke privately to Reade of this reluctance and asked him its cause. Then Reade said that during his journey he had been studying the works of Condillac and had been led to doubt the existence of the soul, and finally had abandoned his faith in God Himself. This was a sad blow to Dr. Sedgwick, who, though a learned man and a skilful physician, was an earnest Christian, and he begged of his son-in-law to go over the whole matter with him as soon as he returned, and meanwhile to read the Bible carefully and not to trust too implicitly to theories and speculations of men.

During the next two months while Reade was absent Dr. Sedgwick's daily prayer was that the Holy Spirit might enlighten the mind of the young man, and in some way convince him that there was in the human organism something which the surgeon's knife had never found and which came from God Himself. He also carefully went over the process of reasoning by which he when a young man similarly assailed had arrived at a conclusion far away from materialism. Thus fortified by prayer and thought he looked forward with confidence to his son-in-law's return.

The day came and with it the eagerly expected traveller. But there was no need of discussion. Reade was, to Dr. Sedgwick's delight, already a convinced man. During his journey he had visited a hospital where lay an aged man who while suffering from an incurable disease had been fear-

fully crushed and mangled in a railroad accident. Reade had never witnessed suffering such as the old man endured from his injuries and his disease. He expected to find him overwhelmed, but instead, he saw him, even in the paroxysms of his agony, calmly looking forward to release, and confident in the belief that his soul would be carried into the presence of his crucified, glorified Saviour. The soul was uninjured, and while the body was racked and tortured, the man himself seemed to rise above his frame. Reade saw him die and heard his last triumphant words, and he came away from that death bed a believer in the immortality of the soul and the truths of revelation. God had answered prayer, and the student who might have resisted Dr. Sedgwick's arguments was overcome by the spectacle of a Christian's death-bed.

That Honesty is the best Policy every School boy has heard, but the motive to which it appeals is so low that the proverb is suspected of having been invented by some one who had tried the other alternative. A Cincinnati journal relates an incident which it states occurred recently and which shows that even the good policy is doubted by unprincipled men. A prominent politician had among his supporters a large number of disreputable men who were kept true to him mainly by the influence of one idle dissolute fellow who had great influence with them. The politician found that his hogs were being shot and discovered that his influential supporter was the offender. He was afraid to offend the man, and at last approached him with an offer. He said: "Say, look here. I want you to quit shooting my pigs. I desire to allow them to grow to a proper size before they are killed, and I want to kill them myself. If you will give me your word that you'll not shoot any more of them, I'll agree to give you 500 pounds of pork a year. What do you say? Is it a bargain?" "All right," replied the other; "I give you my word that I'll not kill any more of your swine on the terms you propose; but—" after a pause, "I'll lose pork by it." The frank admission indicated that the bargain was made with reluctance and that his observance of it would be doubtful. There is reason to fear from certain recent scandals that some men professing to be Christians have the same lack of principle. Their minds are so troubled by missing dishonest gains that they have resorted to trickery to make up the deficiency. It should never be forgotten that the Bible is very explicit on this question of money worship (1 Tim. 6: 9, 10).

WEE DAVIE.

A Tale of Scottish Life. By Dr. Norman McLeod.

(Continued from page 511.)

The Oil of Consolation.

THE Minister rose to depart. Before doing so, he asked permission to pray, which was cheerfully granted. Wishing to strengthen the faith, in prayer, of those sufferers, he first said, "If God cannot hear and answer prayer, He is not all-perfect and supreme; if He will not, He is not our Father. But blessed be His name, His own Son, who knew Him perfectly, prayed Himself, and was heard in that He prayed. He heard, too, every true prayer addressed to Himself; while He has in

His kindness furnished us with an argument for prayer the truth and beauty of which we parents can of all men most appreciate; 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!'"

The doctor then poured forth a simple, loving, and most sympathizing prayer, in which he made himself one with his fellow-worshippers, and expressed to a common Father the anguish and the hopes of the hearts around him. When it ended, he went to the bed, and looked at the sleeping child, touched his white hand, and said, "God bless your little one! May this sleep be for health."

"It's the first sleep," said Jeanie, "he has had for a long time. It may be a turn in his complaint."

The minister then shook them both warmly by the hand, and gazed on them with a world of interest in his eyes, asking them only to consider kindly what he had said.

The silence which ensued for a few minutes after his absence, as William and Jeanie returned from the door and stood beside the bed, was broken by the smith observing, "I am glad that man came to our house, Jeanie. Yon was indeed preaching that a man can understand and canna forget. It was wee Davie did it." "That's true," said Jeanie; "thank God for 't!" And after gazing on the sleeping child, she added, "Is he no bonnie? I dinna wunner that sic a bairn should bring guid to the house."

That night William had thoughts in his heart which burned with a redder glow than the coals upon the smithy fire!

It was a beautiful morning in spring, with blue sky, living air, springing grass, and singing birds; but William Thorburn had not left his house, and the door was shut. Mrs. Fergusson trod the wooden stair that led to the flat above it with slow and cautious step; and as she met her boy running down whistling, she said, "What d'ye mean, Jamie, wi' that noise? Do ye no ken *wee Davie is dead*? Ye should hae mair feeling, laddie!"

The Corporal, whose door was half-open, crept out, and in an underbreath beckoned Mrs. Fergusson to speak to him. "Do you know how they are?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No," she replied, shaking her head. "I sat up wi' Mrs. Thorburn half the night, and left Davie sleeping, and never thocht it would come to this. My heart is sair for them. But since it happened the door has been barred, and no one has been in. I somehow dinna like to intrude, for, nae doot, they will be in an awfu' way about that bairn."

"I don't wonder—I don't wonder!" remarked the Corporal, meditatively; "I did not believe I could feel as I do. I don't understand it. Here am I, who have seen men killed by my side—who have seen a few shots cut down almost half our company; and—"

"Is it possible?" interposed Mrs. Fergusson.

"It is certain," said the Corporal; "and I have charged at Pampeluna—it was there I was wounded—over dead and dying comrades, yet, will you believe me? I never shed a tear—never; but there was something in that Captain—I mean the boy—and the Corporal took out his snuff-box, and snuffed vehemently. "And what a brave fellow his father is! I never thought I could love a Radical; but he is not what you call a Radical; he is—I don't know what else, but he is a man—an out-and-out man, every inch of him. I'll say that for him—a man is William Thorburn! Have you not seen his wife?"

"No, poor body! It was six o'clock when she ran up to me, no distracted either, but awfu' quiet like, and wakened me up, and just said, 'He's awa', and then afore I could speak she ran doon the

stair, and steekit her door; and she has such a keen spirit, I dinna like to gang to bother her. I'm unco wae for them."

They both were silent, as if listening for some sound in William Thorburn's house, but all was still as the grave.

The first who entered it that morning were old David Armstrong and his wife. They found Jeanie busy about her house, and William sitting on a chair, dressed better than usual, staring into the fire. The curtains of the bed were up. It was covered with a pure white sheet, and something lay upon it which they recognized.

Jeanie came forward, and took the hand of father and mother, without a tear on her face, and said quietly, "come ben," as she gave her father a chair beside her husband, and led her mother into an inner room, closing the door. What was spoken there between them I know not.

William rose to receive old David, and remarked in a careless manner, that "it was a fine spring day."

David gave a warm squeeze to his hand, and sat down. He soon rose and went to the bed. William followed him, and took the cloth off the boy's face in silence. The face was unchanged, as in sleep. The flaxen curls seemed to have been carefully arranged, for they escaped from under the white cap, and clustered like golden wreaths around the marble forehead and cheeks. William covered up the face, and both returned to their seats by the fireside.

"I never lost ane since my ain wee Davie dee'd, and yours, Willie, was dear to me as my ain," exclaimed the old man, and then broke down, and sobbed like a child.

William never moved, though his great chest seemed to heave; but he seized the poker, and began to arrange the fire, and then was still as before.

By and by the door of the inner room opened, and Jeanie and her mother appeared, both of them composed and calm. The same scene was repeated as they passed the bed. Mrs. Armstrong then seated herself beside her husband.

Jeanie, placing a large Bible on the table, pointed to it, and said, "Father." She then drew her chair near the smith.

David Armstrong put on his spectacles, opened the Bible, and selecting a portion of Scripture, reverently said, "Let us read the Word of God." The house was quiet. No business on that day intruded itself upon their minds. It was difficult for any of them to speak, but they were willing to hear. The passages which old David selected for reading were 2 Samuel 12: 15-23, on the sorrow of King David when he lost his child; Matthew 9: 18-26, containing the history of the raising up of the daughter of Jairus; and John 11: 1-44, with its memorable narrative of the darkness of mysterious sorrow, and the light of unexpected deliverance experienced by Martha and Mary of Bethany.

Having closed the Book, he said, with a trembling but solemn voice, "God, who doeth all things according to the counsel of His own will, has been pleased to send us a heavy affliction. 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away! May He enable us to say at all times, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' For whether He gives or takes away, He is always the same in love and mercy toward us, and therefore ought to have the same confidence from us. In truth, if He takes away, it is but to give something better, for He afflicts us in order to make us *partakers* of His holiness. Our little one is not dead, but only sleepeth."

Here David paused, but recovering himself, said, "Yes, his body sleepeth in Jesus till the resurrection morning. He himself is with Christ. He is alive, in his Father's bosom. Oh, it is strange to think o't, and hard to believe! but, blessed be God! it's true, that—that—Jesus Christ, who sees us, sees him, and sees us thegither, ay, at this vera moment!—" continued David, thoughtfully, like one pondering on a new truth; "this very moment we are all in His sight! Oh, it's grand and comforting; our wee Davie is in the arms of Jesus Christ!"

A solemn silence ensued. "The bonnie bairn

will never return to us," continued the elder, "but we shall go to him, and some o' us ere lang, I hope. Let us pray." And they all knelt down, and a true prayer, from a true heart, was spoken from suffering parents, to Him "of whom *the whole family* in heaven and earth is named."

To David's surprise and great satisfaction, he heard William utter Amen to his prayer, which included honest confession of sin; expressions of thankfulness for mercies, among others, for the great gift of their child, thus taken away, for all he had been, and for all he then was; with trustful petitions for the forgiveness of sin, and grace to help in this their time of need.

That afternoon Dr. McGavin called, and manifested quiet, unobtrusive, but most touching sympathy. His very silence was eloquent affection.

"I'm proud to meet wi' you, sir," said old Armstrong, after the doctor had been seated for a while. "Altho' I'm no o' your kirk, yet we're baith o' ae kirk for a' that."

"With one Father, one Brother, one Spirit, one life, one love, one hope!" replied Dr. McGavin.

"True, sir, true, our differences are nothing to our agreements."

"Our non-essential differences arise out of our essential union, Mr. Armstrong. For if we differ honestly and conscientiously as brethren, I hope it is because we differ only in judgment as to *how* to please our Father and our eldest Brother. Our hearts are one in our wish to do their will. For none of us liveth or even dieth to himself."

"Ay, ay, sir. So it is, so it is! But as the auld saying has't, 'The best o' men are but men at the best.' We maun carry ane another's burdens; and ignorance, or even bigotry is the heaviest ony man can carry for his neebor. Thank God, however, that brighter and better times are coming! We here see thro' a glass darkly; but then face to face. We know only in part, then shall we know even as we are known. In the mean time, we must be faithful to our given light, and, according to the best o' our fallible judgment, serve Him and not man."

"There are differences among living men," replied the minister, "but none among the dead. We shall agree perfectly only when we know and love as saints, without error and without sin."

"I mind," said David, warming with the conversation, and the pleasure of getting his better heart out—"I mind twa neighbors o' ours, and ye'll mind them, too, gudewife? that was Johnny Morton and auld Andrew Gebbie. The one was a keen Burgher, and the t'ither an Anti-Burgher. Baith lived in the same house, tho' at different ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his ain side o' the house aye weel thatched. But they happened to dispute so keenly about the principles o' their kirks, that at last they quarrelled, and didna speak at a'!"

"So ae day after this, as they were on the roof thatching, each on his ain side, they reached the tap, and looking ower face met face. *What could they do?* They couldna flee. So at last, Andrew took aff his Kilmarnock cap, and scratching his head, said, 'Johnnie, you aid me, I think, hae been very foolish to dispute as we hae done concerning Christ's will about our kirks, until we hae clean forgot His will about ourselves; and so we hae fought sae bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever's wrang, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind, in fac, tae hate ane another. Na, na, that's the deevil's wark, and no God's! Noo, it strikes me that maybe it's wi' the kirk as wi' this house; ye're working on ae side and me on the t'ither, but if we only do our wark weel, *we will meet at the tap at last*. Gie's your lian', auld neighbor!' And so they shook han's, and were the best o' freens ever after."

"Thank you, Mr. Armstrong, for the story," said Dr. McGavin. Then looking to the bed, he remarked, "Oh, if we were only simple, true, and loving, like little children, would we not, like that dear one, enter the kingdom of heaven, and know and love all who were in it, or on their way to it?"

"I'm glad I have met you, sir," resumed the old Elder. "It does ane's heart good to meet a brother who has been a stranger. But if it hadna

been for *his* death, we might never have met ! Isna that queer ? God's ways are no our ways !"

"God brings life to our hearts out of death," replied the minister, "and in many ways does He ordain praise from babes and sucklings, whether living or dead."

And thus a quiet chat was kept up for a time round the fireside, full of genial Christian cheerfulness. There was light in that dwelling on many a question, for there was love—love intensified by sorrow, as the last rays of evening become more glorious from the clouds round the setting sun.

"With your permission, good friends," said Dr. McGavin, "I will read a short psalm and offer up a short prayer before I go." He selected the 23d His only remark, as he closed the Bible, was, "The good Shepherd has been pleased to take this dear lamb into His fold, never more to leave it."

"And may the lamb be the means of making the auld sheep to follow !" added the elder.

(To be continued.)

PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES SILENCED.

S.S. Lesson for Aug. 27, Mark 12 : 13-27. Golden Text, Matt. 7 : 28, 29, and 1 Tim. 4 : 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Spiritual Power Attributed to Wrong Causes—A Trap Laid—Christ's Mode of Answering—The Image and Superscription—Of Amusements—Of Dress—Opposing Parties United Against Christ—The Snare of the Sadducees—Spiritual Perception Lacking—Two Kinds of Ignorance—Knowledge and Experience—Death a Temporary Condition.

THE chief priests, scribes, and elders felt that they were put to the worst before Jesus. "Never man spake like this Man" (John 7 : 46), and they felt it deeply. They, with all the power of ecclesiastical position at their back, they, the recognized spiritual leaders of the day, felt that "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes" or, as another Scripture says, "His word was with power" (Luke 4 : 32). Nothing angers unspiritual teachers so much as to feel the power of the Holy Ghost in the words of others. They try by every means to explain it away ; some will call it *mesmeric influence*, some designate it the power of a strong mind over a weak one ; others do not hesitate to imply that it is the work of the enemy of souls ; but there it is, a power, a felt power, and one which they cannot crush out.

But these men were determined to try it. The popularity and the personal power of this simple Jesus of Nazareth was intolerable to them.

FOILED THEMSELVES.

"They send unto Him certain of the Pharisees and of the Herodians to catch Him in His words." How little they knew the task they were attempting ! Jesus said to His disciples, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself ; but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works" (John 14 : 10). There was nothing in the words of Jesus which man or devil could lay hold of, they were all divine. That which is human can dispute and overcome that which is human, but that which is divine must stand. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away" (Luke 21 : 33).

One thing is very striking ; in all the attempts of Christ's enemies, we never see them making an appeal to *anything personal* in Him. His every word and deed was evidence that He did not live for Himself and that He knew no personal consideration. Therefore the ground on which they sought to entrap Him, was the law of God ; they would have Him take sides in some of the questions of the day, and by this means seek a ground of condemnation against Him. But they knew not Him with whom they had to do, they knew not that He is above all parties, all questions.

They weighed their words with the utmost care, and approached Him with an apparent confidence in Him and in His teaching. "Master, we know that Thou art true, and carest for no man ; for Thou regardest not the person of men, but teachest the way of God in truth : Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not ? Shall we give, or shall we not give ?" But

THEY HAD MISCALCULATED.

Jesus was not to be blinded by words of apparent trust in Him, and appreciation of His teaching. Under the bland tones of courtesy He heard tones of treachery, under the eyes which outwardly manifested only ingenuous desire to know the truth He detected the falsity of the heart. "He, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them, Why tempt ye Me ?" All *their disguise was useless*. He who could decipher hearts was there, and they must have felt small when He said, "Why tempt ye Me ? Bring Me a penny, that I may see it. And they brought it. And He saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription ? They say unto Him, Cæsar's. And Jesus answering said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

This was no such answer as they had looked for. They knew the law : "Thou shalt in anywise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose : one from among thy brethren shalt thou set king over thee : thou mayest not set a stranger over thee who is not thy brother" (Deut. 17 : 15). With all the sophistry with which they were so well acquainted, they would have found no difficulty in proving that if Jesus decided they should give tribute to Cæsar, He was teaching that which was contrary to the law of God. If, on the other hand, He decided that they should not do so, then they had a ground of condemnation against Him as a rebel against the Roman yoke. Jesus always answered His questioners by leading them

OUT OF THEIR DEPTH.

And what an answer is this to all questionings ! How repeatedly the question arises, "What do you think of amusements ? Do you think there is any harm in a quiet card party ?" Let me ask in the name of my Lord, "Whose is this image and superscription ?" Is this God's card party, brought together for God, and by God ? or is it the world's card party bearing the world's stamp and the world's superscription ? Is it a thing which the world owns, or is it not of the world even as Christ was not of the world ? "But you would not say it was necessary to change one's dress, and to be peculiar in appearance ?" Again I would ask, Whose image and superscription does your dress bear ? God's or the world's ? If by it you are better known as a child of God, good, praise God for it ; if by it you are mistaken for a worldling, because the image and superscription of the world is on it, then you are liable to our Lord's most cutting rebuke, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's ;" if you are of the world, be heart and soul for the world, be a whole man for one thing ; if you are God's be all for God, within and without, let there be no reserves.

The Lord teach us this lesson. O God try us, show us whose image and superscription is upon us, and make us true to Him in whose image we were created and after whose image we are created anew in Christ Jesus ; God calls us to live in a holy and continual independence of the world. Let it have its own, "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." The world loves honor, let it have all the honor it craves, but, O Christian, don't you seek after it : the world loves pleasure, let it have its pleasure ; it has nothing better, but O, child of God, don't you go and drink at such a miserable fountain. Let Cæsar have his own, but O let God have His rights. Are you His ? then be His out and out, let Him have you altogether. The questioners "marvelled at Him," but they could not answer Him, they could not overcome Jesus.

"Then came unto Him the Sadducees." The chief priests, scribes, elders, Pharisees, and Herodians had tried their utmost ; these last two sects, themselves opposed in their tenets, united to dispute with Jesus, and now the Sadducees, the rationalists of those days, would try their hand. "The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit : but the Pharisees confess both" (Acts 23 : 8). These men attempted to ridicule the teaching of Jesus. They proposed to Him a very unlikely case, of the application of that law of the Jews (Deut. 25 : 5) which refers to the brother taking to him the childless brother's

wife. They said, "Now there were seven brethren : and the first took a wife, and dying left no seed. And the second took her, and died, neither left he any seed ; and the third likewise. And the seven had her, and left no seed : last of all the woman died also. In the resurrection therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them ? for seven had her to wife. And Jesus answering said unto them, Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God ? For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage ; but are as the angels which are in heaven."

O how clearly we see from this and other passages how "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2 : 14). God is far above us, and when we cannot understand Him, let us believe that there are heights and depths hidden as yet from our view. The Sadducees had no idea of any order of things beyond their carnal conceptions, and Jesus blamed their ignorance.

"YE DO ERR,

because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God." It is our privilege to be acquainted both with the Scriptures and with the power of God ; the Scriptures, without the power, fill us with head knowledge, and lead us to self-deception ; the power of God without the Scriptures has led into the most grievous extravagancies : Jesus would have us know both.

It is a *pitiabie thing* to see a man full of knowledge, able to expound any passage of Scripture, and yet to see that his words have no weight, because they do not come filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. Alas this is not an unusual thing ! God says to such a man, "Thou dost err, because thou knowest not the power of God." A man who is satisfied to go on without hearing in his own soul, and producing in his work, the fruit of the Spirit of God, is one who knows not what it is to give himself up to be the instrument of the Holy Ghost, and no wonder such an one falls into silly reasonings like the Sadducees, or bitter opposition of that which is true and real like the Pharisees.

Our beloved Lord sought to lead the Sadducees a step farther. He said, "And as touching the dead that they rise ; have ye not read in the book of Moses how in the bush God spake unto him saying, I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob ? He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living ; ye therefore do greatly err." Had they been open to conviction, such reasoning must surely have convinced them ; they were, however, not enquirers but critics, they did not love the truth for the truth's sake, and experience has taught us that the clearest, most self-evident truth is utterly incomprehensible to those who are unwilling to receive it. But O how precious is this truth to us, God is the God of the living. Death is not death in His sight, for He is the Resurrection and the Life, and our beloved ones who sleep in Him are His, and He is theirs, and is not ashamed to be called their God.

O how we see the temporary nature of death to the believer, and the blessedness of having and knowing, and walking and talking with a living God, eternally the God of the living, who are "alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6 : 11). How can He forget us when He calls Himself our God ? How can we lack any good thing with such a God, really, actually engaged on our behalf, to defend, to keep, to purify, to educate us ! If we know the Scriptures and the power of God, how shall any question with us remain an open question ? How can anything remain a difficulty ? How ready He would have been to take all these questioning Jews to His heart, to find out the real hunger of their hearts, and to satisfy it ! Let us not be like them, but welcoming every thing which brings us on an errand to Him, let us sit at His feet with Mary, and learn of Him, and love Him and trust Him, because we believe in the mighty power of His love, which is gone out, and is ever going out towards us. Lord overcome us by Thy love, that we may be conquered and won by Thee !

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Lord Mayor of London in Giving a Banquet to the Cabinet has afforded Mr. Gladstone an extra-parliamentary opportunity of defending his policy. In the speech in which he returned thanks for the customary complimentary toast, Mr. Gladstone said: "We do not go to war with the Egyptian people, but to rescue them from the oppression of military tyranny; nor do we make war upon the Mohammedan religion, as Englishmen respect the convictions of believers in every other faith. We do not want to repress the growth of liberty in Egypt, but desire that she be prosperous. England goes to Egypt with clean hands, and with no secret intention to conceal from other nations. There is a class of men beside the military who require to be overawed—who were the instruments of former oppression, and who wish well to military tyranny because they would provide for the revival of abuses and cruelty already extinguished or mitigated."

The Conflict Between the Two Houses of the British Parliament has ended in the surrender of the Lords after an unimportant concession on the part of the Lower House. The Commons amended their bill in the direction desired by the Lords to the extent of granting landowners a lien on the money for which a tenant in arrears might sell his tenant right; but the lien was only to be to the extent of one year's rent. Thus altered, the Lords accepted the bill, though the Marquis of Salisbury, the leader of the Conservatives, was still opposed to the measure. He frankly stated that the decision to abandon opposition was due to a meeting of conservative peers at his residence, which had decided, by an overwhelming majority, that, in view of the state of affairs in Ireland and Egypt, it was not expedient to reject the Arrears bill. He said he was not of that opinion, but that he found himself in a small minority.

Serious Discontent has Broken out Among the Irish police. The duties of the force have been very onerous of late and have been attended with considerable danger. The men consequently made a claim for an increase of pay, and a sum worth \$900,000 was voted them for extra service, but owing to the dilatoriness of some officials it was not promptly distributed. Then the men assembled and decided that if their grievances were not considered and remedied they would resign in a body. The Government was thus confronted with the prospect of adding to the disaffected classes in Ireland a large body of trained and disciplined men. A foolish inspector further complicated matters by addressing the men in insulting language as traitors. On Thursday, August 10th, the Lord Lieutenant succeeded by the exercise of tact in averting the danger, and the men have formally agreed that if their grievances are remedied promptly they will continue to perform their duties.

Turkish Troops are being prepared for a campaign in Egypt. This important step has been taken with a precipitancy unusual in Turkish affairs, and the credit of having aroused the Sultan to action is said to be due to the skill with which Lord Dufferin, the British Minister, has conducted the negotiations. It is the custom of Turkey to haggle about trifles and to pursue a dilatory policy in diplomacy, but Lord Dufferin when presenting the British demand stated that if any delay occurred the Sultan would be considered to have rejected the proposals and England would act alone. The British Government stipulated that the Turkish contingent should be under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, but that condition has been modified to avoid humiliating the Sultan. England will not now insist on having the command, but stipulates that Ottoman troops shall not be moved without the previous assent of Sir Garnet Wolseley. Turkey will perhaps overcome the difficulty by putting the Ottoman troops under the control of the Khédive. The Sultan has prepared a proclamation denouncing Arabi as a rebel, in accordance with the English demand. The proclamation is to be published when the Turkish troops land, and states that "Arabi Pasha, having a second time transgressed the law by taking authority which does not belong to him, and having presum-

ed to menace the vessels belonging to an old and tried friend and ally of Turkey, is for these misdeeds proclaimed a rebel, together with his adherents. Be it known to all that obedience is due solely to the Khédive, who is the representative of the Sultan." The Sultan has directed that an addition to the proclamation be made, declaring Arabi Bey a rebel *unless he shall submit*, on the ground that in resisting he acts contrary to the precepts of the Koran. Importance is attached to this express mention of the Koran against Arabi. The Ministers are said to have sat throughout the night discussing the terms of this proclamation.

A New Cabinet has been Formed in France to succeed that of M. de Freycinet. Senator Duclerc is the new Premier. He has had some experience of official work, having held the post of Minister of Finance, which he ably filled. His entry into public life was during the revolution of 1848, when he was called to assist in the organization of the city of Paris. Without entering much into the political discussions of the day he devoted himself to the duties of his office, organizing the police of the city on the model of those of London and introducing various municipal reforms. The other members of the Cabinet are in several cases men who served under M. de Freycinet, and in others men of some eminence at the bar and in the Legislature. It is generally considered as a temporary, expedient, the existence of which will be short-lived. The Premier, in explaining his policy to the chambers, stated that his efforts would be directed to reuniting the various sections of the Republican party, and as to Egypt that the new ministry recognized in the vote refusing money for an Egyptian expedition an indication of the national will and by no means an act of abdication, but a vote of prudence and reserve, and would loyally accept its spirit.

A Man Arrested for Complicity in the Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Bourke is now on his way to Great Britain from Venezuela. He was arrested on his own confession to the British Consul at that port. Some doubt is entertained by the detectives as to his sincerity which will not be cleared up until his arrival and examination. He gives, however, a very connected and rational account of the manner in which he escaped after the tragedy, and a belief is growing that the man is rightly accusing himself.

The Total Wreck of the Mosel, a German steamer well known in this port, occurred on August 9th. She was on her way from Southampton to New York when the accident occurred. She went ashore near Lizard Point. The passengers were landed by the steamer Rosetta, of Falmouth. A thick fog prevailed at the time of the accident. The Mosel left Southampton with from six hundred to seven hundred passengers. The weather was calm. Suddenly the vessel struck the rocks near the Lizard with great force. There was no panic. Nine boats were got out and the Lizard lifeboat was launched. The steamer Rosetta landed all the passengers and the mails. Divers report that her bottom, from stem to foremast, is smashed. The other part of the vessel is uninjured. The water from forward has flowed aft, and is now over the main deck to the mainmast at low water. She is submerged from the stem to the entrance of the saloon and nothing can be saved without the aid of divers.

The Value of American Mission Work in Egypt is being recognized by the newspaper correspondents sent to that country to describe the war. One of them writes. "The operations which have been left to Americans alone in Egypt are those which faster than all others were preparing the people of the country for being able to realize their favorite dream of 'Egypt for the Egyptians.' Every one who has made the voyage of the Nile and been in contact with the Egyptian people knows how utterly incapable they are of anything approaching self-government. Give young Egypt the power of government and you put a keen-edged tool in the hands of an infant. The tact and general intelligence necessary for the right use of power are totally wanting. The average Egyptian is ignorant and degraded, and therefore must be educated intellectually and morally before he can

be intrusted with the protection of his own liberties, or before he can really comprehend the true idea of liberty. This education is just what the *little band of Americans* in Egypt are giving to the people of Egypt. Dr. Ellenwood, who, a few years ago, made the tour of the missionary world, pronounced the American Mission in Egypt *one of the most successful missions in the world.* Since then the outward tangible success of the mission has trebled itself. From Alexandria on the sea, to Assouan at the first cataract are found scattered all along the valley the teachers and schools—evangelists and colporteurs, sent out and controlled by the American Mission. At the close of the last year there were fifty-four schools whose teachers were educated in the mission institutions. So far has the work of education already advanced that the mission reports the sale, during 1881, of 27,150 volumes of books, religious and educational, for which was received the sum of \$6243. About one-third of all the books sold were sacred Scriptures, making the Bible distribution in Egypt almost double that of all Syria."

A Vivisector was Stopped at the Palace of Trocadéro, in Paris, on Sunday, July 19th. A physiologist—M. Laborde—had been announced to deliver a lecture to be illustrated by experiments upon live animals. A number of frogs, rabbits, and dogs, the intended victims, were placed upon the platform. The lecturer was about to begin by sacrificing one of the frogs, when a lady sprang from among the audience on to the platform and entered an energetic protest against the proceedings. M. Laborde at first attempted to proceed at the same time declaring that he was the victim of a clerical cabal. The public, however, supported the lady, and the lecture was abandoned amid great confusion.

A Cat's Performance in an Organ Caused an exciting scene at a morning service in an English church a few Sundays ago. At St. Matthew's, Sheffield, on Sunday, July 16th, the organist was greatly puzzled to find some of the keys on the "great organ" firmly fastened down. Having obtained assistance, an examination of the organ was made, when a cat was discovered in the interior of the instrument. All attempts to coax the animal from its place were unavailing. The service proceeded smoothly, but when the organist attempted to play the accompaniment to the "Amen" following the ascription at the close of the sermon, and drew two soft stops, without a note being touched the most discordant and piercing strains were emitted from the instrument. The last hymn was sung without accompaniment other than those produced by the movements of the frightened animal inside the organ. Just as the hymn finished "puss" made her escape, and bounding along the middle aisle gained the street. The congregation seemed to be much more interested in the freaks of the cat and the noises of the organ than in the service. The cat's interruption was a novel one, but the same diversion of the attention is sometimes caused by the entrance of a bird or a bat or the crying of a child. When souls are being drawn from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God the devil is active in his endeavors by any means to prevent the great transaction being consummated.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1882.

16th Year. No. 34.—New Series.

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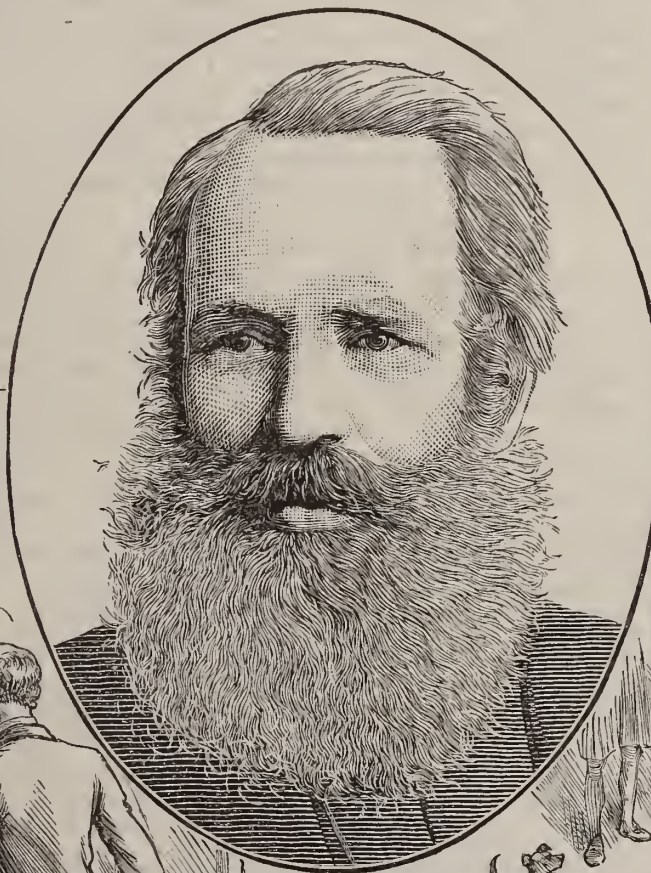
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The Rev. CHARLES GARRETT, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference—Scenes in his Life.

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

The New President of the Wesleyan Conference of Great Britain.

Born in 1826—Conversion and Call to the Ministry—Enters Richmond College—His First Circuits—His Efforts During the Lancashire Cotton Famine in 1860—Increasing Popularity—Devotion to the Temperance Cause—A Verbal Photograph—A Self-Revelation—Fitness for His Important Post.

THE spontaneous election of any man from among his equals in position to be the leader and chief, of all is an honor of a very distinguished kind. Whether it be in politics, in the courts of justice, or in the church, the man so chosen occupies a position higher by far than any inherited distinction, for it implies that his personal qualities have commended him to the notice of his fellow laborers, and have inspired them with confidence and esteem.

Such an honored position is that to which the Rev. Charles Garrett has just been elected. He is now the President, or chief executive, of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Great Britain, a denomination which, in that country alone, numbers over four hundred thousand members, has 2155 ministers regularly ordained, employs 15,250 local preachers, and possesses nearly seven thousand places of worship. It is no slight testimony to Mr. Garrett's character and worth that not only has he been elected to the office of President but the choice of his brethren is emphatically indorsed by the laity of the church.

There is a significance too in the honor thus conferred, from the character of the work Mr. Garrett has performed. The reproach is frequently cast on Christianity that its efforts are directed exclusively to spiritual concerns, to the neglect of the physical and temporal welfare of the human race. It is unnecessary in these columns to show how undeserved is that reproach, but it is a significant fact that the foremost minister of one of the great Christian denominations is a man who has not only labored with conspicuous success in the pulpit for the conversion of souls, but has been equally successful out of the pulpit in philanthropic work.

Mainly through his efforts, the coffee tavern movement was inaugurated and carried to successful execution, and the working-men in all the cities and large towns of Great Britain are now able to enjoy the society of each other, and spend pleasant evenings in places where they are not assailed with temptations to intemperance. To his energy and Christian sympathy also was largely due the patience and cheerfulness which characterized the English operatives in the cotton mills during the cotton famine occasioned by our civil war. During that time of trouble, when this land was groaning under the bitter struggle, the thousands of Lancashire were thrown out of work by the scarcity of material, and poverty and starvation stalked through the whole district. Mr. Garrett was at that time stationed in Lancashire, and his constant and earnest efforts were directed to the relief of distress and the inculcation of lessons of patient submission to the will of God.

Charles Garrett was born Nov. 22, 1826, in the small town of Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, the place from which the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury takes his name, and where he controls the church patronage, and owns nearly all the property. Small as is the town, and unimportant commercially, yet Methodism early found a home there, and a "preaching-house" was built as far back as 1756. The cause of Methodism is still well sustained in the little town, as appears from the fact that at the last census 724 persons in a total population of 2200 registered as Methodists.

Left fatherless in early life, Charles Garrett became dependent on his mother, who, happily for him, was a pious, God-fearing woman and a wise mother. Her position in the social scale was a very humble one, but she denied herself that she might give her boy a good education at a commercial school in his native town, above all taking care that his companionships were with the people of God. Attending the Methodist Sunday school in Shaftesbury, his steady conduct and intelligence recommended

him to notice, and while a mere boy he was made a teacher in the school, and retained that relationship till the time he left home to study for the ministry.

JOINS THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

At the time he became a teacher he took another decided step; the principles of total abstinence were then first introduced into England by Joseph Livesey and a few friends at Preston, and they rapidly spread over England, securing as one lifelong adherent the boy Charles Garrett. (The first panel in our frontispiece represents the boy in the act of signing the pledge.) He became an abstainer in 1840, after hearing a temperance lecture by John Cassell, and has never since tasted intoxicating liquor. He is to-day one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Temperance League and of the United Kingdom Alliance, and is connected with almost all the temperance organizations in Great Britain. He has greatly assisted in promoting the introduction and spread of Bands of Hope, in order to save the young from the perils associated with the use of intoxicating drink.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

While Charles Garrett was yet a lad, as he was walking down the High Street of Shaftesbury he met a good woman, to whom he spoke, and as the conversation continued she said, "Charles, isn't it time you gave your heart to God?" It was like a voice from heaven. The boy's attention was arrested, his heart was moved, and without hesitation he replied, "Yes." And he at once resolved to do so. (The scene is depicted on our frontispiece.) The teaching and preaching of those simple, earnest Methodist ministers who at that time filled the pulpits of Dorsetshire, whom he had heard, now began to exert on his mind holy longings and earnest desires to work for God. His labors in the Sunday-school showed even in his youth that he possessed the gift of an attractive and persuasive utterance, and his way was soon opened to the pulpits in the circuit which were occupied on certain Sundays by lay preachers, the regular ministers preaching on stated occasions. Mr. Garrett thus commenced his work, and in 1846, at the age of twenty, he was enrolled in the ranks as a local preacher.

The conspicuous success of his efforts in preaching the Gospel, and the rich and multiplying blessings which accompanied him in the conversion of souls, and the edification of professing Christians, induced him seriously to consider whether or not God was calling him to enter the regular ministry. The subject having been submitted to the deliberate and prayerful judgment of some trustworthy friends and counsellors, his pathway was made plain, and as the consequence of a most cordial recommendation, he was entered in 1849, as a student in Richmond College, Surrey.

HIS FIRST CIRCUITS.

At the end of three years he commenced active work, being appointed to Mildenhall, Ely, Louth, and Malton, in succession. There were, however, unhappy circumstances connected with the Methodist cause in those localities which rendered the work of the ministry painful and disappointing, for a feud which culminated in disruption existed there, and Mr. Garrett at the end of his term determined to remove to a northern circuit. From 1857 his labors have been almost exclusively confined to the circuits of Lancashire.

His first charge in this busy manufacturing county was at Rochdale, where his genial presence, brotherly sympathy, earnest preaching, and unwearied pastoral work soon gained for him the love and admiration of the people. In the year 1860, and during the prevalence of the cotton famine, he was removed to Preston, where with the most untiring assiduity and unflinching tenderness he strove to mitigate the severity of that memorable ordeal, and, according to the testimony of the local authorities, by his instrumentalty numbers, young and old, were delivered from imminent starvation. (One of the panels in our front picture represents a procession of starved-out operatives at this distressing period.) While at Preston he suggested the desirability of establishing a cheap Wesleyan newspaper for the people, and, as a consequence, the *Methodist Recorder* was started, and has since

been conducted with intelligence and enterprise, and now enjoys a considerable circulation.

INCREASING POPULARITY.

But it was upon his removal to Hull, in Yorkshire, whither he was appointed in 1863, that he became more intimately acquainted with the pleasures and perils of popularity. The mere announcement that the Rev. C. Garrett was to preach or speak, was of itself sufficient to fill the largest building; nor was increased popularity the only result of his work, God owned and blessed his labors, and many souls were converted under his preaching. At the end of his three years' term, so useful had his labors been in the town that a public meeting was called, and was largely attended by public men and Christians of all denominations, to bid him a hearty and affectionate farewell.

In 1866, he returned to Lancashire, and served the full term of three years respectively at Gravel Lane, and Cheetham Hill, Manchester. When the time came for his removal from Manchester the great Free Trade Hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience to take their farewell of a beloved friend, and they testified their affection by the spontaneous gift of a testimonial worth \$5250, to which the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, who is one of Mr. Garrett's warmest friends, contributed liberally. (The presentation ceremony is represented in our frontispiece.)

In 1872 he was stationed in Liverpool. During his three years' location in that circuit his mind was deeply pained and intensely exercised by the daily scenes of drunkenness he witnessed. In March, 1875, at a public meeting he addressed, he devoted his remarks to the question of "How to Reach the Masses." The result of that stirring, powerful, and convincing appeal was the formation of a company for establishing

COCOA AND COFFEE PUBLIC HOUSES.

Mr. Garrett took the lead of the movement. He made it a matter of earnest and constant prayer, and the scheme has proved a marvellous success. It has not only spread its happy influence over Great Britain, but it has extended its benefits also to America and Australia.

In 1875, when the three years had expired during which, according to the laws of Methodism, Mr. Garrett might continue in one locality, some of the leading men of the denomination appealed to the Conference for Mr. Garrett to be appointed superintendent of a lay mission, to spread its operations among the neglected masses all over Liverpool. The urgency of the case was apparent, the Conference yielded to the appeal, and Pitt Street Chapel was taken as headquarters. The chapel at that time was burdened with a debt of \$20,000. This Mr. Garrett soon cleared off, and spent \$10,000 more in adapting the place to the wants of the working classes. The mission has prospered, and now there are ten stations in Liverpool, all supported by funds collected by Mr. Garrett, and thousands of drunkards have been rescued, and multitudes gathered into the Church through that agency.

Mr. Garrett's labors in the crowded districts of Liverpool among low lodging-houses, crowded alleys and ill ventilated abodes, brought on a breakdown of physical health, and he was obliged to take a much-needed rest. This he was able to enjoy, but his own happy position led him to sympathize with his suffering and worn-out brethren in the ministry, who often, though needing rest and change, were unable from poverty to leave their homes. He accordingly originated houses of rest for ministers overworked; and two houses are now built for their use, and \$20,000 invested for their maintenance.

Mr. Garrett's

DEVOTION TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE

is proverbial. Next to the preaching of the Gospel it is the thing nearest and dearest to his heart; and it was with intense delight that temperance workers in London listened to a powerful sermon he preached about two years ago at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, on behalf of the National Temperance League. The congregation which filled that vast building still retain a vivid recollection of his impassioned appeal to the Church of Christ, if it would hold its own and please its Master, in God's

ame to attack the intemperance of England and weep it away for ever. His plea for Bands of hope at Exeter Hall in 1863, since published under the title of "Stop the Gap," reminded those who heard it, in its dramatic intensity and earnestness, of the celebrated appeals of Mr. John B. Gough.

A VERBAL PHOTOGRAPH.

Mr. Garrett is *short in stature* and thin of frame, but with a face beaming with goodness and benevolence, which unmistakably reflects the sympathetic emotions of one of the warmest hearts that ever beat. He has a pleasing voice and his manner is exceedingly winning. The two leading features of his preaching are, as in *the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon*, simplicity and earnestness, which make themselves felt, and awaken a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers. His powers as a preacher are exceedingly brilliant, but it is to the conversion of the masses that they have been chiefly directed, and his words and deeds have carried sunshine and happiness, light and purity, into hundreds upon hundreds of once darkened homes, and often has the blessing of those that were ready to perish cheered his heart and lightened the weight of his labors.

It is impossible to say how much Methodism owes to his earnest and self-denying efforts, and looking at what God has enabled him to accomplish, one cannot wonder that in the end his physical frame fairly broke down under the strain of which it had been subjected. So critical, indeed, was his condition about six years ago, that his life seemed to be hovering between the two worlds, and all exertion was forbidden by his physician. To use his own words: "Such nervous depression was on me that the blackness of darkness was upon my soul. I was so prostrate that I had no hope of ever preaching again, but the Conference at Nottingham *prayed for me*, and God answered that prayer."

A SELF-REVELATION.

Mr. Garrett is a man of singular nobility of character. His charity, in the sense of love for his fellow-men, like that of the Apostle Paul, is boundless and all-embracing. In one of his own speeches he has given us, as it were, a glimpse into his inner self, and has revealed to us with honest boldness and frankness, what manner of man he is. "I am a Catholic," he said, "by my convictions, in the sense, not of a Roman Catholic, but of the broad Christian love and sympathy which takes in the whole church of Christ; I am a Catholic by my spiritual nature, and I am a Catholic by my very mental peculiarity. So that, so far as I am concerned I always felt that I belonged to the whole Church, and that if other members of the Church would not shake hands with me, it was their fault and not mine. Never has a good man known me, I can honestly say, but knew there was a warm shake of the hand whenever he was willing to have it."

"I do not understand the peculiarity of some people in this matter. Would to God it were swept away! Why, I hate bigotry more than I hate drink, and that is a strong figure. I have tried to show my catholicity, not by proposing votes of thanks upon platforms of Evangelical Alliances, that were to be forgotten as soon as the meeting ended, but by helping as much as I could all the branches of the Church, and if I have not preached in the pulpit of every branch of the Church the fault has not been mine. I long for the time when everything that interferes with the free interchange of loving labor on the part of the Christian Church shall be swept away; when the ministers of Christ, as well as the people will be found standing fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

HIS FITNESS FOR HIS IMPORTANT POST.

These are, indeed, noble and ennobling sentiments, which it might be wished that some other ministers of the denomination to which Mr. Garrett belongs, and who are known for their exclusiveness, would take to heart. Such ministers are in reality the very backbone, or rather the very life-blood, of the body to which they belong. As to his fitness for the Presidential chair, to which he has just been elected, in place of any words of our own we would rather quote those of one of the

most eminent of living ministers, the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, who thus explained the secret of Mr. Garrett's getting through so much work in so short a space of time: "He is something *like a cathedral clock*, big wheels and small wheels, all so playing into each other that they keep the exact time of day, and he goes on ticking round you, though you cannot tell which wheel produces the tick, and then he strikes the right hour and shows us the time of the day and how we should walk." It is by the efforts of such men, with the true metallic ring in them, that Methodism has won the grand position it holds in the world to-day, and it is by their aid that it will go on strengthening its cords and enlarging its bounds.

Many prayers are being offered that the year of Mr. Garrett's presidency may be one of great spiritual enrichment to himself, and fraught with abundant blessing to the denomination he delights, for Christ's sake, to serve. We trust that the indefatigable zeal and unselfish devotion of their new President to the work of saving souls may be emulated by his brethren in the ministry, and that they may be drawn into closer relations with their ministerial brethren of other denominations, who, if not calling themselves by the name of the great and good John Wesley, are servants of Christ whom John Wesley was proud to serve. If they become, like their President, willing to work with ministers of other denominations and to recognize them as brethren in Christ the change will be a very hopeful one, and will tend to the advancement of Christianity in Great Britain.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

AS ONE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD.

A VERY painful affection similar to two cases described in Cooper's Surgical Dictionary (Seventh Edition) has yielded in the case of a sufferer in England to the power of God invoked by prayer. The sufferer, Harriett Packham, of 20 North Street, Tunbridge Wells, thus writes describing her case:

"It is with deepest gratitude to God that I give testimony to the truth of God's Word that 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' More than ten years ago I was in Guy's Hospital as an in-patient for the purpose of having a growth of bone removed from my neck, but after making an opening in it the doctors were only able to take off a piece of bone the size of a filbert. The doctors said that the bone had formed on the top rib and reached down to the tip of the lungs sending out branches in all directions, causing a great amount of pressure on all the nerves on my left side."

"After the operation I lost the use of my left arm, but in due time it was restored to me when my strength returned, so that I was able to walk about for four years. Since that time, however, I have been confined to my bed for five years and to my room for one year and six months. Severe attacks of pain deranged the functions of my digestive organs. Since the twentieth of October last I have taken solid food, which *I had not been able to do before for five years*. I have had morphia injected in my arms four times a day, which was found to be the only thing remaining that would relieve my pain after every other remedy that doctors could prescribe had failed to give relief. In fact everything has been done for me that the skill of man could do, but in vain."

"Then the dear Lord Himself was pleased to prove that His own power and willingness to heal and cure the sick and suffering are the same now as in the time of the Apostles, when Jesus sent them forth to heal and cure sickness and diseases of the people through prayer and faith in God. People have said that *I am as one come back from the dead*, and, indeed, at one time I bade my friends good-by, at another time I was past speaking. I am the greatest wonder to many people."

"It was on August 3d, 1881, that I first saw Mr. Hall, through whose instrumentality the dear Lord was pleased to raise me up from my bed of intense suffering. After the constant visits and prayers of Mr. Hall, I was able, on September 28th, to ride out for the first time, and in one month from that date I was *able to walk* the distance of one mile without any assistance. I have continued to gain

strength from that time, and having received such great blessings myself, I am anxious that others may know the way to get as large a share for themselves."

AN INTERNAL TUMOR HEALED.

At a meeting on July 12th at Bethshan, Dr. Boardman's House in London, a middle-aged woman, who appeared to be in good health, said: "I thank God that He has given me a thorough healing, after thirteen years' suffering—the last part much more acute than the first. I was diseased from head to foot, and very bad—in fact, I was a hopeless case. I had internal tumor and many other diseases. I had undergone several operations, and suffered very much indeed. Just at my extremity I was brought to this Home. At the end of four days I was enabled to lay hold of these words—'He bore our sicknesses.' They came before my mind. I said to the Lord, 'If you have borne my sins my soul is saved; and if you have borne my sicknesses I am healed;' and though before I could not move an inch without pain, I got up. I have been made perfectly whole."

DR. BOARDMAN'S EXPLANATION.

Dr. Boardman said: "Our sister came in here on the Wednesday, and had an epileptic fit while on the couch the same evening. On Friday she accepted Jesus as an in-dwelling Saviour, and expected healing from that day. On Sunday evening, in an adjoining room, she took the words which Jesus gave her, and rose up, and from that moment has been well."

"This is how it came about. In the first place she was looking to Jesus. Then Jesus in His own right moment spoke to her as if He had been present in the body, and spoke the words Himself, saying, 'I have borne all your sins; I have borne your sicknesses.' She said to herself, and said rightly, 'If He has borne my sicknesses I will get up and say I am well!' But then came the suggestion, 'If you do you will make a fool of yourself and fall down.' Jesus spoke to her a second time—oh! how gracious of the Saviour not to let her go when she had heard Satan's voice and obeyed that instead of His voice—and the same thing was repeated. She said, 'I will get up and say I am well;' but then came the suggestion again, 'You will make a fool of yourself if you do.' She heeded that, and lay still and was not healed. But the blessed Saviour in His threefold love—in His wondrous goodness—spoke to her the same words again the third time. Then she said this, 'Oh Lord, I will get up and say I am well.' She had faith, she obeyed Him, and felt the healing. Thank God, she is well to-day."

A Little Heroine only Twelve Years of Age was presented with a gold watch and chain on August 10th at Bath, L. I. Two days before, a little boy nine years old was bathing in the bay, and Miss Edith Baxter, who was staying with her parents at the Avon Beach Hotel, stood on the hotel pier watching him. She had not been there long before she noticed that the child could not swim and was drifting out of his depth. There was no one on the pier she could call, so she quickly cast aside her outer garments and jumped into the water and waded to a point where she saw a foot visible above the surface, and seizing the foot cried for help, struggling meanwhile to turn the drowning child's head upward, but without avail. In a few moments some swimmers who were near came to the rescue, and both of the children were taken from the water. The boy, who had already sunk twice when Edith went to his aid, was almost drowned, but was resuscitated at the hotel, while his brave rescuer was also properly cared for. On Thursday evening there was a gathering of three hundred guests in the parlors of the hotel, and the heroine was by them presented with a handsome gold watch and chain as a token of esteem for her extraordinary courage. The gift bears an inscription recording briefly the act which led to its presentation. Those who work in the Lord's service often hear of similar cases of rescue from eternal death where deliverance seemed impossible, but in which the cry raised to Him who is mighty to save has brought salvation, and that cry has often been raised by a child (Eccles. 4:13).

SUCCESSFUL MEDICAMENT.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9:12.

The Knife of Sarcasm—The Criticism of the High-toned People—Christ's Cutting Reply—I. Sin as a Disease—Moral Paralysis—A Common Origin—Delirious Sickness—Produced by the Surroundings—A Malarial Disease—Beyond Human Medicament—Philosophic Prescriptions—II. A Great Physician—His Record—Millions of Cures—An Almighty Doctor—Always Successful—Sympathetic—Does not Like to Cut—Has been Wounded Himself—Cures Chronic Cases—Crises in Disease—Heroic Treatment—Perfect Recovery—Gifts to the Physician.

No Scotchman would have called for Dr. Abernethy unless there had been illness in the house. No New Yorker would have called for Dr. Hosack, no Philadelphian for Dr. Rush, if there had not been physical disease. People go to a doctor when they are ill, or their families are ill. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And yet, my friends, that is not the meaning of my text. *Sarcasm is a sharp knife*, and like every other sharp knife it may be used for good or ill; it may destroy life, or it may save it. Christ wielded this knife of sarcasm very skilfully in the text.

He was seated with the publicans, who had a bad name for overreaching and extortion, and decent people in those times did not want to be seen with these publicans; but Christ was seated with them at the table. The arrogant Pharisees, who considered themselves far

ABOVE THE COMMON PEOPLE,

looked in through the window and saw Christ with these publicans, and began to jeer at them, and to caricature the whole scene; as much as to say, "If you want fine company, why don't you come out among us Pharisees? We would give you a more elegant reception, and you would have more educated and *refined society*; why do you sit down there with those poor, miserable publicans?"

And Christ cut with the sarcasm of my text, as much as to say, "I know I am seated among these publicans, and they are bad people, and they mightily want My grace and my help; of course they do, and of course you don't; you Pharisees, you great professors, you *high-toned people*, you educated people, you Pharisees, of course you don't; the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

I. *My text presents sin as a disease.* It sometimes acts as a dropsy, showing itself in great swellings of pride; sometimes as a consumption, while it gives a flush of health to the cheek, eating away the vitals of the immortal spirit; sometimes as

MORAL PARALYSIS,

and the feet cannot walk as they ought, and the hands cannot move as they ought, and the brain cannot think as it ought; sometimes as an ague, now cold, now hot, flashes of excitement followed by yawnings and great prostration. If you find ten thousand people they will have the disease of sin in ten thousand shapes, but, after all, it is the same disease.

You are aware of the fact that the most of diseases come from an impurity of the blood, and if the heart throws out the wrong kind of blood, and that blood settles on the lungs, it produces inflammation or congestion; or on the muscles, it produces rheumatism; or on the skin, it produces erysipelas. Wherever that bad blood settles there is disease, and the trouble all comes from the heart. And so it is with this disease of sin; it all starts in the heart, and it circulates through the entire moral nature, and wherever it settles there is suffering and there is death. I propose to-night to speak of this sin-sickness of the soul, and then to offer an infallible cure to all the people.

In the first place, I remark in regard to this sin-sickness, it is a

DELIRIOUS SICKNESS.

You have known people seized with some dangerous malady who thought themselves perfectly well. You could hardly get them to lie on the pillow. They rose up in the bed and said, "I

don't see why you sent for the doctor. I am perfectly well; there is nothing the matter with me." And perhaps in the night, when the nurse had fallen asleep, they went out slyly and walked on the roof of the house or along a precipice. They were delirious.

Well, that is just the character of this disease with which we have all been afflicted—this disease of sin; it is a delirious sickness. *A man thinks he is all right.* He says, "I have need of nothing," when the fact is that he is poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. That he is delirious I prove from the fact that he walks on the verge of a dangerous precipice, and that he sits down at a banquet where there are swords suspended overhead, and that he drinks out of fountains where the nightshade drops its leaves, and into which the adder spits its venom. I prove that he is delirious from the fact that he stops his ears to the raptures of harps seraphic, and he blinds his eyes to a beauty which opens into wider landscape, and sweeter joy, and mightier triumphs and stronger hallelujahs, and loftier thrones. By the awful risks he runs, and by the glorious opportunities he refuses, I come to the conclusion he is in delirium.

If you should come to me and I were a business man, and you could show me how I could make 50,000 dollars without any possible risk, and make it so plainly there could not be any possible doubt about it, and I should refuse to go into the enterprise, you would simply say, "*He is crazy.*" Or, if there were a bridge over a dangerous chasm, and some of its supports were washed away by a freshet, and a board on each side of the bridge that said "*Dangerous—let no one attempt to pass this bridge,*" and with all that warning, and all that peril, I should pass on and attempt to go over the bridge, you would say, "That man is not in his senses; he is crazy."

If I should go out to-night on the track as the express train is coming along, and I should see the headlight of the locomotive, and I should wait until the train came within a hundred yards, and still kept my position mid-track, until the train came up within ten yards, somebody shouting all the time for me to get off, and I should continue to stand until the last moment, what would you say in regard to me? Why, you would say, "That man has lost his reason." So, if I can show you that there are dangerous bridges you are trying to cross, or that you are standing amid perils that threaten to destroy you, and that you run the risk day after day, and month after month, and year after year, I must come to the conclusion that sin is a delirious sickness.

Again: I remark in regard to this disease of sin that it is *endemical*—that is,

PRODUCED BY THE SURROUNDINGS.

You know how up from a marsh or pond the malaria will ascend, and going along that place at night you breathe the air, you get the fever, you come down on the sick-bed. And I have to tell you that our surroundings in this world somehow give us this disease of sin. We breathe it in the air. We take it with our food. We get it from all the circumstances among which we mingle. The fact is that the earth is only a great quagmire of iniquity, and no pond ever sent up such a *dreadful malaria* as this whole earth, in a spiritual sense, now sends up, until all the nations sweat, and fester, and groan with this awful malady.

I go further, and remark, in regard to this sin-sickness with which we are all afflicted, that it is catching. You know how

VERY CONTAGIOUS

the ancient plague was. In the year 263, in the city of Rome, 5000 people died daily of the plague. Under King James 30,000 perished in the plague; under Edward the First 35,000 people perished in the plague, and it went on from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from nation to nation, until all the world was aghast; but that was not a contagious disease as compared with sin, the disease with which our soul is afflicted. In the course of your life you have caught it from ten thousand, and you will give it to ten thousand.

It is so contagious a disease that, if the whole race were purified and healed, save just one man

in all the earth, he would give it to the neighborhood, and the neighborhood to the next neighborhood, until the continent and the two hemispheres would feel it. Yes, it is a contagious sickness.

I go a step further, and say that it is a disease

BEYOND ALL HUMAN MEDICAMENT.

Plato wrote a prescription, and the world took it; the prescription failed. Zeno wrote a prescription; the world took it; the prescription failed. Socrates wrote a prescription; the world took the prescription failed. *For six thousand years there has never been anything but failure* on the part of men who have tried by their own power to cure this disease. No catholicon, no anodyne, balm, no help. Away, then, with all human quackery. Away, then, in a spiritual sense, with all earthly *materia medica*. It will effect nothing at all this matter of the soul's sickness.

But I will introduce to you a Doctor who is able and willing to cure the whole race. "The whole need not a physician." If there are people here who feel themselves all right, if there are people here who feel themselves, if in looking upon their life they cannot see any great mistake and making an inspection of their entire nature they are perfectly satisfied, then I can do nothing with them save to cut them with the sarcasm of Christ in the text: "The whole need not a physician." But if there are people here—and believe this comprises the whole audience—if there are people here who feel they are not all right—there are men and women here who want to be made better—dissatisfied with their past life and want to begin again—if there are thousands of people here who are willing to admit that they are sick with sin, then I am ready to come out and commend the best doctor the world has ever seen. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

II. Yes; my text speaks, in the second place,

A GREAT PHYSICIAN.

My first remark in regard to this physician is that He has cured millions of cases that were as sick as you are. He cured the demoniac, the paralytic, the leper. He took the most *chronic and complicated diseases*, and they could not stand before His fiat. To one He said, "Be thou clean;" to another He said, "Take up thy bed and walk;" to another He said, "Damsel, arise;" and all the while they were not only cured as to the body, but cured as to the soul.

A pastor went into a house where there was a young Christian dying in great triumph. He entered the room to congratulate her as she was about to enter heaven, and as he went into the room he began to talk cheerfully about the joys that were immediately before her, the sister left the room. A few weeks after the pastor was called to the same house, and this sister who had left the room was about to take her departure into the eternal world, but she was not ready. She said to the pastor, "You don't remember me, do you?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I remember you," she said. "Do you remember when you were talking to my sister about heaven, I left the room?" "Yes," he said, "I remember that." She said, "Do you know why I left?" "No," he said, "I don't." "Well," she said, "I didn't want to hear anything about my soul, or about heaven, and now I am dying. Oh sir, it is a dreadful thing to die." Now, what was the difference between these two sisters? The one was cured of the disease of sin; the other was not.

I go further and remark, in regard to this divine Physician, that He is an *almighty doctor*. A midnight sudden disease comes upon your little child. You hasten for a physician, or you call for a telegraph boy to get the doctor there as soon as you can, and hour after hour there is a contest between science and the King of Terrors. And yet you stand there and you watch and you see the disease is conquering fortress after fortress of strength, until after a while you stand over the lifeless form and have to confess that there is a limit beyond which human medicament cannot go. But I hail to-night an almighty Doctor, who

NEVER LOST A PATIENT.

Why, a leper came out with a bandage over his mouth and utterly loathsome, so they drove him

t from all society, and when he came out the people all ran, and *Christ ran*. But Christ ran in different direction from the people. They all ran away from the poor man; Christ ran toward him. And then a second leper came out with a bandage over his mouth, and a third, and a fourth, and so on till there were ten lepers, and I see Christ standing among them. It is a dangerous experiment, you say. Why, if you caught the breath of one such an as that, it would be certain death. There Christ stood *among the ten lepers*, and He cured the first, and the second, and the tenth.

Going along by a graveyard one day, two macs came out, fire in the eye, foam on the lip, cutting themselves with knives until the blood spured from the face to the limbs; and Christ spake, and devils were exorcised, and the men were clothed and in their right mind.

When Christ went through the streets, He could hardly find a place to put his foot down for the streets and the mattresses that were laid in His way. He saw Him going through the streets of Jerusalem, and He has to *pick His way*, stepping over the streets of the suffering and the distressed. He touches a blind eye, and into it pours the beauty of mountain and lawn and lake and sea. He touches a deaf ear, and into it pours the sound of the bird's song, and the waterfall's dash, and the insect's hum, and the boy's halloo. He touches the palsied and limp arm that hangs down useless by the man's side, and no sooner does Christ touch it than the blood begins to circulate, and the muscles work, and the arms to thrill, until that arm which hung just before powerless at the man's side is stretched out in strong and healthy congratulation.

Oh, He is a mighty Doctor! He cured not only bodies, but *He cured souls*. When I see at Christ's touch Fraud dropping its dishonest gains, and Burglary throwing away its false keys, and Arson extinguishing its torch, and Murder sheathing its dagger, and Pollution washing itself clean, and the wretchedness and the misery and abandonment of the world turning into brightness and purity and joy, I say, "Hail! hail! this is an almighty Doctor!"

I have again to remark that this physician spoken of in my text is

A SYMPATHETIC DOCTOR.

There are some men in the medical profession who have not learned the first art of gentleness. They have a way of slamming the door when they come in or go out, and they tramp across the floor until all your nerves quiver; and I do not care how many medicines they bring in, they make you worse. They do not know how to doctor you. They have a rough way of taking off a bandage, and a hard way of pressing a sore. *They like to cut*; it puts them in a perfect glee when they can cut. But your family physician comes in, and he is so cheerful and hopeful. The dawn of his face in the room cools the fever and quiets the nerves, and he talks with you a few moments, and you really think, after all, you do not need any medicine. He is so kind. His looks and his manner are worth more than the medicines.

But I greet the Lord Jesus Christ to-night as a sympathetic Physician. Sometimes indeed he has to cut; He must cut; but

HE NEVER LIKES TO CUT.

He does not afflict willingly the children of men. He has been afflicted in all our afflictions, and oh, how it soothes us, how it comforts us, how it solaces us, how it strikes us through and through with an infinite contentment as He breathes on us these words, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" He has been *wounded Himself*. He had pains in the head, pains in the hand, pains in the heart, pains in the feet. He knows all about it. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. "Sorrow of our sorrow. Heart of our heart. Groan of our groan." He wept. He bled. He agonized. He died. He cannot help being sympathetic. Oh, you sin-sick soul, unbandage the awful wound and let Him look at it. Do not shrink back when He tries to touch you. He will not hurt you. Tell Him all your spiritual symptoms. Trust this sympathetic, this experienced, this omnipotent Doctor.

But you know that there are

CHRONIC DISEASES,

and when they have gone on for a long time, or five, ten, fifteen, twenty years, you say, "Oh, there is no use." The physician comes in and says, "Oh, I can't help you; it is chronic." And so it is with sin; with many people it is *chronic*; we have it a great while; it has been going on with us through the months and years of our past life. Oh, how long we have had it! There are people here who have had it forty years, fifty years, sixty years, seventy years. It is chronic.

I have to tell you also that there is such a thing as a *crisis* in a disease. You all know that. Some doctors will tell you it is on the seventh day, or the ninth day, or the fourteenth day, or the twenty-first day. Oh, what a solemn time it is in the household when the crisis has come in the sick-room! Ah, how I remember walking up and down the floor all one Sabbath-day, for the crisis had come. I stood at the top of the stairs and watched. I feared some one would come up and make a disturbance. If that child could sleep one hour longer, we thought he would get well. And how anxious I was to keep everything quiet! *The crisis had come*. After a while the perspiration came out, and the fever began to go away. *The crisis had passed*. And in all the households of my congregation I suppose there has been some such crisis.

Well, now, in your spiritual disease, there is a crisis. It may be the seventh day, or the fourteenth day, or the twenty-first day in the history of your soul's disorder, I cannot tell; but I verily believe, as I stand here before you and before God, to whom I must answer for this night's service, that this is the crisis of the spiritual disease of a great multitude here. Which way will the matter turn? God only knows. It is a crisis—an immortal crisis.

You know that there is such a thing as

HEROIC TREATMENT.

The physician has given milder medicines; they have not effected anything. "Now, the case is in such a shape," he says, "that the patient can't get well anyhow without medicine, and perhaps if I give it it may be fatal; but there is a possibility that it may be a cure, and so I must risk it." That prescription is given; it kills or it cures. That is what is called in all departments of medicine "heroic treatment." I have to tell you that the Gospel is heroic treatment. It is the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. *It kills or it cures*. It is an omnipotent Gospel; it will raise for you a throne, or dig for you a dungeon. It will mould for you a crown, or it will forge for you a chain. It will set your feet on the path where angels walk, and the redeemed of God move in procession; or it will set you down on a barren beach to which there comes the surf-beating of a sea whose moaning is the cry of the self-destroyed. Omnipotent Gospel!

I praise God to-night that so many have taken this medicine and invited in the divine Physician, and they are getting well just as fast as possible. Sometimes, indeed, they have a *return of the old complaint*, but they are getting better and better; and, just as sure as you sit there and I stand here, God is going to take them to a place where their

PERFECT RECOVERY

shall be proclaimed. It is not a great way off, either, to some of us. You know the place of which I speak. Oh, how many have entered upon it and got well of all their diseases! And there are those here spiritually diseased who will get cured in that blessed country.

Across the harsh discords of this world there comes floating down the voice of a great rapture, dropping from golden harps and swept off from fiery seas, and rumbling down under eternal arches, and rolling through aisles of amethyst, and between mountains of frankincense, and through gates of pearl, and between walls of jasper and chrysoprase, while there mingle together the warble of seraphs, and the trill of minstrels, and the fire-song of the martyrs, and the chanting of temples, and the shout of great armies, and the chorus of ransomed empires, and the eternal and triumphal march of myriads come to glory.

Oh, my friends, I see some of those who are on crutches coming up to that bright gate, and they move in, and instantly their step is elastic. I see others coming up to that gate borne on couches of pain, and the Lord lifts them out of the field ambulance, and instantly all their wounds are healed. I see them coming up to that gate in total physical blindness, and they are feeling their way up toward it; but no sooner do they touch the gate than it opens, and there flashes upon them immortal vision. And these bright and beautiful ones—who are they? Oh, they are

THE SICK CHILDREN

that the Lord lifted out of the mother's arms, or out of the cradle, and there they are now—they have got over all their sickness, and there they stand in heaven, drinking at the fountain of eternal health, and they say one to another, "What shall we bring as a gift to the Physician?"

And one shall bring a palm, and another will bring a gem from the depths of the river of life, and another will bring a leaf of ananarath, and another will bring a crystal glass, flashing bright with the waters from the eternal rock—water bright as its own glorified spirit; while there will be others there who will stand in astonishment, and they will bring neither leaf, nor palm, nor gem, nor crystal, but stand in transfixed silence, looking upon the inscription written in folds of light all over the architectural glory at the entrance: "The inhabitant shall never say, I am sick, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A Deserving Charity is in Need of Funds to extend its operations. The Earle Guild has during the pitiless heat of the past three weeks distributed ice to the poor in some of the poverty-stricken quarters of New York. It is impossible to obtain cold water anywhere without ice, while the price of the commodity is so high that thousands of the sick and suffering are unable to obtain it. A small sum given to the Earle Guild will enable it to give to many feeble old people and sick children that refreshing drink which they so sadly need.

The Jewish Exodus from Russia to Palestine still proceeds, notwithstanding the alleged prohibition of the Sultan against the founding of colonies there. Families are constantly arriving at Jaffa from Odessa, and are received by M. Levantin, the Charkoff Commissioner, who is the superintendent of a society in Jaffa which provides temporary homes for Russian colonists. Most of those now migrating toward Palestine are persons of capital. More than 300 families are at present assembled in Jerusalem, and having obtained the sanction of the Turkish Government to found a colony, their agents are now employed in trying to obtain land for them in a suitable locality. Eighty families, too, are to be found in Tiberias. Land has been purchased by the Jaffa society at a village called Jehudi. On the whole, it is apparent that, practically, every facility is afforded by the Government of the Sultan to Jewish immigrants who arrive in Palestine for the purpose of colonization.

Fears of a Moslem Rising in the Holy Land have been prevalent since the massacre in Alexandria. Miss Jacombe, who is conducting mission work at Bethlehem, writes: "At the news of the outrage on the English Consul in Alexandria the Christians were in great fear, supposing the Moslems had done it; but after the arrival of the mail all quieted down for a few days. But after that some natives of Palestine, who were residing in Egypt, came home with terrible tales of what was going on, and this set all Bethlehem in a stir again. The men have provided themselves with firearms, and the women have hidden away all the jewelry and money, and many people have taken refuge in the convents, but there is no real cause for all this. The Moslems might rise at any time, but we consider we are as safe here, or perhaps safer, than either Jerusalem or Jaffa. Our house is a good strong one, and the owners in defending themselves would be all the human defence that we could have; but what is more than all, we feel that we are in our Heavenly Father's keeping. We could not feel justified in leaving our work in the present state of affairs."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Sailor's Sins.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting on July 21, in Glasgow, Mr. Duncan narrated an incident of a sailor who was asked by a Christian worker, much interested in his spiritual and eternal welfare, "What about your sins; whatever will you do with them?" "Nothing at all," was the unusual but most appropriate reply, "nothing at all; why should I when God has cast them into the deep sea of the Saviour's blood, from which the storms will never be able to throw them up."

A Broken Heart Healed.—An Elderly Man was present at one of the young converts' meetings recently who, when several persons got up desiring prayer, rose and said he had been attending Mr. Moody's meetings almost from the commencement, but he could not find peace. He could not rest day or night, and his body was greatly weakened through the want of sleep. Mr. Moody's sermons, he said, had all entered his soul and were tearing it to pieces. He was extremely anxious to find salvation. The same man was present at the meeting in Cowcaddens, on Tuesday night, and publicly stood up and said, he would "trust and not be afraid."

Hetty the Needlewoman.—At the Noonday meeting on July 5th, a minister said he was acquainted with two persons, a mother and daughter, who earned their bread by sewing for shops and private families. Neither of the two were Christians, though they were both members of a church. One evening the daughter came home and said to her mother, "I have been converted to-night, and mean to become a member of Zion Chapel." The mother's feelings were outraged, as many nominal Christians are when they hear of conversions. She demanded an explanation. "Are you not already a church member? Have you not been baptized? What do you mean, Hetty?" "Mother," she answered, "you know that often we put out bad work, but after this no seam will ever rip up."

"Murder will Out!"—Mr. Duncan said: "A man committed a murder and carried the body of his victim into the depths of a dense forest. Laying it down he covered it over with leaves and branches and went away. But his deed haunted him; he found himself drawn by an irresistible fascination to the place, and to his horror he saw that the winds had blown away the covering and exposed his victim to the light of day. He lifted the body in his arms and carried it to the river near by, but found that the water was almost dried up. He could not effectually dispose of the slain body; the spilt blood cried out for vengeance, and the man could not hide his sin. There is no power which can get rid of sin but the blood of Christ. If He does not pardon it He must punish it. There is no alternative."

The Plague of the District.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting, Cowcaddens, on July 20, Mr. Duncan said: "In the year 1859 I was conducting services in a remote town. One day a friend pointed out to me a cottage, saying, 'The man who lives there was at one time the plague of the district—a poacher, a thief, a drunkard, and a gambler. So bad was he that the most hopeful and earnest workers gave him up as being beyond the reach of salvation.' The Holy Spirit breathed upon the place, and a powerful religious revival resulted. Among those who were led to Christ was this very man, and to this hour he is working for Christ as actively as he had previously worked for the devil, and with extraordinary success. His own unvarying confession is, 'I am recruiting for King Jesus; will you accept the bounty?'"

A Miner's Timely Decision.—At the Same meeting, Mr. Elliot said: "I will tell you of a man who heard the Gospel for the last time, and very nearly rejected it. A miner went into a Gospel meeting one night and became very anxious about his soul. While the meeting was going on a friend spoke to him, and said, 'Make up your mind at once and decide for Christ.' He answered, 'I will think of it; I cannot settle it to night so suddenly, but I will come back to-morrow night.' His friend said, 'You may be dead by to-morrow night.' On his way home he began to think, and almost involunta-

rily turned back to the meeting, and that night gave himself to Christ, and returned to his cottage rejoicing. Next day, while working in the mine, a large piece of rock fell upon him. As the men were extricating his poor mangled body they heard him gasp out with his dying breath, 'It is well that I settled it with Christ last night.'

Hurtful Holidays.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, on July 19, Mr. Duncan said: "The power of the Gospel of Christ is exemplified continually and very clearly in reclaiming drunkards. A brother of mine, who for many years was in the habit of spending the 'Fair' holidays in steady drinking, and went to bed intoxicated every night during that time, is now a Christian man and a member of the Mizpah Temperance Band, inaugurated by Mr. Moody. The change which has taken place in himself and his home is simply marvellous, and an occasion of unceasing gratitude to God. His house is furnished in a respectable manner, and his wife and children are comfortably dressed, and not as before in rags and wretchedness. His whole energy and strength are now employed in trying to pull others out of the horrible pit, and leading them to Christ."

A Negligent Mother.—At the Noon-day meeting on July 20, the Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost said: "In the inquiry room, in Boston, just after Mr. Moody's return from his last visit to Scotland, eight years ago, I met an intelligent-looking young man, and asked him if he was a Christian. 'No, sir,' was his immediate reply. I then inquired of him, 'Don't you want to become one?' 'No, sir, I don't,' he said. 'Why not, I ventured to say; 'you believe in the Gospel of Christ?' 'You have no right to press me,' he answered; 'but since you do so I will say that I think that all Christians are either hypocrites or the victims of blind delusion.' 'Is your mother a Christian?' I asked. 'Well, she is a member of a Christian Church.' 'Then is your mother a Christian?' 'That is not right.' 'Why not? you say that we are all hypocrites or deluded, and as your mother is one of us, it is right that you should clearly know whom you are charging with being hypocrites.' 'Well, then,' inquired the young man, 'if my mother is a Christian, why has she never spoken to me about my soul?'"

A Timid Minister Rebuked.—At the same meeting Mr. Pentecost said: "A pastor in one of our New England towns, during a religious revival, determined to summon sufficient courage to speak to a member of the church who attended the services regularly but made no profession of being a converted man. Although the minister had known him for ten years, and had often dined and spent the evening in his house, yet he never could speak to him personally about his soul. At last the pastor fixed upon a certain morning to call and speak to his friend. He went to his office, and said, 'Well, Mr. B—, I have come to speak to you about your soul.' 'Too late, pastor; too late,' was the staggering reply. 'Never too late for Christ to show mercy.' The merchant solemnly answered, 'Pastor, during all the past nine years I have been waiting for you to speak to me about my soul, but you never did so, and only five minutes before you came in, I bowed my knees in prayer and gave myself to Christ. So that you see it is now too late for you to be used by a loving God as the instrument of my salvation.'

Destruction of Whiskey Casks.—Mr. Duncan related the following: "A man in Ulster who had been well brought up, a professing Christian and an officer of the church, was led some time ago to see an irreconcilable antagonism between his profession as a church member and his business. Among other articles which he sold were wines and spirits, but it had never struck him that it was wrong to do so. It was also the most profitable part of his trade. Twenty years ago there was a great religious revival in Ulster, and one Sunday morning, after family worship, this man's son asked him if he had heard of the work of grace which was going on. This caused a conversation to spring up about the need of consistent personal example in professing Christians. The man's mind was so wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, that that very day he resolved to sell no more of the soul-destroying drink. Immediately after he opened his

shop the next morning, a regular customer, who was a great drinker, called and ordered some whiskey. was refused. The customer laughed the conscientious shopkeeper to scorn, but finally said that he had heard of his new views and was testing him. After this man left the shop the tradesman looked round on the casks, which seemed to him now like so many demons, and resolved to destroy them once. He did so, and though at great cost to himself financially, he nevertheless realized an enriching blessing in his act of self-sacrifice."

A Negro Woman's New Heart.—At the Noonday meeting, on July 25, the Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost said: "When I was a boy there was an old negro woman at a meeting I attended, giving her experience. After she had concluded an old man stood up and asked, 'Well, has the Lord changed your heart?' 'No,' she answered. 'What! do you mean to say that you are not converted; do you not love the brethren?' 'Yes, I love the brethren.' 'What do you mean, then, by saying that the Lord has not changed your heart?' 'Brother Johnstone,' said the negress, 'I and the Lord have been working on the old heart for forty years and more, and we could make "nothing of it," so He just threw it away altogether, and gave me a new one.'

Last Visit to the Theatre.—At the same Meeting, Mr. Brand, of New York, said: "When Mr. Pentecost was holding meetings in our city, a lady's son was desirous to be permitted to go to the theatre. She reluctantly consented, while she herself went to Mr. Pentecost's meeting. During the singing of the solo, 'Where is my wandering boy to-night?' her heart well-nigh burst with the thought of where her boy was. She returned home in great sorrow on his account, and when he came from the theatre, she said to him: 'Oh, my boy they sang the song, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" at the meeting, and my heart felt very sore when I thought that you were on the way to hell. Will you not give your heart to the Lord?' The young man, overpowered by his mother's anxiety immediately knelt down and implored mercy."

THE DOOM OF ANTICHRIST, AND HIS FAMILY AND ALLIES.

By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

(Continued from page 519.)

The Fate of the Ten Kings—Their Unburied Bodies—"The Valley of Passengers"—The Evil Activities of Antichrist—Utter Destruction of Descendants and Kinsmen—Other Emphatic Predictions—Antichrist will be a Bonaparte—His Universal Sway and Final Fall—End of the Gentile Dispensation.

Now, though the penalty will be different until the judgment of the great white throne, Antichrist will not be alone punished for open defiance of the Most High; for both his family and the ten confederated kings of revived Rome will also suffer an immediate penalty for their rebellion.

As regards these last Gentile kings, it has been questioned, whether these ten, mentioned in Rev. 17:12, are the same whose alliance with Antichrist is described in Rev. 13:1. In the latter passage they appear as crownless, while in the former they are seen with crowns. In Rev. 17:12, we read that these ten heads of revived Rome "have received no kingdom as yet, but receive power as kings at one and the same hour with the Beast."

This would lead to the inference that the same personages are intended, but that they hold a different position at the close to that which they sustained at the commencement of the hebdomad. At first they are elected as presidents, or rather dictators, or ten federated republicans, for seven years; but in the middle of that term, either by election or by a *coup d'état*—like that of the two Napoleons—they, at the instigation of Antichrist, will assume the regal title, and then grant to him the imperial diadem as autocrat of the world.

After the defeat of Antichrist and his confederated kings in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the consequent capture and incarceration in Tartarus, they too, will have their fitting penalty, for they will be slain on the very field of the world's glory (Comp. Zech. 14 and Rev. 19:21).

THE FATE OF THE TEN KINGS.

After the Therion and his ecclesiastical agent are captured, we learn, from Rev. 19 : 21, that "the remnant were slain with the sword of Him who sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth." Nor are the causes of the death of the ten kings and their armies left to mere surmise, for by Christ's command, or the "sword of His mouth," plague and panic will become His executioners. No language can exaggerate the horrors of this judicial penalty, as no possible death can vie with it for physical agony. Thus Zechariah says (ch. 14 : 12-13) "their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues shall consume away in their mouths." This sudden calamity will necessarily lead to such a maddening panic that "every one will lay hold of the hand of his neighbor and his hand shall rise up against the hand of his neighbor." It is "a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

THEIR BODIES UNBURIED.

Like that of their imperial master, the *bodies* of the ten kings will not be hurried—their very flesh being devoured by vultures and beasts of prey. This terrible fate was first pre-recorded by Ezekiel, who says (39 : 17-19), "Speak unto every feathered fowl, and every beast of the field, Assemble yourselves and come ; gather yourselves on every side to My sacrifice, that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink blood. Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth . . . and ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink blood till ye be drunken of My sacrifice, which I have sacrificed for you."

The apocalyptic seer, also, in his marvellous panorama of the same period and locality, saw (Rev. 19 : 17-18) "An angel standing in (near) the sun, and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, 'Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God ; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all free and bond, both small and great.'"

"THE VALLEY OF PASSENGERS."

After this the *bones* of the ten kings and their princes, and multitudinous men of war will be buried together in an undistinguishable mass. So great will be the slaughter of the armies of the world, that Ezekiel intimates (39 : 11-16) that "the people of the land will sever out men of continual employment to pass through the land (that is Palestine) to bury" their bones. This will occupy seven months. The site assigned for their sepulchre, "the Valley of Passengers," is supposed to be in front of the Dead Sea. It will henceforth be known by a new name, that is Hamon gog, or the multitude or tumult of God.

THE EVIL ACTIVITIES OF ANTICHRIST.

Among the many evil activities of Antichrist will be his determination to (Dan. 7 : 25) "change times and laws" by a universal edict ; or, in other words, to remodel the whole arrangements of society according to his own notions. What the outcome of this tyranny will be we also learn from holy writ : For "framing mischief (iniquity) by law" (Psalm 94 : 20), as will Antichrist, not because he deems it right, but from sheer self-will, he will probably (1 Tim. 4 : 3) "forbid marriage," and advocate "free love"—the socialist euphemism for unrestrained lust. Whether he carries out his own theory or not, he will at least select one woman to bear the title of Queen.

Thus Nahum says, in a prophecy whose fulfilment was only adumbrated in the fall of Nineveh, (Nahum 2 : 7), "Huzzab shall be discovered (margin) and led away captive : she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tahrering (or noaning and smiting) upon their breasts." As it is improbable that the Empress of Rome will be with the army when it invests Jerusalem we are warranted in inferring that on receiving the news of the awful defeat and captivity of her husband, she and her ladies of honor will hide themselves. But, as her very name,

Huzzab, implies one that is discovered, we conclude that they will hide in vain, and, if not slain, will be carried away into a captivity which will only end with death.

UTTER DESTRUCTION OF DESCENDANTS.

Nor will his descendants and kinsmen escape the *earthly* penalty awarded to Antichrist ; for his family will be so extirpated that not one of his blood relations will be left to contaminate the earth, or by their existence serve to remind the Millennials of his awful career. Such extermination of a whole family will not be without its Biblical parallel ; for of the great traitor Judas we read in a Messianic Psalm (109 : 9-13), "Let his posterity be cut off, and in the generation following let their name be cut off." Now if there is any item in unfulfilled prophecy of whose meaning there can be no two opinions, it is this fact, that the family of Antichrist will be exterminated. To the prophet Job this fact was first foreshadowed ; and thus he wrote (Job 21 : 19), "God layeth up the punishment of his iniquity (margin) for his children." Thus, too, David, in the Messianic Psalm 21 : 8-10, says, "Thine hand shall find out all Thine enemies : Thy right hand shall find out those that hate Thee—their fruit (or offspring) shalt Thou destroy from the earth ; and their seed from the children of men." Malachi, also, in a prediction which unmistakably applies to the time of Antichrist (ch. 4 : 1) says, "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven ; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble ; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith Jehovah of hosts, that shall leave them neither root nor branch," or proprietors and descendants.

OTHER EMPHATIC PREDICTIONS.

But two other prophecies which refer to the extirpation of the family of Antichrist are expressed in still more definite terms. Thus, Isaiah, while speaking of the future and last king of Babylon, says (Isa. 14 : 21-22), "Prepare slaughter for his children, for the iniquity of their fathers, that they do not rise nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities ; for I will rise up against them, saith Jehovah of Hosts, and cut off from Babylon the remnant and son and nephew," or, rather, grandchild. So the Edomite, Bildad, in his forecast of the activities of Antichrist, affirms that (Job 18 : 18-20) "He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world : he shall have neither son nor nephew among his people, nor any remaining in his dwelling. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day, as they that went before were laid hold on horror" [margin].

Lastly, as the *earthly* culmination of the penalty to be inflicted on Antichrist, Nahum (1 : 14) declares, "Jehovah hath given a commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown." And thus will perish out of the earth the family of that lawless one who had deluged it with blood, for, as they will necessarily rise with his rise, so will they fall with his fall, leaving, as foretold, "neither root nor branch."

ANTICHRIST WILL BE A BONAPARTE.

Many eminent students of prophecy have come to the conclusion that the last Antichrist will be a member of the Bonaparte family, probably either an obscure or despised branch. Among the most prominent are Hatley Frere, Edward Irving, Stanley Faber, and Dr. Keith. The startling evidence upon which their conclusions is based is exhaustively indicated in the 6th appendix of the "Forty Coming Wonders," by Rev. M. Baxter.

Based upon this theory it is also inferred that the ten last kings will, probably, either be related by blood or by marriage alliance to Antichrist. One prediction would seem to favor the inference that the ten last kings will either be members of Antichrist's family, or, at least, his most successful generals, for Daniel says (11 : 39) "he shall cause them to rule over the many." Thus, if nominally elected by the ten nations as their kings, they will be really nominated by Antichrist, just as, in 1870-1, after the Franco-German war, the minor kings of Germany nominally elected the King of Prussia German Emperor, while the real appointer was the unscrupulous Prince Bismarck.

If, then, this theory be correct, the nepotism of the First Napoleon will be only imitated by his successor. For when he subjected the continent, he created his elder brother, Joseph, King of Spain, his brother Louis, King of Holland, another brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia, his youngest brother, Lucien, reigning Prince of Canino, and his brother-in-law, Murat, King of Naples. Napoleon III. so far as his influence permitted, so avowedly copied his uncle in all his sayings and doings that at best he was only an echo of the Corsican usurper.

Napoleon III. had no brothers living at the time of his *coup d'état*, to elevate to the regal dignity, even if Europe would have permitted it. But he placed his relative, the Archduke Maximilian on the ephemeral throne of Mexico ; his cousin, Jerome Napoleon, became son-in-law to the King of Italy, through his intervention ; and another cousin, Lucien, he caused to be created a cardinal, doubtless with the view of his ultimate election to the Papedom.

HIS UNIVERSAL SWAY AND FINAL FALL.

But whoever Antichrist may be, no one who has read the biographies of past great conquerors—from Norman William down to Napoleon I.—can doubt that his family and followers, will reap the profit of his exaltation to universal sway. Speaking of this man, and denouncing his evil career, Habakkuk says (ch. 2 : 6 and 9), "Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his ! and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay ! Woe to him that gaineth an evil gain to his house (or family, margin) that he may set his nest on high, that he may be relieved from the power of evil !" We need not then be surprised to hear that Antichrist (Dan. 11 : 39) "shall cause them to rule over many," or rather the masses or nations. Nor will their honors be empty ones. For (Dan. 11 : 24) "He shall scatter among them the prey and spoil, and riches." Nay, in order to defray the cost of his armaments, and sustain the grandeur of his family, he will (Dan. 11 : 39) "divide the land of Palestine for a price" (margin).

It is thus seen that Antichrist—like the first Bonaparte—will raise his family to princely, if not regal dignity, with adequate means to support their exalted station. Thus, partaking in his exaltation, they will participate in his awful fall ; and either perish on the battlefield or at home.

END OF THE GENTILE DISPENSATION.

And so will end the Gentile dispensation, nay, so will close man's long reign, not only at open defiance of God, but in its highest symbol or representation being worshipped as God. And what other end can we anticipate of a world which tried its utmost to crush the Divine Man, who came solely to save it from itself ?—and which, doubtless, would echo the same cry, where He again to come in the disguise of a carpenter—"Crucify Him !" Herod or Barabbas rather than Jesus !

Happily for the future of the human race, the Crucified One is also the Untiring One, and so, when His feet again stand on Mount Olivet, it will not be solely for the epiphany of Himself and His Bride, the Church, but in order that He may subdue and reign over a world nigh six thousand years in rebellion. When that blissful period arrives—and every sign of our times tells that His chariot is on its road—the last item, at least, of the famous French motto, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," will cease to be the symbol and watchword of a political party, but become a recognized, because visible, fact. For mankind will, for the first time, in spite of Darwinism, *practically* believe that Bible truth which Paul summarized so powerfully at Athens (Acts 17 : 26) : God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

Thus it is seen that, when men have filled up the measure of their guilt and hell seems to have conquered, the "King of nations" (Rev. 15 : 3, literal, as in margin) will reign with His viceroys, the resurrection-saints, and the world, for the first time, he ruled in righteousness. If, then, the parabolic prophecy of Zechariah (14 : 7) has first its physical fulfilment, it will also, happily, be morally accomplished, for "it shall come to pass at evening time it shall be light !"

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Marked Decrease in our Foreign Trade is observed in the statistics now published for the last fiscal year, which closed on June 30th. The entire volume of our foreign trade during 1881-2 amounted to \$1,566,857,456. In 1880-1 it was \$1,675,024,318. This is a decrease of \$108,164,862. The reduction is on the domestic export side of the account, and the chief articles affected are cotton, breadstuffs and provisions. Leaving out the specie account the total exports were \$750,351,173, and the imports \$724,623,317; which is an excess of exports over imports of \$25,727,856. In 1881-82 the exports exceeded the imports by \$259,712,718. While our exports have decreased our purchases have increased over those of last year by nearly \$82,000,000, and were more than double those of 1860. These facts will probably bring into greater prominence than usual the tariff as one of the issues of the approaching campaign.

Representatives Belonging to Both the great political parties have discovered that their support of the River and Harbor bill is likely to have considerable weight in the districts they represent in determining their political future. There has been a great deal of discussion as to the share

the two parties had in the responsibility for the bill. The following summary, taken from the columns of an independent journal, may assist in deciding that question: "The vote, for the bill and against the veto, was composed of twenty Republicans and six Democrats from the Northern Atlantic States, thirty-six Republicans and one Democrat from the Western and Northwestern States, two Republicans and one Democrat from the Pacific States, and finally forty-four Democrats, five Republicans, four Greenbackers and two Readjusters from the Southern States; or, to sum up the vote more closely, the bill was passed over the veto by a coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats, Greenbackers and Readjusters. In the whole North and Northwest, including the Pacific States, only eight Democrats voted to pass the bill over the veto; in the South forty-four Democrats joined fifty-six Northern Republicans to pass the bill over the veto."

The Publication of Letters Written by Senator S. W. Dorsey to President Garfield reveals some unpleasant facts in relation to the troubled period between the presidential election and the President's assassination. These letters, like Whitelaw Reid's midnight despatch, show that General Garfield must have led a harassed, worried life for several months, and have paid a heavy penalty for the distinguished honor conferred upon him. The two irresponsible advisers of the President addressed him in a tone as dictatorial and disrespectful as it was unconstitutional, and the same selfish spirit, careful for the interests of the party and oblivious of the interests of the nation, animated both. The policy advocated by Senator Dorsey was denounced by Mr. Reid, and it is evident that the President, if he had many such friends as these two, would, if he had lived, have had a miserable term. It is difficult to see what good purpose can be served by the publication of these letters at the present time, and it is certain that at least in one direction their influence must be injurious.

The Most Prominent Question in the Fall campaign in Illinois promises to be that of prohibition. A Chicago journal says: "The liquor men of this State are going into the canvass for members of the Legislature this fall exclusively on a whiskey basis. They are organizing the legislative district for this purpose, and are soon to hold a State convention, to promote the same end. They are governed by no political principles, and propose to use the franchise of freemen for no great interest of the community or the State, but simply to sustain, promote and extend the liquor traffic. At a meeting of the Chicago Saloon Keepers' Association, on the 19th, it was resolved to support no man who would not give the strongest pledges to oppose temperance, and they require that the parties shall distinctly disavow prohibition by a plank in their platforms."

The Efficacy of Prohibition in Maine has of late been disputed in the daily journals. It is, however, worthy of note that ex-Secretary Blaine, who probably knows the State as thoroughly as any living man, testifies to the effects of the law in the course of his recently published letter to the Republicans of Maine. Mr. Blaine says: "Intemperance has steadily decreased in the State since the first enactment of the prohibitory law, until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the 650,000 inhabitants of Maine."

The Death of Senator Benjamin H. Hill occurred on Wednesday, August 16, after a long and painful illness. Senator Hill was fifty-nine years of age, having been born in Jasper Co., Ga., on September 14, 1823. He studied at the University of Georgia and passed with high honors, when he at once commenced the study of the law. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1850. He declined a renomination in 1853, but accepted it and was elected in 1859. He strongly opposed the secession ordinance introduced in the State Convention of 1861, but after it was passed Mr. Hill decided to go with his State. He sat in the Confederate Senate as Senator from Georgia and served

ed in that capacity until the close of the war. In 1875 he was chosen to succeed Garrett McMillan in the 44th Congress and was re-elected the following year. In March, 1877, the Legislature elected him a United States Senator. In July, 1881, it became known that Mr. Hill was suffering from cancer of the tongue, and a letter of sympathy of a very gratifying character was signed by every Senator at the Capital and sent to him. Senator Hill occupied throughout his life a very prominent position in the political world, and though he had many enemies, he appears to have made many friends by whom his death is sincerely lamented.

The Outbreak of Yellow Fever at Brownsville, Texas, is not abated in severity. There were thirty-eight new cases reported on August 18th, and intelligence from Matamoros showed that the epidemic there was still spreading. The following appeal to the General Government for aid has been forwarded to Washington by the Mayor of Brownsville, indorsed by the Governor of Texas: "One of the results of the quarantining of this city by all the ports of Texas and New Orleans has been the throwing out of employment of a large portion of our working population. These people, thus deprived of their resources, have become paupers, and are dependent for means of existence on charity, and we have thus far kept them from want and have established a hospital for the care of the sick, fumigated and disinfected. We can bear the burden imposed on us by the sickness alone, but the pressure of 2000 unemployed and destitute people warrants us in asking that you apply to the General Government for such relief as under the circumstances it may deem desirable to grant. If we have to care for the destitute we cannot deal with the sick, and neglect of either will bring about an immediate and most probably uncontrollable increase of the disease."

The President's Flag which was Hoisted on the vessel by which he travelled from Washington to New York is a special flag made to be carried at the masthead of Government vessels when the chief executive is on board. It is fourteen feet long by eleven feet broad. The material is navy blue bunting. In the centre is the American coat of arms, the American eagle holding in its mouth the pennant, on which is inscribed "E pluribus Unum," perched on a shield, grappling in one claw a bunch of arrows and in the other a bunch of oak leaves above the coat of arms. Arranged in a semicircle are thirteen white stars, representing the thirteen original States.

An Effort to Check the Progress of Opium smoking in New York is being made. The practice is spreading with alarming rapidity and new dens are being opened in all parts of the city. In several of the most aristocratic localities the dens flourish and are crowded from morning to night with native Americans of both sexes as well as with foreigners. The police have at last commenced moving against the opium dens, and last week two of them were raided and the proprietors and the visitors were arrested. It is stated that many young people contract the habit through curiosity. It should be known that, once formed, the opium habit is more difficult to overcome than the passion for intoxicating liquor.

The Annual Camp Meeting at Sing Sing, which closed on August 17th, was a most successful meeting. The president of the board of trustees said on the last day that the meeting had been more successful in every way than for several preceding seasons. The attendance has been larger than last year, and there is every indication of a steady increase in the future. The running expenses of the meeting are about \$1200 annually, and this year this amount has been met and there will be a surplus of \$600 in the treasury. There was a floating debt of \$5000, which has all been paid off. Next year the trustees will make a large number of improvements at an outlay of not less than \$2000. These improvements will include a regrading of the grounds, the changing of existing streets and the laying out of new ones, the erection of an additional number of tents, an enlargement of the lodging-house, needed changes in the preachers' stand, and the laying out of a park at the back of the circle of tents.

A Destructive Tornado Passed over Bangor, Me., on Tuesday August 15. It struck the city about six o'clock in the evening, doing considerable damage to buildings and crops. A report from a correspondent in Bangor says: The wind blew with terrific velocity, and the rain fell in sheets, converting the streets into roaring streams, the whole accompanied by *incessant thunder and lightning*. Buildings were blown down, roofs taken off, chimneys demolished and signs and awnings carried away. *The spire of a church* was blown to the ground and the roof of the county court-house was taken off. The European and North American Railroad Company's sheds were blown down and the cars imprisoned. Several houses were badly damaged, hundreds of chimneys went over, and the business streets of the city are almost impassable with bricks and debris, while large numbers of trees lie across other streets of the city. It is thought that the loss on buildings will amount to \$100,000.

The Unfolding of a Rosebud Recently Suggested consolation to a bereaved family. A dearly loved child died at its home in Auburn, Me., and when the body was laid in the casket a rosebud was plucked from a neighboring garden and the stem was placed in one of the lifeless little hands. A day or two elapsed between this incident and the funeral ceremony. In the interval the rosebud in the hand of clay was seen to gradually unfold. When the service was held the *bud had become a blossom*. The sorrowing parents saw in this incident a mute reminder that beautiful and precious as their dead child was to them when living, its perfect development, like that of the rosebud, would be attained after it had been gathered by Him who gave and had taken away (1 Cor. 15:42, 43).

A Heavy Penalty for Curiosity was Paid by a visitor to Denver, Col., recently. He was walking along the track toward Denver when he picked up a giant cap—one used to explode giant powder. As he had never before seen one it excited his curiosity, and he began picking the dust out with a pin. While thus engaged the cap exploded, blowing off the first two fingers and thumb of the left hand and the thumb of the right. He tied his mutilated hands up in a handkerchief as best he could, and shortly afterward was picked up by a train which conveyed him to Denver. He was taken to the office of a physician and the necessary surgical operations were performed. He certainly learned the power of the explosive article, but at fearful cost to himself. Numbers of young men who are curious to see life in great cities, and who visit vicious resorts for that purpose, have had an experience still more disastrous, for they have lost their souls in their investigation. In such cases Solomon's advice is the only safe course to follow. (Prov. 1:15).

A Remarkable Meteorological Phenomenon was witnessed on Lake Michigan on Tuesday August 8. Capt. Stine, of the steamer Menominee, reports that when in midlake, a thick, cold cloud swept over the water and burst over the steamer, and her decks were covered with snow and slush. The Menominee was moving at the time at a speed of about fourteen miles an hour. For five minutes the atmosphere was like that of winter, and with the snow on them and on deck the officers felt as if the boat had suddenly plunged into winter. At the expiration of the five minutes, when the boat had passed out of the polar wave, the atmosphere became warm and summer suddenly again set in. Capt. Stine and his officers and passengers were greatly puzzled at the phenomenon. Snow in that latitude in August is something wholly unprecedented. The cloud, or polar wave, was accompanied by a roaring sound, though the wind was by no means high or swift at the time, and numerous gulls hovered about the vessel, shrieked a dismal chorus, and whirled away. The melancholy birds seemed to be travelling with the storm as a part of it. The phenomenon, though unusual, is easily accounted for by meteorologists. An experience of which this is a type sometimes comes upon the believer. From the bright scene of ease and prosperity he passes into bleak adversity, when for the moment even God's face seems hidden from him. God in

His wisdom and love permits this as a necessary discipline intended to lead to self examination and more complete consecration (Psa. 119:67).

A Novel Safe Deposit Vault has been Robbed in Ohio. It seems that a farmer recently came into possession of eight hundred dollars, which he did not know where to deposit. He would not take it to a bank, because a few years ago he lost a large sum by the failure of a Cincinnati Savings Institution. Nor would he place it with any Safe Deposit Company, having a dread of loss. Procuring a strong tin box, he placed the money in it, fastening it securely, and put the box in *the bottom of an old ash barrel* in his wood-shed, filling the barrel up with various kinds of rubbish. He placed a box on top of it, which he filled with straw, and placed in one corner a dozen eggs and an old setting hen. He argued that should thieves come around they would never think of looking for anything valuable in an old barrel of rubbish, and even should they chance to suspect the hiding place, the hen would make such a clatter that the household would be aroused. A few days ago having nothing else to do, he examined the barrel, when to his dismay he found that the tin box, with its contents, had been removed. His device, crafty as it was, had failed him as utterly as the bank had done (Prov. 28:11). If his double loss lead him to obey our Saviour's injunction the money will be well lost (Matt. 6:19-20).

A House Believed to be Haunted was Opened last week after being closed thirty-two years. It stands about two miles from Paterson, N. J., and the last occupants of it, an aged couple, were brutally murdered there. The walls and floor were stained with their blood, and no one would live in the place. It has been shut up ever since, but it is now intended to reconstruct the building, and so remodel it as to destroy the associations with the crime. It was not an easy matter to effect an entrance into the house. The vines had grown so thickly around the doors and windows that a way was cleared with much difficulty. The hinges of the doors had *rusted almost solid* and had to be pushed open by main force. The room had a damp smell, and everything was partially decayed; the furniture was almost hidden under the dust, and there were masses of cobwebs in the corners, and there was a hole in the roof through which the rain had trickled until there was a hole rotted through the floors and ceilings. It was a scene of desolation, such as is seldom seen in a civilized city. The wretched place, branded with associations of crime, its doors fast closed, and its furniture in ruins, is a fit illustration of the state of an impenitent man's heart before Christ takes possession of it, and makes all things new (Mark 7:20-23).

A Moment of Peril on the Elevated Railroad was experienced by the passengers in a train on Monday, August 14. The custom adopted on the Third Avenue line is for the engine drawing a train to be detached from it on reaching a terminus. An engine standing on a middle line of rails then backs up to the train and is connected with the last car, which then becomes the first car on the return trip. As soon as the train starts the detached engine follows it as far as the switch and there passes to the middle line ready for the next train. On Monday the brakeman managing this operation dropped his lever too quickly, and the switch was turned for the engine before the last car had passed. The rear wheels entered the switch to the middle line while the front wheels were on the down line. Then the car careened and seemed about to fall into the street below. A cry was raised and the air-breaks applied only just in time to save the car, which was so strained that it had to be removed for repairs. The passengers were much alarmed, but happily no one was hurt. The companies have frequently boasted of the absolute safety of their lock switch system, but this narrow escape shows that, like all human contrivances, it is fallible. It is in life as in railway travelling, the place where most care is needed is at the switches; it is so easy there to leave the right track unless there is constant watchfulness and prayer. (Prov. 4:25-27).

THE VOICE BEHIND THEE.

A New Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.'"—Isaiah 30:21.

The Warning Voice—An Unconditional Promise—I. The Position of the Wanderer—His Back Toward God—Going Further Away—In Spite of Warning—Whitewashed Sins—Left Hand Sins—II. The Call of Mercy—Undesired—Unsought—Flying from Methodists in the Backwoods—A Daughter's Interdicted Bible—A Town Smelling of Lavender—The Unseen Caller—The Sinner Overtaken—An Opportune Call—Absolutely Necessary—III. The Words of the Call—Specific Instructions—Personal Direction—IV. The Success of the Call—Its Effects—Uneasiness—Desire—Resolve—Which is my Way?

ON the Sabbath before last we spoke concerning "the still small voice." * After the thunder and the fire and the earthquake had passed away, for the Lord was not in them, there came a still small voice unto Elijah, which reached the prophet's heart, and brought him back to his former condition of communion with God. This morning we shall hear that same "still small voice" actually speaking a warning and teaching word, and we shall see how it operates upon the sinner, reaching both his ear and his heart. God calls to the rebellious, and by His gentle word they are brought to His feet with repentance, turned from their evil wandering, and led in the way of obedience.

The word behind us which is spoken of in the text is mentioned as one among other covenant blessings. No "if" or "but" is joined to it. It is one of those gracious, unconditional promises upon which the salvation of the guilty depends. There are many comforts of the new life which depend upon our own action and behavior, and these come to us with "ifs;" but those which are vital and essential are secured to the chosen of God without "but" or "peradventure." It shall be so: God declares it shall, and He has power to carry out every jot and tittle of every promise that He makes to His people.

I. I invite you to notice first of all the position of **THE WANDERER** to whom this special blessing comes. How does God find men when He declares that they shall hear a word behind them? First, He finds them *with their backs turned to Him*. This is clear enough, if you remember that the word is to be heard "behind" them. The sinner has gone away from God, and God calls after him from behind. He has turned his back upon his true Friend, his best Friend, his only capable Friend, but that Friend does not therefore change His temper and resent the insult; nay, He is provoked to a love more pleading and persuasive than ever, and calls to him to come into the right way. The word of warning, instruction, and entreaty follows the wanderer, and with ever-increasing pathos beseeches him to turn and live. Again and again the wise, earnest, personal voice assails his ear, as if love resolved that he should not perish if wooing could win him to life. The wanderer seeks not God, but his God seeks him. Man turns from the God of love, but the love of God turns not away from him.

Observe that these persons had not only turned their backs on God, but *they were going further and further away from Him*. Of course, when you have once turned your back upon the right, the further you travel the more wrong you become. They were not content to be near to God, even with their backs to Him, but they hastened away. They are eager and quick to escape from their own mercy. Like the prodigal, they are not satisfied till they get into "a far country;" they cannot rest in the same land with their God; they journey with all speed away from the Lord, and the greater the distance that they can set between themselves and their Father the more are they at ease. In forgetting God they find a horrible peace; the peace of death, a peace which will stupefy them into eternal destruction.

Now, it is while they are thus going hot foot

away from God, further and further every day, madly rushing along the downward road, never satisfied with the sin to which they have attained, flying from God as if He were their terror and would be their destroyer, it is even then that the word sounds behind them and they are startled into thought. They have

A POWERFUL VOICE

pleading with them thus: "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die, O house of Israel? This is the way, walk ye in it. The way you are now pursuing is not the way to peace and safety; return at once, for this is the way, walk ye in it." Here again I admire the overflowing riches of the grace of God, that He should call men to Himself when they are altogether taken up with other things, when every thought, and every word, and every act is in rebellion against Him.

More than this, however, is true. They had turned their backs on God, and were going further from Him, though they were warned not to do so, and *they were pursuing their course in spite of warning*. Read the twentieth verse: "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers;" there they stood, good men, right in the way, entreating their hearers to cease from provoking their God and destroying their own souls. Hear them cry, "Turn ye from your iniquities, for this way leads to death; turn ye, turn ye." They can see their teachers stretching out their hands with eager importunity, pleading even unto boiling tears, persuading them to turn from the way and the wages of sin. Still they push on, as if eternal destruction were a prize to be sought rather than a doom to be dreaded.

Was it not so with many of us in the days of our unregeneracy? *Mother and father* endeavored to block up the evil road; in them our eyes beheld our teachers. How they taught us; how they prayed with us; how they labored if possible to turn us from the error of our ways! But we persevered with obstinate resolve. It is hard going to hell over a pleading mother, and equally hard to destroy one's self by pushing aside an earnest father's good advice; but we seemed resolved to do so. Then perhaps followed *Sunday-school teachers*, full of intense love to us; and how they pleaded! How wisely they set the case before us, and how tenderly they pleaded; our eyes did see our teachers, but still our eyes would not see the right way, nor would our hearts desire it; we were determined that we would by hook or by crook land ourselves in hell.

In after-life it may be our teachers were *earnest pastors*, who could not preach dull, dead sermons, and would not suffer us to sleep ourselves into perdition. They cried aloud and spared not; they were in anguish about us; they gave themselves no rest until we would turn from our iniquities. We could see our teachers, and we had a loving respect for them too, yet we cast their word behind our back; it was of no use to us; we loved iniquity, and that way we would go, come what might of it. Yet even then, when we were despising God's prophets and paying no regard to all the words of warning, the Lord was still loving us, looking after us, and crying after us, and saying, "This is the way, this is the way; walk ye in it. Come back, come back, come back; you are destroying yourselves; return unto your Father and your God."

One more mark of the ungodly condition of those whom God would call was this, that *they had many ways in which to wander*. Sometimes they roamed to the right hand, at other times they wandered to the left, but they never turned face about. Hear ye the way to heaven; it is right about face, then keep straight on to glory. Nay, but we will turn this way, or we will turn that way, we will turn any way except to God. Some men have right-hand sins, respectable iniquities which challenge little censure from their fellows; not black, but

WHITEWASHED SINS.

Such men are not thieves, they are not licentious, they are not drunkards, but their sins take a quieter form; they mock God with their self-righteousness, and insult Him with their prayers, which are no prayers, but only pretences and fictions, and not the real prayers of God's elect ones.

Others have *left-hand sins*; they plunge into the sins of the flesh; no vice is too black for them. Only propose to have a little pleasure and they will plunge into any vice to gain it; ay, and almost without pleasure, altogether without present profit, they will sin, as if for sin's own sake.

II. Now, for a little while, we will dwell upon THE CALL OF MERCY.

"Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee."

Notice, it is a call that is *altogether undesired*, and comes unsought to the man who has gone astray. He hears the inward call whose voice is "Return;" he looks for a moment, and then puts his foot down to pursue his journey. "Never," he says, "will I alter my course," and he boldly hastens on, though before him lie death and hell. As he is persevering in his ruinous course the same word again bids him "Return." He hears the admonition, but still he pushes on; he must not and will not return from the way of evil. If he could reach a spot where such disturbing voices would never trouble him how gladly would he hasten toward it. Hence so many altogether forsake the place of worship; they prefer the stagnant pool of stupid obstinacy to the sweet river of the water of life. So far from desiring to be warned, if they could voyage to a distant Tarshish, where voices of warning would never reach them more, it would be a delightful journey; and if ship could be taken, they would, like Jonah, pay the fare to the shipmaster, and secure a berth in the next vessel.

I have heard of one

IN THE BACKWOODS

of America who was unloading his furniture, and while doing so up rode a Methodist minister. "Confound you," said he, "I have moved half a dozen times to get away from you Methodist fellows; I am never comfortable where you are. I will put the things on the cart again, and find a spot where I shall be free from you." On they went to another clearing, but when they reached it the first thing that happened, before the man took up his lodging, was the appearance of a Methodist minister. "Where shall I go to get away from you Methodist preachers?" "There is nowhere I know of," said the minister, "that you can go; for I am afraid if you go to hell you will find some of them there, for preachers have been lost. The very best thing you can do is to yield at once, and let me hold a service to-night in your camp." That was sound advice; and so some of you will be pestered and worried as long as you live if you will not come to Christ. Omnipotence has servants everywhere, and these are all charged to warn you of your peril.

I knew one who would not go to a place of worship, and turned every Bible out of his house; but he found a copy of the holy book in his house, and as he cursed and swore he learned that it was *the property of a daughter* whom he loved too much to scold, and he was obliged to let the sacred volume rest where she had placed it. A Bible in a house where it is forbidden to be read is a splendid power for good, as he soon discovered. In a house where it is outwardly honored the Bible may have little influence, but if it gets where it must not be allowed, everybody reads it. If you can make God's Word to be forbidden fruit, Eve will feed on it, and Adam will follow her. Thus the grace of God came into the house, and it could never be expelled.

Down by Mitcham, when *the lavender* is growing, if you take a house there you will discern a smell of lavender, you may shut the windows and close the doors, but when any persons enter a whiff of lavender enters with them, you cannot help it; and if you live where the Gospel is preached at all you will be sure to hear it, and made to know of it. It is God's intention that you should. It is a voice that comes unasked and undesired, but come it does.

"A word behind thee;" it is *the voice of an unseen caller* whose existence has been almost forgotten. It is not the teachers that speak in this powerful way. The teachers you have seen with your eyes, and they have done you no good; but some one calls whom you never saw and never will see till He sits on the throne of judgment at the last great day; but still He utters a word which cannot be kept out of your ears.

I recollect one who in this very city plunged into all manner of gayety to try to get rid of this word yet God met him in a play; words were used in the performance which touched his conscience, and he *fled from the playhouse* as from a burning building, fell on his knees, and sought and found the Saviour. This call of mercy is the word of hidden One; you cannot see who it is that speaks yet you cannot shut your ears to His admonition nor refuse reverence to His warnings.

This voice *pursues and overtakes the sinner*. Do you see him running, with all his might rushing to his own destruction? The word comes, first, rather feebly—"Return." He scarcely looks back, but on he flies. Lo, the voice follows. He runs faster from it to show his determination to carry out his own will. The voice still follows him saying, "Return." Then he stops a minute, but being desperately enamored of his transgression he again takes to his heels to fly away from God still the word pursues his footsteps, and in pleading accents cries, "Return, return, return, return;" till at last he is constrained to sit down and listen to the word which comes from he knows not where. He cannot understand how and why it comes so home to him, but it is a fulfilment of the promise it is the word behind him saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

That voice when it comes to sinners is generally *most opportune*, for according to the text they are to hear this voice behind them

WHEN THEY TURN

to the right hand or to the left. A man may go steadily plodding on in his course of ungodliness and hear no such word of pleading, but how often it has happened that there has been a temptation of a more than usually forceful character, and the traveller was about to turn to the right, and then at that precise moment, he has heard the word of God behind him giving him warning.

Or it may be it is what I have described as *left-handed sin*; the man was carried on to a action which, if he had actually performed it would have involved his sure destruction. Even where the Spirit of God does not save a man keeps him from many a sin; and when men rebel against the light and will not yield to it, yet still that light has a restraining influence over them, which they may be unconscious. Those who watch them know that if that bit and bridle had not been supplied by the word, they would have gone to an excess of riot which would have been dangerous to others as well as totally destructive to themselves.

And you see, to close this second point, that it is *absolutely necessary* that the potent word should be spoken and should be heard. For the man has seen his teachers, but they had not wrought him any good. How often the Lord seems to put His ministers right up in the corner with our faces to the wall, till we are little in the eyes of our hearers and little in our own eyes. He does so with me and while I can glorify His name and bless Him abundantly for the many that are brought to Christ, yet I never take the slightest congratulation to myself about it, for what am I but the driest and most barren stick that there is in all my Master's garden apart from His watering? If sinners had nothing to save them but us poor preachers, not one of them would be brought up from death and hell.

The word behind us is needful, that "still small voice" which no mortal man can speak, but only God Himself, that inward monition of the conscience, that touching language of the heart, which is as much beyond the power of man as to make world or breathe life into an image of clay.

III. But what was

THE WORD OF THAT CALL?

It is stated at full length, "This is the way, walk ye in it." That is the word of the call. It contains within itself, first, *specific instruction*. "This is the way." There is a kind of preaching which has nothing specific, definite, and positive in it; it is a bit of cloud-land, and you may make what you like out of it—God's grace or man's merit, faith in Christ or faith in self. You need to be your own instructor, and then like the child looking into the fire you will see whatever your own eye chooses to

create. Too much preaching is of a kind so mixed that it reminds me of the showman when his visitors asked, "Which is Wellington and which is Napoleon?" "Whichever you please," said he; "you have paid your money and you may take your choice." So it seems to be with many preachers as to doctrine. You may have what kind of doctrine you like so long as you pay your *few-rent*.

"Cleverly put," cries one, when he has heard a smart sermon. Is not that enough? I answer, it is not enough; we want the sure testimony of revelation, sealed in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Cleverness is not God's way of blessing men. Conjectures and loose opinions are not worth the breath which is expended in expressing them. The Lord lays down a definite pathway, and He says, "This is the way." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; this is the way. Repent and be converted, every one of you; this is the way. To leave sin, to quit self, to trust in Christ; this is the way." Something definite is laid down before those who desire to be taught of God, and they are told what is to be done, what is to be received, what is to be given up. "This is the way." Definite instruction is given. This may not suit the Broad School, but it is exactly what the anxious seeker needs.

This is followed up by a word of *personal direction*. "Walk ye in it." Do not merely hear about it, but "walk ye in it." Be not content to be critics, thinkers, and considerers, but become doers of the word. "This is the way," here is the doctrine; "Walk ye in it," there is the practice. Well is it when the Lord by His Spirit speaks to the runaway sinner and tells him what he is to do and to believe; then He makes the way and the walk to be vividly present, "This is the way, walk ye in it" without delay.

This takes the form of *encouraging permission*. Some think they may not come to Christ. They actually ask the question,

"MAY I BELIEVE

in Him? Is there salvation for me?" Why, saith the text, "This is the way." Do not sit looking at it: "walk ye in it." "But I am so big a sinner." "Christ is the way; walk ye in it." There is room enough for big sinners in Jesus. "But I have been so long coming." Never mind; this is the way. "walk ye in it." Never mind if you have been seventy years coming, if you have come to the way at last, "Walk ye in it." "But I am afraid my feet are so polluted that I shall stain the way." "This is the way, walk ye in it."

You are not told to stand on one side and wait till something shall happen to you which shall persuade you to come, but here is the king's highway, walk ye in it. Walking is the simplest of all exercises. There is no great artistic skill required in order to walk, but walking is all that is wanted. Come to Christ, come to Him anyhow. Oh soul, tumble to Him somehow; trust Him as best you can; and if you cannot do it without question, trust Him because you must trust Him, since you have nobody else to trust to. Throw yourself into Jesus' arms; swoon away on the bosom of Christ. It is the essence of faith to die into the life of God in Christ Jesus. This is the message which comes behind many a runaway sinner, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

IV. According to our text success is promised to the word. "Thine ear shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Notice,

THE SUCCESS OF THE WORD—

thine ears shall hear. God not only gives us something to hear, but He gives us ears to hear with. Teachers cannot make men hear. They can appeal to the external ear, and after that they have no more that they can do; but God can make men hear. Without violating the freedom of their wills He can get at their hearts, at their consciences, at their understandings, and He can press the truth home to their souls. When the Lord does it, it is done. When we do it, it is often so done that afterward it is undone, but verily I know that what God doeth shall be forever. All that is of nature's spinning will be unravelled one day; but when God spins, it will last throughout eternity.

I take it when we read here, "Thine ears shall hear," it means first, that the message of divine love shall come to the man's mind so as to *create uneasiness* in it. He is jauntily traversing the road to destruction; he has chosen the path, and he delights in it. It often looks to him to be a flowery way, a pleasant road. So he walks on, and he would be very happy but for that word behind him crying, "Turn ye! turn ye! turn ye!" Just as he was turning down that glade in the wood to the right, where all the flowers of spring are found in profusion, that call troubled him again! He would sooner have seen a serpent hissing in the pathway, or heard a lion roar from the thicket, than have heard that word.

The man says, "I never can be quiet; I can see other people going to amusements and pleasures, and they heartily enjoy themselves; but the fact is, the more amusement I have the less I am amused, and I am never more miserable than when everybody else is laughing. Why am I thus?" He wishes he had never heard the parson preach the sermon which bothered him so; he wishes he had never had a godly mother at all, that he might have gone straight away into sin, and have been as merry as a cricket; but now there is that voice again behind him, boring its way into his tingling ears. For a moment he had forgotten it, but there it comes again—"Turn! turn! turn! turn!" He stops his ears; but it bombards his soul with worse than cannon balls; as if the word of God pounded him with shells, he hears the thunders of the cannonade, "Return! Return! Return!" What can he do? He longs to escape from the divine rebuke. The word has made him quiver and quake. So far so good. We shall see next

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIM.

After a while there gets to be a *desire* in his heart. It is only a faint and spasmodic desire, nothing very strong or constant—but there it is, and it cannot be quenched. "I wish I could get right somehow; for in my present condition I am in an evil case; I am sailing in the wrong boat; I wish I could land somewhere, and *take the return boat* and get to my home. I do not feel at all easy, I wish I knew what to do to be saved. I do know it somehow, for I have heard it every Sabbath day, but yet I do not understand it; I cannot get hold of it. I do not feel as I ought. I am told to believe, but I do not know what it means, or I cannot do it." He is getting on all right, friends. We shall have a better bulletin concerning him directly. He is wonderfully improving; a great deal of the fever of pride has gone out of the man; we shall have him yet in perfect health. He could not rest because he heard too much of the word behind him, and now he cannot rest because he cannot hear enough of it; he desires that it may penetrate his soul and change him from darkness to light.

What shall happen next? As that voice continues to sound, it pulls him up, and *leads to resolve*. He does not dare go any further; he sits down to consider. I think I saw him on his knees too. I am glad he has come to that pass. Friend, you are just like the prodigal when he said, "I will arise and go to my father;" only take care you do not end in resolutions. Let it be said of you as of that same prodigal, "He arose, and came to his father;" for all our resolutions are not worth the making unless they be most earnestly and speedily carried into effect. Observe the effect of the word behind the wanderer. Cannot you see the man who was running so fast? He has pulled up. He sees a line drawn across his path, and he must not go over it. He feels that if he goes further he may never have another call of mercy, and this makes him pause. Did not we sing this morning,

"Soon that voice will cease its calling?"

The man is anxious to obey while he may. He is not yet resolved to go back, but he dares not go further.

What will be

THE LAST STAGE

of this inner work? Since the man dares not go any further in this wrong way, what is he to do? He cannot turn to the right or to the left, for God has hedged up his way with thorns. Now, listen to what he will say, "I will return unto my first husband, for it was better with me than than

now." This poor soul looks on Him whom he pierced. He did not know he was piercing his Redeemer; but now he sees it all, and while his eyes begin to stream with tears, he turns unto this Christ upon the cross, and finds life while looking at Him. Now he enquires,

"WHICH IS MY WAY?"

Speak, sweet voice; speak, sweet voice; tell me which is my way." And now the voice moves and speaks in front of him; for shepherds go before their sheep. The man looks and sees the Crucified One with pierced hands and feet leading the way, and he delights to follow Him; ay, and he shall follow Him until at the last he shall see His face in glory everlasting. Redeemed by blood and rescued by power eternal, and brought home to the great Shepherd's fold, to go no more out forever, the sinner shall be filled with gladness. Listen, then, listen, ye that have turned your backs on God! Infinite mercy woos you, boundless compassion entreats you to be saved. Turn ye; turn as you are, all black and filthy and bemired; tarry not to mend or wash, but come to Jesus all unholy and unclean, without a single sound speck upon your leprous frame, utterly lost and ruined. Christ died for such as you. I say again, tarry not to improve yourselves, but come now, while mercy's voice invites you, while the Holy Ghost not only entreats, but sweetly constrains. Come and welcome, sinners, come. The Lord bless you. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

WILLIAM LOVETT'S DIFFICULTIES.

ONE wintery afternoon, just before sunset, two companions in sorrow were seen threading their way through a grove of trees near a Southern cemetery. They sustained to each other the relation of brother and sister, and had just returned from the funeral of their father. They had been shocked by the talk of eager legatees, who could not suppress their selfish din even whilst the corpse lay in the house, and so the two had wandered out for an hour's quietness, and for such consultation as the circumstances required. William Lovett, though the subject of many prayers, was in an unsettled state of mind about religion. It had been his misfortune to be much in the society of some who, though loud professors, were far from adorning the doctrine in all things, and he had been particularly disgusted by observing that those of the legatees whose conduct had been most unseemly and avaricious, were people who, of all others, ought to have been most careful not to bring religion into contempt by their inconsistency.

"I wonder," said William Lovett to his sister, "how such people can put on such a face to talk to me about conversion and the like, while their own conduct falls below common decency." "Yes," said Miss Lovett; "dear father used to say that if he were to look only at the conduct of many professors of religion, he would be a down-right infidel. But you remember how he used to add that hypocrisy, so far from proving religion an imposture, is one evidence of its truth. People would not think it worth while to be hypocrites if there were not something transcendently good and noble in real religion. It has become proverbial that hypocrisy is the compliment that vice pays to virtue, and it is a compliment that many people are only too ready to pay. But you and I, William, have at any rate seen real religion in the life of our father and mother."

"Yes," said William, "I must own that our father's high-minded integrity and readiness to suffer loss rather than swerve from his sense of right, impressed me more than all the arguments for religion I ever heard. And as to our dear mother's patience and tenderness, I never knew anything like it. Nothing brought home to me the fact of an infinite love like that love of hers."



Miss Lovett Argues a Difficult Question.



Mrs. Edwards Astonished by an Unexpected Arrival.

Miss Lovett was delighted to find that impressions so deep had been made upon the mind of her brother, and in her heart said of him, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God!" Still she felt he who was *not far* from the kingdom, was nevertheless *outside* of it, and she lost no opportunity of pressing upon him the importance of accepting once for all God's offer of pardon and peace in Jesus Christ. His attachment to his sister thus conspired with his reverence for the memory of his father and mother to prepare his mind for the reception of saving truth, and he became a decided and active Christian.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

IN the Captain's cabin of a vessel approaching the American shores, two men sat late one night smoking and talking. They were the Captain and one of his passengers. At last the Captain said, "We shall be in sight of land in the morning, and you have not kept your promise of telling me your story. You said you were like Tennyson's hero Enoch Arden; you have aroused my curiosity and you must gratify it." The passenger, whose name was Arthur Edwards, consented, and this was the story he told:

"To begin at the beginning," he said, "you must know that ten years ago I married the best woman in the world. No offence to you, Captain, if you are a married man, but that is what I think of my wife. A good woman, too, who would have made a better man of me than I was if I would have let her. She tried to get me to attend church and to give up a lot of habits I had that she did not like, but she failed, though I loved her dearly. She had many suitors beside me, and when she accepted me she chose the poorest man of the lot and not the best by any means. We did fairly well at first, but two years ago trouble came and I lost the little money I had. We had two children, the youngest only a month old, and I saw with dismay that our few dollars were fast melting away.

"Then I had an offer to go out to China in charge of a cargo which I was to sell, and purchase with the proceeds goods for the home voyage. I accepted that, for it promised well, and the house kindly offered to advance a sum on account of my commission to keep the family while I was away. I made the voyage out safely and finished up the business in good style. I put my heart in it, and I tell you the people who sent me out must have made a pile of dollars out of my bargain. One night I

was on deck idly looking around; we were to sail for home early the next morning and I was glad enough at the thought. The vessel had been towed out of the harbor so that we might start at daybreak, and I saw the sun set on the strange scene of a Chinese port, the strangest I think in the world. Suddenly I saw a dark object falling apparently right over my head and I sprang aside to avoid it, lost my footing and fell overboard. I could not swim, but there was a large barrel floating near the ship and I managed to get hold of it, but almost instantly it was dashed against the side of the ship and I got a blow on the head that seemed to crush it. I felt the blood run down my neck and I remember no more.

"It seems I was picked up and taken ashore and attended by a missionary doctor, an Englishman, in the port. But they despaired of me and before midnight they thought I was dead, and sent word to the ship, and she sailed without me. But it was not death though a bad swoon. The doctor says I surprised them all the next morning by showing signs of life. Then I had brain fever and it was nearly two months before I knew where I was and in a kind of dazed way realized my position. The missionary did not know where my friends were, so he could not write to them; so I knew that by that time my wife must have received news of my death.

"My mind was full of morbid fancies, the result of my illness, and I could not bring myself to the task of writing, and very foolishly I had the idea that it would be better for my wife to believe me dead, so I never wrote at all. I obtained employment in a shipping house where a clerk had died recently, and I was in that about a year and a half, and saved some money. Then an irresistible longing came over me to go back to America, and I took passage on your ship, and here I am."

"Well," said Captain Owen, "I think you acted foolishly, but if your wife is all you say, I believe you'll find her still cherishing your memory."

Two days after that conversation Edwards was walking through the village toward his home. He had not made any inquiry about his wife, for his courage failed him when he had an opportunity. He was near the gate of his garden when he overtook a good old man whom he knew well. He put the question he had been afraid to ask.

"True to you!" said his friend, "why, Edwards, you should be ashamed to ask.

They entered the garden, and there on the path

was a little toddler about two years old in which Edwards saw his wife's eyes and rich hazel hair, and he knew in an instant that it was the babe he had left two years before. He stooped and took the little one in his arms and kissed her. As he did so his elder daughter saw him from the window of the cottage and calling her mother to look too he was recognized. The dead had been restored to life, and the wife, who had thought herself a widow, was soon bounding down the garden path to be clasped in her husband's arms. With what delight the wife laid aside her widow's cap and the little family reunited sat hand in hand listening to the story of the wanderer it is needless to describe. To the Christian wife, however, the most delightful part of the narrative was the revelation that this was more than a restoration of her lost husband—it was a new union. The missionary doctor had not only been the means of saving her husband's life, but his teaching and prayers had been blessed to the salvation of his soul. It was with a joy most intense that the Godly woman rejoiced in the conviction that her husband could now unite with her in ascriptions of praise to Him who had given the hope of life everlasting.

THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

A COMMON scene in the deserts of Africa and Arabia is depicted in the accompanying illustration. The Bedouin Arabs are wanderers, and they roam through all the country stretching from the borders of Persia on the east to the western coast of Africa. They are supposed to be descendants of Ishmael, of whom the angel said (Genesis 16:12) "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The words apply to the Bedouin Arabs, for they have no national existence nor national history.

At the present crisis they have come into marked prominence on account of the attitude of Arabi toward the Sultan of Turkey. Should "*a holy war*" against Christians be proclaimed by Arabi there is a possibility of the Bedouins ranging themselves under his standard, in which case, they being accustomed to the climate and to the country, they might operate with some success against the British troops, and there would be a danger of Turkish troops also deserting to Arabi. In the event of their joining Arabi the result may be a rebellion of Arabia and Syria against the Sultan of Turkey (an event which Daniel's prophecies show to be near at hand—Dan. 8:9; 11:40).

In matters of religion the Bedouins are lax Mahommedans—that peculiar form of Islamism, which was originated in the latter end of the twelfth century by Abdel Wahab, who sought to extend its influence over them. This may be described as a Mahommedan puritanism, incorporated with a Bedouin government, in which the great chiefs stand forth as political and religious leaders.

"An Arab's property," says Burckhardt, "consists almost wholly in his horses and camels. The profits arising from his butter enable him to procure the necessary provisions of wheat and barley, and occasionally a new suit of clothes for his wife and daughters. No Arab family can exist without one camel at least; a man who has but ten is reckoned poor; thirty or forty place a man in easy circumstances; and he who possesses sixty is rich."

They are described by Burckhardt as "the most tolerant of Eastern nations;" yet it would be erroneous to suppose that an avowed Christian going among them would be well treated, without some powerful means of commanding their services. They class Christians with the foreign race of Turks, whom they despise most heartily. Both Christians and Turks are treated in a manner equally hostile, because their skins are fair, and their beards long, and because their customs are reckoned effeminate, and much less hardy than the tawny Bedouin.

In his tent, the Arab is most indolent and lazy; his only occupation is feeding the horse, or milking the camels in the evening, and he now and then goes to hunt with his hawk. A man, hired for the purpose, takes care of the herds and flocks, while the wife and daughters perform all the domestic business. They grind wheat in the hand mill, or pound it in the mortar; they prepare the breakfast and dinner; knead and bake the bread; make butter, fetch water, work at the loom, mend the tent-covering, and are indefatigable; while the husband or brother sits before the tent smoking his pipe, or is engaged in plundering some passing caravan.

WEE DAVIE.

A Tale of Scottish Life. By Dr. Norman McLeod.

(Continued from page 527.)

Acquiescence.

WHEN the prayer was over, Jeanie, who had hardly spoken a word, said, without looking at the doctor, "O sir, God didna hear our prayer for my bairn!"

"Dinna speak that way, Jeanie, woman!" said her mother, softly, yet firmly.

"I canna help it, mither; I maun get oot my thochts that are burning at my heart. The minister maun forgie me," replied Jeanie.

"Surely, Mrs. Thorburn, said the minister; and it would be a great satisfaction to me were I able, from what God has taught me in His Word, and from my own experience of sorrow, to solve any difficulty, or help you to acquiesce in



A Bedouin Arab and his Family on a Journey.

God's dealings with you; not because you *must*, but because you *ought* to submit; and that again, not because God has *power*, and therefore does what He pleases, but because He is love, and therefore pleases always to do what is right."

"But, oh, He didna hear our prayer; that's my burthen! But we were maybe wrang in asking what was against His will."

"He did not answer you in the way, perhaps, in which you expected, Mrs. Thorburn; yet, depend upon it, every true prayer is verily heard and answered by Him. But He is too good, too wise, too loving, to give us always literally what we ask; if so, He would often be very cruel, and *that* He can never be! You would not give your child a serpent, if in his ignorance he asked one, mistaking it for a fish? nor would you give him a stone for bread?"

Jeanie was silent.

"When Nathan, the Lord's prophet, telt King David that his child must die," said the Elder, "yet nevertheless David even then, when it seemed almost rebellion, prayed to the Lord to spare his life, and I dinna doot that *his Father in heaven was pleased* wi' his freedom and faith. He could na but tak' kindly such confidence frae his distressed servant."

"And as regards your dear child, Mrs. Thorburn," continued the minister, touching her arm, and speaking with great earnestness, "I believe sorrow's crown of sorrow to a Christian parent, and the heaviest he or she can endure on earth, is that of seeing a child, dearer than their own life, living

and dying in wickedness! What was David's sorrow for his dead babe, when compared with that wail of bitter agony for his wicked son, 'Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' God has saved *you* from that agony. He has done so by taking your child to Himself. Your precious jewel is not lost, but is in God's treasury, where no thief can break through and steal: *that* is surely something."

"Something exclaimed the smith, 'it is surely, after all, everything. And yet—'"

"And yet," said Jeanie, as if interpreting the feeling of her husband, "wi' a these blessed thochts about our wee bairn, he's an awfu' blank! Ilka thing in the world seems different."

"I'm just thinking, Jeanie," said her mother, "that it's a comfort ye ever pat yer een on Davie; for there's puir Mrs. Blair (John Blair's blin' wife, ye ken) when she lost her callant, May was a year, she cam to me in an awfu' way about it, and said that what vexed her sae muckle was, that she never had seen his wee face, and could only touch and han'le him, and hear him greet, but never get a look o' him."

"Puir body," remarked Jeanie, "it was a sair misfortune for any mither that! Ilka ane has their ain burden to carry. But, minister, let me speir at you, sir: Will I never see my bairn again? and if I see him, will I no ken him?"

"You might as well ask me whether you could see and know your child if he had gone to a foreign country instead of to heaven," replied the minister. "Alas for Christian love, if we did not know our beloved friends in heaven. But such ignorance is not possible in that home of light and love."

"It wadna be rational to think so," remarked William. "And yet, minister," he continued, "excuse me for just saying, though I would rather listen than speak, that the knowledge of the lost, if such knowledge there can be, must be terrible!"

"I know not how that will be," replied the minister, "though I have my own views on it. Yet surely our ignorance of any person being lost would be dearly purchased by our ignorance of any person being saved?"

"I did not think of that," said the smith.

"But," continued Jeanie, with quiet earnestness, "will our bairn aye be a bairn, doctor? Oh, I hope so!"

"Dinna try, Jeanie dear," said David, "to be wise aboon what is written."

The minister smiled, and asked, "If your child had lived, think you, would you have rejoiced had he always continued to be a child and never grown or advanced? and are you a loss or a gain to your father and mother, because you have grown in mind and knowledge since you were an infant?"

"I never thoct o' that either," said Jeanie, thoughtfully.

"Be assured," continued the minister, "there will be no such imperfect and incomplete beings there as infants in intellect and in sense forever. All will be perfect and complete, according to the plan of God, who made us for fellowship with

Himself and with all His blissful family. Your darling has gone to a noble school, and will be taught and trained there for immortality, by Him who was Himself a child, who spoke as a child, reasoned as a child, and as a child 'grew in wisdom and in stature'; and who also sympathized with a mother's love and a mother's sorrow.

"You too, parents, if you believe in Christ, and hold fast your confidence in Him, and become to Him as little children, will be made fit to enter the same society; and thus you and your boy, though never, perhaps, forgetting your old relationship on earth, will be fit companions for one another, forever and forever. Depend upon it, you will both know and love each other there better than you ever could possibly have done here!"

"My wee pet!" murmured Jeanie, as the tears began to flow from a softened, because happier, heart.

William hid his face in his hands. After a while, he broke silence and said, "These thoughts of heaven are new to me. But common sense tells me they maun be true. Heaven does not seem to me noo to be the same strange place it used to be."

"Lord, help our unbelief!" said Mr. Armstrong; "for the mair I think o' the things which I believe, the mair they seem to me owre gude news to be true!"

"The disciples, when they first saw Christ after His resurrection," said the minister, "did not believe from very joy."

"We thnk owre muckle o' our ain folk, doctor, and owre little o' Him," remarked the Elder. "But it's a comfort that He's kent and loved as He ought to be by them in heaven. I thank Him, alang wi' them that's awa', for all He is and gies to them noo in His presence."

"And for all He is and does and will ever be and do to every man who trusts Him," added Dr. McGavin; "our friends would be grieved if grief were possible to them now, did they think our memory of them made us forget Him, or that our love to them made us love Him less. Surely, if they know what we are doing, they would rejoice if they also knew that, along with themselves, we too rejoiced in their God and our God. What child in heaven but would be glad to know that its parents joined with it every day in offering up, through the same Spirit, the same prayer of 'Our Father!'"

"If wee Davie could preach to us, I daresay, sir, that might be his text," said the elder.

"Though dead, he yet speaketh," replied the minister.

The minister rose to depart. "By the by," he said, "let me repeat a verse or two to you, Thorburn, which I am sure you will like. They express the thoughts of a parent about his dead girl, which have already in part been poorly expressed by me when your wife asked me if she would know her boy:

"She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

"But a fair maiden, in her Father's Mansion
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face."

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye," said Thorburn; "and ye'll no be offended if I ax ye to gie me a grip o' yer han'." And the smith laid hold of the doctor's proffered hand, so small and white, with his own hand, so large and powerful. "God reward ye, sir, for we canna! Fareweel, sir! I'll expect ye the morn at two, if convenient," the smith whispered to the doctor as he opened the door to him.

"I'll be sure to come," he replied.

That evening, after Dr. McGavin's visit, there was a comfortable tea prepared by Jeanie for her friends, and the corporal was one of the party.

There is a merciful reaction to strong feeling. The highest waves, when they dash against the rock, flow furthest back, and scatter themselves in their rebound into sparkling foam and airy bubbles.

The corporal told some of his old stories of weariness and famine, of wounds and sufferings, of marches and retreats, of battles and victories, over the fields of Spain. Old Armstrong could match these only by Covenanter tales, of fights long ago, from "The Scots Worthies," but was astonished to find the corporal a staunch Episcopalian, who had no sympathy with "rebels." Yet so kind and courteous was the pensioner, that the elder confessed that he was "a real fine boddie, without a grain o' bigotry." Jeanie and her mother spoke of the farm, of the cows, and of old friends among the servants, with many bygone reminiscences. And thus the weight of their spirits was lightened, although ever and anon there came one little presence before them, causing a sinking of the heart!

No sooner had their friends left the house for the night than the smith did what he never did before. He opened the Bible, and said to Jeanie, "I will read a chapter aloud before we retire to rest." Jeanie clapped her husband fondly on the shoulder and in silence sat down beside him while he read again some of the same passages which they had already heard. Few houses had that night more quiet and peaceful sleepers than that home, under whose roof, beneath the shining stars of God, those parents and their child reposed.

The little black coffin was brought to the smith's the night before the funeral. When the house was quiet, Davie was laid in it gently by his father. Jeanie assumed the duty of arranging with care the white garments in which her boy was dressed, wrapping them round him, and adjusting the head as if to sleep in her own bosom. She brushed once more the golden ringlets, and put the little hands across the breast, and opened out the frills in the cap, and removed every particle of sawdust which soiled the shroud. When all was finished, though she seemed anxious to prolong the work, the lid was put on the coffin, yet so as to leave the face uncovered. Both were as silent as their child. But ere they retired to rest for the night, they instinctively went to take another look.

As they thus gazed in silence, side by side, the smith felt his hand gently seized by his wife. She played at first nervously with the fingers, until finding her own hand held by her husband, she looked into his face with an unutterable expression, and meeting his eyes so full of unobtrusive sorrow, leaned her head on his shoulder and said, "Willie, this is my last look o' him on this side o' the grave. But, Willie, dear, you and me maun see him again, and, mind ye, no to part; na, I canna thole that! We ken whaur he is, and we maun gang till him. Noo, promise me! vow alang wi' me here, as we love him and ane another, that we'll attend mair to what's gude than we ha'e dune, that—O Willie! forgie me, for it's no my part to speak, but I canna help it noo, and just, my bonnie man, just agree wi' me—that we'll gie our hearts forever to our ain Saviour, and the Saviour o' our wee Davie!"

These words, as she rested her throbbing head on her husband's shoulder, were uttered in low, broken accents, half-choked with an inward struggle, but without a tear. She was encouraged to say all this—for she had a timid awe of her husband—by the pressure ever and anon returned to her hand from his. The smith spoke not, but bent his head over his wife, who felt his tears falling on her neck, as he whispered, "Amen, Jeanie! so help me, God!"

A silence ensued, during which Jeanie got, as she said, "a gude greet," for the first time, which took the weight off her heart. She then quietly kissed her child and turned away. Thorburn took the hand of his boy and said, "Fareweel, my wee Davie, and when you and me meet again, we'll baith, I tak it, be a bit different frae what we are this nicht!" He then put the lid mechanically on the coffin, turned one or two of the screws, and sat down at the fireside to speak about the arrangements of the funeral.

After that, and for the first time in his life, William asked his wife to kneel down, and he would pray with her before they retired to rest. Poor fellow! he was sincere as ever man was, and never after till the day of his death did he omit this "exercise," which was once almost universal in every family in Scotland, whose "head" was a

member of the church; and I have known it continued by the widow when the "head" was taken away by death.

But on this the first time when the smith tried to utter aloud the thoughts of his heart, he could only say, "Our Father—" There he stopped. Something seemed to seize him, and to repress his utterance. Had he only more fully known how much was in these words, he possibly might have gone on. As it was, the thoughts of the father on earth so mingled, he knew not how, with those of the Father in heaven, that he could not speak.

But he continued on his knees, and spoke there to God in his heart as he had never spoken before. Jeanie did the same. After a while they both rose, and Jeanie said, "Thank ye, Willie. It's a beautiful beginning, and it will, I'm sure, hae a braw ending." "It's cauld iron, Jeanie, woman," said the smith, "but it wull heat and come a' richt yet."

The day of the funeral was a day of beauty and sunshine. A few fellow-tradesmen and neighbors assembled in the house, dressed in their Sunday's best, though it was visible in the case of one or two, at least, that their best was the worse of the wear. The last of his possessions a Scotch workman will part with, even to keep his family in food, are his Sunday clothes; and the last duty he will fail to perform is that of following the body of a neighbor to the grave.

All those who attended the funeral, and about twenty assembled, were dressed with crape on their hats, and had weepers on their coats. The corporal wore, also, a war-medal on his. The smith, according to custom, sat near the door, and shook each man by the hand as he entered. Not a word, of course, was spoken.

When all who were expected had assembled, the minister, who occupied a chair near the table on which the Bible lay, opened the book, and after reading a portion of the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, without any comment, he prayed with a fervor and suitableness which touched every heart.

The little coffin was then brought out. It was easily carried. The corporal was the first to step forward, and saluting the smith by putting his hand to his hat, soldier fashion, he begged to have the honor of assisting.

Slowly the small procession advanced toward the church-yard, about half a mile off; and angels beheld that wondrous sight, a child's funeral—wondrous as a symbol of sin, and of redemption, too. It at once speaks of the insignificance of a human being as a mere creature, and of his dignity as belonging to Christ Jesus.

As they reached the grave, the birds were singing, and building their nests in the budding trees. A flood of light steeped in glory a neighboring range of hills. Overhead, the sky had only one small, snow-white cloud reposing in peace on its azure blue.

When the sexton had finished the grave, and smoothed it down, William quietly seized the spade, and went over again the green turf carefully with gentle beats, removing with his hand the small stones and gravel which roughened its surface. Those who stood very near, had they narrowly watched him, which they had too much feeling to do, might have observed the smith give a peculiar, tender pressure and clap on the grave with his hand, as if on a child's breast, ere he returned the spade, and with a careless air said, "Here, John, thank ye; it's a' richt noo." Then lifting up his hat, and looking round, he added, "I'm obleeged to you, freens, for your trouble in coming."

And so they left "wee Davie," more precious and more enduring than the everlasting hills!

Several years after this, Dr. McGavin, when an old man, as he sat at his study fire, was conversing with a young clergyman who seemed to think that nothing could be accomplished of much value for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, unless by some great "effort," or "movement," or "large committee," which would carry everything before it. The doctor quietly remarked, "My young friend, when you have lived as long in the ministry as I have done, you will learn how true it is, that 'God fulfils Himself in many ways.' He is in the still, small voice, and that often when He is neither

the earthquake nor in the hurricane. One of the most valuable elders I ever had—and whose admirable wife and daughters, and well-doing, prosperous sons, are still members of my church, and my much attached friends—told me on his dying bed, that, under God, he owed his chief good to the death of his first child, the circumstance which accidentally made me acquainted with him. On the last evening of his life, when enumerating the many things which had been blessed for his good, he said to me, "But, under God, it was my wee wifie that did it a'!"

THE END.

[This excellent story is published in book form by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York. Price 35 cents, post paid.]

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

S. Lesson for September 3, Mark 12: 22-44. Golden Texts, 1 John 4: 21; Deut. 6: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Commandment Little Understood—Love Includes Service—The Service of a Wife—No Reserves in Love—Offers of Half a Kingdom—How to Become all Love—A Love Perfect of its Kind—The Crucial Test of Love to God—The Critics Silenced—New Matter for Thought—The Test of Service—The Measure of Gifts.

IN that incident in our Lord's life which we are about to notice, there appears to be a discrepancy between the accounts of Matthew and Mark. The former seems to record the incident given in Luke as though it had occurred here; or could it be that two persons at this time, one "tempting him," the other "not far from the kingdom of God," asked Him the same question? The scribe, our subject, "having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that He had answered them well," asked Him, Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

This is the first commandment: "Thou shalt love;" is this a hard saying? Yet how little we understand it. It is self-love, the human instinct of self-preservation, which drives the most of us to be Lord in the first instance. To escape that fearful unknown fate which God's Word calls "everlasting punishment," we turn to the Lord for safety. And even after we begin to know something about Him, O how our small legal, narrow hearts cling to the idea of service, and we fall into the place of servants, while we are called to that of sons.

What is the chief complaint we hear Christians make against themselves? "My service is so poor, I do so little for the Lord, and I do it so badly." How continually afflicted children of God say, "I want to be healed that I may serve God." Infinitely more blessed as this is than the meanness of a life lived for self, this is not rising to the great all of God, even in the Old Testament. He does not say, "Thou shalt serve," but "Thou shalt love."

LOVE INCLUDES SERVICE.

But service does not always include love. What service is there like that of a loving wife? What obedience equals that of a really loving child? The life divines and carries out the husband's wishes before they are expressed, and one expression of them gives the clue to a whole range of loving service which has never been required of her. The child feels in his very being the reflection of his father's character, and calls it out in involuntary unconscious service. And this is the meaning of "Thou shalt love." The question we so often hear, "Is there harm in this or that?" becomes impossible when love instead of service binds us to our God. Real love is always without limit, we may like a person in measure, but when we begin to love, it is as illimitable as eternal. Therefore the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." The heart must all go out to Him, there can be no reserves for self, He has given His infinite heart of love to win it; let it go, and treat every thought of self as unfaithfulness to

Him. This is the law of God, this is the privilege of man.

"With all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." Let there be but one key to lock or unlock all parts of thy being, God. In order to win thee, He has become even as thou, the Creator has been "made flesh, and dwelt among us;" in order to make thee pure, He has taken upon Him thine impurity; in order to heal thee, He has borne thy sicknesses; in order to give thee part in His own eternal life, He has gone through death. O God, when shall we understand Thy love! And what is there which such love does not deserve in return? Is it becoming that we should render to Him a part? Some few thoughts, some little service, some hours of our time? Is anything else reasonable than all our heart, and all our soul, and all our mind, and all our strength, *i.e.*, our whole, our undivided being?

When the wicked Herod, probably under the influence of liquor, promised the voluptuous daughter of Herodias the half of his kingdom at her desire, and when the great Ahasuerus promised his Jewish queen Esther the same thing, thereby expressing the greatest and most magnificent of earthly generosity it was still but an offer of a divided kingdom. He who is the "King of kings and Lord of lords" offers us, not the half but the whole, Himself and all He has, Himself and all He is, that we should be one with Him as He is one with the Father (John 17: 21, 22), "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together" (Rom 8: 17).

O THE DISINTERESTEDNESS OF GOD!

What an appeal it makes to us to yield all we are and have to Him. He gives His fulness to win our emptiness, shall we withhold it? And His only claim is "Thou shalt love;" but there is implied in the terms of God, "Thou shalt do nothing but love;" to love demands heart and soul and mind and strength in their entirety.

How can we who are by nature all self, thus become all love? Only by giving up ourselves unreservedly as crucified with Christ, as being, willing, doing, desiring, nothing but God, that He may fully enter into and possess us; that He who is love may fill our whole being with Himself, with love.

How may I know whether I love God? is often asked. Let God answer, "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments; and His commandments are not grievous." "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John 5: 3; 4: 18, 19). Now how are we with regard to God's commandments? Are they no longer grievous to us but the very joy of our hearts? Is His law put into our mind, and written on our hearts, so as to be a second nature, an impulse of the divine life within instead of a hard impossible bondage, the conditions of which we strive to fulfil and cannot? And is all fear of displeasing God gone? Are we living in the blessed consciousness that God has made and is making it His business to keep us in His ways, so that all fear and distrust of Him have vanished? Then, although our love may be most imperfect, we may praise God that it is there; yes more, that it is perfect of its kind.

And the second is like, namely, this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." Let a man's whole being be filled to overflowing with the love of God, and it cannot but flow out toward man. And God has made it a crucial test of our love to Him, how we stand with respect to man. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also" (1 John 4: 20, 21). It is easy enough to love those who love us, but the privilege of those who are filled with God is to love those who do not love us, those who have injured us, even those who are our enemies. Love is always giving, and "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20: 35). Love never requires or exacts from

another; He who is kind to the unthankful and the evil teaches us how to love.

The scribe who had been questioning Jesus had learned a great truth that to love God as God desires to be loved "is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." He saw that if the heart is right, the mainspring of the whole machinery must be right, and all must work well together. "And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, He said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." But had he entered into it? We are not told. What was there in Christ's answer which silenced His opposers? Was it that all their guile provoked no tone of opposition in Him and that they felt they were fairly beaten? "No man after that durst ask Him any question."

He gave them, however,

MATTER FOR THOUGHT.

saying, "while He taught in the temple, How say the scribes that Christ is the son of David? For David himself said by the Holy Ghost, The Lord said to my Lord, Sit Thou on my right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool. David therefore himself calleth Him Lord; and whence is He then his son?" O how He longed to lead them away from their carnal idea of a *political Messiah*, such as will be the latter day Antichrist, to God's own thoughts and words about the Messiah; from the human to the divine. But this was out of their depth, they could not understand it. No man accepted the challenge or attempted to answer.

They stood on false ground, on their hereditary superiority to the Gentiles, their head knowledge of the law of God, their drawing near Him with their mouths, and honoring Him with their lips, while the hearts which he sought for were far from Him, and their fear toward Him was taught by the precept of men (Isa. 29: 13). He knew His Father's heart was in His counsels, and He spoke as to stones. O how often have teachers of the Gospel felt the same; the breath of the Holy Ghost was wanting. Were His words then in vain? Never. They are treasured up for us; the fragments are gathered that nothing be lost.

Jesus went on to warn the people of the scribes: "Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the market places, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts; which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation." External religion which covers oppression and self-seeking, is abominable in the eyes of God and secures "greater damnation" than irreligion; the fate of Judas must be more terrible than that of one who had never known the Lord. God loves reality, and most surely "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is" (1 Cor. 3: 13). God has made deeds not words the test of a man's state before Him. "By their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 7: 20, 21).

The eye of the Lord Jesus turned from the scribes to something which gave joy to His burdened heart. "Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury." What is this? a farthing more than much money! Yes, far more. A man who has ten thousand dollars and gives one gives but the ten thousandth part of his possessions; a little child who has but one cent and gives that gives ten thousand times more. To God it is little matter of what our all consists, provided that that all is yielded unto Him. It may be that the Word of God, the "first great commandment" repeated by Jesus in the power of the Spirit of God, had called forth this full response from the poor widow, and we are sure that He accepted both her gift and herself to be His possession and His charge.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

General Sir Garnet Wolseley Arrived at Alexandria on August 15th, and assumed command of the British forces. He immediately issued a proclamation, with the authority of the Khédive, to the people of Egypt, representing the sole object of the British to be to restore the authority of the Khédive. It says all peaceful inhabitants will be kindly treated, the mosques will be respected and all supplies paid for. General Wolseley adds that he will be glad to receive all chiefs who are disposed to assist in repressing the rebellion. The queen has lent the expedition one of her sons, the Duke of Connaught, who calls on the Khédive every day, and is supposed to be commanding the Guards. On Saturday, August 19th, the whole of the British fleet except two vessels sailed from Alexandria with sealed orders. A large force was on board and it was generally believed that Sir Garnet Wolseley was about to attack Arabi in the rear in the hope of driving him from his entrenched position.

An Assault was Perpetrated on the United States Consul in Alexandria, Colonel Charles C. Long, on August 18th. He was surrounded by about forty natives, who stopped him as he was driving through the Gabarri Gate of the city, and would have seriously maltreated him, even if his life had been saved, but a number of British soldiers saw the attack and rescued the consul. Colonel Long is thoroughly acquainted with the country, having served under Major Gordon in his famous expedition to Central Africa, the object of which was to complete the work left unfinished by Sir Samuel Baker—that is, the extermination of the slave trade, the annexation of the Central African region to the flag of the Khédive, and the establishment of trading posts on the plateaux of Central Africa.

A Startling Rumor in Circulation in European capitals last week was to the effect that Russia was preparing to seize Asia Minor. No official confirmation was given to the report, which is probably premature. It originated in a despatch to the London *Times*, which stated that it was believed at Erzeroum, Armenia, that Russia is about to occupy the whole of Asia Minor to the Bosphorus. Owing to the undefended state of that part of Turkey the Russians could easily do this without much bloodshed. A despatch to the London *Telegraph* from Paris says it is no secret that Russia is concentrating a formidable army in the Caucasus. The army, it is estimated, will number 78,000 men.

A New Difficulty in the way of the Anglo-Turkish alliance against Arabi has arisen. A cable message says: "The Mussulman jurists, whom the Sultan frequently consults, explain that Arabi Pacha, in so far as he disobeyed the Caliph, is a rebel and may be unceremoniously treated as such; but in so far as he has been a defender of a Mohammedan country against the aggressive designs of Christians he has merely fulfilled the duties of a good Mussulman, and, consequently, the Caliph cannot make common cause with England. The Sultan may punish Arabi Pacha if some act of rebellion is proved against him, but he must not associate himself with those who wish to crush Arabi Pacha as the defender of Islam."

The Arrest of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, who is a member of Parliament and a high sheriff, took place in Ireland on August 16th. Mr. Gray is one of the proprietors of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, and the offence with which he was charged was committed in the columns of that journal. Technically the charge was one of contempt of court, by publishing an article accusing crown officials of jury-packing in several recent moonlight trials and a letter of William O'Brien accusing the jury in a murder case in which the prisoner was convicted, of gross misconduct and drunkenness. Justice Lawson sentenced Mr. Gray to three months' imprisonment in Richmond Jail and a fine of \$2500, and on his release to find heavy bail for future good behavior. Mr. Gray was astonished at the sentence, and asked time to arrange his private affairs. The judge said, "You will have plenty of time in prison." The warrant of commitment being usually made out to the high sheriff

some difficulty was experienced in selecting a suitable officer to act as a deputy in incarcerating the high sheriff himself. Ultimately it was decided to address it to the coroner, who then took his superior officer to his cell.

The Presentation of the Honorary Freedom of the City of Dublin to Messrs. Parnell and Dillon took place on August 16th, a few hours after the arrest of Mr. Gray. The intelligence of the severe sentence passed upon that gentleman cast a gloom over the meeting, and Mr. Parnell having signed the roll of freemen said he should "return thanks in few words, as *freedom of speech in Ireland had practically ceased to exist*." Mr. Parnell expressed his conviction that measures of large reform might be expected for the masses of the people of Ireland. He had never believed in the possibility of maintaining an independent Irish party in the House of Commons for any length of time, but he thought it possible to increase its numbers and maintain it for such time as would enable them to gain the great object which always possessed the hearts of the Irish people at home and abroad—the restoration of the legislative independence of Ireland. The advance of popular reform could not be stopped for long even in Ireland. "It would be far better for the governing classes and those in the higher ranks of society to trust the people, and even at the eleventh hour join hands with them for the sake of their common country. If they could not do so the movement would go on without them, brushing them aside."

The Partial Restoration of Cetewayo the King of the Zulus, to his throne has been decided upon by the British Government. A Government official stated in the House of Commons on August 15th that the Government had determined to consider the possibility of Cetewayo's partial restoration, with proper safeguards. He said that no portion of Zululand would be annexed to Great Britain. The part of Zululand to be reserved for the chiefs and people who object to return under Cetewayo's rule will be guarded by safeguards similar to those imposed upon the thirteen present chiefs. A British resident will reside in the country, who will see that the restoration of the former military system is not revived.

The Bonapartist Fete Day was Celebrated with unexpected enthusiasm in Paris on August 15th. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables that a meeting of Bonapartists was called at a building near the Arc de Triomphe at which, although admission was only to be had by special invitation, fully five thousand persons were present. The proceedings throughout were orderly, though more than one fiery appeal was made to the meeting by orators. MM. Paul de Cassagnac and Jules Amigues addressed it. M. Amigues confined his remarks to a comparison of the Republic and the Empire, highly flattering to the latter. M. de Cassagnac's speech was a plea for the candidature of Prince Victor. The hall was unadorned save by a bust of the late Prince Imperial. The meeting broke up and dispersed without confusion, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" It would appear from this report that Imperialism is not so completely extinct as recent cablegrams have indicated.

Mr. Moody is Invited to Asia Minor by Missionaries, who believe that he might do good work there with the aid of an interpreter. It is not, however, likely that Mr. Moody will accept the invitation. He brought his labors in Aberdeen to a close on July 29th. He purposes spending some time in going through Scotland, after which he will rest a week or two prior to commencing work in Wales and various parts of England, finally settling for a long spell of work in London.

The Stolen Corpse of the British Nobleman, Earl Crawford, which was taken from the family vault at Dun Echt, Scotland, in May, 1881, with the object of obtaining a ransom, has been discovered in a wood about half a mile from the mansion. The discovery is due to a statement made by a professional poacher named Soutar, and conveyed by another person to the police. Soutar said he was poaching about midnight in the plantation in May, 1881, when he found to his horror a dead body lying on the ground, and simultaneously saw

two men crawling near him. Frightened, started to run, but his progress was arrested by a heap of earth, over which he fell. Before he could recover himself the two men were upon him. He could see that their faces were blackened, and noticed that they spoke with an Aberdeenshire accent. They were immediately joined by two other men, who wore masks and spoke with English accent. One of the first two said that he ever breathed a word of what he had seen that night he would be "hunted to death," and the other unless he at once took an oath to keep their secret he would then and there meet his death. The speaker at the same time presented a pistol at his head, and swore him to secrecy.

A Roman Catholic Directory Recently Issued by the authority of the Pope furnishes evidence of the growing power and wealth of the Roman Church. The directory describes Leo XIII. as the 263d successor of St. Peter. The College of Cardinals, the full complement of which is 70, has only 65 members, six of whom belong to the order of bishops, 46 to the order of priests, and 13 to the order of deacons. Cardinal Schwarzenberg is the only one of these cardinals created by Gregory XV. 46 were created by Pius IX., and 21 by the present Pope. Four of the cardinals are over 80 years of age, 29 over 70, 15 over 60, and 13 over 50, while only two are under fifty. The Romish hierarchy consists of 1289 titles, including 65 cardinals. Since Leo XIII. came to the Holy See three archiepiscopal sees have been created and two episcopal dioceses have been raised into archiepiscopal sees while fifteen fresh bishoprics have been formed.

Liquor Sellers in Great Britain are becoming alarmed by the progress made by societies propagating the doctrines of prohibition. At a recent meeting of a liquor sellers' association one of the speakers lamented that there were associations which were strong, rich and powerful, which did not hesitate to use every means in their power to ruin their trade altogether. Another speaker said their body had been beset on all sides in every way. They were being "badly pressed now with the Sunday closing and the Local Option measure, and unless they could make a stand in some way or the other, and put their shoulders to the wheel they would simply go to the wall." If by "the wall" the liquor sellers mean an insurmountable obstacle to their trade of making drunkards, may be hoped they will soon arrive at the wall.

Land Grants to the Jews Driven out of Russia have been decided on by the Turkish Government. Free grants are to be made of vast tracts of land for Jewish refugees and other immigrants, situated in fertile districts in the provinces of Adana, Nicosia, Syria, and Mesopotamia (which three provinces are as large as France), specially adapted for agricultural purposes, and if facilities are afforded for opening up communications, the country will greatly benefited and the revenue improved by the addition to the present scanty population of the region. The only restrictions put upon intending colonists are that they shall be subject to the existing laws affecting land tenure, as well as future taxation and police, and that no village shall contain more than two hundred families. Liberal facilities are to be given for the first few years in the form of exemption from taxation and conscription.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxendale, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers of prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1882.

16th Year. No. 35.—New Series.

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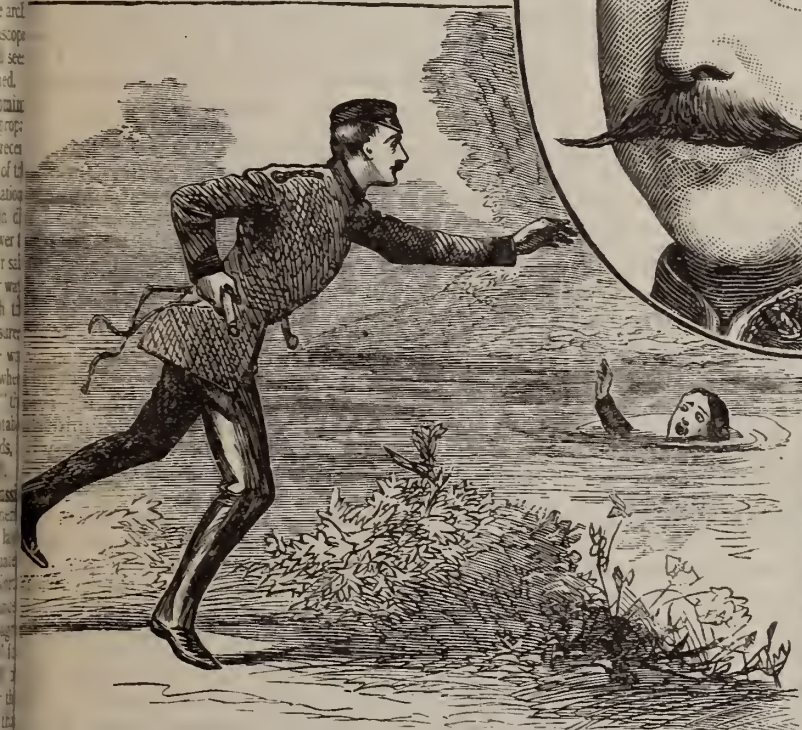
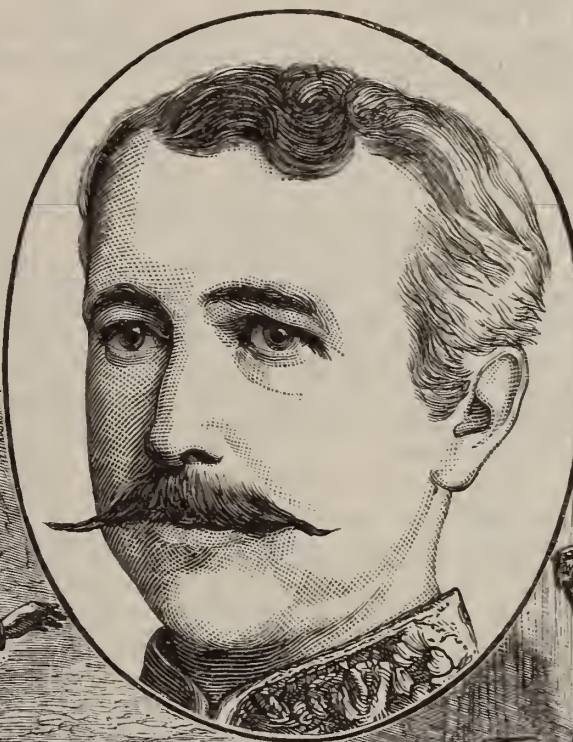
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SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, C.B., K.C.M.G. Commander of the Anglo-Egyptian Expedition—Scenes in his Life.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY,

Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Egypt.

Birth in 1833—Obtains an Ensign's Commission in 1852—His First Battle Field in Burmah in 1853—He is Shot—Promoted to a Lieutenantcy—Gallant Attempt to Save a Comrade's Life—Sails for the Crimea in 1854—Gazetted as Captain—Again Wounded—Given Up for Dead—Spends Several Weeks in a Cave—Embarks for China in 1857—Shipwreck—The Indian Mutiny—Wolseley's First Engagement with the Sepoys—A Desperate Enterprise—Fights His Way into the Residency at Lucknow—Rebuked and Promoted—Proceeds to China in 1860—Narrow Escapes—Despatched to Canada in 1861—The Red River Expedition in 1870—Appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General in 1871—Ashantee Campaign in 1873—Missions to Natal, Cyprus, and Zululand.

GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, who has been appointed commander of the British troops in Egypt is an Irishman by birth. He is the eldest son of the late Major G. J. Wolseley of the 25th Regiment. The family is one of the most ancient in the county of Staffordshire, the manor of Wolseley having been in their possession before the Norman Conquest. Some of Sir Garnet's ancestors were distinguished officers, and others were clergymen; his grandfather was rector of Tullycorbet. Sir Garnet is forty-nine years old, having been born on June 4th 1833, in County Dublin, Ireland. Educated at a day school near Dublin, and subsequently by private tutors, he was from childhood destined for the army, and was instructed in military science, surveying, and fortification. Toward the close of his nineteenth year, in 1852, he obtained an *ensign's commission* in the 80th Regiment, then engaged in the second Burmese war. He had scarcely joined the depot when he was sent out to Burmah with a draft of recruits, and in November he reached Rangoon. At the beginning of March, 1853, he arrived at Donabaw by sea, and on the 7th of the month went under fire in the operations against Myat-toon, a noted Burmese leader.

HIS FIRST BATTLE-FIELD.

On March 19th Myat-toon's stronghold was successfully stormed. The first attack was repulsed with some loss. Ensign Wolseley was well in front of his men, and had reached within twenty yards of the hostile works, when suddenly the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he found himself at the bottom of a concealed pit with a stake in it. When his men were beaten back he was in great danger, but he managed to escape without even a wound, though much shaken by the fall.

A second attack being decided on, the commanding officer of the 80th called for an officer to lead a storming party from that regiment. Ensign Wolseley at once stepped to the front, and hastily collecting such of his own men as were at hand, made a rush up the narrow path by which only the enemy's works could be reached. Another detachment had been sent on the same dangerous business from the 51st Regiment. It was led by Lieutenant Taylor, who raced with Ensign Wolseley for the honor of being the first man in. Only two could move abreast, and the gallant young officers evidently rushed on their destruction. Both were shot in the thigh.

Taylor bled to death in a few minutes, but Wolseley, pressing his fingers on the arteries of his thigh, checked the flow of blood. Grievously wounded and lying helpless on the ground (*as shown on our frontispiece*), Wolseley waved his sword and cheered his men on to the assault, which this time was successful. When he first fell, some of his men offered to carry him to the rear, but he refused all assistance till the position had been taken. After several months of suffering and danger he was sent home on sick leave, and was only convalescent just before the arrival of the ship in England. As a reward for his gallantry he was *promoted to a lieutenantcy* in the 90th Light Infantry.

ATTEMPT TO SAVE A COMRADE'S LIFE.

When Wolseley accompanied his regiment from Rangoon to take part in the hazardous operations

against Myat-toon, a soldier who was bathing with some comrades in the river Irrawaddy, was carried away by the current. Seeing the man in imminent danger of drowning, young Wolseley plunged into the stream, which ran with great velocity, but notwithstanding all his exertions, the unfortunate soldier perished. (*The panel in the left-hand corner of the upper portion of our frontispiece represents this episode.*)

The winter of 1853 was a momentous period. Already were audible the distant mutterings of the tempest gathering on the Turkish frontier, which was destined soon to break over Europe, and deluge a remote corner of the continent with the blood of the bravest soldiers of three great Powers. It was the eve of

THE CRIMEAN WAR,

a memorable contest in which was broken the spell of a forty years' peace, and which introduced an era of conflict and diplomatic unrest which in all probability will not close until the age itself has passed away, and the anticipated epoch of Millennial peace has been inaugurated.

Within the eight-and-twenty years which have since elapsed, how many and vast have been the changes which have occurred, and how stupendous the conflicts that have taken place in Europe. Prussia, a petty kingdom, has risen to the rank of a great Empire since 1870; France has been humbled to the dust by her ancient foe; but has now risen, phoenix-like, from her ashes under Republican government.

Wolseley's regiment sailed from Dublin, on November 19th, 1854, and landed at Balaklava on December 4th of that year. Three weeks later he was appointed *acting engineer*, and during eight months he served uninterruptedly with the Engineers, with the exception of a week spent at Balaklava on sick leave. He obtained his *captaincy* also at this period. On April 10th, 1855, he was slightly wounded though he remained at his post. Five days later he was giving orders to two sappers standing in front of him, when suddenly a round shot took one man's head off, and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood.

On June 7th he received a second wound in the thigh, after having been at his post for twenty-four hours, and was found by an officer of his regiment, lying on a heap of slain, covered with blood. So concluded what Wolseley himself emphatically declared was "the hardest day's work I ever did in my life."

On August 30th, he was assisting some sappers to fill with stones some gabions which the Russians had upset just before a sortie, when a round shot dashed into the middle of the group. He had just time to cry "Look out!" when the whole party lay prostrate on the ground. The round shot had struck a gabion, scattering the stones with resistless force. One of the sappers had his head taken off, and his companion was disembowelled. Both were killed instantaneously, and Wolseley himself, lying by their side senseless and covered with blood, seemed also a corpse.

GIVEN UP FOR DEAD.

A sergeant of sappers, finding that he still breathed, picked him up, and after a time he recovered sufficiently to be able, with the help of the sergeant and Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, to stagger as far as the doctor's hut. He then sank exhausted and half unconscious. Prince Victor asked the doctor to look at him. He did so, and curtly saying, "*He's a dead 'un*," was about to attend to other patients. Wolseley roused, and irritated by this cool way of dismissing him to the other world, turned round and said, "I'm worth a good many dead men yet," an opinion which was confirmed when he received the doctor's attention.

A detailed examination showed that if not dead he was very severely wounded. The doctor's report stated that "his features were not distinguishable as those of a human being, while blood flowed from innumerable wounds caused by the stones with which he had been struck. Sharp fragments were embedded all over his face, and his left cheek had been almost cut away. . . . Both his eyes were completely closed, and the in-

jury to one of them was so serious that *the sight has been permanently lost*. Not a square inch of his face but what was battered and cut about while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot. He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so that both limbs had now been injured, the wound in the left thigh, received in Burmah, rendering him slightly lame. For many years afterward the wound on the shin, received on this 30th of August, caused him much suffering, and when on duty in Canada, nearly ten years after the event, he was under the necessity of returning to England for medical advice regarding the bone, which was exfoliating."

SPENDS SEVERAL WEEKS IN A CAVE.

After the surgeon had dressed his wounds, Captain Wolseley was placed on a stretcher and carried by four soldiers to St. George's Monastery situated on the sea-coast, not far from Balaklava, and there he passed some weeks in a cave, as the sight of both eyes was too much injured to subject them to the light. While he was pent up in the gloomy cavern, meditating on the sad prospect of being totally blind for the remainder of his days, news arrived of the fall of Sebastopol. The great Russian stronghold which had, for so many months, defied the efforts of England, France, Turkey and Sardinia, was at length taken on September 8th, and Captain Wolseley had the additional mortification of feeling that all his devotion and suffering had not received the soldier's reward he most coveted—that of participating in the storming of the Russian stronghold.

VOYAGE TO CHINA, AND SHIPWRECK.

In November, 1855, Captain Wolseley was appointed Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and during the following six months was employed in surveying the Crimea. On the evacuation, 1856, Captain Wolseley was one of the last men to embark for England. In the spring of 1857 the 90th Regiment embarked for China. Three companies, one of which was Captain Wolseley's, were conveyed in the *Transit*, which, after many mishaps, terminated her career by *crashing on a coral reef* off the island of Sumatra. Then was seen what discipline could effect among men whose lives were not passed, like sailors, amid the perils incident to a nautical profession, but who suddenly found themselves confronting a novel danger.

"The majority of the troops," says one of the officers, "were on the main-deck at the mess tables. On feeling the first shock they naturally rose *en masse*, and were about to rush on deck when Major Barnston, who was quietly writing in his cabin, appeared before them, and lifting his hand, said in his usual undisturbed voice, 'It all right, men; stay where you are!' These few words, coming from an officer who inspired confidence and was generally beloved, acted like a spell. The men, like so many children, obeyed and sat down." Happily all on board safely reached in boats the little island of Banca, about two miles distant, but with the loss of all the kit.

PERILS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY.

A few days later startling news arrived from Singapore, which altered the destination of the 90th Regiment, and opened a new chapter in the adventurous career of Captain Wolseley. This was the announcement that the Bengal Native Army was in full mutiny, and had inaugurated its movement by the destruction of Meerut and the seizure of Delhi, while atrocious massacres were perpetrated throughout the land. The troop destined, therefore, for the China expedition was urgently required at *Calcutta*, to which place they at once proceeded, and from thence to Cawnpore where they arrived at the end of September, 1857.

On the 27th of that month, Captain Wolseley arrived at Cawnpore, a city whose very name arouses thrilling reminiscences. Formerly one of the largest and finest military stations in India, it now presented a desolate appearance. On every side were burned cantonments and bungalows, and the company passed the entrenchment defended with so much pertinacity by Sir Hugh Wheeler and his handful of British troops, and the small

the measure of the duration of certain momentous episodes in the history of the Israel of God, both natural and spiritual. It is prophetically announced as the chronological duration of the great Western Apostasy, the Papacy, and it is also given as the measure of the last stage of the *long depression and affliction of the Jewish people*—that during which Jerusalem is under the Mahommedan Antichristian power. The long oppression of the Jews has lasted in its widest measure nearly double that time, *i.e.*, nearly 2520 years from the days of Nebuchadnezzar's conquest of Jerusalem—the commencement of

THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES.

Since then the Jews have never enjoyed an *independent nationality*. This prophetic period of 1260 years is the second half of the great "week" or "*seven times*" (Daniel 4 : 16), or 2520 years of the Gentile dispensation, which synchronizes with the depression of the Jews. It commenced with Nebuchadnezzar—the "head of gold" of the great image—and is to terminate with the Second Advent of Christ, to establish the kingdom of God on earth.

Already the history of the Western Antichrist, or Papacy, has fulfilled in a marvellous manner the chronological prophecies connected with this period of 1260 years, and now the history of the Eastern Antichrist, or Mahommedan power, is fulfilling them in a way no less remarkable.

We must premise that there are in nature *years of three different lengths*; years measured by the moon, years measured by conjoint movements of sun and moon, and years measured by the sun alone; *i.e.*, there are—

1. Lunar years, of 354 days.
2. Calendar years, of 360 days.
3. Solar years, of 365½ days.

Hence 1260 lunar years equal only 1222½ of our ordinary (*solar*) years, and 1260 calendar years equal only 1242 (*solar*) years, and, therefore, lack 18 years of 1260 solar years, while they are about 20 years in *excess* of 1260 lunar years.

Had the events predicted to mark the close of the great cyclical and prophetic period of 1260 years, occurred at the close of *any one* of its three fulfilments, as *lunar, calendar or solar* years, we should have been entitled to point out the fact as a fulfilment of chronologic prophecy. But if these events occur in three stages and at the close of *each* of its three fulfilments, how much more confidently may we point to the fact as a triumphant demonstration of the inspiration of Scripture, and as an awe inspiring witness to the foreknowledge of God, and to His control of the events of history.

This is the way in which they have occurred, and are occurring. Such events must needs occur in stages, seeing systems and nations neither rise nor fall in a year, but generally in a series of years, of which some are marked years of crisis. And we must remember that there is no *natural* reason why these years of crisis should coincide with the close of 1260 years on the *lunar, calendar and solar* scales.

This 1260 years is linked in various forms with the rise and fall of the two peculiarly blasphemous and persecuting Powers, which are predicted as the final forms of Gentile rule in the prophetic earth (or sphere of the four great empires). These two Powers (symbolized by the two little horns of Dan. 7 and 8) are, as is well known, the Papacy in the West, and Mahommedanism in the East. Both these Powers have run peculiarly evil careers; both claimed authority on the ground of religion; both have blasphemed God, and both have persecuted His people. Both are destined to exist as false religions up to the Second Advent, and to be destroyed as such only by it; but both are to cease and fall as temporal, secular Powers, at the close of 1260 years from the era of their rise.

THE CRITICAL YEARS

in the rise of the Mahommedan Power were especially two, that of the Hegira, A.D. 622, the *terminus a quo* of the Mahommedan calendar, and that of the capture of Jerusalem by Omar, A.D. 637.

From the *first* of these, A.D. 622, 1260 *lunar* years (and the Mahommedan calendar employs only such) extend to A.D. 1844-5, the date of the issue by the Ottoman Porte of the Hattihamayoun,

or edict of toleration, the first patent proof that its independence and its power were gone. This edict, extorted under threat of European interference, abolished executions for conversion to Christianity, and insured religious toleration. This compulsory sheathing of the sword of Islam was a marked epoch in its loss of independence, of a confession of its helplessness against the Christian nations of Europe.

It is from this same Hegira date, the 16th of July, A.D. 622, the starting-point of the Mahommedan calendar, and the notable era of the rise of Mahommedanism, that 1260 *solar* years lead down to the terrible and tragic scenes just enacted in Egypt in *July*, 1882.

The flight from Egypt of 78,000 European Christians from fear of Moslem massacres in July, 1882; the bombardment and destruction of all the forts of Alexandria by a British fleet, acting independently of Turkey and against her wishes; and the Conference now sitting, without his permission and against his will, in the city of the Sultan—in a word, the present crisis in the East, unexpected and almost sudden as its occurrence has been, comes thus in a *remarkable terminal year*, one which prophetic students had long anticipated as a year of crisis in the Mahommedan world. Surely this coincidence of actual facts with Scripture chronology ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Measured from the *second* critical date in its era of rise, the capture of Jerusalem by Omar, and the erection of his mosque on the Temple site, A.D. 637, 1260 years run out on the three scales, as below:

A.D. 637	{ 1260 lunar.....	1859-60.
	{ 1260 calendar.....	1878-9.
	{ 1260 solar.....	1897.

Now the year 1860 was, as we all know, the time of

THE DRUSE MASSACRE

of Christians at Damascus and on the Lebanon, at the instigation and with the assistance of the Turkish Government. *This massacre led to the French occupation of Beyrout*, and to the appointment of British and French commissioners to see to the government of Northern Syria, *i.e.*, to the virtual cessation of independent Mahommedan rule in that province, 1260 lunar years after the capture of Jerusalem.

When, eighteen years later, the prophetic 1260 years ran out on the scale of *calendar* years, there came another marked crisis, in the fall of the Ottoman Empire. Turkish atrocities and massacres at Batak and sixty-five other towns and villages in Bulgaria and in the region of Philippopolis—massacres in which 15,000 Christians perished—roused Europe to remonstrances which were, as usual, vain and useless. The ambassadors were recalled from Constantinople, Russia declared war against Turkey in April, 1877, and waged it so successfully that in March, 1878, the Porte was forced to accept a humiliating peace, and, but for English and French interference, would have been virtually overthrown. By the treaties of San Stefano and Berlin, a large portion of Armenia (Turkey in Asia) was ceded to Russia, the Dobrudja was lost to Turkey, the complete independence of Roumania was recognized, the limits of Servia and Montenegro were extended, and Bulgaria became an autonomous Christian Principality. By a special convention Cyprus was ceded to England, which undertook, in return, to protect the helpless and ruined empire from further Russian aggression in Asia. This year 1878, would have completed the destruction of the Porte, but for Lord Beaconsfield's interference, which secured it a brief extension of existence.

The 1260 years will not run out on the third or full *solar* scale till A.D. 1897. We shall then, in all probability, if not before, witness the final downfall of Turkish rule in Syria, and the deliverance of Jerusalem from Turkish domination, the Jews having been previously restored to Palestine.

THE PAPAL ANTICHRIST.

From *Justinian's* decree, A.D. 533, 1260 years lead down to the *French Revolution*, that great upheaval of the waters in which the Papacy for a time perished, and Rome became the second city of Napoleon's Empire.

From the more important decree of *Phocas*, A.D. 607, 1260 years terminate thus:

A.D. 607	{ 1260 lunar.....	1830.
	{ 1260 calendar.....	1848.
	{ 1260 solar.....	1866-70.

Now each of these years were unmistakably years of crisis in the downfall of the Papal power, years of revolution and of anti-Papal movements on a great scale.

In 1830 occurred the revolution which led to the abdication of Charles X., and in 1848 there were revolutions in almost every country in Europe. Louis Philippe abdicated, a Republic was proclaimed in Paris, 16,000 persons perished in the conflict with the Red Republicans, and 8000 prisoners were taken. This revolution broke out in Paris on the 23d of February, and "before the 5th of March every country lying between the Atlantic and the Vistula had, in a greater or less degree, been revolutionized." On March 15th a Constitution was proclaimed at Rome itself, and the Pope fled to Gaeta before the close of the year. He was formally *deposed from his temporal authority* and a Republic proclaimed February 8th, 1849—1260 years from the decree of Phocas.

THE 1260 YEARS MEASURED BACKWARD.

We may measure from these central dates, *backward* into the hoary past, as well as forward into the actual present, with our triple standard of 1260 years, and when we do so we find ourselves landed in the midst of a series of events closely related to, though contrasted with, the present series—the events connected with the fall of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah and the rise of the kingdom of Babylon, to the commencement of the great *week* of 2520 years called "the times of the Gentiles," of which the 1260 years of which we have been speaking form the *second half*.

Measured back, for instance, from the Hegira date, A.D. 622, 1260 lunar years bring us to the original overthrow of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; and measuring backward from the erection of the mosque of Omar, A.D. 637, the same period leads up to the burning of the Jewish temple by Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 587—and so on.

Let us worship and adore, as we note the *hand* of God in history, and observe how its operations fulfil the intimations of the *mind* of God, given in prophecies, most of which are now twenty-five centuries old, and yet are fulfilling under our eyes.

Who but an omniscient and Almighty Being could thus foretell the end from the beginning, and thus foresee the course of action which should be adopted by agents—absolutely free to choose their own course—and acting without the remotest reference either to His will or purpose? "Oh! the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

And let us more joyfully than ever lift up our heads! Our redemption draweth nigh! Date after date turns out true, proofs accumulate with passing years; it is now a demonstrated fact that the historic system and the year-day chronology give the true interpretation of the prophecies of Scripture; and, if so, the vague uncertainty of early ages for us (the latest generations of the Church), is replaced by a joyous and divinely-given certainty. Chronologic prophecy, so long mysterious and incomprehensible, becomes, as it was intended to do, lucid and simple, *in the light of its own fulfilment*.

We are living in the closing years of the Christian age. Dated from Nebuchadnezzar, the "seven times" of the Gentiles, or 2520 years, have already run out in *lunar* years. It only remains for them to do so in full *solar* years in 1897, and then Jerusalem shall cease to be trodden down of the Gentiles, for the times of the Gentile shall have been fulfilled! *We know what follows!* Luke 21 clearly reveals it, and if ever there was a generation that needed to ponder the parable of the fig-tree it is ours! Heaven and earth shall pass away, but Christ's words shall not pass away! "*He is near, even at the doors*" (Matt. 24 : 33). Let us *watch*. We know not the hour when our Lord doth *come*. And meanwhile, let us *work* as those who await His immediate Advent, and who covet their Lord's "Well done!"



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In response to numerous requests received from subscribers during the past few weeks, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is prepared to aid by a special arrangement those who desire to promote the cause of Christ through its instrumentality. Some subscribers wish to have the journal sent to unconverted friends, in the hope that God may bless its perusal to the salvation of their souls; others would like it sent to ministers and lay-preachers who may derive benefit at the commencement of the winter season from the hints and suggestions it contains. This project is so laudable that in order to facilitate its realization, and render its application as extensive as possible, a liberal concession in price will be made. Any subscriber or reader by sending

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to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, may have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to any address in the United States or Canada from Sept. 7th to Dec. 31st. This is a special effort which it is earnestly hoped the readers of the paper will pray God to bless to His glory.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Offers for the new Three per cent Bonds received up to August 1st amount to about \$200,000,000. The principal offers have come from national banks, and nearly all the national banks in the country have signified an intention of exchanging the 3½ per cent bonds for the new 3 per cents. The largest single application so far received is from a Philadelphia national bank. It is for about \$2,000,000 of the new bonds. It has been decided to award the priority in numbers to the applicants whose offers arrived before noon on August 1st, before taking up the cases of packages forwarded since that time. It will take a week to perform this duty, and no more drawings for allotment will be made until this is done.

Secretary Teller has Given Expression to an important opinion on the vexed question of Indian civilization, in a communication to the National Educational Assembly in session at Ocean Grove. Mr. Teller said: I believe, with the changed condition of the Indians, that is by placing them on reservations, that they can now be made useful citizens if the government will make ample provision for putting the children in properly conducted schools—schools not simply teaching book knowl-

edge, but educating them in the ways of civilized life. With additional labor-schools established within easy communication with the tribe, yet not near enough to allow the influences of savage life to counteract and undo the work of the school, we may hope to repeat on a large scale what Captain Pratt and Mr. Armstrong have so successfully done at Carlisle and Hampton. Heretofore we have confined our efforts to the education of a few, hoping to make such persons teachers and exemplars to their savage brethren; but experience has demonstrated that a few well-educated youths could not withstand the baleful influences of savage life, with which they were at once surrounded on their return to their tribe. We cannot hope for the speedy civilization of the Indian unless we can extend our educational efforts so as to include the great mass of Indian children. To do this now, as the Indians may be located on reservations easy of access, is only a question of "appropriation" and the cordial support of the administrative authorities.

A Second Application from Mr. Jay Hubbell for the voluntary contribution of office holders has been issued. In it Mr. Hubbell calls the attention of the recipient to the fact that he has failed to respond to the first application and hopes that the neglect arose from the pressure of other cares. He expresses the hope that two per cent of the employee's salary will be remitted by return mail. The receipt of the circulars has caused considerable distress, especially in New York, where the cost of living is very high and the salaries are not proportionate. Mr. Hubbell is quite right about the pressure of other cares, but it seems heartless to press for a contribution in some cases where it will be paid to avoid a worse evil. One feature of the circular is especially obnoxious; it is that the name of the notorious Mr. Robeson appears among the names of those for whom Mr. Hubbell speaks. It is felt to be an outrage for men receiving small salaries to be called upon to deny themselves in order that they may make contributions in the expenditure of which such a man will have a voice.

The National Prohibition Convention Assembled in Chicago last week. Several exciting discussions occurred, especially on the question of including in the platform the plank of female suffrage. There were 341 delegates present, including the delegation from Iowa, which was instructed to abstain from indorsing the organization of a third party. Mr. T. D. Knaus, of Wisconsin, was elected president, and numerous vice-presidents were elected. It was decided to adopt the name of the "Prohibition Home Protection Party." The convention finally adopted a platform of ten resolutions the most important of which are the following: I. The prohibition, as public crimes, of the importation, exportation, manufacture, sale, and supply and taxation of all alcoholic beverages. II. The prohibition of tax, license, regulation, or legal sanction in any form of them, or any other public crimes. III. Civil and political equality and enfranchisement of women. This, so far as it concerns the States severally, is remitted to the party in those States.

The Outbreak of Yellow Fever at Brownsville, Texas, still gives cause for alarm. The new cases average about sixty every day, and the type of the disease is growing more malignant. The local authorities and customs officials are laboring zealously and effectively to prevent the spread of the epidemic to adjacent towns, and are using every means known to science for the eradication of it.

A Scene at Dr. Cullis's Camp Meeting at Old Orchard Beach is thus described by an eyewitness: "Yesterday was 'all healing day,' and all who desired to be healed and had faith were invited into the tabernacle at 2.30 P.M. No others were admitted. More than 600 persons presented themselves at the appointed hour. They were seated on one side of the tabernacle. In the opposite corner Dr. Cullis stood by a chair. One by one, in the order of their coming, the afflicted ones were conducted thither. Dipping a finger of his right hand in oil, Dr. Cullis laid his hand upon the head of each, uttering a brief, fervent prayer.

From half-past two till five o'clock the procession filed along. All ages were represented, some tottering on crutches, some in invalid chairs, the dwarfed, the crippled, the blind, and diseased. Those waiting employed the time in singing hymns and listening to addresses from clergymen and others. A large proportion evidently belonged to the class of semi-invalids. Some came from the room declaring themselves perfectly healed. To-day numbers of men and women from all sections of the country and of all stations in life testified to being cured of their diseases. One old lady who had not walked a step in twenty years created a great sensation by discarding her crutches immediately after Dr. Cullis finished praying, and today she walked from her boarding place to the tabernacle. Three old gentlemen who have been lame for years were also apparently made whole in the sight of the assemblage."

A Young Man Seeking Employment at Rochester, N. Y., applied recently to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city for assistance. As the secretary at that time had nothing on his books suitable for him he advised the young man to canvass for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He took a copy as a sample and was able during the time he was without regular employment to maintain himself by obtaining subscribers for it, many of whom had never before seen a copy of the paper. He remained for some time in Rochester, when an application was made for men in a neighboring town, he being able to fill the requirements took a position. The Watchman of Chicago, the excellent organ of the Y. M. C. A., in relating the incident says: "We did not hear from the young man in some time, but on making inquiry found he was doing his work in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and had united with one of the churches in the town and was doing active work for the Master also." Secretaries of associations would find this hint worth taking. Young men for whom they have no immediate opening might easily earn sufficient money in almost any city in the Union to temporarily supply their most pressing wants by such a canvass.

A Passage from the Will of the Late Senator Benjamin H. Hill, whose death was mentioned last week, is published in an Atlanta journal. It deserves the attention, especially of young people, as the testimony of a man of pre-eminent sagacity and intellectual power. Senator Hill, it might be said, administered on his own estate during his lifetime. Most of his property was disposed of before he died. His will is short, merely disposing of the remaining part of his property and giving directions about things that he wished done and in which the public could feel no interest. In item six is the following: "I now give and bequeath to my wife and children that which some of them now possess, and which I assure them, in full view of death, is far richer than gold and more to be desired than all human honors. God is a living God and Christ came into the world to save sinners. I beg them to have faith in Jesus, for by this faith alone can they be saved."

The Death of Rev. George W. Musgrave, D.D., LL.D., occurred on August 24th. Dr. Musgrave was seventy-eight years of age, and has occupied some of the most important offices in the Presbyterian Church. He was born in 1804 in Philadelphia and studied at Princeton. He became a licentiate of the Presbytery of Baltimore in 1828, and in 1830 was installed pastor of the third Presbyterian Church of that city. He remained there twenty-two years, during which the church and congregation prospered so greatly that the building was enlarged three times to accommodate the increasing crowds attracted by his plain Gospel preaching. Dr. Musgrave was chosen a director of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1836, and was frequently re-elected. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey in 1845, and in 1859 was elected a trustee of that institution. In 1852 he removed from Baltimore to Philadelphia to accept the secretaryship of the Board of Publication. Ten years later he received from the University of Indiana the degree of LL.D. For a number of years he was corresponding secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions.

A Railroad Bridge on Fire was Saved by the energy and sagacity of two ladies on August 2d. They were returning from a visit when, passing along a lonely road, they observed smoke rising from the railroad bridge which crosses Elk Creek, near Drain, Oregon. They went to the bridge and found that some hot coals dropped by a passing engine had ignited the timbers, and the bridge was being consumed. One of the ladies immediately set out for the town to stop the trains and obtain help. The other one remained behind, and removing some of her outer garments she dipped them in the creek and climbing to the bridge laid them on the smouldering wood, repeating the process until help arrived. She thus succeeded in checking the progress of the fire, the bridge was saved and a disastrous accident averted. If Christians displayed like energy and self-sacrifice in giving the alarm and checking the progress of conflagration which Satan kindles with grogshops, gambling-houses and other vicious resorts on the tracks of life many a life might be saved from wreck and many a soul rescued from perdition (James 1 : 14, 15).

The Discovery of Sunken Treasure Worth \$150,000 is announced in a telegram from Pittsburgh, Pa. The message says: For some time a mine locator of New Jersey, has been cruising outside of Erie Harbor in the hope of finding the wreck of the schooner Vermillion, which, with 350 tons of copper, sank in a storm nearly fifty years ago. On August 24th he found the long-sought treasure by the aid of a magnetic rod. An ingot weighing fifty pounds has been brought to the surface. A huge diving bell is to be placed over the spot, and men are engaged to get up the long-concealed treasure, which is worth over \$150,000. Patience and perseverance appear in this case likely to be rewarded with success. It must have needed not a little of both qualities to prosecute such a search when the searchers had probably no personal knowledge of its existence and only relied on the accounts given of the disaster by other people. It would be well if Christians would so constantly and earnestly testify of the value of the treasure they possess as to inspire others with a resolve to seek it diligently until they find it (Prov. 2 : 4, 5).

A Rescue from Niagara by Two Boys Caused some excitement a few days ago. The Niagara Falls Gazette states that: Last week a party of Germans were stopping at the Frontier House, Suspension Bridge, among whom was a wealthy brewer from Germany who landed for the purpose of taking a bath. At this point the current is very rapid, and to one not accustomed to the place it is perilous to venture in. The brewer, knowing nothing of the water's depth or the swiftness of the current, got out too far, and was being carried down the rapids. Happily the occurrence was witnessed by two boys, who both instantly swam to the rescue. One of them attempted to reach the drowning man, who grasped him by the neck with a death grip and drew him under. The other boy had by this time reached the scene, and, diving, managed to release the drowning man's hold of his brother, after which the boys succeeded in getting him ashore, the whole party being thoroughly exhausted. The courage and daring of the boys elicited much praise. Such a rescue we can admire and appreciate, but how few are moved by the narrative of the whole human race in peril far worse than that of Niagara, for whose rescue Christ came to die (Isa. 63 : 1).

Three Feet of Electrified Pavement Caused a curious exhibition at the junction of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York, on August 24th. About noon on that day a crowd of men were gazing intently at the paving stones. Close inspection showed nothing peculiar about the paving stones till a heavy truck turned up from Fulton Ferry. Then the crowd parted right and left and watched. As soon as the nigh horse, a heavy bay, set his foot on the charmed spot he plunged as if a hot iron had pierced the foot to the quick, and the throng laughed heartily. Next came the one-horse van of an express company. Again the crowd parted, making a lane in such fashion that the driver had to pass over the mysterious spot, and

they looked innocently at the driver in response to the inquiring gaze he cast around. When he looked around after the horse had bolted and he had got him under control, the puzzle was still intricate. Street vendors' old horses, which had not been known to run for years, exhibited feats of agility that surprised their owners. The extraordinary feature of the affair was that people who walked over the spot felt nothing remarkable. It was conjectured at last that there must be a leak of electricity in the wires there, and Mr. Edison and his assistants spent the night in an investigation. They discovered that a wire attached to a chandelier was in contact with a gas pipe and had caused it "to become grounded and the iron shoes of a horse passing over the spot established an earth circuit and the animal received a shock." That explanation accounted for men being unaffected by an influence which so powerfully disturbed the horses. There are as great differences in moral susceptibility between one man and another as there was in the case between the men and the horses. A bad habit only partially conquered, a hereditary constitutional taint, or other causes may render a place or an amusement dangerous to one man which has no influence on another. This fact should make us cautious as to the example we set, and the places to which we introduce those liable to fall (1 Cor. 8 : 9).

A Wasp in a Pulpit led to an Unwonted display of vigor on the part of the clergyman preaching in a church at Hartford, Conn., a few Sundays ago. There was a large congregation and the windows were open to admit the air. The clergyman was in the middle of his sermon when he somehow became aware of a distraction near at hand, and glancing obliquely espied a colossal wasp perched upon his left shoulder. The wasp was humping himself in a way that meant mischief. The minister was in a difficulty, for to attempt to frighten the wasp away would be to invite distraction in the congregation and possibly lead to indecorous amusement. He was, however, equal to the occasion. Raising his voice to an unwonted strain, he swung his right arm around to the left shoulder, plucked the wasp therefrom, placed him upon the desk, and shouting in stentorian tones. "Yes, my beloved hearers," brought his clenched fist down upon that precise spot whereon his enemy lay with an energy that raised a cloud of dust from the cushion, and carried complete destruction to the body of the wasp. The minister had delivered himself and no one in the congregation knew anything of the circumstances except that the minister had been unusually energetic in his delivery that morning. It would be well if the schemes Satan devises for diverting the attention of hearers were always as completely foiled (Mark 4 : 15).

Lost on the Mountains in the Night was the fate of a young couple in Georgia two weeks ago. The Athens (Ga.), Banner says, One day last week an old gentleman from Atlanta visited the falls, bringing with him a charming daughter, just budding into womanhood. The young lady on the second day after her arrival started about three o'clock in the afternoon for a ramble with a young gentleman who was a friend of the family. The father began to grow uneasy about sundown as they did not return, and an hour latter, was in great distress, as a darkness as black as ink set in. The frantic old gentleman then explained the cause of his distress to the male visitors, and begged that they assist him in the search. Several squads were at once organized, equipped with torches, and the search began. One party, who decided to go out on the mountains, when near the top of one, discovered the lost couple sitting at the root of a large tree, and both crying. It seems that they got lost just as night set in. They wandered around in quest of a path as long as they could see, and then, fearing that they might stumble over some precipice in the dark, decided to remain where they were until daylight. It was a dreary prospect, but their decision was a wise one, for had they tried to find their way back they might easily have lost their lives. It is so with sinners lost on the mountains of sin and unbelief. Their own efforts would be in vain if the heavenly Father had not sought them (Isa. 53 : 6).

WHO IS THIS?

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"For who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord."—Jeremiah 30 : 21.

A Changed Tone—The Cause of it—The Problem of the Ages—God's Question—Its Object—I. The Mediator—One of Ourselves—A Prince—Priest—Divinely Chosen and Qualified—Voluntarily Pledged—II. His Work—The Descent—The Approach to God—Love the Motive—III. The Results of the Work—The Outcasts Received into the Family—The Old Roman Legend—Are You Engaged?—The Seraph in the Heavenly Choir.

I MENTIONED in the reading that there is a very remarkable change of tone in the Book of Jeremiah, at the thirtieth chapter. You read on through the twenty-nine chapters, and you hear nothing but "a weeping and wailing," while the prophet stands before you, girt with sackcloth, bidding Israel "lament and howl: for the fierce anger of the Lord is not turned back from us." When you come to the middle of the thirtieth chapter all is changed: you have left the dungeon for the pleasant meads, and you hear "thanksgiving, and the voice of them that make merry." Here flowers of promise glorify the fields, and birds of praise sweeten the air with music.

The reason of the change is not difficult to find. The prophet is led to speak of covenant promises, such as that in the twenty-second verse, "Ye shall be My people, and I will be your God." No wonder that his strain grew more cheerful and jubilant. Was there ever such a *box of perfume* as the covenant? Was there ever such a harp of golden strings, all tuned to the music of consolation, as the covenant? Inspired by this subject, he exclaims in the next chapter, "For thus saith the Lord; Sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations: publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save Thy people, the remnant of Israel."

Moreover, he introduces to us that glorious Messenger of the covenant whom we delight in. He speaks of the Messiah, who is the glorious One who has engaged his heart to approach unto God; and, as when the sun ariseth darkness flees, so when the Saviour appeareth his sorrows vanish, and Jeremiah becomes as eloquent with joy as Isaiah himself. Think no more of Jeremiah as exclusively the weeping prophet; for the flashes of his delight make the night of his sorrow brilliant with an aurora of heavenly brilliance.

The answer to the question of our text is the reason why Jeremiah put away his dust and ashes and girt himself with beauteous array. God had for awhile, on account of their great sin, put away His people, and wounded them with the chastisement of a cruel one for the multitude of their iniquities. They could not walk with Him, for they were not agreed with Him. He could not accept their sacrifices, for they were polluted; He could not listen to their prayers, for they were hypocritical; He could not dwell with them, for they were proud-hearted and rebellious. So Zion came to be called an outcast whom no man seeketh after. God Himself seemed to have given her a bill of divorce, and to have put her away; but it was in seeming only. In Jehovah's heart of hearts He was still bound to His people, whom He loved with an everlasting love. The Lord longed to see them approach to Him that He might comfort them and satiate their souls with His goodness.

How was this to be done? This was the problem of that age, as it is

THE PROBLEM OF ALL AGES.

How can guilty man return unto the Holy God? How can there be peace and amity, love and concord between the Judge of all the earth and His revolting and polluted creature man? It was necessary that one should arise who would approach to God on the behalf of the people, so that God might be well pleased with them for His righteousness' sake. But where was He to be found? The question was asked, and in man's ear it seemed to be asked in vain, for it is written, "There is none to plead thy cause; all thy lovers have forsaken thee."

"Who is this that engaged his heart to approach

unto Me? saith the Lord." One was needed to bridge the chasm which divided man from God. Who could do it? God Himself asked the question because He had Himself found the Person, and would have us see Him and understand His glorious character. This inquiry is fitly the sinner's question, when, trembling and convinced of sin, and led to seek his God, he needs an interposer, one of a thousand, who can put his hand upon the offender and the offended, and reconcile the rebel to his Lord. Therefore, in love the Lord takes up the sinner's question and answers it by another. Behold a Daysman of Jehovah's own providing, who can lay his hand upon both: look at Him and answer, "Who is He?"

The inquiry is made, I think, with three great designs, upon which I shall speak as I am enabled of the Spirit of God. First, *to direct attention to this glorious person*—"Who is this?" Secondly, *to excite admiration of his wondrous work*, "that engaged his heart to approach unto me, saith the Lord;" and then, thirdly, *to arouse our interest in the result of this marvellous approach unto God*; for by it we are permitted and enabled to approach unto the Lord ourselves, and we become His people, and He confesses Himself to be our God.

I. The question of our text is asked to direct attention to this glorious Person. "Who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord." We read the chapter, and if you have read it attentively, or will do so, you will learn that the person who must draw near to God *must be*

ONE OF OURSELVES.

"Their nobles," or their glorious one, "shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them; and I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me." It is clear that a fit representative for men must be himself a man. If an angel were capable in all other respects of drawing near to God, yet it is clear that he could not do it on man's behalf; for an angel can only represent angels. Each order of beings must be represented by its own kind. Our Lord, as man, took not up angels, for He was not made in their nature; but He took up the seed of Abraham because He had assumed their nature. It needed a man perfect in his manhood to head us up, and stand as our federal head and representative, or otherwise we could not be restored by him.

Now, then, brethren, where is this man to be found? "Who is this?" If he is to come of ourselves, where is he? If the whole roll of history be searched, from Adam's fall to this moment, there is not one mere man to be found who could represent the race and make an approach for them to God on the ground of personal perfection; for this is God's own verdict—"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." The Lord looked from heaven to see if there were any among the children of men that had not transgressed, but he found none, for "they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Nor is it merit alone that is needed, for he that would approach unto the Lord as mediator must be prepared with strength to suffer. Who can sustain the load of human sin? Who can endure the indignation of the Lord against iniquity? Assuredly none of us could do it: the fire would consume him as stubble. O for an interposer; but where can he be found? Who is this who can as man appear for men, and by his personal righteousness and sacrifice render man acceptable with God?

There was a Man of matchless birth, at whose coming angels sang, for they were told that He would bring glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace. Find Him in Bethlehem's manger: there He lies, the son of Mary, truly man, one of ourselves, partaker of our flesh and blood, subject to human wants, weaknesses, and woes, and able therefore to sympathize with us and have compassion upon us; that Man grew up in this world without taint or spot, free from sin whether natural or acquired, and yet he was in the truest sense one of ourselves, so that he is not ashamed to call us brethren. When the malicious eyes of Satan searched Him through and through, he found nothing of evil in Him. He was without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, and He it is that hath

engaged His heart to approach unto God on our behalf.

Now look at the context, and you will see that the person who must approach to God for us *must be*

A PRINCE-PRIEST;

for He is called "their glorious One" and "their governor," and yet it is said of Him, "I will cause Him to draw near," which work of drawing near is in other places ascribed to priests, for these God had set apart for the service of His sanctuary. The Hebrew word "to draw near" signifies that peculiar action of a priest when he stands dealing with God on the behalf of men. The person, then, must be a priest and yet a prince. Who is he, and where is he?

Where shall we find one that even as a priest can really draw near to God for mankind? For remember, brethren, that the priests of old only drew near to God in figure and in metaphor; they could not actually and in very deed do so; for God is a consuming fire. Even when Moses went up unto the mount with God, and did draw near in a certain sense, yet he never saw the face of God; for the Lord said, "Thou canst not see my face and live." Neither among kings nor priests could the one man be found who could open the way to the Father, and certainly no king-priest could be found—the combination of the two offices falls not to the house of Aaron.

A reverend personage had passed before the camera of history, and left a shadowy trace of himself. But where now is he who was named Melchisedec, king of Salem, priest of the Most High God, to whom Abraham gave tithes of all. He was raised up for a special purpose, and no one has inherited his peculiar call. That vision taught us what to look for, but it did not supply the object of our search. It has prophesied the coming of the true Melchisedec, the man without beginning of days or end of years, the man without predecessor or successor, who is greater than Abraham, and abideth both priest and king forever, having once for all drawn near to God on our behalf. You know him—

THE TRUE PRIEST

of God, not of the order of Aaron, and the king eternal, immortal, invisible, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is He that engaged His heart to draw near to God on our behalf.

The question, however, may be answered in another way, so as to bring out more clearly the matchless Person whom our hearts adore at this moment. It was necessary that *he who should draw near to God should be chosen to that office by God Himself, and should be qualified for it by divine power*. "I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach to Me." "There is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." He it is that takes upon Himself our nature and our sin, and then goes in unto God and stands there amid the blaze of the ineffable light to represent manhood; but there is none else. On him rested the Spirit of God without measure.

Moreover, to close this description, he was not only appointed of God and qualified, but he was *one who was willing to undertake the task and ready to pledge Himself to it*. He voluntarily covenanted to do it, as it is written, "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of Me, to do Thy will. O God: yea, Thy law is My delight." He engaged His heart to this gracious office, resolving to carry out to a happy issue the work of reconciliation. Moved by inconceivable, immeasurable love, and counting all the cost, He devoted Himself to the supreme effort. "Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it." Of His own free will He placed Himself before offended justice to meet its claims, and so He removed every barrier which stood between us and the throne of God. He is that Breaker who has gone up before us, that King who is at the head of all His chosen ones.

Now, where is such an One to be found unless it be the Lord Jesus? I trust many of us have given ourselves up to God and to His fear, drawn by almighty love; but it was never in our hearts to imagine that by giving up ourselves to holy service we could stand before God, and open a way to Him for our fellow-men; we are well aware of our in-

competence for so grand a task. None of us have struck hands and covenanted with God to mediate, for we could not do it. I dread the thought of seeming to intrude into so divine a work. We are priests unto God, but not mediators for men. When I hear of *men pretending to hear the confessions* of their fellow-men and absolving them of their sins, I wonder that they sleep of nights after professing so tremendous an act. I wonder what the power of Satan over them must be that they can rest after having assumed to act as vicars of Jehovah, He having given them no warrant and no authority for such a mediatorial position. Brethren, this hugest of blasphemies may well become the Mother of Harlots, but the Bride of Christ abhors it. But oh, when my eyes rest upon Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, in human flesh, then I cry, "This is He!"

Though I have thus spoken to the best of my knowledge, I know that I cannot set out before you the full glory of the person of our covenant head. I shall go home saying to myself, "Who is this? Who is this?" and I shall have succeeded in my endeavor if you will each one say, "He could not tell us who He was: He could not reach the height of that great argument, but we shall all through time and in eternity go on wondering and saying, Who is this?" The more we wonder the more shall we love and praise the Lord Jesus with our heart of hearts and say, "He hath done all things well. We are made nigh by Him, never more to be separated from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

II. I come now to excite admiration of

HIS MATCHLESS WORK.

If Jesus Christ is to approach to God for us, it is clear that He must come down into our condition, for He must first descend or He cannot ascend. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." There He stands, even where we stood by nature. Where we lay in our blood, there He came and engaged His heart to deliver us. He stood at the judgment bar because we had brought ourselves there; He was rejected of the people because we were rejected as reprobate silver; He was condemned because we were condemned; and He was put to death because such was the sentence upon us. He descended into our depths to engineer a way from the lowest to the highest, to come back from Bashan, and from the depths of the sea, leading the van of the armies of his chosen as they return unto God with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

This lowly place being taken, behold our Lord actually approaching unto the offended Majesty on high. Though found in fashion as a man, and by reason of His becoming a curse for us, denied the presence of the Father, so that he cried in anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" yet He did approach unto God: He did come near; nay, He remaineth near, able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. He has bridged the great gulf which sin had made. "It is finished," said He, ere He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. The pathway is open; every gulf is filled; every valley is exalted, and every mountain and hill laid low. It is finished—the way from man to God has been already trodden by myriads of cleansed feet; for our glorious One has cast up the king's highway and made straight paths for our feet. Come, let us tread the road.

Our Lord with all His heart desired to do this: He "engaged His heart" to perform it. Before all worlds His master purpose was to approach unto God as man's representative. He is styled "the Lamb slain from before the foundations of the world," because this was the firm resolve and bent of His entire being, or ever the earth was. He had vowed in His soul that he would restore the banishment of the fall, and bridge the distance between man and God. When God would not have sacrifice and offering at man's hand, then Jesus said, "Lo, I come." He says of Himself, "The Lord God will help Me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set My face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." His heart was determined and resolved, for so the expression means, when the text saith, "He engaged His heart."

But why this readiness, this eagerness? Love is the one reply. His heart was occupied with love to God and love to man, and He could not rest till He had restored the broken concord between these divided ones. With all the forcefulness of His divine nature, and with all the energy of His perfect humanity, He was resolved to bring men back to God. While He was yet a boy He felt bound to be about His Father's business. When He first appeared among the multitude it was by submission to the Father's ordinance to fulfil all righteousness. He could not hold His peace or take rest, because His mission was urgent and His heart was in it.

Having thus determined that He would approach unto God on our behalf, He took all the consequences. A correct reading of the passage would be, "Who is this that hath pledged his heart or his life to approach unto me, saith the Lord?" If you take the meaning of the word "heart" to be life, since the heart is the source of life, then we read that our Lord pledged His life, put his life in surety that He would approach unto God, the Judge of all, and bring us near to Him. When He came as the representative of sinful men—then vengeance with its sword must smite Him, and He was willing to be smitten. His motto was, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" He saved others, but Himself He could not save, because love held Him bound in her chains.

How intensely ought we to love Jesus, since He thus reckoned nothing too hard or heavy, that He might appear in the presence of God for us and make a way to God for poor sinners such as we are. He even delighted in suffering and dishonor for this end. "For the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame." He made pledge, not merely of hand or eye, but of his heart and life; He came with His life in His hand before Jehovah's face, and gave up that life that He might remove from us the death penalty due to justice, and so reconcile us to the Lord of all. Who is this wonderful Saviour? Who shall declare the generation of Him who pledged His life that He might draw near to God for us, and endured all the consequences to the bitter end?

III. Let me try to arouse your interest in

THE RESULTS

of Jesus Christ's having approached to God for us.

The first result is found in the chapter. Read that twenty-second verse. Read it with your own eyes, and wonder that it should be put there. "Who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto Me? saith the Lord. And ye shall be My people, and I will be your God." That is, because our royal High Priest approached unto God for us, therefore we who were called outcasts, we whose wound was incurable and grievous, we that were utterly ruined and undone; we, believing in this Jesus, shall in Him become the people of God.

Let me speak plainly with you, beloved brethren: how many of you have realized this? It is all idle for me to talk about Christ making the way unless you run in the way. Are you the Lord's people? Many of you humbly rejoice in this high honor; but there may be a few here who are of another mind; you care nothing for having the Lord to be your God. Possibly you sneer, and call it *cant*. Yes, but if you knew the truth you would not do so. When we hear you speaking contemptuously of being God's people, all we can say is, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Will you mind thinking just for half a minute? Will you try to think justly and rightly? Must it not be good and right that the creature should love the Creator? Must it not be a wise thing that the children whom God has formed should love their heavenly Father and be on good terms with Him? Is it not likely that it would be a happy thing for you if you were one of God's people? You can never rest till you are. But you say, "How can I be?" Why, it all follows upon what I have been talking of. Jesus Christ went in unto the Father for us, that we might approach unto the Father in Him and through Him, that we might become the Lord's own people, and that the Lord might become our God.

I invite you to an honest, practical test. See if

there be not joy in the salvation of God. Religion is with some people a sort of dreamy thing on Sundays: you sit in your pews and bear with us *long-winded talkers* about things which you do not care for. Oh, but if you did value and enjoy them! If you could but taste and handle them you would say, "Go on, preacher; go on! You are a poor hand at it, for your themes are so great and wondrous that you cannot reach to them; but, still, go on. Ring that bell again: open more doors, and let us peep in upon the secret treasures." This bliss comes to those of us who rejoice in Christ Jesus and have no confidence in the flesh, because Jesus said, "I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob." The face of the Lord is no longer hidden from us, but we have access with confidence into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

I seem to see in my spirit

THAT OLD LEGEND OF ROME

worked out in very deed. So saith the story: in the Roman Forum there gaped a vast chasm which threatened the destruction of the Forum, if not of Rome. The wise men declared that the gulf would never close unless the most precious thing in Rome was cast into it. See how it yawns and cracks every moment more horribly. Hasten to bring this noblest thing! For love of Rome sacrifice your best! But what, or who is this? Where is a treasure meet for sacrifice? Then Curtius, a belted knight, mounted his charger, and rightly judging that valor and love of country were the noblest treasures of Rome, he leaped into the gulf. The yawning earth closed upon a great-hearted Roman, for her hunger was appeased. Perchance it is but an idle tale: but what I have declared is truth. There gaped between God and man a dread abyss, deep as hell, wide as eternity, and only the best thing that heaven contained could fill it. That best thing was He, the peerless Son of God, the matchless, perfect man, and He came, laying aside His glory, making Himself of no reputation, and He sprang into the gulf, which there and then closed, once for all.

One great result of Christ's having died is to leave us a way of access, which is freely opened to every poor, penitent sinner. Come. Are you using that way of access? Do you use it every day? Having used it, and thus having drawn near to God, do you dwell near to God? Do you abide in God? Is God the main thought of your life, the chief delight and object of your being? If it be not so, I earnestly invite you by the Spirit's help to make it so. You must engage your heart to come to God in Christ. There is no coming to God without sincere resolve and eager desire. Are you engaged to such an end? Alas! it may be you are drawn elsewhere.

ARE YOU ENGAGED?

Alas! some are engaged to Madame Bubble; some are engaged to Belial; some are engaged to self; some are engaged to Mammon; some seem engaged to the very devil of the pit. Be wise, and break these *unlawful engagements*. Let your covenant with death be broken, and your league with hell be disannulled. Though you be weary of my words, yet would I stir you up to interest in this all-important matter. Break these deadly bands asunder. God help you, by a sudden energy which He shall give you, to snap your fetters once for all, and then at once firmly engage your hearts to Christ. Never such loveliness, never such love will you find elsewhere.

Come, say now, Whatever else I do or do not do, I will do this: I will approach to God by the way that Christ has opened for me: I will arise and go to my Father: I will throw myself at my Father's feet: I must be reconciled: I cannot live an enemy to him: I must be made a friend:

"I will approach thee—I will force
My way through obstacles to thee."

Jesus goes before me, and I gladly follow. I will not leave the throne till thou, O Lord, hast said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." I shall be greatly happy, I shall be exceeding glad, if I may induce one spirit to come to God by Jesus Christ; but if the whole of you will come at once,

if God's spirit shall now prompt all believers to come, and all unbelievers to become believers, and so to come, what a splendid company of us will enter into the golden gates, and what joy there will be in heaven over all of us as we approach unto the Most High.

I think I note a seraph, as he takes down his harp, stand in the centre of

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR

and suggest to his fellow choristers that their theme should be, "Who is this that hath engaged his heart to approach unto the living God?" Hark how ten thousand voices say, "Who is this?" Let us in humble notes lift up our praises. Here is a verse which may serve our turn—

"Who is this that enters glory,
Clearing for his saints a way?
Who shall tell the wondrous story?
Who his glorious work display?
Jesus makes our access clear,
To the Father brings us near."

Thus the question, "Who is this?" admits of a second answer, for now in Christ Jesus all believers with engaged hearts are approaching unto God. Who is this? At first it is Jesus, Son of man and Son of God; and next it is His church with all her heart engaged approaching unto God by Jesus Christ. My hearers, can you join in the song of praise which is now rising from heaven and earth? Angels are waiting till you approach their God. Come, hurry up: hasten to be blest. At once approach your God by Christ Jesus, and as angels see you coming their song shall grow yet louder, till it shall excel the noise of many waters, and out-voice the last great thunderings. They come! They come! Sinners are coming to God! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

The Conversion of a Jewish Rabbi is thus described by the Rev. Mr. Jaffe, of Nuremberg: "A Jewish rabbi of very refined manners called to see me. I at once saw that I had to do with a man who was not only a thorough Talmudical, but also a first-rate Hebrew scholar, and yet with all his learning he was evidently a most unhappy man. He was laboring under a deep conviction of sin, and seemed to be as miserable as possible. 'I am very unhappy,' he said, 'and I am come to ask you to show me the way in which I can find the peace I am so earnestly longing for.' His suffering appearance called forth my deepest pity; he was evidently in a state of high consumption, which sickness he said he had contracted on the battle-field, and for which he hoped to gain relief in Italy, whither he was bound. He told me that he was formerly very orthodox, but that a circumstance that happened roused within him strong misgivings as to the truthfulness of the Judaism of the present day; he struggled hard against these feelings, but could not banish them any more. In his despair he purchased a Hebrew New Testament, and began to read it, and as he read, the light of Divine truth began to dawn upon his mind and with this a consciousness of his guilt and forlorn condition was awakened within him. In this state he came to me. He remained here eight days, and came daily to me for some hours, and, through God's help, I was enabled gradually to dispel the gloom that was hovering over his mind, and of leading him, step by step, to accept Christ as his Saviour."

The Egyptians During the Eclipse of the Sun in June last were seriously alarmed. The astronomers who went to Egypt to witness the eclipse all testify the fright of the natives when the mysterious darkness crept over the land, and the sun seemed to have been extinguished in the heavens. The excitement of the natives was increased when they saw on the right of the hidden sun the form of a flaming scimitar, or short sword. It was a new comet, whose existence had not been suspected before. It had been concealed in the sun's rays, and the sudden withdrawal of the light of the great luminary revealed its hiding-place. Many of the dwellers along the Nile are convinced that that sword-shaped comet was an omen of the warlike events that have since taken place and are now proceeding in Egypt.



A Scene in Alexandria during the Riots of June 11.

ALEXANDRIAN PILLAGERS PURSUED BY SOLDIERS.

ALEXANDRIA, which, ever since the massacre of Europeans on June 11th, has been the topic of much conversation, and whose forts have since been destroyed by the bombardment by Admiral Seymour on July 11th, was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 10th, and a brief sketch of its history was also given. This week we give a picture of a scene in the streets of the ancient city during the massacre of June 11th.

The ferocious attack on the Europeans began about two o'clock of that Sunday afternoon. It was undoubtedly premeditated on the part of the lower class of natives, as groups of them were seen loitering about early in the day, all more or less armed. There was a quarrel between a Maltese and an Arab; the latter was stabbed, and the commotion caused by the fight attracted a mob, and the desperate work immediately commenced. Many Europeans were killed about three o'clock, and then the mob increased rapidly, and began wrecking the shops, which in some cases were defended by the Europeans, who fired upon their assailants. This exasperated the mob, which was already excited, to a degree of fury approaching madness; and a desperate conflict ensued. The military appeared on the scene about five o'clock, and charged down the streets.

The terror was so great that thousands of destitute Europeans, Greeks, Maltese, and others precipitately quitted the city. The exodus is roughly estimated at about 50,000. The commercial and banking houses closed, and the clerks followed their principals on board the British ships.

The picture on this page represents a number of

pillagers taking flight at the approach of the military. After the streets had been cleared, and the dead and wounded removed, on the next day, Monday, June 12th, search was made for stolen property. Of this, much has been recovered, and wherever it has been found the holders were at once arrested. A large number of people of the lowest class, of such a character as is always to be found in large cities, and especially in the Levant, are now in prison awaiting sentence.

AN EXPERIMENT IN TEMPERANCE.

"Now, here's Jenny as obstinate about her glass of beer as if she were a confirmed old toper," said Ernest Laverack, addressing his sister, and pointing to the parlor maid of the vicarage, who had been helping the two young people to decorate the rooms with evergreens for Christmas.

"Is that really so, Jenny?" said Miss Laverack, looking up inquiringly.

"Well, Miss, I cannot say I'm obstinate, but I can't see any good in giving up beer. It does me good when I am tired, and I like it. It's all very well for Mr. Ernest, who has nothing to do when he is at college but read and write to do without it, though I don't know why he should; but I have not been to college to pick up any newfangled notions and I have a great deal of running around to do in a day, and when I sit down to supper I must say I enjoy a glass of beer." Jenny said this in rather argumentative fashion, but she was not clever in argument, and her employer's son and his sister were very much in earnest about making converts in the village. So the end of it was that Jenny was persuaded to try the experiment of liv-

ing without beer for a month, with the understanding that if at the end of that time she did not like abstinence the beer was to be supplied again.

The next day Jenny had a holiday, and when she went to her home in the village she told her father of her promise. Old John Melton was not likely to approve of his daughter's arrangement, though scarcely any man in the village had more cause to do so. He was a great believer in beer and drank so much of it that his own comforts and those of his family were seriously curtailed in order to pay his score at the corner grocery.

"Turned teetotalers, eh?" said John. "Turned their brains, rather. Why, who ever heard of any one coming to harm through a glass of beer. It's nonsense! They'll be comin' to me next, an' axing me to give up getting my pint o' a night. I only wish they would; I'd show 'em a thing or two. Well, never mind, lass, we'll soon tak' thee away if thee's the worse for their stupidity."

The month quickly passed over, and John was obliged to acknowledge that Jenny looked as fair and buxom as ever.

"Shall we renew the bargain, Jenny?" asked Miss Laverack; "we will say two months this time."

Jenny smilingly agreed. At the end of that time it was renewed until Christmas. By that time a year had flown since Jenny had become a teetotaler. Not only was she still alive, notwithstanding her abstinence, but she was in excellent health and spirits. At any rate there was only one thing that troubled her, and that was her father's habits. John Melton, her dear father, was fast becoming bound in the drunkard's chains. His love of intoxicants had increased upon him, and more than

once during the past year he had walked home unsteadily and his speech was thick and his temper ruffled.

Jenny summoned up courage to speak to Miss Laverack about it, and Ernest was called into consultation.

It was agreed among the three friends to invite Jenny's father to a Christmas supper. Jenny hastened to take the invitation to her parent. As she expected, she had not a little opposition to contend against.

"They wants to make me a teetotaler, that's about the ticket," said the old man; "but they ain't going to get over me with their fine talking. I considers I'm a match for either on 'em—br any man," he added, with a grand rhetorical burst.

"But, father," pleaded Jenny, "it'll only be right of you to accept their kindness. They've been very good to me, you know, and I'm sure they don't wish you any harm."

John was at length prevailed upon to go, and after a good deal of scrubbing and brushing and hair-oiling, he sallied forth. He was very affably received at Rosecliff, and sat down to supper with the master of the house. Nothing at all was said on the subject of Temperance during the meal—to which John did full justice—though there were no intoxicants on the table.

After supper the conversation was very naturally led by Mr. Laverack to Jenny, and her good qualities, a subject on which John was very willing to talk.

This, of course, brought up the subject of Temperance, and Ernest Laverack related how, twelve months ago, for the sake of his Blessed Master and out of love for his fellow-men, he had ceased, though only a very moderate drinker, to use that which was ruining so many thousands of his countrymen. Then he pleaded earnestly with John Melton to take the same course, showing him how physically, morally, and financially it would be a blessing to him.

John Melton always said after that night that he certainly had the best of the argument, but it was Mr. Laverack's earnestness and kindness that induced him to sign the pledge; and this view neither his child nor Mr. Laverack ever cared to dispute with him.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

Old Betty's Favorite.

"GOD the Father of heaven"—those words filled Silverdale Church with a full, solemn sound, and reached an unseen pair of ears, whose owner a few minutes since had dragged his tired, blistered feet, and his sun-scorched head, into the shelter of the deep church porch.

That roomy, shadowy porch was a very favorite resting-place with those who knew it, young and old, rich and poor. From its left-hand stone seat Mr. Copleston used to point out to his friends the most beautiful clump of his favorite silver birches, and from its right-hand stone seat there was a close view of the quiet, flowery little graveyard.

The farthest corner of this right-hand stone seat was the one that *the wayfarer* had chosen. There



Jenny Invited to Make an Experiment.

was less of the dazzling sun, and less of the dazzling sunlit landscape to be seen from that one than from the other; and as there are times for all things, so nature has aspects to suit all moods—sun, and sparkling rivers, and gay flowers for the joyous-hearted; and when we are sad and tired, or very sombre, black-green yew hedges and tree-shadowed graves. The stranger in the porch looked all three—very sad, very tired, and very sombre—as he gazed unconsciously at the dark boundary.

The second lesson had just begun when he sat down; but although in the great surrounding stillness every word was audible, he heard nothing. He heard nothing until, at the end of the third collect—the collect for grace—the organ pealed forth, and set every nerve in his body vibrating. And then he began to listen, but only to sounds. Even when many voices were joined to the tones of the organ in singing the hymn he could distinguish no words. But the sweet sounds touched him, and by degrees soothed him, and he began to wait with some longing for what was to come next.

nothing more. He dropped his head with a second low, bitter groan back again against the cool, shaded wall, and once more gazed out at the quiet graves with a dismal, hopeless feeling that there was nothing left for him in this world but to fill another such still green mound as soon as possible. And yet he could not have been more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, and looked as though he would have been a strong and healthy young man with proper food and rest. Now he was battered and beaten, and shrunken with privation and misery, and certainly appeared little likely to have to fight with his dreary life much longer if there were no improvement in it soon.

When the singing of the hymn roused him up, to listen to what was going on within the building, his eyes had brightened with a kind of hope, and there had been something quite attractive in the expression of his face in spite of its squalor. But the words which had sounded to him so stern and forbidding in their awfulness had banished all the new glimmering of gladness, and as he crouched in his

He lifted his head from the wall, and sat up with his two dust-grimed hands pressed on his knees. He had heard that *religion helped people* and made them happy, and if ever any one wanted a little help and happiness he did most assuredly. With every moment that passed his listening became more anxious. But he had only a few moments to wait, just long enough for the final vibrations of the organ to die away, and then Mr. Copleston's rich clear voice pronounced, slowly and very earnestly, those words with which our chapter begins—"God the Father of heaven."

No one had seen the ragged tramp sink down in his shadowy corner, and no one heard him groan with a sort of *sick despair* as those awful words smote his ears—"God the Father of heaven."

Aye! indeed, he remembered now, he had heard those words many a time before, many a long year ago. The great only God, the all-powerful Creator, was "God the Father of heaven." How then should He be expected to be the Father of a wretched, worthless, outcast vagabond! Thought is swift as the lightning flash, and this and much more had passed through that downcast mind, and sent it wandering far from its present surroundings, even in the pause of a second or two that Mr. Copleston made, according to his constant custom, before he completed the sentence—"Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."

Old Betty Sharplin repeated the whole sentence with a feeling of most perfect thankfulness. She recognized the almighty power expressed by the invocation, but it only served to make her feel the more sure of the mercy. And so it was with many another among her companions in the church; but the unknown member of the congregation, crouching alone outside, did not even hear that cry in which his heart would willingly have joined had it dared—"Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."

"God the Father of heaven,"

was all he heard. He listened to

corner he felt and looked like one to whom hope has been finally denied, both here and hereafter. Meantime, he had at least found a cool corner in which to rest, and gradually he forgot hunger and pain and wretchedness, and his Father gave him the blessing of sleep.

The service ended, the people began to stream out of church with bright faces greeting the bright light. They were not toilworn, weak, weary, and dusty; on the contrary, they were all fairly well fed, healthy, and happy, and for folks in such circumstances a fine August is a month that has a very delightful holiday flavor about it. Mr. Copleston's sermon too had been very inspiring—full of bright encouragement; and the faces of his parishioners were pleasant to see as they gathered into knots about the door or on the grass-plot.

"Master Burton," said a farmer, nodding to a neighbor, "glorious weather for th' harvest then, isn't it? And a glorious good sermon from vicar to match it. There's no long-pulled faces and doleful doldrums with him, to damp the heart out o' one."

"Ah! you are right enough there," cried Sir Edmund Wright heartily, and pausing on his way to the outer gate to give his kindly answer to the remark he had overheard.

The speeches of both the farmer and the squire had been loud enough to be heard by those who were still lingering in the wide porch, among whom was Mrs. Balston, and she in a lower tone made her comment on them.

"It's true enough that vicar's sermon was quite Christmassy bright-like; but, gracious me! when he began the Litany I thought for certain something out of the common had happened. His voice seemed to go right down to one's feet."

"Mr. Copleston always is very solemn," said Betty Sharplin, "when he begins 'God the Father of heaven.'"

"Of course; I know that; but he was by ordinary solemn this morning. It gave me quite a turn; I felt frightened like. But, dear me, what's the matter with you, Bobby? What are you pulling that way at mother's gown for?"

"Only," very softly, "please, mother, talk gently, or you will wake him; and he does look so very drefful tired, poor man."

"Who looks so tired, my bonny?" asked Mrs. Balston, at the same time following the direction of her little boy's eyes, and thus obtaining an answer to the question for herself. Old Granny Sharplin turned too, and for the first time saw the sleeping tramp drawn up close against the wall in his corner. In passing onwards out of church no one had happened to turn and notice the stranger until Bobby Balston's eyes lighted upon him while the child stood waiting for his mother to give him her hand, and let them walk home together. The first thing Bobby had done when he saw the sleeper was to step noiselessly toward him, and pick up the old hat which had fallen to the ground. He laid it beside its owner on the stone bench with a very pitiful look on his rosy face, and then went back to his mother's side with his pleading request that she would speak gently, so as not to awaken the tired man.

"Bless you for your kind heart, my deary," murmured Betty, as she at once moved out of the porch, followed by her companions. "He do look rarely done; we won't waken him."

"And yet I don't know," said Mrs. Balston, standing still again, and looking back irresolutely; "I don't know as we are doing quite right by vicar, to leave a grimy, beggarly vagrant like this'n yonder snoring away on his stone bench like the sluggard."

She moved back a step, but Bobby clung to her. "Oh, mother, but I don't think he is like the sluggard! *He hasn't got any garden*, nor any bed, and he hasn't snored really once either."

"Oh, stuff and fiddlesticks, child! How you do take one up," returned his mother impatiently, but smiling in spite of herself at Bobby's literalness. Just then Mr. Copleston himself appeared at the inner door of the porch, followed by the clerk, and the little group of three before him waited anxiously to see if anything would happen with respect to their new object of interest.

At first the vicar passed on, as his parishioners had done, without observing the stranger close beside him; then some thought occurred to his mind, and he turned to speak to Williams, the clerk, and his glance fell upon the tramp.

"Why, who have we here?" he exclaimed in a low undertone, and bending forward toward the wanderer with eyes full of inquiry and interest.

The clerk stared, and bent forward too for a moment, then he drew himself up with a dignified air, and said disdainfully—

"Bless me, sir, there's no need to waste time or thought on such as that. It's easy to see as he's nothing more nor less than a low ne'er-do-well. You leave him to me, sir; I'll settle him fast enough when you are gone, and let him understand in double quick time as Silverdale isn't the parish to put up with pests like him."

As he ended, the clerk stretched out his hand as though to lay it on the sleeper's shoulder with some roughness. Bobby Balston started forward with quivering lips, but before he could say anything Mr. Copleston had caught back the outstretched arm, and rather by sign than deed led his companion out of the porch. He walked on rather quickly toward the gate, followed by Williams, Granny Betty, and Mrs. Balston and her child. Every one else had by this time gone on toward home and their Sunday dinner.

Five minutes ago Williams also had been rather extra impatient to get home to his Sunday dinner, but now his temper was ruffled. It did not take much sometimes to ruffle his temper, poor fellow, and he felt supremely indifferent for the minute whether he ever again had any dinner at all. He was rather elated than otherwise when he was still further detained from his beefsteak pie by his vicar blocking up the gateway before he had got through, and again giving his attention to that disreputable-looking encumbrance in the porch. It seemed to have as great an attraction for Mr. Copleston as for little Bobby.

Patched and tattered garments, covered with dust; two lean, bony hands, very grimy, and a long, lean face, with sunken cheeks and sunken eyes, surmounted by a matted mass of sandy hair—that was what the spectators saw as they stood at the churchyard gate looking back at the shady porch. To three, at least, of the five people at the gate the sight was a very sorrowful one. All kept silence for some minute or more, until at last Mr. Copleston said, rather to himself than others, and earnestly—

"How frightfully tired the poor fellow must have been to sleep through all the noise of the people coming out of church!"

"Silverdale folks are well known for being very orderly in coming out," grunted the clerk.

Mr. Copleston smiled. "Yes, yes, Williams, you are right; but in looking to ourselves we must beware of being too harsh to others. That poor, worn-out fellow there does neither the porch nor us any harm by having a sheltered rest in it. We ought to be glad that he has had the good sense and honesty to make such a choice. He might have preferred to take a night's sleep on the top of our strawberry-beds, as the gipsies did last year, and to follow their example further by spending the hours of service in robbing our orchards and hen-houses. But you may depend upon it, whatever misdeeds have brought him to his present miserable condition, theft has not been one of them, so we will not be the people to give him a bad lesson in that respect by robbing him of his sleep. If you see him there still, when you come to open the church in the afternoon, ask him to step over to the Vicarage, will you?"

"Yes, sir, if you wish, of course," said Williams. But nevertheless he shook his head angrily two or three times in the direction of the church porch, as he marched home to that beefsteak pie. He considered that his dignity as clerk of Silverdale Church was seriously compromised by beggars being allowed sleeping quarters in Silverdale Church porch. As for Bobby Balston, he felt so happy when Mr. Copleston motioned them all out of the churchyard, and softly shut the gate, leaving the tramp to finish his sleep in peace, that his face beamed as brightly as if he had got a second Sun-

day-school prize and his feet danced the whole of the way home.

"Well, little Lag-the-last," cried Bob the elder, laughing, and catching up Bob the younger as he ran into the cottage, "where have thee and mother been loitering so long, I'd like to know? We have been home afore thee a long quarter hour I'm bound, and if I have to go wi'out dinner much longer I'll be fain to set about munching your cheeks."

"Nay, father, they're too fat. You don't like all fat," laughed Milly.

"Then if he likes all lean he'd better dine off the beggar fellow we've been waiting to look at in the church porch," said Mrs. Balston; "for of all scarecrows that ever I see he beats them."

"Poor chap!" ejaculated Bob, and he looked gratefully at the table which his young daughters had just finished spreading for dinner. The Balstons were a frugal, honest, sensible family, not at all given to luxury or extravagance; but they always had what Mary Balston called their "bettenmost of everything" on Sundays. Their best clothes, their best books, their best cups and plates, and their best meals, and as Mary Balston was a first-rate manager and a clever cook, the "bettenmost meals" provided for her family were such as many of her "betters" in worldly station would have been glad enough to partake of. Bob Balston often dined off a huge hunch of bread and cheese, and never thought himself an object of pity for his fare; but he had a very sensible, healthy enjoyment of these nice Sunday meals, and as he looked at the present one, he heartily wished that every lean scarecrow had its equal.

But with slow-brained Bob wishes seldom passed into deeds without help from some one else, and therefore once more muttering "poor chap," he dismissed the lean stranger from his thoughts, and sat down to dinner. It was very different with little Bobby. He looked at his plate, and then he looked up in his father's face with an earnestness that of necessity attracted attention.

"What is it, little un? hasn't mother given ye the bit ye like?"

"Oh, father!" expostulated the little fellow, a smile breaking through the gravity, "you know mother always gives me what I like."

"Leastways, you always like what mother gives you. Well, but then, what is it troubling you?"

"Only —"

"Well then, my little chap ain't afeard to tell father what he wants?"

"N—no; it was only," and Bobby's voice sank to a whisper—"it was only I think, may be, that poor man hasn't got any baked potatoes for dinner."

"No, indeed; nor nought else, belike, poor wretch."

"Then, father," in a still lower whisper, "don't you think he would look nice and pleased if he found one of my potatoes beside him when he wakes up?"

Bob stared for a moment at his little boy in a puzzled way, and then such a pleasant smile brightened his heavy features that he looked almost handsome. "You are a rare good little chap, and clever at thinking, that ye are. An' I'll gie ye your wish, an' gladly. Hold out your hands, and now be off with you like the wind, and back again before I've time to take two bites."

Bobby waited for no second leave. With the two largest hot potatoes, one in either hand, and his dark eyes shining with unselfish joy, he jumped off his chair with a shrill cry of delight, and was out of the cottage before his mother could find voice to ask what her husband and youngest child were up to.

"If you've been sendin' off them potatoes to Granny Sharplin," she exclaimed at last rather sharply, "you'd best have learnt first whether they were wanted. Farmer Burton sent her in some o' the new sausages, she says, last night for her Sunday dinner. But you always are to wrong times wi' your gifts."

"Not this time, I think, Molly," was the slow, good-humored reply. "The little un has took a fancy to the chap you see in the church porch, and I knew ye'd not grudge him the pleasure of giving him a bit of food."

"No," was the answer in a quieter tone. "Mary Balston ain't the one to run her Sunday's dinner so close as to miss a couple of potatoes among eight eaters. But, bless that child, if he goes on like this he'll be giving the bit out of his own mouth one o' these days."

"Then be like," said Bob, with slow gravity, "be like *Him as feeds the sparrows* will put another bit in."

(To be continued.)

CALAMITIES FORETOLD.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 10, Mark 13 : 1-20. Golden Text, Prov. 22 : 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Coming Time of Trouble—Prophecy a Neglected Study—Antediluvian Indifference—Tendency to Boastfulness—An Important Question—The Lord's Answer—Persecution Certain—Deliverance Assured—How to Act under Persecution—Family Persecution—Persecution of Spiritual Brethren—The Indications of the End—Extended Publication of the Gospel—The Anti-Jewish Agitation—The Sign Unfulfilled—The Seventieth Week.

"A PRUDENT man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself : but the simple pass on, and are punished." So speaks our golden text, and it is indeed a word of wisdom in view of the time of tribulation which must be near, and may be closer upon us than many of us think. The prophet Daniel, speaking of this "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time," says, "None of the wicked shall understand ; but the wise shall understand" (Dan. 12 : 1, 10).

Many there are who turn aside from all the prophetic part of Scripture as though it were not to edification, and excuse their ignorance of it on the plea that *writers on prophecy differ so much* that they think this subject only causes confusion. Now we may well be excused from reading expositions of prophecy, but have we any reasonable ground for believing that the prophetic Scriptures themselves are unprofitable? Paul tells us that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness ; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. 3 : 16, 17).

It may be an unpalatable truth to the man who has set his heart on riches or pleasure, that God is about to bring such judgments on the earth that all property will deteriorate, all investments become doubtful, and life itself be unsafe. Such was the preaching of Noah, and it did not hinder the men of his generation from the schemes of building, planting, marrying and giving in marriage for which they lived. They had heard as though they heard not,

"THEY KNEW NOT"

until the flood came and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be" (Matt. 24 : 39).

Jesus had concluded His last public teaching in Jerusalem, and "as He went out of the temple, one of His disciples saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here !" Oh how the natural heart of man seeks for some occasion to vaunt itself ! Oh how national pride, pride of family, pride of citizenship, pride of wealth, pride of talent, pride of beauty, pride of intellect, even pride of old age is manifest among men ! Any little *straw of distinction* is laid hold of as a ground for self-glorying, and so fearfully is man under the power of this instinct that, rather than have nothing to boast of, many will be heard boasting of the length of sin to which they have gone. Jesus knew the hearts of His disciples, and He took occasion to tell them that these were not lasting things, for not one stone should be left upon another that should not be thrown down. This announcement worked upon the minds of the disciples, and as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, some of His disciples asked Him privately, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world [or age]?" (Matt. 24 : 3).

Our Lord's answer begins with a caution, "Take

heed lest any man deceive you," as though He would warn us that there would be much deception about His coming. But He does not for this reason say that we are not to think about it at all. He then proceeded to say what would be the characteristic signs of the dispensation. There should be many coming in His name, saying, I am Christ ; there should be wars, earthquakes, famines, troubles, and persecutions. But He does not speak of these as the sign of the end, only saying to His disciples, "When ye hear of wars and rumors of wars,

BE YE NOT TROUBLED :

for such things must needs be ; but the end shall not be yet." Every generation, since our Lord left this earth, has experienced these things, and God has brought good out of them ; except for these troubles men would have been even more ungodly than they have been ; fewer probably would have called upon the Lord if all had gone smoothly with them.

In no single place in the New Testament are the followers of Jesus promised exemption from persecution. While there is *an absolute promise* of deliverance from sickness in James 5 : 14, we find that tribulation and persecution are to be the portion of the followers of Jesus ; and this as a testimony against their persecutors. Only an indwelling Christ can make us endure grief suffering wrongfully, can make us really love our enemies, and when we are smitten on the one cheek turn also the other ; and this spirit manifested in a child of God is such a testimony for Him, and against those who know Him not, that they cannot stand against it. The standard of Christianity is, thank God, rising in our day ; and in measure as there is more of God in us and in our work, persecution will revive, and more, much more will be accomplished by it than by any amount of preaching.

Jesus teaches

HOW WE ARE TO ACT

in times of persecution. "When they shall lead you and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak : neither do ye premeditate ; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye ; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." What a glorious word with which to go before councils, kings, synagogues, civil and ecclesiastical powers ! God has bound Himself to be my Counsel for defence, God makes my cause His, I have nothing to fear. Let us take this grand assurance equally for the family, social and church persecution which all of us now meet with, when in expenditure, in appearance, and social status we seek the interests of God alone. There is no need to seek for arguments that we may convince our persecutors : the Holy Ghost can do that better than we can.

Family persecution is especially mentioned here. "The brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son ; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." These things have already occurred in past times of persecution, but they will reappear in the final time of trouble which is approaching. Oh what need there is for Christian parents to look to it that their children are saved, and fully saved, from the world and the flesh as well as from sin. Our Lord gives us no comfort on the side of the world : "Ye shall be hated of all men for My sake, but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

Many a child of God expects this on the part of the world, but when he finds Christians misinterpreting him, judging him, maligning him, manifesting almost hatred toward him, when he himself has been totally unconscious of giving any cause for such persecution, he is ready to say, "Lord, stay Thy hand : this last stroke is too bitter." Alas, the *persecution in the family of God* is the most sad of all ; the brother in Christ rises up against his spiritual brother, and the father in Christ against his own spiritual child ; spiritual children will refuse to worship with those who led them to the Saviour, and this is the most common and most bitter of all persecutions in our day ; but "he that shall endure [or remain under] unto the end, the same shall be saved." Never to take the matter into our own hands, but always to commit

it to God—this is His rule, and this is real power ; for whoever we oppose we meet as an equal, but we conquer the man from whose hands we meekly accept a treatment which he would not endure from us, because in his own heart he feels we are superior to him.

The first indication of the time when the end will come is given in verse 10 : "And the Gospel must first be preached among all nations." Can we look at the marvellous way in which nations are being opened to the Gospel, and the marvellous way in which it is being carried to all classes, without feeling that this sign of the end is being accomplished before our very eyes? Another striking sign is the move among the Jews. Jesus said, "There shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people" (the Jews). And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations ; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until

THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES

be fulfilled (Luke 21 : 23, 24). What means this great move of the Jews, driven out by persecution from Russia, but that the times of the Gentiles are nearly at an end? The Lord says, "The days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt ; but, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north. . . . I will send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them" (Jer. 16 : 14-16). Is not Russia "the land of the north," and is not the fulfilment of this prophecy a sign that we have no time to lose, that the times of the Jews are at hand, and that the times of the Gentiles are nearly fulfilled?

But there is *one sign not yet fulfilled*, for which we may watch. "When ye shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing where it ought not [in the holy place] (Matt. 24 : 15), (let him that readeth understand), then let them that be in Judea flee to the mountains. . . . For in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created unto this time, neither shall be. And except that the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved." On referring to the book of Daniel we find that the angel Gabriel is sent in answer to the prayer of Daniel to tell him, "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most Holy" (Dan. 9 : 24). He then went on to say that from the commandment (in the reign of Artaxerxes to restore and build Jerusalem) unto Messiah the Prince should be "seven weeks and threescore and two weeks." Had these been literal weeks, Messiah would have come in the space of seven years from the command to build Jerusalem. But taking the weeks as weeks of years, the time specified was just that which elapsed before the ministry of our Lord began, about 483 years.

One week of years still remains to be fulfilled : it appears as though no mention were made here of the Christian dispensation, because God is teaching Daniel only about the future of his own people. But in ver. 27 of the same chapter we find the last week of the seventy when "the prince that shall come," probably "the man of sin" (2 Thess. 2 : 3), shall confirm a covenant with many of Daniel's people (the covenant spoken of Dan. 11 : 22, 23, 28, 30, 32), "and in the midst of the weeks he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease (i.e., the Jewish sacrifices, which will probably soon be restored at Jerusalem in a rebuilt temple) and (margin) "upon the battlements shall be the idols of the desolator." This, then, is the abomination of desolation, and it may be the very image of the beast mentioned in Rev. 13 : 14, 15.

Very blessedly the Lord adds that for the elect's sake He has shortened these days of great affliction. The time of their duration is repeatedly given in Scripture as three and a half years (Dan. 12 : 7 ; Rev. 11 : 2, 3 ; 12 : 6, 14 ; 13 : 5). Our next lesson will treat of this subject in its practical application to Christians.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Expedition with Sealed Orders Despatched by Sir Garnet Wolseley was not destined for Aboukir, as was supposed, but for Port Said, at the Mediterranean extremity of the Suez Canal, and distant one hundred and forty miles from Alexandria. The British forces immediately occupied the town and Ismailia, a central point on the canal. Sir Garnet Wolseley thus secures a base of operations from which it is expected he will march toward Cairo before attacking Arabi in force. This plan of operations is considered by European military authorities to be good strategy. The Germans, though critical and not ready usually to praise the military tactics of other nations, highly compliment England upon the completeness of her preparations and the excellence of the plan of the campaign. The British general ordered the canal closed against merchant vessels, a proceeding which is a violation of the treaty to which England was a party. M. de Lesseps, the constructor of the canal, formally protested against its being closed, but Sir Garnet Wolseley visited him and explained the action of the British in regard to the canal. He said everything would be over in a few days, but that the English must use the canal for the present. M. de Lesseps expressed himself as fully satisfied with General Wolseley's explanation, and said he regretted that there had been any misunderstanding on the subject.

An Engagement between the British Forces and those of Arabi took place on August 25th at Shaluf. The object of the advance was to protect the fresh-water canal, which supplies the troops with water. The British general, telegraphing an account of the battle which ensued, said: "I advanced this morning before daybreak, and after some skirmishing took possession of the dam which the enemy had constructed across the canal between the villages Magfar and Mahuta. During the operations two squadrons of the Household cavalry charged the enemy's broken infantry very gallantly. I soon found that the enemy were being largely reinforced from Tel-el-Kebir. I could see trains arriving. I thought it inconsistent with traditions of the Queen's army to retire before any number of Egyptian troops, and so decided to hold the ground until reinforcements arrived. All day long I have had an Egyptian force of 10,000 men, with ten guns, in my front and on my right flank." On the following day the British made a further advance, Arabi retiring before them. The affair was evidently little more than a skirmish, and Sir Garnet Wolseley has been ridiculed for sending so egotistical and vainglorious an account, especially as people have not forgotten that there is a very recent precedent for the English troops retiring before an enemy in Southern Africa.

An Effort on the Part of the Ladies of England to commence philanthropic work in Egypt has been checked by a telegram from the correspondent of the *London Times*. He said that he had heard that "some ladies in England propose starting for Egypt to relieve the native poor in Alexandria and elsewhere. It may prevent a useless mission if it is stated that such people do not exist. The natives here are of the lowest class, and are enriched with plunder. Respectable natives are not allowed to enter the city. When the difficulties are settled they will return to a quarter of the town quite uninjured, and the necessity of rebuilding the European quarter, with an increased demand for all sorts of labor, will considerably raise wages and probably place the natives in more flourishing circumstances than they have been for the last ten years."

Still Another Difficulty has Interposed to delay the departure of the Turkish troops to Egypt. The Sultan proposed that the proclamation relative to Arabi Pasha, instead of declaring him a rebel should summon him to submit to the Khédive. No answer was made to the proposal, but as to the other objections of the Sultan to the British terms, Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, said that his government was prepared to waive the demand that any movement of the Turkish troops must be first approved by the British. Lord Dufferin, therefore, proposed that the Eng-

lish and Turkish commanders shall first deliberate together, and if the English general shall not approve the proposed operations the Turkish commander would still be at liberty to carry them out. Said Pasha, the Turkish minister, then urged that the landing of Turkish troops in Alexandria was indispensable for the future combined action of the two armies. He suggested that the Turks would make Alexandria, which the English would evacuate, their base of operations, while the British base should be Ismailia. To this Lord Dufferin objected, and firmly maintained that Turkish troops should only be allowed to disembark at Rosetta, Damietta or Aboukir, and categorically refused to permit their landing at Alexandria, Port Said or Suez. It is obvious that Turkey is indisposed to act cordially with the British, but is, nevertheless, unwilling to leave the settlement of Egyptian affairs wholly in British hands. It is generally believed that Russia and France are encouraging Turkey to resist the demands of England.

The Loss of the Eira, the Vessel on which Mr. Leigh Smith sailed on his voyage of Arctic discovery, has been attended with happier results than those of the *Jeannette*. The steamer *Hope* picked up Mr. Leigh Smith and his crew after they had been conveyed by a Dutch schooner from Nova Zembla. The *Eira* sailed from England on June 14th, 1881. Two months afterward, on August 21st, she was caught in the ice and so severely nipped that she sprang a leak and sank, the crew having barely time to save clothing or food. They made their way over the ice to Cape Flora, where with a sail they made a tent and lived on bear meat and walrus until June 21st, 1882, when the shipwrecked men made their way in four boats to Nova Zembla, a journey which, owing to the icebergs encountered, occupied forty-three days. The men suffered severe hardships, but escaped the sad fate of the majority of the *Jeannette's* crew.

A Missionary's Opinion of the Movement in Egypt incited and led by Arabi is especially valuable at the present time, when politicians and daily newspapers throughout the country, as well as a large part of the religious press, are representing Arabi as a patriot fighting for the liberties of his country, which England is said to be endeavoring to enslave. The Rev. Dr. Lansing, the chief superintendent of the American United Presbyterian Mission to Egypt, speaking at Liverpool the other day, said it would be impossible for any Europeans to live in safety in Egypt until the power of Arabi Pasha had been broken; and unless the spread of Mahomedan fanaticism was crushed, they would have it breaking out in Syria, India, Turkey, and the whole Mahomedan world.

A Revival in Turkey is Going on Among the Armenian Christians there. It may be called an *extraordinary revival*. Dr. Burns, an American missionary, writes: "Every morning at sunrise, a prayer meeting is held, and it is *always full*; at noon two meetings are held, one for women and the other for men, both in separate buildings. In the evening another prayer meeting is conducted by me, the great difficulty being to find time for all those who desire to pray. One night seven prayed after I stood up to close the meeting. These people are so poor that they cannot afford to lay down a wood floor, nor lay mats to cover the damp earth; they have, therefore, to sit on the bare ground. But the meetings are full of proof that Christ is present to bless."

A Frank Statement of the Difficulties to be encountered by England in her Egyptian enterprise is published in the *London Record*, a journal of the Episcopal Church. *The Record* says: "The coming storm is presaged by the present lull. Turkish intervention, if it does actually take place, will complicate matters to an extent hardly at present fully realized. It cannot be too often repeated that there is all but positive proof that Arabi has been from the first stimulated by Turkish intrigue, and inspired by influences from Constantinople. No love has ever been lost between the Suzerain and the Khédive of Egypt since the days of Mehemet Ali. To the Porte the Khédive is a nuisance. A Turkish army on the soil of Egypt now will be nothing short of a thorn in the

side of England. It cannot be left unwatched in the rear of our advance. Yet it cannot be relied upon as an assistance to our forces if it is permitted to go to the front. Its leaders will be in constant communication with Arabi, and will have no scruples at all in keeping him informed of all our plans and movements. The commandant of our expeditionary force will need to be a diplomatist even more than a general. Of wearisome delay, of frivolous pretexts for obstruction, of foul play whenever it can be practised without the certainty of detection, he is certain to have his fill. The enterprise which we have undertaken may be, and probably is, a political necessity. But it is an enterprise in which little honor can be gained and in which England has much to lose."

A Letter of Condolence has been Sent by Queen Victoria to the widow of the warrant officer Shannon, who was killed at the bombardment of Alexandria. It seems Mr. Shannon leaves a widow and seven children, whose only means of support is the dead officer's pension, worth \$175 a year. It was very kind of the Queen to sympathize with the widow, but if the penurious old lady had sent the widow a few bank-notes to buy bread with, it would have done more good than a royal letter.

America it Appears does not hold a Monopoly in bogus work. Some amusement has been caused in London by a discovery in connection with the ridiculous edifice set up between Fleet Street and the Strand, to mark the site of the old Temple Bar. It was erected in November, 1880, and unveiled with great pomp by the youngest son of Queen Victoria. The base of the monument was ornamented with bronze relief. It was found that the bronze reliefs were only clay, to the great amusement of the boys, who carried away the heads of the figures. The mutilated friezes were replaced by granite tablets, which now turn out to be wood. The boys are waiting to discover what will be the next material employed. It may be hoped that the contractors for the Brooklyn Bridge, who must by this time have nearly exhausted their store of peculiar devices, will not hear of this remarkable affair.

Four Colored Missionaries have Sailed from England for Central Africa. They were sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness, whose portraits appeared in *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* of January 19th, 1882. They were trained in the Missionary Institute in the East of London, where many other colored students are now being educated. This new departure has been suggested by the serious loss of life which has happened among the white missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Guinness have sent to Central Africa.

Mr. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanages, whose projected visit to this country was anticipated with pleasure by his many friends, has been prostrated by illness. His health has been the cause of considerable anxiety to his friends for some time previous to this attack. He is now somewhat better, but for the present he has been compelled to abandon his intended visit to America.

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An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

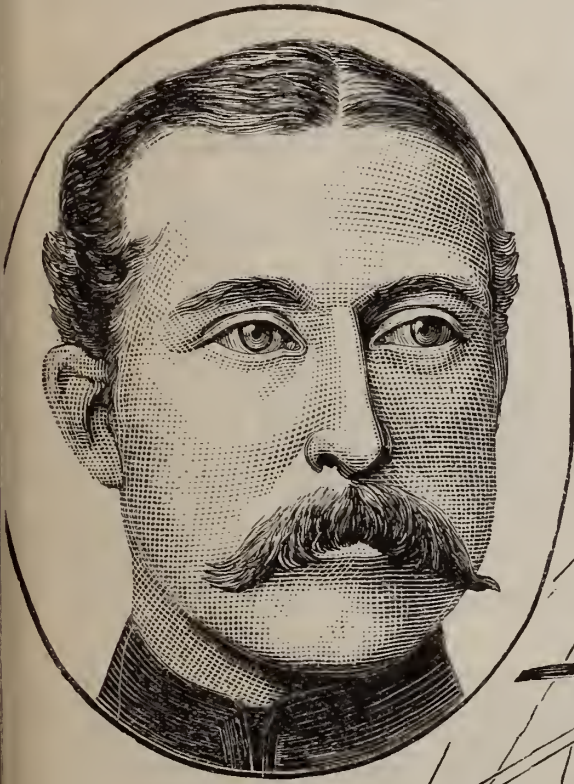
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1882.

16th Year. No. 36. New Series.

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Born in 1850—Military Training—Visit to Canada in 1869—Reception by Mohawk Indians—Parliamentary Grant of \$125,000 a Year—Fall Through a Window in 1871—His Public Services—Marriage to Princess Louisa of Prussia, in 1879.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR WILLIAM PATRICK ALBERT, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, who has gone to Alexandria, Egypt, in command of the Guards' Brigade, was born at Buckingham Palace, May 1st, 1850, and is the third son of Queen Victoria. He was named Arthur, after the great Duke of Wellington, and the Irish name of Patrick was given to him in compliment to Ireland, which it may be hoped the Irish people appreciated, though it appears the cheap honor was not sufficient to purchase their loyalty. The young Prince during his earlier years was under the care of private tutors, but in his sixteenth year he entered as a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

He had been about two years in the Academy when his abilities are supposed to have been publicly tested. On the day fixed for the distribution of prizes to the cadets, the Duke of Cambridge went down to Woolwich to inspect the companies. Prince Arthur led in the march past, and was afterward called to the front to drill the cadets, and to put them through a few battalion movements, in order to test his knowledge in this direction. He did this most satisfactorily, and at the close was presented with his commission as an officer of the Royal Engineers. By way of completing this period of his military history it may be added that in 1869 he became a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and in the same year received a similar appointment in the Rifle Brigade.

In 1869, the English public became far more interested in the visit of the Prince to Canada, and in the enthusiastic welcome there accorded him, than in any detail of his life, which had previously been made known. While as the Queen's son he had every reason to be gratified with the attention paid him by the Canadians, they, on the other hand, were quite as well pleased with the heartiness with which he entered into all their schemes for his entertainment. The Prince himself said that in consequence of the glowing descriptions he had received from his brother, the Prince of Wales, who visited that country in 1863, of the loyal feeling in Canada toward the Royal Family of England, he had been led to expect much, but the welcome given him had far exceeded his expectations.

HIS RECEPTION BY MOHAWK INDIANS.

One incident connected with the Prince's visit to Canada is too interesting to be passed over—his visit to a Mohawk village. This village was situated near Brantford. On reaching the Mohawk church the party was received by two chiefs. A large number of warriors in full fighting costume, gorgeous in paint and feathers, had assembled, and with them their squaws. A good deal of time was consumed in handshaking with the squaws, but after a while the party entered the church, and were shown the communion service presented to the Indians by Queen Anne. An aged chief of the Six Nations, addressing Prince Arthur in the Mohawk language, said: "We are glad to meet you in this holy house. We hasten to wipe the dust off your forehead. We hope that prosperity may attend you. We remember your mother, whom we all love. Your Royal Highness desires to be a member of our tribe, and we are pleased to go through the ceremony of making you an Indian chief. You will always be remembered by us. May you be like the great sun which shines over all, and may your path in future be as bright!"

GRANT OF \$75,000 A YEAR.

On attaining his majority in 1871, Parliament voted him an annuity worth \$75,000 per annum. Mr. Gladstone, in moving the resolution in the House of Commons, took occasion to remark that this arrangement was apt to be misunderstood, and might give rise to unjust comments being passed upon the Royal Family.

In justification of its necessity he said, "No doubt that amount is a large sum to grant; but is it large relatively to the former precedents, relatively to the justice of the case, and to the standard of

income in England? There are in this country numbers of persons possessed not only of that but of a much larger income, among whom royal persons are to move, but above whom they ought somewhat to tower. Let it be recollected here, that just as the Queen's income is much less her own than a corresponding one of a given amount in the hands of a private person, so the incomes of royal persons are much less their own, no inconsiderable portion of their incomes being absolutely preappropriated and anticipated by public claims upon them."

He might, however, have said that Queen Victoria receives an enormous sum every year in consideration of her performing certain duties which she does not perform, and that she hoards the money she receives instead of spending it for the purposes contemplated. She also expects the people to support her children. The vote, however, was passed in due course. Subsequently, in 1879, a further grant worth \$50,000 a year was made to him on the occasion of his marriage, raising the income he receives from the British taxpayers to \$125,000 a year, besides which he draws a liberal salary for each of the offices he holds. His brothers and sisters are also supported by the people, the entire family, excluding the Queen, costs the people \$550,000 a year, besides the amounts paid down on the occasion of their marriage and beside the sums they receive as salary.

HIS FALL THROUGH A WINDOW.

It was during this year, in May, 1871, that a somewhat extraordinary and very painful accident occurred to Prince Arthur. Just before a State Ball at Buckingham Palace he was leaning against the window of the billiard-room, which had been left unfastened; the window suddenly gave way, and the Prince fell through it to the pavement below. When it is remembered that the distance was about eight feet, it will be evident that the consequences of such a fall might have been dangerous. He happened to fall in such a manner, however, that though the back of his head was badly bruised and slightly wounded, the force of the fall was distributed along the whole length of his body, and though the shock was necessarily very great, no other specific injury except that to his head occurred, and in an effort to save himself the great toe of one foot was dislocated. Although the dislocation was treated with the best surgical skill, he still at times feels its effects.

HIS PUBLIC SERVICES

Prince Arthur has been exceptionally active in discharge of public duties when his services have been sought. In 1872, for example, he performing the not very fatiguing ceremony of cutting the first turf of the railway at Hythe. The story goes that, according to custom, a silver spade was handed to him wherewith to cut the first sod. The Prince is said to have plied it so clumsily that the oaken handle broke; but this did not in the least disconcert him, for, using the blade alone, he performed the ceremony in a rather peculiar fashion.

In 1874 the Prince was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex, and took his seat in the House of Lords, on June 8th, to assist in passing laws for the kingdom. It is simple justice to mention the praises which his mother's loyal subjects have lavished on him both in Canada and in Ireland. He has received, even from so excellent a judge as Lord Napier of Magdala, the high commendation of showing a steady determination to make himself in all points a thoroughly efficient soldier.

His staff services are: Brigade-Major at Aldershot in 1873, Brigade-Major to the Cavalry-Brigade at the same quarters in 1875, in the October of which year he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General at Gibraltar, which post he held until April, 1876. In 1880 he was made a General of Brigade at Aldershot. The salary attached to that post is \$10,375 per annum. Besides holding other appointments, the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Rifle Corps, and personal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. His Royal Highness has never before taken part in active service, and he has now gone to Egypt in command of the Guards' Brigade in the First Division. It will be remembered that the Duke of Cambridge commanded the Guards in

the Crimean War. He is the Queen's cousin, and he receives a pension worth \$60,000 a year and a salary of \$30,000 a year more as Commander-in-Chief, besides holding other offices all liberally paid.

On March 18th, 1879, His Royal Highness was married to the Princess Louisa Margaretha of Prussia, in the St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was a scene of imposing and memorable splendor.

It is understood that the Duke of Connaught expressed a wish to go to Egypt with the army. It may be hoped that the soldiers will take better care of him than they did of that other royal youth, Prince Napoleon, or their chances of promotion will be small.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART., K.C.B.
Parentage—Birth in 1826—University Education—Enters the Army—Loses an Arm in the Indian Mutiny—Succeeds to a Baronetcy.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART., K.C.B., who has been appointed to the command of the 3d Brigade of British troops in Egypt, is the son of Sir Archibald Alison, the first baronet, the world-renowned author of the "History of Europe," a most voluminous production, which, among other events, chronicles the various wars and revolutions in Egypt from 1790 to the present time.

He was born at Edinburgh, on January 21, 1826, and is therefore now fifty-six years of age. His education was received in the famous Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, in both of which his unusual talents and studious industry were rewarded by the unstinted commendation of his tutors, the admiration of his fellow-students, and high academical honors; and the opinion was universal that if he had determined to court the Muses or devote himself to literature, he would have taken a prominent rank, and proved himself to be "a worthy son of a noble sire."

APPOINTMENTS AND SERVICES.

But entering the military service of his country in the year 1846, he passed rapidly through the various initial grades, and in 1853, was appointed a Captain in the 72d Highlanders. His promotion was rapid. In 1856 he was created Brevet Major; Lieutenant Colonel in 1858; and Colonel in 1867. He served with his regiment throughout the agitating period of the Crimean War, and was present at the prolonged siege and ultimate fall of Sebastopol.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out, he was appointed Military Secretary on the Staff of the late Lord Clyde. At the relief of Lucknow, Sir Archibald had the misfortune to lose an arm, which was carried away by one of the balls of the mutinous Sepoys. In the Ashantee Expedition of 1873-4, he was nominated second in command and Brigadier-General of the European Brigade on the Gold Coast. His bravery commanded universal praise, and resulted in significant and valuable services. He commanded his men in person at the battle of Amoafu, he seemed not only fearless but invulnerable at the costly capture of Bequah, he largely determined by his calm courage the decisive action of Ordashu, and materially contributed to the fall of Coomassie and the humiliation of the inhuman King Coffee.

On the death of his father in 1867, he succeeded to the baronetcy, and was Deputy-Adjutant-General in Ireland from October 1874 to 1877, when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and for some time past has been Chief of the Intelligence Department at the War Office.

EMBARKATION OF THE SCOTS GUARDS AT ALBERT DOCKS, LONDON, FOR EGYPT.

THE departure of the first battalion of the Brigade of Guards, which is represented in the lower portion of our frontispiece, to take part in the Anglo-Egyptian Expedition, was, on the morning of July 30th, made the occasion of a popular demonstration. The troops fell in on parade at seven o'clock in their white undress serge jackets, but with white Indian helmets and pugreese, instead of the bearskins. They were in heavy marching order, with valises, greatcoats, rifles, and full

pouches, each man carrying, besides, a white canvas bag with clothing for use on ship board. They numbered in all 700 rank and file, 30 officers, 46 sergeants, and 21 drummers and pipers. The men were in a state of some excitement at the prospect of foreign service. Being formed into square, the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Knox, read the following letter from Sir A. F. Ponsonby:

"The Queen regrets that she is unable to be present at the embarkation of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards to-morrow. Her Majesty knows that the Scots Guards will do their duty as gallantly as they have always hitherto done, and commands me to convey to you her best wishes for their welfare."

To this, he said, he had replied as follows:

"Will you kindly inform Her Majesty that the 1st Battalion of Scots Guards are deeply grateful for the interest which she has taken in their welfare, and that they hope in any position to do their duty as Queen's Guards should."

Colonel Moncrieff, who was present to witness the departure of the 1st Battalion, then took the opportunity, in brief soldierly phrase, to wish them God-speed, which Major-General Higginson emphasized by a gesture of adieu. As the men were wheeled into column the massed bands of the Coldstreams and Scots Guards marched up and led them off to the effective march of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and as the column defiled from the Wellington Barracks into Birdcage Walk, the troops passed through a throng of friends and admiring spectators, the whole mass moving together in the direction of Westminster Bridge. The troops soon embarked in the three steamers, the "Albert Victor," the "Vesta," and the "Osprey." As the boats moved off from the pier the crowds on the bridge and along the Embankment raised a succession of cheers, which were heartily reciprocated by the soldiers.

When London Bridge was passed, the crews of the vessels in the Pool and the denizens of the warehouses and stores along both banks took up the duty of wishing them God-speed. The run down the river was a perfect ovation, and kept the men fully employed until the entrance of the Royal Albert Dock was reached shortly after ten A.M.

The lock gates were promptly opened, and the three steamers were admitted, and "locked up" to the level of the basin where the "Orient" was lying alongside the quay. The noble vessel herself and other transports near her were decked with bunting, and there was a considerable crowd of spectators outside the dock premises gazing wistfully from the distance; but no one except those on business was allowed near the point of embarkation, and as a consequence the work of getting the men on board after they had landed from the river boats and formed up on the quay was carried out with a rapidity and precision that left nothing to be desired.

The "Orient" is one of the finest of the fine ships owned by the firm from which she takes her name, being over 450 feet long, of a gross internal cubical measurement exceeding 5000 tons, and driven by engines of 1000 horse power.

As soon as a tug had hold of the stern of the "Orient," the immense ship floated away from the quayside. Cheer after cheer broke from her crowded decks, and every full-hearted shout was returned in a broadside by the crowds who lined the sides of the dock. The land cheers, however, took a deeper note when it was presently understood that the little steamer yonder, the "Firefly," crowded with ladies and gentlemen, had the Duke of Connaught aboard. His Royal Highness was accompanied by his wife, the Duchess of Connaught, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Childers, and Sir John Adye. In a very short time the Duke stood upon the decks of the "Orient;" and, with cheer after cheer breaking from her sides, the noontide sun full upon her, and giving a clear brilliance to the uniforms, and her sparkling scuttles flashing lines of light into the water under her, the great ship glided into the river and started on her voyage to her destination in the East.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

THE following incident is taken from a letter sent in February last to Miss Carrie F. Judd from a lady in Brooklyn, N. Y.: I have been an invalid for many years and have tried various ways and means for a cure, but without avail. At last, I was given up by the best physicians as incurable, and when all earthly means failed, then the Lord took me up, and He has made me every whit whole.

In September, 1879, I first began to look to God for the healing of my body, and from that time I improved, but very slowly. In January, 1880, I went to see Miss M. H. Mossman, and she prayed with me. I tried to claim the promise (Jas. v. 14, 15), but my faith was very weak and I lost courage after a few days. Still I kept looking to Jesus for a cure, and it was shown me that it was not altogether my body that wanted healing, but my soul. I wanted to be altogether the Lord's.

I had been a professing Christian for a number of years, but had got into a *lukewarm state*. I can now say that "I sought the Lord and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears." On April 27, 1880, He healed me of one of my most aggravated troubles, and it was done instantaneously, and two days after He gave me the assurance that He did accept me, and that I was altogether His, soul, body and spirit.

But still I was suffering in body, for I had a *complication of diseases*; I procured Dr. Cullis' book on faith-healing, and wrote to Mrs. Mix, and also to you, requesting prayers. It was so hard for me to claim the promises for myself that it seemed as though I never should be healed. Finally I was taken very sick with *congestion of the brain and stomach*, and I thought that would be my last sickness, but the dear Lord willed otherwise. As soon as I was able to travel He made the way clear for me to go to Ocean Grove. I went to the Faith Home, and the dear sisters prayed for me. The Lord heard and answered prayer, and I am now rejoicing. He does make me every whit whole, soul and body. Bless His holy Name forever. I willingly give this testimony, hoping it will encourage some poor suffering one.

A LADY CURED OF DYSENTERY.

Mrs. C. S. Whitney, a Christian worker in New York, writes to the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: I was taken sick with dysentery on Thursday night August 3d, after preaching in the tent on Broadway and Fifty-fifth Street, and was so prostrated that it was with great difficulty I reached home. I could not afterward sit up five minutes without fainting. My mind was impressed with this word from the Lord: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God" (John 11:4).

On Sunday, as my family became much alarmed; the word was given, "Call for the elders of the church," (James 5: 14, 15). Rev. A. B. S., came, and at 7 P.M., offered prayer, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord, and immediately I was healed. I arose, dressed myself, and went about my usual domestic duties. I was called to Ocean Grove on Monday, and the trip was made and the Gospel work resumed in the tent, with no discomfort whatever. To God be all the glory!

D. A. Norton, city missionary, writing from Chicago to Miss Carrie F. Judd, editor of the monthly magazine *Triumphs of Faith*, incloses the following letter from

AN OPIUM HABITUÉ

in the Hospital, Missouri Penitentiary. Through the efforts of some Christian ladies, I was persuaded to seek relief from my suffering, having used opium, in the form of *morphine*, for three years. I was shut off from the drug and was suffering, oh, so terribly! The great trouble with me was unbelief; but one Sabbath morning, not long ago, I was suffering more than common. I became completely out of heart. I went into my cell and fell down upon my knees, and these were my very words, for I felt a power upon me: "O, Lord, have mercy upon me. Forgive my sins. O God, ease me of my pain, and help me to conquer the great adversary in the shape of a drug which is killing both soul and body. *Do this in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!*"

As I uttered the words underscored, the tears rolled down my cheeks, as I believed, and, lo, it

was done! And then in my cell I rejoiced that not only my body was healed, but, glory to God, my sins were forgiven! And when I get out I shall tell the glad news to all the world.

A TWELVE YEARS' INVALID

writing from Sandwich, Ill., on July 18th, 1882, says: For twelve years I have been an invalid, *helpless at times*, then would gain for a short time, only to be brought to my back again. I suffered constantly and would have been glad to have gone home, but the dear Lord knew best and gave me strength to bear it all.

Last summer I was much worse than usual; I went to Kansas to live, and the climate did not agree with me, so as soon as I was able to be moved, my husband brought me home, *carrying me in his arms*. At that time I was able to sit up long enough to eat my meals, but could not stand alone, nor did I seem to gain any strength. The prayer cure had been brought to my notice at different times, but I could never accept the promises as my own until two years ago Miss M. D. Hand, of the "Bible Reading and Prayer Alliance," wrote to me about it. I then made up my mind I could be cured if I would only have faith, and I was helped; I had not been so well for years, but my going to Kansas brought me down again.

Last year my husband became a Christian, and he wanted me to pray for health, said he knew I could be entirely cured if we would only have faith. So much faith in a new convert shamed me, and I commenced studying the Word for help.

The cure of Peter's mother-in-law made a great impression on my mind; it says she arose and ministered unto Jesus, and I wondered if I could do that. I prayed over it a good deal, but it was several days before I could say, "I will minister unto Him, with His strength and guidance." I then began to improve, and gained rapidly, so that people that knew my condition wondered what made me take such a start.

Many times I have failed and lost faith, but I found when I trusted "Jesus only" and did not go in my own strength, then I could walk and work, but when I trusted in myself *I failed every time*. I have attended church three or four times, but did not walk, as it is quite a distance from our house; expect to walk it soon; can go all around to the neighbors and do a great deal of work.

HEALED IN BODY AND SOUL.

F. J. Duggan, writing from Newark, N. J., on August, 1882, says: You know that after trying almost every doctor and medicine without any good effect for my head and eyes, I was led through the reading of your little book to look to the Lord Jesus, and was made every whit whole. And not only my head and eyes, but my soul and spirit, and I have obtained such a peace as I never had before. To Him be all the glory forever!

I would like to say we can trust Him not only for a *perfect salvation*, and for a *perfect healing*, but also for every trouble in our everyday life. If we in perfect faith cast our burden on the Lord, leaving it with Him; not taking it back again; if we do this He will surely bear it all for us. I pray that God may so help me to write this that it may prove a blessing to some dear one, and to the honor and glory of the Master's dear name.

The Work Among the Railroad Employees of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company is still making hopeful progress under the charge of Miss Jennie Smith. Mr. George A. Hilton, who has assisted in the work from the commencement, in the course of a letter describing the movement summarizes the results of four months' labor. He states that during that period as the result of God's blessing on the various services, "there rejoiced in the conscious knowledge of pardoned sin, and acceptance by a reconciled God: In Martinsburg 275 precious souls; in Keyser 200; in Piedmont 165; in Cumberland 230; in Grafton 225, and thousands have been brought under conviction of sin through the exhortation and prayers of those who, waiting for no special endowment or the laying on of hands, trusted in the Holy Spirit to do His own work."

THE POPULAR CHRIST.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
September 3, 1882.*

"Unto him shall the gathering of the people be."
—GENESIS 49: 10.

Jacob's Prophescope — Discovery of Christ's Death-Warrant — Caricatures on the Walls — The Most Popular Name on Earth — The Gathering of the People — I. For Pardon — Records Obliterated by the Blood — Half and Half Sinners Easily Pardonable — The Pardonable Sinners of the Bible — II. For Sympathy — Grief for those who never Come Home — The Mother's Welcome to the Wanderer — The Sunken Continent of Atlantis — The Inventions Seized for Christ — Instantaneous Communication of Creed Universal — The Final Triumph.

THROUGH a supernatural lens, or what I might call a *prophescope*, dying Jacob looks down through the corridor of the centuries until he sees Christ the centre of all popular attraction and the greatest Being in all the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put Him down and to put Him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities fifty-three miles northeast of Rome, a copper plate tablet was found containing

THE DEATH WARRANT

of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise: "In the year 17 of the Empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and on the 25th of March, I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the Praetore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves, Quintus Cornelius to lead him forth to the place of execution." That death warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right hand side of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestes. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribed His birth to bastardy, and His death to excruciation.

A wall of the city, built about those times, and recently exposed by archaeologists, shows a *caricature of Jesus Christ*, evidencing the contempt in which he was held by many in His day—that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription: "this is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by, and Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse.

The most popular name on earth to-day is the name of Christ. Where He had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become the worshippers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day, sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives—sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter, or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B.C. or as A.D. B.C., before Christ—A.D., *anno domini*, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the cross of the Son of God, B.C., A.D. I do not care what you call Him—whether conqueror, or King, or Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Balm of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother, or Friend, or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text, and call Him Shiloh, which means His Son, or the Tranquilizer, or the Peacemaker, Shiloh. I only want this morning to tell you that "unto Him shall be

THE GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE."

I. In the first place, the people are gathered around Christ

FOR PARDON.

No sensible man, or heathfully ambitious man, is satisfied with his past life. A fool may think he is

all right. A sensible man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "O!" he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought, I must somehow get things readjusted, I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation."

Ah! my brother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand crushed red at the palm, He puts it against His bleeding brow, and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all these wounds He rubs out the accusatory chapter, He blots out our iniquities. O! men anxious about the future, better be anxious about the past: I put it not at the end of my sermon, I put it at the front; mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin-pardoning Christ.

MERCY FOR YOU.

"O!" says some man, "I have for forty years been as bad as I could be, and is there any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. "O!" says some one here, "I had a grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers, and the tenderest of mothers, and for my perfidy there is no excuse; do you think there is any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. But says another man: "I fear I have committed what they call 'the unpardonable sin,' and the Bible says if a man commit that sin he is neither to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come; do you think there is any mercy for me?" The fact that you have any solicitude about the matter at all proves positively that you have not committed the unpardonable sin. Mercy for you. O! the grace of God which bringeth salvation. The grace of God!

Let us take the surveyor's chain and try to measure God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let one surveyor take that chain and go to the north, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the south, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Ah! you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matterhorn beyond, and waving his hand back to us in the plain he says: "past finding out—unsearchable, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners. David, a great sinner. Paul a great sinner. Rahab, a great sinner. Magdalen, a great sinner. The prodigal son, a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half and half sinner; but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To this sin-pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

II. But I remark again: The people will gather around Christ

AS A SYMPATHIZER.

O! we all want sympathy. I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. At this season of the year we come home from our summer absence and perhaps we leave a portion of our family away until the cool weather is established, and how lonely the house seems until they all get home. But alas me! for those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will the feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their

sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas me! who can stand under these griefs?

O! Christ, Thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else. It is He that stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is He that comes to bid peace. It is He that comes to tell us of future reunion. It is He that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." O! yes, ye who are bereft, some of you have gone through the

DEEP WATERS OF TROUBLE

—ve anguish-bitten, come into this refuge. The roll of those who come for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be.

O! that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles and all these desolated homesteads and all these broken hearts, and persuade us it is well. The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the Presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says: "Time will cure it all." Ah! there are griefs that have raged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ has done the work. O! what you want is sympathy.

The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy. Sympathy in their work. Sympathy in their fatigues. Sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years. Wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ has it. Christ is it that is the cord with which He is going to draw all nations to Him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clenches and he prepares to do battle, even though it be against the heavens, but what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion. Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier

A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.

Let him tell the story, who when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour barrel: "The Lord will provide," or write on the door of the empty wardrobe: "consider the lilies of the field; if God so clothe the grass of the field, will He not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of Blackwell's Island is upon him and even his father says: "Be off—never come home again." The young man finding still his mother's arm outreached for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the Governor begging for pardon, hoping on for her vagrant boy after all others are hopeless.

Or let her tell the story, who under villainous allurements and impatient of parental restraint has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and further away until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? who will gather those disheveled locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow

* Dr. Talmage returned last week from his vacation and preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to overflowing congregations on Sunday morning and evening. This sermon was the one he delivered in the morning. It was reported, as are all the sermons of Dr. Talmage published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by his own reporter, and revised previous to publication by Dr. Talmage.

and watch the day and watch the night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

O! there is something beautiful in sympathy, in many sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy, yea, and neighborly sympathy. Why was it that our city was aroused with excitement last week when a little child was kidnapped from one of our streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child. It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? how if it had been my Mary? how if it had been my Maud? how if it had been my child? how if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed to-night? how if my little one, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds never to come back to me? how if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting, that sorrow worse than death?" Then when they found her why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said: "Thank God!" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy.

O! yes, but I have to tell you this morning that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starveling thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh who has held in His lap the sorrows of the ages and who is ready to nurse on His holy heart the woes of all who will come to Him. O! what a God, what a Saviour we have.

THE SORROWS OF THE NATIONS.

But in larger vision see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demon of destruction. La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in three hundred years fifteen hundred worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that fifteen hundred worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable.

But it seems as if the worst sorrows have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Trinburo, of 12,000 inhabitants only twenty-six people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon, in five minutes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night when 2000 people are asleep and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth the Caribbean islands broken off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over them and 214,000 perish that day. Alas! alas, for our poor world.

THE SUNKEN ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America—part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the table lands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the table lands of the west. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and its awful destruction, and the world

thought it was a romance; but archæologists have found out its history and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archæologists, and the *Challenger* and the *Dolphin* and the *Gazelle* have dropped anchor and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent and given us a map of it. The Australian archipelago only the mountain tops of another sunken continent.

O! there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora, and the fauna. Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, social trouble, domestic trouble, and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations, I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all the ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort; and they are found, not in the Brahma of the Hindoo, or the Allah of the Mahomedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be.

Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this Rock of Ages will never be shaken from its foundation. The same Christ who fed the five thousand will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus, will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to Him shall the gathering of the people be."

Ah! my friends, when Christ starts thoroughly and quickly to lift this miserable wreck of a sunken world, it will not take Him long to lift it. I have thought that this particular age in which we live may be given up to discoveries and inventions by which through quick and

INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION

all cities and all communities and all lands will be brought together, and then in another period perhaps these inventions which have now been used for worldly purposes will be brought out for Gospel invitation, and some great prophet of the Lord will come and snatch the mysterious, sublime, and miraculous telephone from the hand of commerce, and all lands and kingdoms connected by a wondrous wire, this prophet of the Lord may through telephonic communication in an instant announce to all nations pardon and sympathy and life through Jesus Christ; and then putting the wondrous tube to the ear of the Lord's prophet, the response shall come back, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son."

You and I may not live to see the day. I think those of us who are over forty years of age can hardly expect to see the day. I expect before that time our bodies will be sound asleep in the hammocks of the old Gospel ship as it goes sailing on. But Christ will wake us up in time to see the achievement. We who have sweated in the hot harvest field will be at the door of the garden when the sheaves come in. That work for which in this world we toiled and wept and struggled and wore ourselves out, shall not come to consummation and we be oblivious of the achievement. We will be allowed to come out and shake hands with the victors. We who toiled in the earlier battles will have just as much right to rejoice as those who red-dened their feet in the last Armageddon. Ah! yes, those who could only give a cupful of cold water in the name of a disciple, those who could only scrape a handful of lint for a wounded soldier, those who could only administer to old age in its decrepitude, those who could only coax a poor waif of the street to go back home to her God, those who could only lift a little child in the arms of Christ, will have as much right to take part in the ovation to the Lord Jesus Christ as Chrysostom.

It will be

YOUR VICTORY AND MINE

as well as Christ's. He the conqueror, we shouting in His train. Christ the Victor will pick out the humblest of His disciples in the crowd, and turning half around on the white horse of victory He shall point her out for approval by the multi-

tude as He says: "She did what she could." Then putting His hand on the head of some man who by his industry made one talent do the work of ten He will say "Thou hast been faithful over a few things—I will make thee ruler over ten cities." Two different theories about the fulfilment of this promise.

There are people here to-day, who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps He may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra and St. Marks and the Winter Palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to Him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stirrup as the King mounts. O! what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens and right here where He has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled. "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

But failing in that I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on His brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors. Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the *Champs Elysées* all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in His august arrival.

Turn out all heaven to meet Him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the shouts of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

"While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view."

An Important Conference was Held in London on August 2d. It was summoned by Mr. Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army, to give an opportunity to those who have criticized the methods of the Army to attend and receive explanations. Among the speakers was Mr. F. A. Bevan, who alluded to some of the Salvation Army posters, on which appeared announcements the irreverence of which shocked Christian men. He also dwelt on the preaching of entire sanctification, and said, boys and girls say they have been converted for two or three weeks, and have not sinned all that time. *I feel myself that everything I do is defiled with sin.* We have been and seen the Army, and we won't let one of our children go near them. You have children setting at nought their parents, and saying they do not care, and that they can go to the captains and cadets of the Salvation Army. I cannot find anything in the Word of God to justify them calling themselves "Generals" and "Captains." If it was the simple preaching of Christ crucified, we should only be too glad, and I would go with them. In one of the suburbs of London they had interfered with the regular worship of the place. The friends of a poor woman who was very ill besought them to go away and not make a noise; but the only reply was a smile. They had stopped the real work of God by ordinary means through these tremendous noises. Mr. T. A. Denny, who replied for the Army, said, Mr. Bevan has spoken manfully, and many people think as he does. The best way to judge of this Army is to go and look at it. I often wonder if people in high places in England know the depth of infamy and vice to which people have sunk. These people were reached by the Salvation Army.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Lunatic and the Officer.—At the Noon-day meeting on August 3d, Mr. Sloan said: "A friend of mine, an officer in the army, was walking along a quiet street one day when a man approached and put his hands upon my friend's shoulders, saying, 'Man, have you ever thanked God for your reason?' The officer tried to get away, but again the same question was put to him, and in a more imperative way. 'No; I have not,' he at length replied. 'Then go down upon your knees at once and do it; I have lost mine!' Then the poor lunatic and my friend kneeled down and thanked God for the reason one of them still had. This prayer was the means of the officer's conversion to Christ, and he has been successfully working for many years in the Lord's service."

A Suicide Stopped.—Mr. Lakin said: "I lately heard of an interesting case of a young man who had the previous day been dismissed from his employment, owing to his bad conduct, combined with some previous things in his life which his employer had found out. His wife was away at the sea-side, and he was so depressed on Sunday that he wrote a letter stating he intended to kill himself and who and what he was, so that when his body was found there might be no uncertainty as to his identity. In the evening, as he was passing the Gospel tent, on his way to the river, to kill himself, he was attracted by the singing, and went inside. One of the brethren spoke to him, and after a little came and asked me to shake hands with the man, as he was now rejoicing in a crucified Saviour. Last Sunday he was in Morrison Street Hall, his face beaming with joy."

A Lunatic Railway Signalman.—Mr. Johnstone said: "There was a man in a lunatic asylum in America, whose constant cry was, 'Oh, if I only had!' The explanation was that he used to be a pointsman on the railway, and had charge of the raising and lowering a bridge. One day a friend asked him to turn the bridge to let him pass, and thus save a few minutes of his time. Although the express train was signalled, and it might be there in a few minutes, he risked it and turned the bridge, and at the same moment the train dashed into the gulf, and among many deaths and injuries this man lost his reason. And will not this be the burden of the cry of those who die impenitent and unregenerate? In memory of a despised Gospel, a rejected Saviour, and means of grace gone by forever, will they not exclaim, in unspeakable bitterness of soul, 'Oh, if I only had!'"

Visit to a Condemned Murderer.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting, at Cowcaddens, on August 2d, Rev. Mr. McDougall said: "I once went into a prison to visit a young man who was condemned to die for murdering another man. The turnkey took me along the bare passages, which seemed to strike a chill through me as I walked along. At last I was shown into the condemned cell. There lay the murderer on a bare form with a ball of iron, and chains on his legs. I bent over him and asked, 'Did you ever expect that you would take a knife, and plunge it into another man's side?' Looking up he groaned out, 'No, sir; I never did; the thought would have horrified me; but it was the drink that made me a murderer.' If that man had been a total abstainer, it was not probable that he would have been lying in prison waiting for an ignominious execution. May God deliver us from this, and from all the fatal seductions of the devil."

Dying Jeanie and Her Mother.—One Sunday lately a man came to the Gospel Temperance meeting in Cowcaddens very much agitated, and asked that an experienced worker might go with him to see his dying daughter, as the "wee ane" longed to see some one before she died. At half-past eight at night one of the lady-workers accompanied the man to his home, and on reaching the place she was led through a little shop into a small back room, and there saw a woman and a young girl lying on the bed beside the door. Going to the bedside the lady spoke to the girl, who, although she heard and understood all that was

said, could only reply in very faint whispers. Opening her Bible, the visitor read slowly and clearly the tenth chapter of John, and pointed out in a few words the only hope of our salvation. As the lady rose to go Jeanie whispered, "Be sure and come back," and when a promise was given to be there next day, God willing, the thin, pale face lighted up with pleasure. The woman who was lying beside Jeanie was the lassie's mother, and had been helplessly ill for six weeks. The husband and father was just out of the infirmary, and only able to earn enough to buy food for them. On the following Wednesday Jeanie was "gathered home" from the mother's side to the arms of the dear Saviour, whom for some time she most cordially loved, and whom she had hoped to be able to glorify by earthly service.

On the Look Out for a Prisoner.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting, August 4th, Mr. R. Hunter Craig said: "I was lately much cheered by the earnest, eager spirit shown by a man whom I asked to go to Greenock, for the purpose of bearing testimony to the preserving grace of God, at Mr. Moody's meeting there. He replied, 'I fear that I can't go.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because I can't get back to-night,' he answered. 'I have to meet a man at the Duke Street Prison door early to-morrow morning. He has just finished his time, and I want to get at him before his chums are round him again.' This is the sort of work the 'Mizpah Band' is doing. We made inquiry into the case of the discharged prisoner, and found that he had been punished for beating his mother, and learned that he had been drinking heavily at the time and was not conscious of acting so brutally toward her. When he discovered it his grief was bitter. Tearing his hair he declared that death would be better for him than anything else. This man has signed the pledge and given his heart to Christ, and is now living a steady, exemplary life, trying to win others from the hurtful influences of intemperance."

A Scotch Lad's Proofs.—Mr. Simpson said, at the same meeting: "A gentleman lately had a parcel to take to the train one afternoon, and as he was leaving his counting-house, he saw a ragged barefooted boy, and asked him if he wanted to earn a penny or two. The lad eagerly agreed, and carried the parcel to the station, where they had ten minutes to wait for the train. The gentleman was a Christian and took the boy into the carriage to have some conversation with him. 'Do you go to Sabbath school, my boy?' he inquired. 'Na, sir, I dinna; but a'm converted, though,' was the unexpected answer. 'Converted, are you? Do you know what that means?' asked the gentleman. 'Aye, a dae ken,' said the boy, with a beaming face. 'When and where?' was the next inquiry. 'In th' Surkis, mair than a month syne,' the lad said. 'But, my boy, how do you know—how old are you?' asked the gentleman, anxiously. 'A'm twal yers auld, an a ken weel that God has changed ma hert, 'cause I eesed to drink, smoke, sweer, an' gae wi' bad companions. Noo'a dinna dae ony o' the things.' Yes, this ragged lad was a son of God by faith in Christ. His proofs were unimpeachable."

An Infatuated Musician.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting, Cowcaddens, on August 3d, a broken-down looking elderly man came into the meeting and stayed to be spoken with. The Rev. Mr. McDougall pointed out the way of life to him, and he professed to accept Christ as his Saviour. Inquiry was made into his past life, and it was found that when he was a young man he showed great aptitude for music and musical instrument making. In due course he became an expert musician in almost every part of his profession, from the merely mechanical work to the most abstruse theory. It took him many years hard steady work, but the result paid him well until the craving for stimulants became so imperative that he would lose the most important engagement he had made for the sake of a drinking bout with congenial friends. Gradually he found that many men, his inferiors in education and ability, were being preferred to himself, and he made an effort to retrieve his position; but so powerful was his infatuation and bondage to strong drink, that he fell farther

down into the filthy slough than ever, till at last he was obliged to do anything whatever to earn a living; but all he managed to get was spent to gratify his unquenchable craving for whiskey. When he entered the meeting he had neither money nor home. One of the workers was sent to a lodging-house with him, and it is resolved that, if after due trial, the man shows himself to be in earnest, means will be devised to secure him an opportunity to earn his own living honestly.

The Coachman's Christian Son.—An Evangelist in the west of London, narrated the following incident: "A coachman was taken ill suddenly, and we called at the house, and quietly ascended the staircase leading to the room where the sick man lay. There bent over the prostrate form of the man his eldest son, deeply affected and weeping bitterly. His face was close to that of the father's, and we heard him in an agony of earnest words, amid his deep grief, say, 'Father, this is a faithful saying, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Oh, my father, do only trust Jesus! "His precious blood cleanseeth from all sin." Only believe, my father! Oh, God, save my father!' Then followed other precious Scriptures. The hot tears and intense earnestness and anxiety we shall never forget. We had watched the scene for some minutes almost transfixed at the door. At length, approaching the bed, we observed that *the man was dead*. Tenderly we raised the young man, and quietly said, 'He is gone; you cannot reach him now!' Poor fellow, he had been speaking into the ear of a corpse, and as we sought to comfort the son, we prayed that our efforts to make the living hear should be as ardent and earnest as that we had just witnessed."

AMID PERILOUS TIMES.

By the Rev. Dr. Sinclair Patterson.

PROPHECIES of the world's progress and improvement widely accepted thirty years ago have been strikingly falsified. At the time of the first Great Exhibition in London in 1851, it was a current article of faith that the world was entering upon a new era of brotherhood and peace. Commerce was destined to charm away all thoughts of conflict from the hearts of men, and to command the fullest employment of national energies in deeds of mutual service. The millennial hour of rest looked and longed for by ancient seers had already dawned. In the kindly emulation of skill and science, and in the helpful interchange of crops and merchandize, there appeared the happy promise of a bright and beneficent future.

That this statement is no exaggeration, the following extract from a widely-circulated book by one of the most popular preachers of that time plainly proves: "It (the Great Exhibition) may be a contribution to the peace of nations by showing a nobler rivalry than arms, better trophies than banners and garments rolled in blood, and a warfare whose field is the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park—whose artillery are steam engines and hydraulic presses—whose soldiers are philosophers and engineers, and spinners and dyers—and its protocols treatises on science, and its traces good feeling, amicable rivalry, and social and universal advancement."

"Such great movements have always been connected with the elevation and progress of mankind. It was when the Medes and Parthians and dwellers in Mesopotamia—and I speak it with a deep sense of the solemnity of that event—were assembled at Jerusalem, that the Holy Spirit came down, and made them the ambassadors of God and the benefactors of mankind. It may be that during this great assembly of the nations of the earth, of Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, bond and free, God may have in store unknown to us—I pray that it may be so—social blessings that the world shall not be able to exhaust."

In the light of subsequent history how satirical such writing seems! It is certain that from that time onward to the present hour there have been wars and rumors of wars; and these, perhaps not altogether untraceable to that great display of riches and skill; there has also been ever since a steadily rising wave of Materialism which seriously

threatens to overwhelm industry no less than religion.

How sadly and sternly the three decades following give the lie to these confident predictions of human foresight all the world knows. Again and again has the trump of war summoned hosts to carnage; the plains of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have been repeatedly deluged with blood, and now, when the generation so hopefully inaugurated is nearing its close, there remains perplexity of nations, and men's hearts are failing them for fear.

A few years more, and in 1893 the centenary of the great French Revolution of 1793 will be reached. What has been the result of the varied experiments in democracy which owe their origin to that startling crisis! Is government safer and stronger to-day than it was before that wild volcanic outburst? Is there greater reverence for law, and do rulers more fully command the respect and obedience of their subjects? These are questions to which thoughtful men are slow to give reply. They are discouraged by the manifest presence and prevalence of *lawlessness* wherever they look, and they find little of that loyal submission to authority which is the only guarantee of order and progress.

The nations which form the very vanguard of civilization are threatened from within. In America the rights of labor are clamorous for a favorable settlement. France, having suppressed insurrection with a strong, firm hand, is still anxious about the near future. In Germany, Bismarck's stern will has hitherto held in check rebellious spirits, but it is no secret that the fatherland is filled with Socialistic theories which only wait a favorable season to ripen into action. The Czar of Russia scarcely dares to hold with firm grasp the reins of government, and his assumption of the emblems of autocratic power by coronation has been barred by Nihilistic threats and terror. The minor States of Europe, with hardly a single exception, are pervaded by a visible unrest; and our own country, which we have proudly called the home of freedom, is face to face with an organized and secret rebellion in Ireland against both liberty and law.

Nor is the outlook more hopeful when we consider the attitude in which the powerful European nations stand in relation to each other. Armed to the teeth, they exhibit a distrust and suspicion of one another which they are at no pains to conceal. Yet each one of them fears to provoke an explosion. They all dread the extent and consequences of the conflagration which the least spark might kindle. The whole forces of their diplomacy are combined to secure a hollow and deceptive peace. Their consciousness of internal weakness makes them fearful of external troubles.

These circumstances occasion us no surprise. We see in them a fulfilment of the sure word of prophecy, and we are even prepared for the issues. Events are ripening the nations for judgment.

[The above sentiments strikingly agree with what many commentators hold—viz., that we are at the close of the Sixth Vial and on the margin of the Seventh, see Rev. 16 : 12 to 17.—ED.]

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE JEWISH NATION AND LAND.

By the Rev. G. H. Pember, M.A.

Causes in Operation Favoring the Return of the Jews to the Holy Land—The Sultan of Turkey's Firman in 1840—Additional Concession in 1867—Exodus of Russian Jews—Emigration to Germany and their Exodus therefrom—Schemes for Colonizing the Holy Land—The Centre of the Eastern Question—Imminent Troubles for the Jews.

It is clear that the first great sign of the end of the age must be the return of the Jews in considerable numbers to their own country, and the subsequent rebuilding of the temple. Now this return has actually commenced, and various causes already in operation seem likely to favor it. In the first place, we may mention that Jerusalem itself is gradually becoming a centre of civilization and is assuming the appearance of a modern city; villas are being erected in its neighborhood, and no less than three exclusively Jewish building societies have been for some time carrying on their work.

Again, during the last ten or twelve years the Jewish population has doubled itself, so that at the present time it outnumbers the remainder of the inhabitants. Such a condition of things has not previously been known in Jerusalem since its destruction by Hadrian. Various causes have contributed to bring about this result, and seem likely to extend it. Among them are the following:

In 1840, at the request of Sir Moses Montefiore, the Sultan of Turkey issued a firman for the relief of his Jewish subjects. After stating in the preface that the various accusations—such as that of sacrificing a human being to make use of his blood at the Passover—which were popularly brought against the Jews, were pure calumnies, he declared that thenceforth the Israelitish nation should be protected and defended, and should possess the same advantages, and enjoy the same privileges, as the numerous other nations under his sway. Thus one great obstacle to the return of the Jews to Palestine was removed.

In 1867, the Turkish Government made an important concession in regard to their land laws, and gave permission to the subjects of foreign powers to purchase land in their own name. It is easy to see how favorable this change is, indirectly, to immigration; since any rich European Jew can now buy up property in Palestine, and let it as he chooses to families of his own nation. And not a few have availed themselves of the opportunity.

EXODUS OF RUSSIAN JEWS.

In 1874, Russia—in which vast empire there are between two and three millions of Jews—adopted the German military system, so that all Hebrews became liable to service in the army. This was very distasteful to them; and about the same time they were subjected, especially in Poland, to divers persecutions, such as are frequently raised by the Greek Church. It is reported that, for these reasons, nearly the whole of the Jewish community resolved to leave Russia; and certainly from that time emigration has been continually going on.

Many families have arrived in Palestine, to the great increase of the Hebrew population; still larger numbers have poured into Germany, where, however, they find no ease, neither rest for the sole of their foot; but seem likely to be driven on to seek another home, and possibly even to cause the departure of their brethren who had previously settled there. For, within the last few years, the ancient hatred of the Jews has been revived in Germany, their wonderful prosperity and rapidly increasing power having excited jealousy and prejudice, and induced a persuasion that many of the ills of the country are to be referred to their presence in it.*

In all probability it would never have occurred to the Jews, had they been unmolested, to abandon their prosperity in the rich countries of Europe and return to their own land. But the jealousy and hatred of those among whom they sojourn may be God's means of driving them back to the place where He will deal with them; just as, in the days of old, their hard bondage made them glad to leave the flesh-pots of Egypt, and to set their faces toward the desert.

Meanwhile, the general interest—and especially that of British Christians—which is awakened in regard to Palestine, the frequent journeyings of Europeans and Americans through the length and breadth of it, the exploring and surveying expeditions, and the exertions of Sir Moses Montefiore and other Jews, have done much to ameliorate the condition of the country, and remind us of the prophecy—

"Thou wilt arise, and have mercy upon Zion;
For it is time to favor her;
For the set time is come.
For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And favor the dust thereof."—Psa. cii. 13, 14.

COLONIZATION SCHEMES.

Among the many striking incidents of the last few years, we may mention the proposal for the colonization of Eastern Palestine suggested by Mr. Theodore Oliphant,† who, in common with the

majority of thoughtful and unprejudiced Englishmen, has viewed with alarm the rapid southward advance of Russia, and felt the necessity of checking it before the British route to India becomes seriously endangered. For the results of the late war have placed some important military positions in the hand of the Czar, and have extended the Russian Empire into Armenia; while Turkey, owing to her continued inadministration, which is ceaselessly fostered by Russia, can no longer be regarded as a reliable barrier, and indeed, unless reforms be introduced, must soon collapse, and leave for the Muscovites an open road to Jerusalem and to the Suez Canal.

Should the English discover—before their opportunity has passed—the necessity of opposing a barrier to Russian advance into Palestine, it is not improbable that the establishment of a large and influential Jewish colony would form a part of their plan. That such a project has received much consideration may be inferred from the fact that a second gentleman, Mr. Cazalet, elaborated a scheme similar to that of Mr. Oliphant, which was published about the same time as the latter.

THE CENTRE OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

We are now, in all probability, able to discern, in dim outline, the manner in which the nations will unconsciously work out the will of Him who knows the end from the beginning; but, whether this be the case or not, certainly the progress of events has at last made Palestine the centre of the great Eastern question. Nor are signs wanting that its soil is destined before long to be the battle-field of the nations, though not, probably, until the Jews have been settled in it. Then the conflicts of opposing armies, like the ancient struggle of the kings of Syria and Egypt, may, perhaps, form no small part of the discipline through which the kinsmen of the Lord have yet to pass during "the time of Jacob's trouble."

It would seem, then, that we may be very near to the times of which it is written, "And it shall come to pass on that day that I will make Jerusalem a burdensome stone to all the peoples; all that lift it shall be wounded; and all the nations of the earth shall be gathered together against it." The grand swoop of the Russian eagle appears to be described in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel, in which it is now almost universally admitted that the name and titles of the northern king should be rendered, "Gog of the land of Magog, prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal." The kingdom of this leader can be identified in no dubious manner with the present dominions of the Czar, and, as Dean Stanley remarks, "this early Biblical notice of so great an empire is doubly interesting from its being a solitary instance. No other name of any modern nation occurs in the Scriptures."

IMMINENT TROUBLES FOR THE JEWS.

There is, then, bitter tribulation awaiting the sons of Abraham in the immediate future. The curse which the miserable people called down upon their own heads is not yet exhausted; the blood of Him whom the Father sent is still upon them and upon their children; there is no fountain as yet opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness; they are still bearing every one his own iniquity. But the hour of decision is approaching, when that which can be saved shall be saved, and that which will perish shall perish; the time is near when the people shall be gathered in unbelief into their own country as men "gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it."*

The day is not far distant in which the inhabitant of Jerusalem shall indeed say, "I am sick," and all the cities and fields of the devoted land shall be anguished with pain, and sorrow, and crying, and death. For the last end of the indignation, like the closing trouble of Joseph's brethren, shall be the worst of all; but its fruit will be the broken and contrite heart; and then mercy will take the place of judgment, and He shall appear, who is able to save to the uttermost, and who "turneth the shadow of death into the morning."†

* A considerable emigration of Jews from Germany has been going on for several months past.—Ed.

† This scheme is explained in Mr. Oliphant's interesting book, "The Land of Gilead."

* Ezek. xxii. 20.

† Amos v. 8.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Rumors of Changes in President Arthur's Cabinet have been freely circulated during the past week. It is generally expected that Secretary of the Treasury, Folger, will be a candidate for the Governorship of New York, and that Mr. Teller, now Secretary of the Interior, will be a candidate for the seat of his State in the United States Senate. If these expectations are fulfilled the Cabinet will be reconstructed, an event which the President is said to desire. Secretary Folger being appealed to in reference to the course he would pursue if a nomination should be tendered him, said: "Should the convention see fit to nominate me I shall accept, and enter heartily into the canvass. I am not ashamed to say that a nomination for Governor of my own State is an honor of which I would be proud, and which I would accept without hesitation." It is understood that Mr. Folger would have the support of the administration in the canvass, but recent events have shown that such support might not be an unalloyed advantage. It is no secret that many Republicans desire a renomination for Mr. Cornell, while others advocate the nomination of Mr. Wadsworth. It is

a remarkable development of events that the Governor's most implacable opponents are those who contributed most effectively to his nomination three years ago. The machine is out of gear in New York as in other States, and it is believed that if the choice of the Democrats should be a wise one they will carry the State and so influence the next Presidential election.

The Elections of this Month which are Attracting the interest of politicians are those of Arkansas, Maine, and Vermont. In Arkansas there are three tickets in the field for Governor and State officers—Republican, Democratic, and Greenback. In Maine, the most closely contested election of the three, the election will be held on Monday, 11th inst. For Governor, the only State officer to be chosen, the candidates are: Republican, Frederick Robie; Greenback-Democratic-Fusion, Harris M. Plaisted, the present incumbent; straight Greenback, Solon Chase; Prohibition, William T. Eustis, and Independent Republican, Warren N. Vinton. Vermont elects Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, State Treasurer, Legislature, and two Representatives, and there three tickets are also in the field.

The Prohibition Wave is being felt in Illinois. A Press correspondent in that State writing to a New York journal says: The Prohibitionists have undertaken to question every nominee of both parties for the Legislature as to how he would vote on the submission of a liquor amendment to the people. When the answer has been unsatisfactory, or none has been given, a Prohibition candidate has at once been placed in the field. This course has been pursued to such an extent as to alarm the Republicans. The Democrats are drawing much encouragement from the situation; Governor Culom has said: "While I do not think it wise for the Republican party to incorporate a prohibition plank in its platform, I think there will be enough good men in the next Legislature who will favor submitting the amendment. I would favor it myself, because I think the people have a right to be heard upon all great questions when they demand the opportunity."

The Subject of Civil Service Reform is Discussed in a letter to the New York Times by Dr. McCosh, the President of Princeton College. Dr. McCosh says: "I lived in Great Britain when civil service reform was discussed and carried there, and before I left the country I saw the good effects that followed immediately and visibly in the elevation of the public servants. It so happened that I was one of a commission of twelve or fifteen persons appointed by the crown to organize the system, on the first application of it, which was to the civil officers sent out to govern the great Territory of India; and I had to take part in conducting the first examination." Dr. McCosh concludes by observing that civil service reform "is the great political—I would rather say the great national—question of the day, in comparison of which every other is insignificant. It is not only good in itself, but is the only means of stopping that political corruption of which every party is complaining. What we need at present is a combined movement among thinking and educated men to overbear the influence of those politicians who, for selfish, for personal and party ends, are practically opposing a measure so palpably for the benefit of the country."

The Liquor Question will be the Most prominent one in Ohio during this campaign. A correspondent in Cincinnati of a leading independent journal thus describes the situation: There is now practically free trade in liquor in Ohio. In 1854 a clause was inserted in the State constitution prohibiting the licensing of liquor dealers. Some laws have since been passed attempting to regulate the traffic, but they were either feeble or unconstitutional and have never been enforced. There is nothing to prevent any dealer from setting up a liquor shop anywhere in the State. They are therefore to be found in greater numbers and they are of a lower order in the State of Ohio than within the limits of any other State in the Union. Last winter, however, the Republican Legislature did essay to regulate the evil, and passed two laws—one taxing the sale of liquor and the other pro-

hibiting its sale on Sunday. The first, because of certain defects, was declared unconstitutional. The second has been so far practically inoperative. The issue that the Republicans are endeavoring to make in Ohio this year is to secure a majority in favor of at least one of their candidates that shall be regarded as an expression of the popular will that the Legislature shall perfect the Tax bill at its session this winter, and that the Sunday law shall be rigidly enforced. The Democrats claim that their party is not opposed to taxation of the traffic of a proper Sunday law, and that as neither the Legislature nor important State officers are to be chosen this fall, the liquor question cannot be considered a factor in the contest.

Another Distinguished Advocate of Civil Service Reform has appeared in the person of Senator Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, who in a speech at Indianapolis on August 30th, said: "My brief experience at Washington has led me often to utter the wish, with an emphasis that I do not often use, that I might be forever relieved of any connection with the distribution of patronage. I covet for myself the free and unpurchased support of my fellow-citizens, and long to be able to give my time and energy solely to those public affairs that legitimately relate to the honorable trust that you have committed to me." He strenuously advocated the inauguration of civil service reform of a most radical kind.

A Garfield Fair is to be Held in Washington in November next, and the committee in charge of the arrangements, which includes members of the Supreme Court, Senators, members of Congress, army and navy officers of high rank and the first citizens of Washington, have issued a circular in which they say: "A national bazaar, art and industrial exposition will be held in the rotunda and adjacent halls of the National Capitol at Washington, D. C., November 25th to December 3d (inclusive), 1882, as authorized by joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, August 7th, 1882. The object of this undertaking is to raise funds with which to erect a statue in this city to the memory of General James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, which work is in the hands of a committee of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, who have already collected for this purpose some \$20,000, and expect, with the results of the exposition, to have a sufficient sum with which to erect a work befitting the great name it is proposed to commemorate."

The Yellow Fever Ravages at Brownsville, Tex., and the neighborhood show no signs of abatement. During the week ending Sept. 2, 425 new cases of fever were reported. The official report for the twenty-four hours ending at 10 a. m., on Friday gives sixty new cases and two deaths. Subscriptions are being received from numerous sources for the sick. Some of the new cases are in Fort Brown, among them Major Witherell, of the 19th Infantry. Dr. Murray is doing everything possible to prevent egress from this city and county. The mail to Rio Grande City has been ordered stopped until further notice. A slight improvement is reported from Matamoras, Mex.

Gratifying Intelligence of the Industrial Prospects in the Cotton States was given at the session of the American Bankers' Convention at Saratoga, N. Y., on August 17, by Mr. W. H. Perkins, of Mississippi. The crop prospects there, he said, were good. The cotton crop will be larger than last year. The farmers are getting clear of debt and abandoning the idea of planting cotton alone. In the past two years railroad enterprises have been begun and are being prosecuted that will cause an expenditure within the State of Mississippi of fifteen to twenty millions of dollars within the next two or three years. The directors of the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans Railroad have resolved to build a road from Jackson to Yazoo City, and the work will be commenced some time this fall. During the twelve months just passed Mississippi has paid more money into the United States Treasury from the sale of her public lands than any State in the Union, and that is without a parallel in the history of that State.

A Billiard Player was Startled by one of the balls used in the game taking fire recently. During the progress of a friendly game at Toronto on August 29th, one of the players happened to touch a ball with a lighted cigar, when to his amazement it immediately caught fire and was quickly consumed. It was made of celluloid, a fact of which the players were not aware or more caution would have been observed. The damage done could easily be repaired, but there have been cases in which smoking and billiard playing have led to irreparable mischief and that too, owing to a mistake as to the strength of what has been destroyed (1 Cor. 10 : 12).

Two Little Girls were Forgotten on a Ferry boat last week by their intoxicated father. They were found crying bitterly in the cabin of one of the North River boats in its New York slip about ten o'clock at night. The children were taken to the police station and the case was set down as one of abandonment. But soon after midnight a man arrived at the station-house and asked for the two girls, of whom he said he was the father. He was very drunk, he said, when he went on to the boat with his children, and when he reached New York he was half asleep and forgot that they were with him. He entered a horse car and rode to his home, and it was not till his wife asked him where the girls were, that he realized the fact that he had lost them. He at once returned to the ferry and there learned what had become of them. It is not every case of forgetfulness that ends so satisfactorily. It is to be feared that at the last great day many parents will realize with horror that their children are hopelessly lost through the neglect of those who should have trained them in the fear of the Lord (Prov. 22 : 6).

Thirteen Hours of Peril were Endured by a young man from New York last week. A fishing party while sailing off Merwin's Point on the Connecticut shore, found a young man sitting on the submerged hull of a cat-boat and rescued him. He said he had been in that position thirteen hours. He and a companion were sailing in the boat on the previous day, when it was capsized by a sudden squall and lay on its side with the mast and sail flat on the water. They climbed on the vessel's side, and observing that she was drifting toward New Haven harbor they hoped that they would find a refuge there. But when about one hundred and fifty yards from the lighthouse the current changed and they were drifting out to sea again. Then they decided to try to swim ashore. In this effort one of them was drowned and the other, after much difficulty, succeeded in getting back to the boat. There he remained through the night, shouting to passing vessels, but unable to make them hear on account of the roaring of the sea. When the fishing yacht took him aboard he was utterly exhausted. How many a poor man shipwrecked in the voyage of life has had a similar experience of futile efforts at self-rescue, and vain calls on other barks until the Gospel boat has come to his relief (Rom. 1 : 16).

A Purchaser's Perversity is said to have Led to a disaster which was near ending in the destruction of his house recently. The incident was narrated in a Detroit journal by a second-hand dealer who purchased four stoves, all alike. In cleaning them it was found that one of them had a crack in the bottom and the dealer concluding that if a plate were laid over the crack, it would do for his own use, had it set by itself in his store to be taken to his house when the wagon could be spared to take it up. Soon afterward a purchaser entered and asked the price of the stoves; he was answered and invited to take his choice. He looked them carefully over and then caught sight of the cracked one standing apart. He inquired what that one was, and being informed that it was put aside for the dealer, said he would have that or none. "But it is cracked," said the boy. It was no use, "That is the stove I will have," said the man, and so fearful was he that another might be sent instead, that he waited to see it placed on the wagon. The first time he lighted a fire in his new stove the crack opened right up, and before night it burst and but for energetic measures his place would have been burned down. It would have been better

for him if he had been prevented having what he had set his heart on. Some men have had cause to come to the same conclusion in more serious matters, and not a few late in life have acknowledged the goodness of God in not granting them boons for which they had prayed in their youth (1 John 5 : 14, 15).

A Valuable Medical Discovery Appears to have been made by Dr. MacGuire, of New York, who described it at a meeting of physicians at the Oriental Hotel, Coney Island, last week. It appears that hitherto the disease known as cancer-moris, or gangrenous ulcer, has been regarded as practically incurable, statistics showing that not one in twenty persons afflicted with it recovered. The disease broke out in an institution attended by Dr. MacGuire, and he was led to devote special attention to it. The disease is more loathsome than leprosy, and Dr. MacGuire noticed that all the sufferers were in a weak and debilitated condition occasioned by bad and insufficient food furnished them, and by the *polluted atmosphere* in which they had been confined. The doctor tracing all clues at length found that sub-nitrate of bismuth applied to the affected parts produced an immediate improvement, and eventually a complete cure. He accounted for the success of the remedy on the ground that it acted as a "*germicide*," destroying the germs of the disease, and he expressed the belief that it might be used with like effect in kindred diseases. The description of the disease and its treatment is a remarkable figure of that spiritual disease which affects all men (Isaiah 1 : 6 ; Zech. 13 : 1).

A Newly Arrived Immigrant is to be Re-turned to England. She is now in the Tombs serving a sentence of ten days for drunkenness. She gives the following account of herself: "I arrived last week by the Amsterdam. My passage was paid by the authorities in London. I was arrested two years ago by the Kensington police for being drunk. When I became sober they told me that I had attempted suicide. I was tried at the Westminster Sessions, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. I was sent to Tuthill jail. The authorities came to me about a month ago and told me they would give me the benefit of four months' good conduct if I would sign a paper consenting to go to America. I did so, and was shipped on the Amsterdam. My passage was paid and I was given a sovereign." The authorities have decided on sending her back to her own country, as we have already too many of that class here, of whom they cannot get rid. They are a burden to any country, and our government justly resents the attempt of the old world to shuffle its burdens on to our shoulders. Such additions to the population of a country are never welcomed by any king or government on earth, but it was to such lost outcasts Christ came and for their salvation He bled and died (Matt. 9 : 13).

A Fight Between Tarantulas was Witnessed at the store of a dealer in natural curiosities in Denver, Col., recently. The vicious disposition of these venomous spiders was well known, but it was not supposed they would wage war on each other. The curiosity dealer therefore put two full grown specimens in the same glass case. No sooner did they recognize each other than they rushed together, viciously twining their long, hairy legs about each other, and rolled over and over in the sand, biting each other savagely. Incredible as it may seem, this sort of warfare was kept up for six hours, during most of which time it could not be seen that either was gaining the slightest advantage, and neither seemed willing to end the fight except by the death of his adversary. At last one succumbed, and rolled over dead on the sand, while the victor immediately proceeded to reap the spoils of his long battle. Seizing his vanquished enemy in his stout horns, or pincers, he rapidly tore him limb from limb, and coolly proceeded in true cannibalistic fashion, to make a meal of him. There have been contests in the battle field and in the law courts and in society which this fight vividly typifies in its ferocity and its issue. The Apostle Paul explicitly warns Christians against such a spirit of strife (Gal. 5 : 15).

BROUGHT UP FROM THE HORRIBLE PIT.

A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."—Psalm 40 : 1-3.

The Messiah Speaking—In His Greatest Trouble—I. Our Lord's Behavior—Waiting under the Rod—With Patience—With Prayer—Patience in Waiting as well as in Suffering—II. Our Lord's Deliverance—Out of a Horrible Pit—A Dungeon in Rome—The Oubliettes—Our Lord Quite Alone—In Total Darkness—Full of Distress—Out of the Miry Clay—Set upon a Rock—Jesus Singing—III. Our Lord's Reward—Many shall See—And Fear—And Trust—IV. The Lord's Likeness—Waiting in a Great Man's Lobby—A Predicted Entry in a Diary.

THIS passage has been used with great frequency as the expression of the experience of the people of God, and I think it has been very rightly so used. It is a very accurate picture of the way in which sinners are raised up from despair to hope and salvation, and of the way in which saints are brought out of deep troubles, and made to sing of divine love and power. Yet I am not certain that the first verse could be truthfully uttered by all of us; I question, indeed, whether any of us could thus speak. Could we say—"I waited patiently for the Lord." Think ye, brethren, might it not read—"I waited impatiently for the Lord," in the case of most of us? All the rest may stand true; but this would need to be modified. We could hardly speak in our own commendation if we considered our conduct in the matter of patience, for that is, alas, still a scarce virtue upon the face of the earth.

If we read the psalm through we shall see that it was not written exclusively to describe the experience of God's people. Secondly we may regard it as David's language, but in the first instance a greater than David is here. The first person who uttered these words was the Messiah, and that is quite clear if you read the psalm through; for we fall upon such language as this: "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart."

I shall ask you, then, at this time, to observe our divine Lord when in His greatest trouble. Notice, first, *our Lord's behavior*—"I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry;" then consider, secondly, *our Lord's deliverance*, expressed by the phrase, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay," and so forth; then let us think, thirdly, *of the Lord's reward* for it—"many shall see, and fear, and trust in the Lord;"—that is His great end and object, and in it He sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied. We shall close, fourthly, by perceiving *the Lord's likeness* in all His saved ones; for they also are brought up from the pit of destruction, and a new song is put into their mouths. He is not ashamed to call them brethren, since in each one of them His own experience is repeated though upon a smaller scale.

I. First, let us think of

OUR LORD'S BEHAVIOR.

"I waited patiently for the Lord." Here we greatly need the teaching of the Holy Ghost; may it be given us abundantly. First, our Lord's conduct when He was under the smarting rod was that of *waiting*. He waited upon the Lord all His life, and this waiting became more conspicuous in His passion and death. He went down into Gethsemane, and there He prayed earnestly; but with sweet submission; for He said, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." *Complete submission* was the essential spirit of His prayer. He rose up from prayer all crimson with His bloody sweat, and He went to meet His foes, delivering Himself up voluntarily to be led as a sheep to the slaughter.

When they led Him away to crucifixion through the streets of Jerusalem He did not even encourage the lamentations of the sympathizing women who surrounded Him; but in His wondrous patience He said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me." He did not refuse to bear His cross, or to let the cross bear Him. He did not complain of contempt and contumely, since these were appointed Him.

When they nailed Him to the tree, and there He hung in the burning sun, tortured, fevered, agonizing, the words that escaped Him were not those of murmuring and repining, but those of pity, pain, patience, and submission. Till He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost, He bowed his whole being to His Father's will, waiting His time and pleasure. He steadily took a long draught at the appointed cup, and drained it to the bitter end. He was willing in the hour of His passion to be treated as the scum and scorn of all mankind, nor did He hurry the hour when all the shame and scorn should blossom into glory and honor. He went down in His waiting even to the utmost of self-denial, and truly proved that He came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. Never man served and waited like this man.

Our text adds to this word "waited" the word "patiently." "I waited *patiently*." If you would see patience, look not at Job on the dunghill, but look at Jesus on the cross. Job, the most patient of men, was assuredly impatient at the same time; but this blessed Lord of ours gave Himself up completely, and showed not the slightest sign of repining. Not a speck of impatience can be detected in the crystal stream of our Lord's submission. His soul was all melted, and it all flowed into the mould of the Father's will; no dross was in or about Him, nothing which refused to melt and to run into the mould.

We are in such a hurry when we are in trouble; we hasten to escape from it at once; every minute seems an hour, and every day an age. "Help me speedily, O my God!" is the natural cry of the child of God under the rod; but our Saviour was in no ill haste to get from the chastisement which came upon Him for our sakes; He was at leisure in His woe. So thoroughly was He resolved to do His Father's will that even on the morning of His resurrection He arose with deliberation, and quitted the grave in order, folding His grave-clothes and laying the napkin by itself. He steadily persevered in all His work of holiness and sorrow of sacrifice, never accepting deliverance till His work was done. "I waited patiently for the Lord," saith He; and you know, brethren, how true was the declaration.

But while the Saviour thus waited, and waited patiently, we must not forget that

HE WAITED PRAYERFULLY;

for the text speaks of a cry which He lifted up, and of God's inclining Himself to it. That patience which does not pray is obstinacy. A soul silent to God is apt to be sullen rather than submissive. A stoical patience hardens itself against grief, and asks no deliverance; but that is not the patience which God loves, it is not the patience of Christ. He used strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death. Let Gethsemane tell of that wrestling which infinitely excelled the wrestling of Jacob; Jabbok is outdone by Kedron. His was a wrestling, not to sweat alone, but unto sweat of blood; he sweats who works for bread, the staff of life; but he sweats blood who works for life itself. What prayers those must have been under such a fearful physical, mental, and spiritual agony which were so fervent that they brought an angel from the throne, and yet so submissive that they are the model of resignation.

Now, brothers and sisters, look at your pattern, and see how far short you have come of it. At least, I will remember with regret how far short I have come of it. Have we waited? Have we not been in too great a hurry? Has it not been too much our desire that the Lord might make His will like our will rather than make our will like His? Have you not had a will of your own sometimes, and a strong will too? Have you not been as the

bullock unaccustomed to the yoke? Have you not kicked against the pricks? You have not waited, but you have worried. Can we say that we waited patiently? Oh, that patience! Every man thinks he has it until he needs it, but only let his tender point be touched, and you will see how little patience he possesses. It is the fire which tries our supposed resignation, and under that process much of our palace of patience burns like wood, hay and stubble.

OLD CROSSES FIT THE SHOULDER,

but let a new cross be laid upon us and we writhe under it. Suffering is the vocation of a Christian, but most of us come short of our high calling.

Our Lord Jesus has joined together reigning and suffering, for we read of "the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ;" He was the royal example of patience, but what are we? Remember, again, that Jesus prayed importunately while He waited: "being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly." Have we not at times restrained prayer? Have we not pleaded as an excuse for our feeble petitions the very facts which ought to have been a spur to our earnestness? "I felt too ill to pray." Couldst thou not pray for health with all the more fervency? "I felt too burdened to pray." Shouldst thou not pray for help to bear thy burden? Can we ever safely say to ourselves, "I may be excused from supplication now, for my sorrow is great." Talk not so. Here is thy balm and benediction, thy comfort and thy cordial; here is thy strength and succor, thy constancy and confidence.

Even in the midnight of the soul let us arise and pour out our hearts like water before the Lord. O tried believer, get thee to thy knees, and from above the mercy-seat the glory of the Lord shall shine forth upon thee. Pray even as Jesus did, and as all His saints have done, so shall you in patience possess your soul. To bear a great weight for an hour or two is nothing compared with carrying a load for many a day. *Patience knows its letters*, but waiting reads the page, and praying rehearses it in the ears of God. Let us add to our patience waiting, and to waiting prayer.

II. We come, secondly, to consider OUR LORD'S DELIVERANCE.

In due time, when patience had had her perfect work, and prayer had at last prevailed, our suffering Lord was brought up again from the depths of sorrow. His deliverance is set forth under two images.

First, it is represented as a *bringing up out of a horrible pit*. It is a terribly suggestive metaphor. I have been in the *dungeon in Rome* in which, according to tradition, Peter and Paul were confined (though, probably, they were never there at all). It was indeed a horrible pit, for originally it had no entrance but a round hole in the rock above; and when that round hole at the top was blocked with a stone, not a ray of light nor a particle of fresh air could possibly enter. The prisoners were let down into the cavern, and there they were left. When once the opening was closed they were cut off from all communication with their fellow men. Even in modern times we have seen what they call *oubliettes*, or dungeons in which prisoners were immured, to be forgotten as dead men out of mind, buried so as never to come forth again. Such unfortunates as were doomed to enter these tombs of living men bade farewell to hope. They were inhabitants of oblivion, dwellers in the land of death shade, to remain apart from their kind, cut off from memory. These worst of dungeons may illustrate our text—"He brought me up also out of an horrible pit."

Just notice, first, that our Lord was like a man put into a pit, and so made to be *quite alone*. Imagine yourself now confined in one of those caverns, with the big stone rolled over the mouth of it. There would be neither hearing nor answering. Now will you know the dread solemnity of silence. You may speak, but no gentle whisper of sympathy will reach your ears in return; you may cry again and again and make the dungeon's dome echo to your voice, but you are speaking as to brass—no man cares for your soul. You are alone; alone in a fearful solitude. Thus it happened to our Saviour. All His disciples forsook Him and fled, and what was infinitely worse, His God forsook Him too. He cried, "My God, My God,

why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Can any man tell me all that was meant by that infinite lament?

Of course, a prisoner in such a pit as that was in *total darkness*. He could not see the walls which enclosed him, nor so much as his own hand. No beam of sunlight ever wandered into that stagnant air; the captive would have to grope for the pitcher of water and the morsel of bread which a cruel mercy would allot to him. Our Lord was in the dark; midnight brooded over His spirit. He said—"Now is My soul troubled." "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." His was a pit of gloom, the region of the shadow of death, a land of darkness as darkness itself.

When a man is shut up in a pit he is, of course, *full of distress*. If you were, any of you, to go into one of the solitary cells of our own jails, I warrant you a short sojourn in it would be quite enough. These cells some years ago were thought to be wonderful cures for all sorts of evil dispositions in men, but probably they have oftener destroyed reason than conquered depravity. Go in, if you dare. Ask the warder to shut to the door, and leave you in the dark all alone, that you may try the solitary system for yourself. No, I should not advise you to try it even for five minutes, for you might even in that short space inflict such an injury upon your nervous system as you would never recover.

In our Lord's case, the grief and sorrow which He felt can never be described, nor need it be conceived. It was something tantamount to the miseries of damned souls. The holy Jesus could not feel the exact misery which takes hold on abandoned rebels, but He did suffer what was tantamount to that at the judgment-seat of God. He gave a *quid pro quo*, a something which in God's esteem, reckoning the dignity of His mighty person, stood instead of the sinner's eternal suffering. He felt woe upon woe, night blackening night. Do not try to realize His agony; He wills that you should not, for He has trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with Him, as if to show that none could understand His sorrows, and that we can do no more than speak of His "unknown sufferings."

But, oh, change the strain, and sing unto the Lord awhile, as we read the verse, "He brought me up out of an horrible pit." The Lord Jesus Christ was lifted up from all sorrow of spirit at that moment when He said so bravely, "It is finished," and though He died yet was He lifted up from death, as it is written, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." His spirit ascended to God, and by-and-by, when the third day had blushed with morning light, His body rose from the tomb, to ascend in due time to glory.

A second figure is, however, used here to express our Lord's grief and deliverance from it—"Out of the *miry clay*." Travellers tell us that wherever pits are still used as dungeons they are damp, foul, and utterly loathsome; for they are never cleansed, however long the prisoner may have been there, or however great the number of victims shut up within them. You know what the prisons of Europe were in Howard's days, they were even worse in the East in periods further back. The imprisoned wretch often found himself sinking in mire; he found no rest, no hope of comfort, and when extricated he needed a hand to drag him out of the thick clay. So did the Saviour sink in the miry clay of our sin and misery until the Lord Almighty lifted Him out.

THE CLAY OF SORROW

clung to Him; it held to Him while He was performing the great work of our redemption. But the Lord brought Him up out of it. There is no mire upon His garments now; His feet no longer sink, He is not held by the bands of death, He slides not into the grave again. He was dragged down, as it were, by bearing our sin, but that is over, and He hath ascended on high; He hath led captivity captive, and received gifts for men. All honor be unto Him, and to His Father who delivered Him.

Then we are told *He was set on a rock*, and oh, the glory of our blessed Lord in this matter, for now He stands on a firm foundation in all that He

oes for us. Judgment and truth confirm His
ays, and the Judge of all the earth approves His
oings. Christ has no sandy foundation for His
ork of mercy or His word of comfort. When He
ives He has a right to save; when He puts away
n He does it on indisputable grounds; when He
elps and delivers His people He does it according
law, according to the will of the Highest. As
istifier, Preserver, and Perfecter of His people,
e stands upon a rock.

And now the goings of our glorious Christ are
ablished. When He goes out to save a sinner,
e knows that He can do it, and has a right to do
it. When He goes up to His Father's throne to
ake intercession for sinners, His goings are estab-
shed, and the desire of His heart is given Him.
When He comes in among His church, or marches
orth with His people to the ends of the earth, His
oings are established. "For the king trusteth in
e Lord, and through the mercy of the most High
e shall not be moved." *He shall surely come a
second time* without sin unto salvation, for so has
e Father decreed; His glorious goings are as
urely established as were those of His labor and
ffering. We shall never be without a Saviour:
e shall never have a fallen or a vanquished
aviour; for His goings are established for contin-
ance, certainty, and victory. Such honor have
ll His saints; for "the steps of a good man are
rdered of the Lord;" and again, "none of his
eps shall slide."

Best of all, there is a new song in the mouth of
ur Well-beloved. It is grand to think of
JESUS SINGING.

Read the twenty-second Psalm, and you will
ind Him doing it, as also in the Hebrews: "In
he midst of the church will I sing praise unto
Thee." Toward the end of His earthly career you
ear Him bursting into song. Was not that a
rand occasion just before His passion, when He
was going out to die; we read that "after supper
hey sang a hymn." If we had been bound to die
hat night, as He was, we should rather have wept
or prayed than sang. Not so our Lord. I do not
now what psalm they sang; probably a part of
e great Hallel, usually sung after the Passover,
which consists of those Psalms at the end of the
book which are so full of praise. Think of Him
singing when near His hour of agony! Going to
scorn and mockery, singing! Going to the thorn-
crown and the scourge, singing! Going to death,
even the death of the cross, singing! For the
joy that was set before Him He endured the cross,
despising the shame!

III. Such is the exalted condition of our Lord
at this hour; let us turn and look upon

THE LORD'S REWARD.

The Lord's reward for having gone down into
the horrible pit, and having sunk in the miry clay
for us, is this—that "many shall see, and fear,
and trust in the Lord." "*Many!*" Not all
mankind, but "many" shall look to Jesus and live.
Alas! vast numbers continue in unbelief; but
"many" shall believe and live; and the Lord's
"many" means very many. As I was thinking
over my text, I thought, "I hope there will be
some at the Tabernacle this morning that belong
to the 'many' who shall see and fear and trust in
the Lord." "*Many shall,*" for the Lord hath
promised it. *But, Lord, they will not.* "But
they shall," says God. Oh, but many refuse.
"But they shall," says God, and He hath the key
of men's hearts, and power over their judgments
and their wills. "Many shall."

Do you, oh ye unbelievers, think that Jesus shall
die in vain? Oh sinners, if you will not have
Christ, others will. You may despise Him, but
He will be none the less glorious. You may reject
His salvation, but He shall be none the less mighty
to save. He is a king, and ye cannot pluck a
single jewel from His crown. If you are so fool-
ish as to provoke His iron rod so that He shall
break you in shivers with it, yet He will be glori-
ous in the sight of God, and He will save His
own. Notwithstanding your hardness of heart,
be this known unto you, oh House of Israel, that
"many shall see, and fear, and trust in the Lord."

What shall the many do? They shall "*see.*"
Their eyes shall be opened, and they shall see their

Lord in the horrible pit, and in the miry clay; and
as they look they shall see that He was there for
them. What joy this will create in their spirits!
If they do not see the Lord Jesus as their substi-
tute they shall, at any rate, be made to see the ex-
ceeding sinfulness of sin. If when Jesus only
takes imputed sin, and has no sin of His own, yet
He must be cast into the horrible pit and sink in
the miry clay; then what will become of men who
have their own sins about them, provoking the
fierce anger of the Lord?

"Many shall see." Do you wonder that it is
added, "and shall *fear?*" It makes men fear to
see a bleeding Christ, and to know that they cruci-
fied Him. It makes men fear, however, with a
sweet filial fear that is akin to hope, when they see
that Jesus died for sinners, the just for the unjust,
to bring them to God. But best of all—and this
is the chief point—they come to "*trust* in the
Lord." They build their hope of salvation upon
the righteousness of God as manifested in Christ
Jesus. Oh, I would to God that some of you
would trust Him at once. Beloved friend, are you
trying to be saved by your own works? *That is
a delusion.* Are you hoping to be saved by your
own feelings? *That is a lie.* But you can be
saved, you shall be saved; if you will trust your-
self with that blessed One who was alone in the
dark pit of noises for the sake of sinners, and
slipped in the miry clay for the ungodly, you shall
assuredly be saved from wrath through Him. Trust
Him, and as surely as He liveth you shall be saved,
for He that trusteth in Him cannot perish. God's
truthfulness were gone if the believer could be lost.
Hath He not said, "He that believeth and is bap-
tized shall be saved." The throne of God must
rock and reel before the cross of Christ shall lose
its power to save those that believe.

IV. Fourthly, let us see

THE LORD'S LIKENESS

in His people. This whole passage, as I said in
the beginning, has often been used by individual
believers as a description of their own deliverance.
It is a true picture, because we are made like unto
our Head, and all the brethren are partakers of
that which the Head has endured. Do I speak to
any of my Master's servants in sore trouble? Dear
friends, are you made to wait, though your trial is
sharp and severe? Is it so that your prayer has
not yet been answered? Then remember the
waiter's place was once occupied by the Lord
Jesus, for He says, "I waited patiently." If the
Lord keeps you waiting for a certain blessing year
after year do not despair. He will give it at
length if it be truly for your good, for He hath said
"no good thing will I withhold from them that
walk uprightly." He kept His Son waiting, and
He may very well keep you in like posture, for how
long did you delay, and cause the Lord of grace to
wait on you! "Blessed are they that wait for
Him."

I have seen people very uppish when they have
called on a public man and have had to wait a
little; they feel that they ought not to be kept in
the lobby; but suppose some young man said to
them, "I am his own son, and yet I have been
waiting an hour." Then they are more patient.
So when God keeps you waiting do not be proud,
and say, "Wherefore should I wait for the Lord
any longer?" but remember "It is good for a man
both to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of
God." Jesus waited—"waited patiently." Seek
to be like Him, and in patience possess your soul.

"I cannot see how I am to be delivered."
Wait. "Ah, this is such a heavy burden." Wait.
"But I am ready to die under this terrible load."
Wait! Wait on! Though He tarry, wait for
Him; He is worth waiting for. "Wait" is a
short word, but it takes a deal of grace to spell out
its full meaning, and still more grace to put it in
practice. Wait: wait. "Oh, but I have been
unfortunate." Wait. "But I have believed a
promise, and it has not been fulfilled." Wait; for
you wait in blessed company; you may hear Jesus
saying, "I waited patiently." Blessed be His
name, He is teaching us to do the same by His
gracious Spirit.

Next, the Lord may send you, His dear child, a
very heavy sorrow; you may fall into the horrible

pit, and see no light, no comfort, and no one may
be able to cheer you or help you. Some that have
a touch of despondency in their nature have been
brought so low as almost to despair of life. They
have sat in darkness and seen no light; they have
felt the walls of their prison and have not discov-
ered a crack or cranny through which escape was
possible; they have looked up, and even then they
have seen nothing to console them. Ah, well,
here is a word I commend to you—the Saviour
says it: "He brought *Me* up." The Lord God
can and will bring up His troubled ones. You will
have to write in your diary one of these days, "He
brought me up." I was in the dark, I was in the
dungeon, but "He brought me up."

"Ah," say you, "but I do not know how to
stand, for I sink as in miry clay, through faintness
of heart; I cannot find the slightest foothold for
my hope." No, you are sinking in the miry clay
like your Master; but in answer to prayer the Lord
will bring you up out of your hopeless state, and
He will set your feet upon a rock, and establish
your goings, and give you joy, and peace, and de-
light. Wherefore see, and fear, and trust in God,
and give glory to His blessed name.

Lastly, do I address any seeking one who finds
no rest for the sole of his foot? Dear friend, are
you sinking in the deep mire of your guilt? The
Lord can pardon you, for "the blood of Jesus
Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Are
you shut up by conscience in the prison-house un-
der a just sense of deserved wrath? Jesus will
give you immediate rest if you come to Him. Do
you feel as if you cannot kneel to pray, for your
very knees slip in the mire of doubt? Remember,
Jesus makes intercession for the transgressors.

Do you seem as if, every time you move, you are
burying your hope, and slipping deeper and deeper
into ruin? The Lord hath plenteous redemption.
Do not despair. You cannot deliver yourself, but
God can deliver you; you cannot stand of yourself,
but God can make you to stand. You cannot go to
Him nor go abroad among your fellow-men with
comfort, but the Lord can make you to run in His
ways. You shall yet go forth with joy and be led
forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall
break forth before you into singing, and all the
trees of the field shall clap their hands. Only see
Christ, and fear and trust your God, and you too
shall sing unto Jehovah your deliverer, and this
shall be your song:

"He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand
In a new thankful song."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are
requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors
in America and England, and those whose sermons,
articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and
for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000
copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the con-
version of many sinners and the quickening of
God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage
especially request prayer every Sunday morning
on behalf of their labors.]

Card-sharpers at Races.—At the Recent Good-
wood Races, in England, some card-sharpers said
to an open-air missionary after he had been warn-
ing them of the baneful consequences of a sinful
life, and expressing deep concern for their eternal
welfare, "Sir, you don't know what we are; we
are returned convicts, ticket-of-leave men. We
must do something for a living." "My father,"
said one, "was a Congregational minister. I
broke his heart. One Sunday, after he had
preached his sermon, on reaching the vestry of the
chapel, he fell down and expired." Another said,
"My mother was a pious woman. I killed her
with my cruel conduct." Alas! these characters
are types of many, who know the truth and are
familiar with Scripture teaching, but who have
been enticed by Satan into wicked ways and have
passed by stages almost imperceptible to them-
selves into a state of awful depravity.



A Letter Strangely Directed.



Dick Foster Consols his Mother.

MABEL SPENCER'S LOVER.

IN an upper room of a farmhouse a lady was restlessly pacing the floor. She was young, tall, and graceful of step and movement. As she walked to and fro she passed two windows framed in ivy and woodbine, which, twining together, almost covered the old house. Every time she came to the windows in her walk she paused to direct a longing glance down the path that led from the farm to the village. Along that path she knew that soon an old man would be seen walking and carrying a bag of letters. It was for the first sight of that old man she was watching so eagerly. The time was that of the Franco-German war, and it was from the scene of that sanguinary conflict that she expected a letter. Her lover was in the scene of a carnage, and her heart bled to think of the risk to which he was exposed. He was a young surgeon, and he had volunteered to go with the German army that he might gain experience and engage in the labor he loved best of all, that of relieving pain and mitigating the suffering of brave men.

But Mabel Spencer was anxious. She counted the days that must elapse before a letter could arrive, and this morning she was looking out for the letter which might come as she had been every morning for a week past. After a time she descried the old man with his letter-bag leisurely treading the path. Instantly she was on the stairs and running through the garden stood at the gate to await his coming.

"Have you a letter for me, Williams?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, Miss Spencer, I dunno," he said; "mayhap I have, and mayhap not. There ain't one, so to say, addressed to you, but I ha' got a

furrin' letter that perhaps is meant for you. I'll read what it says," and adjusting his spectacles the old man produced a long, narrow envelope, and held it before him. But Mabel Spencer could not wait for him to spell it out, but glanced eagerly over his shoulder. It was addressed to "Mabel, writer of a letter to Surgeon Ernest Fielding, Ingle-nook, Hampshire, England." "Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "that is mine; give it me," and she clasped the letter and hurried toward the house. There she opened it and with a sinking heart read the dreadful news. The writer did not know her name, but he too, was a surgeon, and he told how young Fielding was on the field and while stooping over a fallen soldier to adjust a bandage the fragment of a shell struck him on the head. He was carried to the hospital insensible and apparently dying. But he still lingered, and though the surgeons gave no hope of him, the writer of the letter believed that if he were taken to some quiet place and carefully nursed he would recover. He therefore resolved to write to the injured man's friends and relate the circumstances. Looking for some clue to the address of these friends he found in the pocket of the wounded man a letter from Ingle-nook and signed "Mabel." So he had written in the hope that even the incomplete address would be sufficient.

Mabel read the letter with many tears. She had no mother to advise with, and her sisters were unsympathetic. She knelt down and begged for wisdom to be given her of God that she might know what she ought to do. As she arose her mind was made up. She would go to her lover and nurse him back to life if God so willed. She sought her father and from him received a reluctant consent to her scheme, and the money neces-

sary for her journey. It was a trying ordeal, but the young girl who undertook it has the gratification of knowing that the good man who is now her husband owes his life to her devotion.

DICK FOSTER'S TROUBLES.

"So she has thrown you over, Dick? We never mind, man! Don't put on that hang-dog look! There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught!"

The speaker was a young man of twenty summers, or thereabouts, who, dressed in rather slovenly fashion, lay at full length on a luxurious couch, smoking a meerschaum pipe and reading a novel. His companion, who looked about the same age, was differently attired. Dick Foster means were not the same as those of Francis Beresford, neither were his tastes.

They were both graduates at college, and it was in Foster's rooms that they were sitting on the afternoon when our story opens. The post had brought a letter for Dick, and that young gentleman, although he tried hard to repress any sign of feeling when reading the epistle, still betrayed agitation.

"Wrong again, old boy!" retorted Dick, with forced laugh; "quite off the scent!"

"Not I," persisted Beresford, "I can see it is lady's hand from here. Own up to it, old man and don't be stupid."

Frank Beresford was not a genius, but he was a good-tempered youth. Moreover, he had a strong affection for his friend; so, seeing by Dick's manner that something was amiss, and that he did not want to talk about it, he turned his attention once more to his book, and was soon oblivious of both Dick and his troubles. And Dick's troubles were

l enough. The letter, which Beresford had noticed, was from Dick's mother, and its contents were enough to justify his agitation.

Dick's father had been a successful merchant, and amassed a considerable fortune. Dick, the only boy in the family, had been at school and was now at the university, intending, when he left, to study for the bar. Unfortunately for Mr. Foster's family that good gentleman lived some three years too long to die affluent. Three years before his death, he was worth a hundred thousand dollars at least; on the day after his funeral, his widow had to call her creditors together to tell them her husband had not left enough money to satisfy their claims. Everybody was very sorry, but nobody was surprised. Mr. Foster had made his money by steadiness, sobriety, and attention to business; he lost it through habits acquired late in life, of negligence, inattention and drunkenness. It took him thirty years to make his hundred thousand dollars; he contrived to squander it in three. Then Mrs. Foster wrote to Dick to college to tell him that she had sacrificed her own private property to make up the deficiency in his father's estate, and had, to save his name from dishonor, paid every dime of debt.

The family were now without any income, and it was to apprise him of that fact, and that his university career was therefore ended, that Mrs. Foster sent her son this letter. Dick was a brave and noble young fellow and did not allow himself to be cast down by his misfortune. Putting the best face he could on the matter, he bade his college chums good-by, and returned home. He found his mother in tears.

"My dear mother!" said Dick, putting his hand lovingly on her shoulder, "don't worry about it. You did quite right in paying the people. I don't complain. Why should I? I have health and strength, and a better education than most young men. Don't you fear, I shall get on somehow, and you and Mary shall be better off than ever you were."

"Poor Mary!" replied his mother, sadly, "the blow is even heavier for her than for you. All her old fashionable acquaintances now cut her, and Mr. Millbank never calls now."

"Millbank is a villain!" exclaimed Dick, hotly, "and I am glad Mary will now be able to see him in his true character. While she had money he was an ardent suitor; now that she is poor, he turns his back upon her. It is a good riddance."

Long and earnestly mother and son consulted about their future arrangements, and when the consultation was over she looked more tranquil and he more hopeful than ever.

Five years have passed away, and Mr. Richard Foster is already one of the most rising young men at the bar. And Mary Foster is Mary Foster no longer, for one fine morning in a little country church she became Mrs. Francis Beresford. Her old fashionable acquaintances know her again, and vie with each other in their efforts to obtain invitations to her town and country parties. Even Mr. Millbank put in an appearance once, but Dick, happening to be present, gave the fortune-hunter some plain advice, after which that gentleman took his departure and has not since shown himself. Dick keeps as far off as possible from the precipice over which his father fell—that is, he is a staunch and total abstainer, and though a good lawyer and highly respected he does not



A Street in Cairo.

disdain to publicly advocate temperance, and many a large gathering has been electrified by the eloquence of the young barrister, who, himself scorched by the fire, warns his fellow-creatures to avoid its devouring flame.

A STREET IN CAIRO.

A PICTURE of the city of Cairo as it appears to the traveller approaching its gates appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 27th, together with some account of its buildings and inhabitants. On this page is a picture of one of its streets, which will give the reader some idea of the scenes in the ancient city. Not all the streets are like the one represented. Many of them are composed of houses built of mud only, and having no windows overlooking the street.

Dr. James Ludlow, writing of Cairo, says: "Let the reader stand with me, in imagination, upon the wall of the citadel which rises above the city. That silver gleam winding down at our left is the Nile, whose source has been the geographical enigma of all centuries, whose annual overflow redeems from the desert a narrow ribbon of fertility, which has nourished the mightiest empires, and whose combined mysteries and beneficence drew men to worship it in one of the earliest and most influential religions of mankind."

Beyond the river, beneath the sands of the Lybian desert, lie the buried ruins of ancient Memphis, where the prostrate colossal statue of Rameses II., like some giant guard asleep at his post, has been on duty for *three thousand years*. A little to the north, and within an easy carriage-drive of a morning, rise the great Pyramids, the largest and *oldest works of man*. So vast were

they, that though they have been frequently used as quarries for palaces, fortifications, and mosques, they are not from this distance visibly diminished. Around them are tombs and temples in which are buried the secrets of remotest antiquity, over which the Sphinx watches with his motionless lips.

On this side of the river lies the suburb known as *Old Cairo*, by many believed to be the Babylon mentioned in the first Epistle of Peter, and certainly that Babylon to which Strabo refers, and whose old Roman fort is still visible above the accumulated debris of two thousand years.

Directly before us as we look north from the citadel lies Cairo proper. The city was founded by the Fatemite princes in 969 A.D. The planet Mars, or Kather, being then ascendant, they named the city El-Káherah, from which the present pronunciation, Cairo, is derived. The forest of minarets and domes, houses, and tombs marks every generation since.

A natural division of the city would be into two sections, the one of the dead, the other of the living; for large districts of it are given up to tombs. Many of these are really memorial mosques, in which lie the bodies of the Caliphs and Memlook princes. Here and there is a *rich man's tomb*, at the window of which is a running stream of water and a cup, that the thirsty may drink and bless the memory of the departed. Most of the tombs are unsightly slabs or plastered mounds, hardly distinguishable in color from the deep dust which, unlike our green grass, glares around them. These cemeteries are perfect Tophets of filth, the lair of mangy dogs and lamed men. The city

of the living is majestic from a distance, with its homes of nearly 400,000 people, and its 400 mosques. But when we descend into it we will find it compact with as much squalor and misery as can be found elsewhere within the same limits on the globe.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 559.)

Good Samaritans.

BOBBY ran back to the kitchen from his errand of kindness to the poor tramp in the church porch, scrambled up on to his chair again, and exclaimed triumphantly—

"He's still asleep, and I popped them into his hat, and didn't wake him." He added more gravely, "But though he didn't wake, he said something."

Bob having swallowed his final huge mouthful of meat and potato said very thoughtfully, "I'm main puzzling to think as what the tramp chap could ha' said in his sleep."

"Why, father, he said, 'God the Father of heaven.' And he said it so awful-like, and then he shivered."

"Poor chap!" ejaculated Bob again; and then the pudding was passed round, and once more spoons and plates were heard instead of tongues, until the dish was empty, and the two Bobs, father and son, retreated together to the garden while the table was being cleared. It was the little boy's turn to ask a question now.

"Father, do you think that poor sleeping man has been a miserable sinner?"

Even stolid Bob started at the singular enquiry,

and rumbled his hair up with both hands before he answered.

"I reckon mother's right, my little un, and that your thoughts do run on ahead of us by a many a long field. But I'm afraid you're right now; I am. I'm afraid that he has likely been a miserable sinner, poor chap."

"Yes, father," said Bobby, with a rapt, earnest look on his face; "but you see then, he's not such a very poor chap either, though he is a miserable sinner; for he has God the Father of heaven, same as us, to have mercy upon him. Perhaps when he shivered he hadn't got up to the mercy part; but when he does, you see, he'll be all right."

Again the father stared at his little boy as he muttered slowly, "Ah! I expect so. Yes; if he gets up to praying, 'Have mercy upon us,' then he'll be all right, no doubt. Our Father do be very merciful, Bobby, my little lad, an' though we're miserable sinners, He don't leave us to be miserable children."

Those five words had taken very strong hold of the harassed brain of the poor stranger tramp. About a quarter of an hour after little Bobby Balston heard him utter them he repeated them again, and this time with such emphasis that he awoke himself.

For a few moments he believed that he was still asleep, and that it was with dreamy eyes he saw the sweet old face before him, so fairly wreathed in a snowy cap, and that it was with dream ears that he heard a somewhat feeble voice take up his sentence and complete it. The latter part was repeated the second time with loving, trustful emphasis on the words "have mercy," and then he brushed his hand over his eyes and sat up, and discovered that beyond a doubt he was awake, and that he had a companion.

The man's first impulse was to get up and hurry away, out into the heat and dust and glare once more. He, and peace and comfort, had so long been strangers that he had began to have a half-unconscious idea that all his fellow-creatures grudged him any small respite from a round of misery. The old woman standing near him now, in her clean print gown and white frilled cap, looked a silent but strong reproach to his wan face and disreputable tatters. He felt that he and she had nothing to do with each other; and as she was clearly in her fitting place in that tranquil church porch, he must move on. He sighed heavily at the thought. "Move on!" Ah! for some months past he had been always moving on, and never getting any nearer to kindness, or shelter, or rest.

"Good-day to you, ma'am," he said apologetically. "I only came in here to get a little shelter for awhile from the great heat. I'll move on now."

But the answer to that promise was very different to what he had expected.

"Oh!" exclaimed old Betty eagerly, almost as eagerly as little Bobby might have done. "Oh! I hope you won't move on yet awhile. Our vicar was so pleased to see you having such a nice sleep and I've made free to bring you a cup o' tea and a sausage. You see it weren't no trouble when I was cookin' them for myself, and it ain't neither, to say so much of a gift; for both the tea and the sausages have been give to me. Do ye then have a bit and sup."

And as she spoke good old Betty held toward the stranger a large cup full of fragrant-smelling tea, at the same time placing on the seat beside him a little plate with the sausage and bit of bread. The tramp looked at her, looked at her kind offering, stretched out his hand eagerly for the cup, and then his face changed—the hopeless look faded, and gave way to one of astonishment and heart-felt gratitude, and, utterly overcome, his arm trembled, and dropped back to his side, and with a great sob bursting from his parched lips he turned away from his companion.

Old Betty did not mind that. She saw that she had gained her chief point, and that he no longer meant to run away before she had time to bestow kindness on him. She was very willing to wait upon him. After a few moments she sat down, and said gently,

"Belike you are fond of the Litany. It's a great favorite of mine; it seems so full like—nothing forgotten, nothing left out; and then it sets out with reminding us that we are praying to One who for certain sure can give us all we ask for, seeing He's the very God the Father of heaven."

The old woman's efforts to turn the tramp's thoughts from his miseries succeeded even beyond her hopes. He had been so struck with his own way of taking those beginning words that he was equally struck, now, with another person's widely different way of looking at them, and, with a sudden raising of his head, he turned right round again to his new friend, and said quickly, "I guess He's given you all that you have seen fit to ask for; but I have not found Him much of a Father to me. With me it has been all the Father of heaven, and none of the Father of the poor wretched beggars upon earth."

Old Betty smiled. "Perhaps one of the poor beggars ain't thought to ask for anything different; and ye remember it's said by the dear Lord Himself, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' But see, the tea's gettin' clay cold; do drink it, please."

"I didn't ask for that," said the man, with the ghost of an answering smile coming into his dreary face.

"No," said old Betty, putting the cup this time into a ready hand—"No, that's true, the dear Lord gives us many a thing more than either we desire or deserve. And now, as ye've had a sup o' comfort, I'd eat a bit if I was you; ye want it sorely enough, poor lad. And as I want my own dinner too," she added with a smile, and rising as she spoke, "I shall just leave ye now, and come back in half an hour for the plate and cup."

"Aren't you afraid to trust them to a ragged beggar like me?" asked the man with a slight shade of anxiety in his tone as to what the answer would be. When he got it it was not in words; for all reply Betty Sharplin gave him a second smile. "I'll be back with you in little better nor half an hour," she said as she moved slowly away.

"Good-by till then, and the Lord's blessing be with ye."

"Thank you," murmured the man half shyly, but with the inward feeling that the prayer was more likely to bring a *reflected blessing* back upon the old woman's own head, than to bestow any upon him. But meantime, however that might be, she had left one material blessing behind her which the starving fellow could not afford to neglect, and almost before his benefactress had regained her own cottage, certainly very considerably before the lapse of half an hour, the plate and cup were empty, and at her service, and there was nothing left of Bobby Balston's baked potatoes but a small modicum of their skins.

Crusty-tempered James Williams, the clerk, was certainly out of humor that beautiful Sunday afternoon; but there was some excuse for him. He had a true veneration for Silverdale Church, in which he had officiated as clerk for nearly twenty-four years, and in which he had been baptized more than a quarter of a century before that. He never entered it himself but in a state of scrupulous neatness, and as far as his authority or influence extended he took care that no one else should; and yet now, on a very Sunday itself, there was that most particularly dirty, disreputable-looking vagabond absolutely taking a day's lodging, so to say, in that especially clean, well-brushed-out church porch.

Moreover Williams discovered him eagerly finishing his dinner when he came round to the gate, opened it, and walked up to the stranger.

The wanderer raised his head as he heard the click of the gate. There had been a faint wavering smile on his face for the first moment as he did so, in expectation of the picture-like old face in its frilled white linen cap; but the smile faded, and he dropped the last remnant of potato, and hastily rose to his feet, when he saw the stern-visaged clerk marching toward him. For a few moments the two men stood looking at each other in silence. Williams had entered the churchyard with the firm determination to give the intruder a "pretty strong bit of his mind," as to the impertinent liberty he had taken in his choice of a sleeping apartment;

but somehow or other when his eyes met the other eyes his courage or his resolution died out.

At last, when the silence appeared to have been unbroken for an hour rather than for a few moments, the strange phrase escaped James Williams's lips—

"Good day to you, sir."

The stranger started as he heard the salutation but surprised as he looked, Williams himself was infinitely more startled. He bestowed a second long stare upon his companion of the most utter bewilderment, gazed at him again from head to foot as though he expected to find that after all the supposition that he was dressed in rags was all mistake, and that he was clothed in good broad cloth, and then, when he had convinced himself that the tatters were unpleasant realities, his long cheeks began to glow crimson with shame at his own stupidity.

"Humph!" he grunted at last, "you may well take me for daft. I'm not in the use of saying 'sir' to beggars."

"I suppose not," was the quiet answer.

The stranger had regained his self-possession.

"I suppose not; but even in saying 'sir' to me I deny that you have said it to a beggar. I never begged of any fellow-creature in my life, at least for myself."

"Humph!" grunted Williams again. He also had recovered his usual tone, and self-reproach for his temporary want of common-sense made his temper rather worse than it was before. "Humph!" he grunted the third time as his eye fell on the cup and plate, "very often folks as live upon others say they don't beg."

As he uttered those hard words the hearer winced, and shrank back as if he had been struck. James Williams's tongue was a good deal dreaded by many of his neighbors. He had an unenviable reputation for having an instinctive power to make that member sting. It had stung now, and cruelly. But the wayworn wanderer was not the only one who heard the words, or felt hurt by them. Mr. Copleston, acting on the principle of, "If you want a thing done do it yourself," decided while he sat at dinner to go and look after the stray sheep that had got into his fold himself, instead of leaving the business to his clerk.

In or near London, or any other large town, tatterdemalion more or less hovering about, crouched up asleep in lawful or unlawful places, is an object of no wonder, and of such divided interest as to become almost necessarily infinitesimally small; but in parishes such as Silverdale the matter is very different. Every passer-by is noticeable every visitor an individual of personal importance to every one in the place; and as for tatterdemalions, not one of the race had been seen between the departure of the poor, untaught, thieving gipsies last year and the advent of this stranger who took up his lodging in the church porch. Naturally he excited the attention of all those who saw him. Mr. Copleston, with his true earnest faith that nothing happens by chance, felt that the wanderer had been sent to his very door, as it were, at a rate for a few passing words of comfort, and it might be for even a little seed of Gospel truth to be dropped into the poor forlorn heart, and bear the future fruit of peace and salvation.

As he sat at dinner this thought grew in him so strongly that he dreaded trusting to the chances of the tramp sleeping in his corner of refuge long enough for the clerk to deliver his message; and he also dreaded trusting to Williams's persuasive powers to enforce the response to the message even should he have the opportunity to give it. He laid down his knife and fork, and covered his eyes with his hand, thinking.

"What is it, dear? are you not feeling well?" asked Mrs. Copleston across the table in anxiety.

Mr. Copleston dropped his hand again, smiling as he answered, "Quite well, thank you, my dear. You need not be alarmed; but I have that poor sleeping fellow I told you of just now rather heavy on my mind, and I think, if you will excuse me, I will go and look after him at once."

"Shall I go, papa?" asked Edith.

"Well—no," replied her father reflectively. "You see I don't yet know what he is like; he

may want some one stronger and more resolute to tickle him."

The vicar, without troubling to put on his hat, walked across his garden, across the quiet "God's acre," as the Germans call it, adjoining, and was just about to pass through the gate, which with the new hedge, shut it off from the green lawn immediately surrounding the church, when the stranger's words struck on his ears—

"I never begged of any fellow-creature in my life—at least for myself."

There was something in the quiet, grave tone of the declaration that pleased the clergyman as much as the clerk's answer pained him. Whenever anyone did wrong in the parish he blamed himself; one want in him—in his teaching, or example, or earnestness—he looked for as the cause of the erring of the sheep committed to his charge. And here was one with whom he had been intimately associated, for the past eight years, finding satisfaction on that sweet Sabbath-day in flinging harsh speeches at a poor down-trodden stranger.

(To be continued.)

WATCHFULNESS ENJOINED.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 17, Mark 13 : 21-37. Golden Text, 1 Thess. 5, 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Watching a Duty—Critics of Prophetic Students in Danger—The Day of the Lord—Passages Referring to it—The First Sign to be Looked for—An Unmistakable Sign—Two Descriptions of Christ's Coming—Its Two Stages—Signs in Process of Fulfillment—A Solemn Word—The Mission of Irritating Circumstances.

"LET us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober," so runs the exhortation of our golden text. "Take ye heed; behold, I have foretold you all things;" "Take ye heed, watch and pray;" "Watch ye therefore;" "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch," such are our Lord's own injunctions to us, to watch and be ready at the time of His coming. It is a *sinful thing* to be in ignorance about the circumstances of our Lord's coming: "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand" (Rev. 1 : 3).

Many there are who strongly condemn those who endeavor to understand the *dates* which refer to the coming of Christ, but it frequently happens that they who condemn, are themselves in the greatest ignorance of the *circumstances* of His coming; and being so they are not in a position to watch, because they have no intelligent idea of how to watch, and how to recognize in events which are transpiring, those things which God has declared shall precede or accompany the coming of our Lord. In order to watch aright, we must have some idea as to whether

"THE DAY OF THE LORD"

so often mentioned in Scripture, is a single day of twenty-four hours, or an extended period, like "the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6 : 2). The Apostle Peter says, "Beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

An intelligent idea of that which is meant by "the day of the Lord" may be obtained by taking a concordance, seeking out all the passages in which this expression occurs, and reading them with their context. Take for example Isaiah 2 : 12, which with its context fills the two following chapters, the words "in that day" Isa. 2 : 20 ; 3 : 7, 18 ; 4 : 1 showing that the whole passage refers to "the day of the Lord." Then take Isa. 13 : 6 ; Amos 5 : 18 ; Zeph. 1 : 15 ; 1 Thess. 5 : 2 ; 2 Thess. 2 : 2 ; Rev. 6 : 15-17 in the same way, and other passages which speak of "the day of the Lord." But watchfulness does not only consist in recognizing events which happen, as those which have been foretold; our Lord thus commands, "Watch therefore and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape those things which are coming upon the earth, and to stand before the Son of Man;" and lest we should think that the watch is to be only on the outside, He says, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and

cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares" (Luke 21 : 34, 36).

THE FIRST SIGN

of Christ's coming and of that day of the Lord is the attempt of Satan to counterfeit His coming. "And then if any man shall say to you, Lo, here is Christ; or, Lo, He is there; believe him not; for false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect." The terrible power of delusion which has come over so many of those who were the most earnest Christians in the east of France, and which makes them worship an old pastor as their Messiah, while believing in transmigration of souls and rejecting the eternity of punishment, shows how in the present day there is a need for this warning. It is a sad thing to find even pastors, one of whom has been much blest in the conversion of souls, carried away by this delusion.

Our Lord adds, "Take ye heed; behold I have foretold you all things." There is nothing to be expected that He has not told us, and if He has foretold all,

NOTHING NEED TAKE US BY SURPRISE.

In order that the landmarks may be clear and unmistakable, our Lord points to a sign so great, so striking, and so completely affecting all men, that no one could possibly be in ignorance of its occurrence: "But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds, with power and great glory." This sign is one frequently foretold by the prophets in the Old Testament, Isaiah, Ezekiel and Joel all combine to declare it (Isa. 13 : 9, 10 ; 24 : 23 ; Ezek. 32 : 7 ; Joel 2 : 31 ; 3 : 15); and Matthew, Mark, and Luke all record it. There can therefore be no difficulty in discovering when the Lord comes to reap His harvest of saved souls (Rev. 14 : 14-16 ; Matt. 13 : 30 ; Luke 3 : 7).

But you will ask, If such a time of trouble is coming, and the people of God are not to be taken away or caught up in the air to meet the Lord (1 Thess. 4 : 16) until after that time, how then shall those promises be fulfilled: "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3 : 10); again, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things which shall come to pass and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke 21 : 26)? By referring to Matt. 24, we find *two descriptions of our Lord's coming* for His own; one after the time of tribulation, when according to Isa. 24, Jer. 25 : 31-33 ; Ezek. 38, 39 ; Dan. 12 : 1 ; Zech. 14 ; Rev. 6, 8, 9, 11-18 there shall be one long continuance of troubles by war, pestilence, famine, and persecution, and one coming of the Lord in a time of peace, when two women shall be grinding at the mill and two men be in the field; a time apparently of quiet.

Many who have much studied believe, on the ground of the frequent exhortations of the Lord and His apostles to watch for His coming, and in a way which would lead us to think it might be at any hour, that this second description is that of the taking away of such as are "counted worthy" before the time of the tribulation begins; and that those Christians, the large majority, who were not ready to be taken away at that time, will be caught up at the end of the time of trouble. This seems to be borne out by the figures of the firstfruits and the harvest in Rev. 14. It is, however, difficult to be absolute on this point; the Apostle Paul in 1 Cor. 15 : 50-57, and in 1 Thess. 4 : 15-17, does not make any allusion to such a distinction.

Some have argued, If the time of tribulation precedes the taking away of God's people, what need is there to watch, for we cannot know in that case that that day cannot come until the tribulation is at an end? If indeed the Lord comes first for the "blessed and holy," "them that love His appearing," then it is fully consistent that we should wait and watch for Him; yes, with our "loins girded and our lights burning." The Apostle John

exhorts, "And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear we may have confidence and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." Abide in Him, out of self: in Him we are ready to meet Him.

"Now learn a parable of the fig-tree; when her branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is near: so ye in like manner, when ye shall see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh, even at the doors." The Gospel shall "be preached among all nations for a witness" (Matt. 24 : 14); is not this sign in the course of fulfillment? The rapidly fulfilling "times of the Gentiles" evidenced by the movement among the Jews, is this not taking place before our very eyes? And reading as we do of the three evil spirits who "go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty" (Rev. 16 : 14), we turn involuntarily to the stupendous preparations for war which are being made all over Europe.

The suspicion with which the government of one country speaks of that of another, is it not "upon earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken?" Can we see these signs without being persuaded that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh? Verily I say unto you, that this generation [or race of men; *i.e.*, these Jews], shall not pass, till all these things be done." Empires have fallen, nations become extinct, but the race of Israel still lives on. Fanatical powers have persecuted, and almost sought to extirpate them, but in vain; the Word of God has gone forth that the seed of Abraham shall yet "blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit."

Our Lord adds

A SOLEMN WORD

about the time of His coming. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is." How far the book of the Revelation, subsequently given, will enable us at the time of the end to know the very day, we cannot yet determine. The Son of God, who revealed it to His servant John, knows now most certainly the day and hour of His coming. And He tells us that He is "as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch." Yes, He has given to His disciples authority and power, and every man has his own work, which God has fitted for him, and for which God is fitting him day by day.

Often at first sight it would seem as though everything were at cross purposes. Husbands and wives brought together who seem to be just the very dispositions to try one another; mothers and daughters seem to be put together who cannot see from one another's point of view; all seems to be at loggerheads. A man of business has probably a manager who is the trial of his life; faithful, true in all things, but so overvaluing himself as to rouse the temptation to despise him in the heart of his employer; a servant, a Christian girl, a good worker, will sometimes try a Christian employer exceedingly, by such a display of self, such a pushing disposition, such an occupation with herself, as rouses the temptation in the mistress to put her down sharply.

Now why is all this permitted? For the very purpose, the loving purpose of our God, that all the evil of our hearts may be discovered, brought to the light, cleansed and taken away. He makes no mistakes; had we been untried there might have remained in us a depth of sin and self which would have made it impossible for us to be the dwelling-place of God. But the evil which He thus discovers to us can, as soon as it is discovered, be taken to and cleansed in the blood of Christ. Thus every friction and difficulty becomes in His hands a precious means of blessing, and our "work," to put everything as it arises into the hands of God, is found to be just the very best that could possibly be. Lord keep us watching, waiting, working, praying till Thou comest!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Battle by Moonlight was Fought on August 28 between the Egyptians, led by Arabi in person, and a portion of the British troops at Kassassin. The Egyptian army was observed early in the day marching in force toward the British position, and a small party was despatched to ascertain the strength of the advancing force. It was found to be over 4000, while Gen. Graham, who commanded at Kassassin, had but a small body of troops at his command. He immediately signalled for assistance, and until the cavalry arrived he had considerable difficulty in maintaining his ground. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* with the British army thus describes the cavalry charge which took place by moonlight. "Led by Sir Baker Russell they charged straight at the guns, sabring the gunners as they passed, dashing into and cutting down the flying infantry. General Russell's horse was shot under him, but he seized another and kept with his men. When the battle ended a scene of wild confusion ensued. Some guns still fired. Bodies of infantry kept up a fusillade. Meanwhile our infantry had had a hot time. Hundreds of shells burst in the confined space. The shelter of trenches afforded but poor protection. The Egyptians came on with much spirit, and were gaining ground, when the roar of guns on their left and rear, followed by the rush of cavalry, proved too much for them. From that moment they thought only of flight." The British captured the Egyptian ammunition, but were unable to carry off the guns before the enemy secured them.

A Vivid Picture of the Horrors of the War is given by the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who telegraphs from Ismailia as follows: "I rode over the scene of the cavalry charge at Kassassin Lock. I found two acres thickly strewn with corpses of the enemy. Some of our cavalry were still seeking our dead and wounded. Two dead Life Guardsmen were so mutilated that they were quite unrecognizable. Their faces were horribly gashed. One of the men had one hand completely severed from the arm and the other hand nearly so, and one of his eyes was scooped from the socket. The hands of another body were just hanging to the wrists by pieces of flesh and some sinews. A wounded guardsman relates that in the charge his horse was shot and in falling broke the rider's thigh. While lying on the field he saw Egyptian soldiers ride by. He called for help, whereupon an Egyptian rode up and sabred the guardsman's face from temple to chin."

In An Address Delivered at Englewood, N. J., by Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., the eminent missionary at Beyrout, in Syria, he expressed decided opinions respecting the British intervention in Egypt. Dr. Jessup witnessed the flight of Christians from Alexandria and is familiar with the details of Turkish rule in Egypt. Dr. Jessup expressed his conviction that Great Britain was not only justified, but deserves the gratitude of the Christian world for its interference. Whatever errors of judgment there were in time and manner of action, he holds that order, protection, civilization, and a free channel for the world's commerce could have been secured in Egypt only by British interposition to put down the nominal rebel, who was secretly instigated by the Sultan. That a tremendous struggle between Mahomedanism and the Christian world would have resulted, had not the Mahomedans been promptly divided by British action, and may yet result in the end, but with enormous advantages to civilization and Christianity from British control in the pathway between Asia and Africa, is the conclusion to which the review of facts clearly points.

The City of Dublin has been Thrown into consternation by the revolt of the Police force. As already mentioned the force claimed a small increase of pay in consideration of the increased duty and the danger incurred in the performance of their functions. With a strange incapacity to realize the importance of keeping this body loyal, the government snubbed the men, and in order to break up the agitation several of the leaders were ordered to remove to remote districts of Ireland. A meeting

was called to protest against the order and was numerously attended. An order was afterward issued that any man attending another meeting would be at once dismissed. Another meeting was held on Sept. 1. The men who attended—234 in number—were dismissed the following morning. This arbitrary step was immediately followed by the entire force, numbering about twelve hundred men, refusing to go on duty. The authorities then took possession of the Station Houses in the city and soldiers were placed on guard. A proclamation was also issued calling upon loyal citizens to enrol as special constables. The excitement increased rapidly. Rioting broke out on College street and the mob was very violent. Some policemen who remained on duty were brought out in a body but were obliged to retire before the mob. Additional troops were sent to the scene of the riot, as there were no police in Dublin, and the mob had complete possession of the city. Rioting continued at intervals during the day, when some of the men who had previously refused to go on duty were prevailed upon to go on their beats provisionally, after presenting a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant asking for the reinstatement of the dismissed men and making its acceptance the condition of the permanent discharge of their duty. The special constables who were on duty were roughly handled by crowds of rowdies who gathered in the streets. It is expected that if the grievances of the men are not redressed many of them will emigrate to Australia.

A Small War has Broken out between Greece and Turkey over a narrow strip of disputed ground on the frontier. On August 28th and 29th there was fighting all along the line. The Turkish account of the fighting is that some Greek troops attempted to take forcible possession of the disputed territory, but they were repulsed with heavy loss by the Turks. M. Condouriotis, the Greek Ambassador at Constantinople, represented to the Turkish premier that the collision was provoked by a violation of Greek territory by the Turks. Said Pacha replied that last month a detachment of Greek troops crossed the frontier and cut the telegraphic communication between a Turkish military post and a village. The Turks requiring supplies were obliged to pass through a part of the Greek territory. They were opposed and fired upon by Greeks and retaliated, driving off the latter.

Apprehensions of an Outbreak of Mahomedan fanaticism in Syria are allayed by a telegram from Damascus dated August 31st, and signed by the Greek patriarchs and bishops of Syria and several of the principal inhabitants denying that there is any insecurity in Syria and Palestine or that there is any danger of a Mussulman rising against Christians. Owing to the vigilance displayed by the local authorities seldom has so much security been enjoyed as now.

Considerable Uncertainty Prevails as to the self-accused murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Bourke, but there is no doubt that he is either a murderer or a madman. He is now imprisoned at Kingston, Jamaica, awaiting removal to Ireland. He still adheres to his former confession. He is very excited at times, and as he has threatened suicide, a close watch is kept over him to prevent any accident. He says that he left Dublin on the night of the assassination and proceeded with the night mail to Holyhead and thence went to Cardiff, and from Cardiff he sailed in the Gladstone for Porto Cabello, where he was arrested by the British representative on his own confession. He confesses to having returned before entering the car and to have given Lord Frederick Cavendish a stab in the back, and that he was employed and paid £20 by M. O'Connor, M.P., for his share in the deed. The impression grows that if he is not one of the murderers he had something to do with the crime and knew the plans of the criminals.

The Murder of the King and Queen of Corea has resulted from a general insurrection. The King and Queen have been assassinated, and the Japanese Legation has been attacked by the anti-foreign party. Japanese war vessels have been

despatched to Seoul River. The insurrection due in a considerable measure to bigoted opposition to the policy which led to the recent treaty with the United States and Great Britain. The King had been energetic in his efforts to open up the country to foreign trade, and this has excited against him the enmity of those who supported narrow and exclusive policy. They are led by the Uncle of the King who has now seized the throne. In view of the insurrection and its results Japan is understood to be fitting out an expedition against the Corea, chiefly to seek redress for the violence done to the Japanese residents there; but China interposes an objection, declaring that the duty belongs to China as the Sovereign power to restore order and tranquillity. It is thought not improbable that this contention may give rise to difference between China and Japan.

The British Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow. Delegates are to be present from all parts of the kingdom, and the Glasgow Association is expected to entertain the friends when in conference. The meetings continue for four days. The following topics will be discussed: How to extend the sphere of the Young Men's Christian Association work and influence among the upper and the industrial classes. The temptations of early manhood, and how the Young Men's Christian Association can fortify young men against them. How can the Young Men's Christian Association contribute to each other's welfare. Christ's method of dealing with inquirers considered as a model for Association workers.

Hospital Sunday in London Produced an aggregate fund for the hospitals of the British metropolis worth £172,120. Four per cent of the fund is set apart this year for the purchase of surgical appliances, and this proportion amounts to £6884. *The Christian Chronicle* observes: "It is satisfactory to know that the Hospital Sunday collection is growing in popularity. Perhaps it may be said even now that the collection hardly represents the wealth of London, but that an advance is being made toward the \$250,000, which has been frequently named as a fairly good sum to be raised each year, is gratifying to the promoters and an additional encouragement to them to proceed in their beneficent work."

The Serious Illness of Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, is announced. The nature of the illness is not described in the intelligence sent by cable, but the bulletins issued mention his serious prostration and continued drowsiness, symptoms which in a man seventy-one years of age naturally excite apprehension.

Engineer Melville and the Seamen Noros and Ninderman, of the Jeannette, and Lieutenant Berry, of the Rodgers, sailed on the steamer Parthia on September 2d from Liverpool for New York. It is intended to give them an enthusiastic reception, and a steamer has been engaged to carry a party of friends down the bay to meet the Cunarder as soon as her arrival is signalled.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1882.

16th Year. No. 37.—New Series.

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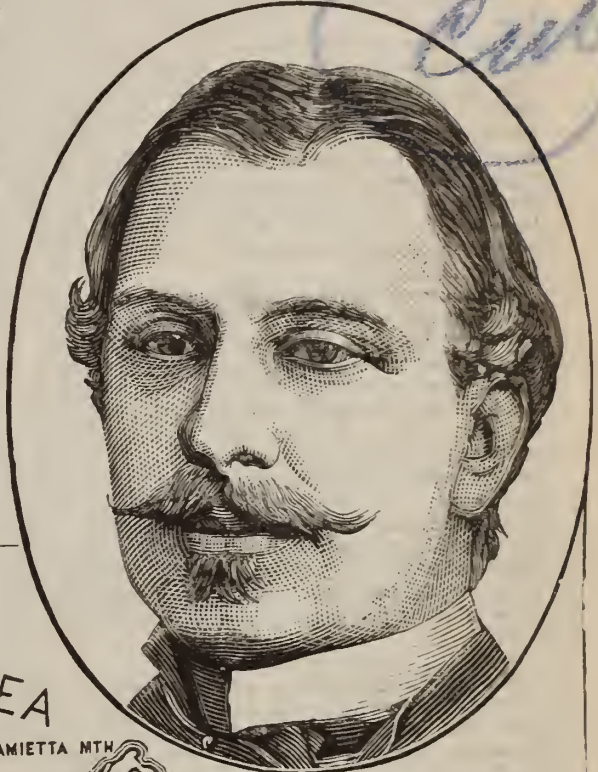
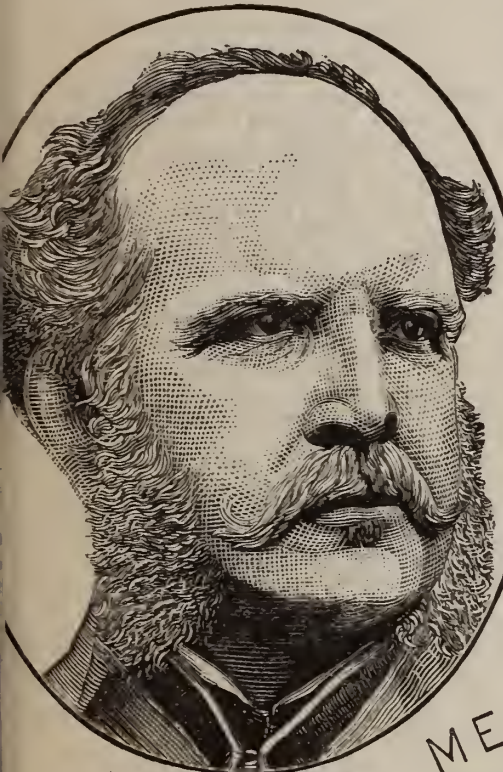
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SIR JOHN ADYE KCB and PRINCE TECK—Map of the Seat of War in Egypt.

SIR JOHN MILLER ADYE, K.C.B.

Born in 1819—Military Training—Introduction to Active Service—The Indian Mutiny in 1857—The Afghan Campaign in 1863—Honors and Appointments—His Address to British Soldiers in Egypt on August 12—Astonishment of the Arabs at His Troops.

THE two portraits which appear on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, belong to the *personnel* of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition. The first—that of Sir John Abye, is the portrait of a distinguished soldier who has seen active service in the field, and has won by his intrepid behavior and his military skill the respect of foreign critics as well as those of his own country. In the British army his name is honored and loved alike by officers and men, and the utmost confidence is felt by them all in his sagacity and wise generalship as well as in his personal bravery. He has gone to Egypt as *Chief of the Staff* of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and is consequently second in command. He is *sixty-three* years of age, having been born in 1819. He is the son of a soldier, his father, James P. Abye, having been a major in the Royal Artillery.

The future general was sent at an early age to the great training school of British officers, the *West Point of England*, Woolwich Academy, where he displayed considerable diligence and aptitude, and acquired a remarkable proficiency in the various branches of special military study included in the curriculum. He was soon regarded by his compeers as a man of much promise, and a trustworthy authority upon matters connected with his profession. His industry was proverbial, while his conscientious devotion to duty obtained for him the cordial eulogiums of regimental superiors which have been justified by his subsequent career, for he has been promoted step by step until he attained his present rank of Brigadier-General.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

His first introduction to active service "in the tented field," was in the Crimean war—now rather more than a quarter of a century ago—between Russia on the one hand, and Turkey, supported by England, France and Sardinia on the other. His technical knowledge and enthusiastic bravery well qualified him in the estimation of his chiefs to fill an important post, and he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Royal Artillery. In this capacity he was engaged in the severe struggles which took place early in that memorable campaign, and subsequently took an active part in the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, which were fought in the years 1854 and 1855. He was also one of the officers most prominently engaged in the siege and fall of Sebastopol—a Russian stronghold which the Czar fondly believed was impregnable—in the last-named year. As a recognition of his skill and bravery throughout the protracted struggle, the Queen conferred on him the Crimean medal with the four clasps, he was also honored with one of the orders of knighthood, that of the Bath of which he was made a "Companion" and was entitled to write the initials "C.B." after his name. He also received a Turkish recognition of his valor, the medal of the Fourth Class of the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal.

THE SEPOY MUTINY AND AFGHANISTAN.

The Indian Mutiny, broke out in 1857, producing undisguised consternation throughout the whole of Europe, and that land was the scene of General Abye's next active operations. In the campaign to check and punish the atrocities committed by the revolted Sepoys, General Abye held the same appointment as in the Russian War. He was present in the sanguinary fighting round Cawnpore, and was one of those who, on entering the city after the desperate battle saw the room in which delicate and refined English ladies were, after nameless outrages, hacked to pieces by professional butchers. The soldiers saw the floor of that spacious apartment covered with blood, the blood of women and children, the walls hacked with strokes that had been unnecessarily vigorous against forms so fragile, while here and there lay a finger or a hand small and delicate, which had been raised in a piteous appeal for mercy. While

in the well in the courtyard the bodies mutilated, dying and dead, were piled in a ghastly heap. That was the awful massacre of September 27th, the recollection of which with its fiend-like atrocities will never fade from history's page. Two months later he took part in the action of Pandoo Nuddee, and on December 6th played a conspicuous part in the defeat of the Gwalior Contingent, a victory which aided materially in the termination of the strife.

General Abye was again in active service in the campaign of 1863-4, which was rendered necessary by the depredations of the tribes on the North-west frontier of Afghanistan. General Abye was nominated for special service in the disturbed region, and was present at the storming of Laloo, the capture of Umbeylah, and the destruction of Mulkah, and remained with the troops until the termination of the outbreak and the complete suppression of the rebellion.

Returning home, honors well earned were showered thickly upon him, and in 1873, Queen Victoria showed her appreciation of his services by conferring upon him the cheap but highly esteemed reward of a Knighthood Commandership of the Bath. In February of the following year her Majesty granted him her royal license and authority to accept and wear the insignia of Commander of the Order of the Legion of Honor, conferred upon him by the President of the French Republic. This was a promotion, as he already held the class of Officer of the same order which Napoleon III. awarded him for his brilliant services during the Crimean War nearly twenty years before.

From 1870 to 1875 Sir John Abye was Director of Artillery and Stores, and from 1875 to 1880 was Governor of the Woolwich Royal Military Academy. In December, 1875, he attained the brevet rank of Major-General, and in 1880 was appointed Surveyor-General of Ordnance. He has thus served in the principal Army Supply departments of the British War Office, and has had an extensive experience in all the details of the equipment of an army. He has also won some renown as an author, having written several books relating to the History of the Indian, Crimean, and Afghanistan campaigns.

ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS IN EGYPT.

In August he proceeded to Egypt, and on August 12th the Grenadier and Scots Guards and the Gordon Highlanders disembarked at Alexandria and proceeded to the front. Great astonishment was excited among the natives by the strains of the bagpipes. The men were at once mustered for inspection and General Abye with General Alison (whose portrait appeared last week), walked down the ranks and witnessed the unfurling of the colors on Egyptian soil. General Abye then delivered an address to the soldiers which proved that he knows well how to evoke enthusiasm by appealing to the most potent impulses of the soldier's breast. He commenced by pointing out to them the duties and difficulties, hardships and perils, of campaigning. He reminded them that they must be prepared to meet an enemy in great strength, numerically considered, courageous, determined, and well armed. He cautioned them against being too sanguine or over-confident, and strongly exhorted them to guard against surprises. He paid a special compliment to the Guards who are considered the flower of the British army. He said that he had had the honor of serving on previous occasions with the Guards, upon whose well-known prowess it was unnecessary that he should dilate, and finally expressing his conviction that their conduct and bearing throughout the coming campaign would add fresh laurels to those with which the Household Infantry was already crowned.

ASTONISHMENT OF THE ARABS.

At half-past four o'clock the Grenadiers' band struck up a quick march, and the battalion moved off in fours. The Scots Guards followed, headed by their pipers, drummers, and fifers. Simultaneously the sailors manned yards, and set up a lusty cheer, which was vigorously echoed by the Guards on the quay. Along the line of route were to be seen many groups of Arabs, anxious to see what kind of men England had sent to overrun the

country and establish order by crushing the doubtless Arabi.

The Europeans turned out *en masse* to welcome the Guardsmen, whose excellent drill and soldierly bearing made an imposing spectacle as they marched steadily through the white *débris* of burned houses, shovelled together in heaps, upon which the turbaned and red-capped Arabs gazed in knots to see the English soldiers pass their way to the front. They were then conveyed in trains to Ramleh, where they are quartered.

The Arabs, as company after company straggled past, were unable to conceal their feelings of astonishment. One man was heard asking his neighbor, in an awe-stricken voice, how many thousands of them were coming. To which the other piously replied, "Allah only knows." While another ejaculated, "All is lost; Islamism is overthrown." A Greek remarked, in a tone of astonishment, "Why, the English really have soldiers, as well as ships and money!"

Sir John Abye's books prove that his intellect is one of a very brilliant order, and that he possesses considerable mental penetration in general matters as well as in those strictly military. It may be hoped that in the conspicuous position he now occupies his example may be of that kind that tends to the promotion of the best interest of troops. They are now in a land where Christianity is despised and as the soldiers of a Power professedly Christian, their conduct will be closely watched and should they be guilty of dishonorable acts reproach will fall on the Christian religion. restraining the passions of the soldiers and keeping them from outrage and plunder the officers will have some difficulty. But they, and especially Sir John Abye who can understand and appreciate the importance of exemplary behavior in the circumstances, will be held responsible by the world for the good conduct of their troops, and it will no small degree depend on their influence and example how the men behave. It will be a happy and providential circumstance if the cause of Christ in that ancient land does not suffer through this expedition.

PRINCE TECK.

Born in 1837—Ancestry—Marriage to Princess Mary in 1866—The Princess's Numerous Philanthropies.

THE second portrait on the first page of this number is that of Prince FRANCIS PAUL CHARLOIS ALEXANDER, Count of Hohenstein, better known as Prince Teck. He is the only son of Duke Alexander of Wirtemberg, a cousin of the present King of Wirtemberg. His presence in the British army is explained to some extent by the fact that he is now more of an Englishman than a German. He had the good fortune to marry Princess Mary of England, who is Queen Victoria's cousin. She is a daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge and sister of the present Duke. The late Duke was the brother of the Queen's father and son of George III. By virtue of that relationship she puts in a claim which has been duly honored by the obsequious British Parliament to be supported by the people.

The Princess Mary enjoys an annuity of \$200,000, and when she married Prince Teck he, instead of taking his wife to his home in Germany where money was not very plentiful, shrewdly settled in his wife's home in England. The result shows his astuteness, for Queen Victoria who kindness to any one who is of German birth, proverbial, has plenty of fat sinecures to give away, of which the German husband of her cousin has had his share. But notwithstanding his office and his wife's \$25,000 a year the Tecks are filled with financial straits. The Prince seems to have lost his head in the midst of a prosperity to which he was unaccustomed, and developed a capacity for spending money as though his resources were unlimited. His mistake, however, he has lately found out, for the debts of the Teck household increased so rapidly that a few weeks ago all the tradesmen stopped their supplies and refused to furnish more until their bills were paid. It seems the Prince who had to live in the plainest style in Germany now finds himself unable to dine com-

God! 'Yes, He is,' I answered. 'No, no, that *not* be;' he replied, 'it is blasphemy to say so. God cannot have a son.' 'Do you believe in your Scriptures?' I asked. 'Yes, every word of em,' was the expected answer. 'Have you not read the Second Psalm which says, "Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee?" and, again, "Kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way?"' 'Oh,' exclaimed the astonished Jew, 'I never noticed that before.' No! his condition exactly corresponds to and illustrates the apostle Paul's affirmation, that '*Blindness* hath happened unto Israel.' But speedily they shall hear the glad summons spoken of by Isaiah, 'Arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'

A Lady and the Nanny.—At the Same Meeting. Mr. Jack said: 'I addressed a meeting of nannies this week, and it is pleasing to witness the influence which Christian ladies have over these rough men. At the inquiry meeting I spoke to a tough, strong Highlander, and urged him to take a firm stand against the drink and the devil, but he said, 'It's nae use; I've done it afore, and I've aye broken out again;' and so saying, he left me. At the door a number of ladies were standing, and as he was passing out they spoke to him, and soon prevailed upon him to sit down. In the meantime, I saw his wife in a seat, and spoke to her. She told me that she was a Christian, but her man (referring to the Highlander) was not; and 'Oh,' she said, 'he's siccan a guid man when he's sober.' We both bowed together in prayer, and as we were rising from our knees, a young lady came up, saying, 'John has taken the pledge!' Turning to the woman, I said, 'Didn't I tell you that God would hear our prayers?' 'God he praised!' she replied; and husband and wife, really glad at heart, went home together.'

A Slave Set Free.—Mr. Lakin said: "On Tuesday evening, August 1st, I saw a woman in the tent who had neither hat, nor shoes nor stockings on her feet. She was evidently much distressed in mind. I spoke to her of her need of salvation. Holding up a piece of waste paper in her hand, she replied, 'If that bit of paper was a £100 note I would gladly give it to be freed from my curse.' I sat down beside her and told her a portion of the history of my own life—how at one time I was my master, but that now through God's grace I was drink's master. I then asked her to kneel down, and as she did not seem to understand anything about prayer, I asked her to repeat after me the prayer of the publican. When I uttered the words, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' she utterly broke down, and putting up her hands like a little child, she repeated the words. God has heard her prayer, and she has found in Christ the freedom which she sought. Last night a worker pointed her out to me in the gallery of the hall, her face actually shining with the joy of salvation."

A Blind Carriage-Horse.—Mr. Lakin said: "Some time ago a gentleman lost by death one of a pair of beautiful carriage-horses. He searched far and near for another horse to match the living one. After a long time he heard of an Irishman who had one almost like that which died. Going to the stables, he critically examined the animal, stroked his legs, back, and sides, and at last bought it with the clear understanding that it had no fault of any kind. The horse was duly delivered at the purchaser's stables, and the coachman, very much interested, looked it all over, and thought it perfect till, taking the horse into a better light, he saw a *small white speck on its off eye*. He waved his hand backward and forward, but not a wink did the horse make with that eye. Looking at the other eye he saw the speck upon that also. *The horse was stone blind.* John rushed to the house and asked to see his master. 'Why, sir,' he exclaimed, 'the horse is blind!' 'Blind! not a bit of it,' his master answered. 'Come and see, sir,' John replied. When assured of the fact, the gentleman rode to the dealer's stables, and loudly declaimed against the cheat. When he quieted down a little, the Irishman said, 'Sir, will you let me speak? The blindness is not the horse's fault, but only his

misfortune; if it had its own way there would not be a better pair of eyes in the kingdom.' Now, the difference between us and the horse is, that there is a remedy for our blindness, but there was none for the horse's, therefore if we refuse to use the means given to us, it is our own fault, and not our *misfortune*."

An Atheist Farmer Saved at Last.—Mr. Johnstone said: "A well-to-do farmer, intelligent and educated, and who was a great reader of books which ridiculed Christianity, proved in the hour of suffering and death, that infidelity could inspire no courage, or furnish any encouragement or gladness when most they are needed. Entering his bed-room I found in it the doctor and a miller, both of whom were atheists. They were trying to 'make his mind easy,' as they expressed it, but turning to me he gasped out, 'Will you pray for me?' Physical pain was gone, but his mental agony was terrible to witness. His sobs shook the bed, and the two men who were his bosom friends could do or suggest nothing consolatory or helpful. All their endeavors failed; but when I spoke to their dying friend of the love of Jesus, and how He longed to forgive all who desired pardon, it was like a draught of cold water to the parched lips. Oh, how eagerly did he drink!"

PROPHETIC NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

ITALY'S DESIGN ON TRIPOLI.

AN exchange of opinions is said to be going on just now between several of the Powers on the question of an eventual occupation of Tripoli by Italy. It is said that at the very first opportunity, on the occurrence, for instance, of any fresh difficulty of an international character, a pretext will be found for carrying this scheme into effect. The French Government offers no opposition to the plan. The naval and military armaments which the Italian Government are now engaged in preparing, are said to be intended simply for the realization of this scheme. The *Standard* remarks that with Tripoli given to Italy, *Algeria* and *Tunis* already belonging to France, and *Egypt* in the hands of the British, it only remains for *Morocco* to be given to Spain, and thus the entire North coast of Africa will be disposed of. It is remarkable that this is just the arrangement which prophecy leads us to expect in the predestined formation of the latter day Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey and the Slav States (Dan. 7: 24).

"A REVIVAL OF FRENCH IMPERIALISM"

is the title given by some of the newspapers to recent Bonapartist movements in Paris. We hold most positively from Scripture prophecy that a *Napoleon Bonaparte* (probably Prince Jerome Napoleon) will soon arise, as Daniel's Little Horn, or Monarch, ruling over Syria and making a seven years' covenant with the Jews (probably about 1886), seven years before the end of this dispensation (Daniel 7: 24; 9: 27). There may, however, be another Napoleon (possibly Prince Victor Napoleon) soon rise to be ruler of France—soon, quite independently of the Syrian Napoleon who is eventually to become the Antichrist. A speech has been made very recently by *M. Paul de Cassagnac*, the present leader of the Bonapartist party, in which he says: "The Republic is now just in its last throes, and it behoves the Bonapartist Imperialists to prepare for power. This is now no time for praying beside the revered tombs at Chislehurst. True Imperialists must devote only a moment to prayer, and then be up and doing to meet the rising star of Empire."

M. de Cassagnac very clearly affirmed his allegiance to the Prince Victor, eldest son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, exclaiming that when the Prince was at hand the Empire was not far off. He spoke with respect of Imperialists who, sharing other views, had formed different plans for the re-establishment of the dynasty; but firmly adhered to the principles set forth in the will of the late Prince Imperial, rejecting Prince Jerome Napoleon and imploring the party to rally round his son, the young Prince Victor, and to look hopefully to the

future. He concluded with a scathing comment on the renegade who had abandoned the cause in its hour of trouble to join the Republic," and resumed his seat, after proposing a resolution in favor of Prince Victor. This was unanimously agreed to.

ARABI PASHA'S PROPER NAME

is "Ahmet," the name of Arabi being merely derived from the village of Orahi, whence his family originally sprung. So devout Mussulmans are now being reminded that according to tradition the leader who shall restore Mahomedanism to its pristine glory is to be called Ahmet. This triumph of Islam over Christianity is predicted to take place in the thirteenth century of the Hegira, now only a few months distant, and Arabi's partisans are not backward to make capital out of the coincidence. Arabi himself keeps up his character of a religious champion by most ostentatious piety. Thus a French writer who was present when he was discussing with his colleagues, the answer to the Anglo-French note demanding his own exile, relates that as the hour of prayer sounded in the midst of the discussion Arabi suddenly got up, fetched his prayer-carpet, and went through his devotions in a loud tone, subsequently resuming his consultation as calmly as if it was a matter of no importance.

Arabi is very popular among the Turkish and Egyptian Ulemas, who regard him as the saviour of Islam. He is no less in favor among the lower classes in Turkey. It is believed in Turkish circles that when Arabi is attacked he will destroy Cairo, join the insurgents in the Sudan, proclaim the independence of Upper Egypt, and carry the insurrection into Syria and Arabia.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, writes: "I met to-day a diplomatist passing through Paris who long played a leading part in European affairs, is thoroughly conversant with the East, knows all the Turkish statesmen, and is likewise well acquainted with Russia. His opinion is, therefore, entitled to weight, and it is this: If a collision eventually arises between England and Turkey, Europe would be split into two camps—on one side *Austria, Germany* and *Italy*; on the other, *Russia, France* and *England*. This would happen, notwithstanding the present reserve of France, and notwithstanding Russia's jealousy of England. The force of things would be too strong. Russia cannot side with Austria. France cannot side with Germany. France, England and Russia would confront Austria, backed by Germany, and followed by Italy. A struggle of Turkey against England means an *explosion all over European Turkey*; it means Austria pushing towards Salonica; it means Constantinople at stake, a general conflagration, with *Turkey annihilated*, whoever the victor might be." This is much what Scripture prophecy leads us to expect.

THE NEW MOSLEM MESSIAH.

The *Standard* correspondent says: "I have received to-day from a trustworthy Mussulman source some interesting information confirming a report which I sent a short time since to the effect that Arabi intends to take refuge in Tripoli in the event of his defeat. He has been for some time in active communication with Sheikh Mohammed Snussi, founder of the revivalist sect of Mahomedans bearing his name. The headquarters of this fanatical personage are in the oasis of Kufra, southeast of Tripoli. This has been the centre from which the Mussulman agitation in Northern Africa has been carried on for a long time. According to popular belief, Mohammed Snussi will shortly declare himself as the *Mandi or Moslem Messiah*, destined to usher in the final victory of Islam. The importance attached to this belief in the Mahomedan world may be measured by the consternation which prevailed last autumn at the Yildiz Kiosk when it was reported by the Governor of Hedjaz that Sheikh Mohammed Snussi had appeared at Karaba. A son-in-law of the Sheikh paid several visits to Arabi at Cairo, and is believed to be at the present time at Kafr Dower with offers to secure Arabi a safe retreat if he can reach the oasis of Sivah, the Jupiter Ammon of ancient history. Thence it would be only ten days' ride across the frontier of Tripoli to Kufra."

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In response to numerous requests received from subscribers during the past few weeks, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is prepared to aid by a special arrangement those who desire to promote the cause of Christ through its instrumentality. Some subscribers wish to have the journal sent to unconverted friends, in the hope that God may bless its perusal to the salvation of their souls; others would like it sent to ministers and lay-preachers who may derive benefit at the commencement of the winter season from the hints and suggestions it contains. This project is so laudable that in order to facilitate its realization, and render its application as extensive as possible, a liberal concession in price will be made. Any subscriber or reader by sending

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to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, may have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to any address in the United States or Canada from Sept. 7th to Dec. 31st. This is a special effort which it is earnestly hoped the readers of the paper will pray God to bless to His glory.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Star Route Cases as they Approached their conclusion last week attracted renewed public attention, especially after Judge Wylie's statement on Thursday that attempts were being made to fix the jury. The judge evidently felt deep indignation at these corrupt overtures, as was manifested by his remark that he "was almost ready to advise the jurymen to shoot the man on the spot" who offered the bribe. The charge to the jury delivered on Friday was followed throughout the country with close attention, and though it was plain that Judge Wylie strove to be strictly impartial, everyone was impressed with the force with which his exposition of the law operated against the defendants. The plea on which the defence placed most reliance, that of a lack of evidence of the conspiracy, Judge Wylie emphatically rejected. He said "People who commit crimes avoid the light, and all crimes are more or less difficult to establish for that reason. But as to conspiracies, they are peculiarly products of darkness. They are very seldom reduced to writing. They are entered into generally in an informal way. The parties may not come together at all. They may live in different parts of the country. But if by

any means they come to a mutual understanding for the purpose of committing a crime against the Government, that is a conspiracy, provided it be followed by an overt act. It is said that you ought not to convict a man upon circumstantial evidence, unless it be of the clearest and most convincing character. The rule is that you should be satisfied in your own minds beyond a reasonable doubt. But the reasonable doubt ought to arise out of the evidence in the case; it ought not to be a conjecture. It ought to be a doubt supported by a reason." As to the plea that the defendants were not interested to the same extent in the various offences alleged, Judge Wylie said: "The only consideration about which the jury need concern themselves in their deliberations is whether there was a conspiracy followed by overt acts. Whether these parties were mutually interested in the several contracts or not, is of no consequence. The parties remain several owners in their own contracts, but bound together by the tie of the conspiracy. Any overt act as to any one of the contracts—assuming the conspiracy to be established—is an overt act as to them all, because they were united by a conspiracy, though there were several contracts and several owners still. The defence claims that the conspiracy must be made out as to all these contracts, and that unless the conspiracy is established under each of the contracts there must be an acquittal of all the defendants. That is not so. If you should be of opinion that there was a conspiracy between the defendants, though relating to but one of the contracts, that will sustain the indictment. The jury being unable to agree were locked up until Monday afternoon, when they returned a verdict of "guilty" against Miner and Rerdell, "not guilty" as to Turner and Peck, and disagreed as to the other defendants.

Prohibition is the most Prominent Question in Indiana at the forthcoming election as it is in Ohio and other states. In Indiana its present stage is in advance of its position elsewhere. A newspaper correspondent in Indiana in describing the situation, says: "The last Legislature, in which the republicans had a majority, passed a resolution providing for the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale or manufacture of liquors, beer or wines except for medical or manufacturing purposes. Such a resolution must be adopted by two successive legislatures before the amendment can be submitted. Whether or not the Legislature to be elected this fall shall finally submit the proposed amendment to a popular vote is practically the main point of contest between the two organizations. This is the issue between the parties: the republicans say that the Legislature, no matter what may be the individual opinions of the members or the wishes of the constituencies which elected them, must submit the amendments to a popular vote. The democrats say that each member shall vote in the matter as his own convictions or the preferences of his constituency shall dictate."

The Reports of the Yellow Fever Epidemic at Brownsville, Texas, state that the epidemic is now under complete control of the physicians. Governor Roberts has issued an appeal for aid, in which he says: "I have received a telegram from the mayor of Brownsville, stating that there were five hundred cases of yellow fever in that city, with an increase of from 70 to 100 per day, and the necessity for means to send aid to the sick and destitute was increasing and urgent." This appeal has met with a hearty response, and supplies are now flowing in from all parts of Texas. Fifty-eight new cases and four deaths was the report of Friday last. At Pensacola the Young Men's Christian Association has taken charge of the matter of the relief of the distressed, and has made an appeal through the Associated Press to the people of the North for aid. It was thought on Thursday that the fever had expended itself, but the events of that and the following day justify a changed opinion, and aid and sympathy from abroad will not be misplaced. A telegram dated Friday says: "The pressing need now is trained nurses of experience. The secretary of the Relief Association reports that there has been a greater demand for nurses than they have been able to supply by vol-

unteers, and that it has no fund to pay them or to purchase apparently essential supplies. The committee hopes, however, for a generous response to the appeal telegraphed to the Associated Press last night. If the fever continues to extend they will have to send to New Orleans for practical nurses."

The Question of Guiteau's Responsibility as affected by the result of the microscopical examination of his brain is now plainly before the public. The report of the experts is in technical language, unintelligible to ordinary readers, but the *Medical News* explains the bearing of the various discoveries made. From its statement it appears that the brain of the assassin was not found to be absolutely normal in its condition, but the changes noted were apparently of recent date and were indications of approaching disease rather than evidence of existing malady. The *Medical News* states the points of difference and sums up its explanation as follows: "We can be conducted but to one conclusion—that, although Guiteau was not strictly normal in respect to the condition of the organic substratum of the mind, and in respect to its symptomatic expression, he was, nevertheless, a responsible agent, in that he had a clear conception of the distinction between right and wrong, and realized the nature of the crime and its punishment. There is, therefore, in the microscopical revelations no reason for changing the opinion which we originally expressed, that Guiteau, an abnormal character, justly suffered the penalty of the law for the high crime he had committed."

Serious Defalcations have been Discovered in the Philadelphia Almshouse accounts, and Major Ellis P. Phipps, ex-superintendent is alleged to have been the chief peculator. He was arrested when the defalcations were first discovered but was admitted to bail in a \$2000 bond and has not been heard of since. Search was made of the house occupied by Major Phipps and five wagon-loads of Almshouse goods were found which had been taken there from time to time on requisitions made by Major Phipps. Other requisitions were found which showed that a great many more goods were missing, and a subsequent search was made at the same place. The house was found to contain enough goods to furnish a large store, the list embracing many articles not usually found in poor houses, but which had at least gone through the formality of entering and leaving the Almshouse. There were, among other things, 200 jars of preserved fruits, 2 gallons of French brandy, 2 gallons of Holland gin, 22 bottles of wine, 1 case of champagne. Most of the buckets, pans, and other utensils were filled with sugar, tea, or other groceries, and carefully wrapped in paper. There was a still larger assortment of dry goods in unbroken rolls, ranging from brown muslin and common prints to satin damask and heavy flannels. All these things were locked up in closets or hidden away in dark places. A dumb-waiter was found suspended half way between the floors and filled with rolls of uncut muslin and packages of towelling and table linen. Major Phipps is also charged with having stolen the roof of the Almshouse. It was made of copper which it was decided to sell and replace with a cheaper material. That was done but the \$7000 received for the copper roof was not accounted for.

Major Sawyer's Appearance in Cooper Union on Sunday night, September 3d, after his visit to Europe where he has been assisting Messrs. Moody and Sankey, was greeted with a hearty welcome. More than a thousand people had assembled by seven o'clock and between that time and the commencement of the service at eight, Gospel hymns were sung by the choir. At eight o'clock Mr. Sawyer entered and was received with a burst of applause. When the audience had become quiet he spoke of the pleasure it gave him once more to worship with his friends in Cooper Union. He then said: "Mr. Moody sends you his best wishes in the continuance of your efforts to save men. He has been working right straight along during the hot weather, and I suppose he will always work in the same untiring way. Mr. Bliss, who has been laboring here in the Union so faithfully all summer, will soon go to Europe, where he will endeavor to preach to the masses."

An Investment of Ten Dollars was Recently made by a travelling salesman on a Chicago and Alton train. He learned from the conductor of the train that a feeble old man was on board with a ticket from some place in Wisconsin to Holden, Mo. The old man had no money, and his prospects of obtaining necessities during his long journey were very dismal. The salesman took pity on the neglected old man, provided for his comfort, attended to his safe transfer to the Missouri Pacific train, secured him a good berth, and finally gave him ten dollars, saying as he did so that he was making the best investment he could with the money. Wall Street speculators would not indorse the salesman's opinion, but a time is coming when it will be found that such investments are more remunerative than the business world supposes (Matt. 25 : 34-40).

Special Hospitals for Infectious Diseases are recommended by the New York Medical Society and by medical journals in various parts of the country. The project is now one of the most prominent in circles engaged in the discussion of sanitary measures. In the course of the discussions of this enterprise, attention has been called to the comparative immunity from infectious diseases *enjoyed by the Jews*, and statistics have been quoted to show that they are the healthiest race on the earth. This is accounted for on the ground that their laws enjoin a wholesome diet, frequent ablutions, and rigid isolation of infectious diseases. Physicians and sanitary reformers readily trace the effect to its cause, but it is remarkable that they seldom go a step farther and recollect who was the Lawgiver of the Jews. The Christian notes with pleasure that this is a testimony to the wisdom of God from a quarter from which such testimony seldom comes (Deut. 30 : 9).

A Disaster Saved two Miners from Death in Colorado last month. They were working a claim on Mount Sheridan. In consequence of the hard work that would be attendant on bringing sufficient timber to the claim to build a cabin, the men dwelt in a tent. The recent severe weather cautioned them to depart, but they were anxious to complete a certain part of the work which they thought would take but a few days. So they waited and worked on, but on August 31st, much to their vexation, the fierce winds tore down their canvas shelter entirely. This disaster necessitated their immediate departure, though they were reluctant to leave their work only half done. They had not proceeded far on their journey, however, when a huge body of snow let go its hold on the mountain, and rolling down the precipitous descent passed over the place where they had been at work. If they had not been driven away by the disaster to their tent they would have perished. The time will come when many events in our lives which we now regard as calamities will be recognized as blessings sent by our Heavenly Father to save us from impending disaster (Rom. 8 : 28).

A Cicatrice on a Young Man's Brow led to his identification by his mother at Newark, N. J., two weeks ago. She had been *searching for him for fifteen years* as far as her means would allow, and her joy at finding him was very touching. When a child, he was injured by a car on the railroad which cut a deep gash from his right temple to his left eyebrow. The wound healed, leaving a conspicuous scar, but symptoms of mental disorder were developed, and ultimately he had to be placed in the asylum on Ward's Island. Soon afterward his father died, the home was broken up, and the widow removed to other places in quest of remunerative employment. Eventually she married and settled in Newark. Then she went to visit her demented son. To her surprise she found that he had recovered and had been removed, but no clue to his movements could be discovered. Fifteen years elapsed without bringing mother and son together, but in August last they met, and the mother seeing a scar on the brow of a stalwart man made inquiry of him and discovered that he was her son. He could remember nothing of his life prior to his dementia except that he had a vague impression of *a woman crying over him*, and he was not sure that that was not a dream. He was as delighted at finding his mother as she was at finding her son,

and said that if he had known she was living and searching for him, he would never have rested until he found her. He said, "*I have known what it is to want a mother*, and now that I have found her I know how to appreciate her." How many men who have been brought to their heavenly Father who has sought them with infinite patience have had reason to make a similar avowal (Isa. 55 : 5).

Drowned in a Stolen Yacht Appears to have been the fate of a young resident of New York recently. Last week a lady who was at Glen Cove saw a yacht approaching from the Sound, which she recognized as a vessel that her husband had once possessed, but which had been stolen from its moorings in the North River on August 8th. She immediately gave information to the police and the yacht was seized. The occupants frankly stated that they had borrowed it from a gentleman at New Rochelle. On visiting him it was found that he did not claim ownership, but held the yacht by direction of a coroner in trust for unknown owners. On applying to the coroner it was elicited that on August 13th a young man claiming to be the owner of the yacht had been drowned while sailing in her, and the coroner believing it to have been stolen refused to give up the vessel. Other circumstances disclosed at the inquest confirmed his belief that the dead man was a thief whose wicked act had cost him his life. This is not a remarkable coincidence nor a strange retribution, as is alleged; it is simply a fulfilment of God's explicit warnings (Prov. 5 : 22, 23).

"Faithful unto Death" would be an appropriate epitaph for a tombstone in the cemetery of Pottstown, Pa. There a lady was buried on September 3d, who died at the age of ninety-six. She was the daughter of Jacob Drinkhouse, who fought against England in the Revolutionary War, and died in Philadelphia in 1860. When Miss Drinkhouse was young and the belle of Pottstown she became engaged to be married to Joseph Mintzer, one of the most promising young men of the place, but before the wedding-day her lover died. The widowed sweetheart declared that she would never marry, and remained true to the memory of her betrothed for three quarters of a century. When she was dying she requested that the gold engagement ring which young Mintzer had placed on her finger in the happy days of her girlhood might be placed on her hand and be buried with her. She had cherished this love-token throughout her long life. This incident deserves the notice of the popular writers of the day whose favorite topic is the inconstancy of woman. It teaches a lesson too to some members of Christ's church—His bride—whose relations with the world often suggest doubts of their fidelity to Him who espoused them and died for them (Eph. 5 : 25-27).

The Snake's Power of Fascinating its Victim is vividly illustrated in a letter written by a lady, at Graniteville, Cal., dated August 12th. She states that a few days previous, she was horrified on going to the door of the kitchen where she was at work by the sight that met her view. She says: "Ten feet from me, and on the doorstep of the woodshed, stood my baby boy, twenty-two months old, gazing as if fascinated upon a large rattlesnake, which was coiled in front of him about two feet away, and was gently moving its head back and forth, looking at the child with eyes like flame. My scream frightened it, and my daughter, twelve years of age, ran past me and caught her little brother out of the way, when the reptile glided swiftly away. My screams brought my husband and a teamster to the spot, and they soon killed the snake. The child cried bitterly for half an hour to go see the 'pretty saak,' as he called it, and would not be pacified until shown the dead body of the horrid thing." The creature the child called pretty the mother described as "a horrid thing," but then she knew its venomous nature which the fascinated child did not. In later years the child may remember his early experience with advantage. Satan's most fatal snares have the power to charm and captivate, and it will only be by God's mercy if he is withheld from them as he was from the snake until their power to injure is destroyed (Prov. 9 : 17, 18).

OUT OF EGYPT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"When he arose, he took the young child and His mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the Prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my Son."—Matthew 2 : 14, 15.

"When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."—Hosea 11 : 1.

The Relation of Egypt to Israel—A Valuable Lesson Learned in Misery—The Call out of Egypt—I. To the Natural Seed of Israel—They must First Go to Egypt—The Notification they Received There—Sonship Involving Persecution—They must Come Out—The Unwilling made Willing—Power Given—Enemies Forced to Assist—II. To the Divine Seed—Egypt a Refuge for the Infant Jesus—The Prediction Purposely Obscure—Rebecca's Attempt to Fulfil a Prophecy—Twisting the Psalms—No Room for Christ—The Devil's Church—A Typical Tradition—Alexandria the Probable Home of Jesus—III. To the Chosen Seed—Typical Egypt in Great Cities.

EGYPT occupies a very singular position toward Israel. It was often the shelter of the seed of Abraham. Abraham himself went there when there was a famine in the land of his sojourn. To Egypt Joseph was taken that he might escape from the death intended for him by his envious brethren, and become the foster-father of the house of Israel. Into Egypt, as we all right well know, went the whole family of Jacob, and there they sojourned in a strange land. There Moses acquired the learning which was so useful to him. It was out of the spoils of Egypt that the furniture of the Tabernacle was made, as if to show that God intended to take out of heathen hands an offering to His own glory, just as afterward the timber of the Temple was hewn by Hiram the Phœnician, that the Gentiles might have a share in building the Temple, in token that they would one day be made fellow heirs with Israel.

But while Egypt was for awhile the shelter of the house of Israel it became afterward the house of bondage, and a country fraught with danger to the very existence of the elect nation. There was a very useful purpose to be served by their going down into Egypt for awhile, that they might be consolidated into a nation, and might acquire many useful arts which they could not have learned while they were wandering about in Palestine; *the lesson was valuable, but it was learned in much misery*. They had to smart beneath the lash, and faint beneath their labor; the iron bondage entered into Israel's soul, so that an exceeding great and bitter cry went up unto heaven.

Yet, when the heaviest burdens were laid on their shoulders, the day of liberty was dawning; when the tale of bricks was doubled, Moses was born. When man had come to his extremity of persecution, then God took His opportunity of salvation, and led His Israel out of Egypt in the teeth of their tyrant master. It had been at first a Goshen to them, a place of great abundance in the Delta of the Nile; but afterward it became a Mizriam to them, for that is the Hebrew word for Egypt, and it means

A PLACE OF STRAITS

and tribulations. The point that is meant to be brought forward by the prophet is that they were called out of Egypt, for it was not possible for them to mingle with the sons of Ham and lose their separate existence. They were on the banks of the Nile, and at first dwelt there in much comfort, but this seductive ease was not allowed to hold them; full soon they were heavily oppressed, and their existence was threatened; yet both from the comfort of Egypt and from the captivity of Egypt they were called, and at the call of God they came forth.

Those whom God has chosen may be cast far, but they shall never be cast away; they may dwell among a people like the Egyptians, most superstitious and debased, a nation of whom even the heathen Juvenal made sport when he said, "Oh, happy people, who grow their gods in their kitchen gardens," for they worshipped leeks and onions, and all kinds of beasts and fowls, and creeping

things; but the children of the Lord cannot be suffered to remain among such a people, for the Lord desires to make of Israel, and of all believers, a people separated unto Himself. Out of the midst of guilty Egypt the Lord called His people, whom He had formed for Himself, to show forth His praise.

I. Let us think of the natural seed of Israel, as called out of Egypt, for with them this wonderful text began to be expounded. It is well worth considering, for this constituted one of the loftiest lyrics of Hebrew poetry.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE PEOPLE OF GOD out of Egypt "with a high hand and with an outstretched arm" is a song which the nation never wearied of singing, and which we ought never to weary of singing either, for at the close of all things we and all the spirits redeemed shall sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb. While speaking upon this natural seed I want you to notice, first, that if they are to be called out of Egypt *they must first go down into Egypt*.

They cannot come out of it if they have not first gone into it. I do not know of anything that could have tempted them down into Egypt, for it had nothing to offer which was better than Canaan; but the fathers of the tribes were driven there by a famine which troubled the whole world. The Lord sent a man before them, even Joseph, who laid up in store food for the seven years of famine, and Israel went down into Egypt that they might not die, but might be cherished by Joseph, who had become lord of the land.

The Lord may, in order to prevent His people falling into a worse evil, permit them to go into that which seems hopeful, but ultimately turns out to be a great trial to them. *Suffering is infinitely preferable to sinning*; the Lord may therefore send us sorrow to keep us from iniquity. Dear friend, the Lord who reads your heart may know that it is absolutely necessary for you to be tried, and so spiritually to go down into Egypt. He may send a famine to drive you there; He may place you under great tribulations, and so He may bring you down, both mentally and spiritually, into a sad condition, where you shall sigh and cry by reason of bondage. Do not look upon this as a strange thing, for all God's gold must pass through the fire. It is one of the marks of God's elect that they are afflicted. The Lord Jesus saith, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." Depend upon it that if you are one of the true seed you must go down into Egypt; for the Lord said to Abraham, "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs."

THE ESCUTCHEON OF THE CHOSEN bears the emblem of a smoking furnace and a burning lamp. Even if the world shelters you, it will sooner or later become to you the house of bondage; yet into that house of bondage you must go, for there is a great educational process going on in affliction to prepare us for the land which floweth with milk and honey. Egypt is one of the early lessons; strangely early with some; their religious life begins with a cloudy morning and threatening of storm. This will work them lasting good. The earliest days of Israel were in Egypt, the nation in its infancy was called from thence. While the divine life has not yet attained to maturity we meet with straits and troubles, and have to go down into Egypt and feel the weight of the yoke upon our shoulders. This is one of God's ways of preparing us for freedom, for he that has never tasted of the bitterness of bondage will never be able to appreciate the sweets of the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free. So Israel must first go down into Egypt; he descends that he may rise to greater heights.

Note next, that it was while in Egypt, and at the worst time of their bondage in Egypt, that they received the first notification that the nation was to be called the son of God. Israel is not called a son until Moses comes to Pharaoh and says, "Israel is my son, even my firstborn; and I say unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve me." God had been with Abraham, and called him His friend, but I do not perceive that He called him His son, or that Abraham addressed the Lord

as "Our Father which art in heaven." Neither do I find similar sweet words flowing from the lips of Isaac or of Jacob; but *when Israel was in bondage*, then it was that the Lord revealed Israel's adoption, and openly declared, "Israel is My son, even My firstborn." He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth, and He receives them even while the scourge is sorely bruising them.

They were a poor down-trodden nation—a nation of slaves begrimed with brick-earth, and bleeding beneath the lash of their taskmasters! The Egyptians must have utterly despised a people who yielded so readily to all their exactions; they looked upon them as a herd of slaves, who had not the spirit to rebel, whatever cruelties they might endure. But now it is, while they are lying among the pots, and their faces are stained with tears, that the Lord openly before proud Pharaoh owns the nation as His son, saying, "Israel is My son, even My firstborn." I think I see Pharaoh's grim, sardonic smile as he seems to say, "Those slaves, those wretched brickmakers, whom the lowest of my people despise—if these are Jehovah's firstborn what care I for Him or them?" Learn hence, dear brothers and sisters, that God is not ashamed of His children when they are in their worst estate.

When it became clear that they were really the sons of God, then

THEY SUFFERED PERSECUTION

for it. A place which, as I have said, was at first their shelter, now became the iron furnace of oppression. Their hard labors are doubled, their male children were ordered to be cast into the river, and edicts of the most intolerable kind were fulminated against them. Now, brethren, Satan soon knows the man that God has owned to be His son, and he seeks to slay him even as Herod sought to kill Jesus. No sooner is the child of God really acknowledged to be such, than at once the seed of the serpent will hiss about him, and if they can will cast their venom upon him; at any rate, they will bite at his heel, till God has taught him in the name of Jesus to break the serpent's head. Rest assured that this is another mark of the election of grace. All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.

But now comes the crown of the text, that is, "I have called My son out of Egypt," and *out of Egypt Israel must come*, for Egypt was not Israel's portion; it was "a land that was not theirs." My brethren, we are not citizens of "the great city which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified;" and the best thing in this present evil world is not your portion nor mine. Friendly Egypt, sheltering Egypt, was not Israel's inheritance. If we are dwelling in the world, and are tempted to be of the world, and to take up with the riches of Egypt we must by grace be taught to cast all this behind our back, for we have not our portion in this life, neither can we have our inheritance until we enter upon the life that is to come. Not in Egypt would God reveal Himself to His people. What saith He? "Come ye out from among them; be ye separate, and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters." When He called Israel His son it is in connection with this coming out. "Out of Egypt have I called My son." And you and I must be *fetch'd out from the world* and all its associations, and truly severed from it, if we are ever to come to know the Lord our God.

There were many difficulties in connection with this calling of Israel out of Egypt. Perhaps one of the chief obstacles was their own wish to stop there; for, strange as it may seem, though it was a house of bondage to them,

THEY DID NOT WISH TO STIR

from it at the first. Their spirit was broken by their sore bondage, so that they did not receive Moses and Aaron as they ought to have done, but they even chided with them. Ah, brethren, the chief work of God with us is to make us willing to go out, willing by faith to follow Jesus, willing to count the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. He did make them willing, and they went out at last joyfully, marching in rank, like a trained army; not needing to be

driven, but hasting to escape out of the enemy's country.

Moreover, the Lord made them *able* to go, as well as willing, for it is very beautiful to think that there were no sick people in the whole nation of Israel at that time of the going out. We read—"There was not one feeble person in all their tribes." O child of God, has God given you the will to get out of the bondage of the sin and the corruption of this crooked generation? He that gives you the will will give you the power. Perhaps you are crying, "Who shall deliver me? To will is present with me, but how to perform that which I would I find not." Rest assured that God the Holy Spirit, who has given you the will, will also give you the strength, and you shall come marching out of Egypt, having eaten of the Paschal Lamb.

The Lord stunned their enemies, so that they begged them to be gone, and bribed them to make haste. With blow upon blow He smote the Egyptians, till on that dreadful night, when shrieks of pain went up from every house in Egypt, the Egyptians hastened them to go. "We be all dead men," said they, "unless you go;" and even their taskmasters urged them to immediate flight. Our God knows how to make even the wicked men of the world cast out the Christian; they cannot endure him when once his adoption is made known; they grow tired of his melancholy presence, tired of his convictions of sin, and of that gloomy face which he carries about with him, and they say, "Go out, go out, we cannot endure you." They perceive something in him which is foreign to themselves, and so they thrust him out.

The spiritual meaning of all this is, that from under the power of sin, of Satan, and of the world God will certainly call His own redeemed. They shall not abide in the land of Egypt; sin shall not be pleasant to them; they shall not continue under Satan's power, but they shall break his yoke from off their neck. The Lord will help them, and strengthen them, so that they shall clean escape from their former slavery. With a high hand and an outstretched arm brought He up Israel out of the land of Egypt, and with that same high hand and outstretched arm will He save His own elect, whom He has loved from before the foundations of the world, and whom He has purchased with His most precious blood.

JESUS CALLED OUT OF EGYPT.

II. Now we turn with pleasure to the divine seed, the man Christ Jesus. He had to be called out by an angel from the sheltering Egypt into which Joseph and His mother had fled with Him. I dare say when you have read that passage in Hosea, you have said, "I cannot see that it has anything to do with Christ." Why, think you, was the passage made so obscure, for it is obscure confessedly, and any one reading it without the spiritual teaching which Matthew received would never have perceived that Christ was going down into Egypt to fulfil that word? I take it, the reason of the obscurity was this—that its fulfilment might be of the Lord alone. Suppose His father and mother had known these prophecies, and had purposely set themselves to fulfil them, there would have existed a kind of collusion which would have beclouded the wonderful wisdom of God in bearing testimony to His Son. Mary and Joseph may have known of this prophecy, but I greatly question whether they perceived that it referred to their son at all, or to the Son of the Highest; but now they must do the very thing that God says shall be done, without knowing that they are fulfilling a Scripture.

One of the worst things you and I can ever attempt is to *try and fulfil a prophecy*. Good mistress Rebecca wanted to fulfil a prophecy, and what a mess she made of it! She endeavored to make her second son the heir, and in the attempt she brought upon him and herself a world of sorrow. Surely, if a prophecy is made of God, God will see that it comes to pass. If it is a Chaldaic prophecy, a prophecy of soothsayers and magi, no doubt they will try to make their own oracle true; but the Lord, who seeth the end from the beginning and ordaineth all things, can speak positively of the future. If any of you set up for prophets,

beware of prophesying till you know that you can make it good. God doth not need such petty provision; He wants no help from us; His word will surely be established.

I love to find Jesus everywhere—not by *twisting the Psalms* and other Scriptures to make them speak of Christ when they do nothing of the kind, but by seeing Him where He truly is. I would not err as Cocceius did, of whom they said his greatest fault was that he found Christ everywhere; but I would far rather err in his direction than have it said of me, as of another divine of the same period, that I found Christ nowhere. Would it not be better to see Him where He is not than to miss Him where He is?

It came to pass that our Lord must find no room in Israel, and so must go down into Egypt. There was no room for the young child in the inn; and now the Edomite, the child-devouring Herod, has risen, and there is no room for the new-born King anywhere in Palestine. Alas, how sad a picture of the visible church, where Christ, at times, can find no room! What with contending sects, Pharisees and Sadducees, there would seem to be *no more room for Christ in the church* to-day than there used to be. By fear of Herod His parents are made anxious, and by angelic direction they must go down into Egypt, where Herod's warrant would not run. Heathen Egypt will shield while hypocritical Judea will slay. Jesus, like another Joseph, must be carried down into Egypt, that the young child's life may be preserved. Here He has a foretaste of His life-trials, and early begins His life of affliction.

When Jesus stands up to fight He wars by non-resistance. He says, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight." He conquers by flight rather than by fight. He taught His people when persecuted in one city to flee to another; and never did He bid them form bands, and battle with their persecutors. That is not according to Christ's law or example. A fighting church is

THE DEVIL'S CHURCH,

but a bearing and enduring church—that is Christ's church.

His parents fled with Him by night, and took Him down into Egypt, that He might be sheltered there. Traditions tell us wonderful stories about what happened when Jesus went into Egypt, but as none of them are inspired, I need not waste your time with them. The only one that might look like fact is, that His parents sheltered themselves in a temple wherein idol gods were ranged, and when the child entered *all the images fell down*. Certainly, if not actually true, it is a poetical description of that which happens wherever the holy child puts in an appearance. Every idol god falls before Him. Down He must go, whether it be Dagon, or Baal, or Ashtaroth, or whatever the god may be called; ay, and he that wears the triple tiara on the seven hills, and calls himself the vicar of God on earth, must come down, and all his empire must sink like a millstone in the flood.

We do not know how the young child and Joseph and Mary lived in Egypt, except that they had received gold from the Magi, and that being a carpenter, not a hedge carpenter, but one skilled in joinery and wheelwrighting, Joseph could find plenty of work in Egypt, where vast multitudes of Jews were already settled. Whether our Lord was carried to Alexandria or not we cannot tell. The probability is that there He was housed, for it was the great rendezvous of His nation and the centre of their learning; there had the Bible been translated into the Greek tongue by the seventy, and there flourished schools of Jews much more liberal than those in Judea. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the Prince of Peace went to that region where we have most

UNHAPPILY ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIANITY with *cuts—not all of wood*, nor all innocent of blood.

But Jesus could not stop in Egypt. "Out of Egypt have I called My Son." His parents by a brave act of faith went back at the command of the angel to the Holy Land; Thy land, O Immanuel! Jesus could not stay in Egypt, for He was no Egyptian. He did not come to exercise a min-

istry among the Egyptians. He was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, in His public working. Being called out of Egypt the heavenly vision was not disobeyed. His foster-parent Joseph took Him back, and they settled in Nazareth. Yet remember He had been in Egypt, and this was a prophecy of blessing to that land; for wherever Jesus goes the air is sweetened. Every plot of land that His foot hath ever trodden on shall be His for ever. What said God to Jacob? "The land whereon thou liest will I give thee." And the same is true to Jacob's great descendant.

III. Let us turn to think of the chosen seed that shall be brought out of Egypt. Here I would remark that this passage may be taken, and should be taken, literally. God has a chosen people who shall assuredly come out of

THE VERY EGYPT WHICH NOW EXISTS.

It is remarkable that early in the Gospel day the truth was gladly received in Egypt. Egypt became the land of saints and divines, and as it had once been the source and home of civilization, so it became an active camp for the soldiers of the cross. Under the successors of Mahomet all this was swept away, and now the Crescent's baneful beam falls where once the heavenly sun shed out its infinite glory, and scattered health among the sons of men.

Egypt did turn to God, and it will turn again. (Read Isaiah 19.) So that we feel clear that our God has yet a son to call out of Egypt, and He will call him. There shall be a seed to serve Him even in the midst of the down-trodden people who live by the Nile-floods, for God hath said it. There is one passage to which I should like to refer you, because it is so full of comfort. (Jeremiah 43:12): "And he shall array himself with the land of Egypt,"—think of that—putting it on as Joseph put on his coat of many colors—"as a shepherd putteth on his garment; and he shall go forth from thence in peace." Yet shall Christ wear as a robe of honour this land of Egypt, and again shall it be true, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Let us learn from this that out of

THE STRANGEST AND ODDEST PLACES

God will call His son. Certain brethren among us go to the lodging-houses in Mint Street, Kent Street and other places. Can any good thing come out of them? Assuredly, it can, for "Out of Egypt have I called My son." Out of *Thieves' Acre and Ketch's Warren* saints shall come. Some of you perhaps know of holes and corners in London where a decent person scarcely dares to be seen; do not pass by these abominable haunts, for out of such Egypts will the Lord call His sons. The worst field is often the most hopeful. Here is virgin soil, unploughed, untilled. What harvests may be won by willing workers! Oh ye brave hands, thrust in the ploughshare and break up this neglected soil, for thus saith the Lord, "Out of Egypt have I called My son."

But we will take the text, and conclude with it, in a *spiritual* sense. All men are in Egypt spiritually, but God calls out His own sons. Sin is like Pharaoh, a tyrant that will not yield; he will not let men go; but he shall let them go, for God saith, "Out of Egypt have I called My son." We are in a world which is the destroyer of grace as Pharaoh was the destroyer of Israel's little ones. You do not think a good thought but what it is laughed out of you; you scarcely catch a word of Scripture, but as soon as you get home you are compelled to forget it. Nevertheless out of that—"Out of Egypt have I called My son." You shall be delivered yet. Put you your trust in Jesus Christ, for "to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," and out of Egypt will He call every son of His.

Perhaps you are in the dark, as the Egyptians were during the plague, or as when God turned

THE DARK SIDE OF THE PILLAR

to Egypt. Ah, but if you are one of His, if you will but trust Jesus, which is the mark of being God's elect, out of darkness will God call you; out of thick Egyptian night will He fetch you, and your eyes shall be made glad with the light of the Gospel of Christ.

Perhaps you dwell in the midst of superstition,

for the Egyptians were horribly given to superstition, but yet out of that will God call His people. I look to see priests converted. I hope yet to see leaders of the Gospel found among men that were once steeped to the throat in superstition. Why not? "Out of Egypt have I called My son." Where did Luther come from but from the monastery, and he preached the word with thunder and lightning from heaven, and God blessed it to the emancipation of nations. He will bring others of that kind; out of all sorts of ignorance and superstition he will fetch them, to the praise of the glory of His grace.

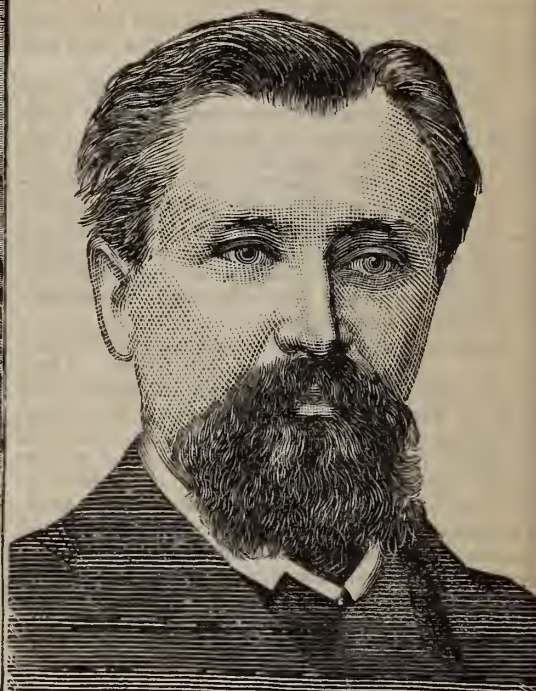
I feel encouraged to pray for those who appear to be hopeless: I feel as if I must cry to God, "Bring them out of Egypt, Lord, the worst, the vilest." You here that know what Egypt is, and are in it, and know you are in it, oh, believe that the Emancipator has come, the Redeemer has appeared; with an offering of blood has He stood before God, and given Egypt for a ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for you. Oh, that He might win those with power whom He has bought with price, and to Him be glory, world without end. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 200,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Mr. Moody in a Gin-Palace.—"When Mr. Moody's old mission was on the south side of Chicago, two men opened a gin-palace. They fitted it up with velvet couches, gilt-framed mirrors, and marble tables, and cut glass—in fact, it could not have been more superh. They issued invitations right and left to a free lunch on the opening night. One of the partners sent, *in fun*, an invitation to Mr. Moody, who, on receiving it, with his usual readiness to seize an opportunity of working for Christ, went down to the gin-palace, where he saw one of the proprietors. Going up to him, he said, 'I received an invitation to come to a free lunch to-night. Do you mean me to accept it?' 'Certainly we do,' was the reply. 'May I bring a few friends?' inquired Mr. Moody. 'Yes, of course; we'll be glad to see them,' answered the publican. 'I'll be round with some friends,' replied Mr. Moody. The other partner, who had heard part of the conversation, thought this somewhat strange, and called after Mr. Moody. 'What is your name, sir?' 'My name is Moody. I have accepted your invitation and will be here by-and-by.' 'Oh, hut, what do you mean to do—pray?' inquired the man, somewhat alarmed, for he had heard of Mr. Moody before. 'Well, it is probable that a few men will to-night use God's name in vain, and we will be here to use God's name in another way,' replied the evangelist. 'But we can't allow that,' said the publican. 'But you allow oaths.' 'That's different.' 'Well, then,' said Mr. Moody, 'I will give you the option of kneeling here just now with me, or I will hold a prayer-meeting here to-night! Which will you prefer?' 'Pray just now, then.' Kneeling down Mr. Moody prayed that these men might voluntarily give up the traffic, or that they might be ruined. The business was not given up, but in a few weeks these men were utterly ruined. One started a low drinking-shop in another quarter, the other man went into different towns trying to start also, but Mr. Moody's prayer rang in his ears wherever he went. At last, one day in despair he went out to a lonely place to kill himself. He drew a knife out of his pocket, and was about to plunge it into his heart, when his Christian mother's words came back to him as clearly as though they had just been uttered: 'My boy, if you ever get into deep trouble call upon God.' He did so, and now he is going about the various towns in which he tried to ruin men, preaching the Gospel. His old partner failed in his new shop and is a ruined man."



A Red Indian Encampment.



Mr. A. Haegert, Missionary to the Santhals.

WORK AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

AN interesting narrative of the work of the Episcopal Church Missionary Society among all the Indian tribes on the west of the Rocky Mountains has been recently issued. Mr. Duncan who first went among them in 1857 to preach the Gospel, states that he found them universally given over to superstition. They had the belief that there is one great Spirit who never dies, but they did not think of this Spirit as their maker, or the Creator of the world. When they were in sickness or trouble they called upon the Great Chief above to help them, but if he did not seem to hear them, they shook their fist in anger and cried out, "You are a great slave," which was the worst insult they could offer even to each other. The thunder they called the great Chief's voice: it is terrible, even now, among the unconverted natives to see their alarm when the thunder speaks; they dare not be alone; even strong fierce men tremble, and crouch down till the storm is over.

After a year's labor, Mr. Duncan had the happiness of seeing a few of the Indians led to Christ as their Saviour and friend. The missionary in his diary records the following: "I went after dark to see a dying woman. I found her laid before a large fire, with some twenty Indians squatted round. After giving her a little medicine, I began to speak to her about her sinfulness, and its only remedy in Jesus. Before I went away, one woman said she and her people did not know about God, but they wanted to know and learn to be good."

The missionary heard that a young man, whom he had visited several times, was dying. This Indian had already, before his illness, learned something of the Gospel, and in his sufferings he prayed to God. He gave a very real proof of having cast away his old superstition by refusing to let the native doctors come to him with their heathen incantations. Mr. Duncan says, "I directed him to fix his heart on Jesus and to pray to Him. 'Oh, yes, yes,' he answered, and for some minutes closed his eyes and seemed absorbed in prayer. He begged me earnestly to teach his little girl, for he wanted her to be good. His end was one of the most triumphant I have ever seen."

One of the most touching incidents which Mr. Duncan gives is that of an Indian, who had no earthly friends to soothe and comfort him on his dying bed. Mr. Duncan was away when the man was seized with small-pox. "Away from every one whom he loved, in a little bark-hut on a rocky beach just beyond reach of the tide, which no one of his relatives or friends dared come near, except

the one who nursed him. He said, 'I die quite happy. I find my Saviour very near to me. I am not afraid to die. Give my thanks to Mr. Duncan; he told me of Jesus. I have hold of the ladder which reaches to heaven.'

MR. A. HAEGERT. Missionary to the Santhals, India.

THE Santhals of India are one of the most benighted as well as one of the most superstitious tribes of the natives of India. They were for many years neglected by missionaries, but Mr. Haegert, a young German clerk, was led by God to devote himself to their spiritual enlightenment and his work has been signally blessed.

Mr. A. Haegert, whose portrait appears on this page, was born at Anclam, Prussia, on November 2d, 1844. Having received the educational advantages of the German *Institut*, he was sent to a French *pension*, in order more fully to qualify him for commercial life.

In 1866, his beloved mother passed away from earth. On her death-bed her chief anxiety was for her son, that he might become a believer in Christ and live only to His glory. She died with his photograph in her hands, praying for his conversion. The young man recognized the voice of God distinctly and lovingly calling him to yield himself to Christ, and devote himself to His service, and he was intensely anxious to do so. There was no one, however, at hand to instruct him, and for two years he continued his earnest agonizing search after God.

In January, 1868, he went to join his brother who was engaged in business, at Calcutta. He afterward obtained an appointment in the civil service. Attending the services at the Baptist Church, Lal Bazaar, during the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Robertson, he was shown the way of salvation, and led to devote himself to the Saviour. With the joyful experiences of the new life, came the desire to be useful in the work of the Lord; but for some time no way seemed to be opened up for him in which his desires might be realized.

In December 1872, being then employed in the Public Works Department, at Allahabad, with excellent prospects of worldly success, he resigned his appointment under government, went into the midst of the jungles of Santhalistan, learned the language of the people, established a Mission Station, opened schools for the children, set up a Dispensary for the sick, and employed some of his converts to help him in the work of preaching the Gospel—all of which was done at his own private expense.

When his funds were exhausted, he heroically resolved to go on, trusting in the Lord for all necessary supplies, and his faith has been much honored. A considerable number of friends rallied around him and supplied him with funds to continue the important mission which he had begun, but he received no aid from any society.

In 1875, he opened what is now known as the "Bethel Santhal Mission," in the midst of about 140,000 people of Santhalistan, a hill district south of Calcutta. From this period, for over six years, he resided in a hut in the jungles, exposed to constant danger through the incursions of leopards and tigers, and deadly snakes, but all undaunted, carrying on his work of preaching the Gospel with which he joined the practice of medicine having studied the science in Europe.

The Santhal creed is that all disease is the work of demons, and all their attempts when seized with illness were directed to exorcising the malignant spirits. Mr. Haegert therefore found them without even the most rudimentary knowledge of medicine, and he was able to effect cures which astonished them.

Successful cases of this kind contributed greatly to the missionary's growing fame, and opened a wide door for the preaching of Christ crucified, and so many lives were saved, which were apparently doomed by the angel of death that the people began to think that the God of the Christian must be mightier than their own demons, whom they feared and worshipped, because of their power to smite with disease and destroy. The consequence was that not only were many lives saved from temporal death, but many a sin-sick and heavy-laden soul was led to the feet of Christ, and found healing and eternal life.

THE LIEUTENANT'S GOOD ANGEL.

"Oh Clara! Lieutenant Wallace is in the library and he has asked for you," said a little girl of some ten summers, as she burst into the room where her elder sister sat at a window reading. Clara's face was suffused with a blush as the little girl continued, "He looks so solemn and low-spirited, and he did not even kiss me, nor give me candies as he generally does, and he is dressed in his sailor clothes."

"Run down dear," Clara said, "and ask him to come up, I expect he has something rather serious to say so you will not come in while he is here to disturb us."

"Very well," said the child with an intelligent look, "I don't want to hear your secrets Clara,

though everybody knows he is your lover and I don't see what you can have to say to each other so very particular, for you saw him at Mr. Gray's party last night. I heard papa say he was there."

"Never mind now dear what we have to talk about, but run right away and bring Lieutenant Wallace up, and then leave us. You will know perhaps some day why some meetings ought not to have any witnesses."

So admonished the child obeyed and in a few moments a stalwart young sailor entered the room, where Clara still sat pensively, with her book still in her hand. He walked straight to Clara's chair and extending his hand said, "I have come to say good-by. I thought you would excuse my doing that. It is a small matter to you Clara, but it means a good deal to me."

Clara did not take the proffered hand, but turning half round in her chair and looking reproachfully but tenderly in his eyes, she said, "Why Clement, where are you going so unexpectedly, and why do you speak so?"

"I am going to sea, Clara, and I shall be away two years at least, indeed, I do not know that I shall ever come back. I am a reprobate and you must forget me, for no happiness can ever come to you through me. I shall only break your heart, and I love you so dearly that I would spare you that fate, though no one knows what it has cost me to leave you."

Clara buried her face in her hands for a moment or two and silently offered a prayer to God for help in the moment which she knew was the crisis in two lives. When she raised her head her face was very pale and tears glistened in her eyes, as she said, "Clement is there no way but this?"

"No Clara, there is none; I have spent the night thinking, as well as my muddled brains would think, and there is, I am convinced, no alternative. A connection with me would bring on you misery, sorrow and disgrace, and I will not add that sin to the record of my blighted life. No I will go and you will forget me and be the wife of some good man who will be worthy of you."

"Clement," said the now weeping girl, "why should you lead a blighted life, why should you put my love away from you?"

"Clara," he said in a broken voice, "believe me it is the most unselfish act of my life, I do it with a broken heart and I dread to think of my agony when this parting is over, and I am far from you; but it is a less terrible thing for me to suffer than that the curse of my life should cast its shadow on yours. You saw my condition last night, you could see that I was excited with wine, and after you left the party I was rendered desperate by the thought that I had disgraced myself in your eyes and I was reckless and drank more and more until I was so intoxicated that I had to be assisted to my home. This is not the first time I have been so depraved. Before my last voyage the drunkard's curse was fastening its hold upon me, and when I returned to the temptations ashore it was renewed. For two weeks I was scarcely sober any night. Then I met you and I resolved that for your sake and that I might win you for my wife I would control my passions. You were my good angel and all unknown to yourself you



Lieutenant Wallace says Farewell.

saved me from myself and my enemy. But last night proves that even your influence is not so strong as the craving for liquor. No, I must go to my fate—a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave, but I will not drag you over such a shameful path."

"But why should you tread it yourself Clement? You say I was your good angel, let me still be that to you. Do not regard the fight as lost, you would not so easily give up your ship to a pirate. Let me do an angel's part by you unworthy as I am to do it. If my influence is strong with you let me use it for your good as you say I did unconsciously a few months ago."

"It is no use Clara, even your power has failed and now there is no hope. You see, my love, there is a traitor aboard and unhappily for me he commands the ship. I fought hard for your sake but I am beaten now. Even the thought of you fails to restrain me. I seem to be possessed by a demon. When I see intoxicating liquor I am like a maniac; I must have it. My thirst is intolerable and I go to it as if I were a slave driven by an inward master. Bless you for your sweet compassion, the thought of it will be a consolation to me as long as I live, but it cannot save me; I am a lost man."

"No," said Clara, "it cannot save you, I know, but it may help you. When I asked you to let me do an angel's part by you I meant that I should try to do the work angels are supposed to do. Let me lead you to Him who is able to save you. I would lead you to Jesus who came to save even the lost. You trusted to me and I failed as I might be expected to fail, but let me

lead you to One who is mightier than I; He will not fail."

The poor helpless man listened to the words of faith and hope with anxious ears. He had fought and fallen so often that his heart despaired, but this was almighty help that was offered him, and in his weakness it seemed to be the very thing he needed. He listened intently as the girl he loved told him of Christ's sympathy with the weak and the tempted, of His invitation to the weary and the erring, and then he willingly consented to kneel beside his dear instructress as she pleaded his cause at the throne of grace.

It was a very different farewell that he said when he left, from the despairing farewell he had come to say. He had hope, faint and trembling, but it was hope and it shed a light in his darkened perturbed soul. That hope was fulfilled. During the two years that elapsed before his return, Clara received several letters from him speaking of growing faith in Jesus, of love for Him who was helping the struggling slave of appetite, and of increased moral strength. He still dreaded the struggle that must come when he would arrive in port and be face to face with the temptations before which he had succumbed. But in that struggle he conquered by a strength he had learned to use and it was with a glad heart that he found temptations once overcome lose their strength. A happiness above that which even bridegrooms generally feel, filled his heart as he was united in marriage to the girl who like the good angel he had called her in the hour of his

despair, had led him to the Friend of sinners who had saved him with an everlasting salvation.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 575.)

Christian Encouragement.

THE clerk's words stung two people. Mr. Copleston felt cruelly humiliated, and at the same time doubly thankful that he had not left it to James Williams to deliver his message. He hastened forward and said—"I came to take you over to my house to get some food after your sleep, but since I see that my clerk has—"

"'Twasn't me," interrupted Williams. "Whoever's given him a meal, 'twasn't me, sir."

"No," added the other man, "it was an old lady in a white frilled cap. A gentle, soft-voiced old body," he added in a lower tone, half aside, and Mr. Copleston's face brightened as he said, in an equally low tone, "Ah, good old Granny. 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.'"

Murmured as the quotation was, scarcely above a whisper, the young man caught it, and it touched a chord already set vibrating in his heart. Acting on a sudden impulse, he raised his eyes to the clergyman, and said quickly, "Ah! Of course! No wonder those that are the blessed of God are glad to remember that He is the Father of heaven. However, seeing, that she is one of those for whom that same kingdom of heaven is prepared, no doubt she does like to think of it and its King; but for me it is different."

"Yes," said the vicar gently. "For you, and for

many another of us less ripe for the Father's kingdom than good old Betty Sharplin, it is more comforting, for the time, to pour out our humble sorrow in the prayer, 'God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.' And through the Son we get strength to look up to that pitiful Father 'who so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon; the clock had just struck, and Williams, who combined the duties of afternoon bellringer with those of his clerkship, was pulling away at the rope with might and main, and giving tongue to his temper while the bell's tongue summoned people to proclaim their faith in that religion whose ripe fruit is love.

"The like of vicar I never d d see!" came spasmodically from between his teeth as he strained away at the bell, and glowered out through the open church door at two moving objects in the distance.

"If he ain't walking cheek by jowl with yon rascalion," he muttered, after another pause for breath, "for all as if he was his brother, or one of the collegers like himself. Belike he'll be asking him up to have the best bedroom at t' vicarage next. I know where I'd lodge him, the lazy black-guard, and that's in the county jail." Williams was looking out across the common and saw two men moving slowly along the fields together. Bobby Balston saw them also, and whispered to Bob the elder:

"Father, there's *my poor potato man* walking quite comferble like wif Mr. Copuphton."

"Aye, laddie," assented his father; "seems to me as them potatoes you thought on have set un up quite wonderful like."

A good many more of the villagers also saw the unusual sight of their vicar devoting his short interval of Sunday rest, between the two services, to walking and talking with a stranger.

"And naught but the commonest of common good-for-naught beggars," as Williams growled, against his own secret suspicions, to the two or three gossips who strolled up to learn if he could give any explanation of the phenomenon.

Meantime as every minute passed the vicar was giving ever increasingly earnest, secret thanks that the Holy Spirit had put it into his heart to leave his dinner, and come in quest of the wanderer into his little out-of-the-way fold. It had not taken him many moments to discover that instead of being the commonest of common good-for-naughts, as the clerk declared, the stranger was a particularly uncommon specimen of a tatterdemalion, and was hovering on the edge of that most dismal of all precipices, a final chill despair.

Suddenly, while they were talking together, the church clock struck three, and then the bell clanged out, loud and sharp and quick, as it was pulled by the clerk's angry hands; and the vagrant stood still exclaiming, in a tone of self-reproach:

"Why, I guess that you've got a second service just on?"

"Yes," was the smiling answer; "at least, at the half-hour. But what of it?"

"What of it?" repeated the man. "Why, I know if any one had used up *his* fragments of leisure between the services my father would have thought—"

"Your father?" interrupted Mr. Copleston impulsively, as he looked rather at his companion's clothes than at his face. Then hastily turning his eyes away, he continued, "I beg your pardon. I knew before by your language that you are other than you seem. *Is your father alive?*"

"Thank God, no," replied the stranger fervently, adding, "Although if he had been I reckon that I should not have been in such a condition to break his heart. He died when I was a lad."

There was a long pause, which Mr. Copleston broke at last by asking, "Are you an American?"

"Oh, no," was the ready answer. "My father was a Welshman, my mother a Scotchwoman, and I was born in Bangor, where my father was the clergyman of one of the churches. *My history is simple enough*, and soon told. My mother died in my earliest childhood; I can scarcely remember

her; but my father was mother and father to me—a nobler, gentler parent no boy ever had. Unhappily, he died of malignant fever when I was fifteen. Taken ill one evening, he was dead three days after, and I was forthwith removed from school by a stern, harsh, Scotch uncle, forbidden to think any more of going to college, or following in my father's footsteps, and placed at a desk in my uncle's office.

"Hard words, hard living, and even occasionally hard blows, were my portion for the next few months, interspersed with cruel, bitter abuse of my father, who had left a penniless orphan behind him to be provided for. At the end of half a year I ran away. Another equally cruelly-used lad in the same office I unhappily persuaded to run away with me. We went to Australia first. But ill-usage had broken him down too completely, poor fellow, in health and spirits, ever to recover. He could do nothing, and I could do little but look after him. However, we drifted on, I don't know how, for some years in Australia, and then we thought we heard of a *good opening in America*, and so we contrived to get over to that continent. And that move killed him. The climate of Australia had kept him alive in spite of everything; but a burning summer, followed by a hard winter, in America, finished him up, and the second summer he died.

"I had nothing on earth left to live for. Not a creature on earth to care for! I guess that's a state of things enough to take the spirit out of any man. Anyway, I reckon that it did out of me. I drifted along in America a few years longer, saved a little money too somehow. I'm sure I can't say how, only of course there wasn't poor old Aleck to be fed up and doctored any longer, and so what I made I'd next to no use for. Then a great longing came over me last winter to see Bangor once more, so I offered myself to work a passage across on a cranky old vessel, and this time I came in for a *real shipwreck*. I had had a good share of metaphorical ones before."

"So it seems, poor fellow," murmured the sympathetic listener. "Did the vessel go down?"

"Aye, then, I guess that's just what it did do, and took everything with it but our lives and the clothes we had on. We were picked up out of our boat at last by another vessel, when we'd been drifting five days without food, and brought to Liverpool. That was some months ago. Since then I have been drifting again as usual, and now I have drifted here. That's my history. Not much of a one, you see. Just a quiet, happy boy life up to fifteen, followed by six months' torture, then—drifting. And I should not be sorry if this last spell of that would drift me into that quiet graveyard yonder."

"But I should," said Mr. Copleston quickly. Then, as he saw a dreary shadow fall over his companion's face, he added as quickly, "For some years to come, at any rate. What a foolishly sensitive fellow you are. You look as though you thought I meant that I should grudge you a corner there, or grudge the trouble of reading the service over you."

"Yes," was the simple answer, but in a tone of firm conviction.

"Then I am ashamed of you," said the vicar impatiently, but with a smile that took all hurtfulness out of the irritability. "Your drifting ought at least to have done so much good as to harden your skin for you, and make you more sensible. But there," with a half-laugh, "you are not so far wrong after all; for I should grudge the trouble of reading the service over a finished but unused life, but I shall not grudge the trouble of reading a service *to* you every day, if you please, for any number of years to come. What has become of your uncle?"

"Died, three years ago, I heard. Left me a shilling, and the rest of a large fortune to some charities."

"Forgive me asking further. Where are your other relations?"

"I have none."

"Then you are alone in the world?"

"Utterly."

"Ah!" coolly, "then you've hit upon the right

place to come to. You will have to give up drifting; you will have to stay in Silverdale."

"Stay in Silverdale!" echoed the wanderer in a tone of wonder, and looking down at his tattered garments and old boots, much as Williams the clerk had done a while since, as though he imagined that they must have got transformed before any fellow-creature could imply a desire to keep him in his neighborhood. But look as he would he saw the same old grimy clothes with which he had drifted into Silverdale four hours ago, and he said again, "Stay in Silverdale! All the people of the other places I have wandered into have said 'Move on, get out of Silverdale,' or whatever their towns or villages might be called."

"Very likely. The people in those other places have been too busy, no doubt, to do more than say 'move on;' but, you see, in this sleepy little parish of mine, off the world's highway, I have had leisure to have a chat with that *rara avis*, a stranger, and having thus learnt something of you, I say, Stay with us."

Tears started into the vagrant's eyes, and he stretched out his hand; but just as the vicar was about to take it the contrast between the color of the two struck the man once more with a sadder sense of shame, and he hurriedly dropped it back to his side, turning as he did so, and walking two or three paces off.

The reminder bell, which had ceased at five minutes past three, now pealed out again, warning clergyman as well as congregation that it was time to be wending churchward; and regular duty could not be put aside for even this unexpected one which had fallen in the vicar's path, of being the means in the Father's hand to raise up one who had fallen fainting on life's wayside. But he would not leave the stranger without one more word. Looking at his watch a moment, Mr. Copleston took a couple of his long strides after his companion, and saying with a smile:

"I am sorry you don't feel well enough disposed toward me to shake hands," added, "I have to go into church now; you will come in too, will you not? See if I approach in any degree to the mode you set up for yourself in your boyhood. There are plenty of seats behind pillars that you can hid yourself away in till you have had the chance to brush up your outward self a degree more to your own taste. Good-by for the present. Sit where you can get a glimpse of you occasionally."

And with these quiet, hearty sentences the faithful laborer in the Lord's harvest ran over the fields to his church with feet almost as light as active as those of his schoolboy sons, young Henry and Frank. He carried a glad heart above his fee and there is nothing like that for making folks steps nimble.

The last member of the congregation stole cautiously in at the side door behind the curtain, and thence slunk into the first seat he could find, which was scarcely a seat at all—in fact, just a niche: the deep shadow of a great stone pillar, not half so comfortable as the bench outside in the cool porch but then the morning occupant of that bench had wanted to go to sleep, and the present occupant of the narrow ledge wished to hear the service, as he chose his seat—morning and afternoon—accordingly, and, all things considered, not so bad either.

The Vicar read Psalm 130, and its concluding words seemed to one listener like an echo of his recent conversation.

"O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption."

And the answer came with the heartiness of united voices:

"And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

An hour or so ago Mr. Copleston had said, with appreciative sympathy, "No; I can understand that just now it is more soothing to you to cry 'Him who was tempted like as we are, to the Son of man 'God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us, miserable sinners.' And no reason for the cry was given him—'Oh, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and plenteous redemption.' Yes; the weary and woe-laden listener in the dark shadow could moan now in the

silent depths of his heart, "God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on me, a miserable sinner."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 24. Golden Texts, Luke 4:32; Isa. 11:2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Anointing with Power—Christ Among the Children—His Love for the Childlike—The Ordeal of Self-sacrifice—Lessons of Suffering and Service—A Blessed Exchange—An Incident at Bethshan—How far Faith will go—Jerusalem's Lost Opportunity—The Insulation of the Praying Soul—The Formalists and Freethinkers of Christ's Day—Directions for Defence—How to be Ready.

IN the early part of the year we were considering from the first part of St. Mark's Gospel, the mighty works both of miracles and of healing which Jesus wrought. During the past quarter, with the exception of the healing of Bartimeus, the portion of the Gospel of Mark, from which our lessons have been drawn, chapters 10 to 13, have been full of our blessed Lord's teaching.

Our golden texts harmonize beautifully one with the other, and also with these Scriptures. The American Committee has chosen Isa. 11:2, "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." The English Committee have chosen Luke 4:32, "And they were astonished at His doctrine for His Word was with power." Christ is the Head of His body the church "as He is, so are we in this world" (1 John 4:17). He as Man was anointed with the Holy Ghost and through His anointing, wisdom, Holy Ghost wisdom, understanding, counsel, might, knowledge, the fear of the Lord were upon Him, and flowed out from Him. All which He received He received for us His members. "The precious ointment upon the head . . . ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; and went down to the skirts of his garments" and so the anointing of Jesus descends upon His members, and as we are really united to Him, His anointing becomes our anointing, we partake in it. He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing." He spoke as Man, and those of us who know ourselves can most fully enter into this declaration, and say for ourselves, "I can of mine own self do nothing." But anointed, and coming out of His time of temptation in the power of the Spirit into Galilee we hear that men "were astonished at His doctrine; for His Word was with power." In order that any words we speak may be with power, we need to give place to the Holy Ghost and fall into our place fully as members of Christ's anointed body. In our own selves, by our own selves, we can do nothing.

In our first lesson we saw

CHRIST AMONG THE CHILDREN.

O how the old unbelieving ideas that the conversion of children is not to be believed in, vanish when he hear Him say "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God:" how we see in all His life His condescension to the understanding and to the condition of those with whom He had to do meeting them where they were. He did not put the children through some stern exercise, and frighten them, but won their hearts by taking them up in His arms and blessing them. And then by making the children an example and saying "Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in nowise enter therein," He showed how we may learn from the smallest, weakest and most ignorant. The most advanced souls are always the most teachable, the most holy ones are those who most readily see and admit where they have been wrong. God loves childlikeness, simplicity and openness, and those who most resemble Him like that which He likes.

Our next lesson was from the rich young man who lacked one thing, and that one thing was an all-inclusive one, the renouncement of all which he possessed, that he should be no more a rich young man, but a poor young man, and thus lose all his

distinction, all which marked him. O how many there are who will sacrifice everything, even health and strength, rather than position. How many, even of those whose sins are pardoned, fail to renounce all for God, and remain before the world much as they were before. "It would seem so strange," they say, "if I were not to dress as others do," "it would be thought so strange if I did not go to such and such a worldly place, if I did not know what is passing in the world, if I did not understand a reference to some new book. I should not like to be peculiar: I should sink so much in the eyes of those around me if I gave up one of my servants that I might spend more in the direct service of God, it is expected of me to do such and such things." To all such the Lord Jesus says, "One thing thou lackest, go and sell all that thou hast; be content with what I have, give up all for Me, and I share all with thee." Blessed exchange, ourself for Himself, our possessions for His! The lesson on

SUFFERING AND SERVICE

immediately followed, when our blessed Lord sought to teach His disciples the lesson of the cross, of His cup and His baptism, and of that paradox which seems to our carnal nature so inexplicable, "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." Human nature seeks its own, vaunteth itself, is puffed up, seeks its own glory, values itself, and seeks to force others to value it; divine nature is the exact contrary, it seeks neither its own, nor its own glory, "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Just in the midst of our Lord's teaching, the cry of blind Bartimeus found a willing response in the ears of Him who was anointed to preach "recovering of sight to the blind," and the incident of his healing, so full of teaching, both to the spiritually and physically blind, formed our next lesson. One day a friend who was present at one of our meetings at Bethshan, (the house for faith healing), remarked upon the request of one present for prayer which had been responded to by two who were present, "You prayed as though you quite believed that the closed eye would be opened, does your faith go so far as that?" What a strange question to ask! What difference can it make to Him who created the whole world whether the eye on which the Creator of all sight is about to operate, is wholly or partially closed! how small such differences must be to Him! Let the eyes of our understanding be opened to know Him fully, and then minor differences in the diseases of spirit, soul, or body which we bring to His Almightyness, almost cease to be apparent;

WE HAVE TO DO WITH GOD.

After the healing of Bartimeus, our blessed Lord made His first and last triumphal entry into the city, over which He afterward wept, the city which knew not the time of her visitation. With what gladness would He have saved every soul in Jerusalem! how joyfully would He have swept away from her all disease and sickness, blindness, deafness, lameness, and that terrible possession by the devil or by evil spirits, of which we read so much in the New Testament! But although for a moment there was a cry of "Save now" [Hosanna] it died away, and in actual fact, few were healed, few saved, "the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple," it is true "and He healed them" (Matt. 21:14), but the great mass of Jerusalem citizens only asked the question, Who is this? and on finding it was neither warrior nor statesman, nor priest, nor Levite, only a prophet, and a prophet of Nazareth of Galilee, there was not in Him sufficient prestige to secure their further notice, and so the Deliverer and the deliverance passed away from them. Not however until, in the incident of the fig-tree, He had taught the nation a lesson, a lesson which the scattered Jews are practically learning even to this very day.

Our Lord's next lesson was on prayer and forgiveness. Prayer needs two conditions one is faith, the other a heart really right with God and man. Just as the telegraph wires except they are insulated from all conducting agencies, cannot

convey the message, because the supply from the battery is dispersed so the Spirit of God cannot convey prayer through our hearts to God, nor yet His answer to us unless there is complete insulation from all foreign element. God means that prayer shall be prevailing. He has made provision that it shall be so. He wills that we should have power with Him and prevail, but in order that such a mighty power should be put into our hands, there must be nothing in us which does not work with God, no contrary current, nothing personal or for self, and therefore nothing contrary to love.

A great deal of our unbelief arises from the want of a really single eye. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Seeing Him, His side of every question, settles the matter, and we can understand, and build upon His words, "All things, whatsoever ye ask, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." The doubt which takes the form of

"I AM SO UNWORTHY"

often arises from something really wrong, which needs setting really right, and when there is no allowed sin of temper, jealousy, evil-speaking, or other kind, then there is such an occupation with self as shuts out the sight of God. Really humble Christians are the boldest of all in prayer, while those who are afraid to go too far and to be presumptuous often think much more of their own attainments.

Our Lord's next teaching was about the wicked husbandman, the abused responsibility of the Jewish nation. This it was which roused the forces of the priests, scribes, elders, Pharisees, Herodians, and Sadducees to try and silence Him. The attacks began with the chief authorities; but His quotations from Scripture were unanswerable. They then sent some of the Pharisees, probably young students, "disciples of the Pharisees," and these were joined with the Herodians, a sect as unlike the Pharisees in doctrine as well could be. The Pharisees were the high churchmen of that day, the Herodians bordering on infidelity. But both were spiritually dead, and death combined against life. It was in vain: the Lord in words of wisdom put them to silence. He never entered into dispute with them, but He took high ground, above their limited horizon, and thus they could have nothing to say; and even when the Sadducees, the rationalists, the disputers and talkers of the day, came to the attack, they could not stand their ground.

Let us too never be dismayed. God has given us the promise that when we are brought "before rulers and kings," and most surely also before the cavillers and doubters in our own circle, "Whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost;" and let us take care that we speak nothing which is not given us. The last of Christ's questioners brought forward with apparent honesty a question about the law, the "Thou shalt love" of our God; and having answered it Jesus took occasion to ask them a question, "What think ye of Christ?" Alas! this was a subject far from their thoughts. As the Son of David they knew Him by name, but the Christ was not the occupation of their thoughts, and thus He was among them and they knew Him not.

Our last two lessons concerned the coming of the Lord; the signs of His coming and our right attitude with regard to it. The state of the East at this very day seems an additional sign that the Lord is at hand. O to be found ready! (2 Pet. 3:14.) O to "be diligent that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless!" O to be found with hearts just as He would have them when He comes, tongues and minds, hands and feet, occupied as He would have them! To have no money spent otherwise than will best prepare for His coming! How can this best be? Surely by being occupied with Him. He who is coming in glory is already here as our Wisdom, our Life, our Power, our all. Knowing Him as our indwelling Saviour and King, we shall be ready for Him as our Bridegroom; carrying out in a lost world His purposes, occupied with His interests, so we shall be found ready. "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Reports from the Seat of War in Egypt indicate a check to the British advance in the direction of Cairo. The lengthy and detailed reports from the British camp are no longer sent to the newspapers, General Wolseley having subjected them to a censorship and limited each telegram to five hundred words. It is evident, however, that no progress has been made, and one report states that Arabi holds four positions from which he had been driven at an early stage of the campaign. *An artillery duel* is the name given to an action which took place on September 9th. Arabi's troops turned out for a reconnoissance of the British position, but were received by the Bengal troops, who sustained the shock of the Egyptian advance until reinforcements arrived from the rear, when the Egyptians were driven back to their intrenchments, from which a heavy and well-directed fire was kept up on the British position. These intrenchments are said to be enormously strong. The correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says: "They extend eight miles and are defended by black regiments—the flower of the Egyptian army—twelve or fifteen thousand regulars, the same number of irregulars, fifty guns and a few cavalry. If they are not overtaken by panic, the fight will be very severe and may last two days. Some mystery attaches to the movements of the Highland brigade, who were kept on ship-board at Ismailia, and a part of the Indian contingent, of whose precise whereabouts there is no information." The same correspondent also states that the delay in the advance, the unhealthy locality in which the British troops are stationed, and the attitude of the people all give rise to serious apprehension.

The Conference of Ministers at Constantinople convened to consider the Egyptian question has found no basis for united European action. The jealousy manifested by Russia at the action of England is unabated, and evidence is not wanting that France sympathizes with her. The Anglo-Turkish Convention is still unsigned, the difficulty in regard to the final signing of the draft being upon the question whether the Turkish troops, when they arrive at Port Said, will be allowed to disembark or be required to await instructions from General Wolseley. The Porte claims that it has proved its sincerity by proclaiming Arabi Pacha a rebel and that it is justified in expecting an immediate signing of the convention, but it is noteworthy that the Sultan does not explicitly denounce Arabi as a rebel in his proclamation, but merely states that the designs of Arabi Pacha justified his being described as a rebel. The embarkation of the Turkish contingent is consequently delayed pending the settlement of the difficulty.

The British Troops are in the Land of Goshen according to an article by an Egyptian scholar published in the *London Daily News*. He says: The field of Sir Garnet Wolseley's operations is the celebrated land of Goshen. The site of Ramesses is not a settled point; that was where the Israelites started from in the Exodus: the first march was to Succoth, the word means "tents," so it was probably only a camping ground. Etham was on the edge of the wilderness, or the desert; hence two marches brought them out of the black land of Khem, and into the sandy region. Pihahiroth, the next journey, was between Migdol and the sea, over against Baab Zephon. The maps given in Bibles generally place these names along the line from near Cairo to Suez, which will correspond with the Haj route of the present day, and the pilgrims when they start from Cairo to cross the desert, as they go in a body, bear many characteristics which suggest a resemblance to the account in Scripture of the Exodus.

A Party of Arabian Christians who Arrived last week at Castle Garden from Alexandria by way of Malta bore witness to the horrors which succeeded the bombardment. One of them said to a reporter who visited the party that they had seen natives departing from the city "loaded with booty, and the police only encouraged them and ridiculed them for not taking more. If a European showed himself out of doors he was pursued and beaten to death, and if the police rescued him they

generally cut his throat themselves. We saw a man beaten to death in our street and a Greek flying with a score or two at his heels. After this had continued some time the soldiers were called out from the Ras-el-Tin, but instead of defending the Europeans they shot them down themselves. I do not believe the mob killed many in comparison with the soldiers. For five days we were kept in the city while all this was going on. Most of the Europeans sought refuge on their ships. But we had no resort. For a time the port was shut and we could not get away, but when it was opened we managed to get off without our property and fly to Malta."

A Serious Accident Occurred to an Excursion train on Sunday, September 3d, in Germany. The train which was running between Freiburg and Colmar left the rails near Hugstetten. There were twelve hundred persons on the train, fifty of whom are reported killed, and 300 injured. The accident was caused by a telegraph pole which had been struck by lightning and fell across the tracks, throwing nineteen of the cars off the rails. There were twenty-four cars on the train, and those thrown off the track shot down an embankment into a swamp, where their weight caused them to sink. The number of persons smothered in the deep mud cannot yet be ascertained.

The Difficulty with the Irish Police Issued in a renewal of the rioting in Dublin on Sunday, September 3d. Soon after midnight the Riot Act was read in Sackville Street and the street was cleared by continued charges of cavalry and infantry, in which three or four people, including a reporter, were wounded. There was an unfortunate affray in Capel Street. Thirty special constables were marching over Grattan Bridge on their way to the Green Street police station when they were hustled and assailed by a mob of roughs. One constable drew his revolver and fired three shots into the mob, severely wounding three men, and seventy-seven persons were injured with bayonet thrusts. The dismissed policemen memorialized Earl Spencer, who replied by reinstating about two hundred of them, excluding only the leaders. He granted the reinstated men a free pardon, but expressed regret and surprise that they should have been induced to take the step they did. Lord Spencer also promised that their grievances should be carefully considered.

The Nihilists are still Active in Russia in spite of the severe measures of the government. The Czar narrowly escaped death on Monday, September 4th, on his way to his palace at Gatchina after the conclusion of the army manoeuvres at Ishora. He and the empress were driven over a bridge constructed by the military across a ravine, and had only just reached the opposite side when the bridge fell into the ravine. It is stated that its demolition was effected by a torpedo placed under it for the purpose of injuring the Czar and the Grand Duke Michael. The Minister of War was swept from the bridge and severely injured.

A Desperate Attempt to Rescue an Imprisoned Nihilist was made recently at Saratoff in Russia. During the hour allowed the prisoner for exercise a cart containing two men drove up to the jail and made a signal to the prisoner, who was walking within the prison enclosure, guarded by a jailer. The prisoner at once threw sand in the eyes of the jailer and ran to the wall, while the men in the cart fired revolvers and mortally wounded the jailer. The liberated prisoner and his rescuers drove off, but were stopped by persons who witnessed the occurrence, and after a desperate struggle, in which one of the liberators was killed, the other two men were captured. The crowd tried to lynch them, but were prevented. The captured liberator states that he is the son of a landed proprietor.

Mr. Moody's Closing Service in Scotland is thus described in an English journal: "The very last evening in Scotland of this nine months' campaign came at length, and it cannot be said that Mr. Moody did not make the most of it. He spoke to a densely-crowded meeting of women only, who met in the George Street Free Church, Dumfries at six o'clock. His parting message to those who

were not far from the kingdom was inexpressibly solemn and moving, and produced one result I had not seen equalled on any former occasion. When he asked those to rise who wished to be remembered in prayer, I should judge that about a third part of the great company of women stood on their feet. The circumstance that it was deep twilight, with the gas unlit, may have given unusual courage to some, but the fact remained, and testified to the great impression made by Mr. Moody's address. The after-meeting was large, and was continued for a considerable time. A large number of names and addresses of those spoken to were taken for future visitation. Having closed a day, memorable not only in itself, but in the fact that it terminated an evangelistic campaign that will not be forgotten while Scotland stands, Mr. Moody quietly retired to his hotel. In less than two hours he was on his way to London *en route* for the continent, where he will spend a brief period with his family before buckling on the harness at Swansea, South Wales."

During the Visit of Cetewayo the Captive King of the Zulus, to England, the Rev. A. C. MacLaglen, formerly a missionary in Zululand, presented him with a handsome Bible printed in the Zulu language, also seven copies of the Book of Common Prayer in Zulu, given for that purpose by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Cetewayo seemed much gratified at the gift, and remarked that this was the first Bible that had been presented to him since he had been in Great Britain. A Prayer-book was also given to each of the chiefs, and to every member of the suite, whereat one of the latter remarked, "It is high time we had something of this kind to read." A deputation from the National Temperance League waited on him to urge him to discontinue the use of ardent spirits in Zululand; but the queen had sent an artist that morning to take his portrait, and the king positively declined to see the deputation, stating that he could not disregard the wish "of his mother the queen," which was as urgent as a matter of life and death. Copies of the *British Workman* and other temperance publications were left for presentation to him.

The Health of Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury has improved during the past week. The apprehensions entertained have given place to a more hopeful feeling though his grace is not considered out of danger. Severe neuralgic headaches and nervous prostration are now the most serious symptoms of his condition.

An Accident Happened to the Rev. Joseph Cook during his journey to Australia from Japan. Mr. Cook was thrown down a hatchway during a storm with such violence that some of the muscles and cartilages of his ribs were torn asunder, and considerable surgical treatment was necessary. He soon recovered completely, and at last accounts was in excellent health.

Christian Work has been Commenced in Russia by a noble of the empire. Prince Galatzin, a young Russian nobleman who had a Bible given him at the Paris Exposition and was led to accept its truths, proposes to travel for some months through Russia for evangelistic work. He intends to build thirty Bible kiosks, and fit up seven carriages for religious books and tracts.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1882

16th Year. No. 39.—New Series.

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CHRISTOPHER BLUMHARDT, Founder of the Faith-Healing Homes in Germany, and Scenes in his Life.

CHRISTOPHER BLUMHARDT,

Founder of the German Faith-Healing Homes.

Birth and Incidents of School Life—Bible Reading in Boyhood—Schönthal Seminary—University Life at Tübingen—First Curacy—Tutor at the Basle Missionary College—Anger before a Postboy—His Future Wife—Curacy of Iptingen—Removal to Möttlingen—Marriage—Successful Pastoral Work—Extraordinary Case of Demoniactal Possession—Exorcism and Healing—A Religious Revival—Striking Faith Cures—A House of Healing—Morbidity Cases—A Maniac Freed—Closing Scenes—The Secret of his Power.

THE year 1805 was a time of great disturbance in Germany; the French troops entered Stuttgart on July 16th, and there was a general panic. On that very day was born Christopher Blumhardt and in the very house in which he first saw the light a number of French soldiers were quartered, and the young mother and her newly-born son were disturbed by their inconsiderate revelry.

Christopher's father was a man of eminent piety. He was an overseer in the employ of a timber merchant, and his income was very small. He determined, however, that his boy should have a good education and he was therefore sent to school when he was only three years old and as the distance was too great for him to walk, he was carried to school on his father's shoulder, and was frequently brought back by the schoolmaster in the same way. (*See frontispiece picture at the left-hand corner.*) One day the latter said, as he set down his burden, "Here is your son, you must not bring him up as a mechanic; he must study; the boy has special gifts and may become something great." "How can I?" replied the father, "Where can I get the means?" "The means will soon be forthcoming," was the reply. "I am persuaded this boy will do great things. He must study, and God will provide for him. *Only believe!*" In due time Christopher was sent to the Gymnasium, or Public School, where he was placed on the free list.

SCHÖNTHAL SEMINARY.

From an early age Blumhardt took a great delight in his Bible, and had read it *twice through* from beginning to end before he was thirteen years old. The family being poor he soon learned to make himself useful in bringing home heavy logs of wood from the market, and splitting them into firewood for his mother's use, and in later life his small but muscular hand showed that it had grasped something heavier than a pen in early days. When fourteen years old he obtained a free nomination to the theological seminary at Schönthal. On his journey there he first met his lifelong friend Wilhelm Hoffmann, who subsequently became the court preacher at Berlin. It is told of him that Blumhardt and a friend arrived at a little village inn just before the Hoffmanns, father and son. The young men eagerly tried to secure for themselves the best accommodation, when the elder Hoffmann said mildly, "He who would be Christ-like will never take the best for himself, but give it up to others." This rebuke sank into Blumhardt's mind, and was the key-note of the whole of his after career.

UNIVERSITY LIFE AT TUBINGEN.

In the autumn of 1824 the two friends entered the University of Tübingen. At that time Hegel and Schelling were electrifying the students with their new rationalistic philosophy, and Hoffmann, for a time, fell under Schelling's influence, but Blumhardt's love for his Bible, constancy in prayer, and dislike of all that was purely conjectural, kept him from being carried away by the dangerous current. The trusting faith of his childhood remained unshaken amid the perils of the reckless criticism and infidelity which were then manifesting themselves. David F. Strauss, the æsthetic Vischer, and Gustavus Pfister, were among the circle of students gathered round the two friends. Blumhardt not only worked hard at his studies, but gave private lessons to support his now widowed mother. The intellectual many-sidedness of university life laid the foundation of that wide sympathy and extensive cultivation which afterward distinguished the "Pastor of Bad Boll."

FIRST CURACY.

In 1828, having successfully passed his examination, Blumhardt became curate to a former tutor, Professor Kern, in Dürrenz-Mühlacker. A friend, Dr. Gundert, relates how easily and quickly he won all hearts there, but he does not appear to have aimed so much at conversion among the people, as at preparing the way for future work. About this time his brother Carl, a mechanic in Basle, was converted, and wrote an earnest letter exhorting Christopher to repentance and faith in Jesus, not knowing that he had been anticipated by the Holy Spirit, and that his letter was needless. Blumhardt was overjoyed, and resolved to visit his brother.

TUTOR AT THE MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

At Basle he met his uncle, the Inspector of Missions, who offered him a tutorship in the missionary college there, which he accepted. A friend writes that he had much work laid upon him while at this post, but that he was always content and cheerful under the greatest pressure. Whatever he undertook he did with ease, and was beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Many persons, who had thought he owed his appointment to nepotism, acquired respect for his ability and worth when they became acquainted with him.

Sometimes he would go on a preaching tour in the country, driven by a *young postboy*. On one occasion this boy was so behind time as to put him to the greatest and most unjustifiable inconvenience. When at the last minute he appeared, Blumhardt gave vent to his displeasure, but suddenly stopped as he observed first an expression of surprise, then astonishment, and finally something like contempt, pass over the boy's face. Blumhardt saw that by his anger he had lost his place in the boy's esteem, owned to himself the lad had a right to his surprise, and felt ashamed, as he writes, "to his very skin."

MEETS HIS FUTURE WIFE.

In Basle he made the acquaintance of his future wife, Johanna Dorothea Köllner, a quiet thoughtful woman, whose idyllic dreams of a pastor's home were widely different from the real life of self-denial and unceasing toil which awaited her. Soon after their betrothal he accepted the curacy of Iptingen. The next year, 1838, he was called to the parish of Möttlingen, a village in the Black Forest of the Kingdom of Württemberg, and there, in the month of September, his uncle, Inspector Blumhardt, united him in marriage to the lady of his choice.

WORK AT MÖTTLINGEN.

Möttlingen had long enjoyed a succession of godly pastors, not the least of whom was Dr. Barth, his friend and predecessor. Yet an apathy had crept over the parish, and an unaccountable spirit of slumber had seized the whole congregation, and Blumhardt's simple preaching was unable to arouse those who were accustomed to sleep under Barth's eloquent energetic orations. But now we come to an episode which is a marked feature in this history.

A CASE OF DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

In Möttlingen there lived a highly gifted and favorite scholar of Dr. Barth's, Gottlieb Dittus. She belonged to a family of poor orphans, had shattered health, and Barth, through his extensive acquaintance, often procured the best medical advice for her severe ailments. The family had just moved into a smaller house, when Gottlieb experienced all manner of strange sensations, and unaccountable noises were also heard in the house. These increased, as did also terrible fits and convulsions.

At first Blumhardt visited her but rarely, thinking her apparent dislike of him proceeded from self-righteousness and spiritual pride, but the remark of an earnest Moravian regarding her, "One would think there were no soul-seeker here" occupied him intensely, and he felt his responsibility before God. He was afterward led to recognize her case as a form of demoniactal possession; he became deeply interested in her, prayed earnestly for and with her; at last he bade her when apparently unconscious in the midst of a fit, clasp her hands and cry "Lord Jesus, help me," saying, "We have seen long enough what the devil can

do, now we will see what Jesus can do!" In a few moments she roused herself, called on the name of Jesus, and the fit ceased at once. (*This incident is illustrated in the left-hand corner of the upper portion of the front picture.*) This was a turning point in Blumhardt's life. Having, as it were, in this remarkable manner, entered into

A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT WITH SATAN, he felt he must carry it on at all hazards, and conquer or die.

A quiet interval was followed by fresh and more violent fits. Gottlieb's whole body was affected and she uttered words not her own, in varying voices unlike her own. Two of his parishioners stood by Blumhardt all through this trying time as his helpers by prayer and faith. The trio were often called to the sufferer's side at all hours of the day or night, and the one remedy invariably employed was the prayer of faith, in the name of Jesus, and it was always sufficient. Another respite of several weeks ensued, during which she so far recovered as to walk about, and Blumhardt rejoiced. But in August 1842, the malady returned with redoubled violence, many symptoms recalling the old Biblical accounts of possession by the devil. Almost in despair he was tempted to give up the struggle, but finally resolved to continue, trusting in Him who answers prayer saying, "The Lord will do as He has promised."

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

There was one fearful night, when Gottlieb attempted self-destruction in various ways, but by the following evening she was again restored, and one of the worst symptoms of her illness disappeared from that time. But the voices continued speaking through her as through an instrument, and sought to engage Blumhardt in conversations which recall the demoniac of Gadara. For the third time the power of Jesus' name brought some quiet weeks, followed by a renewal of the struggle so intense, that for many days Blumhardt could only cry to the Lord with all his might, that He who had formed all things out of nothing, would turn to nothing these things which were wrought by the craft of the devil.

Many severe diseases now supervened, and Gottlieb seemed near her death. She was said to be dying from self-inflicted wounds. Blumhardt was summoned in haste; he threw himself on his knees and cried mightily to the Lord, and then, strong in faith, sent word "Gottlieb must rise and come to me: she can do it by faith." She came. In December the long struggle was brought to a close. On Christmas-eve, with a superhuman voice, she exclaimed, "Jesus is conqueror; Jesus is conqueror." The words resounded through the still night: and caused profound awe wherever heard. Gottlieb now fully recovered her health of mind and body, and lived for many years at the parsonage, sharing in all the household work.

A REMARKABLE REVIVAL.

From the time that the evil spirits were cast out of Gottlieb, there arose a marked religious revival in Möttlingen. Many were deeply moved by the sermon on the following day from the Song of Mary (Luke 2), and there was a general disposition prevalent to make confession of sin and ask the pastor to give assurance to the penitent that God had forgiven him. One after another of the Confirmation class wrote letters to their pastor, confessing sins hitherto concealed. On New Year's Eve one of the parishioners paid him an *unusual call*; he came to humble himself on account of sin, and to ask, could there be forgiveness for such as he?—for eight nights he had been unable to sleep. Blumhardt was at first suspicious, then convinced of the man's sincerity he prayed with him. A second time he came to confess worse sins, whose very existence Blumhardt had not suspected in his parish, and to beg for the pastor's intercession. This was the second turning-point in Blumhardt's life.

A PHARISEE'S CONFESSION.

And now began a deep revival work. Day by day the parsonage sitting-room was filled with anxious souls, waiting their turn to go into the little study. During some months, the people were with him daily, with but little intermission, from six in the morning until half-past eleven at night; the

children held little meetings of their own, where all rayed in turn; by Easter the whole parish, with a few exceptions, had come under the influence of the revival. Yet all was exceedingly quiet; there was no attempt to work upon the people's feelings. But though Blumhardt urged no one to confession, he was inexorable toward half-heartedness on the part of a penitent who professed a desire to confess. "Say that which you do not willingly say," was his advice. A friend accompanying Blumhardt to an out-lying hamlet writes: "When the school bell rang, the people came from the fields with their carts and implements, though it was ten o'clock in the morning. Out of two hundred and fifty inhabitants, one hundred and fifty were present at the Bible reading. And that joy was on their faces, what light in their eyes; it was the sunbeam of the 'new creation' in these sunburnt faces of men and boys." And this was on a week-day!

EXTRAORDINARY FAITH CURES.

Simultaneously with this revival began the faith cures so intimately associated with Blumhardt's name. Many had experienced unexpected bodily healing as well as spiritual peace through his instrumentality. The sick, lame, blind, consumptive and otherwise diseased, gathered from all parts. One Sunday a peasant lad came a distance of three miles, carrying on his back his *lame, deformed brother*; the two returned walking beside each other, and soon this hunchback was made upright and strong. (*This scene is illustrated at the left lower panel of the frontispiece.*)

A young man in *consumption*, given up by his physician, came seeking healing; his bright, cheerful face was in strong contrast to his hollow voice. After the sermon he was silent, an arrow from God's hand had pierced his soul: "I ought to be very different," he murmured, and seemed to have forgotten about his illness. Humbly and quietly he sought Blumhardt's study, that evening he was a new man, and the spiritual cure was effected; "He was like an angel among us," was the after testimony of his companions. He returned in good health to his former employment, able to sing to his heart's content.

The Presbytery hearing of these occurrences summoned Blumhardt to desist from receiving or even speaking and praying with the sick of other parishes. He obeyed for a time, but the cures continued to take place under his *simple preaching*. God's providence delivered him from the plots of other enemies. A written paper was found at his door one morning to say the writer had *entered his house with murderous intent*, and had remained some time concealed in the roof awaiting an opportunity to effect his purpose, but his conscience had been awakened and he could no longer remain to carry out his purpose.

The Sabbath services were preceded by a prayer-meeting and Bible-reading on Saturday night. When the number of visitors to the church grew too large, Blumhardt persuaded his people to give up their seats, under promise of a third service for themselves. This they did, filling the churchyard with their chairs, and often in the rain, with their umbrellas. The children's catechising was followed by this third service, when the parishioners and visitors changed places. Where did they all sleep? Every house in Müttingen was open to them. The women slept on shake-downs on the cottage floors, the men in the haylofts or often in the wood. The parsonage table was free to all who desired to partake of the simple meal of soup, potatoes, and meat. Beloved and trusted as a father throughout the "Forest," Blumhardt was unanimously chosen Deputy, and had some difficulty in declining the unwelcome honor.

REMOVAL TO BAD BOLL.

Finding his house far too small for the constantly growing number of sick who came to board with him, and feeling the weight of his parish work in addition too great a burden, Blumhardt resigned his living, and with the help of a friend purchased from the Government *Bad Boll*, a large building close by a sulphur spring. Here he and his family, accompanied by Gottlieb, her brothers and sister, removed in 1852.

This change of residence altered the character

of his work. Being no longer a simple pastor, but head of an establishment, many sought him for bodily healing, *as though he were a worker of miracles*, without any concern for the needs of their souls. In such cases there was little or nothing to be done, and they would leave saying Blumhardt had lost his power. In one sense, too much was expected from his gift of healing; because those who sought it looked to him instead of to God for deliverance.

MORBID CASES.

With morbid, nervous cases, Blumhardt made short work. One such who came to detail all her troubles and symptoms was cut short with, "Dear child, just now I have no time. The Lord bless thee, and take away all these things." Hurt—almost angry—she left the room, but "these things" were taken away. Another, liable to fits of nervous irritability, sent for him to her room. He listened patiently to her description and saying simply, "Yes, the Lord will set all that right; I will pray earnestly for you," left the room. The invalid, who had consulted all the advisers, medical and spiritual in Würtemberg, despised this simple speech, but the paroxysm was gone, to return no more.

Blumhardt's family grew up and settled near him, the elder sons helping him in his work; Gottlieb married the bailiff, and became the mother of three children. Subsequently, after an illness of two years, she died. Her loss was severely felt by the little band of believing souls who had worked and wrestled together with her through so many conflicts. After thirty years of incessant labor, and when Blumhardt's head was whitened with the snows of age, his life was as laborious as ever.

A YOUTHFUL MANIAC.

Round his table all ranks were gathered, from members of princely and royal families to the country farmers and peasants. The tone of the conversation was free, natural and yet holy. Throughout the day his time was devoted to the invalids. From nine in the evening till two A. M., he worked at his large and increasing correspondence with those who could not personally visit him; and sometimes the telegraph was employed to ask his prayers in urgent cases. Often his patience and faith were taxed to the uttermost. A closed carriage drove up one day to Bad Boll, a couple stepped out, and there remained something behind under a rug. That something was a boy ten years old, stark naked, for he would bear no clothes. His language was furious and terrible beyond description. The mother remained to nurse him, and they were given a large ground-floor room.

Blumhardt visited him frequently until the boy, whose name was John, gave him a severe kick which caused him much suffering. Then his son, Christopher Blumhardt, took charge of him and visited him thrice daily, without any effect. At last John made friends through the window with a child of Gottlieb's, of his own age, and was bribed by him with fruit to put on clothing. As a reward, he was allowed to walk in the garden with his little friend; presently when John began to insult and abuse the gardener's son, the latter enraged, struck him senseless to the ground with a mallet. The doctor pronounced the skull fractured, and said, the case was hopeless, and that in a few hours the boy must die. The Blumhardts sat silently beside him for two hours, and then the elder withdrew. Immediately afterward John asked for water, in a perfectly natural voice. Christopher Blumhardt gave it him, and hurried to tell his father, "John is healed!" And so it was: in two days he was able to greet Blumhardt with the other children. (*These episodes are illustrated at the right hand corner of the lower portion of the front picture.*)

In addition to all these labors, Blumhardt was an author. Beside his published sermons, he wrote a "Handbook of the History and Geography of Missions," and several poems and hymns, setting these to tunes of his own composition. His style of preaching was original and forcible, and drew large audiences wherever he went.

CLOSING SCENE.

And now we come to the closing scene of his

life. His strength had been failing for some time, and notwithstanding his marvellous self-control, it was apparent in the beginning of 1880 that pain and disease were gaining ground. On Sunday, the 15th of February, he preached his last sermon from the text in Psalm 27: 7, 8. He had arranged to hold a Communion that day, out of the usual course; it was a specially hallowed time. The next Saturday, though inflammation of the lungs had already set in, he persisted in holding the evening Bible-reading on Psalm 46: 1; but this exertion was too much for him; he was henceforth a dying man. His prayer on his death-bed was, that the Lord would have mercy upon all men. It had long been on his heart that the Lord would not suffer any to perish. His wife was in a distant room, so dangerously ill that she could not be carried to him to share his last moments, and they who had been so much to each other in life, might not be together in death. He fell asleep, February 25th, 1880, blessing his sons like an old patriarch.

THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.

In writing of him last year, his brother C. H. Blumhardt, says: "The secret of his power and success lay in his habitual converse with God in prayer and communion with Him, and in his child-like, but firm, belief in the stupendous doctrine of Christ's atoning sacrifice for the sins of a guilty world."

It is remarkable that in these last days Healing by Faith without medicine is being experienced increasingly in many places. In America Dr. Cullis has been enabled to do a great work as described last week, and reports of numerous incontestable cases of remarkable cures come continually from the principal House of Faith Healing in London, *Bethshan*, conducted by Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Boardman, *Mrs. M. Baxter*, and Miss Murray.

A Sane Millionaire Confined in an Asylum

for the insane in France is endeavoring to regain his liberty. He is the son of a deceased merchant who resided at Marseilles, France, who dying left a fortune worth twelve and a half million dollars. The generally admitted facts seem to be these: M. Jean Mistral, when twenty-three years of age, fell in love with the daughter of a Polish exile, and married her against his father's will. The father was not to be moved by the entreaties of the young couple, and left them to beg their bread. As the marriage had been celebrated in Poland, he contrived to have it declared null and void, and then, after several violent scenes with his son, induced a doctor to sign a certificate of his son's insanity. The young man was shut up in the asylum, and though his father bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, there he has remained ever since. During that time his fortune has been administered by his family, who in order to secure the control of his estates have perpetuated the wrong committed by his father.

A Heathen African Woman was Converted

by means of a picture a short time ago. Archdeacon Johnson, writing from the Upper Niger, relates that a woman by the name of Ekubie gave up idol-worship, and brought her gods to the catechist. She was *converted by means of a picture*. Once, on entering the mission-house, she saw a picture on the wall. It was the picture a copy of which may be seen in any German print-seller's store in America, of Jesus sitting before a table in the attitude of blessing a loaf of bread, which He held in His hand, and a cup before Him. Mr. Fyne, a missionary, patiently explained who Jesus Christ was—"the Saviour of men, who came to this world, and died to take away sin." Gradually the woman became interested, and at length she asked, "Did He die for me too?" "Yes," was the immediate reply, "and if you believe in Him, He will save you." So the conversation went on, until at last the poor heathen woman resolved to give up heathenism and embrace Christ, and found great joy in His salvation. When I left Onitsha a few days ago, none was more earnest in proclaiming the love of Christ than Ekubie.

HOMESICKNESS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning,
September 24, 1882.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.
The Pangs of Hunger—A Contemptible Business—A Persecutor and the Mirror—The Prodigal's Resolution—I. Formed in Disgust—When Men Want a Physician—Napoleon's Conquest of the Alps—II. Formed in Sorrow—III. In a Feeling of Homesickness—A Sailor's Prayer in the Shrouds—A Liverpool Boy's Rescue from the Sea—IV. Immediately Put Into Execution—Twelve Graves at East Hampton—Almost Saved—Two Prodigals—A Desolated Virginia Home—An Englishman's Runaway Sons—A Sailor in Irons—The Full Pardon of the Gospel.

I TAKE another lesson from the inexhaustible parable of the Prodigal Son, and every time I preach on any part of this parable, I feel as though I were only dipping a chalice into an ocean.

It is nearly fourteen years since I began to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in this place, and some may have wondered why vast multitudes have come here, and why still they come Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning and Sabbath night by Sabbath night I believe it is because they want

THE OLD GOSPEL,

the Gospel 1800 years old, the Gospel 6000 years old, an intimation of it given at the Garden of Eden, and that there are so many people who want their sorrows comforted by this Gospel, and so many people who are down in sin who want to get rid of their iniquities, and so they come year after year to receive the message.

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread.

A traveller tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low,

CONTEMPTIBLE BUSINESS,

and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home, it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." O! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of *Mary, the persecutor*, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top

of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day, I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

I. The resolution of this text was
FORMED IN DISGUST

at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home." Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. *He had to go home.*

Some man comes and says to me: "why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason; a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? *I never have a doctor.*" Suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "bring on all that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness, O! then you say: "bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "how do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men, or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "let us have the statement of God." Well, He says in one place: "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "what is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place: "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place: "as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason. "There is one name given under Heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father."

"O!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? how do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "O!" says some man, "you

don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

"Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindled with new fire;
The sinner lost, is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre."

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, the said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it; you can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrup and waving his hand toward the mountains he said: "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving His hand toward the mountains, I hear Him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees, there shall be no Alps.

II. Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was

FOUNDED IN SORROW

at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
To have a thankless child."

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. I He had been a stranger, if He had forsaken us; if He had flagellated us, if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of Him; but He is a Father so loving, so kind and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrong against God and never apologized.

III. I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in

A FEELING OF HOMESICKNESS.

I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house; but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said "Now, perhaps, father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read

NOTHING ABOUT THE MOTHER.

It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off long while, has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone, and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself: "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for Heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "now you had better stay at home; *don't go away*, we don't want you to go; you will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea, he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He *tried to whistle it off*, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: "O! Lord, what a wretch I have been, what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition, or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying: "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. O! my friends, *have you waded out too deep?* Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. *Go home to your God* to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

IV. But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was

IMMEDIATELY PUT INTO EXECUTION.

The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service to-night to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the *typhoid fever*. He said: "O! if I could get over this terrible distress: if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago: "if I could live to the year 1882, by that time I will have my business matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian. The year 1882 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September—three-fourths of the year gone. Where is your broken vow?" "O!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up, when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse until Christ

takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners, Jesus came to call."

O! but you say: "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was this summer at East Hampton and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are

TWELVE GRAVES

side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amaganset, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amaganset saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore, the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed up on the beach. O! what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service. They came *very near shore*—within shouting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only *almost* saved is to be lost.

I will tell you of

TWO PRODIGALS

the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In *Richmond, Va.*, there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and the children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house. Away with these children, I will dash their brains out. Out into the storm!" The mother gathered them up and fled.

The next morning, the brother, the young man who had stayed at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was, and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? what is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. *I am a brute*. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said: "John, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. O! my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said, "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a re-

spectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal: "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him saying there was

A YOUNG MAN IN IRONS

on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on ship-board. The young man said to him: "you don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "O! yes," said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "O!" said the father, "don't mention it. It don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—

FULL PARDON, FREE PARDON.

I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws His arms around about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." O! there is joy on earth and joy in Heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

A Hunter in South Africa, named Farker

Gilmore, thus describes a missionary service at which he was present: "It is Sunday, the hour about three P.M. I have been resting in a wagon of Mr. Mackenzie's, when I become conscious that it is time for me to turn out, if I mean to attend worship. I leave the wagon, and in front of the house find four or five stalwart bronzed men assembled; some are seated on the terrace, others lounge upon the steps that lead up to it. I join the group. Few words are spoken; possibly nothing more than a bluff salute. Soon after, the minister comes forth and summons us to worship. With heavy tread and serious thoughts we enter the room where it is intended we should listen to Divine truths. Close to the table, on which is laid the Word of God, sits Mrs. Mackenzie; by her side are her children, bright, happy specimens of what we all were in the days of our childhood. A psalm is sung, the gruff voice of the wanderer mingles with the gentle cadence of the bonnie bairns. The pastor rises: no flowery language is in his mouth, but earnest truths that strike home to the heart; and see the bronzed and bronzed men, who fear nothing on earth, not the desert and its wild beasts, not the great thirst land nor its hardships, all intently listening, enjoying, and feeding on the precepts inculcated in the holy book. The service over, every one directs his steps to the traders' quarters, but for a while no one speaks, for each has been listening to solemn words of love and kindness faithfully expounded."

PROPHETIC NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE SEPARATION OF SYRIA

from Turkey as one of Alexander's four-horn kingdoms (Daniel 8:9) is certain to occur within a year or two. It is stated that the new French Government will shortly devote their whole energies to Syria. For the last two years there has been a marked revival of French activity in that part of Turkey. Since M. de Torcy, the French Military Attaché at Constantinople, went there on a secret political mission in 1880, the consular agents of France have been engaged in a propagandist campaign with which no change of ministry has interfered. There can be little doubt that France has established her influence predominantly among the Syrian Christians. One thing is certain, that in case of a Syrian outbreak, the Turkish garrison is far too small to resist a general Mussulman rising. French intervention would then follow as a matter of course. Already France has commenced a diplomatic correspondence with Turkey in reference to apprehended disturbances in Syria.

A MUSSULMAN OUTBREAK

is seriously apprehended by politicians before the end of the year. It will chiefly affect three powers—England, France, and Holland, the latter in its colonial possessions. Holland has long ceased to reckon with the Sultan in her efforts to check the progress of Pan-Islamism. Ten years ago the Dutch Government took stringent measures for nipping Pan-Islamism in the bud. Had it been of local growth they might have been successful, but it was unfortunately an evil common to all countries where there are followers of Mahommed. The Sultan's waning influence among those who recognized him as Caliph is no longer a factor which any power need seriously take into account. His religious prestige has been steadily decreasing since the Ottoman reverses of 1877, and is not likely to survive the pending agitation in the Mussulman world and its probable consequences. Yet the bulk of the mischief has been wrought from Constantinople. The paid emissaries of the Porte have for several years past been scouring the East in every direction, and have penetrated to the most remote parts of British and Dutch India. They have roused Mussulman fanaticism, but they have not furthered the cause of the Sultan of Turkey. Abdul Hamid could not have committed himself to a more suicidal policy than that of stirring up Pan-Islamic fanaticism. The rallying-point of the different branches of Islamism is not the Caliph's authority, but hatred and contempt of other religious creeds. By exciting the religious zeal of the Mussulman world the Sultan has merely paved the way for the intervention of the interested Christian Powers in his own realms and has undermined his own position as Caliph.

THE SYRIAN MUSSULMANS

are in a state of excitement and strongly in favor of Arabi. The national party believes the moment for action to be near at hand. The extermination of all Christians is the leading feature of its programme. This may be ascertained every day in the Mussulman coffee-houses. The Christians are in constant fear, and are providing themselves with arms and ammunition. There is now hardly a Christian house in Syria which does not contain firearms of some sort. Excitement on both sides having reached a high pitch, it would only require an unimportant incident to bring about a massacre and ignite a conflagration. The Turkish Government's conduct is well calculated to push the Christians to extremities. The oppression and injustice which they exercise throughout the country are without precedent. The lower officials are fanatical partisans of Arabi Pacha and of the extermination of the Christians. Their attitude encourages the Mussulmans and exasperates the Christians. The situation in Syria is such that a trifling incident would suffice to set the whole province in a blaze. In the mosques at Damascus sermons are preached holding up Arabi as a champion of the Moslem faith. All these facts show that the predicted crisis in the Mohammedan world is close at hand, and its consequences will result in

the rearrangement of the maps of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the establishment of the ten-kingdomed confederacy.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Reformed Inebriate's Mission.—At a recent meeting in Glasgow, Mr. J. F. Shorey, said: "Six years ago, in the city of New York, I was what is called a confirmed drunkard. I did not think it possible to become better, and expected to die drunk. In answer to my mother's prayers, I was led into one of Moody and Sankey's meetings and in that hall, even although I was under the influence of drink, I was converted, and, what is more, God has kept me ever since then, and taken away the desire for strong drink from me altogether. Mr. Moody told me to tell everywhere what the Lord has done for me, and I do it."

An Angel in the Marble.—The Rev. Mr. Duncan said: "A sculptor saw a piece of marble in a heap of rubbish. He was so absorbed gazing at it, that a friend asked, 'What do you see in that block of marble with which you seem so fascinated?' 'I see an angel in it.' Now, just as clearly as that artist saw in his mind the statue which was not yet in existence, can you also see the beauty of Christ's life, and if you endeavor to enter into the Spirit of Jesus you will be so strongly drawn out toward Him, that all men will know that you have been with Him."

Mother's Coffin.—Mr. Mabon related the following personal incident: "Seventeen years ago I do not think there was a worse sinner out of hell than myself, but all this long time, and in the face of gravest temptations, the Lord has kept me, and He has graciously blessed my efforts on behalf of others, making me the means of bringing many of my relations into the kingdom of Christ, among the rest, my own dear aged father. *It was with my arms stretched across my dead mother's coffin that I found rest in Jesus.* She was a good, indulgent mother to me, and my heart was broken by her death, but the gracious One healed it, and made it His own evermore."

A "Crusty" Christian.—Mr. Pentecost said: "I have a friend in Boston, who is as crusty a man as you will find anywhere. He is a Christian, and desirous of doing good, but his manner is so brusque, and to many offensive, that I think he does nearly as much harm as he does good. I have another friend, who is also a Christian, and quite as strong in the long run as my other friend, but so gentle and courteous that people are insensibly drawn to him, and he is instrumental in winning many men to Christ. Christians should get rid of all their offensive and objectionable manners, or they will have to answer for them at the judgment."

A Cabman's Friend.—Mr. Jack said: "A poor cabman came into the circus one night when Mr. Moody was speaking in it, and was very much affected by the words of truth which he heard. A Christian lady, of whom it is impossible to speak too highly, sat down alongside this cabman, who was in a very wretched state of mind and body. His mind was tortured with anxiety, and his body was dressed in rags. This noble lady took him to her own home, made him bathe himself, and gave him clean clothing. Then she guided him to the fountain where he might wash and be cleansed from his covering of sin. Speak to every man whether he is drunk or sober, and ask the Lord to bless your work; it will not fall to the ground."

A Walk in the Park.—At the same Meeting Mr. Bradlaugh said: "When Mr. Moody was in England about eight years ago, two gentlemen were walking about one of the parks in London. One of them had been converted at Mr. Moody's meetings, and was pressing upon his companion the necessity of being converted. Speaking in vivid language of the pleasure of being a pardoned man, and the happiness and peace which he now enjoyed through a communion with God, his friend interrupted him by saying, 'Ah, but that is not for me; I don't believe in this whosoever doctrine.' 'It is scriptural, however.' 'Yes, it certainly is there; but I think it is limited to certain peculiar persons.' Fortunately they were passing a plot of

rare flowers; in the centre was a placard which read, 'Whosoever tramples on or destroys these flowers will be prosecuted.' The Christian seized his companion's arm and said, 'Jump on these flowers.' 'Oh, no; I cannot do that! Do you not see that warning?' 'Yes, but how do you know applies to you?' 'Why, it says, "Whosoever tramples on these flowers will be prosecuted." 'Just so. The Bible also says, "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." The Christian was triumphant; his friend accepted Christ's offer of pardon, and has been taking of the water of life freely since that day."

A Short Cut to Church.—Mr. Jack said: "An old minister told me that one of his flock was in the habit of taking a short cut from his house by a private footpath, as he was a very old man, feeble in bodily health, though strong and robust in spiritual faith and hope, carrying into practical every-day life the teaching of his well-beloved Master. One day the proprietor of the land ordered him never to come that way again. This act prevented the aged Christian attending church so frequently as he had hitherto done. When the minister condoled with him about the harsh conduct of the laird, the old man's reply was, 'Never mind, sir, it will not be so long, I'll be at home soon. Through Christ I know the short cut to Heaven as well as to church.'"

A Puzzled Peasant.—"While an eminent painter was examining a celebrated picture, a countryman approached him saying, 'What do you see there to engross you so much?' 'If you could understand it you would not require to ask such a question,' was the answer. 'How can I learn to understand it then?' inquired the peasant. 'By studying the rules of painting and cultivating your eyes to see the beautiful which you apparently cannot see just now.' If any one says, 'I cannot see anything in the Lord Jesus Christ to cause me to follow Him,' it is simply because you do not want to see. Open your eyes to the beauty of a meek and lowly spirit, to the loveliness of a self-sacrificing man, and He the only begotten Son of the Creator of the whole universe; then you will bow down in humble adoration at His feet, and beg that you may be permitted to lie there forever."

Beating about the Bush.—Mr. Campbell said: "Four young men were very anxious about the salvation of one of their companions. They set to work in a roundabout way to interest him in religion, but could make nothing of him. No matter how carefully their plans were laid, they always miscarried. At last the youngest of the four spoke to him directly about his soul; and, without beating about the bush, asked their friend to become a Christian. This method was successful; the young man gave himself up to Christ. Addressing the three others, he said, 'Do you fellows think I did not see through all your plans and laugh at them? I would never have become a Christian if you had continued acting as you were; it was simply amusing me, but the courage of this young fellow, and his straightforward way, reached me at once.'"

A Monarch and His Enemies.—Mr. W. F. Bradlaugh said: Just before Louis XII. ascended the throne of France he heard that there was a conspiracy against him. After he was raised to the throne he prepared a list of names of those whom he had cause to remember either for good or evil. Opposite the name of his enemies he put a black cross. When this was reported to them, every one of the conspirators fled for safety to other countries. But Louis sent trusty messengers after each one to request them to meet in his palace on a certain day, with the assurance that no harm would be done to them. On the appointed day they all met in the king's presence. Louis asked in a gentle voice, 'Friends, why did you flee from my court so suddenly?' One of the lords said, 'Sire, before we answer your question, will you graciously tell us the reason you put a black cross opposite our names on the list which you prepared?' 'Yes, I will tell you. My lords, I prepared that list for the purpose of laying it before God when I kneeled down in prayer at morning and night. I put the cross before the names of those who hated me to remind me to plead with

God in the words of our Saviour, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Are you ready to plead at the throne of grace for your enemies in the same way as our Saviour and this French king did for theirs? Ask yourselves the important question, What kind of forgiveness will get if I pray 'Forgive me as I forgive others.'"

A Conspirator Pardoned.—Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh said: "On one occasion when the Emperor Napoleon was riding through the streets of Paris, a young girl rushed out of the midst of the crowd which lined the street, and falling upon her knees cried, 'Sire, pardon my father! oh, pardon my father!' The Emperor bent down and asked, 'What is your name?' 'Le Julien, Sire.' 'Le Julien! Your father has already conspired three times against the State, and justice demands that he die.' 'Sire, I do not ask justice, but mercy.' The Emperor was moved with compassion, and granted the boon so eagerly craved by the daughter for her father. Do you not think if a man had such pity in his heart, that he forgave one of his worst enemies, simply because a young girl prayed for it, that God will not forgive you whom He loves, if you turn to Him? Aye, He will grant you a pardon. It is yours, if you will accept it upon God's conditions of believing upon His dear Son."

ENGLAND IN PROPHECY.

By John M. Bright, M.D.

Magnitude of the Empire—The Sins of the Empire—Prophecies Relating to Britain—England the Modern Tarshish—The Burden of Tyre—The Prophet's Earliest Warning Fulfilled—The Instrument of the Judgment—Destruction of Tyre—The City of London and Rev. 18.

THE position of England, as foreshadowed in the prophecies of the last days, has hardly, I think, been sufficiently considered by many students of prophecy. Blessed in religious and civil liberty, and in domestic and social happiness, Englishmen have been accustomed, especially, in these latter days, to consider these blessings as of right belonging to them, and to think too little of the Giver of all Good, who can withhold His hand, as well as richly endow those who fear and honor Him.

The consideration of this question at the present time seems especially opportune, when England, by an extraordinary series of events, is placed in a position absolutely unique in her history. Confronted by rebellion scarcely veiled, in Ireland, to suppress which she is obliged to witness fifty thousand of her best troops helplessly locked up in barracks, she is engaged, at the same time, in a war in Egypt, to protect the Suez Canal and her vital interests in India. Coincidentally with these troubles, come mutterings of a storm at the Cape, and a fierce fanatical excitement in the Mahomedan world, which may lead at any moment to a terrible outburst in India.

MAGNITUDE OF THE EMPIRE.

A glance at the present position of the empire in face of these dangers may well fill the hearts of all patriotic Englishmen with anxiety for the future of their country. The British Empire, with its colonies and dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, has now an estimated total area of nearly *nine millions* of square miles; a population of more than *three hundred millions*; and an annual revenue estimated at more than *one hundred and eighty-four millions* sterling.

The population of London alone, with its suburbs, amounts to nearly *five millions*, and almost equals the aggregate population of the large continental cities of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

These figures present a result which is unparalleled in the history of the world. The British Empire is far grander than those of Assyria, Persia, Greece, or Rome, or any others that have ever existed, in the vast extent of its territory, in its enormous wealth, and above all in its beneficent rule, and in its great Protestant mission work of spreading the glad tidings of salvation throughout the world.

THE SINS OF THE EMPIRE.

Would that it could be said that, with all these marvelous blessings from Heaven, there was a

corresponding zeal for the honor and glory of God! "O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever!" But, alas! sins of a terrible dye like crimson, stain the national character, and cry aloud to Heaven for judgment.

Drunkness is computed to be answerable for more than half the crime which exists, beside the misery and pauperism it entails upon thousands of innocent persons. *Infidelity, scepticism, and a life without any pretence of religion* are sapping the morals of vast numbers of people, so that doctrines which but a few years back would have been scouted as infamous are now openly advocated by thousands. *The opium trade* with China is annually counting its thousands of victims, while to the national disgrace it is boasted that it brings in a revenue of *eight and a quarter millions sterling!**

Commercial fraud, dishonesty, and deceit, the false balance, and the unjust weight, the "falling away" from the truth and the religion of Christ, the selfishness, luxury, pride and extravagance of all classes, make up a terrible catalogue of sins against a nation professing Christianity. "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord, shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Is it probable that a nation with such characteristics as these should pass unnoticed in the record of God's judgments upon the Gentile nations in the last days? We have a distinct account of His dealings with Judah and Israel, with Egypt, and Greece, with the great Fourth Empire of Daniel, and the Monster of Revelation, and lastly, with Gog and Magog; but is nothing said of England? Exalted to the highest pinnacle of glory among the nations, like a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid, will it retain its present proud position, or, like Capernaum to be thrust down to the lowest depths, and humbled in the dust?

We may then ask, Are there any prophecies which can be shown to refer to such a nation as England?

PROPHECIES RELATING TO BRITAIN.

If the visions of the nations in the last days, as recorded in Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Zechariah and other prophets be yet future, then it is extremely improbable that ENGLAND, the greatest and proudest nation in the world, shall be omitted from all mention. Let us examine first, the prophecies of TYRE and TARSHISH, and I think it will be seen that a very remarkable accumulation of evidence points almost unmistakably to a nation in the last days holding a position exactly similar to that of England.

The main argument has been described by the Rev. W. Chamberlain, in his most able and exhaustive works, "On the Restoration of Israel," and "Isaiah's Call to England;" but the present object is to supplement this argument, and to show that *the future of England* seems not indistinctly foreshadowed in prophecy by evidence, which, although circumstantial, is clear and irresistible.

1. Tarshish, under its prophetic name is a nation of which some prophecies have been *fulfilled*, but of which some prophecies yet remain *unfulfilled*. For the prophecies concerning Tarshish and Tyre which have already been *fulfilled* see Isaiah 23 and Ezekiel 26. For the prophecies which are *not yet fulfilled* see Is. 2:16; 60:9; 66:19; Ezek. 27:38; 13; Ps. 48:7.

2. From an examination of these and other prophecies, it would seem that "Tarshish must be some maritime, commercial, manufacturing, colonizing, naval and warlike power, in such respects the greatest of its day; possessing a name

* To prevent any mistake on this point, the actual figures are as follows: "For the year ending March 31st, 1880, the net profit from the produce, from Bengal in British India, was £4,848,734; while that from Bombay, which is called Malwa opium, grown in the native states of Central India, was £3,141,347. In addition to this, opium to the value of £263,590 was issued to the excise department to meet the consumption in India itself. The total net revenue was therefore £8,253,671. Nearly the whole of this opium is exported to China, and is consumed by one million persons."

Well might Dr. Morley Punshon as a bitter reproach to the so-called Christianity of England, say, "All through China the brethren still deplore the blight of the opium traffic. A greater national calamity than famine—a calamity which enlightened heathens are urging a Christian nation, which first imposed it upon them, to remove."

and influence in the Mediterranean Sea, but placed among the 'Isles of the Gentiles,' the sons of Japhet, in the sea coasts or Islands of Europe, and beyond the 'Pillars of Hercules' or 'Straits of Gibraltar.' (Chamberlain.)

3. If the prophecies above referred to be yet future, and refer to any kingdom now existent in the world, there is but one great power acknowledged by all the world as the greatest maritime, commercial, colonizing, manufacturing, naval and warlike power of its day, in all respects a modern Tyre.

4. "This power is the only great maritime, commercial, and colonizing power, which is also naval and military, and as such pre-eminently distinguished in war, and which alone of all the European powers carries for her two Protestant divisions the *Lion* as her ensign."

5. Hence the expression "the merchants of Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof," of Ezek. 38, identifies Tarshish in prophecy unfulfilled with Great Britain.

6. Now it is expressly said of Tarshish, typically fulfilled by Tyre, that she was overthrown, and that her ships were destroyed. Compare Is. 23 with Ezek. 26, 27.

7. But it is also said of the *modern Tarshish*, of which the prophecies are *not yet fulfilled*, that her ships are broken and destroyed, Ps. 48:7; Is. 2:16.

8. Hence, if Great Britain be identified as the modern Tarshish, it is distinctly shown that her ships will be destroyed, and her fleet crippled in the last days; and that this destruction of her ships must take place upon the *Mediterranean Sea*, or the Great Sea, or the Middle Sea; since it is said "The east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas." "What city is like Tyre, like the destroyed in the midst of the seas?" (Ezek. 27:26-32.)

ENGLAND THE MODERN TARSHISH.

But further, even admitting the *literal* fulfilment of Is. 23 by the overthrow of Tyre, is this an *exhaustive* fulfilment? May there not be here, as in so many other prophecies relating to the last days, a double fulfilment of this prophecy of which Tyre was the *type*, and England the *anti-type*? If England be the modern Tarshish, then it is impossible not to see how closely and wonderfully the language of Is. 23 is applicable to her, and if so, the destruction of her ships is not the only calamity which is to befall her. The words of this prophecy point to a direct visitation upon the great merchant city itself. Let the words and phraseology be carefully noted, and it will be seen how strikingly they may apply to the great modern city of Tyre.

We adopt the revised translation and notes of Professor Birks' "Commentary on Isaiah" (Macmillan, 1878); with explanatory notes from some other commentators.

THE BURDEN OF TYRE.

Verse 1. The burden of Tyre: "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in: from the land of Chittim it is revealed unto them."

"The message begins with a call to the Tyrian merchants and sailors far away from their homes to mourn over the ruin of their city. Tarshish is probably one of the following localities, to each and all of which the name seems to refer in Scripture: (1), Tartessus, in Spain, not far from Gibraltar. (2), Cornwall, or the Cassiterides or British Isles, to which the Phœnicians sailed for tin; (3) Ceylon and the Coromandel coast of India.* All these are closely connected with England. 'Ships of Tarshish' thus became a title for all vessels used for long voyages. Chittim is Cyprus and the sea coasts of the East of Europe."

(To be continued.)

* Sir Emerson Tennant thus sums up the argument in favor of Ceylon being the modern Tarshish: "It seems more probable that the long-sought locality of Tarshish may be found to be identical with that of Point de Galle. By geographical position, by indigenous production, and by the fact of its having been from time immemorial the resort of merchant ships from Egypt, Arabia, Persia, on the one side, and India, Java, and China on the other; Galle seems to present a combination of every particular essential to determine the problem so long undecided in Biblical dialectics, and to establish its own identity with the Tarshish of the sacred historians, the mart so long frequented by the ships of Tyre and Judea." "History of Ceylon," vol. i. p. 109.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Proceedings of the New York State Conventions have been the principal topic of interest in political circles during the past week. They were anticipated with considerable anxiety, and their ultimate results are still matters by no means easy to predict. Three years ago, the Republicans of the State were able to elect a Republican Governor, and two years ago the vote of New York, elected a Republican President, but since achieving those victories, the Republican party has been torn by a bitter quarrel. The leaders of both wings of the party have become more inflamed against each other, and the men on the fence who care more for place than principle, have needed more adroitness than usual in trimming. The influence of the Federal Administration which during President Garfield's brief term was cast in favor of one section, has in President Arthur's hands been given to the other section. The convention was expected to indicate the effects of these changes. The Democratic Convention too was the subject of anxiety. The quarrel three years ago between Tammany and the regular Democracy was the cause of the Democratic defeat in the Gubernatorial contest, if it did not cause the defeat of General Hancock, but there was little evidence that adversity had tended to the success of peaceful counsels. The problems, therefore, to be solved by the conventions were, whether the Stalwarts or the Half Breeds would triumph at Saratoga, and whether harmony between all sections of Democrats could be secured at Syracuse. How momentous were the issues depending on the solution of these problems all politicians were aware; it was natural therefore that the Conventions of the State should be awaited throughout the country with concern.

The Nomination of Judge Folger for the Governorship by the Republican Convention was accomplished on the second ballot on Wednesday. The vote stood Folger 257; Cornell 222; Wadsworth 18. The nomination was then on the motion of Senator Miller made unanimous. The first ballot had been: Folger 223, Cornell 180, Wadsworth 69, Starin 19, Robinson 6. A considerable section of the Republican press including the New York Times, one of the most influential journals of the party does not conceal its regret at the result. It is accepted as a triumph of the Stalwarts, and therefore a nomination that will not command the cordial support of all the Republican voters of

the State. It is, however, admitted by all, that Judge Folger is personally popular, and it is a fact that at his election he ran ahead of Garfield by 7277 votes. The lack of enthusiasm therefore, will be due, not to objections to Mr. Folger personally, but to the representative of Stalwartism and to a candidate forced on the party by the administration. It is remarkable that the renomination of Governor Cornell should have been urged by those who opposed his nomination three years ago, and should have encountered the bitterest resistance from those who then pressed it on the party. This reversal is said to be due to the fact that the Governor failed to support Mr. Conkling in the Senatorial contest at Albany, and also that in other ways his policy has been offensive to the Stalwarts. It is not yet known whether Mr. Folger will resign, before the election, the office he now holds as Secretary of the Treasury.

At the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse there were four distinct factions from New York City, and at the outset there seemed to be all the elements present for an acrimonious struggle. It was eventually arranged, that of the seventy-two city delegates, Tammany should have twenty-four, the County Democracy thirty-eight, and Irving Hall ten. The fourth ballot resulted in the nomination of Grover Cleveland, Mayor of Buffalo, for Governor. The numbers stood: Cleveland 211, Slocum 156, Flower 15. The first ballot gave Slocum 98, Flower 97, Cleveland 66 and the remainder were distributed among five candidates. Mr. Cleveland is forty-six years of age, his father was a clergyman and he is related to Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was appointed Assistant District Attorney for Erie County in 1863, and in 1870 was elected sheriff of the same county. Mr. Cleveland was elected Mayor of Buffalo last year by an unexpectedly large majority after a very exciting contest.

The Political Situation was thus Summarized by Dr. Talmage at his last Friday evening prayer-meeting: "No great principles are involved in these autumnal elections. It is for the most part a question of offices; the people who are in want to stay in, and the people who are out want to get in. After all the talk in all the States during the last ten years against political bosses, every State, county, and township in the whole line has its boss. For every political machine broken there is a new political machine constructed. I defy any man with ordinary sense of the ludicrous to read without laughter the plank and the platform of civil service reform, this week adopted. How much does it mean? As much as it did in General Grant's time, in Mr. Hayes's time, in President Garfield's time. In other words, it means nothing. After all the platforms and fiery campaigns, the civil service was never in a more debased condition than to-day. The party which, instead of making civil service reform a dead plank, will make it revolutionary—a revolutionary principle—will put the country under everlasting obligation. No such state of things as we have now was ever intended by the founders of this government. The only encouragement to-day in the political direction is that for the most part a higher class of men are nominated for political positions. Men that will do their whole duty. I am told that Mr. Folger and Mr. Cleveland are both men of talent, men of purity, and men of good morals. It will not be as it has been in some of the States a choice between two thieves. It will be a choice between honorable men."

A Noteworthy Feature of the Prohibition vote in Iowa was explained in a recent number of the New York Tribune. It appears that the population of Iowa is nearly one third of foreign birth, and about five out of nine of its voters cast their vote for a prohibitory constitutional amendment. The counties in which the foreign vote was more than one third gave a majority against the amendment, and the great proportion of the foreign vote was in that direction. The figures show that the foreign vote is not, as is sometimes supposed, unanimously hostile to prohibitory action. The Tribune says: "If most stringent prohibitory action succeeds in Iowa, with over thirty per cent of the possible voters foreign born, it is not to be pre-

sumed that it will fail on account of opposition from that element in any one of twenty-six States of the Union, for in all these the proportion is smaller than in Iowa. The same movement of public opinion, among the native white population and a like readiness on the part of a fraction of the foreign-born voters to support prohibition would insure the success of the measure in over two thirds of the States. An amendment of the Constitution of the United States would then be come possible. These are only possibilities, it is true, but they are possibilities which may very quickly ripen into something else if a law-defying liquor interest does not cease its insolent dictation."

The Silver Wedding of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting was celebrated on Saturday last. Twenty-five years ago the meeting was inaugurated in a time of financial panic and sore distress. The first meeting was held September 23d, 1857 and a circular was issued which explained its object. It said: "This meeting is intended to give merchants, mechanics, clerks, strangers, and business men generally, an opportunity to stop and call upon God amid the daily perplexities incident to their respective avocations. It will continue for one hour; but it is also designed for those who may find it convenient to remain not more than five or ten minutes, as well as those who can spare the whole hour. The necessary interruption will be slight, because anticipated, and those who are in haste can often expedite their business engagements by halting to lift up their hearts and voices to the throne of grace in 'humble, grateful prayer.'" Rev. J. C. Lamphier who founded the meeting was present on Saturday last, and took part in the celebration, Dr. Talmage, Dr. Chambers, Dr. Reinke and other ministers addressed the meeting.

A Convention of Christian Workers, which bids fair to be very large, is announced by the Evangelistic Record to assemble in Chicago on October 11th. It is expected that over one thousand of the most prominent lay and clerical workers in the United States will be present, and papers on subjects connected with the advancement of the kingdom of Christ will be presented. Of those from abroad who have promised to be present, are Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of the Church of England; Rev. C. Spurgeon, son of C. H. Spurgeon, and Rev. W. P. Mackay, D.D., of Hull, the author of "Grace and Truth."

A Significant Gathering was that of the Employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and their friends at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., recently. The excursion was projected as an expression of gratitude for "the facilities afforded Miss Jennie Smith, the Superintendent of Railroad Evangelistic Work for the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, which enabled her to inaugurate and accomplish a work unprecedented in the history of the Baltimore & Ohio, or any other railroad; and at the same time to afford an opportunity to those who might desire to tell 'what great things the Lord hath done' for them through the instrumentality of the union." Over seven thousand persons attended, and Mr. G. A. Hilton who, with Miss M. Adelaide Sherman, have been Miss Smith's indefatigable coadjutors, says: "Nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion, and when the hour for leaving arrived, and the heavily laden double trains moved away in different directions with their burdens of precious freight, the expression upon all sides was one of gladness."

An Invalids' Room has been Added to a church in Chicago, so that chronic sufferers may enjoy religious service who might otherwise stay away, fearing to annoy the congregation. It is placed on one side of the recess in which stands the pulpit, a room with a window (invisible to most of the audience) which looks directly down on the preacher's desk. This apartment is divided by a thick wall from the main audience-room, and entered by a private door. In it are tables, chairs, lounges, and other conveniences. The inmates may sit or stand or lie or walk, cough when disposed, and leave the house at their pleasure, without disturbing the congregation.

Doubts as to the Impartiality of a Judge were expressed recently by a prisoner about to be tried. A Texas paper relates that a young Austin lawyer was appointed to defend a negro who was too poor to hire counsel of his own. After the jury was in the box the young lawyer challenged several jurymen who his client said had a prejudice against him. "Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer. "No, boss; de jury am all right, but now I want you to challenge de judge. I has been convicted under him several times already, and maybe he is beginnin' to hab prejudice agin me." The apprehensions of the prisoner were probably well founded, for judges are naturally inclined to deal severely with prisoners they know to be habitual criminals. With what dread would the sinner stand at the bar of the omniscient judge of all the earth were it not that He who is mighty to save has become his surety (Eph. 2 : 13-17).

A Copious Draught of Whiskey Killed an eight-year-old boy in New York last week. At an inquest held on the child it was elicited that the attendants at a distillery in Spring Street had been in the habit of allowing children to help themselves to water from a cooler near which stood several barrels of liquor. Under the barrels pails were placed to catch the drippings from the faucets. On Sunday the boy entered the distillery with a companion for a drink of water and it is supposed he mistook one of the pails of whiskey for water. He took the glass from the stand in front of the cooler, and dipping it into a pail of whiskey drippings, half filled it, and swallowed the contents at a draught. He staggered out of the store and fell on the sidewalk unconscious. A neighbor who was passing recognized him and carried him home where he received medical attention; but in spite of all that was done for his relief, he died in horrible suffering. Thousands of people in this and other cities are by the same agent going to a premature death, though by slower stages. In their case, however, the calamity is greater, because unlike the child, they know what they are drinking (Prov. 23 : 31-35).

A Double Error in Identification has been made in Pennsylvania. A boy was killed by the cars at Johnstown and his remains were identified by a gentleman at Bristol, near Philadelphia, as those of his son who had been missing for several days. The body was decently interred and the family put on mourning, but a few days after the funeral the missing boy returned, to the delight of his parents. The account of his return was published and was read by a gentleman who resided at Sharon, who had also lost his son about the same time. He went to Bristol and had the body disinterred. On it he found marks which convinced him that it was the body of his son. The body was re-interred, the name on the gravestone changed, and a funeral service was preached for the boy in the Sharon church. On September 19th, the missing boy returned to his home after an absence of six weeks. The tombstone will now again be marked, "Unknown." Timorous Christians whom Satan has distressed, have sometimes doubted whether their safety after death was assured, but the doubt was unfounded. God makes no mistakes, and we are assured He knoweth them that trust in Him (Nahum 1 : 7).

A Fortune of \$40,000 is Said to have been acquired in five years by an immigrant beggar who sailed for Europe recently. She is a little, deformed lady about forty years old, whose bright intelligent face and painful deformity attracted attention wherever she went. Before returning to Europe she made a frank statement of her history. She was born in the little village of Roubais, in Belgium, and went to Paris to beg on the boulevards some years ago, but she did not meet with the success that she desired, and sailed to New York. For a time she begged at Arnold & Constable's establishment, with occasional visits to the doors of A. T. Stewart & Co.'s store at Tenth Street and other leading New York houses. She was eminently successful, and often gathered \$25 or more a day. She adroitly eluded all the philanthropists who devised plans to put her into charitable institutions, and was finally arrested as a

vagrant. Shortly afterward she disappeared from New York and made her appearance at the door of Wanamaker's grand depot in Philadelphia, where, under cover of a license to sell lead-pencils, she carried on her begging trade despite all the efforts of Mr. Wanamaker and all the detectives and police officers. She usually found her way to Wilmington on Saturdays and upon other days when the streets were likely to be crowded, and plied a lucrative business. She lived in the dingy little court running off South Street above Fourth, in Philadelphia, with a parrot for a sole companion. She admitted that she was taking to Europe, as the proceeds of her mendicancy here, forty thousand dollars. This method of acquiring a fortune naturally excites indignation because it is an imposition on the kindly feelings of the public, who supposed her to be poor. But her fortune is not the first that has been founded on misrepresentation and deceit. Those methods have been extensively employed in the business world, and too often by people, who professing Christianity, have brought a reproach on the name of religion. Against all such schemes God warns us (Psa. 101 : 7).

The Rescue of a Lady from Drowning Cost her rescuer his life on September 19th. On the morning of that day four ladies and two gentlemen set out from Newport, R. I., for a sail. They had not been out more than an hour before a strong north-east wind came on, accompanied by a heavy sea. Through some mismanagement on the part of the men in charge of the boat two of the ladies were thrown into the sea. One of them was quickly caught and lifted into the boat, but the other, who was only sixteen years of age, was carried some distance from the boat. Her danger was imminent to all in the boat, and one of the gentlemen, whose name was Eugene Byron, seized a rope and sprang into the sea, caught the drowning girl just as she was sinking beneath the waves, fastened the rope about her waist, and she was drawn on board. A rope was thrown to Mr. Byron, but, whether from cramps or exhaustion, he sank and was seen no more. Mr. Byron was a Georgian by birth, and his death is deeply mourned by a large circle of friends. As long as the rescued lady lives, the memory of the man who died in saving her, will be a sacred one with her, for people are not forgetful nor ungrateful in such cases though even professing Christians are often unmindful of Him who died that He might save them from the second death (1 Peter 1 : 18, 19).

A Wedding was Celebrated Two Miles Under ground on September 12th. The scene was the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and the bride and bridegroom were from Senora, Ky. The bridal party was fourteen in number and included representatives from Scotland, Germany, England and America. The room in which the ceremony took place is fifty feet square and twelve feet high. The roof is supported by stalagmitic and stalactitic columns, the largest of which are called the pillars of Hercules, and, according to Dr. A. D. Binkerd, it has required 940,000 years for them to develop into their present dimensions. From the roof hang many stalactitic formations, on every one of which was hung a lamp. On the farther side of the chapel, near the middle of the exit avenue, stand the Herculean pillars, which form two gothic arches and served as a chancel. Beneath the large arch stood the clergyman. On each side of his head hung a lamp, and as the bride and groom approached within a few yards of *his subterranean altar* they stopped, being near the centre of the room. In the midst of this pleasant bewilderment the minister's voice was heard commencing the marriage service, which had a strangely solemn effect among the magnificent natural surroundings. It was a *weird fancy* that led to the young people choosing to commence their married life in the gloom of a subterranean cave rather than in the glorious sunlight of the outer world. We may hope that when in after life they involuntarily descend into the darkness and gloom of trouble, they may find their path, like that to their marriage scene, so illumined that they may see there, as they did in the cave, glorious evidences of God's wisdom and power (Isa. 26 : 9).

A GREAT MISTAKE, AND THE WAY TO RECTIFY IT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see."—Revelation 3 : 17, 18.

A Special Message to the Church—Causes of Lukewarmness—The Laodiceans Difficult to Move—I. Their Saying—Unanimous—Their Minister—They were Boastful—Of their Wealth—That they were Perfect—Mistaken through Ignorance—The Blessing of Uneasiness—II. Our Lord's Counsel—To Buy of Him—Their Dealings with Each Other—The Blessings Offered—All-Inclusive—The Market for Pure Gold—A Rebuke to Boasting.

THESE words were spoken, not to the outside world, but to the church of Laodicea. They relate to *persons who were in a church state*, who had been baptized on confession of their faith in Christ, and who were thought to be in a fine spiritual condition. They had a singularly high opinion of themselves, and probably considered that of all the seven churches in Asia they were the first in power and influence. The words before us are as sharp as they are true, and they demand the earnest attention of all professors of our holy faith, for to persons like ourselves they were addressed, and moreover we have the special note of attention—"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

The solemn words which make up our text were also spoken by the Lord Jesus under a most special title: "These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness" (verse 14); as much as to say that, though the

LAODICEAN PROFESSORS WERE FALSE, mistaken, and deluded, he who now addressed them by his servant John, was true and faithful. He is "the faithful and true witness," who does not flatter, nor keep back any of the terrible truth; but speaks out that which He perceives with His eyes of fire, and warns men of their condition with all sincerity. Oh for grace to hear this word at this time as from the Lord Jesus, and as from Him under the weighty character of a witness faithful and true, speaking as the Amen of God.

It seems to me that my text accounts for the lukewarmness of the Laodiceans. They were unhappily in such a state that you could not get at them. They were not so poor that they knew they were poor, and therefore when the poverty-stricken were addressed, they said, "These things are not for us: we are increased in goods." They were blind, but they thought they saw; they were naked, and yet they prided themselves in their princely apparel, and hence it was hard to reach them. Had they even been outwardly worse, had they openly sinned, had they defiled their garments with overt transgression, then the Spirit might have pointed out the blot and convicted them there and then; but what was to be done when the mischief was hidden and internal? How far this may be true of any one of us may God of His infinite mercy help us to judge each one for himself.

Two things in the text call for our notice. The first is *their saying*: "Thou sayest, I am rich;" and the second is *Christ's counsel*: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see."

I. First, let us think of the church in Laodicea and listen to

THEIR SAYING;

it may prevent us from reaching such a height of pride as to speak as they did.

The spirit of self-congratulation expressed itself in a manner *strikingly unanimous*. If all the members did not say so in words, yet, as a whole, they were so self-contented, that the great Amen spoke of them as one person, "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have

need of nothing." Doubtless a few wept and sighed before God, but they were so inconsiderable that they did not mar the apparent unanimity of the church in its conscious self-respect, nor divide the united utterance of its open boasting. "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods."

It would seem that

THEIR MINISTER

was of the same opinion. Good easy man, he felt that his church was in a splendid state, for the Spirit of God here speaks to the "angel of the church," who is, no doubt, the minister of the church, and He says to him, "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods." The self-complacent man had probably gathered together a wealthy congregation, wealthy as compared with the general run of the people of God, who, were usually the poorest of the poor. Among these were persons of considerable talent, and as a body they were intellectual and educated. They were so rich in all sorts of endowments that they had "need of nothing." Perhaps they hardly needed a minister at all, but were able to become every man his own teacher, and so the timid man was quiet and smooth-tongued for fear they should dispense with him. They might perhaps prefer an open meeting, and then what would become of him? The proverb saith, "Like priest, like people," and under the preacher's lukewarm addresses the church became lukewarm too.

They were so rich in gifts that they did not need to economize, and sent out their brethren to preach one by one. They could afford to let a dozen attempt to do what one could have done a great deal better. They had grown to be such a leading church that other churches looked up to them. They were noted and celebrated all over the country. A member of the Church of Laodicea was recognized at once as a remarkable person, so that wherever he went the people would ask him to get up and speak; for coming down from Laodicea, that famous church which had "need of nothing," surely he could not open his mouth without precious things dropping therefrom; for was he not one of those who were "rich, and increased with goods, and had need of nothing?" It was

A FIRST-CLASS CHURCH,

and their prudent and kind minister thought so, too, and he took occasion often to say as much.

This saying of theirs was *exceedingly boastful* for it divides itself into three parts. They were "rich," that was their present state; and "increased with goods," that is they could look back upon years of great prosperity and progress in their past history; and at that present time, if they were not *absolutely perfect*, they were getting close to the edge of it, for they had "need of nothing;" they did not know of anything which the church lacked; they had the best deacons, the best elders, the best members, always ready to do anything and everything that was proposed to them. They were rich, and increased with goods, and had need of nothing. The present was all right, the past was eminently satisfactory, and they had reached a point of all but absolute perfection, for they needed nothing, and when people have need of nothing they can go no further; they have ascended to the highest point; their sun has *reached its zenith*; their path has been like the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Truly I do not know that they could have opened their mouths any wider. They gave forth about as fine a *piece of brag* as one is likely to meet with in any ancient record. Here is a church which is a city set on a hill that cannot be hid; is it not a candle that giveth light unto all that are in the house? and the candle wants no snuffing, it is burning at its very best. Think of a church which has need of nothing!

Now, notice once more that they were *sincere in this glorying*. When they said it they were

NOT CONSCIOUSLY BOASTING,

for the text says, "And thou knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." They did not know the truth. *They were not hypocrites*; when they thus spoke with such self-conscious complacency they really thought it was so, and their minister thought so too. The angel of the church thought that it was

an angelic church. There was no insincerity in what they said: in fact, I dare say they said to themselves, "We really speak below what we might say. We are a wonderful people! What we do could hardly be put in print or thoroughly described in words. Our existence is an extraordinary fact." They did not know the real truth of the matter, but they sincerely believed the flattering tale which their ignorance told them. How readily do we believe a lie when it fosters in us a high opinion of ourselves.

But now see what was their actual state: *they were altogether mistaken*. Their mistake was founded upon ignorance: "Thou knowest not." These intelligent persons, these wealthy persons, these instructed persons did not know themselves, and that is the grossest kind of ignorance. A man may know all about Africa, and the sources of the Nile and the Congo, and yet he may not know what is going on in certain regions of the home department. He is ignorant indeed who does not know his own condition in reference to the most weighty matters.

These Laodicean people were *mistaken through ignorance*; they had not searched, they had judged the surface of the matter, and never looked below the top-soil; but "the faithful and true witness" makes them see the naked truth. He says, "Thou knowest not that thou art wretched:" that is to say, they were in

A SAD AND UNDESIRABLE STATE;

there was nothing about them that could please God, and nothing about them that would have pleased themselves if they had seen things in a true light. "Thou art wretched." Oh, what a change from the distorting glass of self-flattery to the clear mirror of truth! How these men that had need of nothing are shown up when Christ begins to describe them! They seem to need everything.

The next word, "*miserable*," conveys the same idea to us in the English, but the original had better, perhaps, have been translated "pitiable." There was nothing about them to admire, but everything to pity; for everything that seemed to be good was really false; everything that was apparently useful was a mere matter of display. As Jesus Christ looked at Laodicea He said of the church, "Pitiable! Pitiable!" He does not use fine expressions, does He, toward this respectable church, this church with so much wealth and so much strength? He does not flatter it, for He says of it, first, "Wretched!" and then "Pitiable!"

Then He goes on to say, "*Poor!*"—poor in the choice things in which they thought they were rich; so much grace they thought they had, but He says they have exceedingly little and calls them "poor." And then He goes on to say they are "*blind*." Blind? Why, they had among them men of the greatest possible discernment, who could see as far into a millstone as any people; they were able to split hairs over points of doctrine, and they had discernment of spirits, so they thought, and could tell who was and who was not sincere; but Jesus Christ says—they have no discernment, they are "blind." They are not merely short-sighted and weak about the eyes, but altogether blind. And mark you, this is no exaggeration: it is not a hard speech meant to sting them into repentance, but the "Amen, the faithful and true witness" says this calmly and deliberately, and says it about that admirable church of Laodicea concerning which we heard so much when we commenced our discourse; they were poor and blind.

And now He adds that they were "*naked*." No, surely, not that! Will the Saviour say as much as that? Yes, He says so. They are not dressed in the righteousness of Christ: they are dressed in their own cobwebs of conceit; and therefore they are naked. They are not resting upon Christ, but relying upon their own strength and wealth, and therefore He says they are "naked." Yes, these same people who "have need of nothing," yet have need of a rag with which to cover the shame of their nakedness. They are "naked" before God. Had a storm come upon them suddenly they would have found it out. Oh, this mistake!

May the Lord of truth prevent us from making it about ourselves individually, and prevent every church from making such a mistake about itself, and being unanimous in it.

These professors were

POOR AND PROUD:

they were conceited, and therefore they were not likely to be converted. They thought they were making progress, but they were going backward and because they did not know their true condition it was hard work to help them. You remember *the Tay Bridge disaster*. There is no doubt whatever that the bridge was not fitted for its position, its ordinary strain was all it could bear; but nobody thought so. Undoubtedly the engineers reckoned it would stand any test to which it might be put, and therefore there was no attention given to it to make it any stronger and to provide against sudden disaster; and consequently when a specially fierce hurricane was out one night it swept it all away. That is just the picture of many a church and many a man, because he is thought to be so pious, and the church is thought to be so correct and vigorous, therefore no attempt is made for improvement, no special prayer, no cries to heaven, no repentance because of backsliding, and so when there comes an unusual pressure, a night of terrible temptation, the whole fabric falls in ruin.

How much better is the condition of the man who feels that he is weak, and therefore goes to the strong for strength! I know a railway-bridge at this moment which is showing signs of danger; there are cracks in the brickwork and other mischiefs: in all probability it would soon have come down if let alone: but it has been noticed by the railway people, and they are as busy as possible trying to repair it and prevent accident. Is not this much better than a delusive belief that all is safe? If there is a crack in the substantial part of your religious structure, what a mercy to see it! If the supporting pillars begin to give way, what a blessing to perceive the fact! "Oh," says one, "you make us feel uneasy." Yes, it is often

A GREAT BLESSING TO BE UNEASY,

and that blessing I pray the Holy Spirit to confer upon you. It is infinitely better to be uneasy and to get right than to be perfectly serene and all the while to be wrong. How many a house is built upon sand, and only waits till the floods shall come and the winds shall beat upon it, and then the whole fair fabric will vanish like a vision of the night: will it not be well to let the tenant know his peril? I think so.

II. Now we come to think of

OUR LORD'S COUNSEL.

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." I call your attention first to the amazing grace which is here displayed. Ask a schoolmaster what kind of pupil is most objectionable, and I think he will reply that he cannot bear a youth who knows so much already that he will learn nothing correctly. It is very hard to deal with the conceited. But here our blessed Lord seems to single out this puffed-up church, though pride is always obnoxious to Him, and He draws near to it and begins to speak to it in love. He does not use a peremptory tone, but in words of great affection He tenders His advice. He does not say, "I command thee," but "I counsel thee." It is tantamount to that other blessed text, "Come now, and let us reason together."

Note how He begins—"I counsel thee to buy." Is not that singular advice indeed? Just now He said that they were "wretched" and "poor." How can they buy? Surely it suggests to us at once those blessed free grace terms which are only to be met with in the market of divine love: "Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." *The chapmen of Vanity Fair* have great difficulty to bring people up to their price, but the Lord Jesus Christ's difficulty is to bring people down to His, and so He begins by counselling the poor to come and buy on such terms as this: "Without money and without price."

But why is it called buying? If you have nothing to give, why does He not say, "Come and take it?" Nay, it is buying, because God would have us make business of it. If any of you have backslidden, and yet dream that you have not declined; if there creeps over you now the cold thought that perhaps it is so; then rouse yourselves and make a business of recovery. Come to Christ and buy; not merely act the beggar's part, but come and act the purchaser's part, with thoughtfulness, with desire, with judgment. Come now, and

GIVE AN ESTIMATE;

do as you would if you were buying a valued article. Estimate the value of Christ and see how richly He is worth having.

But next, what does He say? "*I counsel thee to buy of Me.*" Ah, they had been dealing with one another: they had been chaffering and bartering among themselves. One brother had brought this talent, another another, and they had grown rich, as they thought, by a mutual commerce. "Now," says Christ, "compare yourselves with yourselves no longer: give up seeking of man, and buy of Me." It is the very foundation of grace—to be willing to buy of Christ. Have you a religion which you received of me? It is not worth a pin. Have you in possession a religion which you received of your mother, and father, and Sunday-school teacher, and neighbors, and friends? It is worth nothing. All true grace must be bought of Christ on free grace terms: "*I counsel thee to buy of Me.*"

Do you wear a spiritual vesture which you bought elsewhere? Do you use an eye-salve which you purchased of another physician? Do you hoard up gold which you procured of some pretended goldsmith? Throw the imaginary boons away; for there is no genuine article in the market except that which comes of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of Him alone. "*I counsel thee to buy of Me.*" Oh, that every Christian here would lay hold upon this advice, and say, "I will go and buy of Christ again." Have I been living on past experience? Have I been living on a profession which I have maintained these last twenty years? I will do so no longer: I will buy of Jesus anew: I will get my inanna fresh from heaven: I will seek all my provision day by day from the person of my blessed Lord and Master, for He counsels me to buy of Him.

Now see the goods which He describes. "*I counsel thee to buy of Me*"—what? *Everything.* It is true that

ONLY THREE WANTS

of these people are here mentioned, but they are inclusive of all needs. First, the Lord says, "Buy gold." The man who can buy gold has bought everything, for money answereth all things. He who has gold has the medium with which he can procure whatsoever he needeth. In Christ there is a fulness of all good things, and in the gold of His grace there is an adaptation to every need. You cannot have a necessity, nor even think of a necessity which is a real one, but the grace of God, which is like fine gold, will be sure to meet it.

Then next He brings forth raiment rich and rare; perfect coverings, such as do really clothe a man so that the shame of his nakedness will never appear. I like that expression. It is very plain, but what suggestions there are in it! for our sin is our shame, and it is well that the Lord has found a complete covering for it. Next our Lord recommends them to buy an eye-salve of Him. That is a very curious recommendation, is it not? For they were blind; and can an eye-salve give blind men eyes? Many salves are useful for eyes when they are weak or inflamed, but what salve is of any good to a blind man? O ye that have no heavenly discernment, that have no eyeballs upon which the light might fall, Christ Jesus counsels you to come and buy of Him *the true collyrium*, that ancient salve of high renown, or something more marvelous still, which will open your eyes so that you shall see that which is invisible, and shall behold the face of God.

I have lately been looking through some of the sufferings of the Waldenses for Christ, and the sad spectacle has produced a most painful effect

upon my mind, but I trust also a beneficial one. When I read of the horrible cruelties wrought upon them by the Papists, and of the firmness of feeble women and children, as well as men, I asked myself, Could I endure such torments? I did not dare believe that I could, for they suffered agonies which scarce even the devils of hell could have invented. Suppose that you and I should possess a sort of grace which would not endure such tests, will it be

THE RIGHT SORT OF GRACE?

If we are never dragged at the heels of horses, or set up as targets, or dismembered, or burned at a slow fire, yet we ought to have that same kind of grace which made these gracious ones more than conquerors through Jesus Christ. It is true we may never have to suffer martyrdom, but a man must be prepared to give up house, and lands, and wife, and children, yea, and his own life also, sooner than forsake Christ.

Look at the saints in the first days, the young, brave church of Christ, when the world sought to stamp out our holy faith. They defied the world, and Pliny writes to Trajan to know what to do, for the Christians come crowding to the judgment seat to avow their faith. Could we act in this fashion, think you? Yes, if we have bought the true "gold tried in the fire," but not else. Is our gold of this sort? Do not begin talking about how you could endure martyrdom: *how do you endure the ordinary trials of life?* In those lesser pains that come upon your body—are you patient? Those little disquietudes in the domestic circle—do you keep your temper over them? Those words that sometimes drop carelessly, not meant to be unkind, but which grate on your feelings—can you forgive them for Christ's sake, and think no more of them? If not, what kind of gold is this which cannot bear the touch of the acid?

Remember the raiment too, for that is of the best; our Lord calls it "white raiment." That is a pure color, a holy color, a royal color. We put on the Lord Jesus as our joy, our glory, our righteousness. To walk with him in white is real honor, and sure acceptance: it marks us out as victors through him that has loved us. This robe is the true wedding dress, a holiday robe, and yet a serviceable garment arraying a man from head to foot. Are you wearing it? Is your sin hidden? Does it not at times appear? Does it not come before your own conscience? And as to the eye-salve, it is the best possible one, for Jesus says, "Anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see." Eye-salve that can make a blind man see stands in the front rank of all the medicaments that ever can be sold. Oh, for grace to get it, so that we may see and know spiritual things.

So I must come to a close by noticing that *all this is the counsel of Christ*, and the counsel of Christ to a people that were proud and self-conceited. He gave those counsel who thought they needed none. Does not this reveal infinite grace, that he should come to such and sit down by them and say, "Come now, put your case into my hand; it is a very bad one, and I advise you to come to me for help?" Oh, how tenderly would I try to speak this morning in imitation of the soft tones of Jesus. O you who have thought of yourself other than the truth, I do not counsel you to despair. "No," Christ says, "be advised; take counsel; I counsel you to come to me now and get in very truth all that which you only had in fancy."

All things are ready for you. You have not to search for the gold and dig it up from the mine: here it is: come and buy it. "Lord, I have not a penny to buy it with." That does not matter; buy it without money and without price. These are the easy terms of the gracious Saviour.

BELIEVE AND BE RICH.

When Satan tells me, or conscience tells me, that I am not a Christian, that I am not saved, then I find it wise to say, "I will begin now. If I have made a mistake, if I have been presumptuous, if I have not truly believed, then I will believe at once, and lay hold upon Jesus at this good hour."

I recommend you who are not puffed up to take Christ's counsel, for when He counsels these proud ones to come I am sure His advice is good for you

too. It is always wise to get gold when you can buy it for nothing. I warrant you if the Bank of England put up a notification that they would sell any quantity of pure bullion for nothing to-morrow morning, our Stock Exchange men, instead of turning into Capel Court, would take the other side of the street, and dispose at once of the Bank's surplus. There is a *ready market for pure gold* at this extraordinary minimum. Come, then, and accept the gold of free grace. It is sure to be useful; therefore come along, you that love Christ, and you that are afraid you do not love Him. Come along, all of you: come and buy this "gold tried in the fire." You have never made a better investment in all your lives. May the good Master sweetly lead you so to do.

But what a rebuke this is to all boasting. The Lord does not say to us, "You have been very foolish in talking about your riches," but He convicts us by saying, "*I counsel thee to buy gold.*" He does not say, "You are stupid to glory in your dress," but He convicts us by saying, "Buy raiment." He does not condemn us for pretending to be able to see when we are blind, but He cries, "Anoint your eyes with eyesalve." Is not this a sweet way of making us feel our error? perhaps you would turn away from stern rebuke, but you cannot turn from love. Come now, members of this church and members of no church, come, buy these three precious things, "without money and without price." You cannot take better counsel than that of the Son of God; therefore, do as He bids you, and buy at once. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MRS. POWERS, THE EVANGELIST.

(See portrait on page 620.)

MRS. POWERS is the wife of Henry Powers, the General of the Christian Army. This army is an offshoot from the Salvation Army as has been already described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Powers resides at Peterborough, England. His wife, whose portrait appears on page 620, is the daughter of Mr. Sutcliffe Johnson, of Clayton-le-Moors, Lancashire, in which quiet village she was born on September 22d, 1852. From her earliest childhood she enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being trained by loving Christian parents in the fear of God, their constant prayer being that in youth she might be taught by the Holy Spirit to feel her need of Christ, and give herself to Him and to His service.

Their faith in God was honored, for when their daughter was fifteen years of age she was converted, and in the fulness of her first love to Christ, laid herself upon His altar, to be used by Him for the extension of His kingdom.

Her first sphere of work was that in which the latent gifts of so many of Christ's eminent servants have been developed, namely, the Sunday-school, and for seven years she continued in that position under the auspices of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, industriously, prayerfully, and successfully, leading her young scholars to the Saviour. It was a splendid training for the work in which she has since engaged, and in which she has realized so large a measure of blessing from God.

In November 1873, she became the wife of Henry Powers, a Methodist minister, and in conjunction with him has ever since assiduously sought the spiritual and eternal welfare of the unconverted around her. At the present time she is actively co-operating with her husband in his evangelistic efforts in various parts of Great Britain. Her Gospel addresses are characterized by a winning effectiveness, and her manner of "singing the Gospel," with a voice of much sweetness and pathos, is highly appreciated, and has been the means, in God's hands, of bringing many sinners to Christ.



Mrs. H. Powers, the Evangelist.



Gypsy Smith, late of the Salvation Army.



Miss Tilly Smith.

GYPSY SMITH.**The Dismissed Captain of the Salvation Army.**

REPORTS have recently appeared in the religious and secular press, of a schism in the Salvation Army, arising out of the arbitrary dismissal of one of "the captains." Considerable interest has been excited by the affair, owing to the apprehensions felt by friends of the army lest it should degenerate into an organization controlled and despotically conducted by General Booth and his family. It has been urged repeatedly that now the movement has grown to gigantic proportions, it should be managed by a board of elected officers and its immense income should be invested in the names of trustees and an audited account of receipts and expenditures published. These suggestions have been, however, unfavorably received by General Booth and his family, and as a consequence a latent feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction has spread. In the majority of cases the officers of the army have been too seriously absorbed in their work to give much attention to these matters, so that there were no signs of active insubordination until recently. Now, however, the dismissal of Gypsy Smith has set fire to the already smouldering elements of rebellion.

Gypsy Smith, whose portrait appears on this page, was born in 1859. His father and mother were gypsies and spent their time in travelling from place to place in gypsy fashion, picking up a precarious subsistence by selling small articles at country fairs and occasionally the father would obtain a little money by playing on a violin, while his wife or child carried round the hat. When the lad was born, the family were living in a tent pitched near Woodford, England. He was named "Rodney," and as he grew he became strong and agile, and was able to assist his father in many ways during their wandering life. While quite young, he and his sister fell ill with small-pox, from which they recovered; but their mother caught the infection from them and died. After this the widower led a wild, wicked life, and his children, left to themselves, became adepts in sinful ways.

In the year 1869, however, the widowed gypsy attended some mission meetings at Notting Hill, near London, and was converted. His life was completely changed so that his children remarked it and drew their own conclusions of the power of a religion that could work such a revolution. Rodney was destined to experience that power, for after leading a wild life for several years, he also was converted. That event happened in 1876, when he was seventeen years old.

One summer holiday in 1877 he was in the neighborhood of London and went to a large

"tea-festival" of the Salvation Army, and there received an invitation from "General" Booth to join the army. He accepted, and was enabled to do good work at various stations. He was removed from place to place, as his services were required. He had labored in ten places when early in the present year he was ordered to Hanley, in Staffordshire, a manufacturing town where a large proportion of the inhabitants are notorious for their godlessness. Rodney Smith's efforts were there signally blessed of God, for the meetings of the Salvation Army, which when he went to Hanley did not exceed one hundred attendants, increased in a few weeks to 1500 on week evenings and 3000 on Sundays. The financial results were equally remarkable, for, instead of sending to headquarters every week a few shillings as the proceeds of the week's collections, he was able to send a remittance every week worth a hundred dollars.

It was then decided by General Booth to remove Smith and his wife and sister, who were laboring with him, to another sphere of labor. As soon as his approaching departure became known at Hanley several influential people in the town who had witnessed his zeal and the success of his endeavors to reach a class of people previously hostile to religion, decided on making some tangible recognition of the value of his work. A subscription was started and a considerable sum collected. A large meeting was held and a valuable gold watch was presented to Rodney Smith, another to his sister, and a pocketbook containing money worth twenty-five dollars to Mrs. Smith.

Intelligence of these presentations was carried to General Booth and it displeased him. It is stated that a rule exists that all presents shall be sent to the general treasury of the army, though Rodney Smith avers that he did not know of the rule and had never been asked to promise obedience to such a rule. However that may be, "General" Booth regarded the acceptance and retention of the presents as an act of insubordination, and without calling on Smith for any defence or explanation dismissed him and his sister from the army. Smith has received many expressions of sympathy with him, and thus encouraged, proposes to continue an independent work in Hanley, relying on God for the support of himself and his wife and sister.

MISS TILLY SMITH.**The Gypsy Lass of the Salvation Army.**

TILLY SMITH, whose portrait appears on this page, is the sister of Rodney Smith, and his active and efficient co-laborer in his work at Hanley. An English journal says of her: "Miss Smith is tall and attractive in appearance, and looks about

twenty-two years old. Although brought up as a gypsy, she is refined and lady like. At a recent meeting we attended, her speech was characterized by much pathetic earnestness. Under the influence of her singing and speaking it was most interesting to observe the effect upon most persons present. Women whose seamed faces indicated that theirs were the rough places in life, listened with wrapt attention and tears in their eyes, and hundreds who would have been unaffected in the very respectable and decorous chapel or church were evidently stirred to the depths of their being by the enthusiastic earnestness of the young female who was addressing them. She sang her way into their hearts."

MOHAMMED SENOUSSEI.**The Long Armed and Invisible Prophet in Africa.**

DURING the progress of the Egyptian struggle frequent references were made to the Long armed Prophet. The following narrative will explain those references.

Mohammedan wise men say that the year 1300 of the Hegira is to be marked by events of transcendent importance to the future of Islam. It will commence on the 12th of November next, only six weeks hence, but as events follow each other nowadays in rapid succession, we shall probably know much more than we do now of the issue of enterprises headed by the two Mahdis, each of whom presents himself as the expected deliverer of faithful Mohammedans.

THE FATHER OF MOHAMMED SENOUSSEI.

It is now half a century since Es Senoussi, the Elder, an influential Marabout, or religious devotee, retired to Fez, and after a short residence there went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, travelling by way of Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt. In Mecca he received, if not fanatical inspiration, a wonderful increase of devotion to the cause of Islam. He brought it with him to Egypt, and demonstrated it by establishing in Alexandria a Zaouia, or Convent-Sanctuary, where enthusiasts, like himself, might gather and be prepared for work. Consecrated to a religious revival, Senoussi called for a return to the old faith of Mahomet, and denounced the present friendship for and contact with Christians. In his vehement condemnation he included the Sultan himself as having long displayed dangerous European sympathies.

Such success attended his labors as to draw upon him the notice and subsequently the restraining action of the Egyptian Government. Alarmed at the extension of his influence, they resolved to arrest him, but he evaded them and escaped to the

Libyan desert, whence he issued after a time and settled in Djagh-dub, a place distant from the coast of the Mediterranean about three weeks' journey. There he repeated the course pursued at Alexandria, establishing another and a large central Convent-Sanctuary, continuing to proclaim his mission and to make numbers of followers. As men accepted him and his views he made them into missionaries, and they went forth teaching, making converts, and planting Zaouias.

HIS LONG RIGHT ARM.

At his death in 1860, his son entered into his work and assumed his place. He has carried on the one and held the other to this day, claiming and using the title of El Mahdi. He has at least one physical peculiarity which Mohammedan prophecy declared should be possessed by the true deliverer. Mr. Blunt quotes the prediction that "on the first day of the month of Moharram, in the year 1300, and in the 40th year of his age, will appear the Messiah of Islam, whose father's name shall be Mohammed, *one of whose arms shall be of extraordinary length.*" *Mohammed Senoussi's right arm is so long that it will reach to his knee.*

A Moslem prophecy affirms that the Messiah of Islam will be *invisible* for some time prior to his final showing of himself. Senoussi now *refuses to see* even his most trusted followers. When he goes abroad on horseback a canopy is carried over and around him, so as to *prevent him from being seen*. Of late years the Mahdi has become as influential in the political as he is in the religious world. His emissaries boast that he can command an Arab army of unprecedented numerical strength, and he has accumulated at his Zaouia vast stores of arms and ammunition. The plans and movements of the Mahdi are being anxiously observed by the Turkish Government. He has hitherto refused to recognize the Sultan as the Caliph, and it is reasonably concluded that he means to *restore the Arab power in his own person.*

JOHN BANNISTER'S REGRETS.

(See Illustration.)

ON board an Eastern bound Atlantic steamer John Bannister was sitting with eyes eagerly watching the shores of Ireland. It was ten years since he had last seen them and he was now after that long time on his way to visit his widowed mother. The result of his journey is best told in his own words as he related his experience for the benefit of another, who was tempted to do as he had done.

"There are two nights," said John Bannister, "that will ever be deeply stamped upon my memory—one is the night when I first left home, and the other is the night when I returned. I had got tired of mother's apron strings, I longed to see the world. My father had been dead some years, and it seemed wretchedly dull, cramped up at home.

"Undoubtedly the attractions of a country village and a country life, are not many to a youth filled with restless longings, like myself. I wanted to see life; I wanted to see something of the great world beyond our Irish hamlet.

"I was only seventeen when I determined to set out for America. For three years I had been acting as clerk in a lawyer's office, in the small country town near home. Here I had made the acquaint-



The Wanderer's Return.

ance of Richard Rafferay, a young man some years my senior, who had come to America and was doing well. My mother was filled with grief when I told her of my determination, but at last I wrung from her a reluctant consent that I might go.

"My preparations were quickly made and soon the day for setting out arrived. I was to leave at night for Queenstown where I should catch the steamer on which I had taken my passage. Eager as I was to be on my way to the New World I was saddened at the thought of parting from my good mother. As she clasped me in her arms at the moment of parting, she said, 'John, I have put *your father's Bible* in your box. I never thought to have parted with it but I never thought to part from you until you laid me in my grave. But I am losing you now and I would like you to have the Bible. Promise me you will read it.' I promised so as to please her, and giving her a last kiss I hurried away.

"When I arrived out I soon obtained employment, for Rafferay introduced me to his employers and they engaged me at once. Together we spent our evenings, and I am ashamed to say that they were badly spent. There are plenty of haunts open in all our great cities for the amusement of young men away from home, and we drifted lower and lower until we drank the cup of sin to the dregs. I never opened my father's Bible and I never wrote to my widowed mother. Oh! it was a sad time, my heart aches now as I think of it.

"One night about five years after I landed in New York, I was passing a mission house where

there was a meeting. At the door a man was standing, speaking to passers-by. He spoke to me and invited me in. I should not have entered, but I was hungry, and he told me there would be a free tea that night. So I went in. I was ragged and moneyless, without employment and steeped in sin. Those people were good Samaritans, and they never left me until I was saved from myself and from Satan. They found me employment and watched over me.

"Despairing at first I gradually regained strength of body and mind, and the Saviour in whom I trusted kept me from evil. I prospered and began to save money. Then I wrote to my mother and waited eagerly for a reply. I supposed the letter had miscarried, for no answer came. Then I wrote again but still no reply. My employers were sending a man to Europe to buy goods, but he fell ill on the eve of departure and could not go. I went to them and asked to be sent in his place and I was accepted and in two weeks I was again on Irish soil making my way on foot to my native place.

"My way lay through the ancient churchyard, as it had done when I first set out to 'see life.' I think this, the night of my return, was the saddest I have ever passed on earth. Near my father's grave the mould had been newly disturbed. I knew what this meant; and I guessed how much my heartless conduct had had to do in bringing to an untimely end a loved and loving one for whose loss nothing on this earth could compensate me. As I stood leaning on an old gravestone looking at that grave which held my dear mother's form, I would have given worlds to recall the past, and tell her that her wandering son had repented. But it could not be.

She went to her grave sorrowing for me, and that thought is now the bitterest of my life."

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 607.)

An Adventure.

"POOR thing!" sighed soft-hearted Mrs. Williams. "And so you thought upon putting him up here, James?"

James looked a little stupid. He had scarcely courage to meet the wondering pleasure in his wife's eyes, as he replied with an affectation of the morning's gruffness:

"Oh, well, it's this way: Vicar seems to have taken a sort of fancy to the lamp-post of a fellow, been walking about with him better part of an hour this afternoon, got him to come in to afternoon service, said I was to let him go where he liked; and then I did speak a bit nasty to him, gave him a *sneer to put up with*, when he didn't look as if he wanted much more to drop him into the *Pilgrim's Progress* Slough of Despond. And, after all, I'm an Englishman, and although he bids for a Yankee, I think I don't hold with kicking a man when he's down, and so—and so—"

"And so, James, you have been thinking whether we couldn't make out to give him a shelter here of some sort for the night. Were you thinking, maybe, of the sofa yonder? would it be long enough?"

"Aye, might be," replied the clerk, half-critically eyeing the great old-fashioned horse-hair heirloom that pretty nearly took up one side of the little sit-

ting-room. "Might be that would really be about long enough even for him, with a couple of chairs on to end of it. But there, Molly, ye needn't to open your eyes so wide, and to look so scared-like. I've no thought of bringing the long-legged chap in here under our very roof. It's very well said as we aren't to judge, and all that; but it don't say as we're bound to take every beg—I mean every—raps, every—every—"

"Every poor houseless thing," came the gentle suggestion.

"Aye; yes, yes, that's it—every houseless thing into our own homes to give them a chance of our teaspoons, or to smother us alive in our beds. No, no, that's another matter; there's sense and there's craziness in all things. But what I do think is, as you might let me have those two old blankets as you put by for patchings, and with the fresh straw I got in yesterday for the donkey's bed, spread under them in the wash-house, he might sleep as soundly as the Queen in her Windsor Palace, and you could see to giving him a mug of cocoa and a bite of bread before he went on his way in the morning."

As the one trouble of worthy Mrs. Williams's married life had been the constant repression of her kind and charitable instincts, it need scarcely be said that she gave a willing assent to all her husband's propositions, and in a very few minutes he started off to the vicarage to learn where to look for the wanderer, that he might tender him his invitation.

It was a pity that Florry, and her mamma and sister also, could not see the clergyman's face as he stood listening to his clerk's stammered explanation of the object of his visit. Its almost brilliant happiness would have consoled them for his broken rest more than any amount of his loving assurances could do. The apostle's words were sounding in his heart:

"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

The vicar had felt humiliated, as he said, at the proof his clerk had given of the uselessness of his ministry, at any rate as far as one of his flock was concerned, and he had forthwith carried his trouble to his heavenly Father. The answer was granted with a speed wholly unexpected and un hoped for. Mr. Copleston went out into the garden, to seek the tramp, with a buoyant look and step that might well have made a stranger imagine that the twelve past hours of that Sabbath-day had been spent in restful ease. There were no traces in either, of the hour at the cottage hospital, the hour in the Sunday-school, the two full services in the church, and the three long and earnest conversations with individuals, which are more of a strain sometimes upon the mind than more general teaching.

But a good deal of the cheerful content in his countenance faded away when he and his disappointed clerk found the summer-house empty, and although Florry was summoned to help in the search, no bigger biped was found anywhere in the gardens, or orchard, than a poor young blackbird with a broken leg, which Edith bandaged up with a slip off a match by way of splint, while Williams walked home to his wife with a downcast face.

"Eh, Molly wife!" he ejaculated as he dropped back into his arm-chair, "this just serves to show as we can't pick up with a bit o' goodness, here an' there, as we can pick up a pocket-handkerchief. I've been spiteful an' uppish all along, an' never seen no need to pray 'deal not with us after our sins,' and so it's come upon me to be dealt with as I deserve, and if that poor chap comes to harm all along o' my hard tongue, I shall never know a minute's peace."

"I hope that poor tramp will come for papa to give him some work to do to-day," was Florry Copleston's first exclamation when she awoke on Monday morning, and she was highly delighted when Edith called to her from the next room:

"The man is already here, you lazy little puss. He came at six o'clock, and papa sent him to gather the walnuts."

Twenty minutes later Florry was flying out into the kitchen garden to have a peep up into the

branches of the splendid tree in which the stranger was seated, choosing out such fruit as was already ripe. When she was summoned into breakfast, however, even this interest was forgotten in one more absorbing. She had come indoors intent upon preferring a request to be allowed to take some coffee and bread and butter out to the new gardener; but she caught sight of the postman on her way, and running to him, she shortly after entered the room with her hands full of letters, and her face beaming with joy. Tossing her light burden pell-mell on the table before her father, she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! please be quick and look over them. The postman says there is one for me, and I know it will be from Hal or Frank from Wales."

Miss Florry's guess was correct, and the very possibility of such individuals as stranger-tramps being in existence was forgotten. Letters in a life that has lasted only eight years are important affairs, especially when they come from unknown places in another land. She gazed at the envelope in a state of rapt delight, and tried hard to shape her red lips into pronouncing the long name on the postmark.

Three days ago a kind-hearted, hospitably-disposed uncle and aunt of Guy Patterson's had carried him, and his three favorite friends, off with them for a three weeks' holiday stay at a little Welsh seaside place, to which they were very partial themselves, and which they always found equally popular with the various boys and girls they from time to time took with them.

"Do, do, do write me a little letter, one of you, all to myself," begged Florry earnestly, as she bid her brothers good-by; and the answer to her petition was the first news received from the travellers:

"MY DEAR FLORRY AND MR. CÆSAR," began the letter,

"I hope you are both quite well, and that the one of you that has got a tail has not scorched the hair off the end of it again, as you did last winter."

"Frank and I have been reminded of that foolish little tail acting broom in the library fireplace, and then filling the whole room with the odor of burned fur, by the smell of our own boots and clothes since last Friday. You are always wishing for adventures, Madam Florry, and I can tell you that your two brothers and old Berts Richardson very nearly came in for an adventure, three hours after saying good-by to Silverdale, that would have put a stop pretty sharply to their every saying 'how do you do' to it again."

"Of course, my estimable sister, with the laudable curiosity of a woman, you will ask at this point how we three came to be in more danger of an adventure than the whole of our party of six. But the answer is simple. In leaving Silverdale we were lucky enough to be able all to get into one carriage, and to have it all to ourselves, which was also lucky, because an hour and a half after we had started Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie said they were quite sure that we were all ready for luncheon, and forthwith one of the empty seats was turned into a table, and we regaled on cold chicken, and strawberry puffs and cheese-cakes, and cherries. We had just finished this light and elegant repast when we arrived at some place where we had to change, and, lo and behold! there was a great crush of people on the platform, grand doings going on somewhere on the line, fête, or something, and all the world and his wife going to it."

"The carriages were pretty full, so we had to get in as we could, Patterson with his uncle and aunt, Berts with us. At the next station most of the people got out, but we thought there was no sort of good in changing again, so we stayed where we were, with a lady and her little girl, a mite of a thing about three years old, I should think, in the carriage with us. The train was express from that point, and we were not to stop anywhere again for two hours. All of a sudden, while Frank and I were making friends with the little girl by means of cherries and chocolate drops, Berts looked up from a book he was reading and said, in a tone of surprise,

"What a strong smell of fire has been coming into the carriage the past few minutes—what can it mean?"

"Berts was right enough; it was strong indeed.

We all noticed it plainly enough when once he had called our attention to it, although we had not observed it before. We all echoed his words—'What could it mean?'

"At last he stooped down and put his hand on the floor, and then started up again with a smothered cry. Of course upon that we all stooped down, the lady, and even the little girl, and all also put our hands on the floor, and then we all, too, started up with cries, a good deal louder and more horrified than Berts's had been; for the floor our hands had touched, Florry, was hot, very hot, and the smell of burning was stronger than ever. We knew what it meant then. *The carriage we were in was on fire!* and we were flying along, making a strong blast of wind as we rushed through the air, which every moment must blow our smouldering enemy into greater fierceness; and there was more than an hour yet to pass before, in the due course of things, the train would stop."

"We all turned and looked at Berts. He ought to be papa's son instead of us; he is more worthy of the honor, I can tell you. So white but so calm he stood there, thinking for a moment, while all we others had lost our heads, and must have been burned to death, or crushed to death when the inside of the carriage fell out, but for him. The first thing he did was to look for an alarm signal, but there was none. Then he went to the door. He said he would get out, and thus attract notice to us and help; but the door was locked, Florry; both were locked."

"I don't think that I shall ever again be able to set a trap for a bird or a rat as long as I live. The feeling of being thus caged in, waiting for death to catch us, was more horrible than anything I have ever imagined; and all the while that awful, warning smell was growing more overpowering. The lady clutched up her little girl in her arms and fainted. Berts looked at her one instant, and then ordering us, in a stern, determined voice, as if he were at least a hundred years old, to get her up somehow or other off the floor on to the seats, lest the boards should give way, he climbed out of the window before we knew what he was going to do. It's not an easy thing to do, I must tell you, to get out of a narrow railway carriage window, with the train going express, and the wind and the dust blinding and choking you all the time. But Berts did it somehow, then he waited one more moment to tell us to lift the lady's feet and our own off the floor, and to make a second effort to open the door, which he could not do, and then he started on his journey down to the engine-driver."

"I watched him. Once he was nearly jerked away while making a long step from one shaking carriage to the next; but, happily, he was saved. Such a lot of heads were out of windows by that time, and there was quite a shout of thankfulness when he was seen to have a firm clutch again. Then the railway people saw him, the engine was stopped, we were got out, and not a moment too soon, for two of the boards of the flooring fell as the train stopped, and the wheels burst into flames."

"There was a pretty to do after that, I believe, in getting the burning carriage off the line, and stopping the next train from running into it; but we saw little of all that, for we were packed into the compartment with Guy, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie; and Mrs. Elmslie made so much of the fainting lady, that by the time she reached her husband at our journey's end, she was almost quite jolly again, and able to tell the stranger that old Berts was a hero; and that he is, and a regular brick besides; and so I hope father will tell Captain and Mrs. Richardson, for I am quite sure he won't tell them a word himself."

"This is an awfully jolly little place, Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie are the jolliest people for knowing how to let boys enjoy themselves I ever came across, and we are all as jolly as sandboys, eels, or Cæsar when you've given him a lot more milk than it's good his Imperial Majesty should have."

"Frank says he'll write to you next, but not more than a sixth part as much as I have scribbled, so you know what to expect. Love to all,

'HAL COPLESTON.'

"My first letter, all to myself, has been a very important letter," murmured Florry gravely, at

last breaking the silence that followed upon the ending of Hal's letter.

"It has indeed," assented her father, gravely as herself. "I could willingly have had it less so."

Her mother could do no more than press her lips to the little girl's forehead, and then, returning the letter to her, she dismissed her by signs, rather than words, to her place beside her father at the breakfast-table.

When breakfast was over, and the servants were summoned to prayers, it was no effort of memory, no mere form of words, that broke from the vicar's heart as he prayed for all men, but especially for those near and dear to them:

"That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," murmured the mother, as she sat beside the open window of her sitting-room an hour later with her work in her hands, and her tears dropping on it for mingled feelings of thankfulness for her boys' past preservation from an awful death, and the anxiety for their future safety naturally aroused by the morning's news.

Meantime, Florry was standing sedately watching the tramp gathering beans. At last, as he came to the end of a row beside her, she said solemnly:

"You have travelled a great deal, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the man; "a very great deal."

"Ah!" was the earnest reply, in a tone of considerable relief; "I thought so; and yet you have been preserved, so I don't think I'll be frightened for my brothers, after all. And for myself, I don't want a fire adventure; I think—I'd rather have the rainy one."

(To be continued.)

THE PASSOVER.

S.S. Lesson for Oct. 8. Mark 14: 12-21. Golden Texts, 1 Cor. 5: 7. Ex. 12: 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Leaven of Self—Its Fatal Work—The Faithful Soul Guided by the Lord—The Announcement of the Betrayal—A Pertinent Question for Disciples—What Self-Interest is—How Christians Fall into the Sin of Judas—The Commiseration of the Saviour.

OUR subject for to-day is our Lord's commemoration of the passover with His disciples, immediately before His institution of the Lord's Supper. "The first day of unleavened bread" was come. God had ordained the children of Israel by Moses, "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day shall ye put away leaven out of your houses, for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel" (Ex. 12: 15).

The English golden text says, "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." What is the "old leaven"? It is distinguished from "the leaven of malice and wickedness," what is it then? Leaven contains within itself the principle of corruption, it causes dough to ferment and therefore to rise, and fill more space, without being more in substance. This is a true image of that principle which the Bible calls "the flesh" and which we usually call "self." Wherever it comes, it brings corruption with it, it puffs up, ferments. Jesus calls us to feast with Him, but that we may do so, there must be no leaven, no self, for Jesus cannot unite with self, cannot receive self. The heart which is constantly occupied with its own wrongs, its own rights, its own virtues, its own failings, its own feelings, its own reputation, its own development, its own experience, its own predilections, its own powers its own convenience, its own presence, or its own anything—is one where Jesus can find no resting-place. When He comes He is enough to fill all the space, He can

ADMIT OF NO RIVAL.

"And the first day of unleavened bread, when

they killed the passover, His disciples said unto Him, Where wilt Thou that we go and prepare that Thou mayest eat the Passover?" O how little knew the disciples that the one real Passover, the fulfilment of all the types, the Lamb of God, stood before them about to be sacrificed! He had sought to tell them, but Mary alone understood Him, and she perhaps but dimly.

"And He sendeth forth two of His disciples (Peter and John, Luke 22: 8), and saith unto them, Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And whosoever he shall go in, say ye to the good man of the house, The Master saith, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with My disciples? And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us." Our beloved Lord never brought His disciples into an embarrassing position; when He told them to loose and lead away the ass and colt belonging to an unknown man, He both gave them His authority, and prepared the man's heart beforehand; and now when He sent them to ask for hospitality, He made His host willing. And yet how often have we feared to go forward where we knew our

GOD WAS LEADING

us, because we feared He would fail us in a moment of difficulty! How little credit have we given Him either for ability or for faithfulness! and yet He condescends still to use those who have so wronged Him! May not all our failures, and how many they are! proceed from this miserable unbelief? Might we not have succored thousands and tens of thousands both in soul and body, had we only looked completely away from them and from ourselves to Jesus?

The "disciples went forth, and came into the city, and found as He had said unto them: and they made ready the passover." "And in the evening He cometh with the twelve." Many a great passover had been celebrated in Israel, especially those in the reigns of Hezekiah and Josiah, but a greater still was at hand, and those who partook of it knew it not. Jesus Himself, the very Paschal Lamb, eat of the flesh of the passover lamb. He whose blood was to be shed before twenty-four hours had elapsed, sat within the blood-sprinkled doorway, and He knew, as He sat there all things which should come upon Him. "And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, 'Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with Me shall betray Me.' The bitter herbs with which the lamb's flesh was eaten were not so bitter to Him as this, that a trusted disciple, one to whom power and authority had been given over all devils and to cure diseases, as well as the great glorious commission to preach the Gospel—that this one of the twelve should work His ruin. Wounded in the house of His friends (Zec. 13: 6), betrayed by His "own familiar friend" (Ps. 41: 9), the heart of Jesus was indeed heavy. "And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto Him one by one,

IS IT I?

and another said, Is it I?" Shall we take our place among them, and say Is it I? Would to God that every professing believer would do so. Would to God every preacher, every Sabbath-school teacher, every Bible-woman, every evangelist, would lay this to heart and say Is it I? "Am I guilty of betraying my Lord?"

It was no murderer or swearer, no adulterer who was the betrayer, it was a disciple who loved himself and his own interests more than the Lord Jesus and His interests; this was all, but this was enough. The Lord Jesus came to teach us by His holy example a life of self-denial, *i.e.*, self-ignoring, a life lived in the life of Another, a will moving in the will of Another, a joy springing from the joy of Another, a sorrow emanating from the sorrow of Another. Self-interest in one who professes to be a disciple of Jesus, and especially one who is a worker in the Lord's vineyard, gives a denial to the very spirit of Christianity.

When we see a Christian worker greedy of gain, seeking for himself either money, or comfort, or honor, we see him betraying his Lord, and giving occasion to those who know not Christ, to believe that Christianity is only another method of securing

personal advantage even in this world. When a Christian worker makes complaints of the accommodation, or of the food provided for him, instead of joyfully enduring hardness for Christ's sake, he is betraying his Master's cause; when a Christian worker dresses in the vain fashion of the day, because she has not love enough to Jesus to make her dare to be peculiar, she is betraying the Master's cause. When a Christian upper servant has not enough of the Spirit of Christ to be willing to help an overworked kitchen maid or under housemaid, because she stands so much upon the world's way of thinking, that she "will not do anything menial," she betrays the cause of the divine Carpenter of Nazareth: when a Christian man who is out of work, would rather live on charity than take a situation which, in his un-Christlike pride he considers beneath him, he is betraying his Lord. When a Christian man of business demeans himself by putting out untrue and exaggerated advertisements, he betrays his Lord: when a child of God instead of keeping within his income goes into debt, and thus brings the honesty of Christians into question, he betrays his Lord. O God how few of us are free from Judas' sin!

True there are many who will try to get away from the lesson which the Spirit of God would teach us, by arguing whether Judas ever was converted or not. Reader, it will neither benefit your soul, nor hurt it to settle this vexed question; in any case he was not converted from his self-love but then, are you? If not, make haste to yield yourself so fully to Jesus that you may have neither life nor interest, joy nor sorrow, out of Him. Make haste to let Him fill your being, for thus alone can you be saved from the sin of Judas. Christ's salvation includes salvation from ourselves but that we may be saved from self, we must be willing, not once only, but in every moment of temptation to let self go.

To the repeated question, Is it I? Jesus answered and said unto them, "It is one of the twelve which dippeth with me in the dish. The Son of man indeed goeth as it is written of Him; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born." Jesus' heart was sad for Judas, even now that salvation for him was forfeited. He knew what

SAVED AND LOST

meant, these things were no empty words to Him who gave His life for the salvation of men. God teach us more and more their import, that we may be ready to Thy hand at every moment to go out and seek the lost that they may be saved.

Dr. Guthrie, as was Well Known, was a Total Abstainer, but few people knew how he became so. The following account of the change is from the pen of Dr. Guthrie himself: "In a journey in Ireland in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. By the time we reached a small inn we were soaking with water outside, and as those days were days not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whiskey inside. Accordingly, we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver, we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,' but the car driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. He would not taste it. 'Why,' we asked; 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plase your riv'ence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat, and went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman, and I said, if that man can deny himself that indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister? I remember that; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Reports from the Interior of Egypt Indicate that no further resistance will be made to the British army. The entire population of the part of the country around Zagazig have returned to their homes and are working in the fields, and every house and hovel floats a white flag. *The forbearance of the conquering army* has produced a most wholesome effect, as Arabi had circulated reports of atrocities and plunder committed by the British. The natives are surprised to see that all the native property has been left untouched. There have been illuminations every night since the arrival of the English troops in honor of the Khédive and England. The fortresses at Kafr-el-Dwar and Damietta, both capable of making a strong resistance, have surrendered, and on September 19th, a deputation of Ulemas waited on Sir Garnet Wolseley and assured him that the religious tranquillity would not be disturbed. The Khédive has issued a manifesto declaring that England has great interests in Egypt, both in regard to finances and traffic through the Suez Canal; that for the protection of those interests she was compelled to interfere, but that she has no intention of annexing the country. The Khédive announces that he has authorized General Wolseley to represent him in restoring order and punishing the rebels. All loyal Egyptians are called upon to render General Wolseley every assistance. Any one refusing to do so will be treated as a rebel.

The Proposal that England Should Maintain a protectorate over the Suez Canal if not over all Egypt is received with favor in many quarters, though Russia, France, Italy and Spain are strongly opposed to it. General Loring, who probably knows more about Egypt than any other American, said recently on the subject: "Three-fourths of the commerce which passes through the Suez Canal belongs to England. With efficient neutrality laws governing this canal the commercial world would be benefited by having the assured protection of a great government like that of England in Egypt. The Mohammedan world, with its pilgrimages, barbarisms, slavery and degradation of womankind, would become permanently subdivided, the communications between Asia and Africa would be sifted through a country vigorous with free labor, education, religious liberty and a just administration of law. Africa would soon be penetrated through the valley of the Nile—Egypt's great natural channel of commerce—and the vast regions, with their benighted millions, about the sources of that mysterious river, even to the Equator, would be reached by the hand of modern progress."

The City of Cairo was Saved from Destruction and the European inhabitants from massacre by the promptitude with which the British cavalry proceeded there after the battle at Tel-el-Kebir. The city would probably have been burned by the mob had they not arrived. The news of the defeat at Tel-el-Kebir excited the greatest grief and consternation among the population, but before they had time to come to any conclusion as to what action should be taken, the arrival of General Drury Lowe and the cavalry at once put a stop to the plans of the violent portion of the mob. When they reached the city, Arabi and Toulba had a long conversation with some friends as to whether they should fly to the desert, but on the advice of Ninet, the Swiss gentleman who had remained with the Egyptian ambulance throughout the war, they determined to give themselves up to the English and not to Tewfik Pacha.

The Surrender of Arabi to General Lowe of the British army is thus described by a war correspondent: "The Governor of the city was sent for and told by General Lowe that he was aware that Arabi was in Cairo and demanded his surrender. He offered to send a body of troops to surround Arabi's house. The Governor, however, said that this was unnecessary, as he would deliver him up. Then the Governor returned into the city and brought out Arabi and Toulba Pachas. Arabi, on delivering himself up, said to General Lowe that he had at first no intention of fighting the English, for whom he had always had a great respect; but the war was forced upon him. For this he blamed

Tewfik Pacha; but, being a soldier, when the fighting began he was bent upon fighting. Now that all was over the Egyptians and English were brothers again. He trusted himself to English honor as a soldier whose army had been defeated. Arabi's manner was very dignified and composed. General Lowe replied that he could not enter on the subject of the war. His only mission was to arrest him."

Uncertainty Prevails as to the Date of the coronation of the Czar of Russia. He and the Czarina are now on a visit to Moscow, where the ceremony will take place, but it is given out that their visit is not for the coronation but simply to visit the Moscow Exhibition. It is believed in official quarters that the statement is untrue, and has only been issued to deceive the Nihilists. At one of the recent trials of conspirators, Lieutenant Butzewitch, who was in the plot, said on being pressed to divulge the names of his co-conspirators with a promise to him of a light sentence in case he complied, "I pity you, and the weakness which the government shows proves that those who, like me, wish to change it, are alone in the right. The idea of you asking me, whom you are about to condemn to death, while you have every means of finding out at your disposal! Have you not money and soldiers? Does not the very fact of your asking me prove your utter helplessness against us? But how can it be otherwise, as we have numbers in our favor? For, do not deceive yourselves, but take my word, that *out of every ten enlightened Russians nine are socialists.*" This same officer is supposed to be the inventor of a new manner of preparing dynamite in the form of narrow ribbons, for putting along the rails, where they are not noticeable, being of the same color. This invention renders the dangerous and slow system of making mines unnecessary.

Anti-Jewish Riots have Been Renewed in different parts of Hungary, chiefly at Janoshaza, where a report was spread that through the efforts of the Jews, the military would be quartered in the town for several months at the expense of the residents. In their fury the peasants determined to kill all the Jews and in the first place to raze the synagogue to the ground. Nine Jews were frightfully beaten, and one dangerously wounded. At Suwalk, in Russian Poland, frightful outrages have again been committed. An attack was made on the Jews, the aggressors consisting chiefly of retired soldiers. The rioters, beside destroying several houses belonging to Jews, leaving the inhabitants nothing but the clothing in which they were attired, ill-treated a number of Jews, about thirty of whom were seriously injured, some having their heads, others their arms, broken.

An Attempt to Reform the French Constitution will be made in the next session of the Legislature. M. Naquet has announced that with the hope of preventing the evil effects of frequent Ministerial crises, he will move to abolish the Ministers altogether, or, at least, Ministers having seats in the Legislature. His programme involves the absolute separation of legislative from executive power, the selection of the Ministry by the President of the Republic, regardless of the sentiment of the Chambers, and the exclusion from the Chambers of all members of the government. This, it will be observed, is in some important respects, an approach toward the American system, of which M. Naquet has long been a close student.

The Ignorance of Russian Officials has Been frequently described but no one supposed they were so ignorant as a recent incident implies. It is stated that the Rev. Henry Lansdell, an English clergyman, and author of "Through Siberia," who started several weeks ago from St. Petersburg on a missionary tour in Siberia, was arrested and brought back, the police having taken *the Bibles he distributed for Nihilist literature.* After some considerable difficulty, however, the reverend gentleman got himself free again, though whether he proceeded on his journey is not stated.

Canon Wilberforce is Still Pressing on the attention of the prelates of the Episcopal Church in England the responsibility they incur in renting real estate to liquor sellers. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon thus comments on the movement: "With much

pleasure we note that Canon Wilberforce has made a gallant attempt to clear the Church of England from complicity with the liquor traffic. Personally he is doing all that can be expected of any man, namely, getting rid of licenses as they fall in. No one can expect the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to do more; but we hardly dare to hope that they will do as much. Evidently, the Archbishop and other Commissioners will be all the better for a little stirring of their consciences. It will be an unspeakable blessing to them if the subject is kept before the public mind, and thus gently brought under eyes which are none too eager to perceive troublesome facts. Corporations are slow in being reformed, and for them to reform themselves is a thing so rare that we might almost say that it never occurred, and never will. 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?' We shall see what we shall see."

Mr. Moody Commenced a Series of Evangelistic meetings at Swansea, on September 3d, which were conducted with characteristic vigor, and realized the prayerful expectations of earnest-hearted Christians in South Wales. Among those who co-operated with Mr. Moody are Lady Hope, who has given several stirring addresses, Rev. T. E. Cleworth, Rev. J. Thomas, an old local celebrity, and Dr. Rawling, an eminent physician in the town. The meetings were held in the Albert Hall, and crowded audiences filled the structure to its utmost limits. Many souls were saved, and Christians received a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Moody then commenced services at Cardiff, from September 9th to 16th; and at Newport, Monmouthshire, from September 17th to 24th; then at Plymouth, from September 25th to October 6th; and then for two weeks in Paris.

The Contents of a "Charm" were Exposed in Brazil recently, and caused some surprise to its possessor. Mr. Leeite, of Brazil, writing from Caldas, says: "I spent twenty-six days in my last journey, and preached nearly every day. I was successful beyond all my expectations. One person who made a profession of faith on this occasion was a man who had confessed to the Jesuit monks, who were at Cabo Verde in January last. He was neighbor to a real Christian, who, seeing some charms about his neck, asked leave to examine them. 'No, sir, by no means,' said the man. 'But why not?' said the other. 'I will sew them up again for you.' 'No,' said the man, 'I cannot consent; the holy missionaries (the Jesuits) gave them to me.' The neighbor, however, insisted so much that they finally opened one of the charms. And what did it contain? *One of a pack of gambling cards.* The man was so much disappointed that he immediately flung away all these things he had been carrying around his neck, and began to examine for himself, and he and his wife now profess the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ." There are all too many people who have been fascinated by cards, and in playing with them have lost time and money, but it is something new to learn that they are used as these Jesuits used them. No wonder the dupe lost confidence in his charm.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1882. 16th Year. No. 40.—New Series.

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THE GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING IN MR. C. H. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.
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THE GRAND TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION

In Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives this week on its first page, with five vignette portraits, a picture of an immense meeting held on Friday, September 8th, in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London. The occasion was the celebration of a successful ten days' mission conducted by Mr. Richard T. Booth, an American temperance lecturer, now engaged in conducting meetings in various parts of Great Britain. The vast edifice, which is capable of accommodating *seven thousand persons*, was filled to overflowing. Mr. Spurgeon presided.

In addressing the meeting he said drunkenness was one of the worst of sins. It was an awful sin in itself. He would say that the worship of Bacchus was one of the most degrading that could befall a fellow-being. It was a degradation beyond the worship of the wooden image or the stone idol. He had seen youth blasted and old age without hope on account of this besetting evil. Was it, he asked, not killing a man when the attributes that make man above the brute creation were taken from him, and when he was left by his fellow-men to reel to and fro; when his tongue became speechless; when his eyes could not see; when he *blubbered and stammered*, and when, in fact, he or any one else did not know what he was about? This evil of intemperance was the burglar that opened the door for the admission of other foul and fell intruders. It blighted hopes and blasted prospects; it ruined men day by day, from the young branch to the aged stem of the social circle, and its effects were sadly visible everywhere around them.

On Tuesday, September 12th, another meeting was held in the same building for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Booth as an acknowledgment of the good effected during the ten days' mission. Mr. Dunn, one of Mr. Spurgeon's elders, dwelt upon the marvellous work which had been accomplished in their midst. Up to that evening 21,695 persons had taken the blue ribbon, and no fewer than 11,325 had signed the pledge. They were also thankful for the spiritual blessing that had resulted from Mr. Booth's labors. After expressing regret at the unavoidable absence of Canon Wilberforce, he begged Mr. Booth's acceptance of a *timepiece* suitably inscribed as a farewell expression of esteem, and bearing the signature of Mr. Spurgeon and his brother. Mr. Smithers, secretary of the committee, presented Mrs. Booth with a *flower-basket*, while Mrs. Smithers, as representing the ladies' committee, handed Mr. Booth an *inkstand*. Mr. Spurgeon next presented Mr. Booth with a *set of his sermons*.

MR. RICHARD T. BOOTH.

THE portrait at the head of the frontispiece is that of Mr. Richard T. Booth, who crossed the Atlantic to engage in temperance work in Great Britain, and whose labors there during the past few months have been remarkably successful. He was born at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1844. His parents were poor, and at the early age of ten years he was sent to work in a cotton factory. At the outbreak of the war he entered the army and served in the 111th Regiment, New York Volunteers. He was engaged early in the war and was taken prisoner. After his exchange he rejoined the army and was in the battles of the Wilderness and Gettysburg. At the close of the war he settled in Moravia, N. Y.

On January 1st, 1867, Mr. Booth married Mary J. Durling, of Seneca Falls, N. Y. She was a Christian, and had been reared in a Christian home. Shortly after marriage the young couple commenced business in Seneca Falls, and there Mr. Booth first came under the alluring influence of the "social glass." Up to this time he had been, if not a pledged, at least a practical abstainer, and had no appetite for the drink. In two and a half years the habit acquired such a mastery over him, that it had to be satisfied at any cost, and his wife and children were brought to want. Of this period Mr. Booth himself says:

"At last I could no longer endure the scorpion-

like stings of outraged conscience, and in my remorse I resolved to

END MY MISERABLE EXISTENCE.

One day when hovering on the very brink of the fatal precipice, I met in the street a young gentleman of the town, who had many a time been my boon companion, and who was the possessor of great wealth. With a kind heart and an open hand he proffered me assistance, which enabled me to remove to Moravia. There, through the devoted care of my wife and mother, I regained health and strength. After my recovery I went to Ithaca, the home of my childhood, and started forth in life afresh with high hopes and good prospects. Prosperity and friends returned. But in an evil hour I partook of a glass of lager beer. The appetite returned and reasserted its power, and again I found myself on the downward way.

THE GREAT CRISIS OF HIS LIFE.

"At last there came the great crisis of my life. One morning about four o'clock, after a night's carousal, I found my way to my miserable home. As I approached, I observed that the lamp was burning low, and there was no face watching for me as usual at the window. I thought that for once my patient wife, quite worn out, had retired to rest, having given up all hope of my return. As I ascended the steps I looked through the little window at the door, and there I saw her kneeling in the centre of the room.

"I entered the house, and feeling was so dormant within me that I tried to pass her prostrate form on my way to the sleeping apartment. In an agony of despair she seized me and pulled me down on my knees by her side. She threw her arms about my neck, and this was her prayer, 'My God, have mercy on me and save him!' Smitten with anguish, out of the depths of my helplessness, I repeated her petition, 'My God, have mercy on my wife, and save me!' God mercifully heard and answered our united cry. From that moment to this not a single drop of the accursed, soul-destroying liquor has passed my lips. I rose from my knees a saved and sobered man. Soon afterward I signed the temperance pledge, and set up the family altar in my now happy home; a new and blessed era in my life's history was begun."

AN ADVOCATE OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

Within a few days of his conversion Mr. Booth appeared on the platform as an advocate of the Blue Ribbon Temperance movement. His *first temperance address* was delivered in Ithaca, and from that time to the present he has been assiduously and successfully engaged in fighting the foe that had so often conquered him in bygone days.

Early in the autumn of 1877 he was joined in his public work by Mr. J. Reed Smith, who, like himself, was a reformed man. They clasped hands, and engaged in the Blue Ribbon enterprise with enthusiasm, and with a deep-set determination born of experience.

The young men went to the New England States, and began a mission in the city of Holyoke, Mass. They held successful meetings, and a large number of persons formerly addicted to drunkenness signed the pledge and donned the blue ribbon. A week was devoted to East Hampton, and then a campaign was begun in Greenfield, Conn. Here they were also favored with wonderful success.

Among the places next visited, and in which similar beneficial results were experienced, were North Adams, Fitchburg, Clinton, West Brookfield, and Turner's Falls, closing their first year's New England campaign at the town of West Somerville.

The second year of the joint labors of the temperance evangelists was inaugurated by a camp-meeting at Sterling Junction, Mass. It commenced on September 3d, 1878, and lasted for eight days. There were present many of the leading workers and speakers on this theme in America. Colonel Luther Caldwell, Colonel Pearce, Miss Frances E. Willard, and other well-known friends of the cause, delivered addresses. The railroad companies provided extra trains for the throngs that daily visited the camping-ground. From this time onward to the month of October, 1879, Messrs. Booth and Reed visited about fifty different centres of popu-

lation in the New England States, and, among others, the city of New Bedford, Mass., where much good was done.

After two years of service, Mr. Smith and Mr. Booth parted at the close of their work in the city of Keene, N. H., where they met with great success. Mr. Smith returned to the practice of his profession as a stenographer, while his companion in labor continues to devote himself to the work of Gospel temperance.

FINAL MEETINGS IN AMERICA.

About the middle of March, 1880, Mr. Booth was called to speak in the city of Lockport, N. Y., where he labored for four weeks. From Lockport Mr. Booth proceeded to Malden, and there conducted a fortnight's meetings, which were concluded by a grand "farewell" in view of his impending departure for Great Britain. Many friends wished him to cross the ocean that he might devote a brief holiday to rest and the recruiting influences of change of scene in Great Britain and France.

Mr. Booth sailed for England in the *Anchoria* of the Anchor Line, and was on board that vessel when she collided with the *Queen* on June 13th, 1880. The two ships returned to New York, and on July 21st Mr. Booth again embarked for England, this time on the *Scythia*, of the Cunard Line. The voyage was safely accomplished, and Mr. Booth on landing proceeded to London, where, on August 7th, he was formally welcomed by a number of earnest English workers at Hoxton Hall, and many kind and brotherly greetings were uttered. Here, in the absence of Mr. Noble, he continued to labor for five or six weeks. Invitations were then responded to from the provinces, and he gave addresses at Newmarket, Tunbridge Wells, and other places in and near London. He afterward proceeded to Scotland, speaking to large audiences in the cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, and Peebles.

A GROC-SELLER'S PLEDGE.

On January 9th, 1881, Mr. Booth entered upon a ten days' mission at Cardiff, South Wales, where the work was solid and deep. Over seven thousand signatures were taken during his stay, and the meetings have been continued with no small success since his departure. An incident occurred at Cardiff that deserves to be placed on record as the first of its kind, in the advocate's experience, in Great Britain. A saloon-keeper who had long kept a house of very low repute, and was about to commence the business in another, went to one of the meetings of the series and signed the pledge, amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The people threw caps, handkerchiefs, and shawls into the air in token of their delight. His wife, two sons, a daughter, and two brothers followed his example. The liquor dealer went next day to the prayer-meeting and knelt down on the floor in the presence of all who were assembled. Mr. Booth asked him if he would there and then give his heart to God, to which the man replied, "I have done so; I am trusting in Jesus this moment."

Mr. Booth afterward held meetings at Darlington, Kidderminster, Ipswich, Leeds, Leicester, and other towns, where he was cordially received and where he was very successful. Last summer he paid a brief visit to America for rest and recuperation, but returned to England in August and recommenced his labors. The results of his ten days' mission in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle have already been related.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE REV. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, in whose magnificent and capacious Tabernacle Mr. R. T. Booth has just concluded his ten-days' Gospel Temperance campaign, is so well known, that it seems a superfluous work again to give the facts of his busy and eventful life to the world, but the occasion furnished by the hour, and the circumstance that he has so fully and cordially identified himself with the temperance mission, seem to require and even justify the reproduction of some, at least, of the leading facts in his remarkable history. We hope, therefore, to give, in the course of two or three weeks, some details of his history, with portraits of his wife and of his father,

REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE, M.A., Canon of Winchester.

THE REV. CANON WILBERFORCE, another distinguished temperance leader whose portrait is in the group on our front page, was born in the Cathedral Close at Winchester—of which cathedral his father was then Canon—on the 14th February, 1841, and is now forty-two years of age. His father sought by constant care to lead his sons, early bereft of a mother's love, in the right path, and till that sad day in July, 1873, when he was thrown from his horse and killed, they were the objects of his most assiduous paternal care. One of them, Ernest Roland, whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 17th, this year, was appointed that month bishop of Newcastle.

Canon Wilberforce was educated at Eton, and Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1865, and his M.A., in the succeeding year. He was ordained by his father in 1866, and held the several curacies that he held during the five following years, gained that experience of church work among the masses which has served him so well in later life. In 1871, he preached his first sermon on Trinity Sunday as rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, and early began that system of visitation among his parishioners by which he was enabled to see that the drinking habits of the lower classes formed the greatest hindrance to the spread of the Gospel.

THE CANON'S STORY OF TAKING THE PLEDGE, as related by him at Exeter Hall, is as follows:

"Should you become ill, instead of resorting to Dr. Brandy, try Drs. Rest, Quiet, and Do-nothing. Before I became an abstainer, I was much subject to fainting fits. I even fainted in the pulpit, and my life was a burden, and when I had made up my mind to abstain, my medical man came from London, and said, 'If you do, you will probably die.' You want the 'whip' for your constitution. I did not believe him, and I said: 'Very well, doctor, then I'll die, and there's an end of it.' But I have not died. And when I met that medical man more than a year after, I said, 'Now, doctor, what do you think of it?' He said: 'You beat me altogether. I was never more mistaken in any case in my life. And now let me tell you, that if there was no such thing as alcohol, I should have to put up my shutters. Nearly all the illnesses that come before me have, in one sense or another, come from that; not always from the personal indulgence of the patients, for sometimes it is hereditary.'"

In November, 1873, Canon Wilberforce took the pledge and founded a temperance society in his own parish. Since that day an improvement which can only be called remarkable has taken place in the district. More than 2000 persons have taken the pledge from the canon's own hand, and temperance meetings are held regularly in his parish.

Canon Wilberforce has always most strongly pleaded for Gospel temperance, and insisted that the church should be in the forefront of the movement, and that "Love to Christ" should be its inspiring motive.

In 1875 he read an able paper at the Church Congress at Stoke-upon-Trent, on "The Best Means to Counteract Drunkenness," the result of which was the bringing of several clergymen into the temperance ranks, among whom we may specially mention Canon Farrar and Canon Duckworth.

As Canon of Winchester (to which he was appointed in 1876), he preached his famous temperance sermon, "Sound an Alarm," in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was speedily published, and obtained a circulation of about 50,000 copies. That all classes are needed in this crusade against drink has constantly been pressed home by the canon in his platform and other utterances.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE he has specially recognized, as is evidenced by the following closing lines from a speech he delivered at a recent temperance meeting: "I shall never forget the beautiful lines of the poet Longfellow, in speaking of the influence of women over men. In the poem of 'Hiawatha,' he says:

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."

Useless each without the other." That is the grand social movement for the regeneration of England. My last appeal to-night is to the women."

For nearly ten years Canon Wilberforce has given the temperance cause the force of his eloquence and the weight of his personal example; ever being ready to stand and speak on its platforms, asking not which section of the body needs his advocacy, but discerning that all are co-workers in the one great movement that has for its aim the freeing of the nation from its terrible bondage to alcohol.

REV. JAMES A. SPURGEON.

JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, whose portrait appears on the upper right-hand of the frontispiece, is the younger brother of the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He is now about forty-five years of age. He was prepared for the work of the ministry by a four years' course of study at Regent's Park College, of which institution the Rev. Dr. Angus was Principal. He entered this college from Colchester in 1855, and gained the reputation of being a good student and an acceptable preacher.

He first settled as pastor of the leading Baptist Church at Southampton in 1861, and, after a brief but successful pastorate, was earnestly solicited to transfer the scene of his ministry to London. A new chapel had been built at Bayswater, a London suburb, and here Mr. James Spurgeon was induced to exercise pastoral functions until he was chosen to be assistant pastor at the Tabernacle, "in consequence," to use the senior pastor's words, "of the vast work of the church and our own frequent infirmities." His union with his famous brother has been a very happy and successful one for both, and, to quote Mr. C. H. Spurgeon once more, "his invaluable aid has lightened our burdens, and conducted much to our peace of mind."

In the course of time, having as co-pastor only a portion of the work at the Tabernacle, although that really meant more than the whole work of many laborious pastors, he devoted himself to the establishment of a Baptist congregation at Croydon, where he has now a large and handsome chapel and a church numbering some hundreds of members, and where he preaches nearly every Sunday. At the same time he continues to act as co-pastor at the Tabernacle, occasionally preaching and giving instruction to the seventy or eighty students as college tutor.

In a paper which appeared some time ago in his brother's well-known magazine, *The Sword and Trowel*, it is stated that once a month, or oftener when required, the junior pastor appoints a day to see all persons anxious to join the church, who have been approved of by the elders. It falls to his lot, also, to assume a general oversight of the various numerous charitable and philanthropic societies, and to do his part in bearing the burden of work connected with a congregation numbering more than six thousand persons.

In the college his work has been most valuable, his educational qualifications having tended to raise the standard of scholarship in that institution. In August, 1879, Mr. James Spurgeon visited America, when the sermons and addresses he delivered were specially reported for, and published in this journal.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

MR. HALL, whose portrait is No. 5 on the frontispiece, is the son of the late Mr. John Vine Hall, of Maidstone, author of "The Sinner's Friend," a small publication which has secured a circulation of more than two million copies, and has been translated in nearly thirty of the languages of the globe. He was born at Maidstone, England, on May 22d, 1816. His early education was received at Totteridge School, but, having been early converted to Christ, he decided, with the approval of his parents, to devote himself to the ministry of the Congregational denomina-

tion, and therefore entered Highbury College for the appropriate training.

His college career was brilliant, and terminated in his taking the B.A. degree at the London University. Thirteen years later, and when he was one of the most busy and popular men in London, he took the higher degree of LL.B., and won a valuable law scholarship at the same time.

In the year 1842 he was called to the important pastorate of Albion Congregational Chapel, Hull, as his first ministerial appointment. Shortly afterward he married a daughter of Dr. Gordon, of Hull, but the lamentable conduct of his wife necessitated a dissolution on August 8th, 1879, Sir J. Hannen, the President of the Divorce Court, in his summing up, giving utterance to the following sentiments:

"Mrs. Hall was sinning against God as well as man. Mr. Hall treated her with the utmost tenderness, indulgence, and patience. In not a single instance, not in one single word, has Mr. Hall departed from the line of conduct which the most high minded and virtuous man could pursue. He has dealt with his wife at every stage of her career with the tenderest consideration for her feelings. He had been a considerate, indulgent, and temperate husband."

MINISTRY AT SURREY CHAPEL.

After twelve years of successful ministration at Hull, he removed to London in 1854, where he occupied the pulpit of Surrey Chapel, a building famous throughout the world as the centre of the evangelistic and pastoral labors of the Rev. Rowland Hill. For twenty-one years Mr. Hall labored so assiduously that Surrey Chapel became the focus of Gospel and philanthropic work, which extended its beneficent operations over the whole of the populous borough of Southwark, and a considerable portion of that of Lambeth.

He has made two extensive tours in the United States. So well was he received, that at Washington, he was invited to open the business of Congress with prayer. He also preached before the House of Representatives while in session, and the next day he delivered an address on "International Relations," when President Grant and many members of both Houses of Congress were present.

During this time Mr. Hall was arranging for the erection of the cathedral-like edifice in which he now ministers. Christ Church, the name by which Mr. Hall preferred to designate his new house of worship, was opened on July 4th, 1876. It is a magnificent structure and will hold 3000 persons. The total cost, including lecture-hall, schools, and site, was \$310,000. The service is that of the Episcopal Church with some slight modifications.

Mr. Hall, who is a most eloquent evangelical preacher, has acquired some fame as a writer of devotional treatises, one of which, entitled "Come to Jesus," has reached a circulation of upward of three millions, and has been translated into more than twenty foreign languages. His other works are a volume of sermons entitled "Homeward Bound," "The Land of the Forum and the Vatican; or, Thoughts and Sketches during an Easter pilgrimage to Rome," in 1854; "Hints on Preaching;" "From Liverpool to St. Louis;" a small volume of poetry, entitled "Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine;" and a tractate on "Prayer, its Reasonableness and Efficacy." Beside these Mr. Hall is an extensive writer in advocacy of temperance, with which movement he has for many years identified himself.

Mr. Hall has fastened to his coat the blue ribbon, and two thousand six hundred and fifty-two of the members of his congregation imitated his example, sixteen hundred and four of whom signed the total abstinence pledge for the first time.

The Proposal to Erect a Memorial to the poet Longfellow in Westminster Abbey is favorably received in England. Several men of eminence in the State and in literature are acting on the committee. Among them are Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate; Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B.; Messrs. Anthony Trollope, William Blanchard Jerrold, and John Bright.

SHALL GAMBLERS TRIUMPH?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
October 1, 1882.

"But I know thy abode, and thy going out, and . . . I will turn thee back by the way which thou camest."—2 KINGS 19: 27, 28.

Imperial Airs of the Gambling Evil—A Coroner's Eye to Business—The Authorities Needing Support—3500 Professional Gamblers in the Three Cities—The Gambling Establishments—First, Second, and Third Class—A Significant Sign—Why People Gamble—The Passion for Hazard—Desire for Gain—Secret Progress of the Evil—Losses Hushed Up—A Main Pipe to the Sewer of Iniquity—Keeping Up Business Excitement—A Western Merchant's Last Dollar—A Suicide in a Philadelphia Hell—Gift Enterprises—Self-Help Useless—Protection of Hovering Prayers—A Gossip's News—The Mother's Tears—Matricide.

SENNACHERIB, the infamous, had taxed and outraged the people until it was time to have him stopped. The Lord proposed to stop him; not through any mild or complimentary way. God says He will not argue or persuade him, but as a butcher thrusts an iron hook into the nose of an ox and leads it to the slaughter, so He turned back this infamous Sennacherib. "I will put my hook in thy nose, and turn thee back by the way which thou camest."

The gambling evil in our time has taken on imperial airs, and it is a Sennacherib. It has taxed and outraged a multitude of people already to financial and spiritual death. The work is to be stopped. The evil was never so defiant or blatant as to-day. All who have read the newspapers in the past few weeks know that a great attempt has been made by city authorities to put down this evil, and that a great attempt has been made to overthrow the law. The question now, the absorbing question for all classes of people who are interested in the welfare of our cities is, whether the gamblers shall be triumphant in their new movement, or whether the officers of the government in all our cities shall be backed up by a healthy and

VEHEMENT PUBLIC OPINION.

Sir Garnet Wolseley prophesied that on the fifteenth of September he should have Arabi Pasha a prisoner and that the Egyptians would be overthrown. With marvellous accuracy the prophecy came true, and on the fifteenth of September the rebellion had practically been overthrown. With just as much precision the gamblers of this country have declared that on the twenty-fifth of September they would open their pool rooms and their gambling saloons, and they have kept their promise, they being open in the different parts of the different cities. Pool rooms open in Long Island City. The officers of the law say they can do nothing now with them. A coroner of this city most suggestively allows his own premises to be the entrance to one of these pandemoniums, no doubt having an eye to business, since the way of the gamblers is very often the way to sudden death.

Last Thursday sixty-four of the miscreants in New York were arraigned for trial. They have, of course, plead "not guilty." Powerful counsel are enlisted in their behalf. The District Attorney of New York is warned by an anonymous letter that he had better look out. The politicians in all our cities are told that if they aid in the suppression of the gambling establishments they will never be mayors, they will never be district attorneys, they will never be members of Congress, they will never be anything. What all churches, what all reformatory institutions, what all good people now need to do is to rally a vigorous public sentiment on this subject and let the authorities in all our cities know that they will be backed up by all Christian, all decent people in every effort to put down crime and to elevate virtue.

This last week, in Cincinnati, on my way to the depot, I heard the rattling of the dice of gambling saloons, and then I went out into the country to a large agricultural fair, and in front of the hotel there was a large group of men gambling all day while their honest neighbors were admiring the

fruits of the earth and blessing God for our great prosperity. The evil has rolled over this whole land. This Sennacherib needs to have an iron hook in his nose until he shall be brought back, until he shall be brought down, until he shall be destroyed, and it shall be demonstrated that honest, Christian sentiment in all our cities is mightier than crime.

Fathers and brothers and sons may well be enlisted in such a discussion, but just as much, wives, mothers, sisters and daughters need to be enlisted in such a discussion lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home blasted. No person can say successfully: "That evil has no relation to me or mine." Before long it may be found out in your own experience that this discussion had for you practical bearing on three worlds—earth, Heaven and hell. People who have not looked into this matter have no idea of the extent of the evil. I have no doubt there are a score of families in this house this morning touched by it. There may be members of the family who do not know exactly what is the matter, but the secret after a while will come out. There are young men in this house to-day with gambling tickets in their pockets. There are those here who have taken their first step on the downward road, the second step, the third step, the fourth step, and are the ministers of religion to be silent? and are we to spend our time talking about the sins of the Hittites, Jebuzites and Girgashites, and the Ahabs and the Jezebels of the past, when we have these monarchs of iniquity destroying the land.

It is estimated that in this neighborhood of cities there are *three thousand five hundred* *professed gamblers*. As much as it is your business to sell goods, or doctor the sick, or plead the law, or import goods, or manufacture, or carry on your trade, just so much it is their business to despoil society. In all these cities during these years, how many of

THE GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENTS

have ever professed to be honest? Nine. These nine professedly honest gambling establishments only the antechamber to those acknowledged to be fraudulent. There are the *first-class* gambling establishments taking down hundreds of our young men, hundreds of our older men. You go a little out of Broadway, and you go up marble stairs and ring the bell, and a liveried servant comes to the door and introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. There is a piece of furniture very costly, most exquisite and wonderful, its value so great I cannot compute it. It is the roulette table. Here is the banqueting room. Free drinks, free cigars, free fruits, free everything—sumptuous beyond all parallel. Pictures on the wall of Jephtha's daughter and Dante's "frozen region of hell," a most appropriate picture.

Pass on, and you come to the *second class* gambling establishments of our cities. You are introduced by a card of some "roper in." Once fairly inside, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks soon help you to get rid of your money to a time in short meter with no staccato passages! You went in to see. You saw! Does not a panther squat in the grass know a calf when he sees it? *Wrangle not* in that place for your rights, or your wounded body will be thrown into the street, or your dead body pulled out of the East River.

You pass on and you come to what are ordinarily called *pool rooms*. There is betting on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and thousands of men spring into that "saddle," and mount that "gig," and behind that "horse" ride to perdition! The sign says "Exchange." *Wonderfully significant sign*—"Exchange;" for that is where a man gives up his respectability, gives up his money, gives up his morals, gives up his soul, and gets in exchange loss of hope, loss of respectability, loss of decency, loss of family, loss of Heaven. "Exchange!" Infinite exchange. Awful exchange. Everlasting exchange.

A great many Christian people wonder why it is that men of wealth and men of refinement, and

men of education, as fine-looking people as have in these cities, go down into this evil. Well, my friends, it is easily explained. A great many people are born with

A PASSION FOR HAZARD.

It is a joy to them to go near a precipice. They climb Yungfrau not for the purpose of seeing the vastness of the landscape, but for the feeling "what would happen if I should fall off?" They are persons whose blood is filled and accelerated by skating near an air-hole. There are people who find a joyful feeling in driving within twelve inches of the edge of a bridge. Do not blame such people. Only blame them for the way which they develop or put down, that passion. "Oh," says one of that temperament, "here a \$500; I'll stake them; I may lose but I may gain \$5000, and it's excitement anyway." Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. Never mind, it is excitement. So they go on with the play and they go on down. That is the history of thousands of people. That is the history of some persons in this house this morning.

Then others are led into this great and absorbing evil through

SHEER DESIRE OF GAIN.

It is especially so with professed gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink until their brain is unbalanced, or their judgment overthrown. They see not so much the dice as the dollar beyond the dice. They are as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the flies pass. There are hundreds of young men who say: "Now, I don't in this office, store or factory get enough salary; I ought to have a room in a better boarding house or better hotel; I ought to have better wines; I ought to have finer cigars. I ought, when people banquet me, be able to banquet them, and I am going to endure this no longer. I will with one bright stroke make my fortune. Here goes, right or wrong, principle or no principle, Heaven or hell. Who cares?"

When a young man or an older man resolves to live beyond his means, *Satan has bought him out* and out and it is only a question of time when the goods shall be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in his way all the batteries of truth and righteousness, he will press right on. If a man have a thousand dollars of income and he spends twelve hundred, if he have fifteen hundred and spend two thousand, if he have three thousand and spend five thousand, all the powers of darkness say, "Aha! aha! we have him." And they have. The extra five hundred or the extra two thousand or the extra five thousand dollars must be obtained some way.

Here is a young man who says: "there's my friend who came to town with no money at all and see how he's got on! He went into one of those places and put a certain amount of money on the ace; he has now his hundreds, his thousands, and his tens of thousands and here I am nothing but a poor clerk." What a dull business this is, adding up this long line of figures in a counting house. What a dull business, taking down fifty yards of cloth to sell one remnant. What a dull business this is, my waiting on other people when I might put a hundred on the ace and take up a thousand. What is the use? I am so insidious, this temptation. Other sins beat the drum, or flaunt the flag, or gather their recruits with huzzas; but this one marches its pale processions on down, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much as the sound of the click of a dice.

Oh, how many noble natures have perished under the power. That grand forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that shall never be extinguished. Into that heart there are vulturous beaks plunged which shall never be lifted. Open the door of that man's soul and see the coil of adders writhing their indescribable horrors until you turn away and hide your face and beg God to help you forget it.

The bad thing about all this is that the most of the evil, the most of the calamity goes unadvertised. The men who lose money in gambling generally say nothing about it. They do not want their families to know, they do not want the

arch of God to know, they do not want the world to know, and so I suppose in ninety cases of a hundred when a man loses money in gambling he hushes it up. Once in a while there is an exception as where the police of Boston some years broke in upon a gaming establishment and found there some of the first merchants of State Street, clear down to the Ann Street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Georgia Central Railroad, was found to have purloined \$103,000 for gambling purposes; as when many years ago, one of the savings banks of Brooklyn a young man was found to have stolen \$40,000 to carry on gaming practices; as when in Wall Street, a man in an insurance company was found years ago to have stolen \$180,000 to carry on gaming practices. But these are exceptions. The general rule is that in silence the money leaks out of the merchant's till, or out of the fireproof safe of the clerk into the wallet of the gambler. One of the main pipes to this sewer of iniquity is

BUSINESS EXCITEMENT.

It is a most significant fact that nearly all the day-long gaming establishments in New York were found in proximity to Wall Street. Men went into the excitement of stock gambling. Getting through at the close of business they went into other places of gambling that they might keep up the excitement. The howling, stamping, Bedlamish wailing of the old-fashioned Gold Room used to drop on the gambling saloons around about. The station in the Stock Exchange that you sometimes saw at the announcement of the word "North-western" or "Rock Island" or "Erie" or "New York Central;" the rat-tat-tat of the auctioneer's mallet, the excitement of making "corns," and establishing "pools," and "carrying" stock, and a "break" from eighty to seventy, and the excited cry of "buyer three!" "buyer ten!" "taken!" "how many?" and the loss or the gain of hundreds and thousands of dollars in the flash of a moment disqualifies a man to go home, and he goes into these establishments near by. That has been the past history of a great many men. They went up the stairs amid the closed business offices until they came to the room darkly curtained and the door shuttered, but richly furnished inside, and took their places at the roulette or the faro table. That is the way some of the best men of our great cities have been destroyed.

A merchant came from the far west. He was very influential in his own city. Coming to New York he went into an institution of that kind on Park Place, and before morning he had lost all his estate save one dollar, and with that dollar he walked around the room, and then seized upon by his infernal sorcery he again approached the table and was overheard to say as he put his dollar down: "One thousand miles from home and my last dollar on a gaming table!" Oh, it is merciful. I remember when I was living in Philadelphia hearing of a case down on Chestnut Street where a man sat at a gaming table playing for large stakes and he lost everything, and before he left the table he blew his brains out, and while the servants were washing up the blood from the floor they started the next game.

In the presence of God, I this day arraign

GIFT ENTERPRISES

having a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Men failing in other enterprises go into gift concerts where the attraction is not the music but the packages distributed among the audience, into a sale of books where the attraction is not a book but the package that goes with the book. So in our time we have known tobacco dealers to advertise that on a certain day in every one of their papers there would be a prize, and whether a man bought the tobacco in Chicago, or Boston, or Charleston, or New Orleans, or New York, he would get a magnificent gratuity. Boys working prize packages through the cars—packages containing no one knows what until they are opened and found to contain nothing.

Aye, the cause of charity is insulted, and under the name of gift enterprises the gambling spirit goes on. You remember at the close of the war how we had gift enterprises all over the country, the proceeds for the benefit of the widows and

orphans of soldiers." What did the men engaged in those enterprises care for the orphans? They would have been willing to allow them to freeze on their doorstep. I have no faith in a charity which for the purpose of relieving present distress will open the jaw of a monster which has taken down so many of the bodies and souls of men. I believe through these gift enterprises there are thousands of people being turned into gambling habits. Oh, my friends, do one of two things; be honest, or die!

It is not an abstract subject. I have seen so many go down! There are places where if you go to a cliff and cast a stone, you can hear it far down echo on the rocks. There are other places where the plunge is so great that if you take something and throw it down you may listen and listen and listen, but there comes back no echo of the fall. And this last has been the case in many a moral calamity. Oh, my friend,

WHAT IS YOUR GREAT WANT?

One man says it is higher social position; another man says it is larger salary; another man says it is easier work. I do not know what your other wants are, but I will tell you, my brother, what your greatest want is—if you do not already possess it—and that is the grace of God.

There may be in this house those who have fallen under this evil. *You are in a prison.* You feel it. You have tried to get out. You cannot get out. If I should have your personal confidence and talk this matter over you would say, "I can't get out of that prison." From other habits men seem to get away by the force of natural resolution sometimes; but from this habit I do not think any man gets away by the force of natural resolution. *You want to get out of the prison* and you rush against the iron bars on one side and you do not escape. And then you soliloquize, and think and think, and then you rush against the other side the cage and against the iron bars, and there is blood on the bars and blood on your soul, and you do not escape. But there is a key that will unlock that door. It is a key of the house of David; it is a key that Christ wears at His girdle.

Oh, prodigals, it is a poor business for you to be feeding swine when your father stands in the front door straining his eyesight to see the return of the prodigal, and the calf in the paddock is as fat as it ever can be for the celebration, and all the harps of Heaven are strung, and the feet free. There are converted gamblers in Heaven. Light from the throne of God flashed upon the green baize of their billiard saloon. They stopped trying for earthly stakes, and they tried for Heaven and won it.

There is a hand to-day, stretched out from Heaven toward the worst man in this audience. It is not a hand clenched as if to strike; it is a hand outspread as though to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love, the eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity has no iron-bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the great heart of God's compassion. But, alas! for the man who sits down to the last game of life and puts

HIS IMMORTAL SOUL ON THE ACE,

and when the kings and queens and knaves and spades have been shuffled and cut and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost the game, and the faro of eternal darkness clutches down into its wallet all the blood-stained wagers. Oh, come home to thy God to-day.

I do not feel so sorry for young men who were born in the city and who have had all these temptations described before them until they know what they are. I am not so sorry for them as I am for those who come from country homes and are easily betrayed and easily overthrown. Oh, young man from the farmhouse among the hills, what did your parents do to you that you should do this to them? Why will you by going into a life of dissipation break the heart of her who gave you birth? Look at her hand, so distorted are the knuckles. Why? Working for you. Look at the back so bent. Why? Carrying your burdens. Oh, dissipated young man, write home by the first

mail to-morrow, cursing your mother's gray hair, cursing the chair in which she sits, cursing the cradle in which she rocked you. "Oh," you say, "I cannot, I cannot." You are doing worse than that. There is something on your forehead now. What is it? Run your finger over your forehead. What is it? It is red. It is the blood of a broken heart.

I am more in sympathy with such persons who have come from the country life to the city life because *I was a country lad* myself, and saw not until fifteen years of age, a great city. O! how stupendous New York seemed to me that morning I arrived at Courtland Street Ferry. I came to the city my soul all awake for the amusements and the hilarities of the world. No soul ever more awake, or more sympathetic with all the sports and amusements of life than my soul was, and I have sometimes thought it was quite strange I was not captured of evil and dragged down. I was talking with a man of the world about it some time ago, and though he pretended to be only a man of the world, he said: "I guess, sir, there must have been some prayers hovering over your head—prayers that have been answered!"

I was on the St. Lawrence River and the current was very swift, and I said: "Captain, why

HOW SWIFT THE RIVER IS."

"Oh," he replied, "not much here, but seventy-five miles on further it is ten times swifter, and we employ an Indian pilot, and we give him a thousand dollars a summer to take us through between the Thousand Islands and between the rocks." Every man who comes from the country to the city life comes from smooth water into the rapids. There are thousands of islands of enchantment and many rocks of peril. Oh, I wonder if you are going to have good pilotage.

Do you know, my brother, that the report of your dissipation has already got back to the old homestead? "Oh, no," you say, that isn't possible." It is possible. There are always people ready to carry bad news, and of these people that desire to carry bad news there is an accursed old gossip wending her infernal step toward the old homestead. She has been there. She sat down in a chair and she wriggled about for a while and said she could not stay a great while. But she said to your parents: "Do you know *your son gambles?* do you know your son drinks?" And the old people got very white about the lips, and your mother said: "just open the door a little, so we may have fresh air." And after this bad messenger went away your mother came out and sat down on the steps where you used to play, and she cried and cried and cried, and took off her spectacles and with her apron wiped off the mist of tears.

After a while she will be very sick and the old gig of the country doctor will come up the country lane, and the horse will be tied at the swinging gate, and the prescriptions will fail, and she will get worse and worse, and in her last delirium she will talk about nothing but you. And then the farmers will come to the funeral. They will tie their horses to the rail of the fence, and they will talk over what ailed the departed, and one will say it was intermittent, and another will say it was congestion, and another will say it was premature old age. Oh, no. It will be neither intermittent, nor congestion, nor premature old age; but it will be recorded in the book of God Almighty that *you killed her!*

Our language is very fertile in describing crime. Slaying a man, that is homicide; slaying a brother, that is fratricide; slaying a father, that is patricide; slaying a mother, that is matricide. But you go on in that way, oh, wandering and dissipated soul, and it will take two words to describe your crime—patricide and matricide. Oh, come home to thy God, come home to thy father's God, thy mother's God. Just fold your hands to-day and say with another:

"For sinners, Lord, Thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free,
O! magnify that grace in me."

Do not let the world destroy you. Do not get swindled out of Heaven!

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

THE following incident is related by the Rev. S. L. Gracey, of Chelsea, Mass., who, having read the criticisms on Dr. Cullis and his work, felt constrained to publish his testimony of what, by the blessing of God, he had experienced in his own home as the result of faith and prayer. He accordingly wrote a letter to *The Christian at Work*, in the course of which he thus described the cure of his wife through the instrumentality of Dr. Cullis:

Mrs. Gracey had been suffering for four years with

AN INTERNAL ORGANIC DISEASE

that had rendered her almost helpless most of that time. For nearly a year she had been under the very best medical treatment at one of our best sanitariums in New York State. On our removal to Boston it seemed to be impossible for her to leave home and our church work for further necessary treatment, and she sought aid of the ablest physicians in Boston. She became worse and worse, and was almost in despair of ever being able to do any more work, either in the church or for her family, when a friend persuaded her to go and see Dr. Cullis.

She was full of prejudice against his work, and thought it almost presumptuous and fanatical to think of being cured simply by faith in God and in answer to prayer, without the use of any secondary means. The friend of my wife, Mrs. Roach, of Washington, D. C., in a private interview with the doctor, referred to Mrs. Gracey's case, and said she would like to have him pray for her. On their return to the public parlors, he asked Mrs. Gracey if she desired to see him in regard to her case. She said, "Well, I hardly know, Doctor, that I do. I came here with my friend, who wanted to see you, and had not expressed any desire in regard to myself; however, as I am here, I should like to talk to you about this matter."

On passing to the private office the doctor said: "Do you desire me to prescribe for you, Mrs. Gracey?" She answered: "No, Doctor, I don't want any more medicine. I've taken enough medicine to kill or cure most any woman."

"Then do you want me to pray with you for healing?" "Well, I don't know, Doctor, whether I do or not. I don't know that I am willing to be cured in that way. I have always prided myself on being a woman of very plain, practical common-sense, a very matter-of-fact sort of a body, and have never been given to what seems to me rather fanatical notions, such as Faith Cure, and I think I don't believe in this way of healing." "Well, but you believe in the Bible, Mrs. Gracey?" "Why, yes I trust I'm not a heathen, and I believe in the days of His flesh, when Jesus was upon the earth, He performed many miracles of healing, but I have always been taught that the age of miracles was past; that those were special gifts intended for Jesus and His Apostles, to confirm their teachings, etc., that they ceased with the Apostles, and were never intended as a permanent gift in the church."

"But," said the doctor, "have you any Scripture for that? Does it anywhere say that these powers shall be recalled from the church? Do you believe that Jesus is able to do this thing for you?" She answered: "I do believe that all power belongeth unto Him, and if He was on earth and I could get to Him, I would journey any distance to find Him, and I believe that if I could only touch the hem of His garment I might be instantly healed." "Do you believe He is any less powerful now than when on earth?"

So they talked over all the difficulties that she presented; such as it probably being the will of the Lord that she should glorify Him in suffering, by patient submission to His will, and that this might be the only way in which the Heavenly Father could perfect her character and get her home to heaven. He continued to hold her to the direct promise of God, made through James to the Church (Jas. 5: 14, 15) until every objection was answered, and every prejudice overborne. He said at length: "Are you willing to be healed in this way if it is the Lord's will?" She answered at once: "Why, Doctor, health is everything to me, my family need me; I long to be again in

active service in the church, and am willing to have health anyway, if I can only have it."

Then they knelt in prayer. The doctor leading in a very simple, childlike talk with God, laid each difficulty of her malady before God, and asked in each particular, of her need for the healing and strengthening power which were necessary to her perfect cure. He then said: "And now, O Lord, according to thy literal command by thy servant James,

I ANOINT HER WITH OIL

in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And placing the tips of his fingers in a small salver of oil, he touched her on the forehead.

Waiting a moment he continued the prayer: "And just now we claim the fulfilment of Thy promise. Give this Thy servant perfect and complete healing for Jesus' sake." Immediately a strange sensation thrilled through her entire being like an electric shock, felt in every muscle, nerve, and fibre of her being, and she at once arose, saying:

"DOCTOR, I'M HEALED."

He responded: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Now remember, Mrs. Gracey, no more medicines. Take off and throw away all mechanical supports. Use no more medicines; trust all the time in God and confess what He has done for you." She walked to Tremont Street and took the cars for home. She went there in a private carriage from a bed of sickness and severe suffering, almost unable to sit up for an hour, and never free from great pain; unable to walk a block in the street, or go up or down stairs without lying down for a long while afterward to regain her strength and be restored to even moderate suffering. She came home in the street cars without any suffering; and from that day to this, now nearly two years, has been as entirely free from that trouble and as active and smart as a girl of eighteen. It was the Lord's doing, and is marvelous in our eyes. I could duplicate this case by scores of instances of equally wonderful cures.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.

A middle-aged man said lately at a meeting at Bethshan, the House of Faith Healing in London: "I feel I would be doing wrong if I did not stand up and speak a word for the Lord, and praise Him for what He has done for me. This night seven weeks ago, I came here for the first time; I was a very great sufferer, as many here know. I had been suffering for about fourteen years from chronic rheumatism, and taking medicine of all kinds, until my strength was nearly all destroyed, and life was ebbing away.

"I was almost afraid to go out alone, for fear I should drop down from heart disease, as a dear sister of mine did four years ago, in coming home from a place of worship one Sunday. When I read of this Home my faith was stimulated. I came. Dr. Boardman said, in reference to my age, that if I were twenty years older it would not make any difference to the Lord, for He could still heal me. I left off medicine of all kinds, and put myself entirely in the hands of the Lord.

"I was only here about a week—not quite a week—and when I was going home from Dr. Boardman's house, from a meeting held there, I felt a sensible impression upon me, as if the Lord had touched me, and instantly I felt that the healing was begun. Before I got to this Home again, I put my walking-stick under one arm and my umbrella under the other; I could not walk before without resting on them. Before this it was a great trouble to get upstairs to the top room—fifty-one stairs from the ground floor—and still more was it a trouble and danger to come down, for one leg was so weak that it was liable to give way under my weight. Before I lived through a week, I could go up and down stairs without taking hold of the banisters. My strength has since come back to me, and I can walk nearly as well as I did twenty years ago.

"Well, I have been trying to work for the Lord since then, and in visiting one case in which I was deeply interested, the person who was ill said to me: 'If you should remain well next winter, and go through the winter without a return of your

rheumatism, then I will believe in your cure.' said I might die before winter; but I know I healed perfectly; I am satisfied of that; I have a doubt about it. I have gone without medicine for seven weeks, and I am far better without it than I was with it. I thank God, too, that Jesus is never so dear to me as now."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND

A Comic Singer Saved.—Mr. Campbell White said at a recent meeting: "One of our converts in the Vale of Leven was one of the most no comic singers in the place. He was known to men, and was a most earnest worker for the cause. A word spoken to him in the street arrested his attention, and induced him to go into one of our meetings, where he heard the Gospel preached and was converted to Christ. Another was blacksmith who was the leader of all the public revelling of the place. Both these men declared that they will now work for the Lord as vigorously as they previously did for the devil."

A Half-Witted Man's Consecration.—The Rev. James Scott said: "A brother told me some years since of three men who determined to follow the good old Scotch fashion of going from parish to parish to celebrate the Lord's death. When they were travelling together one of them said, 'What shall we offer the Lord when we sit down at his table to-day. I will offer praise for I goodness to me.' 'I shall take a broken and contrite spirit,' another said. The third man could not speak; but although he was considered a half-witted man, the other two pressed him so much that he said, 'When I sit at His table I'll tell Him that I am a poor sinner, and have nothing to bring to Him but what He gave me—the Lord Jesus Christ, I will hold Him up.'"

Medical Aid too Late.—The Rev. James Scott said: "On Friday last I was in the count at a place where a man whom I knew very well was lying dead. I was told that when the sickness first came upon him he refused to send for doctor; then he put off doing so until it was too late. When the illness became so bad that he could no longer refuse to see a medical man I friends brought one to see him. After the doctor examined him, the momentous words passed his lips, 'If I had been sent for sooner I might have been of use, but now it is too late; I can do nothing for him.' The Holy Spirit of God is searching your heart; now take care that you do not put off any longer. The Great Physician is ready to heal you if you will let Him."

A Drunkard Rescued.—Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh said: "We are asked, 'What is the use of speaking to a drunken man?' I answer, 'Very much, indeed,' and to prove it I will relate an incident in the life of a man who used to be a drunkard. In the month of November last I addressed a crowded meeting in Edinburgh; although there were fully 1000 people in the hall, yet one man who had drunk a few glasses of whisky, disturbed the all. Mr. Darling, the hotel proprietor, spoke to him, and in the inquiry meeting asked me to speak to him. I did so, and prayed with him. Then I desired to pray himself, and we again knelt down; but his language was so offensive, nay, even blasphemous, that I put my hand on his shoulder and said, 'Brother, I will see you home and into bed where you will get a good night's sleep, and then you will come and see me to-morrow.' Next day the man came to me. Holding out his hand I said, 'The grace of God is sufficient for me.' He was a changed man, and since then his life has been one of active service. He is now a useful member of the Baptist Church."

A Soldier's Letter.—The following is a letter sent by a soldier who used to attend the Cowcaddens meetings, to Mrs. Sutherland, who, along with Mr. Sutherland showed him and a comrade great kindness. They are now on the way to Egypt: "Troop-ship Nepal, off Malta, 16th August, 1882. 'Dear Mrs. Sutherland—You will be glad to learn that we have got thus far on our road to Egypt, and truly the Lord has been good to us. We have had grand weather, not man sick all the time; and oh, what grand meet-

ings we have had, too, every night ! Our old friend Mr. Mathers, from Maryhill, and Mr. Millar, from Edinburgh, are with us, so that we are well looked after by these men of God. We have had souls converted at our meetings. We sing a number of hymns, and they each of them speak for a short time. We have a good company of God's children with us, so we show a good front. On Sabbath we had three meetings ; it was so pleasant. Bullock, Wood, Simpson, Greenland, and Stewart are all well, and all with us. They send their kind regards to all the Lord's dear children : and do pray for us that we may be kept by the power of God, and that many souls may be converted."

A Disagreeable Sermon.—The Rev. James Scott said : "I remember, when preaching the Gospel some years ago in the country, that in closing I made the remark that Jesus would save any one just where they were sitting in the pews. After the service, the minister of the church said to me, 'Some members of the congregation are very indignant at the assertion you made at the close of your sermon.' 'Why ; is it not true?' 'Yes ; but it seems to them something against reason. The idea that a man could come into the church an unpardoned sinner but leave it a Christian, strikes them as being outrageous.' 'On the contrary, it is quite in consonance with reason. If a guilty man is offered a pardon, and accepts it at once, is not the transaction completed instantaneously?' 'Certainly it is.' 'Well then your friends have no reason to find fault.'"

The Doctor Settled With.—Captain Hatfield said : "Some time ago, I was asked to visit a dying woman. When I entered her house I was surprised at the cheerful aspect which it had ; all was bright and pleasant. Two little children were playing with the fire irons as though such things as sickness and death were unknown in that house. I found the woman in bed. At once she began to speak about some friends in Liverpool, and taking everything quite lightly. I concluded that she was not a Christian, and felt bound to speak to her so that she might know her condition both of mind and body. I said, 'Mrs. Campbell, how is your soul? You are surely not aware that the doctor has given you up.' 'The doctor given me up, no sir, I have given the doctor up. He came in one day when I was reading the Bible and said, 'Mrs. Campbell, you must not read such a gloomy book as that, put it aside at once and I will bring you a nice lively novel.' When I heard him speaking of my precious Bible like that, although I had very little money I scraped enough to pay him his fees at once, and then put him aside instead of the Bible.' I read the twenty-third Psalm to her. When I had finished she said 'Ah, that's an easy seat.' 'What do you mean by an easy seat, Mrs. Campbell?' 'I mean that though I am dying poor and helpless, and my two children will be left without either father or mother in a very short time yet I know that the Lord will provide for them and that lets me sit easy.'"

ENGLAND IN PROPHECY.

By John M. Bright, M.D.

(Continued from page 615.)

"TYRE was one of the most famous marts in the world in the time of Isaiah, and the destruction of it must have been ruin to merchants and adventurers. Every house or warehouse in Tyre was shut up, so close was the siege. The Tyrians, when they saw no other means of escaping, fled in their ships and took refuge in Carthage, and in the islands of the Ægean and Ionian Seas ; whence the news would soon spread and reach Tarshish. Thus the ruin of Tyre was revealed to them (the inhabitants of Tarshish), from the land of Chittim or Cyprus, and the Mediterranean coast."

Verses 2, 3.—"Be dumb, ye inhabitants of the isle, which the inhabitants of Zidon, that cross the sea, have replenished ; and her revenue in great waters is as the sowing of the Nile, as the harvest of the river ; and she hath been the mart of nations." The word, "isle," as in 20 : 6, denotes a maritime district, there Palestine, here Phœnicia. Silence is a mark of grief or consternation, as at 47 : 5, Lam. 2 : 10. The people would be dumb with fear and sorrow at the entire failure of com-

merce which a close siege would effect ; and the noise of the busy multitudes which before was heard in the merchant city would be utterly silenced.

"Merchants of Zidon" is a generic term for those of Phœnicia, since either Tyre or Zidon fitly represents the whole nation. The Zidonians built Tyre, which is therefore called "the daughter of Zidon." The rich revenues from their commerce are compared to the plentiful harvests of the Nile. "The seed of the Nile," here called Sihor (or Shichor), as at Jer. 2 : 18, and 1 Chron. 13 : 5, so called from the blackness of its waters, charged with the mud which it brings down from Ethiopia when it overflows. What its river was to Egypt, the same to Tyre was the Great Sea itself—a source of most abundant riches. "Ezekiel (chap. 27), as it were, commenting on the words, 'the mart of nations,' recounts the various nations whose commodities were brought to Tyre, and were bought and sold by the Tyrians. It was then the most celebrated place in the world for its trade and navigation : the seat of commerce and the centre of riches."

Verses 4, 5.—"Be thou ashamed, O Zidon ; for the sea hath spoken, the strength of the sea, saying, I travail not, nor bring forth children, neither do I nourish up young men, nor bring up virgins. As at the report concerning Egypt, so shall they be sorely pained at the report concerning Tyre."

"The strength of the sea is usually referred to Tyre or Zidon, as if the cities were lamenting the loss of their former children. But the true emphasis is different. The sea itself, on which they relied, disclaims, as beyond its power, the task of supplying them with children, to repair the loss of men, and the desolation they had suffered. It could enrich and beautify Tyre in her prosperity, but could not breed or rear up children, young men or virgins, for the desolated homes. The sea, her fortress, and her refuge in danger, mourns over a calamity quite beyond its power to repair."

"As the nations were appalled at the plagues of Egypt by the power of God, in the days of Moses, so the report of the ruin of Tyre would fill them with consternation. The same comparison is made in predicting the Assyrian overthrow (10 : 27). It is no less suitable to express the general dismay which the fall of Tyre would cause throughout the whole Gentile world."

Verses 6, 7.—"Pass over to Tarshish ; howl ye inhabitants of the isle. Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days ? her own feet shall carry her far away to sojourn." The Tyrians, in this hour of trouble, would flee to their distant colonies for refuge, and St. Jerome asserts that when they were besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, they fled to Carthage, or some islands of the Ionian or Ægean Seas. Here the prophet bids them pass to Tarshish (India ?) ; and, in verse 12, to Chittim, or Cyprus. A parallel is seen in the resolution of the Dutch merchants, in 1672, to remove to Batavia, if their country were subdued by the French armies. The actual flight of the Portuguese Court and regent to Brazil, in 1806, to escape from Napoleon, is a still more complete parallel."

"The Tyrians boasted of the great antiquity of their city, which is mentioned as a fortified place in the time of Joshua (Josh. 19 : 29). Through its extraordinary wealth, it was replete with everything conducive to festive indulgence ; and the citizens were very jovial and luxurious." (Scott.) These proud boastings would give double force to the prophet's warning. Where all had been pride and vain security, there would soon be trembling, flight, silence and desolation.

So, too, of the calamities of Jerusalem (Is. 22) : "Her own feet" is an expressive figure for the Tyrian navy, by which this merchant city was accustomed to travel swiftly to distant lands." (Birks.) Or the prophet speaks of Tyre as "A delicate woman, and not used to hardships, who yet should be forced to travel on foot tedious journeys into foreign lands."

Verses 8, 9 : "Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth ? The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth." Tyre

might well be called "the crowning city," or "giver of crowns," because of the many kings she set up in the various Phœnician colonies of which she boasted. And there may be a further reason for the epithet. By her commerce and wealth she might be said to supply garlands of grace and beauty to all the other nations. The fall of a city so ancient and noble must have some very weighty cause. "The Lord of Hosts" purposed it in order to accomplish a great end in the moral government of the world. That purpose here announced is an echo of the opening message : "The loftiness of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day" (2 : 11-17).

That day was to light in judgment on all the ships of Tarshish, and on all pleasant pictures, and on all merchandise of beauty. In this burden on Tyre and the ships of Tarshish, we see the last sentence of the prophet's earliest

WARNING FULFILLED.

Verses 10, 12 : "Pass through thy land like the river, O daughter of Tarshish ! there is no defence any more. He hath stretched out His hand over the sea ; He hath shaken the kingdoms : the Lord hath given commandment against the merchant city to destroy the strongholds thereof. And he said, Thou shalt no more rejoice, O oppressed virgin, daughter of Zidon ; arise, pass over to Chittim ; there also shalt thou have no rest."

These verses have been explained by many as announcing the release of Tarshish, and other colonies from the irksome control of the mother city. But this view, that the "daughter of Tarshish," means natives of Spain, in contrast to the Tyrians, has no solid ground. The "ships of Tarshish" are plainly those of Tyre and Sidon trading with that colony. The same people, called "the daughter of Tyre" from their capital, and "daughter of Zidon" from their chief early site, may also be called "the daughter of Tarshish" because they were dependent on those long sea voyages for their greatness and renown. "The ships of Tarshish," the "isle," the "Merchants of Sidon," the daughter of Tarshish, "the daughter of Zidon," are all names of the same Tyrian or Phœnician power, though each presents it in a different aspect. This name pictures them as driven out from their homes, and forced to seek for shelter in their distant colonies."

"Like the river," i.e., the Nile, in its steady onward progress, the *mezach*, "defence," elsewhere "a girdle," seems here to mean restraint, or barrier to this current of the figurative river. "A city taken by siege and destroyed ; whose walls are demolished ; whose policy is dissolved ; whose wealth is dissipated ; whose people is scattered over the wide country ; is compared to a river whose banks are broken down and its waters let loose, and overflowing all the neighboring plains are wasted and lost."

Verses 13, 14 : "Behold the land of the Chaldeans ; a people that were no people, which the Assyrian founded for dwellers in the wilderness ; they have reared their war-towers, they have wasted her palaces, they have made her a ruin ! Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your stronghold is laid waste."

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE JUDGMENT.

The received version is ambiguous and obscure. The true sense is given above and may be thus paraphrased : "Fix your eyes on Lower Mesopotamia, the land of the Chaldeans." This people had no place among the powers of the earth, till the Assyrians transplanted thither some of the dwellers in the wilderness, who had before led a wandering life in the mountains or deserts. This people, once not a people, and still obscure, are the destined leaders in this work of judgment, and by them luxurious, haughty Tyre will be overthrown. They will set up their war-towers against her, demolish her stately palaces, and make her a ruin. The successful siege of Nebuchadnezzar, and not the fruitless attempt of Shalmaneser or of Sargon, is thus the main object of the prophecy. The emphasis lies in the contrast between the past and present obscurity of the Chaldeans when the message was given.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Campaign in New York State Continues to occupy the principal place among political topics. A rumor was in circulation last week that Judge Folger would decline the nomination for the governorship in order that the party might nominate some man who could unite both sections. The rumor was, however, denied on the authority of persons supposed to be in the confidence of the Secretary of the Treasury. The objections to Judge Folger's candidacy have undergone no important alteration since his nomination. Contrary to the prevailing rule the candidate has not been assailed with personal abuse, but it is evident that the irritation produced by the interference of the administration in state politics is deep and widespread. Much indignation has also been produced by the discovery of the fact that Mr. Folger's nomination was aided in its earlier stages by *disgraceful forgeries*, one of which enabled Mr. French to sit and vote as proxy for Collector Robertson. It is not known by whom the forgeries were committed, and no one supposes that Mr. Folger connived at them, but that some unprincipled man did not scruple to advance the Stalwart nomination by a crime, is evident, and the fact is exercising a prejudicial influence on the campaign. The Republican State Committee assembled on September 26th, and Mr. John F. Smyth was elected chairman. The selection is not one conducive to the restoration of harmony in the party, nor is it one likely to impress the public favorably as to the purity of the campaign. It is said to have been made in view of the urgent need of discipline and organization in which arts Mr. Smyth is considered a master.

The Mormons are Engaged in an Energetic attempt to resist the operation of the Edmunds bill. Judge Jeremiah Black has been retained as their champion. The judge is stated to have prepared an argument for submission to the Secretary of the Interior, attacking the legality of the acts of the Utah Commission and of Governor Morgan, and testing the legality of the law. General Nathan Kimball, of Ogden, Utah, a member of the Utah Commission, who is now in Washington said, last week, that the work of the Commission was a fair beginning of the fight against Mormonism, though he believed the coming elections would result in returning a Mormon Delegate. He said the effect of the Commission's work was

already apparent in various actions of the Mormons. Many of them were beginning to separate their families, with a view of avoiding the cohabitation clause of the law, and large numbers of them are taking out naturalization papers. The effect of registration and elections held under the strict surveillance of officers acting under the law will be a largely increased Gentile vote. Heretofore the election machinery was so entirely in the hands of the Mormons that the Gentiles had fallen into a practice of staying away from the polls.

The Secretary of the Treasury during a visit to New York last week explained the principle on which he issues his calls for bonds. He said: "I base my operations on the requirements of business. If I see commercial interests suffering for want of money, and if at the same time the treasury has a large surplus on hand, I believe that I am justified in releasing the accumulated money. As to the call for outstanding sixes, it matures too soon for me to offer pre-payment now. I do not understand, why bonds embraced in calls already matured should not be presented. I think there are some sixteen millions outstanding on which the interest has ceased." The gold certificates, he said, will soon be ready and he anticipated for them a more favorable reception than had been accorded to the silver certificates.

The Tariff Commissioners Intend to Embody in their report a draft of a law which, in their opinion, will remove all defects in the existing tariff, and remove all reasonable complaint against it. One of the commissioners, speaking of the report last week, said: "In the first place there will be a clearing away of the cobwebs that affect the working of the tariff and interfere with its smooth working. The tendency will be in the direction of a wholesome reduction in the industries that have grown up and are able to stand on their own feet without assistance." They expect to finish their work in time for the ensuing session of Congress to act upon the report if it is so disposed.

A Prohibition Convention was Held in Boston on September 28th, for the purpose of securing the united action of the temperance societies of Massachusetts in the prohibition movement. The following resolution among others was unanimously passed: That we recommend to the friends of temperance throughout the State to carefully ascertain how candidates for the Legislature of the various parties stand upon the question of the submission of a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage to a vote of the people, and to vote only for such candidates as will favor such submission. It was also decided to call a ministerial convention in aid of the movement. Rev. Julius H. Seelye was elected president of the association, and among the vice-presidents is the name of Governor Long.

A Sad Steamboat Disaster Occurred on Saturday last on the Mississippi River. A dispatch from Vicksburg says that the Steamer R. E. Lee, one of the best known boats on the river, started on Friday on her first trip after being thoroughly overhauled and repainted. She left Vicksburg for New Orleans, having on board the United States mails, a cargo of cotton, and a large number of passengers, the list of whom has been lost. While opposite Point Pleasant, at 3:30 A.M., she was discovered to be on fire, and was immediately headed for the Louisiana shore, landing at Yucatan Plantation, thirty-five miles below Vicksburg. In a few minutes she was completely enveloped in flames. Twenty-one persons are believed to have been lost, including many of the crew. That the loss of life was not much larger is stated to be due to the noble conduct of Mr. Stout, the pilot, who though surrounded by the flames that threatened every moment to consume him, kept his place at the wheel and gave courage to all by his firmness. He remained at his post despite the fire around him, with almost a last hope of escape, until he gave word to the engineer that the boat had made the shore. Not until this was done did he for one minute take his hand from the wheel. Then he made his escape by the hurricane roof to the lower deck, and from there went ashore. The passengers who were not cut off from the bow escaped to

the shore. The casualties occurred among those having berths aft. Some of them, however, were rescued after jumping overboard. Many of those who succeeded in getting ashore were half clad—some hatless, others shoeless, and others still with scarcely enough clothing to cover their nakedness. Much credit is given to William S. Perkins, who was in charge of the engines at the time of the disaster. He stood nobly at his post until the boat was grounded, and the pilot told him he might go.

The Reports of the Yellow Fever Epidemic from Pensacola, Fla., to Saturday last show a total for the month of 783 cases, and 78 deaths. The disease has been spreading rapidly for a week past, and it has unfortunately been chiefly confined to very poor people, the colored people, for a wonder, being peculiarly susceptible to its ravages. The Southern people, especially those of Mobile and Memphis, have sent most liberal contributions, and the local board has been enabled promptly to relieve all distress up to this time. Business is entirely suspended in the once thriving town. The Executive Committee of the Board of Health has 120 paid nurses on duty in addition to about a dozen Sisters of Mercy. Paid nurses cost frequently \$3 per day. The board has furnished numberless needed articles to the destitute for four weeks, and also a great deal of medicine and medical attendance. How long its resources will hold out to meet the strain it is impossible to say. At Brownsville, Texas, the fever is said to be dying out. Deaths are reported every day, but no new cases appear; the authorities are still vigilant and firm in enforcing quarantine, keeping up cordons, etc., etc. Nurses and physicians, also, in New Orleans and Memphis, are prompt in offering to go to the relief of the plague-stricken towns.

Dr. Deems has had the Satisfaction of Addressing the anniversary meeting of the Institute of Christian Philosophy he was instrumental in founding a year ago. During the year that has passed the institute has made rapid progress in numbers and influence. It has attracted the support of those who believe that religion and science are not antagonistic, and who are convinced that the cultivation of science will rather tend to the advancement of religion. Dr. Deems in stating the aim of the institute said: "We seek to organize a company of some hundreds of workers who shall diligently set themselves to the task of exhibiting the existent harmony between the Old Testament and the revelations of nature, so that whoso takes the Bible for the text will find nature a most instructive commentator, and whoso takes nature for the text shall find the most luminous help in the Holy Scripture."

The Crew and Passengers of the Steamer Edam of the Netherlands-American Steam Navigation Company, arrived in New York on Monday on board the Lepanto, of the Wilson line. The Edam sailed from New York on September 20th, and the following day, the weather being foggy, her engines were slowed and the whistles blown every two minutes. About ten o'clock that night the whistle of another steamer being heard, the Edam gave two short whistles as a signal to the other steamer to starboard her helm. The captain of the Edam says: "Nearly at the same instant we saw the steamship coming out of the fog on our starboard side, headed directly toward us. She was too near to make any change in the course, so we went ahead fast, in hopes of clearing her. She struck us amidships, cutting through the boats, deck-house, and bridge, up to the bulkhead, around the engines and boilers. She rebounded and struck us again near the cabin, cutting in the plates and carrying away another boat and davits. She again rebounded, striking us farther aft and cutting into the hull. The water poured into the engine compartments. The vessel was rapidly sinking and we lowered our three boats. We got the passengers and crew into them." It appears that the colliding steamer was the Lepanto, and her captain mistook the signal or the position of the Edam. The Lepanto after the collision remained near the scene of the disaster, and rescued the crew and passengers of the Edam, but the engineer of the wrecked vessel and his assistant were both drowned.

Earthquake Shocks were Felt at Several western cities on September 27th. At St. Louis, Mo., the shock was felt at 4:18 A.M. It was first noticed as a rolling, even noise, followed by twelve distinct vibrations at intervals of a second. The first vibration was the most violent. The shock lasted about fifteen seconds. A dispatch from Springfield, Ill., says the shock was distinctly felt about 4 o'clock. It was noticed at Centralia, Ill., about the same time and a dispatch says it seemed to come from the west, accompanied by rumbling sounds, and shook houses very perceptibly, awakening nearly all sleepers. It was also felt at Vincennes, Ind.

The Departure of Twenty-one Missionaries was witnessed in New York last Saturday, by a large assemblage of Christian people. They sailed in the Anchor Line steamer *Furnessia*. The missionary party included Dr. R. R. Williams, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, the Rev. Mr. Hale, and the Rev. Messrs. Newhall and Eaton. The *Furnessia* takes them to Glasgow, whence they will proceed for missionary labors in India, Burmah, and Siam, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Of the twenty-one missionaries nine are new to the work, the remainder being missionaries who have been in this country for rest and the recovery of their health. On the preceding Thursday evening a farewell service was held at the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, at which the departing missionaries were formally commended to the care of God in prayer.

A Wanderer was Deeply Moved by a Song at a New York mission recently. The evangelist who preaches there says that on Saturday, September 2d, as some friends were singing the piece entitled, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night," a young man was attracted by the sound. He soon made his way into the church and listened to the singing, as the tears poured down cheeks long unaccustomed to such dew. He bade them sing the song over again, and at his close he was spoken with, when it was related that he had been brought up very respectably, but had left the ways of good and wandered far and wide. An inmate of the State Prison and a hardened sinner, he had still a vulnerable point, and there he was touched. He was most earnestly prayed for by the friends to whom he told his sad story, and it is hoped that the impression so made will lead to reformation and conversion.

Disappointed Ambition has led to the Suicide of a citizen of Philadelphia. A journal of that city, of September 22d, reports an inquest over the body of a man who killed himself in despair of ever realizing his ardent aspirations for fame. The deceased, a German by birth, was a weaver and designer of weavers' patterns. He had an intense desire to lift himself above his surroundings, and had instructed himself in many branches of knowledge, and occasionally wrote poems of more than ordinary merit for the German papers of Philadelphia. He did not succeed in his efforts, however, and his disappointment unnerved him so that when a short time ago he lost a beloved son his mind could not bear the shock. He became morose, separated from his wife and lived alone in seclusion, and finally blew his brains out. Even if he had succeeded in realizing his aspirations he would probably have found, as thousands have done, that he was still unsatisfied. There is only one fountain from which contentment and happiness flow (John 4 : 14).

A Plot against a Teetotal Railroad Engineer has had an issue which may be commended to the attention of those who are similarly active in the service of Satan. Mr. George A. Hilton, who has devoted much of his leisure time to evangelical work among the employes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, thus describes an incident connected with an engineer who at the recent Lake Park meeting gave testimony of his conversion: "There are dangers besetting the pathways of railway employes that are not always the outgrowth of accident upon the rail. A period of great peril in the life of an engineer, recently converted at Keyser, W. Va., painfully illustrates this fact, and also how swiftly Divine justice overtakes those who set

God at defiance. In an honest effort to escape a life of intemperance and sin the engineer joined a temperance lodge; upon this some of his old associates in sin, possessed by Satan, determined to compass his ruin; a purse of money was raised and two of the number devoted their time and energies to get the reformed man drunk, they were only too successful, and in a short time their victim was in the toils of the old enemy—a drunkard—but 'God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' Within four weeks of the perpetration of this fiendish act, one of the men became suddenly dumb, both were stricken with paralysis and are now paupers, dragging out useless and sin-blighted lives, and subsisting upon the charity of the State" (Hab. 2 : 15).

A Man's Impartial Estimate of Himself is not often given with so much frankness as it is in the following report of an adventure published in the *New York Sun*: "A traveller was leaning at night against a railing at the Harper's Ferry railroad station. A locomotive came along, and he sprang lightly over the rail to escape possible danger. He thought it was a meadow on the other side, but knew his mistake when he struck in a muddy stream forty feet below. On being rescued he was asked his name. 'I wouldn't tell you for a thousand dollars,' he replied; 'describe me simply as a fool.' There are many people who might be very truthfully so described, and there are many who are conscious of the fact, but there are very few who would make so frank an admission. The sad aspect of the case is that it will only be at the last great day, when it is too late to remedy the mistake, that so many who now are counted wise will fully realize their folly (Jer. 17:11).

The Chinese Mission Services in New York continue to attract large numbers of Chinamen from all parts of the city. They are conducted by Rev. J. Jackson, formerly missionary in Canton, who preaches in the Chinese language every Sunday evening. A report of the Chinese Sunday-school work recently published states that there are 610 names of Chinamen on the rolls of Sabbath-schools in New York and Brooklyn, and the average attendance is 331, of whom 40 are professors of religion, and 20 more believed to be Christians. Two young men, who have gone to Newark, N. J., to work, return to New York every week for the Sabbath for the sake of being taught by their old teachers. Those who are converted to the Christian faith shrink not from self-denial and labor. One of them recently refused to work on the Lord's day, at the peril of losing a lucrative position. He told his employer that he intended henceforth to love and obey the true God, who requires the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest and holy meditation.

The Work of Marking the Boundaries of the two States of New York and Pennsylvania is described in an *Elnira* journal. The dispute between the two States over the boundary line was finally settled by both States accepting the old boundaries, for the principal reason that many farm line fences formed the boundaries and much labor was required to change tax assessments, etc. But the old boundary was ill understood, it being just a century since the boundary monuments were erected, and many of them were broken, covered up, or lost sight of. For the purpose of renewing the monuments a corps of laborers has been employed in marking the line on the most easterly point where the two States come together on the Delaware River. The monuments are made of Quincy granite, and are about four feet long and six inches square at the top. Heavy creases are cut at right angles across each. The letters Pa. and N. Y., which are about two inches long, face Pennsylvania and New York respectively. The freedom with which Christian people go to worldly places of amusement and indulge in questionable practices suggests the thought that a similar work needs doing as to the church and the world to that being done for these two States. The practice of wandering as near the boundary line as possible seems of late years to have become increasingly prevalent and has led to many sad falls which have brought reproach on the name of Christ (Jer. 2 : 19).

THE SAMARITAN WOMAN AND HER MISSION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And upon this came his disciples, and marvelled that he talked with the woman; yet no man said, What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her? The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city, and came unto him."—John 4 : 27-30.

Christ Seeking a Single Soul—The Surprise of the Disciples—What Woman Owes to the Gospel—The Conference Broken up—The Woman Becomes a Messenger—Why She Left Her Waterpot—The Female Preacher—Her Message—I. The Invitation—Not the "Go System"—A Sister's Heart in it—II. The Argument—Concealed—Self-Revelation—The Non-Repentance Prophets—Jumping into Assurance—Revelation of Christ—A Robe that Fits—The Same Message in Judgment.

Behold our Lord and Master with divinely skillful art seeking after a single soul! We must have large congregations or we are disinclined for soul-winning. The habit of the age is to do nothing but what is ostentatious; every work must be with beat of drum or sound of tambourine. I pray that the Lord may work in us the steadfast desire to do good on the quiet, by stealth, when no one looks on, when not a single disciple is near. Oh! that we may have such an estimate of the value of a single soul that we count whole days well spent to bring one fallen woman or one drunkard to the Saviour's feet. Blessed is he who works on though he is never heard of, and looks for his reward from his Master.

Read this chapter through carefully, and see the skill which that compassion taught Him. How sweetly ready He was to converse with her and take up her questions. Never imagine that the thirty years of retirement at Nazareth were wasted.

I would fain go, if I were young, for thirty years to learn how to talk as He did, if His own Spirit would teach me the lesson. Souls have to be brought to salvation by a gentleness and wisdom such as the Saviour used when He fascinated the Samaritan woman into eternal life, and enticed her to the truth: so only can I describe that wondrous power which He exercised over her in the few short but blessed sentences with which He addressed her.

WOMAN'S GOSPEL PLACE.

Now turn a moment from that glorious One, that perfect man and yet infinite God, whom we would lovingly adore before we look away from Him. Here come His disciples! They have been into the city to buy food—an errand most needful—that they and their Teacher might live. But see! *When they perceive Him talking with a woman they marvel*, each in his own way. For these disciples of Jesus were steeped in the customary antipathies of the age. First, it was sufficiently offensive that the person with whom Jesus was conversing was a woman. My beloved sisters, you owe much to the Gospel, for it is only by its agency that you are raised to your proper place. For what said the Rabbis? "Rather burn the sayings of the law than teach them to women;" and, again, "Let no man prolong conversation with a woman; let no one converse with a woman in the streets, not even with his own wife." Women were thought to be unfit for profound religious instruction, and altogether inferior beings.

My sisters, we do not think that you are superior to us, though some of you perhaps fancy so; but we are right glad to own your equality, and to know that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female. Jesus has lifted you up to your true place, side by side with man. Even the apostles were tainted at first with that horrible superstition which made them marvel that Jesus openly talked with a woman. Moreover, they wondered that He could talk with such a woman! I do not suppose they knew all about her character, but there is a look about the fallen which betrays them; they cannot conceal the boldness which a course of vice usually produces. They may have thought "If He had talked with an aged matron, a saintly mother in Israel, it might not have been surpris-

ing; but how can He converse with such a woman?" They did not as yet understand His mission to rescue the perishing and save the lost.

This poor woman also had the misfortune to be a Samaritan, and above all things Jews hated Samaritans, as aliens and heretics, who dared to call Jacob their father and to believe themselves orthodox. Jews and Samaritans were much alike, and you know the sects that approach nearest to each other usually reserve their bitterest

HATRED FOR THEIR NEXT OF KIN.

They will tolerate those who are far removed from them, because they are altogether in the darkness of error, and so are somewhat excusable; but those who have so much light they detest for not seeing eye to eye with themselves. We pity a dumb man, for he cannot speak at all, but we are indignant that one who can say "Sibboleth" will not take a little more trouble and pronounce it "Shibboleth," as we do. Surely he might go that other inch and be quite right. This woman was one of those Samaritan heretics who had dared to set up an opposition temple to the one at Jerusalem, and say that they also were the people of God; so the disciples shrank from her, and marvelled that Jesus did not do the same. How could so good a man mix Himself up with such people?

I have, myself, heard a great deal of foolishness spoken about mixing up with certain people, because we dare to meet with them upon some common ground to accomplish a right purpose. I have sometimes wondered whether people ever read of Abraham when he fought for the cause of the king of Sodom. A horrible man, I have no doubt, that monarch was, yet when his country had been plundered by the invading kings, Abraham marched out on behalf of the King of Sodom; not that he cared for him, but that he desired to deliver his nephew Lot. For that reason he is found in some measure of association with Sodom's king; but when the object upon which they were united was achieved, then see how the princely Abraham washes his hands of the man. He says, "I will not take of thee from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, lest thou shouldest say, 'I have made Abraham rich.'" Thus there may be a temporary union among men, between whom there is the widest difference, and this apparent unity may be lawful and expedient because the end to be gained is altogether good.

See, as the result of this conduct of the disciples, *one of the sweetest conferences that was ever held was broken up*, and brought to a close at its very climax. Just when Jesus had said, "I that speak unto thee am He," then it must end, for here they come, these cold, unsympathetic ones. Yet they were disciples, were they not? Oh, yes, and true disciples, too; but, alas, no breakers of communion are more blamable or more frequent in the offence than Christ's own disciples when they are out of sympathy with their Master. You see, they are

THINKING ABOUT THE MEAT,

and about the Saviour's need of it: and these thoughts were most proper, but not very elevated or spiritual; and they come wondering that Jesus speaks with a woman, and so the holy conference ends, and the woman must go. Oh, when any of you draw near to Christ, and He is just lifting the silver veil from His dear face, and your eyes are beginning to behold Him, mind that you keep your door shut. "Oh, but it is a good man at the door." Yes, but he will be just as likely to mar your fellowship as anybody else.

Observe that *the woman now becomes a messenger for Christ*. She has to quit conferring with Him to go and testify about Him. She did not go unbidden though, for she recollected that the Lord had said at an early period of the conversation, "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." So she goes to call her husband. It is

WELL TO HAVE A WARRANT

for what we do. Observe, she interprets her orders very liberally. She thought as the Christ had said, "Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband," He could not have limited her errand to one who was not her husband except in name, and so she might as well

call any men who were loitering about the public square, and tell them what she had seen.

Remember how our Saviour gave a large interpretation of His own prophetic mission. He was not sent as a teacher except to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but He went to the very edge of His diocese, if He did not go over it. He went to the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and when a woman came out of those parts He had healing for her daughter; though He did sow most of His seed upon the acres of the Holy Land, yet He made it fly over the boundary; in fact, He sowed all the ages, and on this once barbarous island there have fallen blessed handfuls which are bringing forth fruit to His glory. Always go to the verge of your commission, never stop short of it. Try to do more good than you can, and it is very possible that you will be successful. Notice that

THE WOMAN LEAVES HER WATERPOT.

The Spirit of God thought well to record this circumstance, and therefore I think there must be a measure of teaching in it. She left her waterpot, first, for speed. Perhaps you have got it into your head that it was an ordinary English waterpot, such as you water the garden with: possibly you so picture it, rose and all. Nothing of the sort: it was a big jar, or large pitcher of earthenware, she had to carry on her head or her shoulder, quite a load for her, and so she left it that she might run the more quickly. She was a wise woman to leave her waterpot when she wanted to move rapidly.

Others think she did so because she was so taken up with her errand that she forgot her pitcher. It is blessed forgetfulness which comes of absorption in a holy design. When the King's business requireth haste it is wise to leave behind everything that would hinder. A man has hardly felt the power of eternal things unless at times he forgets some earthly matters. You cannot think of everything at once; your mind is limited, and it is not advisable that you should divide the strength of your thoughts by having two or more aims. So she left her waterpot. Sometimes you will have to leave your shop to win a soul. You will cast up a row of figures wrongly, and wonder why; and the reason will be that before your mind there fluttered the soul of a sweeper or the figure of a drunkard, or the image of a fallen woman, and your heart was filled with the longing to find the lost sheep. Never mind. I dare say *the woman had her waterpot again*, and you will get back to business again, and rectify your blunder, and attend to the shop, and set all matters right; and if a soul is saved you will have made a profit by any loss you have sustained.

We have started the woman on her mission; now I want you to *observe particularly*

HER MODE OF ADDRESS,

for there is teaching here. She said to the men, "Come, see a man, that told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Observe first, when she did go back to the men she had but one aim, and that was to bring them to Jesus. She cries, "Come, see." She did not tell them anything about their sin at the time, nor try to reform their habits; she called them at once to Him who could set them right. She knew that if she could bring them to Christ all things would come right inevitably. It is good for you to shoot only at one target. Choose your design and aim at it, and not at two objects. Drive away at the souls of men in the name of God to get them to Christ, and nothing short of Him. Labor for this; be willing to live for this, and to die for this, that men may be saved by Immanuel's love, and blood, and Spirit.

She spoke self-forgetfully: she seemed entirely to have forgotten herself, and yet she remembered herself—a paradox, but not a contradiction. She said, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did." She quoted herself, and yet if she had thought of herself she would not have said a word on the subject of her own life. She might have feared that the men would have replied—"A pretty story that must be!"

THEY KNEW HER WELL,

and might have turned round and said, "You are a beauty, to come here and talk to us in this style!" No; she let them talk of her as they pleased. "Come, see a man, which told me all

things that ever I did." That putting aside of all affection, that genuine simplicity, was part of her power. Never try to be otherwise than you are. If you have been a great sinner, be ashamed of it, but do not be ashamed of that love which saved you from it, so as to refuse to bear witness to its power. Put away the thought of what people will think of you, and only look to what they will think of Jesus for having forgiven and renewed you.

Note how short she was. Ralph Erskine calls her

THE FEMALE PREACHER.

I am not so sure of the correctness of the title. If women preached just as long as she did, and no longer, no one could find fault with them; her testimony is all in one verse, and is just an invitation and a question. There needed no more words; no, not another half a word. She said exactly enough; for she was successful in leading the men to Jesus, who could do the preaching far better than she could. I cannot call her words a sermon; at any rate, you would not care for me to preach so briefly. However, brevity is a great virtue. Do not crave to be fluent, only ask to be earnest.

Then, it was so sensible. There is a dispute about the exact force of what the woman said, but most of those who give us precise translations differ from our common version. It is what she meant and believed, but not exactly what she said. She probably said, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: Can this be the Christ?"—or, "This is not the Christ, is He?" She did not say He was, but she suggested it with great modesty for the men to examine. This led them to come, if it was only to set the woman right.

Possibly they thought her a poor, mistaken body; but in their superior wisdom they would look into the matter, and so the thing she desired was granted her. Oh, to have our wits about us for Jesus! Observe the force of her reasoning. His power to read her heart, and manifest her to herself, was conclusive evidence to her that a special anointing was upon Him.

But before I get at that I must have you examine more fully the whole of the woman's little message, of which it was a part. It divides itself into two parts. *You have been looking for firstly and secondly all this while, and now you shall have them.* There are two parts in her sermon. The first is the invitation: "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did;" the second is the argument: "Is not this the Christ?"

I. Consider at once

THE INVITATION.

It is a clever as well as a genuine and hearty invitation. She says, "Come, see." This was putting it most fairly, and men like a fair proposal, and the Holy Spirit works by means which suit the mind. She does not say, "You must and shall believe what I say." No, no; she is too sensible: she says, "Come and see for yourselves;" and that is exactly what I want to say to every unconverted person here this morning. In fact, this is Christ's own word to the first disciples, "Come and see;" and they used it when pleading with others, saying to them, "Come and see."

Moreover, this woman's invitation throws the responsibility upon them. She says, "Come and see." Thus would I say to you—If you do not come and see, I cannot help it, and I cannot help you either. I cannot stand sponsor for you: use your own judgments and clear your own consciences. Come and see on your own account. If you do not, then the blame must rest with you. If you do, then your personal investigation will be sure to end in a blessing. O dear hearers, I may preach the Gospel to you, but I cannot go to Christ in your stead. *You must come, you must repent, you must believe: you must lay hold on eternal life for yourselves.* Nothing but personal religion can possibly save you. The woman's call was a good exhortation in that respect.

Then, is it not pleasantly put, so as to prove the sympathy of the speaker? She does not say, as she might have said, "Go, see a man." No; "Come, see a man," as much as to say, "Come

along; I will go with you and lead the way. Dear friends, when you try to win a soul do not try

THE "GO" SYSTEM,

but use the "come" system. When man cries, "I cannot go to Christ," or "I will not go to Christ," look at him through your tears and cry out, "Friend, I am a sinner like yourself, and have no hope but in the precious blood of Jesus. Come, let me pray with you: let us go to Jesus together." A sister's heart spoke out in that word, "Come."

Again, what a blessed vanishing of the speaker there is. I have heard of brethren whose preaching is spoilt because they are so self-conscious. The man wishes you to feel that he is speaking in first-rate style, and is an eminent divine. When he has finished, the common exclamation is, "I never heard such a clever man." But he was not so wise as he might have been or should have been, for he who preaches rightly makes you forget himself; in fact, the observation about him, if it comes out at all, is in this fashion—"I did not detect any eloquence; anybody might have talked like that, but somehow I have felt as I never felt before." The fish knows little about the angler, but *he knows when he has swallowed the hook*. When the truth has gone right home to the hearer's heart the form of speech is of little consequence. This sensible woman's invitation deserves to be copied by every worker.

II. Now for

THE ARGUMENT.

An argument lies concealed here, and if you look at the text a minute or two you will discover it. She conceals it because she is persuaded that they have already agreed to it. It is this: "If Jesus be the Christ, the Anointed, then it is fit that you should come with me and see Him." She does not argue that point, because every Samaritan agreed to it. If Jesus be the Christ then we ought to go and listen to Him, look at Him, and become His followers. Alas, my dear hearers, I am obliged to urge that argument with many of you, because you are not so practical as these Samaritans. You believe that Jesus is the Christ; I suppose every man and woman of you does that: why, then, do you not believe in Him as your Saviour? You never had a doubt about His Godhead: why is He not your God? "If I tell you the truth," says Christ, "why do you not believe me?" If this be the Anointed One whom God hath sent to take away the sins of men, why have you not sought Him that He may rid you of your sins? There is no reason in your course of action; it is illogical and irrational. This woman did not argue the point, because it did not need arguing.

But what she did argue was this: "This man who was just now sitting on the well, is He not the Christ?" How did she prove it? First, she did as good as say, "He must be Christ, *because He has revealed me to myself*;" He has told me all things that ever I did." The words are wide. Stop, dear woman; surely He has not revealed all your life, certainly not in words. He has revealed your unchastity, but nothing else. But she was right. Were you ever out in a black and murky night when a *single lightning-flash* has come. It has only smitten one oak in the field, but in so doing it has revealed all the landscape. It struck one object, but all around you was light as day for the moment. So, when the Lord Jesus Christ revealed this woman's lustfulness, she saw clearly the whole of her life at a single view, and the Lord had indeed told her all things that ever she did. Do you wonder that she said, "Is not this the Christ?"

Beloved, no one proves himself to be truly anointed unless he begins by showing you your sins. If any teacher leads you to hope that, without repentance, or any sense of sin, you may be saved, he is not of Christ. I charge you fling away any hope which is not consistent with your own entire hopelessness apart from Jesus. If you have not known yourself a sinner you cannot know Christ as a Saviour. Some are preaching up now-a-days a dry-eyed faith, and men seem to

JUMP INTO ASSURANCE

as if there were no new birth, no conviction of sin, and no repentance. But it is not so: "Ye must be born again." That birth is not without pangs.

Trust in Christ brings a hatred of sin and a mourning because of it. A man cannot hate what he does not know; but this woman was made to see her sin, and that sight proved that the Messiah was dealing with her.

The non-repentance prophets cry, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace: they film the sear, but Jesus puts the lancet into it, lays it wide open, and makes the patient see the gangrene of the wound, and then He closes it up, and with His heavenly ointment makes a sure cure of it. There is no binding up the heart that was never broken; there is no comforting a man who has always been comfortable; there is no making a man righteous who always was righteous; there is no washing a man who has no filthiness. No, and this is what the Messiah does; He lays bare the disease, and this is a proof that He is sent of God, because He does not adopt the flimsy, flattering mode of deceivers, but goes straight to the truth. Her argument is—He must be the Messiah, for He revealed me to myself.

Secondly, *He must be the Messiah, for He has revealed Himself to me.* Jesus has revealed Himself, and now she says, "I see that He knows me, and knows all about me." Wonderful it is how the Gospel robe exactly fits a man: when he gets it and puts it on he feels that He who made this garment knew his form. Perhaps you have some special weakness or singular deformity; but you soon perceive that Jesus knew all about it, for His salvation exactly meets the lack. There is a bath; ah, He knew I was filthy. There is a robe; ah, He knew I was naked. There is eyesalve; He knew that I was blind. Here is a ring for my finger; He knew *I wanted a forget-me-not* to keep me in memory of mercy received. Every want is forestalled, and this proves the omniscience of my Saviour. "Therefore," said she, "He knows all about me; He must be infinitely wise; He must be the Christ." This is good arguing, is it not?

Then she seemed to say to them too, "This is more to me a great deal than it can be to you; *for He has dealt personally with me*; therefore I abide in my assurance that He is the Christ; but go and learn the same arguments for yourselves." When conviction comes personally home, and the discovery is all about your own state and character, it has a special power over your heart and mind to make you say, "This is the Christ." I can feel His strength as He upholds me and I can feel His tenderness as He embraces me. Surely He is the Anointed, and sent of the Lord to bind up the broken-hearted, for He has bound up my broken heart. The case is proved to me; come and experience the like conviction within yourselves."

Moreover, and perhaps there is force in this which has not been noticed, she says, "Come, see," as much as to say,

"YOU MAY COME, I KNOW,

for when I came to the well He did not look daggers at me; and when I did not give Him water He did not grow hot with me and say, 'Disrespectful woman, I will not speak to you.' No, but I was at home with Him in a moment. Come, see a man who made Himself so at home with me that He told me all that ever I did. I am sure He must be the Messiah. The Messiah is to come to open the blind eyes, and He must needs be among the blind to perform the miracle. He is to fetch prisoners out of prison, and they are the lowest class that are in prison, and yet He goes to them. So, come along. I will introduce you to Him."

That is the woman's little speech, and how good it is! I am going to add a bit to it which she did not know, but which we know. I wish I knew how to say something that would make you unconverted ones hurry to Christ, but if anything ought to do so it is this. Suppose you never do come to Christ in this life, and die without Him. God grant you may not die without having listened to Him and received Him; but if you do you will be awakened up at the last day from your grave with the blast of a terrible trumpet, and with the cry of "Come to judgment! Come to judgment! Come away!" Whether you will or not, you will have to come, and see a man sitting upon the great white throne, judging the nations; and do you know

WHAT HE WILL DO WITH YOU THEN?

He will tell you all things that ever you did, and as the scenes pass before your mind's eye, and as your own words go ringing again through your ear, you will be sore distressed.

Perhaps this morning's scene will be revived before you, and conscience will tell you, "You were at the Tabernacle that morning; the Gospel was put plainly to you, by one who in his heart longed for you to be saved; but you did despite to all those entreaties, and turned away." I tell you it will be your hell for Jesus to tell you all things that ever you did, and you then will see the argument: "Is not this the Christ?" But, alas, He will be no Saviour to you, for you refused Him. He will then tell you, "I called, but you refused; I stretched out my hands, but no man regarded." Still shall proceed that awful tale of all things that ever you did, concluding with this—you refused mercy, you rejected Jesus, you turned away from salvation, you would not have this man to save you, and therefore have you come to have your past made the fuel for your everlasting burning. God grant that no one here may ever come to that.

No, if I had the task to select one man out of this congregation that would have to spend an eternity in having his life rehearsed to him, where should I find him? No, I cannot see one that I dare to pitch upon, not one—not one—not even the worst man or woman here. I would not if I could. O God, of thy mercy suffer no one here to know the terror of being driven away for ever from Thy presence and the glory of Thy power, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A Testimony to the Progress of Christianity appears in an unexpected quarter. The *North American Review* says: "During the century just passed the population of the United States has increased eleven-fold, and churches have increased thirty-seven fold, and while a hundred years ago there was one church to every 1700 inhabitants, there is now one for every 529."

How Caste Hinders the Spread of the Gospel in India and antagonizes the spirit of Christianity which would induce love to all men, has been often explained by missionaries. It is, however, realized more fully by illustration. The following incident, which is by no means exceptional, occurred very recently. It was communicated in a private letter from India. The writer says: "I was on my way home, and as I passed through the little native village which lies between Cutcherry and my house, I was attracted by some one groaning as in great pain. The groans came from some object under a tree, and I found they proceeded from a woman. I asked her what was the matter, and she gasped out that she had been lying there ill for five days, with no one to look after her, and nothing to eat. She was a low-caste woman, and I had great trouble in getting bearers to convey her to the dispensary. No one in the village would do it for money, as there was no one of so low a caste. I did not like to force them, so I had to find people of her village and her caste—two men and two women—and got her taken off to the dispensary. Poor woman, her frame, as she was lifted on the cot, was little better, if at all, than some of the worst I ever met in the famine days. It was very providential my going that way at all. She reached the dispensary alive, but I fear she will never leave it alive. It was a sad sight of how selfish and cruelly indifferent man can be. The poor creature had lain there, as a man admitted, for four days and four nights. Because she was a low-caste woman, no one stirred to help her, but went on with their avocations, possibly with just one atom of curiosity as to when she would die."



Scene in a Street in Alexandria.

A STREET IN ALEXANDRIA.

THE above picture is of a scene in a street in Alexandria, the second city of importance in Egypt, Cairo, the capital, being the first. In the foreground is depicted a water-carrier with his skin, or, as it is called in the New Testament (Matt. 9: 17), bottle. A little in the rear is a lady on an ass, accompanied by her servant, taking an airing. As is usual with ladies in the East, her face is partially hidden from view, to prevent the gratification of a too impertinent curiosity on the part of strangers and the sterner sex. On the left, and occupying an elevated position, are two of the tradespeople of the city, waiting under a little matting spread on poles to form a rude sort of shelter from the rays of the sun. They thus wait for customers, the one meanwhile smoking his strange-looking pipe, and his neighbor apparently absorbed in contemplation.

The Alexandria of to-day shows few traces of its ancient grandeur. Near the neighboring Mustapha Pasha Railway Station, died Sir Ralph Abercromby after his victory over the French. Concerning Alexandria, we may quote the words of Warburton: "Here the Hebrew Scripture expanded into Greek under the hands of the Septuagint; here Cleopatra revelled with her Roman conquerors; here St. Mark preached the truth upon which Origen attempted to refine; here Athanasius held warlike controversy; here Amru conquered; here Abercromby fell."

JAPANESE LADIES OUT FOR A WALK.

OUR picture on this page, represents two Japanese ladies of high social position, walking in the streets of Tokio, with an armed attendant. Japan is an extensive empire in the most eastern part of Asia. Its population is deemed, in proportion to the extent of territory, equal to that of China, being reckoned at about forty-five millions. The Japanese are of a yellowish complexion, and in their personal appearance, dress, manners and customs, as well as in their Pagan superstitious

rites and ceremonies, resemble in some measure the Chinese.

To make a confession of Christianity in Japan, was at one time, owing to the mischief wrought by Jesuit emissaries, equivalent to the perpetration of a capital crime, and punishable with death. But in face of numerous persecuting edicts, and the frequent massacre of native converts, both English and American missionaries ventured to carry the Gospel into the country, and succeeded, amid many difficulties, in gaining and retaining a footing there.

The following incidents are from the journal of the Rev. Mr. Fyson, one of the devoted agents of the Church Missionary Society at Niigata, in Japan.

Open-Air Preaching in Japan.

"At Kumoro, our next halting place, we sallied out to find a suitable place for preaching. Seeing no better place, I decided on the entrance to the temple, and I enlisted the services of a policeman, who gave notice down one street that I was going to preach, while I did the same down the other street. By this means a crowd was collected and I stood and preached to them just outside the temple-gate. An amusing remark was made by one of the crowd. He looked at me and my long beard, and then he looked at Mrs. Fyson, who was sitting by me, and remarked, 'That gentleman has shaved off his beard.' I found afterward that a foreign lady is almost sure to be mistaken for a gentleman in country districts where our style of dress is not known. A foreign lady is generally taller than a Japanese, and she has three characteristics which in Japan are seen only with men. She wears a hat or bonnet, she has eyebrows and white teeth; whereas a Japanese woman shaves off her eyebrows, stains her teeth black, and leaves her head nearly uncovered.

A Christian's Answer.

"At Niigata there have been two baptisms during the year, one an old man nearly seventy years old, the other a young man whom the other



A Morning Walk in Japan.

first brought to us. I felt specially confident in admitting the old man into the visible Church. He had come always to the Sunday and week-day services for more than ten months before he was baptized, and he gave decided proof that he had learnt to know his own sinfulness. Once, at a small inquirers' class, I was telling them how the Bible speaks of all men having wicked hearts, and I asked whether they believed that this was true. 'I don't know about other people's hearts; I know *mine* is bad,' was the old man's reply.

"He has shown much thankfulness for having come to know about the one true God and the Saviour Jesus Christ; and sometimes he says he thinks that it was in order that he might learn to know about Himself that God allowed him to live so long."

THE FORGED CHEQUE.

TOWARD the close of a winter day, a middle-aged gentleman of sober garb and serious countenance might have been observed wending his way in the direction of a fashionable young ladies' boarding school on the outskirts of a great city. The air was chill and a drizzly rain was falling; yet the traveller did not quicken his footsteps, but walked on slowly and in deep abstraction. Slowly he ascended the hill, and, turning up the avenue, at last stood before the seminary.

"Poor girl!" he murmured, looking up at the windows; "I wish I had a more pleasant message for you. It is a miserable business!"

He walked up to the great door and rang the bell. Presently a servant appeared.

"Is Mrs. Simpson at home?" demanded the visitor.

"Yes, sir!" answered the maid, "Will you please step inside? Who shall I say wishes to see her?"

"Say Mr. Armstrong," replied the gentleman, "and if Miss Wilson is with Mrs. Simpson, tell her that her uncle has come to see her."

The servant girl hurried away to inform the

principal of Mr. Armstrong's visit, and, quickly returning, asked that gentleman to step upstairs to the drawing-room.

"Miss Wilson is out for her afternoon walk," said the lady, "but she will be back soon. In fact, there is her knock at the door now. I hope, Mr. Armstrong," she added, "that you are satisfied with Miss Wilson's progress and general standing?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Armstrong, "that is all right. It is not about that I have come; it is about something relating to Miss Wilson's family affairs. But if my niece has come in I should like to see her at once, as I have to catch a return train to the city."

Her mind thus re-assured, Mrs. Simpson left the room to inform her pupil of Mr. Armstrong's arrival. In a few moments she was running lightly upstairs to greet him, the color mounting to her cheeks from exercise and pleasure.

"My dear uncle!" cried the girl, springing forward and embracing Mr. Armstrong, "I am so glad to see you! How are you? and how is Edward?"

"I am quite well, my child," answered he, "quite well."

"But there is something the matter," said Miss Wilson, "I can see it, uncle, in your face. Tell me, what is it?"

"Yes, Lucy," her uncle replied. "There is something the matter, but it is not much. It might be worse, and, besides, it may be rectified."

"Oh, uncle! tell me what it is!" she repeated. "It is about Edward. I know it is. Oh, tell me the worst, do not keep me in suspense!"

"Lucy," said her uncle gravely, "your brother is quite well: at least, I believe so. But something has happened which has an ugly look and which needs clearing up. We are not overheard here? Well, yesterday I was sent for in haste by my bankers, and on arriving there was shown a cheque for \$250, purporting to be signed by me, which had just been cashed by a young man, a stranger. Immediately after paying it the clerk's suspicion was aroused as to the genuineness of the signature and he sent for me. When the messenger arrived, Edward happened to be in my room, looking over some papers with me, and I was struck by his sudden and extreme agitation.

"Unhappy youth! Of late he has fallen among companions that have led him astray. I did not know much of this for I do not believe a young man of Edward's age should be treated as a child. But I cautioned him as delicately as I could. Latterly, however, I have had reason to fear he was becoming a slave to habits of intemperance; I have noticed that for quite an hour each morning now his hand trembles like an aspen leaf. But when the messenger announced that I was wanted immediately at the bank, Edward's tremor and agitation were altogether extraordinary. I started at once and on my way I was filled with dread, and trembled like a child. Arriving there, I was shown into the manager's parlor and confronted with the cheque. 'Mr. Armstrong,' said the manager, gravely, 'this cheque was cashed this morning. Is the signature yours?' I took the cheque and looked eagerly at the signature. My eyes danced in my head, my hand shook as if with palsy, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. *The signature was a forgery.*

"Heaven forgive me, if I did wrong—I acknowledged the signature as mine! 'Mr. Gibson,' I stammered, when I could find utterance,



Mr. Armstrong's Account of the Cheque.

'this is all right. I am not quite well this morning, and—and—it's all right.' Lucy, my child, I don't know how I got out of that bank parlor, or back to my own office, and I have Mr. Gibson's cold, incredulous gaze still on me. But Edward is my dear dead sister's boy and I could not say the word that would consign him to a felon's cell."

"Edward was not in the office when I got back," Mr. Armstrong continued, "nor has he since returned. I have come down here to-day to tell you these things, to ask you if you have heard anything of him, and to aid me in saving him."

Lucy threw her arms around her uncle's neck and kissing him with a heart full of gratitude and affection, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears. "My dear, dear uncle," she said, "how good you are. We do not deserve all you have done for us, Edward and I, my poor wronged uncle, it is a cruel return you have received for all your kindness. Edward does not merit your forgiveness, but he is not himself; he must be mad to have done this wicked thing. Let me help you to find him and bring him to repentance. He has not been near me nor written to me, so he cannot have left the country. He would not, fallen as he is, go away without seeing me. Let us go at once and search for him."

"I think you are right, Lucy," said Mr. Armstrong, "Edward would be certain to come to you if he meditated running away to Europe or going far away. Let me think it over." So saying the good merchant buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments was lost in thought.

"Lucy," he said at last, "hard as it seems, I think our safest course is to do nothing. You remain here quietly where your brother knows he can find you, and depend upon it he will come."

Lucy consented and that night she took care to sit near the window of her room with the shutters flung open. From her window she could see the road in front of the school, and many an anxious glance did she cast along it. But there was no

one to be seen there but a poor pedler in shabby garments, and a worn-out basket in his hand. Half an hour passed and still no signs of her brother. The pedler was still loafing about the gate, but no one else was in sight. Lucy could bear the suspense no longer, and hastily putting on her hat and saccque she went down to walk around the house. As she passed the gate the pedler accosted her and asked if she were Miss Lucy Wilson. Being answered in the affirmative he gave her a note addressed in her brother's hand. It told her that the pedler would guide her to his hiding-place, and begged her to come to him without delay.

At another time Lucy would have shrunk from such a companion, but now she accompanied him without fear to the poor lodging where Edward had hidden himself. On arriving there she flung herself on her brother's neck and kissed him with true sisterly affection. She listened to his confession, to his self-upbraidings, and to his fear of his uncle's anger. It was a sad story, but it had a joyful ending when Lucy told him of Mr. Armstrong's promised forgiveness. Edward was in credulous at first, for he was firmly convinced that a man so honest and upright himself, and one so proud of his good name, would never forgive.

"But Edward," said Lucy, "you forget our mother. Mr. Armstrong is willing to forgive you for her sake. You know how he loved her, and for the

sake of that love he will pardon her son whom she loved." With many such persuasions Edward was at last convinced and accompanied Lucy to Mr. Armstrong's house. He went in with much trepidation, but it passed away before his uncle's greeting. A serious talk followed and then together they all knelt down and prayed that God would pardon the erring youth for Jesus' sake. A more humble, thankful youth there was not in the city that night than Edward Wilson. His uncle had heaped coals of fire on his head, and he resolved in the strength of Christ that his future life should prove his gratitude.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 623.)

A Ragged Knight's Rescue.

"STEADY then, Nelly, steady!" exhorted a very unsteady pair of crimson lips. "Steady then, there's a good Nell!"

But whether it was a good Nell or a bad Nell, its pony nerves were in much too terrified a condition to pay heed to its mistress's quivering words of exhortation. Now it would jerk itself and the pony chaise from one side of the road to the other, then as suddenly jerk back to the middle of the path again, and stand there trembling from head to tail. On being urged with a touch of the whip to proceed, it would back instead for a dozen yards or so, but nothing would induce it to go forward.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" sobbed the solitary occupant of the chaise. But the exclamation was truly useless enough, for it must have been evident, almost to the capacity of the very youngest rabbit that sat alternately washing its face and peeping at her through the hedge, that she could do nothing, excepting indeed that which she was doing without any speculating in the matter; namely, sitting in the carriage to be jerked hither and thither at her pony's will or impulse.

A lonely road, with not a house before or behind her of any description within two miles; absolutely alone with a strong pony of the most docile disposition under general circumstances, but now terrified out of good behavior, the rain coming down as though for the commencement of a second deluge, and the thunder and lightning roaring and flashing as the drenched girl in her little carriage had never yet seen or heard them do in her life before.

It had been bright and beautiful and very warm, too warm to think of putting on an out-of-door jacket, when she left home; now, in her little thin, soaked pink cambric dress, she was shivering with cold. No wonder her lips quivered like a child's in spite of her seventeen years, which she considered almost venerable, and that a sob would break into the middle of her speech as she piteously besought her pony to be steady, and to make the best of its way to shelter.

"Steady, Nelly, steady, there's a good little pony. Do go on."

And at last, just for a moment, it almost seemed as if Nelly was gathering back senses, courage, and good conduct, and meant to be obedient. It gave itself a shake with a sort of air of its being a final one, let its ears rise up into their proper ordinary position, and took half-a-dozen steps forward. Nelly's young mistress heaved a great sigh of relief, gathered up herself and the reins, choked back the rising tears, and looked forward with comforting hope to the speedy end of her journey.

Alas! the good intentions of Nelly, and the hopes of her mistress, were destined to a speedy termination. The rain had been gentler for a couple of minutes; for that space of time the more fearful elements of the storm had lulled. Perhaps to these circumstances, rather than to the accession of any sudden wisdom, the pony's improved behavior might be imputed. At any rate, when suddenly a fierce gust of wind rushed down the road, Nelly once more took to backing, then stood still trembling more terribly than ever, and then the girl in the chaise uttered a startled shriek and dropped the reins, as a fearful flash of lightning temporarily blinded her, and was followed instantly by a terrific crash. For one awful moment, silence, stillness, blindness, and then the chaise dashing along the road as fast as the pony's terrified, flying feet could take it, the dragging reins adding to its fear.

Unable to help herself, and still unable to see where she was going, the girl sat dumb with terror, clinging with both hands to the sides of the carriage to keep herself from being jolted out. As it was, this final catastrophe was very nearly falling to her share, when the pony stopped with a suddenness as great as the commencement of its wild career. She swerved to one side, and must have slipped if a firm hand had not caught her and held her fast, while a very sympathetic voice muttered:

"Poor little thing! whatever can I do for her?"

The tone in which the words were uttered was so kind and gentle that the "poor little thing" turned her slowly-recovering eyes to the speaker, and said gratefully:

"You have done a great deal for me already. You must have risked hurting yourself very much in stopping the pony going at full gallop like that."

"I have stopped more than that, and for less reason or good, before now," was the quiet answer; "that's little enough to do for any one."

"Well, you do look strong," said the girl, with an unconscious note of admiration in her voice that sounded pleasantly in her companions ears, although he replied half gruffly:

"I guess being strong is of little account just now. If I were an umbrella or a good thick shawl I should be more use to you."

The speaker was not easily startled. His nerves were not at all like Nelly's, but matched his muscles, which those who knew him had been in the habit of declaring were made of iron. But nevertheless he did start, and the supporting arm he had thrown around the half-fainting girl trembled, as a low ripple of laughter, the sweetest music he had ever heard in his life, followed the ending of his declared sentiments as to usefulness. At any

rate, that very declaration itself had been useful; for it had brought back a faint tinge of color to the white cheeks and pale lips, and stronger life into the dimmed eyes. Moreover, it had awakened that sweet, merry ripple of laughter.

However, the laugh was almost instantly checked, and gave way to the grave little speech: "I am very glad that you are not. As it is you have saved me from being dashed to pieces in a chalk pit a few yards from here, I believe. But even without that, neither a shawl nor an umbrella would be the least bit of good to hold Nelly, nor," with an additional little tinge of color, "would have prevented my tumbling out of the chaise just now."

"No," said the stranger, with a glance of compassion at the young face beside him, "they would not be much good at either of those things certainly, but I guess you would find them of pretty considerable use in keeping you comfortable in the chaise. You are drenched through with the rain, and must be just chilled to the bone. There—there—" quickly to the pony, who had been standing quiet enough since his sharp pull up, but now, without any notice, nearly wrenched itself free of its unprepared captor by a sudden plunge.

The next instant the man had tightened his grasp on the rein, tightened his clasp around the girl, and not a moment too soon. Another fearful flash crimsoned the surrounding gloom, another crash seemed as though the very world must be cracking and bursting to pieces, and a cry of agonized terror from the young lady was followed by a series of mad plunges on the part of the pony that taxed even the strong hand now holding it to retain possession. In another moment, and scarcely conscious how it could have been done, the frightened driver found herself lifted out of the carriage, and standing trembling beside the stranger. She was safe.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly, and now using both hands vigorously, both to quiet and calm the pony. "I beg your pardon, missie, but there seemed no other way to rescue you from possible injury. Any moment the pony might have wrenched itself free, and then it would have bolted."

"Yes," quickly, with a shudder, and one little hand put up instinctively to shade the blue eyes; "yes, and then almost certainly I should have been killed in that pit. How strong you are, and how kind!"

The stranger's attention was absorbed with the pony, and he made no rejoinder of any sort to that last remark. There was a short silence.

But then came another of those fearful peals of thunder, if anything more stupendous than the last, in its dreadful majesty; another flash, and a tree was struck close by. Trembling with fear and cold, so that she could scarcely stand, the young girl clutched at her companion's arm with both little shaking hands, and sobbed:

"Oh, if only I were at home!"

"Poor child!" he muttered huskily—she looked no more in her drenched summer clothes and her terror—then, looking steadily away from her at the pony, "Would you let me drive you home?" he blurted out at last, more like a sheepish schoolboy than a man nearly thirty years of age, who had never before known what shyness meant.

But he had small need for shyness now; the small hands were clasped tightly together for one moment with an impulse of the heartiest gratitude, and a glad cry broke from her lips:

"Ah! that would indeed be the finishing touch to your great goodness to me."

"But," said the poverty-stricken stranger, with a second hesitating glance at his clothes now that his offer was accepted, "But I must tell you first that I am nothing but a tramp."

"Oh!" was the simple, calm reply, "then it's a good thing that my father's the mayor of Southford; I daresay he will be able to find you something to do."

"Possibly in the workhouse, or the county jail," was the response, with a grim smile.

A slight answering smile came on the pale young face as the girl said:

"I do not think my father finds me quite troublesome enough to give you such a reward for saving

my life. But—" after a moment's pause—"you were not always a tramp I'm certain."

The tramp colored deeply, and there was a still deeper tone of shame in his voice as he said gravely:

"No; you are right. I had the birth and education of a gentleman. My father was a clergyman."

"Ah! and my father was a travelling tinker! so you see we cry quits."

"Or rather," muttered the other, "the distance between us is greater than ever. He has gone up; I have gone down."

"All the more reason to try hard now to go up again," said the young mistress gravely.

And then she got back into her carriage, and was driven by a resolute charioteer, with whom the pony, Nelly, found that it was not the slightest use to dispute for mastery, back to her own home in almost perfect silence. In fact Enid Barnes could already see her home before she had received more than two monosyllables from her companion—a negative to her declaration that he would have to wait to be thanked by her father when they arrived—a simple "yes," to the question, whether he really meant that he should fly off as soon as he had seen her safe. Miss Enid, with her inherited ideas on the score of gratitude, felt desperate. She faced round to her rescuer with an imperative:

"Tell me where you are living then?"

"In the fields."

"In the fields!" was the aghast exclamation.

"Yes; in the fields. At work in them since Sunday, during the day, thanks to good Mr. Copleston's kindness; asleep in them at night, thanks to some remnant still left of self-respect."

Enid looked puzzled. She was impressed, and pleasantly, by the tone of the speaker; but his words she could not understand. "Is sleeping in the fields, without any shelter, a proof of self-respect?" she asked at last with a curious little accent of innocent doubt.

A smile shone in the man's eyes, but he answered with very grave lips, "I hope so; I think so: when one has no right to a shelter, has not earned the money to pay for one."

"Umph!" said Miss Enid, and she turned away again, and fixed her gaze on Nelly's ears. Her thoughts were not all given to reflections on the stranger's confession of one article of his faith, although it was founded on the high authority of St. Paul's verdict—"If a man will not work, neither let him eat." But some of the ruminations in the young lady's dainty small head were given to the private congratulation that she had after all gained her main point, and trapped her benefactor into giving her a clue by which he might be found, and repaid for the services he had rendered her.

"At least," she corrected herself that evening, as she sat with her head leaning against her father's shoulder, and talking over her morning's adventure again with her parents—"At least, of course nothing can repay a man for saving one's life."

The mayor strained his daughter closer to him as he murmured hoarsely, "Nought that I can do can ever release me from the debt of gratitude I owe to the man who has saved my child for me, and," he murmured in a lower tone, and reverently, "nought can ever release us, and we do not wish it should, from the debt of gratitude we owe to Him who is above all, through whose loving mercy my bonny bird was delivered from the lightning and the tempest, in spite of her 'little faith.'"

When Enid Barnes was arrested by the thunder storm in the lanes between Southford and Silverdale, she had been on her way to call on Edith Copleston; the next morning her father drove her over himself, and while she ran off to the school-room, where Florry was about coming to the end of her lessons for the day under her sister's tuition, the mayor walked across the garden to meet the vicar, who was just returning home through his orchard from visiting some sick parishioners.

"Ah, Vicar!" was the hearty stentorian greeting; "you're a sight that's good for sore eyes."

"Then, in that case," was the laughing answer, "I'm glad to see that you are certainly not one of those that need me. How is Mrs. Barnes? and how is that little sumbeam, Enid?"

"You would not have called our bonny bird much of a sunbeam," said the father, smiling with pleasure at the kind words, "if you had seen her come home yesterday through that storm."

"Enid out in that storm!" exclaimed Mr. Copleston, in a tone of really fervent sympathy. "Why, we have not had such a one for thirty years it is said. She was not alone, I hope, poor child!"

"Better if she had been," answered the mayor, laughing; "for she had a very troublesome and unmanageable companion. She was driving; had set out without the man, meaning to try to persuade your Edith to return with her. And when the storm reached its height, which it did, you may remember, without much warning, Nelly turned restive, and after dancing about, apparently for nearly twenty minutes, pretty much on its hind legs, finally made a wholesale present to the storm of its wits and good character, and bolted toward the chalk-pit."

"And poor little Enid was all alone?"

"At that minute she was; but not for long, thank God for His mercy. She picked up a queer knight to come home with, I can tell you, and it's about him that I've come to you now."

(To be continued.)

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

S.S. Lesson for Oct. 15. Mark 14 : 22-31. Golden Text 1 Cor. 11. 26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Satan's Perversion of the Institution—The Symbol of the Broken Loaf—Its Homely Inauguration—The Consecrated Elements Intrinsically Powerless—How to Know the Doctrine—Two Erroneous Extremes—Christ's Warning Uncomprehended—Peter's Self-Reliance—A Mighty Change—The Transformed Apostle—The Death of Self.

It is like the work of the arch enemy to have made that institution of our Lord which is in special and united remembrance of His death, to be the ground on which division, strife and faction are justified by the professing followers of our Lord. Sacerdotalism and materialism on the side of popery, ritualism, pharisaical exclusiveness on the part of others make the commemoration of the Lord's Supper the foundation for their opinions, and the strength of their position.

Meanwhile let us take our stand on the simple Word of the living God. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion (or participation) in the blood of Christ? The bread (or loaf) which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ? seeing that we, who are many, are one bread (or loaf), one body: for we all partake of the one bread" (or loaf) (1 Cor. 10 : 16, 17, R. V.). Here we see that the design of our Lord was to make the Lord's Supper both a manifestation to the world of the unity of His people, and also a binding link among themselves, as they who belong as much together as the broken parts of a loaf, fitting in only where they have been broken.

Our golden text says, "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come" (R. V.). In the early days of the church when bloodthirsty persecutors were seeking the disciples of the Lord to put them to death, the little bands of faithful ones who dared thus to meet together, knew that each time might be the last, and they proclaimed the Lord's death by their fearless following of Him whithersoever it might lead, to prison, to torture or to death.

In the circumstances of the institution of the Lord's Supper, we see none of that superstitious inapproachable awe with which some earnest but unspiritual men have invested it. It was during the feast of the passover, when with closed but blood-sprinkled doors, in token of a great deliverance from the destroying angel in Egypt, foreshadowing a greater deliverance from the deserved wrath of God against sin, that this feast was instituted.

"AS THEY DID EAT, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat; this is my body." Everything was homely, familiar and natural, no preparation by long fasting, no break even in the memorial feast in which they were en-

gaged. But *Jesus was with them*, Jesus spoke with them. No amount of preparation by prayer or fasting can prepare us for partaking of the Lord's Supper if Jesus be not with us; if He is with us, what more do we want? He who made the world was with them, He had been partaking with them, and now would make them partake with Him, for His word is, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. 3 : 20). He fares with us, that He may lead us to fare with Him; He took our body that He might make us partakers of His body.

There is nothing, either in His words or in hard fact, to prove that the "consecrated elements" in themselves effect a change in the heart and life of those who partake of them. Peter went out from that table and denied his Lord, Judas went out and betrayed Him, becoming "the son of perdition," and all the remainder "forsook Him and fled in the hour of His betrayal. Had the bread and wine possessed in themselves the virtue which some are wont to ascribe to them, how is it that the natural hearts of the disciples remained capable of such treachery to their Lord? What then, is the Lord's Supper nothing?

IS IT A MERE FORM?

Far, far from it! But unless there be real contact with God, unless he who partakes stands in real, spiritual relation with Him, the mere elements, are nothing.

And He took the cup; and when He had given thanks (He whose blood signified by it was so soon to be poured out), He gave it to them; and they all drank of it. And He said unto them, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God." The blood of the passover lamb was to be poured out upon the ground, the children of Israel and the Gentiles later on, were forbidden to eat blood. "For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood which maketh an atonement for the soul. Therefore I said unto the children of Israel No soul of you shall eat blood, neither shall any stranger that sojourneth among you eat blood. . . . For it is the life of all flesh, the blood of it is for the life thereof: therefore I said unto the children of Israel, Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh: for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof: whosoever eateth it shall be cut off" (Lev. 17 : 11-14; see also Acts 15 : 29).

The life of all flesh is condemned because of sin, it is forfeited, but the life of Christ which is in His blood is not forfeited, therefore He says, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you" (John 6 : 53).

How then are we to avoid materialism on the one hand, and rationalism on the other? Between all human extremes there is a divine line which lies open, not to him who reasons, but to him who believes and obeys:

"HE THAT WILL DO HIS WILL shall know of the doctrine" (John 7 : 17). Sure it is that the blessed purpose of our beloved Lord in this dispensation is to prepare a people for eternal union with Himself, imparting to them His very life and nature, His very being; all types all ordinances, all words fail to convey the reality, for it "passeth knowledge." Jesus had sought to teach His disciples *the lesson of the cross*, and they had utterly failed to understand, now it was the divine and resurrection life which He would impart, but they were dull and without comprehension. Oh, are we not like them, were it not for our stupid unbelief and slowness of heart, surely the times of Pentecost would be lived again.

"And when they had sung an hymn, (for Jesus could sing even in such an hour), they went out into the Mount of Olives. And Jesus saith unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night." What they to whom He had given His body and His blood in symbol to be received by faith? Yes, even they! He knew beforehand

what hearts they were who surrounded the table, but He had the power to make those hearts clean, free from sin and self. He added, "But after that I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee." The words were meaningless to them, they were "slow of heart to believe" (Luke 24 : 25). But Peter, always full of himself, ready to justify himself from every charge, and value himself upon his superior faithfulness said, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." Peter, although he understood that Jesus was the Messiah, and doubtless esteemed himself as very superior to the other disciples on that account, had nevertheless been as dull as any of them in understanding the coming death and resurrection of our Lord: he was foremost in combating the very idea; and consequently he could not enter into the self-denial or self-ignoring, the putting of himself out of the question which would make it possible for him to be

AN EXCEPTION TO THE REST

of the disciples in the hour of trial. The very protest, "Though all shall be offended yet will not I," showed how the I remained in Peter, open to the attack of the enemy. He had not learned with Paul that in him, in his flesh or his self dwelt no good thing, there was more Peter about him than Christ. "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall" (Prov. 16 : 18).

The Master told him the truth, and said, "Verily I say unto thee, That this day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." Peter thought he knew himself better than Jesus did, he felt deeply wounded that his Lord should seem so to doubt his love, he could not conceive it possible that he should be guilty of such treachery; therefore "he spake the more vehemently, If I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee in any wise. Likewise also said they all."

Oh, how little Peter knew, oh, how little do we know, the depth of self and of evil which exists in our hearts! We learn, acknowledge, affirm, that our own nature is a complete wreck, and yet we catch ourselves still expecting something from ourselves. It has been the experience of many that in every point in which we have counted upon ourselves, we have failed. God in His loving mercy has brought all that is of self to ruin and nothingness, that we may learn to give it up entirely, and disowning self, become simple but willing instruments in the hands of God.

This same Peter, deprived of his self-dependence, ashamed and crushed, conquered and subdued, was filled with the Holy Ghost. Then came

A MIGHTY CHANGE,

and the man who could not keep himself from denying his Lord, was His boldest and foremost witness, speaking words which pricked his hearers to the heart, and brought three thousand in a day to the feet of Jesus; words which later on put the very Sanhedrim to silence. God gave him a discernment of spirit which detected the lie of Ananias and Sapphira, without a word of intelligence from any man, and a power to bring instant judgment from God upon the offenders. In his time the tone of Christianity stood so high that the half-hearted durst not join themselves to such believers as these first apostles, and yet multitudes who were ready to go all lengths "joined themselves unto them." And God could so far trust Peter, when self was brought down, that prison doors could not keep him in, and his very shadow passing by was made the means of healing the sick who were brought to him.

Self; self-reliance or self something lies at the root of all our failure. In order that God may have His way with us, self has to disappear, and we have not simply to understand the doctrine of the death of self, but also to pass through the mortification of repeated failure, until it has been burned into us that we can of our own selves do nothing, and we learn at last not to talk about being crucified with Christ and living only the life of the Son of God, but to experience the blessedness of being nothing and yet being able to do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. Lord go on, teach us always more, until we really serve Thy purpose and Thou art glorified in us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Withdrawal of British Troops from Egypt has already commenced, the authorities considering that Egypt generally is so rapidly returning to its normal condition that a further display of force in the provinces is unnecessary. The *London Times* says it has been decided to retain for the present 12,000 men in Egypt to carry on and consolidate the work for which the suppression of Arabi Pacha does little more than clear the way. The principal part of the duty of restoring order is confided to Baker Pacha, an officer in the service of the Sultan of Turkey, who has been invited by the Khédive to organize an armed police force. He was formerly a colonel in the British cavalry, but was dismissed by the Queen seven years ago for an act of immorality perpetrated under peculiarly disgraceful circumstances.

An Explosion Occurred in Cairo, Egypt, on September 28th, which caused the death of about thirty persons and injured many others. During the afternoon an ammunition train arrived at the depot. Soon after it entered, fire was observed on one of the cars and almost instantly a loud explosion was heard and fragments of shells were scattered in all directions. The train was ignited and the fire spread to the railroad depot, which was quickly burned. The flames next reached the commissariat depot adjoining, and thence extended to some of the British magazines, which exploded. It was found impossible to prevent the reserve ammunition from being destroyed. The whole of the commissariat stores, the main ordnance stores, the greater part of the forage, all the hospital necessities and a large quantity of clothing were destroyed. The loss is estimated at half a million dollars. The railway officials express the belief that the fire was of incendiary origin. They noticed that trucks on two separate lines of track blazed up simultaneously. Subsequent to the first explosion two men with torches were seized while endeavoring to fire an adjacent quarter of the town. The British Government has telegraphed to Cairo ordering that an investigation be made into the cause of the explosion, and that the result of the inquiry be promptly reported.

The Commissary and Hospital Service of the British army in Egypt is stated to have been grossly mismanaged. The *London Times* asserts that the most deplorable neglect and inefficiency were shown. The surgeons had to perform their amputations and other operations at Tel-el-Kebir without using chloroform and bandages. Appliances and medicines were not to be had. The only stimulants available were such as the officers contributed from their flasks. One staff officer is reported as saying that had there been a real general engagement they were as badly prepared to handle the wounded as at Waterloo, where they were not all relieved on the field of battle for a week. The transportation of the injured was most brutal, and was effected with the temperature at over 100 degrees in the shade, and nothing to drink but tepid and filthy water.

Arabi Pacha has Expressed his Admiration for the British humane treatment of the prisoners and the wounded. He considers them a great people and says he is heartily sorry he fought them. He asserts that he never thought the English would send a large army to assist the Khédive, and so was led into the war. He denies that he had any communication with the Sultan during the war. Arabi says that the best thing the English could do for Egypt would be to send all the leading men connected with the rebellion out of the country. If they do not do so vengeance will surely be wreaked upon them after their departure. Among Arabi Pacha's papers were found written offers of service from French, German, and Russian officers.

A Report that the Czar of Russia has been secretly crowned is published by an Austrian journal which states in explanation that if the emperor survives till the public coronation the secret ceremony will be considered void. In the event of his death it will be made public, so as to avoid any difficulty in proclaiming the Czarevitch Alexander as the lawful successor of the crowned monarch.

The report is however discredited on the ground that there is no precedent in the Russian history of a clandestine coronation of the sovereign, a ceremony which absolutely requires the presence of a certain number of representatives of the nation. The fact of it having taken place is rendered the more unlikely in consideration of the personal disposition of Alexander III., who is very proud and is most earnestly resolved to sustain the prestige of an absolute monarchy, based on the devoted, unconditional support of the nobility and the lower classes of the Russian people.

The Retirement of Mr. Dillon from Parliament has caused some anxiety on the part of the National party in Ireland by whom he was highly respected. Mr. Dillon, in a letter announcing his retirement, attributes the step to ill health and says it will not be possible for him to take any part in Irish politics for the next few years. It was at first believed that Mr. Dillon's resignation was caused by disagreement with Mr. Parnell whose policy he recently stigmatized as "milk and water." Statements have, however, since been made by Mr. Davitt and Mr. Dillon in conversation explicitly denying that any difference exists between the latter and Mr. Parnell. Mr. Dillon resigns solely because of ill health. There are hopes in the party that he may be able to resume his duties after an absence of a year.

Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, the High Sheriff of Dublin, whose imprisonment aroused so much indignation in Ireland recently, was on Saturday last released from prison. Judge Lawson, who sentenced him, ordered his release on the payment of his fine of \$2500. Judge Lawson, while defending his act in imprisoning Mr. Gray on legal grounds, said he felt that justice had now been vindicated, a better state of things being observable. He also pointed out that since his imprisonment a considerable change for the better had taken place in the tone of his paper, the *Freeman's Journal*. The judge said the action taken by himself and the law officers had been effectual in preventing the course of justice from being impeded.

The Outbreak of Cholera at Manila the Capital of Luzon Island has resulted in a large number of deaths. The island is one of the Philippine group which lie east of Siam and south of China. The population numbers about six millions, of whom only 350 are Europeans and Americans. The deaths at the last report numbered three hundred a day, and the descriptions of the scenes in the city of Manila are of the ghastliest description. "Whole families are grouped together dead in houses or by the roadside, and bodies are taken away in cart-loads. Contrary to the rule in most tropical cities, where cholera finds in defective drainage and the personal uncleanness of the people a stimulus in its work, in the present instance no predisposing cause appears. The natives are represented as a very cleanly, cheerful race. Owing to the fertility and fruitfulness of the soil, little labor is necessary to gain a livelihood, and poverty and pauperism are comparatively unknown."

An Interchange of Civilities Between the English and Turkish Governments has taken place as to the war in Egypt. The Sultan has sent a note to Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador at his court, for transmission to Lord Granville, the British Foreign Secretary, in which the Porte thanks Great Britain for re-establishing order in Egypt, and expressing the hope that the bonds of friendship at present subsisting between Turkey and England will be drawn still closer. Lord Granville has replied, expressing satisfaction at the sentiments of the Ottoman Government.

The Death of Rev. George T. Dodds is Announced from Paris where he was doing active and efficient work as assistant to Mr. McAll. In a letter narrating the painful circumstances of his death, Mr. E. W. Hitchcock says that Mr. Dodds had gone with his family into the country in the Department of the Loir et Cher for a few days' rest, occupying a cottage which a friend had put at his disposal. The day after his arrival he was walking in the woods with his wife and children, and found what he thought to be mushrooms. They gathered an armful and took them to the cook, who made from them a dish for the break-

fast table. Mr. and Mrs. Dodds ate freely of them, the children, fortunately, abstaining. In a few hours the three who had eaten were deadly sick. They had breakfasted upon *poisonous "toad-stools."* The children were too young to give help or seek it; and the nearest village was eight miles away. Paris was five hours' distant by rapid train. Toward evening, a neighbor called at the house, and he immediately summoned physicians and nurses from Paris. Mrs. Dodds and the servant recovered, but Mr. Dodds was seized with peritonitis and died the following day. His death will be a serious blow to the McAll mission, in which he was an indefatigable worker. It may be remembered that Mr. Dodds was the companion and interpreter of M. Réveillaud in his mission to the churches of America two years ago. He was the son-in-law of Dr. Horatius Bonar.

An Anti-Jewish Movement has Broken out in Austria. A cable dispatch says: "Advices from Pressburg report the occurrence of anti-Jewish riots at that place. The mob broke the windows of many houses occupied by Jews. The military finally restored order after making forty arrests. The military are confined to their barracks. The Hungarian Ministry have placed the Pressburg district under martial law. The rioters in Pressburg declared that what they had done was *merely a prelude* to what was coming. The shops and warehouses of the Jews were forced open and plundered. The rioters offered the military an obstinate resistance, some of them seizing the soldiers' bayonets with their hands. Similar excesses were committed in the neighboring town of Blumenthal, where thirty persons were arrested. Several hundred Jews have fled to Vienna."

The Courage of an English Preacher was recently displayed in the midst of an open-air service. Mr. Vivian Dodgson, a candidate for orders in the Episcopal Church, was preaching to a crowd of men and children upon the beach at an English watering-place, when loud cries for help were heard from the sea, where a boat containing five persons had overturned, and all were struggling for their lives. Without a moment's hesitation, with an unfinished sentence of his sermon on his lips, the preacher rushed into the water and swam out to the drowning creatures. One woman he brought safely to land; one of the men could swim, and saved a child as well, and the other two were rescued by others. Mr. Dodgson is the son of General Dodgson, who distinguished himself at the siege of Lucknow in saving the life of General Havelock when that illustrious soldier had sunk from exhaustion in the death-race across the open space between the rebels and the city. The history of that terrible time states that amid a hail-storm of bullets General Dodgson led the General at a slow and measured pace—for Havelock could go no faster—safely into Lucknow.

Mr. Von Schluembach's Evangelization Tour in Germany is being blessed to the revival of religion in many places where he has preached. His success among the Germans in New York and other American cities is well known, and he is now responding to calls in Berlin, Hamburg, and other large cities of Germany, to inaugurate a movement for the evangelization of the lower classes, who are estranged from the Church of God, and are ignorant of the salvation in Christ Jesus. Mr. Schluembach is supported by friends in Germany, England, and America, who desire no other report but that sinners are brought to repentance and conversion. In a letter recently received Mr. Von Schluembach says: "I may state to your readers right here, that as soon as the pastors find out that I come among them as an evangelist, pure and simple, sent by the Master, not by any distinct denomination, supported by friends in England and America, who have only the conversion of the sinner in view, and no desire to meddle with any church organization in Germany, a warm welcome is assured. At the same time, many do not believe that the movement will be successful others, however, encourage me greatly. But I see already, that if we can keep this movement entirely within the lines of what we call in America an 'Evangelization Society,' sure results will follow in the near future to the glory of Christ."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1882.

16th Year. No. 41.—New Series.

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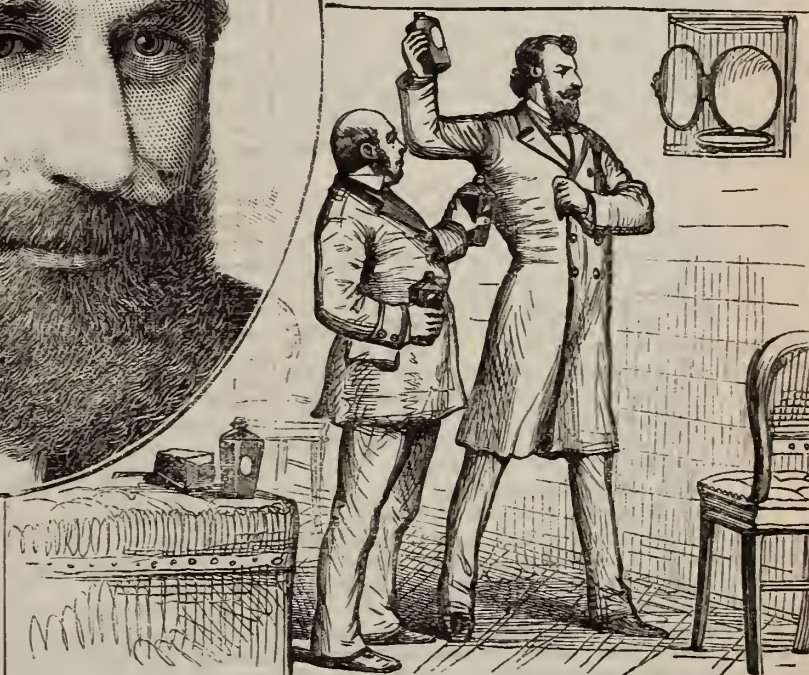
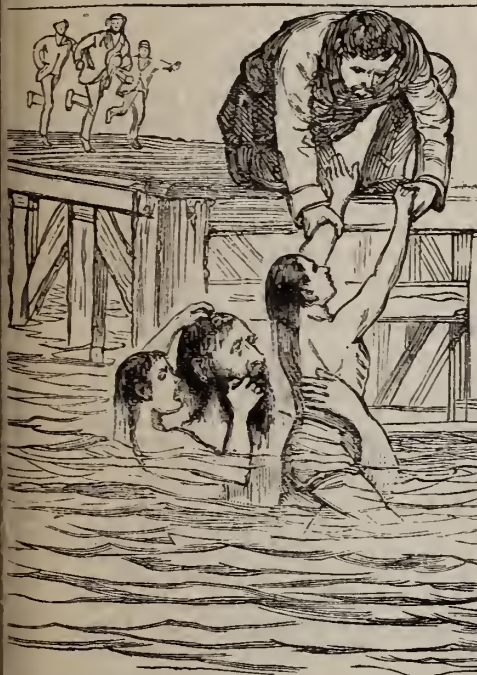
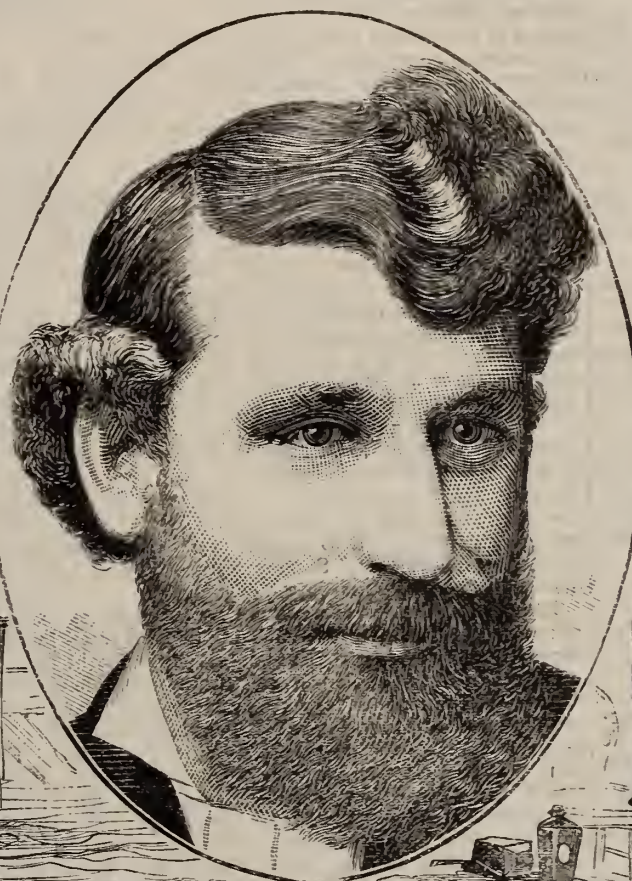
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REV. A. C. A. McLAGLEN, THE AFRICAN MISSIONARY—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

THE REV. A. C. A. McLAGLEN, Formerly a Missionary among the Zulus.

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MR. McLAGLEN, whose portrait appears this week on the front page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with some scenes in his history, is a native of Africa. One of his parents was Dutch and the other Scotch. He was born in Cape Town on April 4th, 1852. He had the privilege of living in a Christian home, and from his earliest days his mother and father earnestly prayed for his conversion, and both by precept and example endeavored to lead him to Christ as his Saviour.

In the family there lived a native African nurse, who had once been in slavery but who obtained her freedom, and was also a most earnest Christian woman and intensely anxious to lead "young massa" to Jesus. She therefore availed herself of every opportunity to sing those hymns which were expressive of her own faith, and hope, and love, for the special benefit of her charge, and tried to familiarize his mind with the leading truths of the Book of God, especially such as set forth with the greatest clearness the ruin of all men through sin, and the great salvation which the precious blood of Christ has secured.

MR. W. TAYLOR'S PREACHING.

The prayers and teachings of his parents and the hymns of the colored nurse prepared the boy's mind for the reception of the truth, but the final means of his conversion was the blessing of God on the preaching of Mr. William Taylor, well known as "California" Taylor. When Mr. McLaglen was about twelve years old, he went with his parents to Sidney Road Chapel, Cape Town, where a series of services were being conducted by Mr. Taylor. There he heard the Gospel preached with simplicity and vigor and was deeply impressed. After the sermon the hymn was sung:

"Ah, whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?"

and it was sung with deep feeling by the impressed congregation. The boy was deeply moved and there and then in the strength of God he consecrated his future life to work for Christ.

He returned home full of zeal and love for the Saviour, which the passing weeks and months deepened rather than obliterated. After a time he began to make it the subject of constant prayer that some way of active service might be opened to him. Like most boys of humane sympathies and natural kindness of disposition, he was very fond of dumb animals, and used to keep and tend a considerable number of rabbits and pigeons. But now the objects of a higher ambition and of a loftier pleasure and employment, constrained him to clear out his pigeon-house, and consecrate it as a sanctuary for God, and into it he collected from the streets all the ragged children he could induce to attend, and in boyish language he told them of his object and of the Saviour who loved them. He then read to them some stories of the Bible which he had selected as adapted to enlist the wondering attention of the young.

AMONG KAFFIRS, ZULUS, AND BOERS.

After a little time the conviction was born which "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," that he must devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel of Christ. In answer to his earnest prayers for guidance, and as a result of repeated deliberations with those who knew and loved him best, he resolved to avail himself of the curriculum of study provided by the Sunnybloom South African College, where he entered himself as a student, and remained there for four years. Having gained considerable distinction for the

thoroughness of his academical career and the successful results with which it was crowned, he at once entered upon missionary labor among the Kaffirs, Zulus, and Boers, in which field of enterprise he found for a time a most congenial sphere of labor, and enjoyed a rich and abundant measure of the Divine blessing.

AMONG SAILORS IN MAURITIUS.

In the year 1877, he resolved on visiting England, and as a means for the more perfect acquisition of the English language, he worked for nearly three years as a missionary among sailors in the Mauritius. Here his unflagging zeal and tireless assiduity in his loving attempts to lead men into the way of salvation, met with the most cordial approval of the Bishop of the Mauritius, and resulted in numerous conversions. Many of the most abandoned men among the crews that he visited were led through his genial instrumentality to seek salvation and abandon the vicious ways for which they were notorious.

AN IMPORTANT VISIT TO ST. HELENA.

On his way to England he was compelled, through ill-health, to leave the ship upon its arrival at the historic island of St. Helena, where he remained for a few weeks. During this time he was introduced by the *American Consul*, whose acquaintance he had made through the captain of a Norwegian vessel, to some of the ministers of the Gospel there, as well as to the Governor of the island. There are now, happily, but few spots in the habitable globe to which Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College has not sent out one of its students as a herald of the Cross, and while in St. Helena, Mr. McLaglen was cordially received by one of them, the Rev. Mr. Cottrell, who is settled in charge of the Baptist Church on the island. Mr. Cottrell invited Mr. McLaglen to preach in his chapel to the native laborers one Sunday afternoon, and to his regular congregation in the evening.

Happening, in the course of his second address, to say how anxious he was to complete his interrupted journey and go to England, a captain, who was present in the audience, offered him a free passage to the land of his desire. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and in order to inspect the ship in which he was to sail, Mr. McLaglen, in company with Mr. Cottrell, at once went down to the wharf and stepped on board. Before they left, these two men of God entered into conversation with the crew about religion, and commenced to distribute tracts among them, which were most thankfully received. "You had better speak to our captain about these matters," said one or two of the sailors, "he is a bad man, a confirmed drunkard, and leads us a terrible life both at sea and ashore."

A MEMORABLE SERMON ON BOARD SHIP.

As Mr. McLaglen and his companion were proceeding homeward, they met the captain of the ship coming toward the quay with unsteady gait, and most unmistakably inebriated. In a few hours the intending voyager set sail, with his heart constantly ascending in prayer to God, that ere the ship should arrive at its destination the captain might become "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

The eldest daughter of the Governor of St. Helena, had presented him with a book of *Mr. Sankey's solos*, and Mr. McLaglen now and again sang from it to the assembled crew, an entertainment which was not only novel in their experience, but one moreover, which was highly appreciated. Having gained a reluctant permission from the captain to hold a Sunday service on board, the young missionary addressed his audience from the words, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also" (Habakkuk 2:15). Dilating, as he naturally would do, on the unmitigated curse of drunkenness, a vice to which most mariners are peculiarly liable, the preacher dwelt in an emphatic manner, upon the poverty, sadness, and sin which so often accompany indulgence in the intoxicating cup.

While the service was proceeding, the captain was lying in his bunk, but an arrow from the bow of Divine truth was directed by an unfailing aim to his heart, and he was compelled to listen to exceedingly unpalatable truths, which made him supreme-

ly miserable, and filled him with a strange anxiety and unrest such as he had never known before. He invited Mr. McLaglen to join him at dinner in the evening, and he accepted the invitation. As they sat at table, in comparative quietness for a time, the captain, with manifest emotion, suddenly exclaimed, "While you were speaking about families suffering through drink, you touched my heart. I've a wife and six children in Glasgow, who have often wanted the very necessities of life, through my insatiable love of drink; and I have frequently squandered away all my hard-earned money in dissipation. Yes, sir, I'm a big drunkard, but your sermon this morning made it clear to me that I shall be lost for ever if I don't give up the drink. I must leave it off, at once too, and I will."

GIN THROWN OVERBOARD.

He then led Mr. McLaglen aside, and showed him, safely stowed away in a dark recess of the cabin, two barrels of stout, and also sixteen bottles of gin, which he had hidden in his chest of drawers. He said, "I intended to have had a jollification on board, but you have quite stopped that. What must I do?" And pointing to the bottles he said, "Shall I throw them overboard?" "Yes, captain," said the surprised missionary, his heart bounding with gratitude to God, "that is just the very thing to do." Accordingly, at midnight, bottle after bottle was dropped from the cabin porthole into the sea. (*This scene is depicted on the right-hand side of the front picture.*) While this operation was being performed by the captain himself, his face bore so solemn an aspect, and his whole mien was one of such evident determination that Mr. McLaglen could not help laughing aloud. "What are you laughing at?" the captain inquired. "I am laughing with joy to think how admirably and effectually you have dodged the devil," was the reply, and the whole scene was fitly terminated by a most solemn season of prayer to God, and of thankfulness for the miracle of grace which had been so unexpectedly wrought, for not only had the drunkard been reclaimed from his besetting vice, but as a sinner he had sought forgiveness through the atoning blood of Christ.

A REVIVAL ON THE SHIP.

From this time forth the captain boldly gave testimony of the great change which had been experienced, and his example for good became as beneficial as previously it had been pernicious. A regular service was established among the men, of which he took the lead, and at the first meeting he said, "Men, I am very sorry to think what a wicked, drunken life I have lived, but I have now seen my sinfulness, and God, for Christ's sake, has graciously forgiven it all; and now I want you too to forgive me for all the unnecessary inconvenience and wrong, I have inflicted upon you. I am now determined, if God will help me, to serve Him on board ship, and I want you to do the same too." The hardy sailors were melted to tears, and the Holy Spirit strove with several of them so effectually that they, too, soon realized a like change to that which had been experienced by the captain, and, like him, were filled with the joy of Christ's salvation.

When the ship at length arrived at Falmouth, Mr. McLaglen had to separate himself from the captain and crew, but some time afterward, when attending a meeting at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, he was surprised to see the captain sitting three seats distant from him, and after the service was over had the satisfaction of finding that he had been kept faithful in his allegiance to Christ.

AMONG RAILWAY EMPLOYES.

Having been favored by a friend in the Mauritius with a letter of introduction to Lady Russell, he found in her ladyship a most cordial sympathizer and friend, and in her hospitable home remained for several days. One evening, while he was walking in the street, and attempting to cross a road, he was knocked down by a fishmonger's cart, and just as he was rising from the ground after the misadventure, the first person whom he saw was the late Major Malan, whose unwearied labors for Africa's enlightenment and evangelization, are familiar to all who watch with interest the spread of Christ's Gospel among the long-neglected peoples of the earth. Through his brotherly interest

fluence, Mr. McLaglen subsequently commenced mission work, finding his first sphere among the navvies employed in railway work, in the county of Sussex, and in which enterprise he gained the confidence and secured the love of the families of the navvies, and was rewarded by manifestations from God. On January 26th, 1881, a widow of Newick, near Lewes, presented him with a valuable watch and other gifts in token of their affection and appreciation.

McLaglen has been employed in visiting the sick and others, at the East End of London, the Model Lodging-houses which abound in the poorest and most neglected region. He is now chiefly engaged in visiting for various charitable and philanthropic purposes in behalf of mission work in South Africa, and has succeeded in arousing the attention of the Christian community to that dark

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG ZULUS.

At one of his lectures on Zululand and the Zulus, delivered at the India Dock Club and in London, Mr. McLaglen gave the following particulars: "Polygamy in Zululand is practised according to a man's means—the more wealthy he has the more wives he has, or rather buys, as he has from six to ten cows to the parents of each wife he chooses for his wife. The marriage festivities last for weeks, feasting and noisy entertainment—singing, dancing, yelling, eating, and drinking—being kept up night and day. Should a woman be the first child in the family, she is usually most likely to be sent back to her parents, rather than to be sold for cows, whereas a girl who has no marketable value, beside being very young, is kept. The wives sleep in separate huts, and one result of being a wealthy man in the Zulu country is that the husband does no work but makes his wives work for him."

TWO BOYS RESCUED FROM DROWNING.

Mr. McLaglen's life has been one of considerable adventure and incident, as might have been deduced from the districts in South Africa in which he has lived and labored. One day, when at Port Natal, two boys, about ten or twelve years old, were bathing in the sea, which was running somewhat heavily upon the beach. The current swept the lads off their feet into the sea beyond their depth, and they were in imminent danger of drowning. Their agonizing shrieks were promptly responded to by Mr. McLaglen, who happened at the moment to be walking on a kind of jetty which extended some little distance into the sea. Without waiting to divest himself of any of his clothing, and not stopping to consider the risk he was running, he breathed a prayer to God for help and success, and plunged into the water.

Displaying himself with the agility of a practised swimmer, he soon reached the boys, who were struggling to each other, and grasped them just as they were sinking beneath the surface never to rise again. One of the lads seized Mr. McLaglen's hand with such a death-like grip that his fingers were almost severed from his hand, and to this day he has a scar which conclusively demonstrates the strength with which he was held. It was a narrow escape for both Mr. McLaglen and the boys, but for the mercy of God the shore was safely reached, amid the plaudits of an excited multitude. *(This incident is shown on the left-hand side of the frontispiece.)*

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A SNAKE.

On another occasion, while he was upon a mission tour among the Basutos of South Africa, Mr. McLaglen had occasion to visit one of the Basuto villages, which are somewhat numerous in that region. Passing along between two rows of huts, he was startled by a piercing shriek, and a moment later, a woman, with horror depicted on her face, came running toward him, screaming at the top of her shrill voice, "A snake! a snake in the house!" The window of the house from which she came was just emerged, being the missionary at once leaped through, and in time enough, was a huge and venomous rattlesnake crawling about upon the floor. Mr. McLaglen, catching a blanket from the bed, threw it up-

on the snake and then jumped upon it. But, to his horror, the monster forced itself from underneath the blanket, and rearing its angry crest, hissed forth its rage, and showed a determination to fight. A quick as thought, the missionary seized a poker, began to strike with all his might, and continued his efforts until he had conquered, and the horrible creature fell to the ground, when he was speedily dispatched. Upon measuring it, it was found to be about eight feet in length, and as thick as a man's arm. The entire village came to see it, and loaded its victor with the most enthusiastic congratulations and presents of live stock. *(See the left-hand panel of the front page.)*

VISITS CETEWAYO.

Mr. McLaglen was naturally interested in the recent visit to England of Cetewayo the captive King of the Zulus. During his early life in Africa, he had seen much of the evils of Cetewayo's rule, and he was devoutly anxious that Cetewayo's visit to England, might be blessed to his soul. He knew well how incalculable would be the benefit to Zululand if the renewal of his power should be accompanied by a change to a more civilized and Christian policy; accordingly among the numerous visitors who called upon him at Kensington, was Mr. McLaglen, who being thoroughly acquainted with the Zulu language, greatly delighted and gratified the king by interpreting to him the articles which had appeared in the press in support of his cause, and made him the medium of communicating his wishes and gratitude to the English people and Government in reference to his re-installation in Zululand.

One of the most interesting episodes in Cetewayo's visit to England, was the presentation to him, just before his departure, by Mr. McLaglen of a handsome Bible, and seven copies of the Book of Common Prayer in the Zulu language. *(The presentation ceremony is shown in the right-hand of the frontispiece.)* The king seemed very thankful for the gift, and said that Mr. McLaglen was the first person who had given him a Bible in England. A Prayer-book was also given by Mr. McLaglen to each of the chiefs, as well as to every member of the suite. One of the latter, on receiving the presentation, said: "*It is high time we had some books of this kind to read.*" The volumes were all in the Zulu language. When the Bible was offered to the king, he inquired, "What is it?" "The Bible—the Book Queen Victoria loves, and the source of her greatness." He seemed surprised at the answer, and promised to read it, that he might understand all about it. If he keeps his promise and its reading is blessed to his soul there will be good news soon heard from Zululand. The influence of the king is all powerful and missionaries will have opportunity under his protection to preach the Gospel under favorable circumstances.

EGYPT AND JUDEA IN PROPHECY.

Some Remarks in a Recent Sermon at Liverpool by the Rev. Canon Taylor.

THE Jews shall be gathered out for a restored nationality in Judea. Events are now hastening on toward that. Why? Because Palestine, so long kept under by the Mohammedan power, must be emancipated. Turkey has lost its power. The Mohammedan power is being contracted. At this moment they are looking upon the events of this year with great concern, because, according to their own prophecy, the Mohammedan Messiah must come about this period. The Mohammedan epoch dates from 622, exactly 1260 years ago, and their own prediction is that about the present time their Mohammedan Messiah is to come, and their epoch is to come to a close. They do not know what is coming. They are losing their provinces here and there. That accounts, of course, for the extraordinary fanaticism of those who have led the revolt in Egypt at the present time. They do not know what is coming. Province after province has been taken from them. The mystic *Euphrates is drying up* (Rev. 16:12).

In Isaiah 18:1 and 66:19, we are told that the Jews shall be gathered to Jerusalem by the agency of the land overshadowing with wings, making use in part of ships, and in part of other appliances,

and whether it be by ships or by railroads, by one means or another, there is the command, "Go, ye sweet messengers, and bring My people back." Another reference is in Zephaniah 3:10. "From beyond the rivers of Ethiopia (Cush) My supplicants, even the daughters of My dispersed, shall bring Mine offering." The ships of Tarshish—Tarshish was in the West—stands for a great maritime power.

ENGLAND IS THE TARSHISH OF THESE TIMES, and her sons are called young lions of Tarshish in the prophecy of Ezekiel 38:13. Our national symbol is a lion. And I cannot for my part fail to draw the conclusion that we are justified in applying this passage to our own beloved country marked out on the plain page of prophecy for great and high purposes in connection with His ancient people. You perceive how the present crisis bears on this point. In the providence of God there has arisen a war in Egypt, and God help our poor soldiers. At this very hour, while we are sitting peaceably in Chrysostom's Church listening to the exposition of God's Word, what are they doing? I do not know, and my thoughts would rather shrink from entertaining this subject, because there may be now a fierce battle raging, amid the sighs of the wounded and the dying. May God help the suffering and the dying on either side! We believe that we are on the side of right. God give us the victory to establish peace and law in that distracted land. God will overrule the present events for good. There is Egypt, at the present time, that has long been connected with the history of God's ancient people. There we have God's ancient people beyond the eastern Cush. I believe God's ancient people, the ten tribes, are to a great extent there. I know some people identify

THE ANGLO-SAXONS WITH THE TEN TRIBES.

Far be it for me to say that there may not be many of the old Israelites among the Anglo-Saxons. This may probably be. I say it is quite possible that in the wide dispersion of the ten tribes some of them may have come over Europe and West, and even to the Anglo-Saxons, and are among the Anglo-Saxon race. But

GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE ARE IN THE EAST somewhere, I don't mean as a people, but they are more or less as a nation. Then you have the Jews also, beyond the eastern Cush and the western Cush. A war is now going on which must have some further influence upon the Mohammedan empire as such, and have an influence upon Palestine as such. But we can all see that there must be a controlling power. England's influence must be felt there, and felt on the adjoining country, on the north and Palestine. This present crisis is in all probability a link in the step of God's providence to carry out the restoration of Jewish nationality. England may be in God's providence the agent to carry out that in one way or another. Let England's rulers, if this be the case, see England's place on the page of prophecy, and let us be prepared to do what God will point out to us in His providence to do, whatever it be. If it is God's intention that the Jews should go back again now to their own land, and England should aid them, let us not set ourselves against them, but be ready to take the part of God's people. Above all things, let us never be found on the side of the enemy of the Jews. God has preserved them for a purpose. Let us do what we can to give the Gospel to the Jews since we got it from them. Let us never be found against that people, "terrible from their beginning hitherto." Those who are found against Israel and Judah in the last great struggles of the nation will incur the severe judgments of God.

Let us make them partakers of the blessings which we enjoy, that they may love Christ, and that they may rally around "the Ensign on the mountains," that they may hear the blessed trumpet of the Gospel, and rejoice in the salvation which we at the first received from them. "For salvation is of the Jews." Let us ever promote their interest in every possible way. And, when in God's providence the door is open for them to go to their own land in security and safety, let England be ready with her swift ships to take them and protect them.

DEGRADATION OF MODERN POLITICS.

Dr Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
October 8, 1882.

"This place shall no more be called Tophet, nor The valley of the Son of Hinnom, but The valley of slaughter."—JEREMIAH 19: 6.

A Fit Symbol of the Condition of Politics—What the Straight Ticket may Mean—Young Citizens Introduced to the Carcasses—The Degradation of the Past—The Aaron Burr Episode—A Scuffle in Congress—The Spirit of Assassination at work before Garfield—Dead Parties Slain by Corruption—Last Year the Blackest Year—The Debauch at Yorktown—The Garfield Funeral Carousal—The Albany Scandal—The Politicians at Spuyten Duyvil—The River and Harbor Bill—Star Route Thievery—Saratoga Forgeries and Frauds—Brooklyn Outrages—Consolation from Disintegration—A Model Platform—Preamble and Planks—Where is the Moses?

THIS was Gehenna, or the valley outside of Jerusalem. The carcasses of animals were thrown there; the offal of the city was deposited there. Fires were kept perpetually burning so that the place would not breed a pestilence. The place has sometimes been used by religious writers and speakers, as a symbol of perdition. I use it as a symbol of the condition of modern politics. But this Gehenna instead of being in the suburbs of the city is in the centre of every neighborhood and every town and every village and every city of the United States. Its carcasses rot on the steps of the City Halls of this country, and its fires hiss and simmer and crackle through the long night of official corruption, and those who have noticed how the bodies and the minds and the souls of men have gone down under the influence need not be told that like the valley of Hinnom in the text, it ought to be called "the valley of slaughter."

The condition of State and national politics to-day is appalling. I speak without any allegiance to any political party. I have all the time purposefully kept myself aloof from partisan organization that I might independently discuss every moral question pertaining to each or both of them. By this I do not mean that I sit on the fence in matters of politics, for I have always voted ever since I was of age, save when by change of residence, or by necessitated absence at the time of registration I had no right to vote; but I have never voted what in this country the parties call a "straight ticket." When a man tells me he always votes the "straight ticket," that he always goes for everything on the ticket of his particular party, he makes me think of a man who should buy a barrel of apples and then boast that he ate them all, not only the good apples, but the worm-eaten and the gnarled and the rotten, so as to be consistent. I propose to make a selection of apples.

Within our memory in nearly all the states both political parties have at some time been in supremacy, and it seems to me there has been

A GRADUAL DESCENT

to lower corruption. Ever and anon a party cries out: "put me in power and I will effect a great reform." The new party comes into power, and generally the only difference is a new roll of officers. *Hark to that crash.* What is the matter now? Why, the machine of some Republican or Democratic party has been crushed to pieces, and we say, "thank God for the demolition." But before another election comes another machine is in action—a machine with larger crank and stronger wheel and wider hopper. We have been killing political bosses for the last fifteen years in this country and there never were so many political bosses as to-day. There are young men here who are to enter soon upon the discharge of their civic or public duties, and they, before entering the arena, ought to know some of the lions they will have to meet, or, to come back to the suggestion of my text, these young men need to come forth with shovels and spades and ploughs to turn under the carcasses of the Gehenna of modern politics.

PAST DEBASEMENT.

I propose to give you some illustrations of the present debasement of public affairs, drawing my illustrations for the most part from the last year.

There has never been anything to boast of in the purity of American politics. Do you know that Aaron Burr, the debauchee, came near being President of the United States? He got as many votes as Thomas Jefferson, the patriot. It was a tie vote. Then the election was thrown into Congress and Thomas Jefferson, the patriot, beat Aaron Burr, the debauchee, by only one vote. In the Congress of the United States, in 1798, a member by the name of Lyons spat in the face of a member by the name of Griswold, and Griswold struck him with a hickory stick, and then Lyons seized the tongs and struck Griswold, and then the two rolled over on the floor of the national legislature in a scuffle from which their friends extricated them.

When Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States, the *Sentinel* of Boston wrote the obituary of the American nation, saying: "Monumental inscription: Expired yesterday, regretted by all good men the Federal Administration of the Government of the United States, aged twelve years. This monumental inscription to the virtues and the services of the deceased is raised by the *Sentinel* of Boston."

All the way down it has been a scene of scurrility and defamation. President Van Buren was always pictorialized as a fox or a rat. Horace Greeley was mauled into the grave by political injustice. After serving this land with all the concentrated energies of mind, body and soul, he was practically by American politics put to death. The chief campaign document against President Jackson was a picture—a copy of which I recently saw—a picture of ten or twenty coffins in allusion to the deserters whom he had ordered shot.

Last autumn people were surprised at the spirit of assassination abroad in this country. Why be surprised? The same spirit attempted to shoot Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, returning from the funeral of a congressman, and the President would have been slain but for the fact that a gentleman beside him struck down the assailant to the floor. The same spirit attempted to poison at the National Hotel, Washington, President Buchanan the day before his inauguration, two of my personal friends dying from the poison that day distributed through the hotel. The Hon. Mr. Houston, of Texas, in 1832, because of some derogatory words uttered, bludgeoned the Hon. Mr. Stansberry, of Ohio, and the President of the United States approved of it, saying in so many words: "After a few more such examples in Congress, the members will learn how to have decent tongues in their heads."

The two political parties of thirty years ago were slain by their corruption. The Whig party compounded with iniquity was hung by the neck until dead. The Democratic party as it was then organized, was slain. It went out of power, the ablest member of the new Democratic party saying this last week in an editorial in regard to the old Democratic party: "The Democratic party like every other organization long continued in power begot abuses that could not be cured save by the turning of the party out of office and power." Those two political parties of thirty years ago slain by their corruptions.

But why should I go away back when

THE BLACKEST YEAR

in American politics is the year between October, 1881, and October, 1882? I will give you some illustrations. I draw one illustration from the *Yorktown carousal*. On the 19th of October, 1781, the British forces under Cornwallis surrendered to Washington and the long agony of our Revolutionary fathers was ended. Last autumn was the centennial celebration. Sons of distinguished foreigners who had helped us in achieving American independence came across the water and were our guests. The programme for the service and celebration issued. The Congress of the United States made appropriation for that celebration. Multitudes of people went to the quaint village of Yorktown and preserved their patriotism and their respectability; but to a great many of our public men it was a *drunken carousal*.

I refer you back to the correspondence in the

different papers about that time. Look whiskey bill, look at the wine bill, look at the bill of those times, and then consider the fact there were innocent men and women insulting those times and during that celebration—ing it sure that the October of 1781 was no glorious than the October of 1881 was infamous! Ah! they saluted the English flag, and they the French flag, and they saluted the American flag; but all the flags together cannot cover the shame of that debauch. The politicians up the celebration, the politicians conduct celebration, the politicians ended the celebration the politicians forever besmirched that October. I bring it as an illustration of the degradation of modern politics.

I draw another illustration from

THE GARFIELD FUNERAL CAROUSAL

reaching from Washington to Cleveland, and Cleveland back to Washington. On that day at that time when this nation was sick with such as has seldom befallen any nation, there public men who guzzled and swilled and drank and caroused, and at the expense of the nation, and I helped pay for it if we have paid our The city of Cleveland, as beautiful and as nice city as we have in all the land, never had so much drunkenness and debauchery in it as the night before Garfield's burial while the mayors and common councilmen and the politicians from the cities were there waiting for the obsequies arraign it as an *appalling indecency*, as an insult to God and the American people. I arraign an illustration of the degradation of modern times.

I draw another illustration from

THE LAST ALBANY LEGISLATURE.

Look over the record of the ayes and noes the dodgings on the Convict Labor Bill, on the General Street Railway Bill, on the Grain Importation Bill, on the Canal Bill, and get your eyes so wide open will never get them shut. As a specimen voted to destroy forever the grandest street on earth—Broadway, New York—by running a road through it. There never has been a greater sense of relief in this State than when it was announced that the legislature had gone home.

I draw another illustration from the *Spuyten Duyvil disaster* that Friday afternoon when the Hudson River rail car was crowded with politicians and by their drunkenness and their obscenity turned the car into a pandemonium and overpowered the conductor until he testified on solemn oath he could not manage the train, and then one politician jerking the rope to the air brake the train halted, and another train swept around the curve and the lives of some of our most valuable citizens and the bright and happy bridal tour in horror and massacre, the flames coming what the collision left. The politicians get management of the train, and I charge that care not what the coroner's jury may say, *I charge them with the murder.* They halted the train.

I bring as another illustration of the degradation of modern politics

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL

misappropriation. Millions of dollars voted by Congress, and voted away in dead waste. Men wanting to be re-elected to Congress around this country trying to fix that up, but never be fixed up this side the day of judgment that will fix it down. I saw last summer two places for which large appropriations were by Congress in the way of improvement and development. One of these places was in Virginia. Thousands of dollars voted by Congress to develop what is there, or what was there during the war, a dry creek. There was not one drop of water in it, and in the winter time it very seldom has more than two or three feet of water, could see looking there where some time there been water. The creek started nowhere especially and ended nowhere especially. Thousands of dollars voted for the development of that place doing no more good to the public than an appropriation for the development of rivers or harbors on the top of your City Hall! of no more use than an appropriation to run a railroad from the Church steeple to the moon. Swindle. All

Nothing but swindle. Then I saw this sum—*o another place* for which a large appropriation had been made. It is on the coast of Massachusetts. A sea captain familiar with all the coast out to me where the improvements were to be, he told me that the only use of that large appropriation by Congress of the United States for development would be to pile up the ice in and impede navigation.

A LAUGH OF DERISION

One all around this country about that national outrage; but the people who pay taxes are so stupid they cannot see the joke. How easy it is to vote away other people's money.

Some of the leading men of *both political parties* were in that national insult, that God-defying outrage. Oh, how much more beautiful it would have been if the Congress of the United States had practically said, "the people of this country have since the war been *taxed until they are lame*. Now let them up. Let us through the surplus in the Treasury lower the taxes, give a surprise party to the people and lift up the poor, and let the toiling men and women of America have an easier chance to earn a livelihood for themselves and for their families." Ah! let the people sweat. Grind harder the backs of the poor. Draw the buckle of the harness tighter. Let Dives come to finer linen and the dogs take care of Lazarus' sores. I tell you, oppressors of the common people have had their look out. God will mash some of them yet. As in His Word, "He will wound the hairy man who goeth on still in his trespasses." While I have noticed that a few more Republicans than Democrats went for that River and Harbor Bill, I notice to balance it when they move made for the reduction of the peoples' taxes the Democratic votes were a little larger in number; so side by side the two parties go, *shoulder to shoulder in infamy*. People ask me whether I am a Republican or a Democrat. I tell you once and for all, neither, thank God neither! I give another illustration of the degradation of our politics from

THE STAR ROUTE THIEVERY.

It is a beautiful revelation! All the miscreants and enterprise confirmed politicians. Their greed roved beyond all doubt, and if they had been men they would have had a trial of four days and would have long been in the penitentiary; but they were a large amount of money to draw on, and had four months of trial and they are comparatively free. There is condemnation, great condemnation in this country for a man who steals an \$100,000.

It was beautifully consistent that this Star Route crime should employ as its counsel *the infidel of America*. Without the Bible there is no system of morals and there is no good government. The prominent infidel of the country did not see anything wrong in his clients. Nor did he. There is no God. There is no Judgment Day. There are no commands of divine authority. Let every man do as he pleases. Such a theory as that would turn this land into a pandemonium. Oh, I am glad that modern infidelity tells us at last what it believes in. I lift this fact up before the eyes of America. I want it understood. I am glad now modern infidelity has gone out of the realm of the abstract into the realm of practical life and we know what it sanctions and what it

I came down into this present autumn for illustration of the degradation of modern politics. There were three factions in

THE SARATOGA CONVENTION,

factions. The forged telegram to the State Committee has been excoriated from one end of the country to the other and so it ought to be; but it is one fraud that has not been ventilated and I propose to ventilate it; I propose to turn on all lights this morning. If you are going to take cancer, take it all out root and all. There was in that Saratoga Convention an hour of me excitement. It was found that Judge Folger would get the most votes. Then a member of the Oneida delegation in as bold a spirit of

fraud as was ever practised this side of Pandemonium, arose and declared that the entire Oneida delegation would now go over from Wadsworth to Cornell, trying to get a stampede in that direction, and without the consent of the men of that delegation. The bold fraud would have been successful but for the fact that a member of that misrepresented Oneida delegation arose and said in stentorian voice: "I am from the Oneida delegation and I turn my vote over to Judge Folger." Then there was a great cry among the men of the convention: "Call the roll of that delegation. Let us see where they stand." The roll of the delegation was called and instead of finding as that man had represented, that defrauder had represented, that all the delegation had gone over from Wadsworth to Cornell, it was found that seven went for Cornell, and four for Wadsworth and two for Folger. The forged telegram was to help Folger. The Oneida fraud was to help Cornell. While you denounce the one you must anathematize the other.

Well, my friends, it seems that in that case righteousness was crucified on the centre cross, while on the right and the left were the two thieves—the forged telegram and the fraud, the latter six times worse than the first because the forged telegram misrepresented one man, while the Oneida fraud misrepresented six men. Now I see people in holy horror talking about one fraud or another fraud. Cornell men I see standing with holy horror, their hands outspread toward this forged telegram, while with their skirts they are trying to cover up the Oneida abomination. They cannot cover it up. I haul it out in the presence of the American people as another illustration of the degradation of modern politics.

BROOKLYN OUTRAGES.

But there are more illustrations than I have time to bring in our own beloved city. We wanted a new *Raymond Street Jail*. A large sum of money was voted for a new Raymond Street Jail. We got a new Raymond Street Jail—one of the meanest specimens of jail on earth. Money! Money! Who has the money? We have a bridge from New York to Brooklyn. It was to cost six or seven million dollars. Some people think it will cost fifteen or twenty millions before they get done. Money, money, who has got the money? That is the game we are all playing now!

Oh, my friends, it seems as if it is time to call a halt in the practices of American politics.

A GRAVE DIGGER WANTED.

To me there is a personal consolation in the fact that both political parties seem to me split beyond reparation. No one will doubt there is an important split in the Republican party. The split in the Democratic party seems bridged over; but if anybody thinks that Tammany is dead because Tammany is silent, they make a very great mistake! Oh, you will see lively times when there comes a distribution of offices. But I believe by the time 1884 comes there will be a better state of things in this country. No doubt the political parties of the day have had a mission and they have done a great many bright and beautiful things; but their work is ended. In the estimation of all who look at it from a Christian standpoint, they are dead, and I wish that some grave digger would stuff his nose with cologne and put them fifty feet under. Oh, we want in this land—and I shall live to see the day if God spares my life a few years longer—

WE WANT A PARTY

in this country that shall first of all recognize as its dominant principle the presence of the eternal God in the affairs of men and governments. The trouble is we have *no God in American politics*. We have a devil, a cohort of bad principles—the devil of office seeking, the devil of fraud, the devil of injustice, the devil of wastefulness, but no God. We have plenty of gin and plenty of old rye, and plenty of schnapps, and plenty of Congressional infamy, and plenty of congressional outrage, but no God. I am far from wanting to see a union of church and state in this country, but I would like to see a party that would recognize openly and above board and without disguise and without cant the God in whose name Columbus took possession of this country, and in whose name Washington achieved our independence, and in whose name so

many blessings have come to us—the God of the last three great wheat crops; the God of these genial skies and these industrious rivers; the God who protected our armies in 1776 and 1812 and 1864; the God of our peaceful and beloved homes—blessed be His glorious name forever.

"Oh," says some one, "that wouldn't be fair to put a

RECOGNITION OF GOD ON A PLATFORM

of a political party when there are so many people that do not believe in a God." Well, my friends, there are a great many people who do not believe in chastity, a great many people who do not believe in the sanctity of the marriage relation, a great many who do not believe in the rights of property, a great many people who do not believe in any style of government—people who would rob and steal and murder. Do you refuse to make laws against criminals because there are criminals? Will you refuse to recognize God in governmental affairs because there are men who do not believe in a God? All the good people believe in a God. Your political parties come on with a preamble and they say, whereas this, and whereas that, and it is simply a hash of old political hacks. There is overwhelming victory to that party which shall come up and have enough courage to say in

A PREAMBLE:

"Whereas, this nation has been blessed of God as no other nation has, blessed in its harvests, blessed in its health, blessed in its civilization, blessed in its protection against foreign enemies; therefore we in convention assembled acknowledge His goodness and pray for the continuance of His mercy, and in the name of God we now set up our banners." A party that has the strength to say that, establishing such a preamble, followed by commonsensical and righteous resolutions as to what you will do for the agricultural, the commercial, the manufacturing, the mining, the literary, the artistic, the moral interests of the country will sweep this whole land from sea to sea with an overmastering triumph.

There is another plank that must go into that platform and that is *the economic plank*. The running of this government costs too much money. Away with this machinery of diplomatic correspondence with other nations. Why is it necessary for us to have expensive establishments in foreign nations, to settle disputes international. No minister plenipotentiary ever settled a dispute. It always has to be referred home to the government after all. Beside that, while such machinery may have been necessary in the time when it took a letter three weeks to go to London and four or five weeks for the answer to come back, in our time when the Government of the United States can rise in the morning and in one hour talk with St. Petersburg, and talk with London, and talk with Italy, and talk with Madrid, and all the nations of Europe, there is no use of such lumbering and expensive machinery. Beside that, it seems to me that it ought not to cost \$200,000 to hang one Presidential assassin.

There are people who seem to think that the United States Government is something merely to steal from. The shoveling out of the national treasury without discrimination and without right is enough to sicken the heart of every philanthropist. Now, let a man arise, north, south, east or west, with enough talent and with enough good character to lead forth in a movement in which the moral and the economic ideas shall be dominant over all others, and then you will see the Gehenna of modern politics fumigated and ploughed under. I wait for the formation of such a party. I wait for the coming of such a man.

WHERE IS THE MOSES?

Where is the Joshua? We are as a nation on the way to either reformation or destruction. A *flight of doves* discovered to Columbus the direction of the land. We shall come to new and regenerated America by a *flight of prayers*. We need in our homes, in our common schools and in our churches, the principles of pure patriotism inculcated. We want to live in a national atmosphere cleansed of all moral contamination and the dust of our graves untouched by the feet of the demagogue and the despoiler. God save the State. God save the nation.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

ACUTE RHEUMATISM CURED.

Rev. J. S. Moyer of Pleasant Valley, Bucks County, Pa., sends the following narrative: Ida Bright, daughter of Engelhart Bright, in her twentieth year, living two miles east of Pleasant Valley, Bucks County, Pa., was sick for nearly three years. Her sickness began with rheumatism, and became afterward consumptive, and dropsical. Her back and legs became very weak. She was unable to walk except, at times, a little in the room with two crutches. She had to be carried up and down stairs. Her appetite was in general very poor. *Physicians gave her up as incurable*; some thought there might be some hope for her, if she would be taken into a hospital, and her lungs were not too much affected.

During her sickness the Lord blessed her with great spiritual blessings. I visited her many times and called on several occasions her attention to the healing by the prayer of faith according to James 4: 14, 15. Upon her request I wrote to Dr. C. Cullis of Boston, through whose prayers many obtained help already, and promised to unite with him in prayer for her. He appointed July 11th, 3 o'clock P.M. as the hour of prayer.

At the appointed time I read to her the promises of the Lord for hearing our prayers. Then I asked her some questions, which she answered freely, after which we prayed over her according to the word of James 5: 14, 15, and claimed the promises in the name of the Lord, according to His will. After the prayer was closed she lay for about ten minutes as in a calm repose; then she arose and walked through the room and back again. After a rest of half an hour she arose again and walked the same distance. She then laid down and slept for about fifteen minutes. We then prayed once more. I then went out to go home. She followed, and leaning on the arms of her sister, walked first out in the yard to and fro, and then to the barn, where I left her. From that time she has been able to walk alone without cane or crutches. She has a good appetite. The sickness seems to have left her. [On September 26th Mr. Moyer wrote us that Miss Bright was still well and gaining strength.—ED.]

Miss Carrie F. Judd publishes the following incident in her work "Triumphs of Faith":

A PAINFUL DISEASE.

Mrs. M. E. Stone, writing from Waverly, Pa., August 23d, 1882, says: In the winter of 1873 I began to be afflicted with a kidney trouble. I continued to grow worse until spring, when a physician was employed. He did what he could for me, but there was no change for the better.

In June another physician was employed. He told me he did not think I could ever be cured, but thought he could give medicine that would help me and make me more comfortable. My suffering was great. My muscles were so sore that I could not laugh, cough, draw a long breath, or bear a jar, and sometimes it was almost impossible for me to lie down. All this, together with the powerful medicines taken, brought me down to my bed in a very weak condition. To check the cold sweat, which for days stood on my countenance, my physician ordered me to take ten drops of elixir of vitriol every night and morning. I was providentially hindered from taking it more than once. But this so closed the pores of my skin that not until more than a year and a half was natural and healthy perspiration restored, and that through the interposition and blessing of God.

On the seventh of July a prayer meeting was appointed at my home. In the morning a dear Christian lady asked me if I was asking the Lord to heal me. I could not say I was. I knew Jesus as a personal Saviour from sin, but I did not know Him as the "Lord that healeth." Soon after a minister came in and asked the if I was looking to be healed by faith. He said he felt sure God was going to heal me. I was much impressed with this new thought, and began to feel in my soul that God was going to wonderfully bless me, and in my body I began to experience marked changes for the better. With assistance I walked to the room where a few of God's trusting children were assembled. Before prayer it was requested that

all present should be agreed in asking God to heal me. The prayer of faith did save the sick. I arose and confessed that God had healed me. God gave me just what my faith claimed—a perfect removal of my kidney trouble with all the bloating and soreness, and so strengthened me that I commenced doing light work and walked and rode with ease.

But another trial and another triumph awaited me. The effects of the powerful medicines taken during my illness brought about another series of weaknesses which confined me to my bed in January, and for about six months I was almost helpless.

Weeks and months passed and no healing came, but I was learning patience, trust and submission. And then my loving parents had not quite yielded me to God to be used in missionary work. As they yielded my health improved. In August I attended a camp-meeting. I felt so anxious for the conversion of sinners that I scarcely thought of myself. But God showed me to pray and receive the healing of my body.

I prayed and others prayed for me, but the last regular service of the meeting closed and I was not healed. Tongue or pen could not describe the agony of soul I felt. But about ten o'clock that evening some friends proposed to go into one of the prayer-tents and unite in prayer for some souls who were seeking pardon. Though weak and weary I went, and God met me and talked to me. He asked me by His Spirit if I would take Him as my physician in every sickness. At first I felt startled at the thought, but realizing His power I said, "Yes, Lord." I had desired and prayed, and now I saw I might believe. With heart and voice I cried out, "Lord, I do believe with all my heart."

That moment the power of God came upon me, and I felt in my body that I was healed of all weakness and disease. I was much tested in regard to my healing for a week or two, but the victory I claimed by faith I was able to hold by faith; and God did make me well and even stronger than I had ever been before.

Since then God Himself has united me in the bonds of holy matrimony to one of His dear servants, and we have *Jesus for our family Physician*. We need no other. Very many times we have called upon Him in sickness and He has always heard us, and often has instantly relieved us from severe suffering.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A King's Future Associates.—The Rev. James Scott said at a recent meeting: "A king was once asked why he gave so much attention to those people called Christians, instead of giving all his time to his nobles and princes. His reply was, 'I am thrown but for a short time among those who are called my nobles and princes here, but in the future I shall be associated with those who are now despised, but who there will be kings for all eternity; and I desire to get acquainted with my future associates, in whose company I shall spend the longest portion of my existence.'"

A Backsliding Good Templar.—Rev. James Scott said: "I was speaking to a wrecked and ruined man last night, in the Cowcaddens meeting, of whose salvation I have great hopes. Tears were running down his cheeks as he told me that he had come to the meeting with a desire to obtain power to follow Christ. He had been a Good Templar for some time, and saved up a sum of money, but now it was all in the pockets of the grogseller, and he was convinced that his only chance for this world, or the world to come, was to become a Christian, and eagerly did he listen to the message of salvation as it was spoken. Let us pray that his desire may be granted. He is not far from the kingdom of God."

The Inventor of the Lifeboat.—Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh said: "When visiting South Shields, I walked through the churchyard of St. Cuthbert, where I saw the tombstone erected in memory of the man who invented the lifeboat, and read thereon the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of William Wauldhab, parish clerk of St. Cuthbert's, and inventor of the lifeboat. Died, September

28th, 1821.' It is more than sixty years Wauldhab's lifeboat began to rescue people from wrecked vessels. But how many has to rescue because it could not reach them the world justly holds the inventor in great God saw that men whom He had made were completely sinwrecked, and provided boat by which every sinner may be saved they will step into it; and He calls plead them, 'Come unto Me'; yet how few do so few honor him! Step into the lifeboat a put out thy hand and grasp the extended Jesus, and He will rescue you now."

A Disputed Account.—The Rev. James related the following incident: "A lady insisted her son to pay certain accounts. Shortly afterward one of the tradesmen called and asked payment of his bill. The lady was astonished told the tradesman that her son had paid the man replied, 'There is no appearance books of such a sum having been paid.' 'I will see about it when my son comes home.' The day the lady called upon her would-be son and told him that her son was positive that he had paid his claim. 'Madam,' answered the man, 'I have such a high opinion of your son I will take his word for it, although my book does not show that the money has been received. The tradesman was doing honor to the lady's that he took his word in preference to his business books. If we put aside our own feelings and take God's Word and promises, and His offers of pardon, just as we are, then we are doing Him honor.'"

How a Teetotal Governor was Made. Robert Simpson said: "Some years ago a father of a family in Kansas, daily ill-treated his patient wife. His little son looked on while mother was being beaten and abused, and growing of hatred to the drink and the drink which caused such misery in his home, was planted in his soul. As time passed his abhorrence deepened into a fixed resolve to would attempt to suppress, in his native State, the iniquitous trade. Years rolled on that boy is now Governor St. John, of the State of Kansas, one of three States in the States of America which have passed prohibitions against the sale of intoxicating liquors where within its territories. Through the influence of that drunkard's son aided by a noble band of Christian ladies and gentlemen, it will be in his power to make or sell, in a legal way, any of harmful fluids throughout the State of Kansas."

Saved at Sixty.—Mr. Jack said: "A time ago I was speaking to a gentleman over years of age, who was very anxious about his health. When I showed him God's way of salvation, he asked, 'Do you mean to tell me that I have nothing to do?' 'Read the Bible for yourself, friend,' I said. 'I have not my spectacles with me,' he rejoined. I then read a few passages to him, and said, 'Do you believe I have these verses correctly?' 'Yes, I know you have followed you carefully.' 'Well; what do you say about it?' 'I will trust Christ at once for my firm reply. When we had prayed together I assured me, 'I can't tell how I came in this meeting. I did not know anything about that it was to be held. I was going along well Street, and saw a lot of people going in, just followed to see what it was; but I thought that I did it.' 'You will, like the Ethiopian eunuch, go on your way rejoicing now?' I said. 'Yes, that I will,' he gladly answered."

A Widow's Prayer Answered.—Mr. Jack said: "A God-fearing widow was in great distress, she had struggled along and brought up only one son, and now he was just beginning to do something to help her. One day before I received any wages the poor woman had no crust in the house, nor money with which to buy anything. She and her son had divided the morsel at the dinner hour. In her distress she cried to the Lord for help, and continued on her knees all the afternoon, but no help or answer came till her boy came in at night. So fully she said to him, 'James, I have nothing to give you; I have neither money nor bread.'"

Hardly had she said so, when a knock was heard at the door. Opening it, she saw a lad with a basket on his head, 'Is this Mrs. —'s.' 'Yes.' 'Weel this is for you.' 'What is it?' 'It's bread, tea, sugar, and butter.' 'It canna be for me, laddie, I never ordered sickna lot o' stuff in ma life.' 'Aye it is for ye, if ye're the woman they ca' Mrs. —.' 'That's ma name, laddie, but wha sent a' thae things.' 'Ah, a maunna tell ye that.' 'Now God heard that widow's prayer. Will He not hear yours if you trust Him? You cannot appeal to Him in vain.'

A Converted Wrestler's Temptation.—Mr. Jack said: "One of our elders in the country is now remarkable for his holy, consistent manner of life. Before his conversion he was renowned in the district as being the best wrestler and boxer in it. When he gave up his old companions, and cultivated the friendship of Christian people, he was jeered and mocked at when walking down the street, and every device was put into practice in order to make him go back to his old pursuits; but he was firm, as he was resting on God, and not on himself. Seeing that nothing could be made of him in this way, his former boon companions determined to make a final assault upon him. One of their number was selected to put their plan into force. This man was not a match for my friend, but he was primed for the business. Way-laying the old wrestler, this man deliberately insulted him, and, getting no answer, struck him in the face with his fist. In a moment all the old fire of raging anger filled the heart of my friend, and, as he told me, his first inclination was to take his tempter by the collar, and give him a severe punishment; but the Spirit of Christ prevailed, and although his feelings were crying for revenge, he rushed to his house and *bolled himself in his room* to plead with the Lord for power over himself. For twenty-four hours did he wrestle against the tempter, and by the grace of God he was the victor over a more powerful antagonist than any he had wrestled with before."

ENGLAND IN PROPHECY.

By John M. Bright, M.D.

(Continued from page 631.)

ISA 23: 15-18: "And it shall come to pass in that day that Tyre shall be forgotten *seventy years, according to the days of one king*; after the end of seventy years shall Tyre sing, as a harlot. Take a harp, go about the city, thou harlot, that hast been forgotten: make sweet melody. Sing many songs, that thou mayest be remembered. And it shall come to pass *after the end of seventy years*, that the Lord will visit Tyre, and she will turn to her hire, and commit fornication with all the kingdoms of the world upon the face of the earth. And her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord: it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord to eat abundantly, and for durable clothing."

"*One king*." The explanations here are various and conflicting, and the word "king" is supposed to be put here for "kingdom," as at Dan. 7: 17; 8: 20. The "one king," is supposed to be the first of the four kings of Dan. 7 or the Chaldean Sovereignty. Compare Dan 2: 38, 39-44; 7: 23, 24; 8: 20, 21; Isa. 14: 4; Jer. 25: 11, 12. The seventy years of this king reach from the first of Nebuchadnezzar to the first of Cyrus. These *seventy years* limit the duration of the Babylonish Monarchy. The political oblivion of Tyre was to be of the same length. Its land was first conquered, and later the whole city was overthrown after a long siege (Ezek. 29: 17-19), but in the first year of Cyrus it re-appears as ministering help once more to Israel."

Verse 16: These words are not the quotation of a song, but the prophet's own address to Tyre, using his own figure to predict the restoration of her commerce after a season of judgment, but with no return of her former greatness. The last verses point forward to a time when heathen rites would be replaced by a purer and holier faith."

The fulfilment of the prophecy was complete. Tyre, after its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar, did recover its ancient trade, wealth, and grandeur, as

it did also after a second destruction by Alexander. It became Christian early, with the rest of the neighboring countries; St. Paul found many Christians there. (Acts 21: 3, 4). It suffered much in the Diocletian persecution. It continued Christian till it was taken by the Saracens in 639. After being retaken by the Christians in 1124, it was finally taken by the Turks in 1517. Since that time it has sunk into utter decay; it is now a mere ruin, a bare rock, "a place to spread nets upon," as foretold by the prophet (Ezekiel 26: 14). It matters not by what means these prophecies have been verified; for the means were as inscrutable and as impossible to have been foreseen by man as the event. The fact is beyond a doubt that *they have been literally fulfilled, and therefore the prophecies are true*. They may be overlooked, but no ingenuity can pervert them. *No facts could have been more unlikely or striking, and no predictions respecting them could have been more clear.*

The views of two commentators will appropriately close this review of England's future history, as they believe it is revealed in prophecy; and, although the first has more especial reference to her position as one of the future ten kingdoms of the Fourth Beast of Daniel 7 and Rev. 17 the truth and the power of the language cannot be gainsaid.

"Another difference in the dealing of the Divine Hand which has tended to preserve a marked distinction between the Eastern and Western divisions of the Roman Empire, is this: the East was the early home of civilization, and the place where the light of truth peculiarly shone; but these privileges were abused and iniquity abounded. On this judicial visitation came. Desolation has fallen upon almost every ancient city of the East; from Babylon to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum."

The ruin of these countries has been so complete that many have applied to the apostasy of Mahomedanism, and the subsequent desolations the prophecies respecting Antichrist and the judgments of the final hour. Doubtless these things are to be regarded as premonitory. . . . Although the kingdoms of the West have never received any blow resembling in severity that which has prostrated the countries of the East; yet, with only one exception, they have all been heavily chastened.

ENGLAND ALONE ESCAPED

the wide-spread infidelity of which the French Revolution of 1792 and the succeeding desolating wars were the consequences. England escaped, and has for ages pursued a steady course of uninterrupted prosperity; * but it is an affecting thought that England, so highly favored as she has been, is using her advantages in nurturing the very principles out of which the last systematized form of human evil is to be formed.

At present this nation is holding a position of effective influence. Its principles are fixed and determined, and it is earnest in propagating them. The governmental principles that it seeks to spread are those of popular monarchy. The pillar of its political and social system is commerce and commercial wealth. Its relation to the false religions of the earth is, that it *fosters* as well as *protects* all. It seeks to accommodate itself to influential institutions rather than to supplant them by truth. These principles are doubtless well-adapted to the character of the latter days; and are most sure to prosper. . . . Such influence *appears* to be neutral in its character, *but it is not really so*. It can neither be retained nor used except by sanctioning, and not unfrequently employing the very systems which have sunk the world in superstition and idolatry. What, then, is more to be dreaded than a system *seemingly* neutral, which really sustains and gives effect to all Satan's ancient instruments of deception?

THE CITY OF LONDON.

The final result of this influence, and what will be constructed under it, may be seen in Rev. 17 and 18. *No city at present in the earth corresponds so nearly as London to the description of Rev. 18*. No scene which the earth has ever yet

beheld answers so nearly to Ezek. 27 and 28 as that which is about to be presented in that city. The object of the central part of Ezekiel appears to be this, to show *what* kind of power Israel finally seeks unto for shelter, now that their iniquities have grieved away the cherubim-power of God, under the shadow of which they once rested.

The power which they select as their guardian is that energy which searches out and develops all the resources of earth—a power by and by to be again connected with Tyre, which was its ancient seat.

Thus Tyre, as the representative of this energy, is described as occupying God's mountain—*i.e.*, the Divine place of authority toward Israel; and being as Israel's oracle and cherub—the true cherubic power having been grieved away. There is bitter irony in the expression, "Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth, and I have set thee so" (Ezek. 28: 14). God has appointed that this glorious but evil power should be as the cherub of Israel for a season. The several principles connected with this great commercial system are now fully developed; but the ephah is seen long before the woman, or moral system, hidden therein, is manifest. The energy which visits every region, and collects and develops all the riches of the earth, must be guided by some definite principles; and if they are not the principles of Christ, they are the principles of Satan. St. Paul speaks of the "mystery of wickedness" there working (2 Thess. 2: 7) and of its final development; but says nothing of its intermediate history. In Zech. 5 we find that "at the time of the end" wickedness "becomes connected with the woman hidden in the ephah."

That the system of mercantile greatness finally to be established in the East, and of which England is at present the acknowledged head, will be infidel when fully developed, is plain from Scripture and from facts. The Land of Shinar will be the place—the Ten Kingdoms the sphere—and Antichrist, as the king of Tyre, "the functionary and head of the developed apostasy."—(B. W. Newton, "Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms of the Roman Empire, 1849;" pp 62-65, 180).

Scott says: "As those cities which have successfully tyrannized over the nations of the earth, have successively been made monuments of the Divine vengeance; so here those likewise which have been the marts of nations. It behoves the inhabitants of the great commercial capital of Britain to be still for a short space, and to contemplate the fate of Tyre. Like that ancient city of commerce, that city and nation are replenished by the trade of the whole earth; claim the sovereignty of the ocean, and receive resources from distant seas and rivers, not less abundant than the harvest of their fertile plains: and London is at least as 'joyous a city' as ever Tyre was; though it does not boast of so great an antiquity. But Tyre is now 'laid waste,' and 'there is no house, no entering in'; silence and solitude have erected their empire where this busy merchant city stood; and her inhabitants are all either extinct or removed to other lands! Yet when this prediction was delivered probably its wealthy inhabitants could not have believed it possible that such a change should ensue.

"This report may well cause London's wealthy citizens to be sorely pained and alarmed; Tyre's merchants were, and hers are, 'princes and the honorable of the earth.' But they gloried and trusted in, and abused their prosperity: and the Lord took His counsel against them on purpose 'to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth,' that they who had forgotten Him should feel His superiority and sovereignty, that the vanity of all earthly prosperity might be manifested, and to show how soon infamy must overwhelm all those who do not seek the honor which cometh from God. He is able to raise up enemies against England also from the most obscure nations, and to bring them from the remotest corners of the earth: and at His commandment some savage conqueror may arise to execute His righteous purposes; nor can any distant country give rest to those of whom God hath said, 'there is no rest for them.'"

* This was written in 1849.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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CURRENT EVENTS.

Judge Folger's Letter Accepting the Nomination of the New York State Convention for the Governorship was published on October 3d. It is one of the most remarkable documents of its kind on record. The candidate seemed anxious above all things to apologize for his position and to convince the people that he had no hand in bringing about his nomination. In that statement the people generally have full confidence. The difficulty Republicans are in, is not of Judge Folger's making. It is the fact that unworthy methods were adopted in the convention to secure his nomination, which arouses hostility, and which has caused such vigorous Republicans as Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. George William Curtis, and Dr. Cuyler to refuse to vote for the ticket. The interference of the administration in State politics, and the forgeries committed to control the convention, are the circumstances which have led certain prominent Republicans to decide that they will not support a candidate so nominated, and so to rebuke the methods employed. The fact that Judge Folger is personally a man for whom they would conscientiously work and vote makes no difference, because they regard the selection of so good a man as a mere ruse, used to cover with his unimpeachable character designs that need some respectable cloak. Judge Folger's comments on the platform, which emphasize its good points and shed light on others which were ambiguous, show that his intentions are upright, and that if elected he would be a capable governor, and on this ground doubtless many conscientious men will vote for him. It is evident, however, that in spite of the nomination being made unanimous in the convention, the nomination will not command the hearty support of the Republican party of New York.

A Serious Blow to the Prospects of the Republican ticket is the letter published on the same day from Mr. Hepburn declining the nomination for Congressman-at-large. Mr. Hepburn is personally popular, so that the withdrawal of his name weakens the ticket. Mr. Hepburn expresses his full appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, but bases his decision of declination on the lack of confidence the party in the State have in the convention. He says: "It is quite apparent that, owing to the unfortunate circumstances that have come to light since the adjournment of the convention, a very large portion of the Republicans of

the State are not disposed to accept its conclusions as an authoritative utterance of the party. Nothing should be left undone to secure the unity and harmony of the party, and I don't think it right to enter upon the canvass without an earnest effort in that direction." The State committee will have to select a substitute for Mr. Hepburn.

The Unusual Announcement is Made that the revenue of the post office during the fiscal year which ended June 30th, 1882, exceeded the expenditure. The surplus is \$1,500,000. The saving has been effected chiefly in the Star Route Department for which the amount appropriated was \$7,900,000. Brady estimated that he must have \$8,200,000, but Congress gave him \$7,900,000. It now appears that under honest management the expenditure was about \$5,900,000, or \$2,300,000 less than Brady's estimate. This is the first year since 1845 that so large a surplus has been shown. In fact since 1851 deficiencies have been the rule in the department. In 1860 the deficiency was \$10,500,000; in 1863 \$2,800,000; and in 1867 nearly \$4,000,000.

Polygamists in Utah are Refusing to Relinquish office as required by the law. Governor Morgan in the execution of the duty imposed upon him has appointed a number of officials throughout Utah. In defiance of this law and the Edmunds bill, which disqualifies polygamists, the appointees of the Governor have been refused the records and places to which they have been appointed. This organized nullification is in obedience to the orders of the Mormon leaders. Those who think it criminal to hold over "are whipped in by counsel and threats, and the polygamists are holding on." Writs of mandamus were applied for on September 27th, to enforce the title of the officials appointed. The action of Governor Murray in firmly executing the law in the face of the Mormon leaders is approved by all law-abiding people in Utah.

The Trustees of the Slater Educational Fund which has been already described in these columns, have requested the general agent to draw up a plan of operations based on suggestions made at a meeting of the trustees over which ex-President Hayes presided. Among the suggestions were, that the scholarships shall be of such an amount as will help the deserving, but will not be adequate to their entire support, so that the spirit of self-dependence under encouraging circumstances may be constantly cherished; that so far as is practicable the scholars receiving the benefit of the fund shall be trained in some manual occupation simultaneously with their mental and moral instruction; that the recipients of the Slater Fund aid shall be encouraged, when they are able, to return, in whole or in part, to the institution through which they are assisted the amount received from the fund, in order that it may again be devoted to the encouragement of others.

The Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the case of the slaughter in the tunnel of the New York and Harlem Railroad was rendered on October 6th. The jury say that the telegraph operator and the brakeman were guilty of culpable negligence, the conductor of gross and criminal negligence, and they blame both railroad companies for neglecting to provide a sufficient number of employes, and charge the companies with the responsibility for the deaths that occurred. It is evident, however, that no notice will be taken of this verdict by the companies, who though enormously wealthy will continue to increase their wealth at the daily risk of the lives of their passengers, by employing at low wages men unfit for the work. There will not be any hope of this wicked policy being checked until a law is enacted compelling them to do their duty, and there will not be any hope of such a law being passed while senators and assemblymen hold free passes over the road.

The Evangelistic Efforts of Dr. Edward Judson, who left a prosperous church, to labor among the poor of New York city, are being signally blessed. Some idea of the Christlike character of his work may be gathered from the following extract from a letter he sent lately to Mr. Deane, who recently gave him five thousand dollars to assist in carrying it on: "In order to win people to Christ in this part of the city, we have

found it necessary to engage in philanthropic co-operations. We have an *employment bureau*, by means of which over fifty persons have been put in positions of usefulness. A *public ice-water fountain* at the corner of our church has through all the hot weather been daily quenching the thirst of hundreds of men, women, and children who not only drink themselves, but carry away the water in pails and pitchers for use in shops and tenement houses. We have also a *flower mission*. The ladies of the Orange Church provide us with a large quantity of tasteful bouquets twice a week, and our women and girls carry them to the bedsides of the sick. I have taken over seventy of our Sunday-school children and placed them for two weeks in delightful homes in and around Hamilton. We have thus found the summer season peculiarly rich in opportunities of touching people on the physical side, and I believe that such work is mellowing the soil so that we may look for abundant harvests in the autumn."

At the Meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Portland, Me., on October 5th, Secretary Alden said that a great burden was upon the Prudential Committee. The missions demanded for the coming year \$100,000 more than the committee saw any prospect of receiving. Immediately persons whose regular contributions were \$1000 or more, arose, one after another, sometimes two at a time, and pledged themselves to double their annual subscriptions. In ten minutes nearly \$20,000 were thus pledged, and then, under the lead of Dr. Webb, those in the audience who felt disposed to double their gifts were invited to rise. Probably one half of the required advance was pledged in the closing fifteen minutes of the prayer-meeting.

A Christian Poet's Golden Wedding will shortly be celebrated. Dr. Ray Palmer, the author of "My faith looks up to Thee" and other prized hymns, has been married nearly fifty years and it is the same length of time since his ordination as a minister. His friends among whom are Theodore Dwight Woolsey, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Howard Crosby, James McCosh, and Edward A. Park have united in recommending that the occasion be taken advantage of for a substantial tribute that shall gladden the hearts of himself, wife, and two invalid daughters. Dr. Palmer is now residing at Newark, N. J.

The Prospects in Ohio are Still Regarded as doubtful even by enthusiastic Republicans. It is now certain that the liquor men will vote the Democratic ticket unanimously. It is also certain that the Prohibitionists will not give general support to the Republican ticket, though it is expected that in some districts they will vote it. The efforts of the Republican managers are now directed to the effort to bring out every Republican vote.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children makes an appeal to the charitable for children's partly worn clothing. Many of the poor children rescued by the officers of the society are nearly naked when found, and it has been difficult to transfer them to the society's reception rooms for protection. Parcels may be sent to the rooms of the society, at No. 100 East Twenty-third Street, New York, or they will be called for.

The Lost Drafts Forwarded to Rev. W. C. Van Meter, of the Howard Mission in New York, and Superintendent of the Italian Bible and Sunday-school Mission, which have caused him considerable annoyance and led to unfounded charges, have been traced. Mr. Van Meter stated at a public meeting recently that on his way to Rome he was robbed of a draft of several hundred dollars, money contributed to carry on his mission, and that with it he lost the memorandum of the bank in London on which the draft was drawn, thus making it impossible for him to communicate with the bank till he heard from America. Upon his arrival in Rome he found that another draft of \$1000 was missing, which had been sent him for his mission work, and soon after he discovered that the third draft sent him from Canada was also missing. The letter containing the draft of \$1000 was found among the dead letters at Rome, and has been paid. The draft from Canada was traced to the Dead Letter Office at Ottawa, Canada.

A Robin's Plaintive Reproaches have Rendered a dog miserable at one of the summer resorts during the season. A guest at an hotel had with him a favorite dog which killed the young of a robin having her nest in the park. Every time the dog makes his appearance since he committed the cruel act, he is followed about by the bereaved bird, who flies along above his head or alights in a tree near him when he stops, all the time exciting the sympathies of the guests by her plaintive cries. The dog himself appears to be aware that his misdeed is being publicly denounced, and puts on an appearance of shame. It would be well if some profligates who have led to ruin and spiritual death innocent victims could be thus humiliated, instead of being welcomed by society (Prov. 6 : 18).

A Suggestive Inquiry is Published in a New York journal from one of its correspondents who asks the editor if he knows whether there is any instrument that will point in the direction of mineral ore or *hidden money*. He will probably be disappointed by the reply the editor has given him, which is to leave off trying to find hidden money, and to set himself to work for money by digging potatoes rather than digging for concealed treasures. Advice still more valuable might be given to such a man. Whether he find money, or earn it by hard work, it will not avail alone to secure him happiness. Disappointment will surely wait upon him as it has done on thousands who have made the acquisition of wealth their chief end in life. The only source of happiness and contentment, is one far different from that, and Jesus gives it to those who believe on Him whether they are poor or rich (Eccles. 5 : 10).

A Dancing Party on a Railroad Car held a ball during a journey a few days ago on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad while the train was travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour. The ball-room was in a large baggage car, sixty feet long by fifteen wide. The floor was elegantly carpeted, the walls beautifully painted, hung with pictures, and decorated with bunting, evergreens, and garlands of roses. There was an orchestra of eight pieces, and refreshments were passed around every hour. This is probably the first time a ball was ever held under such circumstances, but it has often seemed to the earnest Christian, impressed with the value of time and the fleeting nature of all earthly things, that light-hearted dancers are, like those in the railroad car, being whirled along very rapidly toward their destination. And there is ground for apprehension that the destination is one of which they little think, and in which they will mourn over time wasted on frivolous amusements (Isa. 5 : 12).

An Unaccountably Withered Grass-plot in a gentleman's garden at Pittsford, N. Y., has for some time puzzled the gardener, who vainly endeavored to discover the cause of its condition. A few days ago a number of birds were observed thrusting their beaks through the sod with much alacrity and satisfaction. The gardener had the curiosity to turn up a portion of the punctured turf, and discovered to his amazement that the earth beneath was alive with a greedy multitude of large, white grubs, which had *completely consumed the roots* of the grass. He continued the work, and at every fresh removal of the sod, the same phenomenon presented itself, until quarts of the larvæ were gathered and destroyed. The grub is to be examined by the entomologists of Pittsford, and it is hoped identified. It is to be feared that the lack of vigorous life in some portions of Christ's vineyard, the church may have a similar cause. The root of the piety of the members is being destroyed by Satan's worms of avarice, ambition, and love of worldly pleasures (Rev. 3 : 15-18).

An Incident of Tenement House Life Described by a reporter of the New York Times shows how in a great city happiness and misery elbow each other unwittingly. In one of the tenement houses on Sixth Avenue, several families live upon the second floor. In the front room was a woman who the same morning had given birth to the infant which lay upon her breast. In the rear dwelt a family which had been bereaved by death, and a stricken mother mourned the loss of her only son. While at either end of the same floor

the two extremes of life were represented, a merry party was in progress in the intervening apartments. The strains of the violin regulated the movements of amateur step dancers and happy vocalists added at times to the general entertainment. As the fun grew faster it was interrupted by a knock at the door. The host answered the summons, and beheld the undertaker straining at one end of the coffin containing the remains of the dead man. The professional inquirer requested that the door might be opened in order to enable them to turn the casket in the narrow passage. The request, of course, was complied with, and the funeral procession passed slowly down the staircase and from the house. The exclusiveness and want of neighborly feeling which is a growing feature of our city life is to be deplored. Christian families living in the same house, yet ignorant of each other's sorrows and afflictions are not living in obedience to their Saviour's injunctions; yet there are many such in all our great cities. The sufferer has the solace of knowing that God sees his affliction and that he has an Almighty consoler, but those who should have shown him sympathy and who have neglected their duty cannot escape condemnation (Matt. 25 : 44, 45).

An Electrified Church Fence Alarmed the janitor of a church at Newark, N. J., last week. He arrived at the church about seven o'clock to open it for evening service, when on taking hold of the gate he received a severe electric shock. Two subsequent attempts to enter met with a like result. He gave an alarm and some passers-by came to his assistance. They found that the whole iron fence was strongly magnetized. A large crowd gathered about the church, and a number of experimenters discovered that two adjoining buildings having iron columns were so charged with electricity that the hand could not touch them without receiving the current. It was said by employes at the office of the Western Company that an escape occurred through the contact of a wire with the iron girder on an adjacent building, and that electricity was thence carried to the store and to the church fence. It was not until the current was switched off, that the gate could be completely opened. The strange freak of the electricity caused no little wonder in the city, and it was undoubtedly an unusual occurrence. If the history of the church were related, however, it would be found that the shocks received from the fence on that particular night, were far less wonderful than spiritual revolutions which have been effected inside the church. The mysterious influence of the Holy Spirit changing heart, character, and life, is a miracle far more astonishing than any natural phenomena (John 3 : 8).

A Californian Stage-Driver's Courage and heroism in the midst of extreme personal danger, is described by a correspondent of the New York Tribune. A stage was being driven one night over a precipitous mountain road, with a rocky wall on one side, and a precipice on the other. The only outside passenger was awakened from a doze by a sharp jerk, and was alarmed by finding that the seat beside him, where the driver had been sitting, was empty. He knew perfectly well that the stage unguided would soon be upset, so he reached down to gather up the reins but he could not feel them. The driver must have taken them with him when he fell. The team was going at a fast trot and the passenger knew not what to do. Death stared him in the face, and he was giving himself up for lost when he heard the driver's voice from behind directing him how to put on the brake and stop the coach. He obeyed, and as the team halted the driver crawled from under the coach, having held on to the reins when he fell and been dragged by them along the rough road, preferring injury and danger rather than to risk the lives of his passengers by letting go. The passengers stood aghast as they realized the danger from which the driver's heroism had delivered them, and their gratitude to him as he stood covered with dirt, and bruised, knew no bounds. It is by such incidents that the sinner is able to realize how he has been delivered from eternal destruction by the self-sacrifice of Jesus who actually gave His life that we might be saved (Isa. 53 : 3-8).

ONE WAR OVER AND ANOTHER BEGUN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when Gideon perceived that he was an angel of the Lord, Gideon said, Alas, O Lord God! for because I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face. And the Lord said unto him, Peace be unto thee; fear not: thou shalt not die. Then Gideon built an altar there unto the Lord, and called it Jehovah-shalom."—Judges 6 : 22-24.

Israel's Sin and Scourge—Repentance and Deliverance—The Egyptian Campaign an Evidence of the Truth of Scripture—A Spiritual Warfare—I. Gideon's Sigh for Peace—Surrounded with the Ills of War—Feeling its Mischief—Acquainted with the Way of Peace—Assurance yet Anxious—A Note of Interrogation a Note of Alarm—II. Gideon's Fear—Yet not a Coward—Defective Teaching—His Attitude like the Two Signs—Fear from his Answered Request—A Truth to Banish Fear—III. God's Comfort—IV. Gideon's Memorial—A Sunday Scholar's Question—Peace as a Preparation for War—A Reform Bill at Home.

THESE Midianites were wandering Bedouins from Arabia, and from the east country round about the Holy Land. Like those who represent them in the present day, they were masters of the art of plundering, and knew no bowels of compassion. They generally lived a hard life themselves, and when they had an opportunity to feast on the spoils of others, they rioted without stint, and left a famine behind them. Most fitly does the Scripture compare them to grasshoppers, for both in number and in destructive force they were like those terrible devourers. God had brought them upon Israel to scourge that nation because it had been so foolish and so ungrateful as to set up the gods of the heathen, and to forget the one mighty God who was so specially and graciously their patron and defender.

They were impoverished and ground down to the very last degree by these plunderers, who left no food either for men or cattle. The poor Israelites, creeping forth from their dens and caves, attempted to carry on the work of husbandry, and sowed the land; but when the time came for reaping, the marauders came forth once more, took away their harvest, and despoiled their pastures again. Then, as usual, Israel cried unto Jehovah, and His ear was open to their groaning. Their afflictions made them weary of their idols, and caused them to say, "We will return unto our first husband, for it was better with us then than now." God in His great mercy raised up for them a deliverer, Gideon,

A MIGHTY MAN

of valor, who distinguished himself in various skirmishes with the foe! His name was already a terror to Midian, for he who dreamed of the barley-cake which smote the tent, and it lay along, said to his fellow, "This is none other than Gideon, the son of Joash."

His character has never been sufficiently admired; Scripture names much less bright than his have been preferred before him by the general ministry; yet he deserves far better treatment. He was a man gentle and yet strong, cautious and yet venturesome; a searching inquirer, and an intense believer. While he was a sort of foreshadowing of David, he had much of the after-glow of Joshua. He was a truly great man, though his latter days were overshadowed by a grievous religious error, and a sad moral fault. Despite his failings he was one of the greatest of the heroes of faith.

This man went to his work with the Bedouin in much the same manner as that which has proved so successful in Egypt during the past week. He was not in a hurry to venture upon a pitched battle, but waited his time, and then by a sudden and unexpected attack he struck the whole host with panic, so that they fled at once, and Midian was smitten as one man. It is very singular how *history repeats itself*, and how all events go to exhibit the singular truthfulness of the Bible record. These wild Arabs can clearly be overcome by a single blow if it takes them when they feel secure. Formidable as they are as plunderers, and great as they are at boasting, they are not able to stand against a hand to hand onslaught; true valor drives

them before it like a rolling thing before the whirlwind, scattering them like chaff before the tempest.

Let us think for a while of Gideon, in order that we may see that we ourselves are or may be somewhat parallels with him. We may not have to smite the Bedouin as he had, but unto

A SPIRITUAL WARFARE

God has called many of us; and though He intends to use us, and to get unto Himself victory by us, yet it may be that at this moment we are in fear. We are now passing through the same mental processes as those which educated Gideon, and we are being prepared thereby for future conflict and conquest.

I. I shall begin by asking you to dwell for a minute upon

GIDEON'S SIGH FOR PEACE;

for he loved not war, but pined for quiet. He called the name of the altar—"Jehovah-shalom," which the margin reads, "The Lord send peace." You see, therefore, that deeper down in his spirit than any desire for warlike honor there was a yearning after peace. He wanted not the spoils of princes; he only desired to plough, and sow, and reap in peace.

And do you wonder at it, when *the ills of war were all around?* He had for a long time seen in the cases of his friends and neighbors the desolating effects of war: their property was taken from them, their bread was stolen out of their mouths, their children were slain, and themselves made to hide away upon the tops of mountains or in caverns among the hills. Life became intolerable amid such privations and dangers. Ah, little can you and I imagine of the horrors of war. We read of it, and our sympathies are touched, but we know not the multiplied murders, the painful wounds, the desolating rapine, and the fierce crimes which attend the track of armies. If we saw battle with our own eyes, we should with burning fervor cry, "Send us peace in our days, good Lord."

Moreover, he had not only seen war, but he sighed for peace, because *he was himself feeling the mischief of it.* The dread of the conflict had come to his own mountain farm at Abiezer. There he was himself, threshing wheat by the wine press, in an unusual place, in an inconvenient place, that he might hide a little grain, for winter's food, from the Midianites who were eager to devour it. Ay, and when carnage smokes at your own door, and rapine is at your own gate, when you yourself are straitened and are hiding for fear, then comes from the deep recesses of the spirit the cry, "Oh, that God would send us peace, for this is a weary oppression; these ravens and wolves devour us utterly." Let us bow our heads and thank God that He has long blessed this favored isle with unbroken peace; and as an act of thankfulness to God let us *set our faces against the war-spirit* which so readily inflames our fellow-countrymen.

The way of peace was sufficiently well known to Gideon: the prophet of the Lord had indicated to the people that the only way of peace was for Israel to return unto Jehovah, her God. The great sin of departure from the glorious living God was set before them, and they could readily draw the inference that they would never have peace from their enemies till first of all they had made their peace with God. They must surrender to their sovereign, and renew their loyalty, and then He would drive out the foe from their land. Gideon probably knew this before the prophet came; it was deeply imprinted on his thoughtful spirit, and as he was a man of faith in God, he did not doubt but that if Israel returned unto Jehovah then peace would follow. Much is gained when we know this, if our knowledge leads to practical action.

While Gideon was meditating and working, an angel appears to him and *gives him the assurance that with him at least God was at peace.* The covenant angel said to him, "Jehovah is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." Methinks his spirit ought greatly to have rejoiced at that assurance, and perhaps it did; for what better thing can happen unto any man than to receive such a token for good? If God be for us, who can be against us? We know how sweet is the assurance that being justified by faith we have peace with God.

It is well with us when we are assured that the Lord is with us, our helper, our shield, our portion for ever and ever.

But *there arose in his mind*

A GRAVE ANXIETY.

His was a very careful, thoughtful soul, for he was a man of prudence, large-hearted, far-seeing, and given to look at things coolly and steadily; and there arose in his heart a question serious and vital, "Is this the voice of God to me, or am I deluded? Is God at peace with me, or am I like the rest, plunged in a horrible warfare against the living God?" Therefore he puts a question, and he asks a sign that he might make sure of what he was about. Brethren, in spiritual matters you and I had need be sure. If we have peace within our spirit let us make certain that it is the peace of God; for still are there voices that cry, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace. None are more quiet than the ungodly when they are given up to a strong delusion. The Psalmist says of them, "There are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm." It was not so with Gideon: his anxiety made itself visible. He was not the man to leap at a shadow: he sought for substance. If he was to have peace, he must have it from God: if he was to be delivered, he longed to have victory plain and permanent. The favor which he asked was requested because anxiety troubled him, and he wished to make assurance doubly sure. He desired to know from God Himself that his mission was authentic and his success certain.

I believe that many of us have been, and perhaps are, in Gideon's position. Of course we have not his errand, but we have one of our own, and we are troubled because we are not personally sure of our peace. We are grieved by our past sins and their consequences. This is the lot of many men. The fowls which they have reared have *come home to roost*: they have been guilty in the past, and their sins have returned upon them, so that they are sore vexed. They have cried unto the Lord in their trouble, beseeching Him to deliver them out of their distresses, and now a consciousness of sin is upon them, and they fear lest their prayers should be rejected. Have you ever been in that condition? I know you have if the Lord has loved you and ordained you to his work.

Has God at such a time sent you a message of mercy? Have you searched the Scriptures and found a precious promise? Have you heard a faithful servant of God preach under his Master's anointing, and have you been comforted? Even then I should not wonder if the darkening thought has arisen like a cloud, "Is this the right comfort for me? May I really enjoy it? Will it be presumption or assurance?" There is often a fine line, thin as a razor's edge, between the two, and woe unto him who makes a mistake about it. O God, save us from carnal security. Prevent our crying "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Better that we write bitter things against ourselves, if they be true, than that we say smooth things and flatter ourselves to destruction. Therefore, I should not wonder if you are asking the Lord to give you a token for good. Brethren, we must make sure work for eternity: we cannot afford to have a question on that matter. A note of interrogation here will be a note of alarm. It will be a thorn in our side.

II. From Gideon's longing, panting desire to obtain peace with God and then peace for his country we turn to look a little further into

GIDEON'S FEAR

which he met with in the way of peace. "An angel" appeared to him—so saith the text in the Authorized Version; but in truth it was the angel of Jehovah, and this should have comforted him, even as it has comforted us. Do we not sing,

"But if Immanuel's face appear,

My hope, my joy begins;

His name forbids my slavish fear,

His grace removes my sins?"

One would have thought that Gideon would have leaped for joy when he beheld his God veiled in angelic form, but instead thereof the shadow of death fell upon Him. Here was a man panting for peace, and firmly following the way of peace, and yet afraid with a deadly fear. It usually hap-

pens that when God is bringing men into peace with Himself, while the operation is going on thoroughly and soundly, there is a degree of trembling in the soul. I suspect that conversion which has no trembling in it: note the prodigal's cry, "I am not worthy to be called thy son."

Why was Gideon afraid? *Not because he was a coward*—you will scarcely meet with a braver man in all Scripture than this son of Joash—but because even brave men are alarmed at the supernatural. When the living God draws very near to a soul, even though it be in the person of Christ Jesus, that soul is struck with awe, and trembles before the Lord. It cannot well be otherwise. Recollect how it was with the beloved John. "When I saw Him," says John—that was, his own dear Master, upon whose breast he had leaned his head—"when I," the disciple whom Jesus loved, "saw him, I fell at His feet as dead." You do not wonder, therefore, if a poor soul full of doubt and anxiety, vexed with a sense of sin, and greatly troubled by affliction, is full of fear when Jesus draws near. Though He comes with no feeling but of love, no thought but of mercy, no sentence but of free forgiveness, yet the heart is awe-struck at the wondrous sight.

Alas, some of you know not what it is to have the Lord drawing near to your spirits. If you did you would not think it strange that certain awakened ones have acted in a singular way, and for a while have forgotten to eat bread. I marvel not that this mighty man of valor was grievously disturbed. Who among us would have been otherwise?

Moreover, *Gideon had been ill-taught by tradition.* There was a rumor abroad which was derived from truth, and yet was false, namely, that no man could see a heavenly being and live. It is true that the Lord expressly told His servant Moses that he could not see His face and live; but He did not say, "Thou canst not see an angel and live;" nor had He said, "Thou canst not see my veiled presence and live." The tradition was an accretion to the truth and a corruption of it. We may not see the face of God, but we may see Jesus; in fact, we live because we see Him.

BEWARE OF THE MOSS

which grows upon a truth. Many a heart bleeds because it is wounded by its own imperfect ideas of God; and so when God does draw near, when the great Almighty overshadows it, there is a slavish dread for which there is no need.

Besides, Gideon was in a state of mind in which he could be easily cast down. He was a brave man, but long affliction had cast a tinge of sadness over him. His usual conduct in life is *well pictured by*

THE TWO SIGNS

which God gave him. When all the people around him were with excitement, like the threshing floor, heated and dry, he, like the fleece, was cool and composed: and then, again, when all around him like the wet floor, were damped with discouragement, he alone remained in his ordinary condition, with not a drop of cowardice within him. That was the kind of man: calm, quiet, determined, brave. And you, dear heart, if you are seeking after peace with God I should not wonder if fear follows fear, and yet no fear drives you from looking unto the Lord. It is but natural that you should be overawed, but oh, be not despairing, for there is the surest reason for hope. Still look to Jesus, and He will surely in His due time send you a blessed deliverance.

One thing is noteworthy, namely, that *Gideon's greatest fear arose out of a sign which he had himself asked for.* He said, "Show me a sign," and when he had that sign, namely, God's coming to him, then it was that he was afraid. Be very chary how you ask for signs; for they may work your discouragement rather than your comfort. I have known some say, "I shall not believe I am a child of God unless I feel a deep sense of sin," and when they have entered into that feeling they have exclaimed, "I will never again ask for this." I have heard of others who thought they could come to Christ if they were gently drawn; and the Lord has been gently drawing them, and then they have wished that they had been more troubled and dis-

tressed. They imagine that they could have believed more readily had their despair been greater—a strange notion certainly.

The fact is, we are prone to unbelief: this noxious weed grows without sowing, and only the sweet love of Jesus can teach us how to believe. We are ever busy in manufacturing fresh doubts, and for raw material we use the very tokens for which we so earnestly besought the Lord. We cry aloud, "Show me a token for good," and when the token is given we are amazed at being heard, and fall to fearing more sadly than before. Therefore pray for such boons with bated breath, and say twice over concerning such things, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

All this while, beloved friends, *Gideon had one truth before him which ought to have prevented all his fears*: for the Lord had spoken to him, and said, "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have not I sent thee?" See, he goes home fearing that he will die, and yet that could not be. How could he die if he was to deliver Israel? he must be a live man to do that, and yet, you see, he forgets to reason for his own comfort, but takes care to argue for his fears. Have I never seen my hearers doing this? I have often caught myself at it—refusing to use my logic for the strengthening of my faith, but perverting reason in order to assist my unbelief. Is not this foolish and wicked? We sharpen the knives with which to cut ourselves; we nurture in our bosom the viper which will bite us; we stuff our pillows with thorns, and fill our cups with wormwood, and all to no purpose but the increase of despondency.

That sweet singer of the sanctuary, Miss Havergal, beautifully writes:

"They say there is a hollow, safe and still,

A point of coolness and repose

Within the centre of a flame, where 'life might dwell

Unharm'd and unconsum'd, as in a luminous shell,

Which the bright walls of fire inclose

In breachless splendor, barrier that no foes

Could pass at will.

"There is a point of rest

At the great centre of the cyclone's force,

A silence at its secret source—

A little child might slumber undistressed,

Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,

In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

"So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,

Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire—

As we fall o'eraw'd

Upon our faces, and are lifted higher

By his great gentleness, and carried nigher

Than unredeem'd angels, till we stand

Even in the hollow of his hand—

Nay, more! we lean upon his breast—

There, there we find a point of perfect rest

And glorious safety."

So dwell we in the heart of God, who is a wall of fire round about us, and the glory in our midst. He who shall have had everything burned up within him that can burn shall find in the presence of God the element of his life. Oh, the splendor of the life of faith! God bring us fully into it. Thus have I spoken of Gideon's fear while he was in the path of peace.

III. Now let us spend a few minutes in considering

GOD'S COMFORT

of His servant. "The Lord said unto him, *Shalom*—peace be unto thee; fear not: thou shalt not die." The Lord would not have His Gideons disturbed in mind. If we are to trouble the enemy we must not be troubled ourselves. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." This is how God would have His prophets speak, and this is how He speaks Himself. He wants His workers to be full of comfort while they labor.

Then the Lord added, "Thou shalt not die," thus meeting the special form of his dread. This is what the Lord says to every poor trembler who is holding to Him by the desperate grip of faith—"Thou shalt not die. Thou shalt not die the second death: thou hast no sin to die for, for I

have laid thy transgressions on My only-begotten Son; Thou shalt not die, for Jesus died. Thy spiritual life cannot expire, for thy 'life is hid with Christ in God,' and because Jesus lives thou shalt live also." When Jehovah speaks to comfort His people they are comforted indeed, and I pray Him this morning so to speak to any of you who wish to enjoy perfect peace. May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds by Christ Jesus. May you walk down those aisles saying, "Yes, I have peace with God: I have no fear now: I shall never die, for Jesus says, 'He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.'" What a morning without clouds will this be to your souls.

IV. Let us now look at

GIDEON'S MEMORIAL.

His fears being banished, and being at perfect peace, *Gideon now goes to work*. Are any of you questioning whether you are saved or not? Do not go out preaching yet, for you may, perhaps, put others into bondage. Are any of you half afraid that you are not at peace with God? Be careful what you do! Strive after peace, lest you weaken your testimony. I recollect the lesson which I learned from my Sunday-school class: I was taught, if the other boys were not. Though yet a youth, I was teaching the Gospel to boys, and I said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." One of them asked somewhat earnestly, "Teacher, are you saved?" I answered, "I hope so." The boy replied, "Teacher, don't you know?" As if he had been sent to push the matter home to me, he further inquired, "Teacher, have you believed?" I said, "Yes." "Have you been baptized?" I said, "Yes." "Well, then," he argued, "you are saved." I was happy to answer, "Yes, I am;" but I had hardly dared to say that before.

Look at certain of our brethren who preach and have no conversions. What is the reason in some cases? Is it not that they *fish all the week for frogs* to feed the people with, and people do not care to receive such food? I mean this. If some new doubt is hatched; if some philosopher thinks he has found out a flaw in the gospel, next Sunday these worthies discourse upon it, for they think every new query must be answered. As for me, I do not care a fig what all the philosophers find out, for they cannot disprove the facts of my experience. When I come across a fresh piece of infidelity I do not hurry to proclaim it to you, and so *do the devil's advertising for nothing*. Let others follow their business, if it be their business; as for me, my business is to preach the truth of God which I have learned from His infallible word by the teaching of His Spirit. God would have His people be at peace with Him, and know that they are so, for if they are fretted with, and worried in reference to their God, how can they fight the battles of life?

When Gideon is fully at peace, what does he begin to do for God? If God loves you He will use you either for suffering or service; and if He has given you peace you must now prepare for war. Will you think me odd if I say that our Lord came to give us peace that He might send us out to war? Gideon's first work was to go and *cut down his father's sacred grove*, which stood on the top of the hill, and inclosed an altar to Baal. He could not effect this business by day, because the foolish worshippers would have rallied to the defence of their dumb idol, and have overpowered the reformer; therefore with his ten men he performed the work by night. I think I see him and his people in the dim darkness, with their axes and saws, doing the work as quietly as they can felling all those trees. A splendid clearance was made that night.

"Now," cries he, "over with that detestable altar to Baal." Some people would have said, "Spare it as a fine piece of antiquity." Yes, and leave it to be used again! I say, down with it, for the older it is the more sin it has caused, and the more likely is it that it will be venerated again. I often wish the reformers had been more thorough in their destruction of idolatrous images and Popish trumpery. In many a parish church of this land everything is ready for the restoration of the

Roman idolatry. The nests were not half pulled down, and the rooks are likely to be back again. Many a window, full of saints the Bible never knew, only waits for the martyr-burners to be back again. Gideon cast down every stone, and it was bravely done.

But see, by the Lord's bidding *he piles a new altar of earth*, or unhewn stone; and when that is done, he fetches his father's bullock and slays it for a sacrifice. How steadily they went about this re-establishment of the pure faith! See, they use the wood of the grove for burning the sacrifice, and the heavens are red with the blaze. I think I hear the gallant leader say, "Let them wake now; they cannot prevent our worshipping the Most High, nor can they cause the grove to grow again."

Beloved, if God has given you peace, go home and begin your reform. I would preach up the overthrow of every sin. Down with every idol. Have you one left? Over with it, and present a sacrifice to God. Every true Christian should pass *a reform bill at home*, and carry it out.

"The dearest idol I have known,

Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from its throne,

And worship only thee."

TO PULL DOWN IS NOT ENOUGH.

Plenty of people can do that. Gideon, as we have seen, builds an altar to Jehovah. When you are at perfect peace with God, think what you can do for Him: think of a new plan of work, or consider how to do the old work better: advance any part of divine truth that has been forgotten, any ordinance that has been neglected, any virtue that has been despised. Especially make prominent Christ Jesus, the altar and sacrifice so dear to God. Now that you have begun the fight by cutting down Baal's grove, complete it by building an altar for the Lord. Instead of a fortress and high tower, declare the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, and hold that fort till He shall come.

See, brethren, and with that I finish, there may sit here this morning a young man who does not know what God is going to make of him. The capacities of service that God can infuse into a single individual are marvellous. At present you are disturbed in mind, afflicted in heart, ill at ease; you need perfect peace, but you have not found it yet. Rest not till you have it. At God's own altar, where Jesus died, you will find it, and only there. Where Jesus' blood makes peace with God there is your peace. I desire that down in the deepest caverns of your nature there may reign a profound calm which nothing can disturb. Oh for the valor which will smite everything that is sinful. "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon" be our watchword. As our Master was sent to destroy the works of the devil, even so do we bear the same commission, using only his weapons—love, truth, and self-sacrifice. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Efforts of a Converted Jewish Preacher among his co-religionists in Russia have been attended with some success. In writing from Odessa, Mr. Aaron Sternberg says that during a four months' journey through Southern Russia the Lord has blessed his efforts. The late persecution has humbled many a proud and obstinate spirit, and they seem now to cling to any one who offers to show them kindness, however averse they may at first be to the doctrines of the New Testament. Mr. Sternberg adds: "I am convinced that a great work can be done for God among the four millions of Jews in Russia, if done quietly, and as 'unto the Lord.' My opinion is that many Gentiles would indirectly feel the good influence, for among the hundred millions of souls in Russia, there are masses who have never seen, much less read, the New Testament."



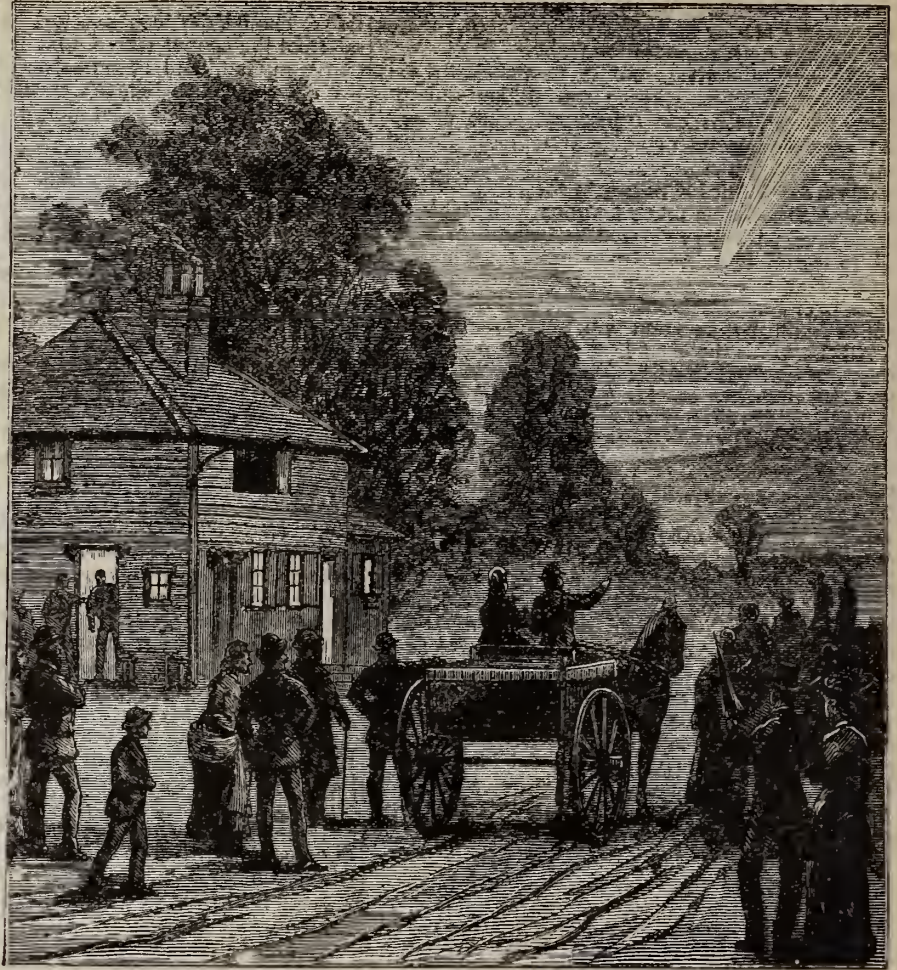
Saluting an African Chief.

SALUTING AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

THE abject servility with which the Hottentot regards his chiefs is displayed in all his actions, but in none so conspicuously as in the salutation he makes on coming into his presence. Then he prostrates himself in the dust, as shown in the illustration on this page, and offers homage more profound than some civilized people often offer to the Creator. The chief as he walks abroad is greeted in the same way as when he sits in state to receive the visits of his people. In a casual meeting, like that depicted above, the man sets down his burden, casts himself upon the ground, and there grovels, uttering loyal protestations meanwhile, the chief being at liberty to walk upon him, or kick him, or dispose of him in any way he thinks proper. As a rule, mollified by the attitude of reverence, the chief is magnanimous, though a trifle haughty, perhaps, and is gracious enough to accord permission to his subject to rise and "stand up upon his feet as a man."

M. F. Coillard, a missionary in Africa, relates in his letters many interesting details of the ways of these chiefs. Among them is that of the conversion of Chief Moshesh, of Basutoland, one of the most powerful warriors of South Africa. In the year 1870, being seized with an illness, he was led through the instrumentality of the Rev. F. Coillard, to accept the religion of Jesus Christ. From being a dreaded chief he became an exemplary Christian. During a prolonged season of weakness he never complained, but his heart was full of unspeakable joy. On the morning of his death, he suddenly cried out, "Help me, that I may fly! Help me, that I may fly!" One of his sons rushed to his bed and raised him in his arms, but the spirit had fled, and nothing was left but its earthly envelope. The funeral of the old belligerent chief was an imposing one, and his conversion to Christ and happy, triumphant death considerably accelerated the evangelization of the Basuto people, among whom M. Coillard is now laboring.

In the very heart of the "Dark Continent,"



The Minister's Departure and the Comet.

along its pestilential western coasts, and in its extensive southern districts, as elsewhere, the missionaries are encouraged by tokens of God's blessing. Tribes of savage natives are being civilized, reclaimed from their degradations, taught the value and dignity of individual life, and collected into villages. The Gospel of Christ has been faithfully preached, and in many instances attended with the power of salvation. Christian churches have been organized, and prayer and praise ascend to Heaven in places which were formerly the scenes of debasing idolatry, war, cruelty, and blood. This measure of success is an encouragement to perseverance, and an incentive to renewed efforts on the part of all who love Christ. Fields of labor are constantly opening up and the missionary societies are ready to occupy them for Christ if they only had men and money to extend their operations. There are few facts so humiliating as the one that there are thousands upon thousands of men who have never yet heard the name of Jesus, but who would gladly receive missionaries; yet the missionary societies cannot reach them for want of money. As we look around us at the lavish display of wealth, at the luxury of our fellow-citizens, at our half-filled churches, and think then of those benighted people living untaught and unsaved, we cannot avoid asking ourselves the question, Will not God for these things bring us unto judgment?

A TALK ABOUT THE COMET.

ABOUT an hour before sunrise on a recent morning, a number of people were gathered on a village road which led to the nearest railroad station twenty miles off. There was a reason for the assemblage of so many people at that unusual hour. A minister of the gospel highly respected in the village, was to set out that morning for a three months' tour. A severe illness had prostrated him, and as he slowly regained strength the doctor insisted on change of air and scene. The people loved their minister, and his recovery was made the subject of many prayers, so when the

doctor's order was made known a meeting was held in the village school the same night, and a sum of money was subscribed so that the good clergyman might have a real, enjoyable holiday, and take his wife with him. So it was all arranged and as the minister and his wife drove from their home in the early morning, they were met on the outskirts of the village by a large number of their friends who had turned out to say farewell and God-speed to them. A hearty shake of the hand and the minister and his wife were whirled away on their journey followed by the blessings of their friends.

As the party broke up to return to their homes, some few of them who were going in the same direction resumed a conversation which the minister's arrival had interrupted, about the comet which was then and still is so conspicuous an object in the morning skies. George Harding, the young school teacher, with whom from boyhood astronomy had been his best-loved study, was one of the group, and as they strolled homeward he was appealed to for information. He told them how the unexpected celestial visitor was causing discussion as to its identity, some astronomers contending that it was a comet, the orbit of which was gradually contracting, and every revolution drawing closer and closer to the sun, while others identified it with comets which had appeared in certain years long gone by. He told them that it had been proved that the tail was at least *fifty millions of miles in length*, that it was believed to be 36,000,000 miles from the earth when first seen, and its rate of travel is 1,500,000 a day, and that it was expected to approach within 15,000,000 miles of the earth. From this point the conversation proceeded to other astronomical topics, until the party separated on their respective roads.

Amid all the speculations the spectacle of this wonderful comet has aroused, and the awe-inspiring accounts astronomers give us of this and the other celestial bodies, one thought above all others fills the Christian's breast. As he reads of these immense worlds travelling around in their orbits and is impressed with the vastness of the subject, he

thinks, "My father made them all." We know not whether the stars are inhabited, whether they may be the abodes of beings who have never fallen, but this we do know that they are sustained in their places and kept in their courses by Him who lived and died for our salvation, and that He who guides the stars has promised that whosoever believeth in Him shall be called the Sons of God and shall live in His presence and the light of His countenance throughout eternity. Truly "the Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork" (Psa. 19: 1).

AMY'S COQUETRY.

"GOOD morning, Amy! How long have you been on the sands? I have been looking for you for half an hour. I have something very particular to say to you." This was the greeting of a gentleman, tall and faultlessly attired, to a young lady—his niece—whom he met on the sands nearly half a mile from the hotel at which they were staying.

"Something disagreeable, of course, uncle," she said; "it always is when you have 'something very particular to say.' Really, I declare one might as well be an old woman at once as—"

"As what, Amy? There are many worse things, I assure you, than being an old woman. For instance, if I were a young lady like you I should dread much more the reputation of being a hollow-hearted coquette; that is worse than the approach of life's mellow autumn-tide, with its chastened beauty and kindly grace."

Amy Russell grew more patient and subdued as her uncle uttered his gentle reproof, and her eyes drooped under his steady gaze.

Maurice Harley had since her childhood faithfully and lovingly cared for his sister's only child, who had lost both her parents in her infancy. Amy was now budding into womanhood. Her features, though not of classic regularity, were well-defined and betokened considerable intelligence; and when kindled into radiance by the force of inward feeling, had a charm cold, regular placid beauty never has. Amy was a good-hearted girl, never designedly hurting the feelings of others; but yet hurting them very often through lack of thought. Her impulsive warmth of disposition, the absence of restraint in her intercourse even with strangers, had led more than one young man to fancy that she loved him. It must be admitted too that Amy took no pains to deceive them when she became aware of their sentiments, but rather enjoyed the fun of a little love making in which her own heart was not engaged. But she was like a child playing with fire, and was doing more harm than she knew. It was fun to her, but the most sacred feelings of men's hearts had been trifled with, and they spoke of her as a heartless girl. Her uncle's reproof, therefore, was not unmerited, especially as he had that morning received a letter which he believed to be a new illustration of Amy's heedlessness.

"Amy," said her uncle, "have you given any encouragement to Percival Hastings, which justifies him in thinking that if he obtains my consent, you will regard him as your accepted suitor?"

"I think it's really too bad of you, uncle, to put such an absurd question to me. Why, what is



Amy Russell's Defence of Flirting.

Percival Hastings to me more than others, I should like to know? I am not answerable for his feelings, or the conclusion which he draws from his own wishes, am I?"

"No, Amy, not for conclusions drawn from his wishes; but Mr. Hastings has written me a letter, in which he says that he has your sanction for asking my consent to your engagement with him."

"Mr. Hastings misunderstood me, uncle. I gave him no authority to say such a thing. Last week, when he was here, he bothered and teased me with all sorts of nonsense, and asked if he might write to you, and I said, 'Write to Uncle Maurice? Why, of course you may, if you want to.' But how was I to know what he was going to write about?"

"That answer is unworthy of you, Amy. You must have been pretty well satisfied as to what he implied by asking you if he might write to me. You must have encouraged him as you have done others or he would not have written this." Mr. Harley was grieved, and he showed it by the unwonted severity of his manner. "What am I to say to Mr. Hastings?" he asked at length.

"Tell him I don't want anything to do with him;" and with a musical laugh, Amy suddenly turned round and tripped lightly back toward the hotel, leaving Uncle Maurice standing alone, amazed and sorry.

But Amy was not so light-hearted about the matter as she endeavored to make it appear. Not that she cared for Percival Hastings. In that she spoke truly. But her uncle's sorrow and vexation

had touched her, for she loved him dearly, and his reproof had sunk into her heart more deeply than might have been supposed. When she was alone in her own room, she threw herself on the lounge and burst into tears. She called herself an ingrate for hurting the feelings of one who had been to her a father. She felt no remorse about her disappointed lovers, but over her uncle's grief she sorrowed deeply. It was not, however, of very long continuance, for her naturally high spirits soon asserted themselves and she rose from the lounge, washed the traces of tears from her face, and prepared to descend to her aunt's room. As she turned from her mirror her eyes fell upon a needlework text 'her dead mother's own work, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That was not for her, she told herself. Life was very bright to her, and her path had been so smoothened that she was neither weary nor heavy laden, and she passed on eager for the pleasure before her.

But years afterward, in that same room, to which she went oppressed with bitter sorrow, grieving over the inconstancy of one to whom she had given her heart's love, her eyes fell on that same text with changed feelings. To her then One who promised rest to those who came to Him was one to be sought by her. In that hour, Amy Russell was upon her knees in prayer, making her own the words of the familiar and pathetic hymn, "Just as I am, and waiting not." And there was joy that day, "in the presence of the angels of God," for this soul which had given itself to Christ. The sorrow, which God had seen she needed to drive her to the Saviour, had fallen upon her, and she

craved the rest only He can give. She lived to see the day when she could say of the grief that in that bitter moment rent her heart, "Precious sorrow, it was the seed of joy unspeakable."

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 639.)

The Tramp Turns Detective.

"BUT why do you come to me?" asked Mr. Copleston of the mayor. "Was it any one whom I know, then?"

"Well," said the mayor, "that is rather a puzzling question to answer, simple as it sounds. But anyway, all we want is for you to be good enough to tell us how to get hold of him, to make him let us at least thank him for the tremendous service he has rendered us. At present all the information that Enid has been able to glean from her preserver about himself is meagre—that he has known you since Sunday last, that his address, is the fields round Silverdale, and his name—a Tramp."

"Ah—h!" ejaculated Mr. Copleston softly. "Ah! I began to suspect who it must be. And Enid found his conduct—that of a gentleman?"

He had scarcely uttered that latter question when a queer, amused look in his companion's eyes made the color mount into his own forehead. He added quickly, in a low tone of apology, "Of a man, I will say, if you prefer it. It means the same thing, or should do so. A gentleman is not a creature dependent on birth and breeding."

The mayor smiled. "No, no, Vicar, I know that; and I hope in the Christian sense of the title,

I do merit to be called a gentleman; but *the blacking's not been invented yet, I'm afraid, that'll give me the outside polish.*"

"And never need be," said the Vicar, grasping his friend's brave, honest hand in a warm grasp.

"None the less for that," said the ex-tinker, being the first to break a short silence, "none the less for that, there's no calling for a man to get rid of the brightness when he's once got it. Though I haven't it myself, I take it it's a good gift, like everything else that's pleasant, and meant to be made the most of. However, that's neither here nor there at the present minute, more than it concerns the fact that, according to Enid, the young fellow who came so in the nick of time to her aid has a very good share of it I suppose."

"Enid is quite right," said Mr. Copleston. "In all his wanderings he has lost little in speech or manner of what he must have gained in boyhood in the Welsh vicarage. I confess that he has made a most favorable impression upon me, in spite of his present wretched plight, and I would most gladly give him another chance to retrieve his character and position."

"Ah!" exclaimed the mayor, "now we are coming to the gist of the matter. That is the very thing. Human sympathy, or Christian sympathy—"

"Both combined," interrupted the Vicar, smiling.

"Aye, aye! well, of course, both combined," assented Mr. Barnes with an answering smile. "Both combined in our heart make you wish to help the poor fellow—'Mr. Tramp,' as my birdie calls him. But it is something far stronger than sympathy with his misfortunes, whatever they may have been, that makes me long to be of use to him, as you can well understand. I feel as if I deserved to be shied over into that chalk pit myself for every hour that I leave him starving, ragged, and homeless. Can you give me any idea where I am likely to find him?"

"More than an idea—a certainty, I believe," said Mr. Copleston. "And for that matter, although he chooses still to remain ragged and homeless he is no longer starving; for even his scrupulous determination to spurn anything that can bear the appearance of charity, consents to receive sufficient day's wage to pay for a day's food. His strong arms have done me a service as well as Miss Enid; for he did the greater part of the work, I can assure you, toward getting in my field of corn before the thunder-storm. He was at it early and late Tuesday and Wednesday, declaring that the weather was going to break sooner than any of us imagined."

"Umph!" ejaculated the mayor, "he seems to have a lot of capabilities."

"But to be master of none," sighed the clergyman. "I think I shall have to preach a sermon upon restlessness. I had no idea before last Sunday of what a very terrible evil it might prove. This poor fellow might have been not only a respectable, but a highly-honored member of society long ago, I feel convinced, but for this wretched restlessness—never satisfied, never still."

"Then," said Mr. Barnes, with cool determination, "we shall have to chain him here somehow, as they do dogs, until he has learnt to like the place and people too well to care to leave it."

"I only hope you may be able," was the hearty agreement. "You'll find him any time to-day, I believe, at work among my young apple trees on the border of that bit of debatable land between Silverdale and Farmer Jenkins's place in the next parish."

His companion raised his eyebrows. "Well, Vicar, I don't think—forgive my saying so, but I really don't think that I should have chosen that precise place to send the unknown vagrant to. Why, that bit of debatable land is the haunt of any ragamuffins there may be lurking in the whole countryside. Depend upon it, my journey there will be useless. The restlessness you speak of will have taken him off with some of them before I get a chance to put on my chain. I hoped he was round here, under your eyes."

Mr. Copleston looked doubtful and anxious himself for a few moments, when he began to answer, but his tone grew firmer as he proceeded. "No,

my friend; there, I trust, you are wrong. You have not seen this stranger, and spoken to him, as I have done. I acknowledge that last night when I was puzzling what employment I could find him next, and the idea first occurred to me that I might send him to see what he could do for me about those trees, I did have some hesitation myself on the grounds you mention; but I came eventually to the conclusion that if he were really one to be so very easily led astray as all that, he had better go his way before he had gained any firmer hold on our friendships."

Mr. Barnes had soon skirted the village, and then, to avoid the heat of the sun, he turned off from the sunlit lanes into Mossley Wood. It gave him a longer walk, but a very beautiful one, taking him round one edge of the troublesome debatable land, and so up again to the vicar's apple plantation.

Three or four years ago the Deadman's Plot had belonged to a miserable old miser, uncle of Farmer Jenkins, father of an only ne'er-do-well son, whom he had cut off with a shilling. To Farmer Jenkins he had left some small portion of his property, to a mad asylum the greater part of it, and this slip of rich land to "Timothy Snooks, of Tasmania," a being whom every one suspected had no existence even in the miser's imagination. But the spiteful joke meantime did as much harm, while vain efforts were made to find this unreal Mr. Timothy Snooks, as the miser had desired. Gypsies and vagabonds of all sorts made it a camping-ground. Now and again, with the thankful connivance of his neighbors, Farmer Jenkins took some little portion of it into cultivation, and for the sake of his own crops gave the whole plot some useful supervision.

But although by this means the neighborhood was kept clear of the ordinary troublesome class of vagrants, some one or more of a subtler description invariably contrived to gain footing on the place just on the ripe eve of gathering the outlying crops and never once yet had Farmer Jenkins contrived to reap much advantage from his efforts to frustrate his uncle's mischief for his own good. However, he was gifted with a certain amount of dogged obstinacy proper to a class of men whose whole occupation teaches them a waiting policy, and the very difficulty of getting a profit out of the wasting land made him the more desirous to do so. This year he had planted a good large patch with wheat, which was doing finely, although it was not so forward as that of his brethren in his own and the adjoining parishes. The wood which sheltered it from cold winds likewise kept off some of the sun.

It also afforded harborage and concealment to any one who might wish to injure it, and such an one was hiding there now as the mayor came slowly on.

A mean, miserable, crouching creature was the hiding miscreant, peering out of his lair with the cunning eyes of a half-sober drunkard at the unsuspecting pedestrian. He did not know that he also, in turn, was being watched by one whom nature and habit had combined to render singularly keen-sighted and keen-witted. This second watcher had thrown himself down just within the shelter of the wood for a five minutes' rest, and to eat his bread and cheese dinner, the first meal he had allowed himself that day, at the moment when a high shouldered, slouching fellow came skulking along within a few feet of him, and looking so anxiously behind him for observers who were not there, that he did not see the one before him who was noting his suspicious movements with such silent closeness.

The coward ne'er-do-well came on another creeping, cautious step or two, and then turning his back upon that little-dreamt-of companion, he crouched down, muttering with a sort of tipsy chuckle of sly malice:

"Ah, my fine cousin; now to cry quits again! And what could be better for me than the crazy-pated parson's benevolence. It's easy to guess now on whose head the mischief-cap will be fitted; and, once more, 'poor Joe, who's nobody's enemy but his own,' will get off scot free with the added sweet drop of revenge."

The bread-and-cheese eater left off eating, and lay perfectly still, with increased comprehension of impending mischief, and just anger in his heart at the cruelty implied in the last sentence. For one moment he thought of rising and disclosing his presence; but an instant's reflection convinced him that such a measure would be in the highest degree imprudent. It would wain off the evil-doer for the present, only to leave him at liberty to fulfil his base designs at some future opportunity, when no one might be at hand to frustrate them. The two, the watcher and the watched, were both within a few feet of Farmer Jenkins's patch of corn, standing up bright and golden in the sunlight, and very little the worse for the two hours' storm of yesterday morning.

A hot afternoon, a hot night, and the present brilliant sun had made it and the ground forget that any rain had fallen within the past month. The man dragged himself closer to it, closer yet, until he was close up. Then he drew a match-box from his pocket, and from a tin can a quantity of ends of turpentine-soaked rope. At this moment he caught sight of the mayor, and drew himself closer together, and cut of sight, until Mr. Barnes had slowly paced on upward with his back instead of his face toward his hidden neighbor and the corn. Thus pursuing his way toward the apple-tree ground, the mayor caught sight of a man lying in deep shadow behind the felled trunks of a couple of silver beeches. He stood still and looked at the man, himself unseen. This watcher was much too intent on the movements of the would-be incendiary to be gazing about him for other objects of interest.

A very vexed expression overspread the mayor's shrewd, kind countenance as he stood thus, looking between the baffling shadows of the many trees hetwixt him and that other human being. If yonder lay the object of his search, as he felt convinced he did, Mr. Barnes saw signs of what he considered a far greater obstacle to the progress of the man he was so desirous to befriend, than the restlessness of which Mr. Copleston had spoken. As he had been walking along he had thought of many employments with a good deal of change and variety in them that he might manage, with a little thought and trouble, to provide for the satisfaction of restlessness, but the sight now before him hinted at something far more hopeless—a dreamy indolence, a wretched, down-dragging slothfulness.

"How little can girls judge of character," he murmured softly. "Poor little birdie! What would she think now if she could see her knight wasting his great strength, and the best hours of the day at the same time, snoring on the ground? What can she or any of us do to cure inbred laziness?"

Meantime, while he thus moralizes, it may be remarked that, however appearances might be in favor of his opinion of the laziness of the individual he was watching, the mention of "snoring" was decidedly not justified by facts. The recumbent figure was silent still, scarcely breathing in fact, till all of a sudden, with a great cry and bound, he rose: the mayor turned at the same moment, and he too uttered a breathless exclamation of concern and indignation as he saw a great blaze among the corn of Farmer Jenkins, and a man flying along the edge of the field, evidently startled by the shout behind him.

Before Mr. Barnes could recover presence of mind to speak or move, or make any effort to attract the notice of the person whom he now found he had been judging so wrongly, the man had started off in pursuit of the flying scoundrel, who had gained some advantage in the race by being already free of the tangled undergrowth, which two or three times tripped up the over-eager steps of one who was too excited to be cautious. However, both were too fleet for the worthy mayor's ponderous frame to compete with in a running match. He took the wiser part of hurrying back down the path, pulling off his coat as he went, and flinging it on the top of a ragged one, which had already reduced to volumes of smoke the scarcely caught straw.

Then he made his way to Farmer Jenkins's

home, where he arrived at the nick of time to see an excited group gather in the farmyard, the centre of the group consisting of the farmer himself, and two wild, disordered, crimson-faced men. One, a great, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, ragged to a degree, and lean-cheeked and coatless; the other, decently clothed, but with a bleary-eyed, cringing face; at the present moment he had a half-throated-looking face too, for his stalwart companion had his fingers knitted with a tight, strong grasp in the collars of both coat and shirt. The farmer was staring at them both with a countenance in which anger and wonder struggled for mastery. The first to speak was the tatterdemalion. Standing square and upright, and looking every inch a man, as Miss Enid Barnes, or any woman or fellow-man either, must have declared, he exclaimed, giving at the same time a shake to his caitiff captive, as of an honest mastiff shaking a thievish mongrel cur:

"There, sir, your corn has just been set on fire, and you see before you *the two blackguards* who were in its neighborhood when the deed was done. Either he did it, or I. You have but the word of one blackguard to set against the word of another. He told you, as I dragged him into this yard, that he did the abominable deed; I charge him with it. His looks are enough to hang him; my appearance and utter want of character are enough to hang me. You can believe neither. Send me to jail, but send him there also."

This rapid, passionate speech, with its imperative wind-up, had been poured out in such a torrent that none of the listeners appeared to have any wits left, when it came to an end, to make it a reply of any kind. The first to break the silence was the shaking, half-throated drunkard, who whined out:

"Ah, cousin Jenkins, you know well enough he's telling a pack of shameful lies: make him let me go. As if I'd do a finger's turn to injure you after all you've done for me."

(To be continued.)

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

S. S. Lesson for October 22. Mark 14: 32-42. Golden Text Isa. 53: 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Truth Divinely Brought Back—Joshua the Sin-Bearer—The Oil-press—The Psalmist's Prophecy—The Last Conflict—An Angel Comforter—Forbearance to the Disciples—A Safe Refuge—The Real Death—The Divine Scapegoat—It is Enough—The Betrayer's Constant Presence.

The passage chosen for our golden text is full of significance. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;" or as quoted in Matthew, and as given in the French, German, and several foreign translations, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8: 17). The Lord is bringing back to us the precious truth that spirit, soul and body are but parts of one whole, which He wills to be *wholly sanctified* and "preserved blameless (or entire R. V.), unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. 5: 23). True, we shall never know thefulness of Christ's redemption until death "the last enemy," "shall be destroyed" (1 Cor. 15: 26), and until the church shall have ceased her roaring, "waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body" (Rom. 8: 23) from "the bondage of corruption" (Rom. 8: 21). But let us not therefore fail to claim all we may, all which the primitive church claimed and possessed, in freedom from sin, the world, sickness, and self.

"Himself took our infirmities." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." We behold our Joshua (the same name as Jesus) "standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at His right hand to resist Him" (Zech. 3: 1). How does He stand? "Now Joshua was

CLOTHED WITH FILTHY GARMENTS."

Whence came they? "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Sin, self, sickness, in all their hideousness, in all their horror, in all their agony, lay there upon Him. He must deal with them, or we must be delivered over to their power. If God deal with *us* about sin, every soul of man is lost, not one can raise his

head for a moment, "God hath concluded all under sin." If God deal with us about the consequences of sin, sickness and death, then not one of us can claim exemption; "death passed upon all men for that all have sinned," and sickness—the chastisement under the law for failing to hearken unto the voice of the Lord and to obey Him (Ex. 15: 26; 23: 20-25; Deut. 7: 12-15; 28: 15, 21, 22, 27-29, 35, 58-61), and equally so under the New Testament (1 Cor. 11: 30-32), who can claim exemption from it as a personal right? Surely not one. But He who is not ashamed to call us brethren, He who has indeed done a Brother's and more than a Brother's part, He whose raiment is shining exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them" (Mark 9: 3) took upon Him the filthy garments of our sins, and our sins' consequences. And standing before the shekinah in the temple of the Lord, *i.e.*, in the immediate and manifest presence of God, He, the Father "answered and spake unto those that stood before Him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from Him."

FROM HIM,

therefore from us only as we take and retain our place in Him. "Without Me ye can do nothing." As members of His body, of His flesh, of His bones, as having no life, no right, no claim but in Him, all which He bore for us is taken away, and in Him we find other garments; righteousness and cleanness of heart instead of sin, health instead of sickness, the life of Christ instead of self. In Him there is power and certainty in resisting all the attempts of Satan to overcome us through sin and its consequences, and we can say with authority, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan."

No wonder the scene of our beloved Lord's agony was Gethsemane the oil-press, for there He was pressed as the olive-berries were. "They came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and He saith to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray." How little knew those disciples, and how little can we enter into, what was there about to be done. In that brief hour the eternal destinies of millions had to be secured, the claims of God's holiness vindicated, the voice of the adversary stilled; and all lay on One who had taken upon Him the form of a Servant, and who as Man stood there pleading the cause for all men. "And He taketh with Him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy: and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch."

Here, as well as upon the cross, the crushing load was upon Him and the words of the Psalmist were undoubtedly prophetic (Ps. 38: 1-7). Oh, how this description of physical and mental suffering combined, explains those filthy garments upon our High Priest, that bearing of sin and sickness! Surely every form of sin and sickness lay upon Him; twice He says, that there is no soundness in His flesh, and every expression of His spiritual suffering is intense, "Thy hand presseth Me sore; Mine iniquities are gone over Mine head; as a heavy burden, they are too heavy for Me; I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly." The oil-press was doing its terrible work, He cried, "I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of My heart."

At last His endurance almost gave way, "My heart panteth, My strength faileth Me; as for the light of Mine eyes, it also is gone from Me." Surely it was at this point that "He went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him. And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from Me; nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt." "And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him" (Luke 22: 43). Was it under this new strength that

HE CAME TO HIS DISCIPLES?

"He cometh and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldst not thou watch one hour?" Where was the devotion which had boasted, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I. . . . If I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee in any wise?" O how human nature would have been inclined to feel

contempt for Peter, how human nature would have detailed its wrongs at being thus left alone to suffer, while the love of the disciples was not equal so much as to keep them from sleeping at such an hour! Yet there was no bitterness in Jesus. He only exhorted them, "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak;" finding an excuse for them, while He, at that very moment, lay under the curse of their sin!

And again He went away and prayed, and spake the same words. Was it this second time that He prayed as Luke records, "Father if Thou be willing to remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done" (Luke 22: 42, margin). He "offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and

WAS HEARD IN THAT HE FEARED"

(Heb. 5: 7), yet He did not avail Himself of the answer, but drank the cup of the wrath of God to the very dregs for us. O God, teach us to understand such love! A second time, and a third time He returned to the disciples in the midst of His terrible struggle, and found them sleeping. They were not witnesses of the awful scene when, "being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke 22: 44). And our eyes are heavy now; the enemy of souls and bodies, the enemy of God, seeks to keep our eyes closed against these great realities, that he may deprive Jesus of our heart's love, and of the glory of saving us from sin and its consequences. While the enemy of souls seems to attack us he aims higher, and stands at the right hand of our High Priest in our hearts, "to resist Him." If we take our stand in Jesus and not in ourselves meeting the enemy's attacks in Him, we in Him are invulnerable; Satan cannot penetrate the wings of the Almighty under which we take our refuge.

The struggle was over, the real death was already accomplished, the sacrifice was already being consumed and He who had been taking the place of priest was going to take the place of victim manifestly before the world. Like the scapegoat, the iniquities of a world had been placed upon His head, and He was being led out into "a land not inhabited" (Lev. 16: 21, 22). "He cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest." Yes He had made provision during that hour of agony, for the peace and rest of soul of all who will come to Him. And yet how heartless seem the disciples, and oh, how heartless are we, unless our whole being responds, and our whole life takes its tone from this one great Sacrifice of Jesus

"IT IS ENOUGH"

He said, Yes, thank God, it is enough; nothing less could have redeemed us, but praise God, it takes nothing more," nothing but the blood of Jesus. O how all our miserable efforts sink into insignificance, how full of senseless presumption they are, when we see the divine side of Redemption. If God says, "*It is enough*," let us at least forbear to add anything of ours. But if indeed "*it is enough*," let us then claim for the honor and glory of our Lord, all which His redemption has purchased us. Let us take unlimited freedom from sin, its condemnation, its power, its consequences, that our devotion to our Lord may also be unlimited, in service, in endurance, in suffering of persecution, trial, death if needful, for His sake.

"It is enough, *the hour is come*," behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth Me is at hand." The disciples knew not the opportunity they had lost. It was the last hour they had the chance of watching with Jesus, and they lost it. Oh, how often has He watched with us, in sickness, in sorrow, in trial, in temptation, but when do we watch with Jesus? What do we know about fellowship with His sufferings, about watching with Him? Oh, how few of us are occupied with His interests, rejoicing in His joys, sad with His sorrows. Everywhere, in every church, in almost every family, he that betrayeth Jesus in some way or other is at hand. Lord teach us, burn into us, the lessons of Gethsemane.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Fate of Arabi Pacha still Hangs in the balance. The commission before which he and his fellow-conspirators are to be tried has commenced its sittings. Arabi petitioned for a trial before English judges but his request was refused. An impression prevails that the Khédive is determined that Arabi shall be executed, but in England and other European countries the vindictive feeling against him has abated, especially since the statement has been made that no genuine documents implicating him in the massacre of Alexandria have been found.

A Most Painful Sensation has been Produced in England by the report circulated by the military correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, who makes the most serious charges, and strongly fortifies them, against the English soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir. He states that the Egyptians lying wounded and helpless in the trenches after the assault were butchered and robbed by the soldiers. Eight wounded Egyptians were shot in his presence, another stabbed, and robbery was carried on right and left. Strict investigation is called for by the English press and if it is shown that the soldiers so disgraced themselves and their country they will undoubtedly be severely punished for conduct so repugnant to English principles.

The Destruction of Bibles at Alexandria during the bombardment, is one of the sad incidents of the war in Egypt. The British and Foreign Bible Society's depot at Alexandria, with its stock of Scriptures, valued at \$2000, was totally destroyed by fire during the conflagration which occurred at the time of the bombardment. The total loss of the Society was about \$5000.

Mr. John Bright has Suffered in Popularity by his denunciation of the war in Egypt. Even Radical journals which for many years have been his enthusiastic admirers attack him with acrimony. The Liberal machine is also opposed to him, and it is even said that at the next election he will lose his seat for Birmingham just as he lost his seat for Manchester at the time of the Crimean war. Mr. Bright has been one of the representatives of Birmingham in Parliament for twenty-five years.

A Cyclone Swept over Ireland on October 1st. At Cork more damage was done on land than had been caused by any previous storm for twenty years past. The American ship, Harvey Mills, from Liverpool for New York, lying at Queenstown, was driven ashore, and several yachts were sunk in the harbor. At Newry a large number of houses were greatly damaged, and the town was flooded. At Limerick twenty feet of the spire of a Catholic church was blown down during service, causing a panic among the congregation, which was, however, quickly allayed. The county jail was damaged. The gale was severely felt at Bangor and Killarney and along the whole southern coast of Ireland. It is feared that serious shipping casualties occurred.

The Hope of Discovering the Murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke which was almost abandoned, has been revived by the discovery of the weapons used by the murderers. They were found concealed in the rafters of a stable in the rear of a house belonging to a man who was recently sentenced to penal servitude for intimidating an informer. It is alleged that the informer was the driver of the car in which the assassins rode on the night of the murder. The weapons found were four knives, nine inches long, with blades three-quarters of an inch wide. They are quite new and very sharp, and are evidently surgical dissecting knives. There were discolorations on them, which on chemical analysis proved to have been made by human blood. The police believe the murderers are still in Ireland.

A More Hopeful Prospect of Peace in Ireland is reported by the European correspondents of American journals. Mr. L. J. Jennings of the *New York World* says: "The announcement of the closing of the Land League Fund by the *Irish World* in New York is very generally regarded here as affording conclusive proof of the successful working of the 'Kilmainham treaty.' The belief is very strong that Mr. Parnell and his followers in-

tend working with the Liberals during the adjourned session of Parliament which is soon to open, under, it is supposed, a promise of further concessions next year. The followers of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Dillon have scarcely had time to rally themselves, and their future course is very uncertain. The probability, however, seems to be that under the double influence of the good harvest and the energetic enforcement of the law, Ireland will be more peaceful for the next few months than it has been."

Queen Victoria has Suffered a Bereavement which though not of a family character appears to have caused her sincere sorrow. The Dean of Windsor who was a nephew of the great Duke of Wellington died on September 24th, and the Queen who had listened to his preaching when at Windsor Castle for twenty-eight years, had become deeply attached to him. The *Court Circular* which is the Queen's organ, says: "The loss to the Queen, to whom the Dean had been a devoted, valuable, and dear friend, as well as a wise counsellor, is irreparable. He had been for thirty-three years domestic chaplain to Her Majesty, and for twenty-eight years Dean of Windsor. His loss will also be deeply felt by the royal family and by the whole of the Queen's household, by whom he was much beloved." The *London Times* says Her Majesty is reported to have said that he was the last survivor of her early friends. A portrait of him, painted specially for Her Majesty, hangs in the vestibule leading to the private apartments at Windsor, opposite to the picture of the late Dean Stanley. She presented a copy of this portrait to him as a mark of her esteem.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley the American Explorer of Africa and the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone, is now paying a brief visit to London. It is stated that his ultimate intention is to revisit Africa. He expresses the belief that the great lakes and rivers of Central Africa can be made easy channels of trade. He says that his last expedition confirmed his opinion that the African population, if properly managed and better treated by European and especially the Arab traders on both coasts, would soon allow access of their territories to trade and explorers. North and Central Africa and the Equatorial regions yet can afford much field for exploration to upset the actual mistaken notions of geographers. He has grown stouter and looks much older and more bronzed, but is in good health.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have Made a most successful tour through some of the largest towns of South Wales. In every place vast crowds attend their services, and many profess to be converted through their instrumentality. Swansea and Cardiff have been greatly blessed by their visit. On Sunday, September 17th, they commenced in Newport, Mon., in the Victoria Hall, which was rented by the local committee for two weeks. This is the largest building in Newport, and was continually crowded. There were meetings for Christian workers and children, as well as the ordinary evangelistic services, and so dense were the multitudes, that overflow meetings were held in the Stow Hill Baptist Chapel. A notorious infidel has been brought to Newport, and held forth in the Albert Hall, right opposite to the Baptist Chapel; but the Lord's work went on successfully, many at the evangelistic meetings professing to have found peace and salvation through faith in the blood of Christ. An English journal says Mr. Moody expected to commence services in Paris last Sunday.

The Procession Carrying the Sacred Carpet from Cairo to Mecca, set out on October 5th. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "The Egyptian route is from Cairo on the track taken by the ancient Israelites across the desert to Suez, and from thence across the 'great and terrible wilderness' of North Arabia to Akaba, at the head of the eastern branch of the Red Sea. Striking southward it proceeds through the desolate and dangerous regions of West Arabia until at length, after a journey of 1000 miles, the sight of Mecca, gives the pilgrim hope of rest and safety. The trials to which 'faith' is exposed in this journey are almost beyond endurance. Fatigue kills many,

Thirst destroys many more. Ablution and cleanliness are impracticable. The caravan, as it toils its slow length along scorched by the sun, suffocated by dust, and followed by the famished vulture, is a moving miasma." When the caravan was journeying to Suez on the way to Mecca, the canopy over the Sacred Carpet was caught and overturned by a telegraph wire, and the venerated emblem was exposed to view. The dervishes in charge were greatly excited by the accident. It is not certain but that the caravan will have to return, and the superstitious ceremony be performed over again in Cairo.

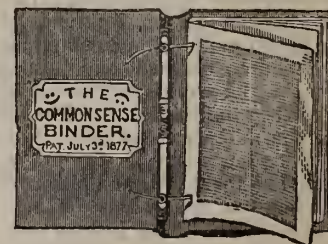
The "Blue Ribbon Gospel Army," Which is a special organization under the presidency of the Rev. M. Baxter, editor of *The Christian Herald*, and is one of the various companies of the general Blue Ribbon Movement, is carrying on successful evangelistic work in England and Scotland. Nine important centres have already been established from which the movement is spreading around the adjacent country. Its aim is to rescue the drunkard from his thralldom through faith in the Saviour, and to lead him to believe to the salvation of his soul. Contributions in aid of the enormous expenses of this organization if sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, will be forwarded to Rev. M. Baxter.

Experiments with Alcohol have been Made on hogs by two French doctors at Grenelle, who have conducted them at the expense of a rich Swedish philanthropist, for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of alcohol on the internal organs of drunkards. Fifteen pigs were treated daily upon various descriptions of alcohol, and then killed after the process of alcoholization had gone on for some time. Each pig had a different description of liquor. One had whiskey, another brandy, a third absinthe, and so on. When killed their vital organs were found to be marked with small spots resembling ulcers. Their flesh was sound, but when sent to market it was seized as unfit for food.

A Christian Women's Conference was Recently held at Brighton, England. Among the speakers was Miss De Broen, whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 14th, 1881, together with some account of the wonderful work she has been enabled to accomplish in Paris. She said: "Now that France is leaving Romanism, the devil lays hold of the people for infidelity, the number of blasphemous publications issued from the press was appalling. She produced three of these, parodies on the Bible and the Life of Christ. People had also said to her, 'Why did you not bring us the Gospel sooner, you might have spared many a revolution.' She did not know how long things could go on as they were, the moral condition of Paris was so dreadful."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth,



with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of one dollar. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1882.

16th Year. No. 42.—New Series.

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MRS. ELIZABETH FRY, THE PRISON EVANGELIST—SCENES IN HER LIFE.

ELIZABETH FRY, THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

Born in 1780—Ancestry—Early Death of Her Mother—The Means of Her Conversion—Prophecy Concerning Her Life-Work—Visits Reynolds, the Philanthropist—Marriage in 1800—Fear of a French Invasion—Commencement of Mrs. Fry's Public Ministry—Begins Prison Visitation in 1813—The Inside of Newgate—A Desperate Felon Converted—Removing Females for Transportation—Solemn Scene on a Convict Ship—Prepares and Publishes a "Text-Book"—A Ratcatcher's Wife Converted—Visits Princess Victoria in 1831—Philanthropic Work on the Continent—Last Days at Ramsgate.

IT has of late years become the fashion in many circles to regard the profession of religion as a comparatively unimportant matter. Men go about their daily business, and those who meet with them, and are in their society during the day, do not know, and do not care whether they belong to the church or to the world. It is considered that religion is a mere affair of Sunday, and consists in regular attendance at some church and the observance of certain ceremonies. It is a mere question of opinion or inclination, and if a man prefers to spend his Sunday in that way—well, it is a free country, let him do as he likes. In this way our young people are coming to have views of religion of a very loose and inadequate character. They cannot too soon or too thoroughly learn that religion is something far other than that. They should know that conversion means a change of motive, of thought, of principle, and of life. That after conversion a man has a new object in life, that his motives are different, and that his very thoughts are turned into a new groove—that religion is a power not a theory, a life not an empty creed.

There is no better way of impressing this fact than that of the study of such a life as that of the lady whose portrait appears this week on the front page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She had at her command ample wealth, yet instead of spending it in luxuries she devoted it to philanthropy. Her time was her own, yet instead of spending it in pleasure she used it in visiting the degraded outcasts of society, and telling them of the Saviour who loved and died for them. It was a course of life which is not easily understood in these days. People naturally ask why she should so have exerted herself and why she should have voluntarily surrendered ease and pleasure. The answer is that she was influenced by religion; she tried to follow her Saviour's example. That is what true conversion does. After reading such a life can it be said that religion is a mere theory?

Elizabeth Fry was born in Norwich, England, on May 21st, 1780. She was the third daughter of John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham, in the county of Norfolk, and Catherine, daughter of Daniel Bell, a merchant in London, whose wife was a descendant of the ancient family of the Barclays, of Ury, Kincardineshire, and granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the well-known apologist of "the Friends."

In 1792 the mother of Elizabeth died, leaving eleven children, the eldest scarcely seventeen, the youngest not two years old. Thus seven daughters were to pursue the difficult path of early womanhood, unprotected by sympathetic maternal care. They appear to have been rich in attraction and ability, lively and original, possessing freshness of character combined with singular purity of purpose and warmth of affection. But their faith was obscure, and their principles unfixed and wavering. They appreciated the beauty and excellence of religion; but it was natural rather than revealed religion with which they were acquainted. But He who had purposes of mercy toward them gradually led them, each one, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

THE MEANS OF HER CONVERSION.

Among the various honored instrumentalities employed for this purpose, was William Savery, an American Friend, who in February, 1798, had visited England on a religious visit, and in the course of his travels arrived at Norwich. He appears to have been sound in the Christian faith, and

to have laid appropriate stress on the fundamental doctrine of the Atonement. He was earnest in urging a faithful obedience to the immediate guidings of the Holy Spirit, and careful lest from any want of watchful humility the youthful mind should be led into error.

One day the seven sisters attended the Friends' Meeting-house, and William Savery was constrained to preach. His discourse was the means of awakening Elizabeth to the consideration of eternal realities, and she returned home greatly agitated, and weeping. The next morning, during breakfast, Mr. Savery, after pointing the sorrowing penitent the way to the cross, confidently prophesied that "God would lead her into a high and important calling." The results were most powerful and clearly evident to all. From that day her characteristic love of pleasure and of the world became a thing of the past, and she resolved to live for God and His service.

During the summer of that year, Mr. Gurney, with his daughters, took a journey into Wales and the South of England. Elizabeth dwelt with pleasure on the beautiful scenery through which they passed; but to the works of man, however imposing, she was comparatively indifferent. She visited cathedral cities, she saw localities of high historic interest; castles, whose walls, if endowed with speech, could reveal dark tales of other days; but she scarcely mentions them, and if she notices them at all it is only to draw some moral inference, or give point to some familiar religious truth.

VISITS REYNOLDS, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

But by far the greatest interest afforded her by this journey, was the prospect of seeing different members of the Society of Friends, and becoming better acquainted with them and their principles. The travellers paid a visit to Colebrook Dale, the residence of the Christian philanthropist, Richard Reynolds, and there Elizabeth remained for some days in the companionship of her cousin, Priscilla Hannah Gurney. In September she returned home, and resumed her usual habits of self-occupation and usefulness to others; visiting the poor, especially the sick; reading the Bible to them, and instructing their children.

On August 19th, 1800, she was married, in Norwich, to Mr. Joseph Fry, then engaged with his elder brother, William, in business in London. Although on her wedding-morning "she awoke in a sort of terror at the prospect before her," and on driving through Norwich for the last time, "the very stones of the streets seemed dear to her;" yet within a few days she writes cheerfully of her arrival at Plashet, near Stratford, Essex, the residence of her husband's parents, and of the cordiality of her welcome there; she "is much pleased with the place," and "admires the kindness of its inhabitants."

FEAR OF A FRENCH INVASION.

Three years later she again visited Earlham where the whole family assembled. But the unity was soon broken again, for the fear of a French invasion, and the daily expectation of their landing took such a hold of people at this time, that Mr. Joseph Fry was summoned by his brother "to be at his post." On his return he found preparations had been made for flooding the marshes of the river Lea, and breaking down the bridges on the Essex Road; while his father-in-law was also prepared, as soon as the French should land, to convey his daughters into the Isle of Ely, still regarded by the East-Anglian portion of England as a "camp of refuge."

MRS. FRY'S PUBLIC MINISTRY.

Upon the death of her father, in 1809, a new era commenced in the life of Elizabeth Fry. On the day of the funeral, November 3d, her heart was so full that she "could not hinder utterance," and, to use her own words, "I fell on my knees, and began, not knowing how I should go on, with these words, 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.'" Two years later, in 1811, she was publicly acknowledged by the Society of Friends as one of their ministers, and in the month of December undertook her first journey in that capacity, and until she was called to her eternal rest in 1845, thirty-four years after-

ward, was indefatigable in publishing, on every available occasion, the glad tidings of salvation.

PRISON VISITATION.

But in 1813 commenced the great philanthropic work of her life, that of prison visitation, with which in the annals of high Christian enterprise her name is imperishably identified. In her journal, dated February 16th, we read, "Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously. Before we went away, dear Anna Buxton (her sister, wife of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.) uttered a few words in supplication, and very unexpectedly to myself I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much tendered—a very solemn quiet was observed; it was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees around us, in their deplorable condition." (*One of many such visits is represented in the frontispiece.*)

Thus simply and incidentally is recorded Elizabeth Fry's entrance upon the scene of her future labors. The seed was sown, but it took time to germinate, and four years were to elapse before the way should be made clear for her to put forth her hand to the great work of her life. It was in January of that year, that four Friends, all well known to Elizabeth Fry, had visited some persons in Newgate gaol, who were about to be executed, and it has always been understood that the representations of these gentlemen, particularly those of William Forster, one of their number, first induced her personally to inspect the state of the women, with the view of alleviating sufferings occasioned them by the inclemency of a winter of unwonted severity.

THE INSIDE OF NEWGATE JAIL.

At that time, all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined together in two wards and two cells, comprising about one hundred and ninety superficial yards of space, into which, at the time of these visits, nearly three hundred women with their numerous children were crowded; tried and untried misdemeanants and felons, without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised as a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed.

With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any stranger appeared among them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond the restraint necessary for safe custody, there was little check upon their communication with the world outside the walls. Into this scene Mrs. Fry entered, accompanied only, as we have seen, by one lady. The sorrowful and neglected condition of these depraved women and their miserable children, dwelling in such a vortex of corruption, deeply sank into her heart, although at this time nothing more was done than to supply the most destitute with clothing.

In the year 1816, Mrs. Fry was in the midst of her chosen work of prison-amelioration, which prompted the poet Crabbe to pen the following lines in his "Tales of the Hall"—

"One, I beheld! a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place:
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light.
Yet all she braved! she kept her steady eye
On the dear cause, and brushed the baseness by,
So would a mother press her darling child
Close to her breast, with tainted rags defiled."

A SCHOOL FOR THE PRISONERS.

The progress and development of the work may be learned from the following interesting entry in her journal: "Second Month, 24th, 1816.—I have lately been much occupied in forming a school in Newgate, for the children of the poor prisoners, as well as the young criminals, which has brought

much peace and satisfaction with it; but my mind was also been deeply affected in attending a poor woman who was executed this morning. I visited her twice. This had been a time of deep humiliation to me, thus witnessing the effect and consequences of sin. *This poor creature murdered her baby*; and how inexpressibly awful now to have her life taken away! The whole affair has been very affecting to me; to see what poor mortals may be driven to, through sin, and how hard the heart becomes, even to the most tender affections."

Having obtained the cordial permission of the sheriffs of London, the Ordinary, and the Governor of Newgate, Mrs. Fry, accompanied by her friend, Miss Sanderson, and a prisoner named Mary Connor, as mistress, a school for the children and young persons under twenty-five years of age was opened; but from the limited dimensions of the room they had the pain of refusing admission to many of the women, who earnestly entreated to be allowed to share in their instructions. *A picture of the inside of the women's prison* in the initial stages of the movement, is presented in the words of Miss Sanderson, in describing it to Sir F. Buxton. "The railing was crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. She felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts, and she well recollects quite shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

A DESPERATE FELON CONVERTED.

Something similar must have been the effect on that faithful coadjutor in this work, Elizabeth Pryor, at a somewhat later period, upon seeing the women, "squalid in attire and ferocious in countenance, seated about the yard." From the prison-door one issued, "yelling like a wild beast;" she rushed round the area, with her arm extended, bearing everything of the nature of a cap from the heads of the other women. The sequel, too, is important; for this woman, through the grace and mercy of God, became humanized under the instruction of the ladies. After having obtained her liberty she married, and for years occasionally visited Mrs. Pryor, who considered her a well-conducted and religious person, her appearance being always most respectable.

In April, 1817, Mrs. Fry, with the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends, formed themselves into "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Their object was "To provide for the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry, which may render them docile and peaceable while in prison, and respectable when they leave it." It was at this time, also, that *a matron was introduced into the gaol*, and the prisoners placed under her superintendence.

REMOVING WOMEN FOR TRANSPORTATION.

At that period, and for many years afterward, convicted criminals were sent by the English Government to work out their sentences in the colonies. This practice was continued until the protest of the colonists induced the government to discontinue the practice. The Christian ladies who visited Newgate gaol were often pained by the scenes accompanying the removal of female convicts for transportation, and the circumstances under which they were to pass the long and dreary months of confinement on board ship. It was the practice among the female transports to have a sort of saturnalia, or riot, before leaving Newgate; breaking windows, furniture, or whatever came within their reach. They were generally conveyed to the waterside in open wagons; went off shouting amid assembled crowds, and were noisy and disorderly on the road and in the boats. Mrs. Fry prevailed on the Governor to consent to their removal in hackney-coaches. She then promised the women, if they would be quiet and orderly, that she and other ladies would accompany them to Deptford and see them on board; accordingly, when the time came, no disturbance took place; the women

in coaches, with turnkeys in attendance, formed a procession closed by her carriage, and from first to last they behaved well upon the road.

SOLEMN SCENE ON A CONVICT SHIP.

The last time that Mrs. Fry was on board the "Maria," while she lay at Deptford, was a solemn and interesting occasion. There was great uncertainty whether the convicts would see their benefactress again. She stood at the door of the cabin, attended by her friends and the captain; the women on the quarter-deck facing them. The sailors, anxious to see what was going on, clambered into the rigging, or mingled in the outskirts of the group. The silence was profound when Mrs. Fry opened her Bible, and in a clear, audible voice read a portion from it, while the crews of the other vessels in the tier, attracted by the novelty of the scene, leaned over the ships on either side, and listened with reverent attention. She closed the Bible, and after a short pause knelt down on deck, and implored a blessing from God. Many of the women wept bitterly, all seemed touched; when she left the ship they followed her with their eyes and their grateful farewells, until, her boat having passed out of sight, they saw her no more.

And, now, during the next few years, we find her visiting the prisons in all parts of Great Britain, and successfully interesting herself in the welfare of the convicts in New South Wales. She also opened communications on the same subject with the government at St. Petersburg, through the medium of Mr. Walter Venning, and with the authorities at Turin, and at Amsterdam. Amid her numerous vocations, she compiled a small "Text-book" containing a passage of Scripture for every day in the year. As soon as it was completed she began its distribution, and thousands of them were circulated. Many instances of their usefulness came to light, one of which may be mentioned here.

A RATCATCHER'S WIFE CONVERTED.

Two or three years after their publication, one of the text-books bound in red leather, which Mrs. Fry had given to a little grandson, Samuel Gurney Cresswell, fell out of his pocket at the Lynn Mart, where he had gone to visit the lions. He was much disconcerted at the loss of his book, for his name was in it, and it was the gift of his grandmother, written by herself. Nearly a year afterward, the Rev. R. Cox, the clergyman of Watlington, a parish near Lynn, gave the following history of the lost book: He had been sent for to the wife of a man, living on a wild common at the outskirts of his parish, a notorious character, between *poacher* and *ratcatcher*. The message was brought to the clergyman by the doctor who attended her, and who, after describing her as most strangely altered, added, "You will find the lion become a lamb," and so it proved. She who had been wild and rough, whose language had been violent, and her conduct untamed, lay on a bed of excruciating suffering, patient and resigned.

Her child had picked up the text-book, and carried it home as lawful spoil. Curiosity, or some feeling, put into her heart by Him without whose leave a sparrow falleth not to the ground, had induced her to read it; the Word had been blessed to her, and her understanding opened to receive the Gospel of truth. She could not describe *the process*, but *the results* were there. Sin had in her sight become hateful; blasphemy was no longer heard from her lips. She drew from under her pillow her "precious book," her "dear little book," which had taken away the fear of death. She died soon afterward, filled with joy and hope in believing, having in these detached portions of Scripture found a Saviour, all sufficient to bear her heavy burden of guilt, and present her, clad in His own spotless righteousness, before the throne of God.

VISIT TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

In April, 1831, Mrs. Fry paid a visit to the Duchess of Kent and her daughter the Princess, now Queen Victoria. "Recording the fact in her diary, she says: 'We were received with much kindness and cordiality, and I felt my way open to express, not only my desire that the best blessing might rest upon them, but that the young Princess might follow the example of our blessed Lord, that as she 'grew in stature, she might grow in favor

with God and man.' I also ventured to remind her of King Josiah, who began to reign at eight years old, and did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, which seemed to be well received. I had long felt an inclination to see the young Princess, and endeavor to throw a little weight in the right scale, seeing the very important place that she is likely to fill. I was much pleased with her, and think her a sweet, lovely, and hopeful child." (*This visit is depicted on the front page.*)

LAST DAYS AT RAMSGATE.

But our space is exhausted. In multiplied Christian activities at home and on the Continent of Europe, especially on the convict galleys of Toulon (*as shown on the frontispiece*), the years passed away. Public attention and responsible oversight had been secured on behalf of prison inmates through her instrumentality, and her philanthropic conceptions had become embodied in all the codes of prison discipline and management. For years she had endured considerable suffering, and in 1845 she removed to Ramsgate, for change of air and scene. There she distributed tracts when she drove into the country, or went upon the pier in a Bath chair. Meanwhile she was being rapidly ripened for the glory into which she was soon transferred. One morning in October, with one of her daughters beside her, she uttered in a slow, distinct voice the words, "Oh, my dear Lord, help and keep Thy servant." They were *the last words* she spoke upon earth; she never attempted to articulate again.

Suddenly, there was a change in her breathing; it was but for a moment. The silver cord was loosed. Unutterably blessed was the holy calm—the perfect stillness of the chamber of death. She saw "the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off."

A Request that Thanks be Offered for the

recovery of a sick daughter, was read last week at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. The letter stated that the father of the child heard, by telegram, that his daughter, up among the mountains, was sick. A telegram said she was at the point of death. The stern necessities of business made it impossible for him to leave on the moment. What should he do? In his great sorrow and anxiety, a despatch was sent to the Fulton Street meeting, asking prayer for the daughter's recovery. He had heard and graciously brought up the sick girl from the gates of death. She has since returned home, and is making rapid improvement.

Smoking in Public Thoroughfares is fast

becoming a positive nuisance, and in some instances constitutes a source of peril. In the London *Times* recently the following incident was reported: "A woman was passing along Argyle Street, Gray's Inn Road, when her dress caught fire from a lighted cigar-light which had been thrown down upon the pavement, and she was so seriously injured that she now lies in the hospital in a precarious condition. Such carelessness is not to be lightly spoken of as mere want of thought. When not only the air is polluted, but even life endangered, by this practice of indiscriminate public smoking, it is surely time that smokers themselves should begin to exercise a little self-denial in the interests of public comfort, health, and safety."

A Cancer is said to have been Cured by Faith

and prayer at Frankfort, Ky. A young lady named Carrie C. Graham, residing on Madison Street between Broadway and Clinton, has sent a brief narrative to the journals of Indianapolis, in which she states that she was afflicted with cancer, but that having heard of many cases of faith healing she put herself in the hands of the great Physician. Prayer was offered for her recovery; she was anointed with oil, and without any other human agency she was healed. Very few details are given in the published account, but the restored sufferer invites the afflicted to visit her and learn "that when human agency is powerless, the great Physician can heal diseases." Miss Graham sent the account to the Indianapolis journals because she had heard that a minister of that city had publicly avowed his scepticism as to the cure by faith and prayer of any but nervous diseases.

THE RED DRAGON.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
October 15, 1882.

"Behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven."—REV. 12:3, 4.

The Great Monster of Intemperance—The Coming Political Party—Its Mission—War on Intoxicating Liquor—The Rapid Progress of the Prohibition Party—A Prohibition Nomination for 1884—What is Needed—An Amendment to the Constitution—The Results of the Traffic—Financial Loss—Social Ruin—An Experiment in Illinois—A Great National Work—Who would Join the Party—Drunkards—Physicians—The Women—A Ghastly Domestic Scene—All the Churches—Two Curiosities for the Museum of the Future—A Vision of Two Lakes and Two Scrolls—All the Patriots—The Battle-Cry for Twenty-Five Years.

SOME commentators think that this red dragon of the text means one thing, and other commentators think it means something else, and there is such a wide difference of opinion that I feel at liberty to think that it may be suggestive of

THE GREAT MONSTER OF INTEMPERANCE, fiery and all devouring, with at least ten horns hooking and lacerating society, and by taking possession of so many governments may be said to wear seven crowns, and by dragging down kings and queens and orators and poets and so many illustrious men and women from their firmament of power, that it may be said to draw the third part of the stars of Heaven after it. Alcoholism the worst of all red dragons.

Last Sabbath, in my discourse, I reprehended the degradation of the two political parties of this day, and suggested that as probably they might have fulfilled their mission, the loss of both of them would not be a very great loss. The Republican party was organized to kill slavery. Well, slavery is dead and damned. The Republican party having accomplished its object, if it should pass out of existence, I could see no very great loss. The Democratic party was formed by Thomas Jefferson to oppose the law of primogeniture by which all the inheritance came to the oldest child, and to drive out from this country all foreign titles, and to give equal rights to all classes of people. These things having been achieved, if that party should pass off the face of the earth it would not be a very great damage.

I said to you last Sabbath there needed to be in this country some great party with God-given sublime idea. I said to you that the first principle of that party ought to be the recognition of the eternal God in the affairs of men and governments. I went on also to show you that such a party ought to be antagonistic to all national wastefulness, and the friend of all national economy. This morning, I take a step further and say that such a party ought not only to whisper but to thunder against the curse of curses, the abomination of abominations, the infernalism of infernalisms—the intemperance of this country, and that with national prohibition it ought to go forth to slay this red dragon of my text.

If you have any idea, my friends, that

THE PROHIBITION VICTORY

in Kansas and in Iowa is a fanatical paroxysm, you have made a very great mistake. In six years the Prohibition party will hold the balance of power in every State of the American Union. It may not have a majority of the votes, but it will hold the balance of power; so that no man can be Governor, or Lieutenant-Governor, or Secretary of State, or hold any important position in the State until he is a pronounced Prohibitionist, and in twelve years it will have its President in the White House.

No party has ever risen into power so rapidly as the Prohibition party is now rising. The anti-slavery party came out from under the mountain of scorn and contempt to take the Presidential chair and both Houses of Congress; but the Prohibition party, if you will watch the statistics, is coming with four times the celerity. American slavery was a pet lamb as compared with this red dragon. All the families which have been robbed of fathers and brothers and sons by the rum traffic;

all the States of the Union that have been despoiled of their mightiest men; all the churches of Jesus Christ which find the chief obstacle to the advancement of religion in the appetite for strong drink; and all the intelligence, and all the patriotism, and all the enthusiasm of the land will yet pack itself into an avalanche that will come crashing down upon this, the worst evil that ever afflicted a nation.

I give fair notice to all politicians in America of what is coming. Better lead off than follow in afterward as stragglers. Many of the strongest men in both political parties, North and South, see the rising tide of this reformation, and they are preparing to fight the red dragon. There may be many defeats before we get the final victory, but victory will come as surely as there is a God in heaven, and that this nation was not intended for one great drunkenery.

A PROHIBITION TICKET FOR 1884.

I nominate for President and Vice-President of the United States in 1884—caring not which is the first or which the second name on the ticket, although one is a Republican and the other a Democrat, and the one a Western man and the other a Southern man, but both pronounced prohibitionists—Governor St. John, of Kansas, and Governor Colquitt, of Georgia. The far West ought to have by this time a man in the White House; and now that the war is over let us prove that it is over, and that we realize that it is over, by nominating to the highest or next to the highest office the illustrious Georgian.

O my Lord and my God, what a country this would be with no dramshops, no poorhouses, no penitentiaries, fever broken hearts, and fewer desolate homes. No woman brought up in luxury, afterward married to a man who sets her, with shrivelled arm and hollow eye and pallid cheek and consuming lung, to fight back the wolf that thrusts its nostril through the window-pane, snuffing for the blood of her helpless babe. Let the contention between the great temperance societies of America cease, and the 70,000 men belonging to the temperance societies of the State of New York join hands with the hundreds of thousands of temperance men in other States, and the millions of men who belong to no temperance society, but who are anxious for the sobriety and the disenthralment of this country, and the work will be done, and done in less time than I tell you.

First of all, we want

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

of the United States, ratified by three-fourths of the States—an amendment prohibiting the manufacture and the sale of alcoholic liquors in all the States and Territories, except for medicinal, artistic, mechanical, and scientific purposes, and a prohibition of the importation of foreign alcoholic liquors except for the same purposes. We want a great national convention this year, or next year, or the year after, to demand an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for national prohibition, and to nominate men for the higher positions, and I invite such convention to come to Brooklyn; and as on this platform, in this house, last winter, Governor St. John, of Kansas, and Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, stood side by side in a temperance meeting, I ask that national convention to hold their session in this house of God.

The mere prohibition of the manufacture and the sale of intoxicating liquor in a State, perhaps, may only drive that intoxication and that alcoholic liquor into another State; but let us have national prohibition, and then one half the iniquity tumbles off into the Atlantic Ocean, and the other half of the iniquity tumbles off into the Pacific Ocean—drowned in two oceans of cold water! Let there not be, from the Canadas to the Gulf, room enough for this red dragon to put one of his feet. That State legislatures have the right to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors was established by the opinion of John McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, and by Judge Waterbury, and by Judge Grier, and by Judge Daniel, and by Chief-Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, and by Chief-Justice Harrington, of Delaware, and by Chief-Justice Mason, of Nebraska, and in that memorable case where Daniel Webster and Rufus

Choate made the argument, and Judge Taney, of the Supreme Court, supported by all his associate judges, declared that there was nothing in the Federal Constitution or the laws of Congress to hinder any State legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. But when it is established as a State right, we want also the boldness and the decision and the courage and the aggregate force of all the good people of this country to come together and demand that it be a national prohibition.

We want a national movement so that the stronger States in this matter can help the weaker States, and so that the country districts can help the dissipated cities. We want a national movement. "Oh," says some one, "the United States Government gets so much tax from the liquor traffic; the liquor traffic pays the United States Government millions of dollars a year as tax, and we can't afford to let that tax go." I tell you where the liquor traffic pays the United States Government one dollar, it steals ten in the proper destroyed, in the criminal trials that are necessary in the poorhouses, the almshouses, the penitentiaries that are required to take care of the victims. The United States Government makes as much out of the rum traffic as you would make as a merchant if you sold a man a knife for one dollar, and after he had paid you the one dollar for the knife he should thrust the blade through your son's heart—as much as if you sold a box of matches and after the customer had paid you for the matches, he opened the box and with the first match struck set fire to your dwelling.

ONE MILLION DRUNKARDS

in the United States to-day, sixty thousand of the annually dying in the United States, one hundred thousand men and women thrust into prison as a result of the liquor traffic—two hundred thousand children by this infamy thrown helpless on the world, or gathered up in the institutions of charity, thirty thousand maniacs in the United States as a result of the rum traffic; while England pays annually \$400,000 to support the alcoholic insane paupers. Twenty-eight thousand prisoners in Canada, and twenty-one thousand of them the victims of rum. Judge Allison, of Philadelphia, whom I know very well as a man who gives honest statistics, says that four-fifths of the crime in the United States is chargeable to the rum traffic. Mrs. Comstock, the Quaker missionary says that out of 115,000 prisoners, 105,000 were victims of strong drink. Ninety-nine one hundredths of the children of America kept out of school, the children of drunkards. A statistic was made some time ago, when the evil was not as great as it is now—that the cost of and ruin by rum in the United States annually is twelve hundred millions of dollars.

Oh, they talk about

CROOKED WHISKEY

by which they mean that which escapes the tax of government; but, I tell you, all whiskey is crooked because it makes a man's path crooked and his disposition crooked, and his business crooked, and his fortune crooked, and his example crooked, and his destiny crooked. Crooked whiskey, crooked gin, crooked wine, crooked cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked everything that intoxicates. I am all crooked. We talk against this evil and good is done; but the work will not be done until there is national prohibition.

In Edwards County, Illinois, twenty-seven years ago they resolved they would have no rum in the county, and for twenty-five years, for a quarter of a century, there was but one man sent from that county to the State prison and he committed his crime under intoxication from rum he got in a neighboring county. The county jail for the most part empty. Only two or three paupers in the whole county. Taxes thirty-two per cent less than in the neighboring counties, although the roll of the taxes showed there was more valuable property in that county than in any other county of the State of the same size. Good citizens of America, I do not know how you feel, but I confess that I am tired of paying taxes to fix up the work of these infernal grogshops that are tossing tens of thousands of people into crime and suffering. Out with

em from Brooklyn! Out with them from the nited States. I here and now proclaim war for e rest of my life against that abomination. State ohibition. National prohibition.

"Oh," says some one, "if a law of that kind ere passed it could not be executed." Why, it is been executed in parts of Maine, in parts of assachusetts, in parts of Rhode Island, in parts Maryland, in parts of Iowa, in parts of Kansas, id in some of those states throughout and oughout. Give us such a law in these Atlantic ties, and if the authorities did not execute it ve ould do as the "Forty-niners" did in California, id we would form vigilance committees, and we ould make quick work with the offenders. Give uch a law of prohibition in Brooklyn and if the uthorities did not execute it, some Sabbath, anding in this place, I would marshal a battalion strong-armed men, and we would go out, and the name of our homes, and in the name of the ord God Almighty we would shut up all the rogshops in Brooklyn. It can be done and it will e done; but it will not be done until the whole ation wakes up. State prohibition will not ac- omplish it. It must be national prohibition.

You say:

"WHO WOULD JOIN

uch a party?" I will tell you. In the first place, undreds of thousands of drunkards who, un- ble to endure the temptation, wish that these lurements were taken out of their sight. These oor tempted men cannot run the gauntlet of the ar-rooms and the wine-cellars. From morning til night they cannot get out of the way of these iscinations which are before them, behind them, n either side of them, an all encircling fire of emonic bombardment. For God's sake, give ese men a chance and make it possible for them o walk the whole length of Fulton Street, Atlantic treet, and Broadway, and Lascelle Street, and hestnut Street, and Pennsylvania Avenue, with- ut the inhalation of alcoholic malodors. Let a etition to the Congress of the United States ask- ing for national prohibition be well circulated ough this country, and you will find on that etition the straggling signatures of hands tremu- ous with dissipation which have fought an unsuc- cessful war against these dissipations for a long hile, signatures, if it were necessary, made with ens like those of the Scotch Covenanters, dipped n the blood of their own veins—if that would ake the signature to the petition any more im- ortunate.

That was an exciting scene last Tuesday, when a madman with a sharp compass rushed through he crowd at Broadway and 14th Street, striking ight and left and stabbing men, women, and chil- ren, until the city ambulances were filled with the ounded. It was well done when a stout man rasped the demoniac and threw him to the earth, nd others helped disarm him. But I have to tell ou that there are a thousand armed maniacs of oholism rushing through the streets of all our ities, striking right and left, stabbing many homes o the heart, stabbing the state to the heart, stab- ing the American Union to the heart.

Who will rise up and help the United States overnment to throw the demoniac? Who will ull the wounded out from under the paw and the ooth of the red dragon? Yes, belonging to a reat national prohibition party will be

THE PHYSICIANS

of the United States. I have the names of 123 rominent physicians of New York and Brooklyn ho petition for state and national prohibition, the onfining of alcoholic liquors to medicinal, mechan- cal and artistic purposes, and that petition, which as made some years ago, carried through this ountry would get nine hundred and ninety-nine ut of the thousand of all the doctors. Those gentlemen know the ravages of this red dragon. They have not only gone to bind up the wounds of he sot tumbled into your station-houses, but they ave, in some of the brightest and the most beau- iful and the wealthiest homes of your great cities, one in among masterpiece pictures, and under orgeous canopy, to hold down or help hold down n an embroidered pillow the victims of *delirium remens* into whose imagination all the jungles of

the tropics have seemed to pour their reptiles, and all perdition to have poured its devils. The physi- cians of this country, than whom there is no more self-sacrificing class of men, will all be on the side of prohibition.

Yes, I have to tell you

THE WOMEN

will be on that side. "Oh," says some one, "that makes no difference, they can't vote." They can and they do. Are you not willing to acknowledge that the wives and the mothers of America are the mightiest power extant? The women carried Iowa and Kansas for state prohibition, and the women will carry the United States for national prohibi- tion. Every man with a wife who is not a fool is affected by her moral sentiment. If a business man want business advice he goes to a business man; but if he want moral advice he asks his wife unless he is resolved on immorality and then he asks no one.

Woman understands the ravages of this dragon. She has seen one of its feet on the nursery, and another foot on the wardrobe, and another foot in the empty bread tray, and the other foot saturated with the tears and blood of a desolated home. Woman knows what rum does by its fiery wake. She understands it. Charles Dickens laughs at the punch bowl, and poets garland the wine cup, and many an impersonator has made audiences roar with mirth at the step of the drunkard; but woman sees but little fun in that dramatization. She looks beyond the footlights of the comedian until she sees the blue, cold, shoeless feet of little children, and the daughter by destitution turned into a life of infamy, and the gash across the wife's temples from the edges of a decanter, and a wild, disheveled man standing midfloor, uttering a halloo that makes the children shriek and the wife drop on her knees, looking toward a God who for ten years has not seemed to care anything for her—that maniac with one fist dashing to pieces the mirror at which his bride once arranged her tresses, while with the other hand he throws the family Bible with the marriage record into the flame, and with cracked lips curses the God who will yet avenge the cause of His children, though His judgments tarry long. There is not much fun in all that for woman. Oh, we shall have in this country a million Deborahs ready to help the Baracs in this conflict, and who will go forth and demand of the United States Government with us, national prohibition.

Yea, my friends, the churches of God,

ALL THE CHURCHES

of God will come in solidly on this subject. The world may scoff at Christian people as insignificant. But banded together for any great moral movement they can carry anything at the ballot box or in Congressional assembly. The trouble is they have never yet massed their forces. The rum-drinking professors of religion will go clear over to the devil who owns them now from hat to heel, and the Methodist Church, and the Baptist Church, and the Congregational Church, and the Episcopal Church, and the Presbyterian Church, led on by some Dr. Guthrie, and the Roman Catholic Church led on by some Father Mathew, will come in on this cause, and then the question will be so thoroughly settled and the work will be so thor- oughly done that after you and I are dead and gone, and far on in the future, in a museum in this country, there will be standing on the same shelf the lachrymatory of an ancient tomb and the demi- john of a modern wine cellar, both alike curiosities, and the antiquarian in his lecture will explain to his students how one of them was a receptacle of tears for the dead, and the other was the fountain of tears for the living.

There will arise some man in the Senate of the United States, or the House of Representatives, ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty and by the laying on of the hands of all the righteous people of America, who will demand that the right arm of the American Government be raised to stop this plague, and into his speech he will intone the plaint of hundreds of thousands of little children, and the groan of womanhood reach- ing from ocean to ocean, and from earth to Heaven. While that senator shall stand before the national

legislators making his plea, those legislators will see

A VISION OF TWO LAKES

—a lake of tears and a lake of blood, and a vision of two scrolls one scroll like that which Ezekiel saw written within and without with lamentation and mourning and great woe, and the other scroll containing the proclamation of emancipation mightier than the one Abraham Lincoln signed, freeing more slaves from worse bondage, and de- claring that under the swords and the bludgeons and the heels of an indignant American nation shall come down this red dragon which has so long been hooking with the ten horns and reigning with the seven crowns, drawing the third part of the stars of Heaven after it.

Yea, *all the patriots* in both parties will come forth, the men who are tired of building asylums and penitentiaries and poorhouses, the men who want nothing themselves but who want to have the land saved from drunkenness and crime, and to become a paradise for comfort and prosperity—domestic, social, national. For the church of God, for all patriots—Republican and Democrat and Greenbacker—for all good women as well as all good men, let

THE BATTLE CRY

for the next twenty-five years be, "down with the rum traffic! National prohibition! No quarter for the license system! Eternal smash for the wine bottles! Death to the red dragon!" I take the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and I thrust the old grizzly monster through and through and through and stamp on the execrable carcase, and I cry with the angel that St. John saw standing in the sun at the time the beast was slain, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of Heaven: "Come and gather yourselves together to the sup- per of the great God!"

Sir Garnet Wolseley at Sunday-School was the subject of remark made at the thanksgiving services held in Dublin, on September 21st, at Harold's Cross Church, by the Rev. Dr. Askin, who said that in 1842 Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was then eight or nine years of age and lived with his parents at Garnet Lodge, county Dublin, at- tended the Sunday-school in connection with the church. The attendance roll showed that even at that early age he had formed habits of extra- ordinary punctuality and regularity.

The Arrival in China of the Rev. Griffith John, the eminent missionary, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 25th, is reported. Mr. John, writing from Hankow, says: "Notwithstanding the unpromis- ing nature of the soil in which we attempt to sow the Divine seed in this land, the results are such as to show that our labors are not in vain. My heart was greatly cheered on my return to find that, with few exceptions, the converts had re- mained firm during my absence, and that several valuable accessions had been made to our num- ber. It was a joy also to hear from the brethren of the Wesleyan Mission that the past year was the best they have had since the establishment of the mission in these parts."

The Gospel in Missouri.—The Following In- teresting account of mission operations is sent by a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union who writes from Seymour, in Southern Missouri: "This is a new town on the Kansas City, Spring- field and Memphis Railroad, where, two months ago, was a wilderness, now laid out regularly, and having eight stores. I held the first religious meeting here, and organized a large and promising Sunday-school in an upper room over a store; and we expect soon to have a building for Sunday- school and church uses, and then to have a church organization. This new railroad is open- ing a vast region hitherto overlooked—a new mis- sionary field among a people before secluded. A minister, who has preached here twenty-five years, had never been on a railroad, and asked me if it were safe; God permitting, I shall follow the track as it is laid, and lay foundations of churches in Bible-schools at every station down to Memphis."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Rich Old Man's Difficulty.—At a Meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, Mr. Varley said: "An old rich gentleman sadly remarked to me recently, 'You have no idea, sir, of the difficulty which a man over sixty years of age, who is as rich as I am, has in *parting with his money*. Strength of body and mind seems to slip from them and their only strong point is the influence of money.' Of course this man simply spoke out his own feelings, and these were not of a noble or generous kind, but we are reminded thereby of the words of Christ, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.'"

An Inconsolable Rebel.—The Rev. Lachlan McLachlan said: "I was speaking to a Christian lady the other day who was mourning the loss of a friend. I said: 'You must put yourself in the hands of God, and take the comfort which He will give you, then you will have cause to thank Him for the loss you have sustained.' She replied rather coldly, 'I have not yet reached that stage of Christian life.' 'Until you do,' I rejoined, 'as the Bible tells you, you will not have the peace you desire. If you read the thirteenth Psalm you will see that David was inconsolable when he began to write it, but ere he finished, his faith and hope in God enabled him almost involuntarily to lust the bonds of mourning which Satan was winding around him.'"

The Dying Consumptive's Song.—"I Visited another lady who was lying on her bed in the last stage of consumption. The valley of the shadow of death seemed to her a dark dread reality. Her heart was failing, and she could get no light because her eyes were fastened on herself instead of on Christ. I prayed with her and after a short conversation, she turned her eyes from herself to the Light of Life. On my next visit we sang a hymn. When the hymn was finished, she said, 'Oh, if it is so sweet to sing of Jesus *here* what will it be to sing of Him in Heaven?' 'It will be unspeakable,' I replied. 'Oh but I have got the better of you,' she answered, 'I will be there very soon, but you may have to wait a long time.' This lady has gone through the valley and is already rejoicing in the light of God's presence."

The Bit of Blue.—Mr. Martin S. Grady said, "Many people who are in earnest upon the temperance question, laugh at the adoption and utility of the blue ribbon. I will give evidence of its usefulness. Last night I was standing at the corner of the street when a man came to me, and pointing to my blue ribbon, said, 'Can you tell me where I can join the Blue Ribbon Army?' 'Yes, I can,' I answered. 'Just sign this card, and a visitor will call upon you. 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes; but I have fallen back owing to the drink. I wish I had a bit of blue ribbon now.' 'That wish will soon be gratified,' I said, and took the ribbon off my own coat and fastened it on his. 'This will be the happiest day my wife has had for some time,' were his parting words. Every Christian should wear the blue ribbon."

A Bottle of Poison in her Pocket.—Mr. Muir, missionary, said: "I have just come from the tent, where William Taylor, of California, told the story of a poor woman who came into the tent two years ago with a *bottle of poison in her pocket*, and was saved from suicide and from sin by the preaching of Christ. While we were singing the last hymn, I said to him, 'You shouldn't have told that story; the woman may be here, and may feel hurt by this reference to herself. Has she been attending the meeting since then?' 'Yes, regularly, and is now a decent, sober woman,' was Mr. Taylor's answer. Never hear in silence the statement that God cannot save a drunken woman. Two years ago that woman was as bad as a human being can be, yet now, through the grace of Christ, she is clothed and in her right mind."

A Wise Fortune-Teller.—The Rev. James Scott said: "I remember a wise old man who was much consulted by those who wanted to know the future, more especially if they were emigrating to another country. When any one wanted to learn the kind of people they would live with in

their future home, he asked, 'What kind of people are your neighbors at present?' If the reply was, 'Very disagreeable, indeed,' then he pretended to consult the cards on the palm of his hand, and told them that they would not have good people as their neighbors; but if the reply was, 'They are good, kind-hearted folk,' then he said, 'You will have kind and pleasant people about you in your new home.' In like manner if you, while here on earth, make your peace with God, and live in His presence, then in the future you will have peace and joy with Him; but if, on the contrary, you live on bad terms with Him here, how do you expect to be better in the future?"

A Poor Woman's Investment.—The Rev. James Scott said: "Some years ago I was visiting in Stockwell Street, and found a poor woman lying on a sick-bed. I sat down beside her, and began to tell her how Jesus, the Son of God, came down to the earth and lived as a working man, and then died for us. She interrupted me with, 'Ah, sir, but that happened eighteen hundred years ago.' Yes, it did, but He lives, interceding with God for us, and He says to us, 'Come unto Me.' I had to leave her then, as she was very weak, so that she could not listen longer. When I called again, she greeted me with, 'Well, sir, I have committed my whole case to Him—my past, my present, and my future. I *think* He will manage it for me in some way.' I said, 'That is what I did many years ago, but I can say I *know* He will manage it for me.' Not many days afterward the poor woman also could say 'I know He will do that which He hath promised.' Her soul was saved, and she rejoiced in Christ's salvation."

Two Weeks More of Sin.—Mr. Scott also said: "I spoke to a young man who had come to our evangelistic meetings for years. Many friends had done so already. I really did not know what to say to him, but I asked, 'Are you willing to become a Christian?' 'Of course I am,' he answered; 'have I not been coming to the second meetings for that purpose?' I therefore said to him, 'Don't misunderstand me; I do not ask if you are *willing to go to Heaven*, but will you, now, when you leave this place, confess Christ in your home, in your workshop, and wherever you go?' He honestly confessed that he was not ready to do that. 'Well,' I inquired, 'when will you be ready—in two years?' 'Oh, not so long as that.' 'In one?' 'In less time than that,' and so on, till he came down to a fortnight. In two weeks he would give up his loved sins and confess Christ before the world; but, no, *not then*. I never saw him at a meeting again, and there is only too conclusive evidence for fearing that he has sinned away the day of grace and lost his soul."

Small-Pox Detected by Photography.—At the noon-day meeting in Glasgow, on September 13th, Mr. Millar said: "A young lady in Paris went into a photographic studio in apparently perfect health. When the operator examined the negative, he saw the face covered with small spots. He thought that something had gone wrong with the chemicals, but on making another attempt to obtain a clear likeness, the same spots appeared. No one could understand it, as the lady's face was to the eye perfectly pure, and free from the disfiguring spots which appeared on the negative. Although they were not visible to the unaided eye, two days afterward she was laid upon her bed with small-pox. The truthful sun had brought to light defects which the eye failed to detect. So, if we live in the light of God's truth, we shall learn the diseases which sin brings upon us, and thus avoid them, or at least take them to be cured by Christ, the Great Physician, at the living fountain."

How Jim was Cured of his Fun.—At the same meeting Mr. Scott said: "There are many people who make fun of revival meetings, and while some were being held not long ago, at a village, a few young men decided to get a little amusement out of them. As they were on their way, a merchant of the place spoke to them, and after a little conversation, offered the leader of the young men sixpence, if he would read a chapter from the New Testament before his shop door. The offer was accepted, and the 15th chapter of Luke was selected. Standing on the curbstone the reader began,

and as he went on his companions who were around him were struck with the similarity of story which he was reading to his own life, and verse after verse was read, one called out, 'W Jim, that's thy case,' another, 'That's thee, Jim' and so on, till Jim broke down entirely, and instead of making fun out of the meetings, he went there to seek the pardon of his Heavenly Father."

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Three Weeks of Trial.

MISS CARRIE F. JUDD has received the following narrative from Fredonia, N. Y., which she publishes in her excellent work "Triumphs of Faith." It is from J. A. K., a Christian worker who had previously experienced faith healing and who is now engaged in active service.

The first of May I went into a very malarial climate; my system yielded to the change, and the fourth day after my arrival I had *three chills*, followed by feverish tossings. I realized myself to be very sick, but was confident that He who had before spoken me back to life, when so near death's door, was able to *keep* that which I had committed to Him, and that this experience would be sanctified to my own good and that of others. The day following the chills was one of weakness and the night as it came on brought great pain and distress to my whole body. The whole night I was in a chill. My mother, who came to my bedside in the early morning, tucked me up with loving care, and left me, with a prayer; I knew that relief would come speedily. I fell asleep and awoke in two hours in a *profuse perspiration* and feeling quite well. I could not but recall the many efforts which had been made in previous years when similarly afflicted, to produce perspiration and *never* with the *least* success. Later in the day, upon lying down, and falling asleep, I again awoke in a perspiration, and thus ended the malarial attack, which ordinarily lasts from three to four weeks.

The following week I went into the country and took a severe cold; at once I had symptoms of THE OLD BRONCHIAL DIFFICULTY of which I was healed February 17th, 1880. I did not feel to doubt the Lord, but the trial seemed very great. I had come home, and oh, how I longed that the healing which I had claimed should be apparent. Steadily "looking unto Jesus" I did every duty that presented itself. One night as soon as I dropped into a doze my lungs would seem to collapse, and I would awake heating the air for relief. "I cried unto the Lord" and the memory of the sweet peace which came to me fills my heart with gratitude as I write.

In two days I was to return to the city of E. and from there go by stage into the country eight miles to attend a meeting of the Women's Foreign Mission Society and deliver an address. My friend said "You cannot go." I replied that the engagement had been made through Divine direction and I could not give it up unless I was confined to my bed. *I took the trip*, leaning hard on Jesus, feeling restful and trustful in the strong arm which seemed, *so surely*, my support. The day preceding the evening I was to speak, I could not utter a word without coughing, and the enemy would continually suggest "How then shall you be able to speak in the evening?" But I was enabled to look to the Lord, and *believe* that what He had given me to do He would give me *strength* to do; how, it was not possible to understand. The strength which came to me was *not* from within, for I was *perfect weakness*. It did not come from remedies, for *I did not use anything*. "I cried unto the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me."

Through the address of forty minutes there was *not the least tendency to a cough*, while my voice was natural and at times strong. I did not fail to give God the glory, and I thought the victory had come. I rested very comfortably through the night, but during the ride of eight miles back to the city I coughed incessantly. In the afternoon I again took the train and returned to my home. That night I was not able to get any sleep because of my distressing cough.

The next day was full of work which had accumulated during my three weeks' absence. Any

number of letters to answer, sick ones to visit, etc. What should I do? Nurse my cough, take care of myself, or do the duties which were waiting to be done?

SHOULD I REST, OR GO

and minister to those who seemed to need me? The command came to go, and so I went, feeling like one blindfolded and led how and whither they knew not. Now instead of bringing all the pains and aches to the surface of this long trial of my faith, I wish I could make plain the rest and peace I found in trusting where I could not trace Him. He bade me go, and I went, taking up *any* work that came. In our Faith-meeting it devolved on me to lead the singing. The voice came from the Lord *when I opened my mouth*. A dear old lady in one of my calls asked me to sing with her as well as pray. I opened my mouth and the Lord sent forth the sound.

Saturday night there was no sleep for me, my cough was so distressing and I *felt* my prostration more keenly. The morning dawned at last with every weakness upon me I had ever known, and I had been through the whole catalogue. In my weakness *Satan came to me* and tried to show me it had been presumption to allow this cough to run, and said "now you are where you *must* rest, and no doubt you will be here for a long time to come." For a little time the Lord seemed to hide His face from me, and the tears would fall, but soon I was permitted to feel that the sympathetic heart of Jesus still beat for me and that the trial of my faith would bring a blessing. I said, "Lord, go with me and I can go through the precious privileges of this holy day."

The first meeting was at ten o'clock, which took me up a long flight of stairs, very hard to climb. Every step I took was *one step gained*. The meeting in that "upper room" was a very precious one. Then came public service and after that Sunday-school with a young men's Bible class to teach. Every exercise of faith brought strength and I went home full of thankfulness. In the afternoon while in prayer and meditation the complete victory came. My cough left me, every difficulty was removed. I felt strong and well and have been ever since. The lessons were many which I learned through those three weeks of trial. Sweetest of all comes the assurance that what He bids me do He will surely give me grace to perform.

THE ANTE-TRIBULATION REMOVAL.

By Rev. Richard Chester.

A Radical Difference of Opinion—When the Removal of Living Christians will Occur—Grounds for Supposing it will be After the Tribulation—Scriptures Misunderstood—The Elect in the Tribulation—Who they are—A Jewish Remnant—The White-Robed Throng—The Twenty-four Elders—The Nominal Christians in the Tribulation—Misunderstood Motives—Promises of Escape and Preservation.

THAT it is at all events highly probable, if not positively certain, that the removal from the earth of living believers, by their being "caught up together with" the risen "dead in Christ" as set forth in 1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17, will take place before the setting in of "the Great Tribulation," is the well-known belief of many of those students of God's prophetic Word who are at present expecting the Second Advent of our blessed Redeemer.

There are, however, many expectants of this same event who object very strongly to this belief, and who, while admitting the existence of an interval between the two stages of the Advent—the Lord's coming *for*, and coming *with* His saints—hold very firmly to a belief that the first of these two stages, and the consequent change and translation of living saints cannot take place until after the Great Tribulation. This

IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, thus dividing into two classes those who are otherwise agreed in looking for the coming of the Lord, is surely well worthy of our serious and impartial consideration. There are some objections entertained against the expectation of any such Ante-tribulation removal which it may be well that we should consider.

The first and most serious of all such objections is undoubtedly the statement, frequently and confidently made, that there are several passages of God's Word which clearly teach that all believers who shall be living at the time, will have to pass through the tribulation, and therefore cannot be removed before it.

This, if it be true, at once decides the question. But is it true? Two of such alleged passages, Rev. 20 : 4-6 and 15 : 2-4, have been already fully considered in the article on Coming Events and the Coming Kingdom in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 20th; and it has, I think, been shown that they do *not*, either of them, establish the point which they have been adduced to prove or, in other words, that they do *not* disprove the possibility or the probability of the Ante-tribulation translation.

Another passage also confidently appealed to for this purpose, and not previously considered, is the language of our blessed Lord, Matt. 24 : 21, 22, where, speaking of this period of Great Tribulation, he says that, "Except those days should be shortened no flesh shall be saved, but for the *elect's* sake those days shall be shortened." Here we are told, and so far truly told, that it is positively affirmed that "the elect" shall be in the tribulation. But we may surely ask to what class, and to how many, of the elect may we regard these words as applying? Not to *all* the elect most assuredly. They can only refer to some of such who shall be actually living upon the earth at the time, not to any who have been previously removed by death, or who may possibly have been previously removed by translation. And further to what particular body of the elect do those who are thus here spoken of belong?

Do they belong to the body of true believers who constitute the Church of this present dispensation? Or, do they rather belong to and constitute AN ELECT REMNANT OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE? That they belong to the latter, not to the former, seems to me to be evident from the context of the passage. In ver. 16 we read, "Then let them which be *in Judea*, flee unto the mountains," etc. In vers. 20, 21 we read, "But pray ye that *your flight* be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath Day," language which no one can regard as applicable to Gentile members of the Christian Church. But ver. 21 proceeds to assign the reason for the flight, and for the prayer, which are enjoined in the preceding context. "For there shall be great tribulation"—tribulation so great that "except its days should be shortened, no flesh should be saved." And, finally, for the comfort of those for whom the entire passage is specially intended, and who, I submit, are exclusively Jews, not Gentiles, members of an elect Jewish remnant, not of the elect Christian Church, the promise is added—"but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." For sure warrant for regarding the term "elect" as in some instances referring to Jews, as distinguished from the Church of this dispensation, we need only refer to Isa. 65 : 9 and 22.

I submit therefore that Matt. 24 : 22 can by no means be regarded as proving that living believers belonging to the Christian Church, must needs pass through the Great Tribulation; or as overthrowing the belief of their removal by translation previous to its commencement. Nor, for the same reasons, can we so regard Matt. 24 : 29-31.

THE WHITE-ROBED THROG.

Another passage no less confidently appealed to for this purpose, and which was only incidentally referred to in the article already named, is Rev. 7 : 9-17. Here, it is said, we find a company "redeemed out of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, and who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Who, it is asked, can these be unless they belong to the present Christian Church? But if so, it is expressly affirmed of these, ver. 14, that "they have come out of the tribulation—the great one" (Greek). Therefore it is concluded that all members of the Christian Church, who shall not have died previous to the commencement of this tribulation must pass through it. But does this

multitude represent, or does it include among those whom it represents, the then risen and living members of the Christian Church who are to be translated at the first stage of the Second Advent?

I venture to affirm that it is very far from being certain, or, from being probable, that it represents or includes any of such. Such, as it seems to me, have been clearly shown to be represented by (Rev. 4 : 5).

THE TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS.

But if so, they cannot also be represented by the great multitude of chap. 7, which is not described as either enthroned or crowned, the true and glorious portion of the translated saints, but on the contrary, as "standing *before* the throne and *before* the Lamb." Does not this great uncrowned, unenthroned multitude seem rather to represent a large and most blessed "*harvest*" of saved souls (see Rev. 14 : 15), of which the risen and translated dead and living of the Christian Church shall constitute the "*first fruits*?"

I cannot, therefore, but regard it as very evident that Rev. 7 : 9-17 does not by any means, or any more than Matt. 24 : 22, overthrow the possibility or the probability of an Ante-tribulation translation. On the other hand, regarding this passage in the light in which I have here endeavored to present it, is it not very blessed and joyful to see a warrant in it for being able to hope that after the rapture foretold in Thess. 4 shall have taken place, and the separation between "the one taken, and the other left" of Matt. 24 : 40, 41, Luke 17 34-37 shall have occurred, there may be many nominal

COLD-HEARTED, WORLDLY-MINDED,

and consequently unwatchful, unready, members of the visible Christian Churches, who shall therefore be among "the left," and nevertheless to awaken and to convert whom the Spirit of God may employ the very fact of some of those nearest and dearest to them having been thus, with to them awful suddenness taken away? Is it not also glorious to look on, and to see warrant in God's blessed Word for believing, that in addition to these there will be very many more from among the nations of the earth who shall be converted to Christ by that solemn and awakening Gospel of intermingled mercy and judgment, which, subsequent to the completion and rapture of the Church—as the connection in which the passage stands seems manifestly to imply—is to be preached "to them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. 14 : 6, 7.)

All of such we can well regard as having to pass through the Great Tribulation. They form no portion, it would appear, of that portion of the Christian Church, whose distinctive privilege, according to "the exceeding riches of God's grace" it is, as "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," to share with Him immediately in the sovereign, governmental, administrative glory of His kingdom. But yet they shall each and all have their own distinctive places and offices in that wondrous kingdom—in the glory in which each class and individual shall differ only as "star differeth from star!"

THE "GREAT MULTITUDE."

And is it not in exact accordance with the fitness of things, that—while the elect Church, which is to reign with Christ over the kingdom, and which is spoken of as "a *little flock*," with reference to which and to the gathering of which, in this present dispensation, it is said of the way of life that "*few* there be that find it," should have its symbolic representation in the twenty-four elders—this far larger body of the subsequently saved should in like manner be represented by the "*great multitude* which no man could number" of chap. 7 : 9-17 and Habakkuk 2 : 14? Is there not thus a magnificent prospect opened up to us, not of a restricted glory, or a narrow salvation confined to a comparatively small Church alone, but of glory and

SALVATION WORLD-WIDE,

and world-embracing, worthy of the great redemption price that has been paid for it in the blood of God's dear Son, and leading us as we meditate upon it to exclaim with the inspired Apostle, "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" and to sing with the choristers of heaven, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

(To be concluded next week.)



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Total Amount of Three per cent Bonds issued to date is \$259,370,500. The total saving in annual interest by the exchange of the three and a half per cents into three per cents is \$1,296,852.50. A few applications for the new bonds have been received since the exchange was suspended, on September 20th, but they will not be considered until after November 1st, and the three per cent bonds thereafter issued will only bear interest from November 1st. A Treasury official has made the prediction that notwithstanding the large appropriations for the River and Harbor Bill and on account of Pensions the current fiscal year will yield a surplus of one hundred millions. He bases his calculations on the revenue receipts of the past three months.

The Result of the Election in Ohio has Given a genuine shock to Republicans throughout the country. The Republican press describes it as little short of a revolution. The present representation of Ohio in the House is fifteen Republicans and five Democrats. Under the new apportionment Ohio is entitled to twenty-one representatives, and according to the reports, as at present made up, thirteen of these in the next House will be Democrats, and eight of them Republicans. Official returns from fifty counties show a net Democratic gain of 35,299, which the thirty-eight counties remaining will probably swell to 40,000. This would give the head of the ticket a plurality of about 16,000. Several causes are assigned for this remarkable change of position. Chief among these is the liquor question. It was evident when the Republican Convention adjourned that the party had gone far enough in the direction of prohibition to alienate the liquor sellers and not far enough to ensure the support of the temperance men. The result was a vigorous campaign on the side of the Democratic ticket by the liquor men, and apathy among the temperance wing of the Republican party. An analysis of the returns shows that the Republican stay-at-homes were unusually numerous this year, of whom some were temperance men, and others Garfield Republicans dissatisfied with the present federal policy. One of the most remarkable features of the election is that General

Keifer should have been one of the Republicans re-elected. There are probably local reasons for this result, but his conduct as Speaker and his subservency to Robeson excited so much comment, that his failure to secure a re-election would not have occasioned surprise in the country. The Prohibitionists express their conviction that the reaction in the State will tend to the advancement of temperance and temperance legislation.

Mr. Cleveland's Letter Accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York was published on Tuesday, October 10th. He expresses cordial approval of the platform adopted by the convention and advocates the adoption of more efficient measures to ensure to the primaries absolutely free and uncontrolled action. On the question of the freedom of the canals which is to be submitted to the people at the election, Mr. Cleveland prudently refrains from committing himself. He denounces in emphatic language the practice of levying assessments and as to the reform of the civil service he says: "Subordinates in public places should be selected and retained for their efficiency, and not because they may be used to accomplish partisan ends. The people have a right to demand here, as in cases of private employment, that their money be paid to those who will render the best service in return, and that the appointment to and tenure of such places should depend upon ability and merit." With respect to the operation of monopolies which is at the present time the most vital question affecting the interests of New York, Mr. Cleveland says: "Corporations are created by the law for certain defined purposes, and are restricted in their operations by specific limitations; acting within their legitimate sphere they should be protected; but when by combination or by the exercise of unwarranted power they oppress the people, the same authority which created should restrain them and protect the rights of the citizen. The law lately passed for the purpose of adjusting the relations between the people and corporations should be executed in good faith, with an honest design to effectuate its objects, and with a due regard for the interests involved."

The Utah Conventions Held last Week Show how bitterly party strife wages there. The Mormons have nominated John F. Caine to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Cannon's rejection by Congress. Mr. Caine is a monogamist, is the manager of the Church Theatre, is city clerk and auditor, and part owner of the Salt Lake City journal. The Mormon authorities have issued orders to Mormons settled in other states to oppose the re-election of every congressman who voted to declare Cannon's seat vacant, and it is expected that in several cases they are sufficiently numerous to effect their purpose. The Liberal Convention which closed its sessions on October 12th, nominated Phillip T. Vanzile, United States District Attorney for Utah, for Delegate to Congress. The platform adopted arraigns the Mormon Church for making Utah disloyal to the Government, retarding its growth, and setting its people at variance with the people of the United States, and declares there can be no fair and impartial civil Government in Utah while the Mormon Church is permitted to control the law-making power. It repeats the demand of the last Territorial Convention for a Legislative Commission, and indorses Governor Murray and the Edmunds Election Commission. To the latter it tenders its thanks for their judicious conduct of the registration of the voters under great and peculiar difficulties. The Mormons are sanguine of the success of Judge Jere Black in his attempt to upset the Edmunds Bill.

An Appeal for Help from Pensacola, Fla., has been issued. A telegram received in New York from D. S. Brent, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Health of Pensacola, says: "Reports of our distress are not exaggerated, but fall short of the truth. We need help for present necessities, and are deeply concerned and uneasy at the prospects of the future. The fever is of a more fatal character than heretofore." On Saturday last fifty-eight new cases of yellow fever and two deaths were reported, making the total cases to date 1543 and the total deaths 135. The

weather is seasonable and pleasant, but gives no hope of an early frost. A family of Norwegians, utterly unaccustomed, who arrived on Friday were removed to the woods, a few miles away, by the Board of Health. Edwin W. Adams, Chairman of the Maritime Relief Committee of New York, has authorized the Board of Health to draw on him for \$1000, collected by the committee. Mayor Grimes, of Columbus, Ga., has \$580, contributed by citizens of that city. The citizens of Apalachicola sent \$92, and a few minor contributions have been received. A telegram sent to New Orleans says: "Bad as is the progress of the epidemic, and appalling as are the scenes of death and woe resulting therefrom, the extent of the destitution grows daily, and it is very disheartening to those who stand by and listen to the voices of distress or make it their business to investigate such instances of suffering. This condition of affairs is attributable to the fact that the population of the city is largely made up of workingmen, the wages of the majority of whom ceased at the first outbreak of the pestilence." The Young Men's Christian Association has issued the appeal for assistance.

A Vigorous Denunciation of the Republican candidate in Illinois for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction was made by the Liquor Dealers in their State Convention. They objected to him because of his temperance record. A Chicago journal explains the reason why Mr. Charles T. Stratton, the candidate in question, is a temperance man. Mr. Stratton is, it appears, a man *minus both legs*, amputated at the knees. When a boy he was driven out of the house on a cold winter's day, and sent for a jug of rum, by a drunken father. On his way home he became lost in the snow and both his legs were frozen off. "Is it strange," asks the *Chicago Daily News*, "that Mr. Stratton should be a temperance man? The gentleman may be an unsuitable man for the office, but don't, in the name of humanity and common decency, attack him for his temperance record."

The Wreck of the Ocean Steamer, Herder of the Hamburg-American Packet Company's Line is reported. The Herder left New York on the afternoon of Thursday, October 5th, and had fine weather up to Sunday night, when a dense fog set in, and necessary precautions were taken to avoid accidents if possible. Everything went on as usual, and no danger was apprehended until two o'clock the following morning, when the ship suddenly, and before her officers were aware of her proximity to land, ran on the rocks immediately eastward of the head of Long Beach, about three miles west of Cape Race. The passengers and crew were all landed safely at daylight in the eight boats belonging to the ship, and were well cared for by the few families living near the scene of the wreck. Reports have been circulated of drunkenness among the officers and crew, but they have been denied and an official investigation of the charges will take place.

The Year Book of the Young Men's Christian Associations now issued, states that there are in the United States and Canada 779 associations, and 82,375 members. The property owned by these associations is valued at \$3,330,000, and their annual expenditures aggregate \$500,000. The International and State Committees expended in the work of supervision and caring for the associations in 1881, \$43,000. Two hundred and fifty-five persons are employed as general secretaries and agents of local associations, and of the State and International Committees.

An Answer to Prayer was Acknowledged after twenty years at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting last week. Two ladies from England who attended the meeting handed to the missionary a letter, which read as follows: "Twenty years ago a lady wrote to you from England to ask your prayers in a terrible affliction, that through that deep sorrow the Lord would bring glory to Himself. She would return thanks for the support she has had given to her through the twenty years past, and she would earnestly ask prayer for three remaining children, that they may be more earnestly drawn to the Lord Jesus and become truly converted Christians."

The Christian Convention which Assembled at Chicago on October 11th, has been numerous attended. Over two hundred clergymen were at each meeting. Among them was *Mr. Charles Spurgeon*, one of the twin sons of the pastor of the London Metropolitan Tabernacle. Dr. McKay, whose addresses on Prophecy in New York four years ago attracted renewed attention to that important subject, was another distinguished Transatlantic visitor. At the session of October 13th, Mr. Ingersoll, Railroad Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, gave an outline of the extent of the association's work. The body comprised in all parts of the world 2671 associations. Bishop McManara, of New York, presented an interesting statement on the independent Catholic movement in this country. In the evening Gospel addresses were delivered by Dr. McKay and Mr. Spurgeon.

A Diamond Among the Coal was found recently by a farmer in New York State. *Theulton Times* of September 29th, says: "A few days ago a well-known farmer living in the south part of the town of Volney, N. Y., purchased his inter supply of coal in this village and drew it home. A few days after, having occasion to go to his cellar, a bright, glittering object caught his eye among the coal. It flashed and sparkled so brilliantly that he went to it and picked it out and carried it into the sunlight. Satisfied that it was gem of value he preserved it carefully, and it proved to be a *valuable diamond*." How the diamond came to be in so strange a place is not explained and will probably never be known. It is fact, however, for which we have Divine assurance that in the day when God makes up His jewels many of the brightest gems will be those and in the dark places of the earth and amidst dreary surroundings (Mal. 3: 17).

The Blunder of a Panic-Stricken Man was costing him his life recently. An Irishman in Indian Orchard, near Springfield, Mass., fell into the river and was carried over the dam and impelled to cling to a rock, in imminent peril, for two hours before a rope could be successfully thrown to him. When he finally got hold of it, he was so nearly crazy that he began *tying the rope about his neck*, and it was with some difficulty that the rescuers on the shore were able to make him understand that he had better fasten the cord lower down on his body. Had the rescuers not closely observed the man's actions they would have caused his death by strangulation while saving him from death by drowning. Some sad cases of backsliding on the part of converts made in seasons of wild religious excitement, suggest the fear that a similar mistake is sometimes made in spiritual matters. The awakened sinner needs Scriptural teaching or his last state may be worse than his first (Luke 11: 24-26).

Bound with Red Hot Iron Rods was the terrible experience of an iron worker at Cleveland, Ohio, on October 6th. *The Cleveland Leader* says that on that day a worker in the Cleveland Rolling Mills named Battersby, was attending to his duties which involved his standing directly in front of the set of rolls through which the red-hot rods pass with almost lightning rapidity. Sometimes the end of a rod will strike an obstruction and the whole piece of iron will be coiled up at the end of the roller. Such an accident occurred on Friday, and Battersby, being unable to get out of the way, *the rod was wound around his legs*. The hissing iron soon burned through his clothing and into his flesh. It was some time before the man could be extricated, and when he was at last freed he had been burned in a shocking manner. He was removed to his home, and surgeons were summoned, who decided that both legs must be amputated. We are naturally horrified at such a calamity, but as we move about in our great cities we pass multitudes of men in a worse situation is even worse. The drunkard and the sensualist encircled by the chain of their vices, and the victims of the hideous, hateful morphine habit, the number of which is now being recruited rapidly from the most refined and intellectual strata of society, are morally in worse plight and in greater danger for them, especially for the morphine

users, can only be purchased by excruciating suffering. For such men our sympathies should be ever active and we always ready to point them to the way of escape God has provided (Matt. 1: 21).

A Worm-Eaten Church is Said to be Standing at Andover, Mass. A local journal says: "Within the last four years boring insects have attacked the timber of which this church is built. Their work was first noticed by reason of the little piles of dust they left upon the carpet near the wall. It has gone on until much of the woodwork of walls and pews is riddled with holes. In some places the shell which the borers have left is hardly thicker than paper. The church people are afraid that what is left of their church will some day tumble on them. It is believed that in this country no other instance is known of such a devouring of church property." It must not, however, be supposed that no instance exists of an evil of which this may serve as a type. There are churches in this and other countries the life and spirituality of which have been undermined by the worms of pride, worldliness, avarice and false doctrine, until all strength and vitality have perished (Rev. 3: 16-18).

The Bite of a Tarantula Caused some Alarm last week to a family in New York. Louis Gurado, an Italian fruit-vendor, who keeps a stand at Second Avenue and Fourth Street, was bitten on October 7th, by a tarantula, and was nearly frightened to death. He was in the act of cutting a banana from a bunch on his stand, when the insect, which was evidently hidden on the stalk of the bunch, stung him on the right thumb. Gurado struck at the insect and killed it. Soon after he felt a sharp pain in his thumb, began to feel dizzy and uncomfortable, and in a few minutes fell on the pavement like a man under the influence of liquor. His hand and arm swelled to an unnatural size, and the swelling increased and communicated to his face and neck. His wife, who was with him at the stand, became alarmed and cried out that her husband was dying. An ambulance was summoned, and Gurado was sent to Bellevue Hospital. When he arrived at the hospital the man was examined and a preparation was applied to the wounded thumb, which relieved the pain and reduced the inflammation. The next morning having fully recovered, he was allowed to go to his home. The venomous creature secreted among the fruit reminds us of Satan's favorite ambush. It is among *the pleasant things of this world* that his presence may be suspected, and when we are enjoying what are called the good things of life it is most necessary to be on our guard (Eccles. 11: 9).

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom Resides in Augusta, Me. Until his marriage, a few weeks ago, he had resided in the house owned by his father in one of the suburbs of the city; but when that important event in his life occurred, he leased a house and commenced his married life in another locality not far away. One evening recently, after completing his day's work, he left the office, went up street and purchased his evening paper, and then climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering its familiar precincts he marched to the washroom, made his toilet, and then presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching his operations, eyed him with amazement, and at last his mother softly inquired, "My son, have you procured a divorce thus early in your wedded career?" A deep flush suffused the young man's face, and he gasped, "I forgot all about being married." Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter the young man hurried out and walked hastily home where his young wife was impatiently awaiting his coming. The lady probably was not easily appeased, for her husband's absent-mindedness showed that she had not been so prominently in his thoughts as young wives expect to be, and the slight would have to be atoned for. A lapse of this kind is very unusual, but it is alas, a too common occurrence to see those who have forsaken their old associations in the world and pledged their souls to the Saviour, return to their former place and remain there without a blush (2 Peter 2: 19-22).

BOCHIM; OR, THE WEEPERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And it came to pass, when the angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice, and wept. And they called the name of that place Bochim: and they sacrificed there unto the Lord."—Judges 2: 4, 5.

Anglo Saxon Sins of Extermination—The Great Nonconformists of the Universe—Volatile Correctors of Divine Wisdom—A Refined Ingenious People—The Axes of the Roman Lictors—A Warning Before Punishment—The Bearer of the Warning—His Reminder of Past Mercies—His Mention of Guaranteed Mercies—His Expostulation—The Punishment Declared—The Results—I. Hopeful—Attentive Hearers—Feeling People—Professors—What Repentance is—II. Very Disappointing—Their Emotion Aroused by the Preacher—By Natural Softness—By Apprehension—Not Practical—Not Taught their Children—They Went from Bad to Worse—Penitents at a Dance.

LET me give an outline of the chapter, that we may put the text into its proper setting.

God had brought His people out of Egypt, and divided Jordan that they might march through dryshod into the land which He had promised to their fathers. He charged them to drive out the Canaanites, a race that had become so loathsome in God's sight that He decreed their destruction, and appointed the tribes of Israel to be their executioners. It was for the good of the universal world that this pest-house should be broken up, and that the filthy races should be destroyed; and God gave His people that charge to carry out.

Those who quarrel with this arrangement should remember that this is *not the only instance* of aboriginal tribes being driven out by a superior race. Our Anglo-Saxon nation drove out the original inhabitants of this island, who survived only in the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, and in the highlands of Scotland. It certainly will not be wise on our part as Anglo-Saxons to condemn Israel for doing under divine command what our forefathers did for their own aggrandizement. Alas, in more modern times lands have been seized and nations extirpated by the white man without divine warrant or reasonable excuse. We do not justify all this; but if any complain of Israel for obeying the sentence of God, let them first raise their voices against the driving out of ancient races by colonists of our own race.

The order to slay the Canaanites had a second object, namely, that Israel might dwell alone in the land, and might keep themselves to themselves—the great

NONCONFORMIST OF THE UNIVERSE

—separated from all the rest of mankind both by residence and by manners, not following the customs of the nations round about them, or falling into their sins. That they might be sanctified they were to be separated. "The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations."

Now, mark and note right well that it is an evil thing, under any pretext whatever, to depart in any degree from the commandment of the Most High God. Whatsoever may be the law which God gives, either to the whole race or to His chosen, they will find their safety in keeping close to it. But Israel forgot this. Soldiering was hard work—storming cities and warring with men who attacked them with chariots of iron was heroic service. All this required strong faith and untiring perseverance, and in these virtues the Israelites were greatly deficient; and so, in certain places, they said to the Canaanites, "Let us be neighbors: let us dwell together." They thought, perhaps, that they had abundant reason for this easy mode of ending the dispute; for *those who would correct infallible wisdom have usually a great deal to say for themselves*.

Certain persons thought in those days that the religious notion of God's requirements was too severe, that He was, after all, a mass of mercy, and that the best thing that they could do was to be kindly tolerant of these Canaanites and make the best terms they could with them. They said that perhaps, after all, it was a pity to be so old-

fashioned and so rigid in carrying out the divine order, and it would be better to learn something of the civilization of the Canaanites, something of their arts and sciences, something of their theory of religion; for men ought to have liberal views, and believe that there is latent truth in all forms of worship. At any rate, it could do no harm to study their archæology, and go to their temples, and see the gods they worshipped, and get a general acquaintance with the advanced thought of the period; for the Canaanites were a greatly advanced people, they were the advanced thinkers of the period. They had thought out he-gods and she-gods, Baal and Ashtoroth, and their lesser deities were many; they were, in fact,

A HIGHLY CULTURED PEOPLE,
always thinking out something fresh.

They did live with them, and fell into their ways. Tolerance led to imitation, and Israel became as vile as the heathen whom the Lord had condemned, and the Israelites became a mixed race, in whose veins there flowed a measure of Canaanite blood. Yes; if you depart from God's word by a hair's breadth you know not *where you will end*. It needs but a little to degrade the Christian into a Ritualist, and still less to turn the Ritualist into a Romanist. We shall go far if we once start on the downhill road. I would to God that in these degenerate times we had back again somewhat of the stern spirit of the Cameronians and the Covenanters; for now men play fast and loose with God, and think that anything they please to do will satisfy the Most High. The offer and the refuse will suffice for sacrifice for Him; but as to strict obedience to His word, they can by no means abide it. Mischief will surely come of this lax state of things to the churches of this day as surely as affliction came to Israel of old.

But then comes in a truth which, though it may seem black in the telling, is bright in the essence of it. God did not leave His people without chastisement. Had He let them alone, to be given up to their idols, their case would have been hopeless. For mercy's sake they must be punished for their transgression; but this was a gracious punishment, that they might not lie and wallow in their transgression and become altogether like the swinish nations that surrounded them. God began to punish them by their own sin. He suffered the Canaanitish nations to grow strong, so that they grievously oppressed Israel. He put the Israelites under the yoke of those nations which they ought to have utterly destroyed. If they would not be conquerors they should be conquered. If they would not lead captivity captive they should be led captives themselves. The Lord laid His blows upon them thick and heavy.

But, before He did this, *He sent a messenger* to rebuke them. It is ever

THE LORD'S WAY
to give space for repentance ere He executes vengeance. The axes which were carried before the Roman magistrates by the lictors were bound up in bundles of rods. It is said that when a prisoner was before the magistrate the lictor began to untie the rods, and with these the culprit was beaten: meanwhile the judge looked in the prisoner's face and heard his defence, and if he saw reason for averting the capital sentence, because of the repentance which the offender expressed, then he only smote him with the rod, but the axe remained unused. But if, when every rod was taken off, the culprit was still hardened, and the crime was a capital one and clearly proven, then the axe was used; and used all the more sternly because space had been given for penitence, and the rods had been used in vain. When the rod is despised the axe is ready. It is certainly so with God; He waiteth to be gracious, but when patience cannot hope for penitence then justice takes her turn, and her stroke is terrible.

The Lord on this occasion commissioned

A SPECIAL MESSENGER
to rebuke these people, for He sent an angel. I leave it to your own judgments to discover who this angel was, if it be discoverable. It may have been an ordinary angel, but I think it must have been *the* angel of the Lord. He is so styled in the fourth verse, and, beside, he uses language which

an ordinary angel could not have used. He begins, "I made you to go up out of Egypt." Note, he does not say that the Lord said this or that, but the angel himself says it—"I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swear unto your fathers." Who could this have been, then, but that covenant angel who, on other occasions, appeared to holy men, and who on this occasion preached a sermon to the assembled multitude at Shiloh?

He began first by telling them what *mercies they had received*. Read the chapter. "I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swear unto your fathers." Brethren, this subject should most readily lead us to repentance, that God should have dealt so well with us should make us grieve that we have behaved so ill to Him. Do I address a backsliding child of God? I do not think that any exercise is more likely to benefit your heart than to remember what God did for you in years gone by.

Then the angel passed on to mention the *mercies guaranteed to them*: "I said, I will never break my covenant with you." Oh, that is a blessed theme. If indeed you are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord has pledged Himself to make you perfect and to bring you home to Himself with exceeding great joy. You shall not perish. Christ has said, "I give unto My sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." The angel pleads this longsuffering, eternally-enduring love, and pleads it well. I know of no two greater arguments than mercy received and mercy promised. Let us not sin against these. May the Holy Spirit hold us fast with these cords of love.

And then the angel came to close grips with them, and he said, "Ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars; but ye have not obeyed my voice: why have ye done this?" *He came to their sin*, he put his finger on their failure, their omission and their commission. The angel expostulated in most chosen words, saying, "Why have ye done this?" Why have ye turned away from God? Backslider, are you here to-night? Have you gone aside from church fellowship and left the profession of religion? Why have you done this? Can you mention a reason which will hear the light? We know you cannot. There is no sense in sin, no justification for iniquity. Ungodliness is madness.

IRRELIGION IS IRRATIONAL.

Then the angel completed his discourse by declaring to them that *further chastisements would surely follow*. He was not sent to preach the Gospel, and therefore mercy is not his theme. He was sent to preach the law, and he did preach it. Listen to the judgment which he denounces: "Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out from before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be your ruin," so some read the passage. It was a just but terrible threatening that he thus thundered in their ears. Notice it. They were to be punished by their own sin. The Lord as good as said, "You would not drive them out, and now I will not drive them out. Your negligence and time-serving shall come home to you, and place thorns in your suffering flesh. Your omission shall sting you where you will feel it. You have sowed thistles, and thorns shall stuff your pillows."

What a sermon that was! As I have said, there was a great occasion, a great congregation, a great preacher, a great sermon, and, as far as one could see on the spot, a great movement produced. Now I want you to notice what looks like

A GREAT RESULT,

and we shall talk of it under two heads. The people, when they heard this solemn discourse, lifted up their voice and wept, yet they continued as they were. *How hopeful! How disappointing!*

I. First, how

HOPEFUL.

One could not desire anything better apparently than this. *They were all attentive hearers.*

There was not one that looked about him, or that forgot the pointed words that were spoken. The all seemed to open wide their ears, and take in the divine admonition. There they stood before the Lord, all of them amazed and confounded, while the angel delivered his solemn message, and then returned to Him that sent him. It is a great thing to win people's attention, and it is not every one that can do it; for there are congregations that act as if the word had nought to do with them, leaving the poor preacher to prophesy to dead walls. These Israelites took the warning and drank in the truth. They were attentive hearers, and anybody would have said, "Blessed be God, that sermon has done a great work. Blessed be God for such an attentive congregation: the nails are fastened in a sure place."

Moreover, *they were*

VERY FEELING PEOPLE,

for they felt what they heard. What would you think to-night if the congregation should suddenly cry out? "They lifted up their voice and wept"—wept aloud. I have no doubt that many who were there at that time were right with God and said, "What a wonderful opportunity! Glory be to God for *such a revival!*" That one sermon has stirred the people through and through. Thank God that He has sent such a messenger with so fitting a message, and blessed it so, for certainly these people are all converted, otherwise they would not cry out and weep." They were all turned into weepers, and they called the name of that place Bochim, or the place of weepers. You would think, "Surely this is full of promise, every eye is filled with tears as they stand before God." Alas! that such drops did not precede a shower of grace, but passed away as the morning cloud.

Ay, and *they all became professing hearers*; for as soon as ever that service was over they held another, and "They sacrificed unto Jehovah." They avowed themselves to be Jehovah's servants, and they took the sacrifice which He had appointed and offered it for their sin, and outwardly they all of them became ardent worshippers of the Most High, and true penitents.

Well, dear friends, all this looks very hopeful, because it is what we may expect when God presses home the law upon the consciences of men. When sin is laid before a man, should he not weep? Hope glitters in every tear. Oh, that men were sane enough to weep for their transgressions! I wonder that some of you can read your Bibles with dry eyes. Unsaved, and rejecting the Saviour, can you read the four evangelists without weeping? That Saviour whom the Jews crucified you reject, and so, in fact, you crucify Him too.

Oftentimes this deep emotion does come with true conversion—often, though not always, as I shall have to show you. Men convinced of sin may well weep. I have seen a strong man weep under a sense of his guilt—weep as though the fountains of his eyes would be exhausted, and the eyes themselves would turn to coals of fire. Frequently people are unable to restrain themselves, and wish to break out even in the midst of the congregation, and cry to God for mercy. It is not wonderful. It is what we should expect. It is not undesirable, for it is an effect which frequently accompanies real conversion to God. It may well go with sorrow for sin, and sorrow for sin is essential to eternal life.

Repentance is an old-fashioned doctrine, which in these days has been despised; but, if I stand alone, I will hear testimony for it. They say that repentance is nothing at all, that it is merely, according to the Greek, a change of mind. That shows what a little Greek they know. A little of such knowledge is a dangerous thing. A pity that they do not learn more. Repentance is a change of mind; but do you say that it is *only* a change of mind? That is a pretty big "only." A change of mind, a radical change of mind, from the love of sin to the love of holiness, is that a small affair? It is always attended with sorrow and regret for past sin; and, if there is a man here who thinks that he will get to Heaven by a dry-eyed faith, he will be mistaken. He that never mourned for sin has never rejoiced in the Lord. So this place Bochim looks extremely hopeful, does it not?

II. Now let me turn to the other side, and show you that there was nothing permanently good in Bochim's sudden water-floods. These people were made weepers through hearing the angel's sermon, but their weeping was

VERY DISAPPOINTING;

I half suspect that their tears and lamentations were produced as much by the preacher's person as by anything else. It was the angel of the Lord, and who would not be moved at his presence? God gifts certain speakers with the power of moving the natural feelings, and that gift abundantly rested upon the covenant messenger. Some men so preach that it were almost impossible to remain unsoftened. There is a pathos about them, or there is an earnestness so intense, so manifest, that for the heart of the hearer to be touched is a natural consequence. But be sure of this, that which comes to you from a man will come to an end before long. A temporary cause cannot produce an everlasting change. "Ye must be born again," not of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but by the Spirit of God.

Again, I am afraid that the repentance of these people had a great deal to do with their natural softness. They were tender and excitable because there was little grit in their nature, their manliness was of a degenerate type. They feared to go to battle for God; they dreaded the noise and the slaughter. They were moreover easily moved by their fellow men, and took shape from those who lived near them; they went to worship Baal because their neighbors said, "Come and worship Baal." And they worshipped Ashtaroth because their friends said, "Come, let us reverence the goddess." They were malleable, pliable, ductile. We have numbers around us of that kind. What shall I call them—

MEN OF WAX?

creatures of india-rubber? They go to be shaped even by your finger, like clay upon the potter's wheel, not yet hardened in the fire. No one knows what their shape will be when they leave the wheel. Some have been here for many years, and have often been moved and moulded by the preacher, and yet they are not saved, while stout-hearted rebels have stood in the aisles with half a sneer, and God has brought the hammer down upon their flinty hearts, and broken them to pieces, and now they are saved by mighty grace, and rejoice in the Lord. Some have a natural tenderness which hinders the attainment of spiritual softness.

Now, mark you, that which is natural may be used of God toward that which is spiritual, but still it is not in itself spiritual. All that readiness to cry, all that readiness to receive the word with joy, and to leap at once into faith may be just nothing but mental weakness. Some men weep profusely because they have been drunkards, and that gives them a drop in their eye; this is a miserable business. I like the strong man who cries within, and is chary of the visible rain-shower. I know really tender-hearted men who could not shed a tear for their lives, but feel a far deeper anguish than those whose griefs are shallow and watery.

It is very beautiful to talk of the tears streaming down their faces, but many converts have never shed a tear, and perhaps never will; but this does not prove that they are not converted; far from it; the tear is but a natural drop of moisture, and soon evaporates; the better thing is the inward torrent of grief within the soul, which leaves an indelible mark within. You know how we sang just now—

"Tears, though flowing like a river,
Never can one sin efface;
Jesus' tears would not avail thee,
Blood alone can meet thy case;
Fly to Jesus!
Life is found in his embrace."

One grain of faith is better than a gallon of tears. A drop of genuine repentance is more precious than a torrent of weeping.

There is another thing about the weeping of these people, and that is, that it was caused a great deal by threatnings of punishment. I am afraid that they did not weep because they sinned, but that they wept because God said that He would not drive out any more Canaanites. Ay, and you

may preach the fires of hell till men are willing to abandon darling lusts of the more glaring sort. To such we would put searching questions. Is there any holy salt in your tears? Is it sin that you weep for? Is it sin that you repent of? Every murderer repents at the gallows, they say; that is, he repents of being hanged, but he does not repent of having killed others. He might do the same thing again if he had the opportunity. We ought clearly to discern between the natural terrors that come of vivid descriptions of the wrath to come and that real spiritual touch of God the Holy Ghost which breaks and melts the heart and then casts it into another mould. These people were deceived as to the depth and sincerity of their own feelings. Their feeling was but as a meteor's blaze, shedding strong but momentary day.

"What sadder scenes can angels view
Than self-deceiving tears?"

They give you hope, a hope untrue,
Then deepen all your fears."

We are quite sure that these people, though they wept, were none the better for that, because, if they had been, they would have cried "come, brethren,

GET YOUR SWORDS.

Let us go and fight these Hivites and Hittites, and cast down their altars, and sweep away their images and groves." No, they kept their idle swords in their scabbards, and made treaties with the condemned races. In addition, they very likely confessed and deplored their own laxity, and went the length of saying, "It is very grievous that we should be so obstinate. It is really a dreadful thing." I heard one say, "It is an awful thing to be a slave to the winecup; I wish that I had never tasted it. The first opportunity I get I will turn over a new leaf." He did not say what the new leaf would be, but he was going to do any quantity of reforming work. Alas! he never did anything at all, for he was drunk again the next day. A beautiful penitent to look upon; but a wretched hypocrite in due time. If you repent of sin, down with sin! In God's name, down with sin! When repentance is hearty it is practical.

Next, these people had not repented, for they did not bring their children up rightly. The next generation, it is said, knew not the Lord, neither the mighty works of the Lord. That was because their parents did not teach them. Not that parents can teach children so that they know the Lord in their hearts; but God has so put it, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." That is the great general rule of God's moral government. If parents make known the things of God to their children it cannot be said that the children do not know the works of God. If parents teach with affectionate earnestness, their children learn at least the letter of the truth. I do not believe in your repentance for sin if you tolerate your child's living in it.

I know that these people did not repent aright, because they went from bad to worse. They went from weeping before God to worshipping Baal, like some I have heard of who are found crying in the house of God on Sunday night, and are laughing at the theatre on Monday night. O base hypocrites!

PENITENTS—AT A DANCE!

Broken-hearted sinners on Sunday, crying "Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," and whole-hearted drunkards before the week is up, yelling "We won't go home till morning." Look at the miserable sinners, see what they are at. Are these your weepers? These your men of tender conscience? Their Bochim is all a lie—a mere pretence. The more tender you are, if afterward you harden yourselves, so much the greater will be your guilt; and, if you humble yourselves before God in mere appearance, so much the more terrible will be your doom if that humbleness departs, and you go back to the sin from which you professed to turn.

I know that these people were not penitents, because God did not take away the chastisement. The punishment which He threatened He brought upon them; he gave them over to the spoilers and sold them to their enemies. But where there is a

heartly repentance of sin, God will never lay punishment on a man. He will forgive him and receive him to His bosom and restore him.

To sum up in a word all that I have said, salvation lies not in feeling, but in believing; salvation lies not in weeping, but in trusting in Christ. Repentance is not to be measured by outward manifestations of sorrow. The prophet saith, "Rend your heart, and not your garments." Let your hearts be rent away from sin, and from everything that leads to sin; and then shall you weep acceptably before God.

The Lord bless this word to those it is meant for. I do not know who they are, but He does; and may He send His blessing by His Holy Spirit. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Lost Money Traced and Recovered by Prayer.

At the Fulton street prayer meeting last Thursday, a friend returned thanks for prayer answered in reference to some money which was missing. His son went to Texas a year ago, and some weeks since sent his savings for a year to his father to pay for money borrowed when he went to Texas. But the money did not come to hand as it ought to have done, and with some anxiety about it the father of the young man asked prayer at the meeting, and a few days afterward came to announce that it had been traced and is perfectly safe, and the grateful father expressed his gratitude.

An Amputation Necessitated by the Smoking Habit.—A rather unusual case of poisoning by nicotine is remarked upon by the Paris medical journals. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp knife, and with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently; the wound, however, being of a trivial nature, no attention was paid to it. But, five or six hours later, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen, the inflammation rapidly spreading to the arm and shoulder, and giving such intense pain to the patient as to cause him to take his bed. Medical assistance was called and the ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the use to which his pocket knife had been applied, adding that he had omitted to wipe it after cleaning the pipe. The case was now understood, and, it becoming alarming, removal to the hospital followed; there the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done.

A Heroine of the Sepoy Mutiny in India in 1857. Mrs. Harriet Campbell, has recently died at Southgate, near London. She was the wife of Captain J. Douglas Campbell, R.E. During the early days of the Mutiny, Mrs. Campbell was the leader of a large number of the fugitives from Morar, Gwalior, where disaffection was rife and the escape of the ladies and children from the cowardly fiends in human shape, who were outraging and murdering all the ladies they could find, was in a great measure due to her energy, resolution and courage. When the terrified and weary band of which she was the leader gave up hope after walking for days and nights with hardly a morsel to eat, under a burning sun, while yet a great distance from Agra, and expecting every moment to be massacred by the hostile villagers, this heroine's spirit and resources did not fail her. She managed to get a short note conveyed to her husband. It contained only a few words, detailing their fearful plight and situation, which having no pen or ink with them were pricked with a pin on a scrap of paper. Captain Campbell, in spite of great dangers and difficulties, succeeded in obtaining and bringing out native carts and an escort, by which means they were able to reach Agra in safety.



The Late Dr. Pusey.

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D.

DR. PUSEY'S name has been a prominent one in the Christian world for nearly half a century. Though he did not originate the movement in the Episcopal Church that we know by the name of Puseyism, he was so prominent in the ranks of its advocates, and was so ready with tongue and pen to engage in the conflict in defence of its doctrines and practices, that his name was appropriately given to the movement.

Edward Bouverie Pusey was born in 1800. He was allied by birth to several noble families in the British peerage, and when he selected the church as a profession his brilliant talents and his profound scholarship led to his being placed in a position of high honor and responsibility. He was made Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. He thus occupied a position in which he might exercise a potent influence over the minds of young men who were being trained for the Christian ministry in the Episcopal Church.

It was in 1833 that Dr. Pusey's teaching first excited public concern. In that year the well-known "Tracts for the Times" were issued, and Dr. Pusey became identified with those who through them preached doctrines previously held in abhorrence by the Protestant Church. The sermons which Dr. Pusey preached before congregations chiefly composed of the undergraduates in the university, increased the feeling of alarm first aroused by the "Tracts for the Times." In those sermons, and notably in one of them entitled "The Holy Eucharist a Comfort for the Penitent," Dr. Pusey taught the doctrine of Transubstantiation or the real presence of Christ in the emblems of the Lord's Supper, and advocated the practice of confession. The theory that men by virtue of their ministerial office became priests, and had the power to forgive sins and absolve the penitent after confession, was one naturally attractive to the embryo clergymen, and the movement grew rapidly in numbers and power. John Henry Newman, who was one of the leaders was a man deeply loved in the university, and attracted to the movement many promising young men. Ultimately, he withdrew from the Church and entered the Church of Rome in which he is now a cardinal. Dr. Pusey, unlike his friend, remained in the Church of England, and endeavored to bring the doctrines of that Church into closer accord with those of Rome.

That the Ritualists of our day are followers of Dr. Pusey, even they would not claim. While

holding the doctrines Dr. Pusey held, they have devoted a closer attention to details of ritual than he ever approved. He was concerned with the substance, the kernel; they were concerned with the shell, the mere externals which symbolized their creed. He endeavored, though not with much success, to restrain their excesses in dress and ceremony while emphasizing the doctrines those excesses typified. But while he thus sought to control his admirers he was ever ready to defend them from the onslaughts of their opponents, and in doing so he has often been misunderstood by people who imagined that he approved of practices which he really believed to be injudicious if not positively wrong. The current to which he gave impetus has flowed into channels Dr. Pusey was indisposed to enter, and it would not be too much to say that it has become more shallow as it proceeded. The fundamental doctrines of salvation by faith in the Saviour, and of the indispensable necessity of the New Birth, have been kept in abeyance while the virtue of the sacraments and the observance of ceremonies and the ritual have been held up conspicuously. Thus, the religion taught has become a mere formalism, a thing of externals altogether apart from the conception of Dr. Pusey. It is, however, a result which has come naturally and inevitably from his teaching.

Dr. Pusey, in spite of his advanced age, was to the last very active in his duties, and the sight of him passing to and fro in the precincts of the university wearing the *skull cap* which he invariably kept on his head, was one very familiar to Oxford men down to the present year. Only two weeks before he died he was actively engaged in preparing in his vacation the Hebrew lectures of the October term, to be ready for a new course in special relation to the regulations of the Board of Theological Studies. He was seized with an attack of nervous prostration, such as he had several times had before, in each case with imminent danger, but such as he had recovered from, after periods of long exhaustion. He had been enfeebled by several other severe illnesses, by bronchitis, by pleurisy, and failure of the heart, in the last few years. He failed to rally and expired on September 16th. The premier, Mr. Gladstone, who was his intimate friend, was one of the pallbearers at his funeral.

Widely diverse estimates are formed of Dr. Pusey's intellectual standing. A writer in the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "Those who are best acquainted with the deceased divine never attributed to him any great logical powers; on the contrary, his thoughts seem often to have followed each other in an order which it was difficult for anybody but himself to understand. Even in his sermons Dr. Pusey attracted large congregations to St. Mary's, Oxford, rather by the mere force of his own personality than because any powerful rhetoric or convincing chain of reasoning was anticipated."

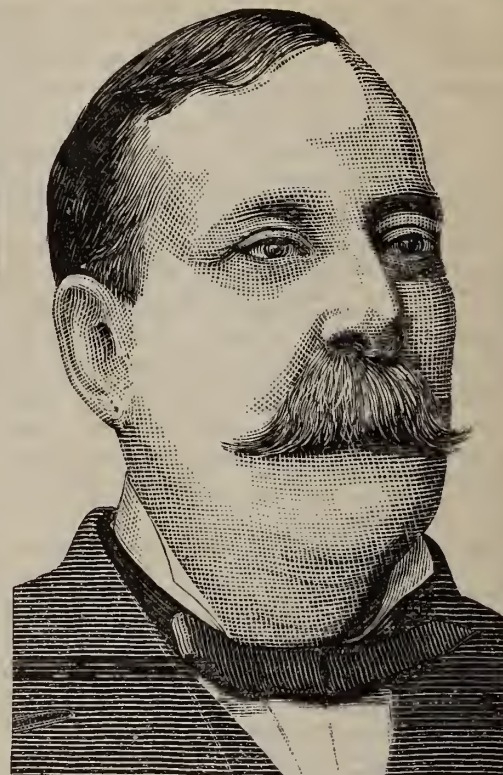
Dr. Pusey's literary labors have been chiefly controversial. His published sermons are numerous; but his chief and most valuable work is his "Commentary on the Minor Prophets." He was also joint editor of the "Library of the Fathers."

MR. CHARLES W. SAWYER.**The Gospel Temperance Evangelist.**

CHARLES W. SAWYER, whose portrait appears on this page, was born at Gloucester, Mass., on September 2d, 1838. His father was an officer in the United States naval service, and his mother was a devout Christian woman. Mr. Sawyer had a good common school education, and at the age of seventeen entered the warehouse of Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, where he remained several years, afterward entering the employment of Messrs. H. B. Claflin & Co., the well-known dry goods house in New York, as salesman.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

Mr. Sawyer early fell under the terrible power of the intoxicating cup, and he gradually sank into its thralldom until after a few years his case was pronounced thoroughly hopeless. On November 27th, 1872, after a protracted drinking bout, and



Mr. Charles W. Sawyer.

while still under the influence of liquor, he strayed into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, and seating himself in one of the chairs, fell into a heavy sleep. Five hours later he became conscious of his position and arose to retire, but a word of kind admonition arrested him. "No, I don't want to be talked to," he said, "it is too late. I *must* drink. I want a drink *now*." Another encouraging word from the lawyer, met with only the despairing answer, "I must drink!"

Placing his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the unfortunate man, the lawyer urged: "A good supper will be better for you; here's a dollar to get it with." Such unlooked for treatment brought tears of penitence to eyes unused to weep, and from an open Bible the faithful lawyer proceeded to read the story of Him who came to seek and save the lost.

"So simple, only to bathe in Jordan," and he bathed; as that Christian lawyer has since often and gladly said, "bathed *seven* times and was cleansed—cleansed from unbelief, cleansed from drinking, cleansed from gambling, cleansed from smoking, cleansed from chewing, cleansed from Sabbath-breaking, cleansed from every evil way."

WORK WITH MR. MOODY.

About a year after his conversion to Christ, Mr. Sawyer accepted an appointment as manager of a temperance journal, which position he abandoned at the suggestion of Mr. Moody, with whom, during the meetings at the Hippodrome, he began his work as an evangelist, in which, during the last few years, he has been engaged, laboring in Chicago, Boston, and other cities, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic.

Since his reclamation he has been laboring as he has been led by the will of God as manifested to him, believing that God's hand led him even in his saddest days, allowing him to go down into the depths, that he might be the better prepared for the work of rescuing those who are perishing.

HOW GOD LED HIM TO BOSTON.

On one occasion, in Chicago, where an encouraging and attractive field was opened before him, which offered comfort, rest, and a home, he received an urgent call to Boston. Boston had been his early home. In Boston from a position of usefulness and responsibility he had fallen, and upon a respected name had brought disgrace. Boston had been the scene of his darkest days. In Boston he was shunned and despised; and his whole nature shrank from the effort. But a more urgent call came, and quickly upon that another

"Come." Kneeling down, he asked God to give him a sign from His Word of the course to pursue; then rising, he opened his Bible and read thus:

"Thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee; be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. For behold I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priest, and against the people of the land. And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, said the Lord, to deliver thee."

And so he went, and the Lord blessed him there.

HIS WORK AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

For the past three years, and until invited by Mr. Moody to go to Scotland, and follow up the temperance work which had been inaugurated in Glasgow, Mr. Sawyer beside active work in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, has conducted evangelistic, temperance, and philanthropic meetings in the hall of the Cooper Institute, New York, and hundreds have been led to Christ, from among the most degraded and hopeless sections of fallen humanity, through his loving, brotherly labors.

Mr. Sawyer recently went to Great Britain at the request of Mr. Moody, whom he followed through the cities of Scotland. As Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey left one place to go to another, Mr. Sawyer took up the work and continued the meetings seeking to render permanent and carry to practical results the enthusiasm Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had aroused. His efforts have been productive, according to the reports in the British Christian press of the best results, a temperance crusade has been organized in all the towns of Scotland in which Mr. Moody has labored, and many will have cause to rejoice in the beneficent consequences of Mr. Sawyer's genial ministrations. The work in Cooper Union still continues. Meetings are held there for the promotion of Gospel temperance every Sunday evening, and on Tuesday and Friday evenings similar meetings are held in a hall close by on Fourth Avenue. The expenses of both places being defrayed by voluntary contributions.

JOHN DIGBY, THE BURGLAR.

JOHN DIGBY lay in his cell awaiting his trial for burglary. A Christian lady, Mrs. Fairholme, who for several years had regularly visited the prisoners, sought an interview one afternoon with John, but in response to her inquiry, "May I speak with you?" she received only the answer, uttered in sullen tones, "I can't speak with any one." "But I will be your friend, if you will let me," urged the lady, and moved by her evident sympathy, the prisoner in a few moments rose to give her welcome.

At once Mrs. Fairholme asked him his name. "Name?" he replied, "Oh, how I wish I had no name! Oh, I wish I had no one to grieve for me—no wife, or child, or aged mother! What disgrace I have brought upon them all! I wish I had died before I was brought here!" "My poor friend, there was no need of your coming here," said the lady. "I know it—I know it," replied John Digby; "but I was led on from bad to worse; and now I shall be convicted as a felon, and never be trusted, or looked up to, or respected again. Oh, I wish I might die!"



The Burglar's Interview with His Mother.

The sight of his strained and bloodshot eyes, and brow corrugated with wrinkles, was very pitiful, but he seemed to ask the question, "What shall I do?" "Repent, and look to Christ for salvation!" answered the visitor solemnly; "Remember the promise of God, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,' and then she asked him to join her in prayer, and kneeling down on the stone floor she pleaded for the repentant man at her side. She left him soon afterward solemnized and thoughtful.

A day or two afterward Mrs. Fairholme again visited the jail, and once more went to the burglar's cell. In the course of conversation, the lady asked him, "Does your wife or mother know of this?" His answer was given with a look of such anguish as the human face but seldom assumes. He said, "My wife and child are far away in the country, they do not know of it yet; as for my mother, I fear it will break her heart."

Mrs. Fairholme had not left the prisoner long, and he was absorbed in most painful meditations, when the key was heard to turn in the lock of the great door, and the voice of the jailer was heard giving the order, "Evans, show her Number Fifteen." The man started up, and he wildly cried out, "Who is it? Tell me—tell me who is it? I can see no one; I will not see any one," and he flung himself face downward upon the bed.

Just then there appeared at the grating a gentle, careworn face, bathed in tears. It was that of a woman more than sixty years of age. "Where is he?" she asked, in a voice of deep distress. The form on the bed shook from head to foot; and as the voice again said, "My son! John!" he sobbed as if his heart would break. Mrs. Fairholme, with true Christian sagacity, had been the means of this meeting between the aged mother and her criminal son.

When the mother was admitted to the cell she bent over her prostrate son with that tenderness only a mother can feel. As the sobs shook his frame she sat quietly by his side her hand stroking his head with a caressing motion, while down her aged cheeks the tears stole silently.

It was long before John was sufficiently composed to speak, but his convulsive grasp of his mother's hand showed how deeply he was moved by her presence. At length he rose and moving to the

ledge which served as a seat, hesitated beside his mother. "Now, John," she said "tell me all about it." With his hand clasped in that of his mother, John told his story. It was the old tale of evil companions, love of liquor, loss of employment, and consequent poverty. Then in an evil hour under due temptation the breaking into a store and his capture. As he told the shameful story, John Digby eagerly watched the face before him, but he saw there no sign of anger, nothing but pity and sorrow. At its conclusion the old lady folded him in her arms and kissed him. It was the token of a mother's forgiveness.

Soon afterward she left the prison promising to return in a day or two. They were busy days in which she went from place to place pleading for her son. She induced others to intercede for him, too, with the result that on his pleading "guilty" at his trial he escaped with a light sentence. Mrs. Fairholme, too, was constant in her ministrations and had the satisfaction of seeing all the old sullenness depart from the prisoner, and in its place arise a genuine faith in which joy over sin forgiven was tempered by sorrow for the past. At the expiration of his sentence, John Digby commenced a new life with brighter hopes because they were based not on his own strength, but on the strength of Him who is mighty to save.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 653.)

The Tramp Accepts an Offer.

"BLESS me, Mr. Mayor, to see you!" exclaimed Farmer Jenkins in a tone of great relief; but contenting himself with a brief nod by way of acknowledgment of the greeting for the present, "Mr. Mayor" came forward, addressing himself to the ragged man in his shirt-sleeves:

"Loose your grip of that scoundrel," he said in a tone of irritable remonstrance; "how can you go on sully your fingers with contact with a thing so despicable?"

A gleam of gladness came into the young giant's face, and a thankful light into his eyes, as he asked eagerly, "Ah! do you then believe that I am myself anything better?"

"I should have believed it anyhow, once I got a good look at you," was the calmly-confident answer; "but as it happens there is no need for faith in the present case, for I saw the whole affair."

The delight of hope that he had been trusted for himself faded out of the vagrant's face at these words, but it gave way to a very satisfactory one of regained tranquillity, and he instantly flung his captive free with a final shake, while Farmer Jenkins hastily dismissed his people to their several duties; and taking upon himself the task of guardian to his cousin, just relinquished by another, and asking Mr. Barnes and the stranger to follow him, he led the way into his house, to hear the tale of unprovoked crime in private.

"Only to think," he exclaimed in just indignation when all had been told—"Only to think, Joe, of you serving me such a mean trick after all I've done for you!"

"Cheated me out of my father's property by way of generosity!" came the savagely-sullen answer.

"Done nothing of the sort, false witness, and you know it," was the angry reply. "The bit of

money your father left me would never have been left to you any more than any of the rest was, and you know it; and one way or the other I've given you the worth of more than ever I got under the will, and you know that too. And one thing more you know, that I would have made it straight over to you, but that I knew it would all find its way in a month into the ale-house."

"And if you'd given it me shouldn't I have had a right to do as I would with it?" came the surly retort.

"No," said the farmer sternly; "not a bit of right in my way of looking at things, seeing as after it was gone you'd have come upon me again to keep you, or else disgraced my poor mother by letting the neighbors see her brother's son in the workhouse."

The hardened drunkard gave a spiteful chuckle. "And now she'll have the disgrace instead of seeing her brother's son in prison, if she's polite enough to call upon him."

The poor farmer shrank from that reminder as if he had been struck; but Mr. Barnes stepped to his side, and laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Jenkins, there is indeed, let me assure you, far less shame for your family in that, than in having him perpetually hanging about the neighborhood, a blot on your fame. It's I, not you, who shall bring this charge against him, and I shall be more gratified than I can tell you to have such an opportunity of giving him yet a chance of gaining time to think and, it may be, to repent, on this side of the grave. In prison he cannot drink himself heart drunk and conscience drunk from one year's end to the other, with never a chance of a minute's perfect soberness to reflect where his crimes must land him."

"Such a mean, cowardly thing to try and destroy another fellow at the outset of his efforts to raise himself from the slough!" exclaimed Mr. Barnes, pulling himself up in his rapid tramp up and down the vicarage lawn.

"What have you done with my Mr. Tramp?" asked Enid coming in at the moment. "Has he gone off to prison as well as Joe Robins?"

"To prison indeed! What's my silly bird thinking of? What should he go to prison for? to look after that rogue?"

"No, papa. But if he isn't gone to prison, why has he not come here with you?"

"Because he's an *impracticable ass*!" burst out the mayor angrily. Poor man, there was some excuse for him. He had got very over-heated and tired, and agitated by the morning's events. But his young daughter understood his mood very well. She got up from her pleasant seat beneath the roses, and coming out to where her father stood in the hot sunlight and scorching August heat, she slipped her little hand silently into her father's arm, and with the other gently stroked his sleeve. At last she asked gently:

"What's that tiresome Mr. Tramp been doing to worry my dear old dad?"

"Tiresome Mr. Tramp" indeed, murmured the mayor, bending to kiss his child's fair forehead, "run back into the shade, lassie, and I'll go my way into the vicar's library and wait there for his return, that I may get a word with him before lunch."

"And meantime forty winks?" queried Miss Enid mischievously, as she withdrew her hand and ran back to the arbor, with its roof of sweet-scented pink blossoms.

But in spite of the drowsy weather the mayor felt no inclination whatever for the indulgence at which his young daughter had hinted. The up-and-down march, wild-beast fashion, in which he had been indulging on the lawn, was continued for a few minutes up and down the carpet when he entered the library.

The mayor of Southford was one of those men with whom the affairs of life generally go smoothly by sheer force of their firm, strong wills; a desire for things reasonable and worthy of desire, and steady, resolute efforts to attain them. But the members of this race of men, without whom the world would be but a downhill, dawdling sort of place, have one failing, it must be confessed, very especially belonging to themselves; they are apt

to turn restive when hitches occur in quite unexpected, out-of-the-way directions, in the machinery they have set in motion. A very minute hitch of this kind had occurred now in the mayor's plans, and he was very much put out. He had come out on a charitable errand, toward the end of a week that happened to be a very important one in his business, and his plan had been to accomplish his errand with high-handed good-nature.

That kind and pleasant matter successfully arranged, then he had purposed to eat a hurried lunch, and get back for a long afternoon in his warehouse, to wind up with a couple of hours in the counting-house, to repair the loss of the morning to his own pressing affairs. That had been his programme, and now it was thrown out by coming in contact with a resolution as firm as his own.

The mayor had got Farmer Jenkins to send one of his men after the tramp to bring him back, saying he wished to speak to him; but the tramp had returned the answer, "he was very sorry he could not come; he would walk over in the evening if the mayor wished to question him on any points of evidence, but he could not come then, as he owed his time till six o'clock to his employer, and had already been away too long."

If the man would not come to the mayor, the mayor might have gone to the man, after Mahomet's alternative, but unfortunately he felt too hot and tired to undertake another expedition. A hitch had occurred, and the mayor returned to the vicarage grumbling that his daughter's preserver was an impracticable ass.

Once heard a clergyman say, in the course of his sermon, that trials were sent to us for a purpose, and that our heavenly Father was far too merciful to remove them until they had effected their purpose, and we had had time granted us to learn to say, "Thy will be done."

Thus it was now with the mayor of Southford. Constant success in everything he undertook, even in his good endeavors to aid those about him, was beginning to have just the first tiny tendency toward an unconscious, but soul-destroying self-assertion.

"My power and the might of my hand have gotten me this wealth," was the half-felt but unacknowledged boast beginning to grow in the heart of the prosperous and genial-tempered man. There was not a man, woman, or child living within a radius of four miles of Southford who would not have eagerly run to do his bidding at any time, whosoever else's work had stood still the while; and more still, there was not an employer of labor of any kind, who would have wondered or complained that it was so; and the mayor had begun to accept this state of things as a matter of course, and a due tribute to his many fine qualities.

He needed a reminder, and he received it. A poor, ragged, half-starved, miserable tramp wandered into his neighborhood, and he determined to go to some trouble to do good things for him. And, behold, the beggarly tramp sent a message to the wealthy, autocratic, generous-hearted mayor of Southford, to say that he must wait his leisure. That was the first check he had ever had since the time of his wealth set in.

The trial had done its work. An earnest prayer was scarcely breathed when a sound outside made him drop his hands hastily, and immediately after Mr. Copleston pushed wider open his library window, and entered through it from the garden, accompanied by another man, who kept too much in the background for the mayor to recognize him before the vicar exclaimed, with a laugh:

"Ah, Mayor, then your saucy little maiden was right. I would not believe her when she declared that I should find you taking a nap."

Mr. Barnes rose and came forward. "I have, at any rate, been usurping your chair," he said with a slight, grave smile.

"And writing my sermon ready for me to preach next Sunday, I hope?"

"Preaching one to myself instead," was the low answer, and then he broke off, catching sight of the stranger for the first time, and looking so surprised that Mr. Copleston said, in a tone of equal surprise:

"Why, Mayor, have you seen our friend here before?"

"To be sure I have, an hour ago, at Farmer Jenkins's, and wanted to see him again, and he would not come."

"Oh! Then you were the gentleman he said had sent for him, to speak to him about some evidence against an incendiary?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Barnes. "I was the gentleman who sent for him truly enough, but not to speak about evidence for or against anybody. My whole object with him was to speak about himself, and he wouldn't come; and, to make a clean breast of the matter, I confess I felt in a towering rage with him for a bit; but I've got the better of that now, and can say that his refusal to waste his employer's time at the bidding of anybody under the sun is the best testimony to his straightforward honesty he could have given, and I shall be only too glad if I can requite your many kindnesses to me, Vicar, by getting the transfer of such faithful services from you to myself."

Mr. Copleston laughed as he answered, "Ah! well, I will bear you no grudge. My own man comes back to-morrow, and then I shall no longer be able to find work for this good fellow."

"I am sorry," said the tramp quickly—

"And I am equally glad," said the mayor, as quickly; "for I am afraid that if Mr. Copleston could have made the smallest feint of wishing to keep you I might have whistled long enough before I should have won you away. You saved my only child's life yesterday, and—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the man, "you are good to say so, but—"

"But," interrupted Mr. Barnes in his turn, "I do say so, and my daughter says so, and Vicar here will tell you that it is neither right nor polite to contradict a lady. She told me one or two things about you that gave me my first notion that there were capabilities in you for being something better than the tramp you call yourself, and I have seen something of you for myself to-day which has turned that notion into a certainty. If, therefore, you will enter my factory, say so; if not, of course you are a free man in a free country; but you will give me more pain than has been inflicted upon me for many a long year past."

"And prove yourself a very foolish fellow into the bargain," said Mr. Copleston, more impulsively than he generally permitted himself to speak. But there was such a look of doubtfulness on the man's face, such a hesitation in making any reply to the generously trustful offer, that a well-wisher might indeed feel it was time to put in a warning word to urge him against the neglect of his own greatest opportunity. The tramp turned to the clergyman deprecatingly:

"It has such a mean look, sir; don't you see that yourself? to take advantage of an offer made like this, on the spur of the moment, in a sudden fit of gratitude for a service that any man would have rendered, and which a frightened young girl has magnified into something heroic!"

Mr. Copleston was about to answer this appeal with some impatience, but the mayor answered it instead:

"Look here, you young fellow!" he exclaimed, "I should like to have had just such a big, broad-shouldered, clear-voiced fellow as you for my son; but I can tell you this, if you had been I expect you'd have come in for a few good raps over the head with my walking-stick now and again, to cure you of some of the fancy you seem to have got in it for fine-drawn argumentation. There's nothing in the world so bad as a turn that way for spoiling time and temper. I make you a fair offer I'll give you a fair month's wage for a fair month's work, take it or leave it alone, only stand up like a man, and look me in the face boldly, as you did that rogue and Farmer Jenkins, and tell me up and down, with no more beating about the bush, will you or won't you? Now, yes or no? and have done with it."

"Yes, then, since you wish it; and I thank God, who has delivered me in my sorest time of tribulation. It is not that I do not know and appreciate the value of your offer that I have wavered in accepting it."

"No, no; no, no; I know, I understand," said Mr. Barnes. "But tell me now, how came you to be here after all? for I don't understand that matter, now I come to think of it, unless you repented of the message you sent me, as to not wasting your master's time, as soon as the messenger had left you."

"I am afraid Florry would say that you are a very bad guesser," said Mr. Copleston, smiling. "When my work was done, I walked round to my apple-trees, with the double purpose of seeing how they were getting on, and of hearing if you and my new gardener had come to any agreement. Lo and behold, I learn that, as far as he knows, you have never met at all! Of course I walked him straight off here to ensure the interview, if possible, myself."

"And you have my hearty thanks for doing so," said his friend. "And so now, to make a finish of the matter at once, Mr. What's-your-name—I suppose you have another name than that you gave my daughter?"

"Charles Wynn."

"Well, then, Charles Wynn, you will be so good as to make your first appearance at my works next Monday morning. But I shall expect you to go into residence in one of my row of bachelor cottages to-night. You'll be under no obligation to me for the two nights' lodging before you begin work. I always give the cottage rent free for the first week, instead of paying to have it cleaned down for a new tenant. If he's a handy fellow, he can do the work himself; and if he isn't, I don't care to have him in my employ; and I believe that is all there is to be said at present."

(To be continued.)

JESUS BETRAYED AND TAKEN.

S. S. Lesson for October 29. Mark 14: 43-54. Golden Text Ver. 47; Luke 22: 48. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Eternal Now—The Bitterness of a Friend's Treachery—The Void in the Heart of Judas—The Chord in Worldly Sympathy—Betrayals in Our Day—The Kiss of Treachery—The Betrayal Consummated—Priestly Indifference—Peter's Impulsive Blow—Men Swept Away by a Current—Who Fight Against God—The Flight of the Disciples—The Lesson of Instability.

"THE Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners," such were some of the concluding words of last Sunday's subjects, and such is one of our olden texts for to-day. Jesus did not say, "The son of man is going to be betrayed;" He spoke of that which He knew must come, as being already present. With God all is now; past and future are nothing to Him, He is an eternal Now. Jesus had said, "Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." And immediately, while He yet spoke, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders."

"ONE OF THE TWELVE,"

it simply one whom He had healed, but one who had healed others in the name of Jesus; not one only who had heard His Word, but one who had so preached it to others; one of the inner circle, the chosen twelve, whom He had ordained to "be with Him" (Mark 3: 14). Like David's complaint of Ahitophel which was probably prophetic, our beloved Lord might have cried, "For it is not an enemy that reproached Me; then I could have borne it" (Ps. 55: 12-14). Or like the prophet Zechariah, when the question is asked of a prophet, "What are these wounds in thine hands?" Then he shall answer, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends" (Ech. 13: 6). Oh, if we were sure that only unconverted people are the real enemies of Jesus, theaviest part of our life's sorrow would be done away, but He is wounded in the house of His friends, His foes are "they of His own household." When we hear of, when we see, faith in Christ joined to a spirit which is of the earth, then our precious Lord is betrayed, wounded, wronged in the house of His friends.

And he that betrayed Him had given them a

token, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He; take Him, and lead Him away safely. And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to Him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed Him." And Jesus received that kiss, and felt no enmity to the traitor who gave it Him; there was no mark of indignation in His words, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" (Matt. 27: 50), nor yet in His question, "Judas betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" How indignant are men of the world, when any one presumes upon some acquaintance with them, and makes use of their names to gain his own ends! how it exasperates them! Yet here was Judas making use of his acquaintance with Jesus in order to betray Him into the hands of His enemies! Oh, that we better understood how closely we are bound up with our Lord, how every profession of love to Him, is a challenge to the world to see in us what there is in Him. The enemies of Christ could plainly see that silver was worth more than his Lord in the eyes of Judas; they saw that this wonderful Man who went about doing good had, in any case left a void unfilled in the heart of the betrayer; they found that *they* had something in Judas, there was a chord which they could touch, he was not impregnable.

When we see men of position, talent, and some measure of wealth, giving up all to enter the Salvation Army where none of the gifts and testimonials which the worldly church so loves are allowed; where God and souls are in the foreground, and man in the background, and renouncing all but the bare necessities of life—when we see the Moravian missionaries going with their lives in their hands to parts of the world where other missionaries are afraid to face the dangers—we have proof positive that there is enough in Jesus to fill a heart completely, where the meanness of self has been conquered, and cast out by Him. We cannot measure how much of our hearts, homes, time, money, family, etc., we will give to Jesus, if He has not all, He has nothing to any purpose; He wants a people whom He can count upon, and if we are not that, we may betray Him any time with a kiss.

Surely the outward devotion, the genuflections and external reverence, the repeated services of our Romanistic and Ritualistic brethren, while the world too often is in their hearts, and in many cases real and known sin is hidden beneath, surely this is too like the kiss and the betrayal of Judas. But again the pride of right doctrine combined with an incomprehensible indifference as to the salvation of other men's souls, which we find among many of our evangelical brethren, is not this again like the kiss of Judas? Oh, how God desires "truth in the inward parts," Oh, how His holiness demands from us that we should also be single-eyed and holy.

The terrible deed of

BETRAYAL WAS CONSUMMATED,

"They laid their hands on Him and took Him," and from that hour it became history that Judas Iscariot had betrayed his Lord, and that which was done could not be undone. And yet we have no ground for thinking there was conscious enmity to Jesus in the heart of Judas. The eleven had not understood more than Judas himself did, that Jesus should really suffer, die, and be raised again. The unhappy man probably counted on the exercise of the power of Jesus on His own behalf, in extricating Himself from His enemies, as He had previously done at Nazareth (Luke 4: 28-30). And when a few hours later, He had been condemned by the high priest, bound and sent to Pontius Pilate, the governor, "then Judas, which had betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders" (Matt. 27: 3). He would willingly have drawn back from his bargain, but it was now too late,

THE DIE WAS CAST.

Like Esau, "he found no place of repentance" (Heb. 12: 17). What was the silver worth now that his awful mistake was discovered? he loathed the very sight of it; but he had played with the love of money too long, and he must retain it; he might throw down that now hated silver in the

temple, but he did not cease to be the owner of it; he it was who had been the agent in the traffic. "I have sinned," he said, but neither hope nor sympathy was found by the sinner in those priests, who took part with him against Jesus, he had betrayed "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," and no other means of taking away his sin could be found.

Poor lost Judas. "I have sinned," he cried, "in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Oh, that he had said so at the passover feast, but now it was too late, men, aye priests, who were doing the work of the arch enemy, said,

"WHAT IS THAT TO US?"

See thou to that." Oh, how horrible! Men whose outward profession was that of leading sinners to reconciliation with their God, whose hands were daily laid on the head of the victim imputing the sin to him, when a real cry of agony from a really convicted sinner reached their ear, showed their true colors, "What is that to us? See thou to that." This is the true state of the case with every minister of the Gospel who is not really engaged in leading souls to Christ. And the betrayer? Unable to bear the awful weight of remorse which pressed upon him, he cast down the silver, "departed, and went and hanged himself" (Matt. 27: 2-6). Yes, but his responsibility follows him. In hell as well as upon earth, Judas is the Lord's betrayer.

"And one of them which stood by (Simon Peter, John 18: 10), drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear." Peter had yet to learn that

"THE WEAPONS OF OUR WARFARE

are not carnal" (2 Cor. 10: 4). Jesus neither needed nor would accept such defence. But most tenderly and lovingly he repaired the fault of His ardent, forward disciple. He said, "Suffer ye thus far. And He touched his ear and healed him" (Luke 22: 51). Could it be possible that they would persist in their enmity against One, who healed the very enemy who helped to seize Him? Yes, so mad was their rage, so blind their hatred! When men give themselves over to a popular current, they do not stop to consider the justice of their cause.

It was just at this juncture that our beloved Lord said "unto the chief priests, and captains of the temple, and the elders which were come to Him (Luke 22: 52), Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and with staves to take Me? I was daily with you in the temple, teaching, and ye took Me not: but the Scriptures must be fulfilled" (Luke 22: 53, "this is your hour and the power of darkness"). Up in arms against their best Friend! But

ARE THEY ALONE?

Is not every unsaved sinner in the same case although he knows it not? All sin and all unbelief is taking up arms against our God. But they might have spared their pains, it was settled in the court of Heaven that their Lord should fall into the hands of wicked men, and unknown to themselves they were fulfilling the very Word of Him whom they sought to slay. Oh, how puny men are when fighting against God! Oh, how honored when used as His instruments!

It was just now that the disciples "all forsook Him and fled." It would seem as though they were laid hold of by the multitude; for one of them in his eagerness to escape, left his garment in the hands of the persecutors, and not one remained with Jesus; "I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with Me" (Isa. 63: 3). Judas had chosen money before his Lord, the rest of the disciples esteemed themselves above Him, not one stood true. But they were learning the great lesson of their own instability, they were finding out that they could not rely upon themselves. But there was a difference between them and Judas; early in his career, there must have been evil in his heart, which was not brought to light, and a maintenance of his position with his Lord notwithstanding; a full year before, Jesus had said of him, Have not I chosen you twelve and one of you is a devil (John 6: 70, 71). What a lesson to us all of the danger of letting uncleansed sin remain within us!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Arabi Pacha has been Arraigned Before the Committee appointed by the Khédive to conduct his trial. The formal examination was arranged to take place on Monday, October 16th. Eight other generals will be tried with him. The indictment against the rebel chiefs contains three counts. First, instigating massacres; second, directing the burning of Alexandria, and third, abusing the flag of truce. When the rebel prisoners were delivered to the Egyptian authorities the English insisted that they be allowed legal assistance, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt who has defended Arabi in the English press, retained a prominent member of the British bar to conduct the defence. The Egyptians contended that their promise did not bind them to permit the engagement of foreign counsel, and an appeal was made to the British Foreign Office, which has instructed the Hon. Mark Francis Napier, a young English barrister to defend him. Arabi Pacha believes that his life is in danger, and he points out that there have been certain incidents which might demoralize the Circassians guarding him. One of the Khédive's palace officials has been heard to say that he would like to administer to Arabi a cup of bad coffee, and the Khédive has remarked that he and Arabi could not live in the same country.

The Subject of the Future Government of Egypt is under consideration in the cabinets of Europe. It appears improbable that the Anglo-French control will be resumed. Sultan Pacha, President of the Egyptian Chamber of Notables, who was interviewed with the view of obtaining an expression of Egyptian preferences expresses the opinion that Turkish intervention in Egypt would mean anarchy. He spoke favorably of the control, but maintains that its cost was extravagant, and that \$2,000,000 might be saved annually by the substitution of efficient native for foreign officials. He admits that the mass of the population is unfit for a representative government. The *République Française*, an influential French journal, refuses to believe that Lord Granville, the British Foreign Minister, will set aside the Egyptian control without consulting France. A disposition, however, has been manifested on the part of England to concentrate in her own hands the power over Egyptian policy, and the Khédive who is aware that he owes his throne to English intervention is disposed to show his gratitude by relying on England and ignoring France, who he considers was jointly responsible with England for his difficulty from which she refused to aid in rescuing him.

The Chilian Occupation of Peru Appears to be drifting into a military despotism. One of the Chilian journals states that martial law will shortly be proclaimed in all parts of Peru and Bolivia occupied by Chilian forces. Any opposition offered to the occupation will be punished by the instant execution of the opposers. Members of the Montoneros, or guerrilla forces, will be shot when captured. Ministers of the Calderon government, members of the Chorillos congress, delegates of the provisional government of Montero, or any persons who have held office under that government during the Chilian occupation, are to be sent to the Chilian penal colony on the Straits of Magellan. All Chilian civil employes are to be replaced by military, and custom house, telegraph and postal employes retained only on a strictly military basis. A Chilian force numbering 15,000 men is to be put under arms, and the Chilian national guard mobilized with an increase of pay.

Two Speeches made by Members of Mr Glad-stone's administration during the past week are accepted as indications of the Egyptian policy of the English Government. Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, one of the joint Secretaries of the Treasury, speaking at Torpoint said, Egypt must eventually become independent of foreign control. The cost of the war should be defrayed by Egypt, but it was only just that the bondholders would have to forego something. *It was not for them that England undertook the war.* It would be necessary to consult the Powers in regard to a resettlement. Mr. Courtney concluded by saying that the policy of the government was to detach Egypt from the Sultan, to look after the Suez Canal and to allow

the Egyptians "to stew in their own juice," and in so acting warn the Khédive that his future position depended upon his management of affairs. The second speech was that of Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty, who speaking on October 12th, in Liverpool, said that there no doubt was a feeling of sympathy among Mohammedans with the Egyptian insurrection, but the Indian Mohammedans knew that the Queen had made no distinction between her subjects, and that the government had *no desire to annex* or govern Egypt. The Great Powers were satisfied that England had no other object than to prevent anarchy and the closing of the canal, whether in peace or war.

A Threat to Murder the Prince of Wales has been made by a man who is apparently a crank. The cable reports state that a commercial traveller named Brookshaw has been committed for trial in the Bow Street Police Court for threatening to murder the Prince of Wales unless he received money from him. The threat was made in a letter to Colonel Teedale, equerry to the Prince. The prisoner said he served several years in the United States Army.

The Programme of the Irish National Con-ference which is summoned to meet in Dublin on October 24th, is thus described by the Irish correspondent of the New York *Herald*: The main business to come before the Conference will be the proposition to found a new national organization, probably under the title of the *Irish National League*. The Conference will be invited to select an organizing committee to settle the details of the new organization. The committee will be empowered to summon a regularly-elected convention, which will choose an executive to whose guidance the affairs of the League will be intrusted. A statement of the balance of the Land League Fund now on hand will be submitted to the Conference, and a detailed account of the expenditure will be made to the new executive for audit. It is believed that the principal object of the Irish League will be the prosecution of a vigorous agitation for the amendment of the Land act as a preliminary to the abolition of landlordism by purchase. Proposals will also be advocated for the purchase of poor, rack-rented estates for the benefit of tenants. The claims of laborers to better dwellings and allotments will be incorporated in the programme. Other points of the programme are the payment of members of Parliament, the extension of the franchise and the establishment of a system of elective county governments. It is understood that at the conference a deputation from the Home Rule League will announce the dissolution of that body and the resignation of its functions into the hands of the new Irish League, of which national self-government will be the basis.

An American College has been Established in China by the Rev. Y. J. Allen for the purpose of giving Chinese youths a thorough literary and scientific training. The number of applicants for admission already exceeds the number that can be accommodated. The scheme has received the powerful support of Li Hang Chang, the Chinese reforming viceroy, and it is hoped that the new college will gradually bring about a change in the Chinese educational system, despite the opposition of the Chinese reactionary party. This party, composed of the literati and the large majority of the officials, are doing their best to close the college and to bring about the expulsion of American missionaries from China. A decree to this effect would certainly be obtained from the empress regent, who entertains a violent hatred of Europeans and Americans, if Li Hang Chang were compelled to resign office.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Services at Newport, in Wales, appear to have been of a very interesting character. One of the Christian workers who attended them, says: "The meeting for non-church and chapel-goers was a most remarkable one. The great majority were men with such different faces to those we had been gazing upon for the past week. Mr. Moody spoke, and Mr. Sankey sung, as to souls in terrible darkness. Men buried their faces in their hands; women wept; and one was conscious of an uneasy shiftiness in those present, as if they would like to

escape if they could but see a way. We watched the people as they went out, and truly the sight was astonishing. One woman, known to be living in sin, whom the constables present believed had not entered a chapel for years, was seen walking quietly away. 'Why, there goes old —, the biggest rascal in the town. He's been there,' we heard another say. Men in their working clothes loafers at the street corners and about wharves the very 'flotsam' of Newport heard the simple Gospel. The anxious ones were invited to remain. Many responded, and of these twenty-one stood up as being under conviction of sin. Mr. Moody prayed and talked with them, and it is believed many decided for Christ. In the afternoon Mr. Moody addressed an immense gathering of women when some sixty were in soul anxiety."

The Re-Opening of the Argyll Rooms in London was sanctioned by the authorities on Friday, October 13th. The place is a notorious resort for immoral persons of both sexes. It has been closed for two years in deference to public opinion. After a severe struggle the proprietors have induced the magistrates again to grant a license for the building, and to the sorrow of Christian people it will be opened for dancing as before.

A Canon's Narrow Escape from Drowning is reported in an English journal. It appears that two weeks ago Canon Liddell of Durham, fell overboard from a London and Aberdeen steamer while she was passing the Firth of Forth, and though the engines were stopped and a boat was lowered, no trace of him could at first be found. He had been given up entirely, and the boat was being hauled in, when his cries were heard a few hundred yards to the stern of the ship. The boat being again lowered, he was finally rescued after he had been more than a half-hour in the water. During that period of suspense the Canon's wife had been among the excited passengers who were witnessing the painful scene from the deck.

An Earl Donning the Blue Ribbon. At temperance meeting held at Southampton, England, the Earl of Litchfield stated that, having been a "total abstainer" for twelve months, he would now join the Blue Ribbon Army, and he was forthwith decorated with the badge of that association by Canon Basil Wilberforce.

Christian Work is Being Prosecuted in plague-stricken district of Burmah. A railroad is being cut there in which work a large number of Englishmen are engaged. Miss Ingalls, says: "A number of the men have lately died of cholera, nine of these were unprepared for the *change of line*. One of them joined me in defending the sanctity of the Sabbath-day. He used to hear good minister in Scotland, but I fear his name was not in the 'Book of Life.' I have paid several visits to the hospital to see men who had cholera."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth



with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1882.

16th Year. No. 43.—New Series.

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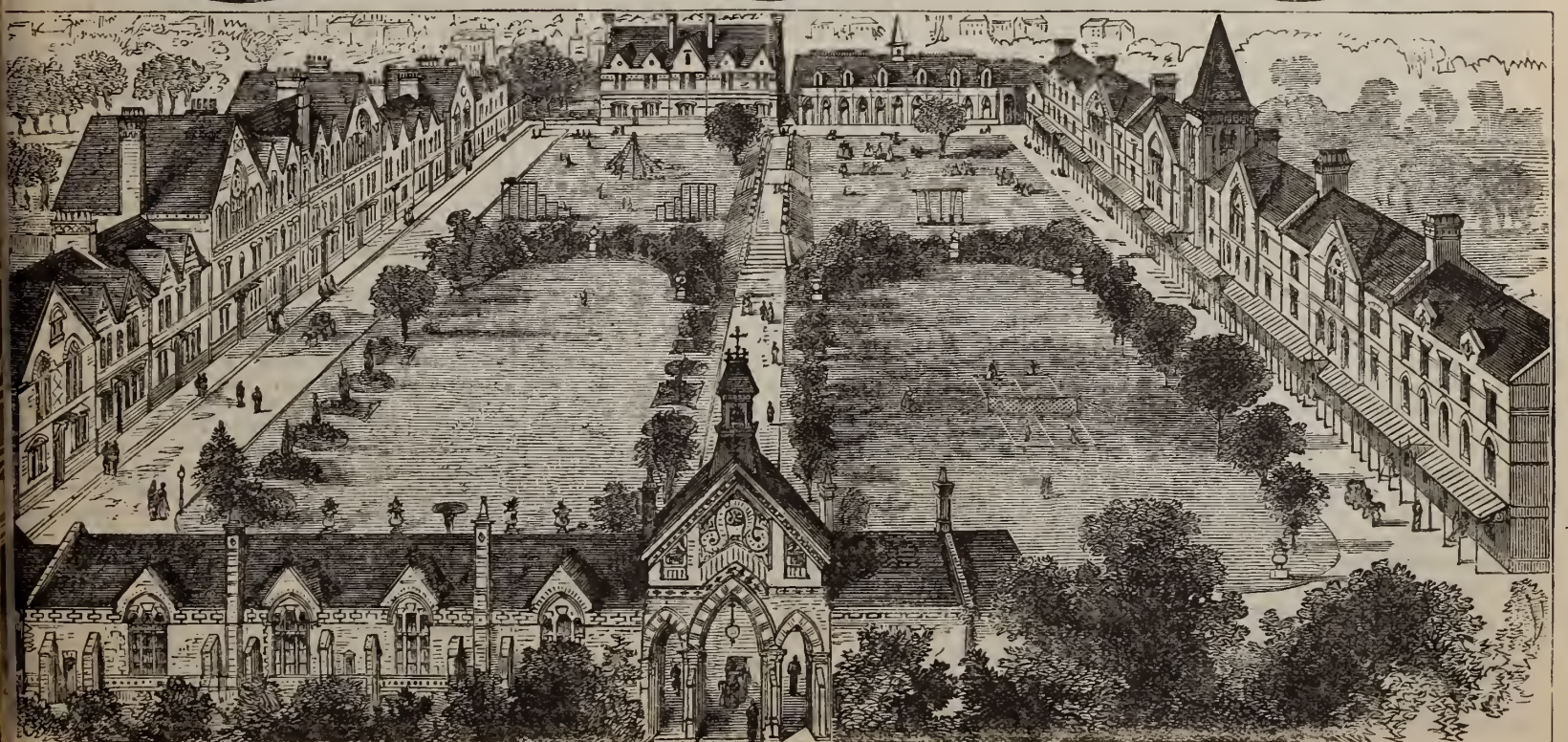
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PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON,*

Of the London Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Born in 1834—Family Life—School and College Days—Mr. Spurgeon's Account of His Conversion—His First Sermon—His First Pastorate at the Age of Seventeen—Pastor of New Park Street Church—Instantaneous Popularity—Preaches in Exeter Hall—Calamity at a Service—The Metropolitan Tabernacle Commenced in 1859—Printed Sermons—Success as an Author—The Pastor's College—Origination of the College Fund—How the Orphanage Commenced.

THIS beloved and distinguished Baptist minister, whose latest Sunday morning sermons are published by *special arrangement with him* every week in this journal, was born at Kelvedon, England, on June 10th, 1834, and is now forty-eight years of age. (*A picture of the house in which he first saw the light appears on page 684.*) His grandfather, whom he often visited, was a Congregational minister at Stambourne.

The home influences of the future pastor of the Tabernacle were exceptionally good. He has himself frequently spoken of the eminent piety of his mother. She devoted herself to the nurture of her children, and from her he derived his first religious impressions. He was taken to live with his venerable grandparents when quite young, and their influence upon him was of a decidedly religious character. When only ten years old, he was in the habit of reading the Scriptures at family prayers, and on one occasion caused some surprise in the good pastor's family circle by insisting on hearing a satisfactory explanation of a passage in the Book of Revelation before he would go on.

Here the lad met the late Rev. Mr. Knill, of Chester, who, in the midst of the family circle, lifted the boy on his knee, and struck with his intelligence and force of character predicted that he would, if he lived, become an eminent preacher and would one day preach in Rowland Hill's Chapel in London. Mr. Spurgeon's father was engaged in business, but he was an eminently earnest Christian and regularly preached on Sundays for fourteen years, to an Independent Congregation, at Tollesbury, near Kelvedon, and afterward at Cranbrook, in Kent. (*A brief sketch of his life appears on page 679.*)

Mr. Spurgeon's earliest school-days were spent at Colchester, and his application and general ability enabled him to carry off the first prizes without difficulty. Thence he entered an agricultural college at Maidstone, an institution which he left at the age of fifteen to become an assistant teacher in a school at Newmarket, the course of life marked out for him at this period being that of a schoolmaster. At the age of sixteen he was converted to Christ. He has told the story with thrilling effect as follows:

MR. SPURGEON'S CONVERSION.

"I went into a Primitive Methodist Chapel one snowy day in January. A thin-looking man came into the pulpit, and read the text, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Then fixing his eyes on me, he said, 'Young man you are in trouble, and you will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then lifting up his hands and crying out, as only a Primitive Methodist could, he exclaimed, 'Look, look, look! it is only look!' I did look, and saw with my spiritual eye the way of salvation open before me, and I was filled with joy unspeakable." Sixteen years afterward, *preaching in the same church*, Mr. Spurgeon pointed to a seat on the left hand under the gallery, and said, "I was sitting in that pew when I was converted."

In the following May he was baptized, on a profession of his faith, by the Rev. Mr. Cantlow, and united himself with the Baptist Church in the village of Isleham, a few miles from Newmarket. Shortly afterward he accepted an engagement as assistant teacher in a school at Cambridge, where he attached himself to the congregation which

had been ministered to by the late eloquent Robert Hall, and commenced religious work as a tract distributor.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

The young tutor's first sermon was delivered at a cottage service, at Teversham, a short distance from Cambridge, whither he accompanied a friend a little older than himself whom he supposed to be the preacher of the evening. The friend supposed the same of his companion. The predicament was fortunately discovered before the cottage was reached, and young Spurgeon threw himself into the breach. (*We give on page 684 a picture of the cottage in which he preached his first sermon.*) Mr. Spurgeon gives the following interesting account of how he was led to accept the position:

"It was not my first public address by a great many, for both at Newmarket, and Cambridge, and elsewhere, the Sabbath-school had afforded me ample scope for speaking the Gospel. At Newmarket, especially, I had a considerable admixture of grown-up folks in the audience, for many came to hear 'the boy' give addresses to the school. But no regular set discourse to a congregation met for regular worship had I delivered till one eventful Sabbath evening, which found me in a cottage at Teversham, holding forth before a little assembly of humble villagers.

THE PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

"There is a Preachers' Association in Cambridge connected with St. Andrew's Street Chapel once the scene of the ministry of Robert Robinson and Robert Hall. A number of worthy brethren preach the Gospel in the various villages surrounding Cambridge, taking each one his turn according to plan. In our day the presiding genius was the venerable Mr. James Vinter, whom we were wont to address as Bishop Vinter. His genial soul, warm heart, and kindly manner were enough to keep a whole fraternity stocked with love, and accordingly a goodly company of true workers belonged to the Association, and labored as true yoke-fellows.

"I had one Saturday finished morning school, and the boys were all going home for the half holiday, when in came the aforesaid Bishop to ask me to go over to Teversham next Sunday evening, for a young man was to preach there who was not much used to services, and very likely would be glad of company. That was a cunningly devised sentence, if I remember it rightly, and I think I do; for at the time, in the light of that Sunday evening's revelation, I turned it over, and vastly admired its ingenuity. A request to go and preach would have met with a decided negative, but merely to act as company to a good brother who did not like to be lonely, and, perhaps, might ask me to give out a hymn or to pray, was not at all a difficult matter, and the request, understood in that fashion, was cheerfully complied with. Little did the lad know what Jonathan and David were doing when he was made to run for the arrow, and as little did I know when I was cajoled into accompanying a young man to Teversham.

A STARTLING COMMUNICATION.

"Our Sunday-school work was over, tea had been taken, and I set off through Barnwell, and away along the Newmarket Road, with a gentleman some few years my senior. We talked of good things, and at last I expressed my hope that he would feel the presence of God while preaching. He seemed to start, and assured me that he had never preached in his life, and could not attempt such a thing; he was looking to his young friend, Mr. Spurgeon, for that. This was a new view of the situation, and I could only reply that I was no minister, and that even if I had been, I was quite unprepared. My companion only repeated that he even in a more emphatic sense, was not a preacher, that he would help me in any other part of the service, but that there would be no sermon unless I gave one. He told me that if I repeated one of my Sunday-school addresses it would just suit the people, and would probably give them more satisfaction than the studied sermon of a learned divine.

"I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along quietly, lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely

tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for divine help, I resolved to make an attempt. My text should be, 'Unto you therefore which believe He is precious,' and I would trust the Lord to open my mouth in honor of His dear Son. It seemed a great risk and a serious trial, but, depending upon the power of the Holy Spirit, I would at least tell out the story of the cross, and not allow the people to go home without a word.

"We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple-minded farm-laborers and their wives were gathered together; we sang, and prayed and read the Scriptures and then came

MY FIRST SERMON.

How long or how short it was I cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as I had feared it would be, but I was glad to see my way to a fair conclusion, and to the giving out of the last hymn. To my own delight I had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. I made a finish, and took up the book, but to my astonishment an aged voice cried out, 'Bless your dear heart, how old are you?' My very solemn reply was, 'You must wait till the service is over before making any such inquiries. Let us now sing.' We did sing, and the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part.

"How old are you?" was the leading question. 'I am under sixty,' was the reply. 'Yes, and under sixteen,' was the old lady's rejoinder. 'Never mind my age, think of the Lord Jesus and His preciousness,' was all that I could say, after promising to come again, if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so. Very great and profound was my awe of those gentlemen at Cambridge in those days."

HIS FIRST PASTORATE AT WATERBEACH.

A beginning having been thus made, Mr. Spurgeon preached frequently in the villages around the old University town, where he soon attained a popularity which invariably secured for him a large congregation, and he became familiarly known as the "Boy Preacher." About twelve months from the date of his first sermon, he was solicited to become the pastor of the Baptist congregation at Waterbeach. He was then only a lad of seventeen! To Waterbeach he went, and labored there for two years, with God's blessing, and winning many souls for Christ.

Mr. Spurgeon now seriously meditated entering Regent's Park College to prepare for the ministry. Dr. Angus, the accomplished Principal, called to see him, but a dull servant did not inform him of it, and he missed the opportunity. The congregation urged him to stay, and the project of a college or university training for his future life-work was abandoned. In 1853, he made an address at Cambridge, at a meeting of the Sunday-school Union. It was not remarkable in any way, but it deeply impressed one gentleman from Essex, who, visiting London shortly afterward, recommended Mr. Spurgeon to the deacons of the New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, which was then without a minister.

THE NEW PARK STREET CHURCH.

It was in December, 1853, that Mr. Spurgeon, being then nineteen years of age, accepted an invitation to preach as a "supply" at New Park Street Chapel, London. The regular congregation was very small, and the chapel seemed to the preacher large and gloomy. This invitation led to his acceptance of a request to occupy the pulpit for six months on probation, but the term of probation was never fulfilled. The attendance at the chapel increased so rapidly, and Mr. Spurgeon's preaching met with so much favor, that on April 10th he was unanimously invited to become pastor of the church.

Crowds flocked to hear the young preacher, then in his twentieth year; the newspapers called attention to his remarkably precocious powers; he grew in grace and effectiveness instead of wearing out; people who heard him once were not satisfied till they heard him again, and in a little while he

* Fuller details of Mr. Spurgeon's life, with other interesting matter relating to him and his work, are published in a handsome volume by Mr. George S. Needham, entitled "Life and Labors of Charles H. Spurgeon, the Faithful Preacher, the Devoted Pastor, the Noble Philanthropist, the Beloved College President, and the Voluminous Writer, Author, &c." K. S. V. Randolph, Publisher, 811 Broadway, New York.

amous. It is remarkable in his case that his did not excite his vanity and conceit; popular had no effect on him; he worked on, the simple, unostentatious, humble, devoted er as when preaching to an obscure little n the country and was unknown. And in xt place, he worked just as hard as though l made no impression whatever. His seemed to stimulate him to more arduous . The singleness of his purpose, the sincer- his devotion, his complete consecration to rk, kept him true and carried him triumph- forward.

PREACHES IN EXETER HALL.

ile necessary structural enlargements were place in the chapel in New Park Street, the agation met for worship in Exeter Hall, in rand, one of the principal avenues of Lond such were the crowds that thronged to r. Spurgeon that the newspapers complained Strand being "blocked up." his "History of the Metropolitan Taber- Mr. Spurgeon humorously describes the to the enlarged New Park Street Chapel, as a attempt to *put the sea into a teapot*. eds of persons were constantly turned away. e, 1856, Exeter Hall was therefore again en- and services held there on Sabbath even- while in the mornings the congregation met chapel. But this arrangement was neces- one of a temporary character, and in August was commenced for a new and larger place ship. Only two months elapsed, however, it became essential to move again. The Hall proprietors intimated that they were to let the room continuously to one congre-; and in October the great Hall at the Royal Gardens was taken for Sabbath evenings, some fear and trembling," we are told, "at gnitude of the enterprise."

AMITY AT THE SURREY MUSIC HALL. first attempt at religious service at the Surrey is was a calamitous occasion. About seven nd persons assembled, and while Mr. Spur- as offering up the prayer which usually pre- he sermon, some one among the audience the cry of "Fire!"—terrible but groundless. hole congregation was seized with a sudden A fearful rush to the doors immediately , especially in the galleries. In the confu- ravel either fell or were thrown down, and ampled on by the crowd. The result was *ten lives were lost, and twenty-eight per- moved to hospitals seriously bruised and in-* Throughout the tumult Mr. Spurgeon ed in the pulpit, endeavoring to calm the of the people, but the occurrence gave a hock to his nervous system.

THE TABERNACLE COMMENCED.

services were discontinued at the Surrey Hall in December, 1859, after a tenancy of hree years, and Exeter Hall was again re- to. This step was voluntarily taken in uence of the determination of the directors Surrey Gardens to open them for amuse- on Sunday evenings. Meanwhile Mr. Spur- nd his friends were hard at work collecting for the new Tabernacle, the foundation- of which was laid by Sir Morton Peto, on 16th, 1859. In less than two years the se structure which will hold *more than six nd persons*, was completed, and early in 1861 opened free of debt, the total amount ed on it being \$156,661. One noteworthy e of generosity in connection with the build- the Tabernacle was the gift of \$25,000 to lding fund by a gentleman at Bristol, who ver seen the preacher for whom it was being

SUSTAINED POPULARITY.

n Mr. Spurgeon commenced his ministry in 1, drawing multitudes to hear him, it was sited that as his fame went up like a rocket, d presently come down like the stick. But as never been a sign of such an event. He ver more popular than at the present time, ully attested by the crowds which every h besiege the doors of the Metropolitan acle, and which flock to hear him whenever

he is announced to speak, on whatever subject, whether in the busy metropolis, or amid the rural scenes of country life. On one occasion he preached at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to *more than twenty-three thousand persons*; and in May, 1867, while the Tabernacle was undergoing repairs, the Agricultural Hall, at Islington, was occupied for several weeks, with an estimated attendance of *twenty thousand at every service*,

HIS PRINTED SERMONS.

The circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons has been abundantly blessed. Mr. Spurgeon writes that "seldom does a day pass, and certainly never a week for years past, without letters from all sorts of places, even at the utmost ends of the earth, describing the salvation of souls by means of one or other of the sermons." Thus the Pulpit and the Press, like twin angels, have compassed the world with the utterances of one man, who stands out in bold relief, not, indeed, as the most accomplished orator, but as the most popular preacher of his age.

HIS SUCCESS AS AN AUTHOR.

But Mr. Spurgeon's popularity is not confined to his preaching, or his sermons. His success as an author would make a good reputation for half a dozen smaller men. His "John Ploughman's Talk," a small book of homely common-sense and genuine humor, has reached the astonishing sale of 250,000 copies.* His other literary productions comprise "The Treasury of David," an original exposition of the Psalms; "The Interpreter," a large book for use at family worship; "Lectures to My Students;" "Commenting and Commentaries;" beside a number of smaller works, including the monthly magazine "The Sword and Trowel."

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

The history of the Pastors' College verges upon the romantic. The work began in 1856. A young man—Mr. T. W. Medhurst, now of Landport, Portsmouth—who had distinguished himself by his ability in open-air preaching, was placed for theological tuition with Rev. George Rogers, then minister of Albany Road Congregational Chapel, Camberwell. Mr. Medhurst was followed by others who had shown preaching capabilities, until, "encouraged by the readiness with which the young men found spheres of labor," says Mr. Spurgeon, "and by their singular success in soul-winning, I enlarged the number, but *the whole means of sustaining them came from my own pocket*. The large sale of my sermons in America, together with my dear wife's economy enabled me to spend from \$3000 to \$4000 in a year in my favorite work; but on a sudden, owing to certain circumstances my entire resources from that 'brook Cherith' were dried up. I paid as large sums as I could from my own income, and resolved to spend all I had, and then take the cessation of my means as a voice from the Lord to stay the effort, as I am firmly persuaded that we ought, under no pretence, to go into debt."

ORIGINATION OF THE COLLEGE FUND.

When Mr. Spurgeon's resources were at the lowest ebb, help appeared in an unexpected quarter. He writes, "I was brought to the last pound, when a letter came from a banker in the city, informing me that a lady, whose name I have never been able to discover, had deposited a sum of \$1000, to be used for the education of young men in the ministry." With the gift of that money the tide turned. Mr. Spurgeon's publishers gave a dinner to celebrate the five-hundredth issue of his weekly sermons, when the diners gave \$2500 to the College funds. Mr. Phillips, a deacon at the Tabernacle, acting upon a happy idea, commenced his annual supper for the friends of the institution, at which large sums are invariably raised; and shortly afterward, at the instance of Mr. Murrell, another of the deacons, Mr. Spurgeon's church initiated the weekly offering on its behalf, and this is now a permanent and important source of income.

THE NEW COLLEGE.

For a long period the students met for instruc-

tion in the rooms beneath the Metropolitan Tabernacle, but as their numbers increased this accommodation became both insufficient, uncomfortable, and unhealthy. An adjacent plot of land was secured, and a commodious building erected and furnished at a cost of about \$75,000, exclusive of the purchase of the freehold. The new College was opened in 1864. Over four hundred students have already left the Pastors' College to enter upon ministerial duties at home or in the colonies, and to become missionaries abroad; and some of them, such as Edwin Gorsuch Gange, Archibald G. Brown, and William Cuff, are only second in popularity to Mr. Spurgeon himself.

HOW THE ORPHANAGE COMMENCED.

One day in 1866 Mr. Spurgeon received a letter from a lady who was quite unknown to him, stating that she wished him to take charge of \$100,000 for the purpose of founding an orphanage. The recipient of the letter naturally thought that there was some mistake about the amount, and that probably the sum meant was \$1000, or that the whole affair was a hoax. But truth is stranger than fiction. The munificent donor was Mrs. Hill-yard. Two acres and a half of land in Stockwell were purchased as the site of the Orphanage in the following January; and it was decided to erect a number of "homes" rather than one large building, so that the children should be located in families, instead of being massed together on the poor-house system. Nearly three hundred orphans are now cared for, educated, and trained for after life at the Stockwell institution. To feed this fatherless and motherless host, more than *fifty dollars a day* are needed in addition to the income from invested legacies. But the money and the means come in. Warm hearts give in kind as well as in coin, and the gifts vary from a pig to four pots of preserve and a mince pie. A humorous friend once sent six dozen bunches of turnips, and said "I hope some one will send you the mutton." The hope was abundantly realized, for about an hour afterward a farmer sent a sheep. (*Our frontispiece gives a bird's-eye view of the entire block of Orphanage Buildings, as it will appear when completed early next year.*)

OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

The other institutions connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle include the Colportage Association, almshouses for seventeen aged women, several mission stations, and Sunday-schools, a mission to the blind, Ladies' Benevolent and Maternal Societies, and other agencies of usefulness too numerous for mention here. It is sufficient to say that the pastor's example is infectious, and his church may be compared for activity to a hive of bees.

WHY IS MR. SPURGEON SO SUCCESSFUL?

The secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success as a preacher, and his influence as a man, must be traced in a large degree to his downright earnestness, the transparent sincerity of his character, his practical common-sense, his ready utterance, his good old Saxon language, and his sympathy with every effort, no matter where or by whom put forth, for the welfare of his fellow-men. To the influence of his powerful and *richly musical voice* he adds that of a manner characterized by great freedom and fearlessness, intensely and strikingly natural. When to these also we add the influence of thrilling description, touching anecdote, sparkling wit, apt illustrations, striking similes, all used to illustrate and enforce the deep, earnest home truths of the Bible, we have a combination of elements which must make up a preacher of wonderful attraction and marvellous power.

HIS CATHOLICITY.

Mr. Spurgeon's catholic disposition is indicated by the fact that a Congregational minister—Mr. V. J. Charlesworth—was chosen as head-master of the Stockwell Orphanage, and Mr. George Rogers another Congregational minister, as principal of the Pastors' College. Thus harmoniously, under the influence of one master-spirit, with many efficient helpers, and with a church of *over five thousand members*, is Christian philanthropy carrying forward a work which for magnitude and variety is without a parallel in ancient or modern history.

(*A life of Mrs. Spurgeon appears on page 684.*)

* This book is on sale at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Paper covers, 40 cents; bound in cloth, 60 cents. It will be mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of the above price.

GARRISON DUTY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 22, 1882.

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."—1 SAM. 30:24.

David's Garrison Force—Not Cowards—Battles Lost by the Dissolute—The Return of the Victors—Dispute Over the Spoils—A Request from the Earl of Kintore—People who do Ordinary Duties—God's Appointments to Garrison Duty—The Confidential Clerks—The Railroad Engine-Drivers and Switchmen—The Naval Engineer—A Christian Woman's Haunt in the Woods—The Family's Share in the Bookworm's Triumph—Napoleon's Veterans in the Hospital—God's Old Soldiers—Consolation for Aged Ministers—The Thrones of the Wesleys—The Reward of Inconspicuous Workers.

If you have never seen an army change quarters you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, a hundred loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage, and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on this swift military expedition, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage.

There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day, and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are two hundred of these crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arm in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital, and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, the wristlets, the head bands diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets and carnelians and pearls and sapphires and emeralds, and all the wealth of plate and jewels and decanter and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries and the robes and the turbans and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe.

The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So our Northern forces were defeated at Fredericksburg because one of the commanders was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccuping off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance.

David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the back of camels, and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen, and start back toward the garrison.

YONDER THEY COME,
yonder they come. The limping men of the garri-

son come out and greet them with wild huzza! The Bible says David saluted them. That is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a *very difficult thing*, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "*We did all the fighting* while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew how that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and *the little general* looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no,

LET US HAVE FAIR PLAY ;"

and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet and the two hundred crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great martyrs, great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and mends his own business and who crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of

ORDINARY DUTY IN ORDINARY PLACES, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message. Alas! that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do, the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life. But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses and of Joshua and of David and of Luther and of John Knox and of Deborah and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and the moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mars' Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital."

There are women who say, "If I had asiant a sphere as those people had, I should be brave and as grand; but my business is to get children off to school and to hunt up things they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready a keep account of the household expenses and hinder the children from being strangled by whooping cough, and to go through all the a ances and vexations of housekeeping. O sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant and clear discouraged." Woman, *God place on garrison duty*, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who n so often night by night with a light in her through the hospitals, was called by the wor the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will b as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who buil endowed theological seminary buildings. Yo ward will be just as great as that of Hannah who by her excellent books won for her adl Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reyl Rewards are not to be given according t amount of noise you make in the world, n according to the amount of good you do, b cording to whether you work to your full cap according to whether or not you do you duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children e and they are to go off to make purchases, a one you give one dollar and to the other yo twenty dollars. Do you reward the boy th gave twenty dollars to for purchasing more that amount of money than the other boy chased with one dollar? Of course not. I give wealth or social position or eloquen twenty times the faculty to a man that He gi the ordinary men, is He going to give t favored man a reward because he has more and more influence? Oh, no. In other wo you and I do our whole duty, and you have t times more talent than I have, you will g more divine reward than I will. *Is God go reward you because He gave you more?* would not be fair, that would not be right. two hundred men of the text who fainted brook Besor did their whole duty; they wa the baggage, they took care of the stuff, an got as much of the spoils of victory as th who went to the front. "As his part is th down to the battle, so shall his part be th by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for a have great responsibility and little credit fo they do. You know the names of the grea mercial houses of these cities. Do you kno names of

THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERKS

—the men who have the key to the safe, th who know the combination-lock. A disting merchant goes forth at the summer waterin and he flashes past, and you say: "Who is t "Oh," replies some one, "Don't you know is the great importer, that is the great b that is the great manufacturer." The confic clerk has his week off. Nobody notices w he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and a while his week is done, and he sits down at his desk. But God will reward his fidelit as much as He recognizes the work of th chant philanthropist whose investments th known clerk so carefully guarded.

Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Ra Erie Railroad, New York and New Haven road—business men know the names of the dents of these roads and of the prominent ors; but they do not know the names of the neers, the names of the switchmen, the na the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. men have awful responsibilities and som through the recklessness of an engineer, or t faithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of Such men do not have recognition of their se They have small wages and much complain very often ride upon locomotives, and I very ask the question, as we shoot around some or under some ledge of rocks, "How much do you get?" and I am always surprised t how little for such vast responsibility.

you not suppose God is going to recognize idleness? Thomas Scott, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad going up at death to receive God his destiny was no better known in that than was known last night the brakeman who the Erie Railroad was jammed to death amid car coupling. "As his part is that goeth to the battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth the stuff."

PERIL AT SEA.

Thirty-six hours we expected every moment to the bottom of the ocean. The waves broke through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. *It is an awful time*; but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or an animal that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognizes the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that I never thanked the engineer. He stood away in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces of his whole duty. *Nobody thanked the engineer*, but God recognized his heroism and his courage and his fidelity, and there will be just as much reward for the engineer who worked out of the ship as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the shore of a wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn which is in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

Is there be no reward for such unpretending everlasting service?

Far back in the country there is a boy who is going to college and get an education. They call him

A BOOKWORM.

Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the field—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "That Ed cannot get an education." His father, who works as hard as he will, can no more support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed to college; you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says: "Yes, I will get along without any hired help; although I am not as strong as I used to be, I think I can get along without any hired help." The father says, "Well, I think by husking corn I can get along without any assistance." The father is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid diet, suffering economy that the boy may go to college.

Time passes on. Commencement Day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary scene. *God knows it happened.* Commencement has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after a while it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause sometimes making into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters with their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look

over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale, and then they are very much flushed. *Ed gets the garlands*, and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self-sacrifices made for others, He will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth by the stuff."

DISABLED CHRISTIAN VETERANS.

There is high encouragement in this subject also for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These two hundred men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battle axe. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in

THE SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL IN PARIS

and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame, they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off those old soldiers to die in want? No; their last days were spent like princes.

Do you think my Lord is going to turn off His old soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they fainted by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those creases in the face are wrinkles? No; they are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for Heaven. When they had plenty of money their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God, they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival, they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin-struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go further. Now they have physical infirmities, now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor.

ARE THEY TO HAVE NO SHARE

in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think He has forgotten their services.

Fret not, *ye aged ones*. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck, and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on and they push you up, and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes, that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with me in the last sickness." And then the cry will go round the circle, "Come in, come in, come up, come up; we saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth by the stuff.'"

There is high consolation also in this for

AGED MINISTERS.

I see some of them here to-day. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with the blossoms of the tree of life. Their names marked on the roll of the Gen-

eral Assembly, or of the consociation, "*Emeritus*." They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached fifty years ago on that same subject. They preached more Gospel on \$400 a year than some of their successors preach on \$4000.

Some Sunday the old minister is in a church and near by in another pew there is a husband and a wife and a row of children. And after the benediction the lady comes up and says, "Doctor, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "Your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "You baptized me and you married me and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "My eyesight isn't as good as it used to be."

They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century, they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and have taken more Sebastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion this day standing in the brunt of the fray shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth by the stuff."

CHEER UP,

men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley, there will be a throne higher than either on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages.

OH, WHAT A DAY THAT WILL BE

for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn-out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder and called them nobodies, and begrudged them the least recognition, and who weary and worn and sick fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the sceptres, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth by the stuff."

An Emphatic Warning was Given by a judge in New York last week to a mischievous citizen who was charged with tormenting a blind man. It was stated in court that he had for some time been in the habit of placing *obstacles in the way of the blind* man who had to pass his store on his way to his place of business, and that he took delight in otherwise teasing and tormenting him. The judge expressed his indignation at such conduct, and warned him that if any further complaints were made of him, he would be severely punished. A man who could find pleasure in rendering such an affliction as blindness still more painful, must in truth be a degraded specimen of humanity, but it becomes us all to be ever watchful lest by inconsistencies of conduct, or heedless language, we place stumbling-blocks in the way of the spiritually blind (1 Cor. 8 : 9-13).

THE ANTE-TRIBULATION REMOVAL.

By Rev. Richard Chester.

(Continued from page 663.)

ALTOGETHER apart, however, from such particular portions of God's Word as we considered last week, and which are thus regarded as militating against a belief in an Ante-tribulation removal of living saints, this belief is objected to very strongly by some as contrary to the undoubted need of that

SUFFERING FOR AND WITH CHRIST, which is so frequently and powerfully set forth throughout the Scriptures as to be inevitably undergone by those who are to reign with Him hereafter. And it is sometimes not very charitably implied that the holders of this doctrine cling to it through a desire to escape from such suffering, which, as preparatory to their subsequent glorification, they should rather be well pleased, if not anxious, to have to undergo. To this objection it seems not very difficult to give a sufficient reply.

It scarcely ought to be overlooked in considering this matter—as it seems to have been upon the part of those who argue such an objection—that the number of truly believing Christians who would have to pass through that tribulation, supposing their removal not to take place until subsequent to it—could not only consist of those who shall actually be living upon the earth at the time, and shall be altogether exclusive of "the dead in Christ" from the beginning of the dispensation until then. Therefore the question immediately and unavoidably suggests itself, Why should the comparatively small body of the living Christians of that particular period have to pass through a most intense and peculiar tribulation, from which, or from anything resembling which, in its intensity, all the much larger body of their brethren, who have lived and died throughout two thousand preceding years have, with the exception of the martyr periods of the Church's history, been exempt? There can be no consistent or intelligible reason that I am at all aware of assigned for this, unless it were by those who hold

THE ROMISH DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY, or the doctrine of a needful discipline to be undergone by Christian people in the interval between death and resurrection, which discipline those who shall be removed without dying cannot undergo, and accordingly as a substitute for which they should pass through the Great Tribulation. I do not believe, however, that any of the class of objectors to whom I am now referring, and who are students of God's prophetic Word, and believers in and expectants of the Saviour's glorious appearing, can hold doctrines so unfounded and unscriptural as are these.

It is beyond doubt a plainly-stated truth that all Christ's people shall "in this world have tribulation," that "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God." And all Christian experience in this, as in every other instance, abundantly verifies the statements of Holy Scripture. Christians have suffered and do suffer, some times intensely, from the assaults and devices of Satan, from the power of indwelling sin, from infirmities bodily and mental, from doubts and fears and misgivings, from the hostility and the ridicule and the false accusations and imputations of their fellowmen, not unfrequently of those near and dear to them. They do suffer very much from pain, from sickness, from sorrow, from disappointments, from bereavements, from pecuniary losses and difficulties. But all this suffering, to be received and submitted to with patient resignation as the needed chastening of a wise and loving Father—is one thing. A tribulation which will be, without doubt, overruled for much good to such of the Lord's people as shall have to pass through it, but the immediate agent and instrument in inflicting which shall be the visible incarnation of Satan in

THE PERSON OF THE LAST ANTICHRIST, and the character of which shall accordingly be that there has never been any like it before in the Church's career, and never shall be any like it again, and that except the days of it should be shortened, no flesh should be saved—this is another, very different thing. And to accuse those who desire to avoid such, and who rejoice to see what seems to them a blessed way of escape from

it, of an unchristian anxiety to escape from suffering, argues, to say the least of it, a very inexcusable want of consideration upon the part of those who may make or entertain the accusation. To submit cheerfully and patiently to suffering when it comes, and to endeavor to glorify our God in it, and to derive benefit from it to ourselves, is at once the duty and the privilege of every disciple of a crucified Redeemer. But to *wish* for suffering, to be *unwilling* to escape it, is simply *not human*; and nothing that is *not human* can be *Christian*, inasmuch as Christ is a *man*. He prayed, and we may pray, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me!"

AN OBJECT OF HOPE.

If we really believe that we may very probably be among the living at the time when the Lord shall come for His saints, and yet do not regard it as probable, or even possible, that His so coming for us shall take place until after we shall have passed through the Great Tribulation—then surely the prospect of the Saviour's nearly approaching Advent, with this brief but appalling interlude between us and it, cannot possibly be to us, what His Word impressively teaches, that it ought to be, an object of unclouded, unintermingled hope, and joy, and happiness. Then our heart's sincere desire and prayer, in response to His "surely, I come quickly," can scarcely be "even so come, Lord Jesus." Must not our desire in such case rather be one which we have no warrant whatsoever from His word for entertaining, or for, if we entertain it, turning into prayer that *death* should first come for us, rather than that He should come for us, that we should be "unclothed" rather than clothed upon? (2 Cor. 5:4.) When we offer up the petition which He has taught us, "Thy kingdom come," must there not, in such case, if only we realize what we are praying for, be a secret desire to add, "*not in our time, O Lord!*"

As to the express warrants from Scripture for expecting that the rapture of 1 Thess. 4:16, 17 is to precede the Great Tribulation, they have been so often and so recently put forward in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that to enter at any length upon the subject now would be an altogether needless reiteration. The strongest warrant I believe to exist in the incontrovertible fact that if we regard this tribulation as necessarily to precede the Lord's coming for His saints, we cannot possibly occupy the position of daily, hourly watchfulness and expectancy with regard to that coming which His word so repeatedly enjoins upon us. This, however, has been fully treated of in recent articles, and therefore needs not to be referred to again.

It may also suffice to enumerate Genesis 7:7-10 compared with Matt. 24:37-42, Ps. 31:19, 20, 32:6, Isaiah 26:19-21, Zephaniah 2:3, in the Old Testament Scriptures, as indicating such removal. And in the New Testament, Luke 21:36, Rev. 3:10, 4:4, 5:8-10, chap. 12, etc.

PROMISES OF "ESCAPE" AND "PRESERVATION."

With regard to the necessarily implied promise of "*escape from all these things* that shall come to pass," in Luke 21:36, and the fully expressed promise of being "*kept from this hour of trial*," (Rev. 3:10), I should wish, in conclusion, to observe that the language in each instance seems altogether to exclude the possibility of fulfilment by the subjects of such promises being made to pass safely through, and to come safely out of, the Great Tribulation.

Could it be truly said of some who had been in a town during the period of its siege or its bombardment, but who had been preserved unslain or unwounded throughout, that they had "*escaped all the things*" which had happened to the town and its inhabitants? In order so to do should they not have left it before ever the siege or the bombardment had commenced? Or, could it be correctly affirmed of those who, during the prevalence of some terrible epidemic in a town or a district, had been smitten with, but had recovered from it, that they had been "*kept from*" the disease? Most assuredly it could not. Even so, I am fully persuaded that there will be no shadow of untruthfulness or incorrectness, no iota of reserve, or of shortcoming, in the glorious fulfilment to the very

letter of any one of the precious promises of who is "The Truth" itself. To imagine moment that there could be such, I should, part regard as highly dishonoring to my grating Lord and Master.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Paid by Instalments.—At a Meeting

Patrick lately Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh said a benevolent person gave the late Rev. Rowland £100 for a poor minister. Instead of sending the whole sum at once, Rowland Hill sent £5; the envelope was a slip of paper, on which written the words, 'More to follow.' At regular intervals the same sum with the same message was sent until the whole £100 had been forwarded. In like manner every blessing that comes from God is sent with the self-same message, 'And more to follow.' God says, 'I forgive you your sins; there is more to follow. I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, but there is more to follow.' My mercy shall continue with you, and when I land on the golden shores of glory there will be more to follow."

A Child Waiting for Jesus.—Mr. Scott

"On one occasion I had some meetings for children, and at the end of each meeting I said, 'If any of you want to have conversation with stay behind the rest.' Most of them went away, but I saw one little fellow, hardly the height of a pew, waiting. He was so young that I did not think he could understand what I said when dressing the meeting. So I asked him, 'Why you waiting for, my boy—your father?' 'No, your uncle?' 'No, sir.' 'Your mother?' 'No, sir.' 'Who, then?' With a look so tender and simple that it went straight to my heart, he said, 'Jesus, sir.' I sat down and told him the old story, and I believe that little child there felt Jesus whom he desired to see."

The Danger of Evil Companionships.—At

noon-day meeting on September 15th, Mr. Shon of New York, said: "At our meeting the week before last, a young man came in who had converted at one of Mr. Moody's services, but fallen by remaining with his old evil companions who persuaded him to drink so much that he was home on Tuesday night, more drunk than ever had been in his life. His mother, father, and sister were Christians, and the blow to them was great. The sister took to bed with disappointment, and was now lying ill in body and mind. His friends felt his fall worse than if he had died. After the first meeting one of the workers spoke to him, and willingly the poor fellow confessed his sin, and returned to the arms of a loving Saviour. His heart sore with a sense of his unworthiness, but so full of gladness that he could not speak."

A Dangerous Darling.—The Rev. James

Scott said: "There is one thing which I have learned by experience keeps back every class of men and women, those who live in the lowest slums; those who live in the aristocratic mansion—that one darling sin. There was a woman in a good position in the social scale, who seemed to be very anxious about her soul, but she could not find rest although she sought it with tears. At last I learned that she was a secret dram-drinker. I told her at once that she must give up this love sin, but she got very angry and would not listen any longer to me. She wanted to keep her sin as long as she could. As it was impossible for both to live together in harmony, she rejected Jesus and kept the whiskey. That woman, and all who are like her, are on their way to hell. Love to Christ and love of sin cannot live together in the same heart."

"The Worst of Women" Converted.—Mr.

Jack said: "Within the last fortnight one of the worst women in Busby has been converted to Christ. Some weeks ago a few brethren were preaching at one of the corners of the street, and this woman stood listening along with a few others. At the end of the address, these Christian men spoke individually to those who gathered round them. They were strangers in the district, and did not know that this person had been leading so bad

a life that none of the Christians in the district thought of speaking to her. Apparently their words were spent in vain. Weeks passed on, and then the Lord brought the words spoken to her on that day back to her mind in such a way, that in the dirty dark hovel in which she lived, she cried to God for mercy and obtained it. When one of the brethren visited her, she said, 'I feel happy all over, from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet.' Yet she had no outward cause for joy, for her past course of life had left her poor and miserable; but the joy of the Lord filled her soul, and made her forget her present state of wretchedness.

Saved from Suicide.—Mr. Shorey, of New York, said: "I was much impressed by the meeting of the 'Mizpah' band, at which I was present last night. There I saw a large number of intelligent men, many of whom have been raised from the gutter and led to Christ. A tall, red-faced man came in, with his little boy. He was under the influence of drink. He had tried to kill himself several times that day, and at the very time the attention of one of the 'Mizpah' band was called to him he was on his way to make another attempt upon his life. Miss Mary White and Miss Annie McPherson, of London, who were present, spoke to him so kindly and gently, that the big tears streamed down his face like rain. Then the meeting joined in prayer for him, and at the close two men took him and his little boy home. The 'Mizpah' band are already doing good work, and will I am sure, do a greater work than has ever yet been done in this or any other city in the same way."

Safe under the Colors.—Mr. Millar said: "In one of the islands of the Pacific a civil war was raging until the stronger party had almost exterminated their opponents. One of the defeated chiefs and his followers fled to the house or compound of the British Consul for protection. Were they refused the help and refuge they claimed? No. What then? the Consul had neither soldiers or sailors nor arms to defend them. How was he to save them from their implacable foes? He simply opened his gate to let the beaten men in, then hoisted the British Ensign, and kept it flying night and day until the victors retired. If at any time these men had ventured outside the gate of the compound, death was his portion, but so long as they remained under the colors not a foe dared touch them. That is exactly our position. If we keep our colors always flying, and rest under our Saviour Jesus Christ, none can harm us, nor make us afraid. It is when we go outside and away from Christ that we place ourselves in jeopardy."

An Obstinate Old Woman.—Mr. Scott said: "When Duncan Mathieson was holding Gospel meetings, there was an old woman who detested them. Her usual phrase in speaking of them was, 'I won't go; any one who likes may go, but not me.' Though she would not go to the meetings, to her great surprise and anger, they came to her, for Duncan pitched upon a spot right opposite her door on which to hold his open air service, and having a voice of great power he could make himself heard distinctly in houses a good way off. Quite excited, the foolish woman shut and locked her door, and as the voice still came in through the window she closed the shutters, but still the word came in, for as she sat in the dark at the fireside, the preaching came down the chimney, and reached her heart, till she gradually became interested. Then she opened her shutters, and opened her door, till at last she could not restrain herself, but went outside and joined the meeting, where the Lord changed her opinion of revival meetings, and of herself. She saw her lost state, and sought Christ, and His healing hand was laid on her."

Saxpence to Tak' th' Pledge.—"I saw a man in this meeting not long ago, who told me that his wife one time was scolding him for drinking, and he told her, 'If ye gie me saxpence ta pae for th' caird I'll tak' th' pledge noo.' 'Ah, a ken what yer aifter ma mau,' the wife answered. 'Ye wud jis gang in tae th' neist public hoose an' get a dram.' 'Na, na, wife, if ye gie me th' saxpence, I'll keep ma wurd.' 'Weel, here it is, gang yer ways an' dae it,' said the woman. Off he went to the

League office in Hope Street, where he took the pledge, and bought the finest card he could get. He left the office feeling quite proud and elate that at last he had done it. At the door he met one of his companions, who saluted him with, 'Hilloa, Tom, what are ye daein' in there.' Tom's pride fell, and shame took its place, so that instead of boldly telling what he had done, his reply was, 'O just a message for the wife.' 'Weel, come awa in yonder an' share a half ane,' said Tom's companion. Tom did not want the dram, but his courage was gone, and he could not tell the tempter that he had signed the pledge only five minutes ago, thus falling in less than five minutes after signing a promise not to touch any kind of intoxicating liquor. This man afterward came to the feet of the Lord and asked for power over his fear of companions and his appetite for drink, and the Lord answered his prayer and saved him."

A Youthful Recruiting Sergeant.—The Rev. James Scott related: "Eight years ago during Messrs. Moody and Sankey's first visit to us, there was a young boy who was the means of winning as many souls to the Lord as any one I knew in Glasgow. His plan was to watch men as they came out of the hall, or church, where the evangelistic meetings were held, and judge by their faces if they were anxious, or awakened, but had not decided to wait till the second meeting. The boy courteously and respectfully approached them, and tried to persuade them to return and give themselves to Christ. When he succeeded in his efforts, he would get an experienced worker to speak to those whom he brought in. I have seen him bring in two men at a time, and generally he had several at every meeting. If your hearts are aglow with love to Christ, you can do as much as this little boy, and an equally great blessing will rest upon you."

The Subject of a Bet.—Mr. Shorrey said: "There was a man in Fall River, Mass., whom I knew very well. When living a life of sin and drunkenness he was one of my boon companions. After my conversion to Christ, my mission was to tell what the Lord had done for me, in the places where I formerly showed plainly what the devil was doing to me. I, therefore, returned there to preach the Gospel. After the meeting I met a band of my old companions; they did not laugh or jeer, but after shaking hands all round the man to whom I refer, said, 'We have just been speaking about you; they have given you six months to try you, and we have bet five hundred dollars that you will be as bad as ever after that time; but if you have got the thing of which you speak, I am sure you will stand firm.' 'Frank,' I replied, 'what do you know about the thing, as you call it, of which I spoke?' 'Nothing, practically,' he answered, 'but you said that you had the love of Christ in your heart, and if you have that, you won't fall.' Was this not remarkable testimony from an unconverted man?"

THE REV. JOHN SPURGEON,

Father of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Born in 1810—Converted at an Early Age—Enters Business—Pastorate of Tollesbury Congregational Church—Ministry in Kent, and in London—Resigns Pastoral Responsibility—Engages in Itinerant Work—An "Honorable Family."

THE REV. JOHN SPURGEON, whose portrait appears on the front page this week, is second son of the late Rev. James Spurgeon, of Stambourne, in the county of Essex, England. He was born on July 15th, 1810, and is therefore now seventy-two years old.

He was brought to Christ at an early age, and in course of time became conscious that God would have him preach the Gospel. For twenty-six years he discharged the double functions of clerk and traveller for two business firms. But for fourteen years of this protracted period, he sustained the honorary position of pastor of THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TOLLESBURY, driving there and back, a distance of thirteen miles from Colchester, every Sunday, and attending to the claims of business during the week. His

ministrations were so acceptable to the people, and so graciously blessed of God that the chapel was continually crowded, and eventually it was found to be absolutely necessary to erect a more capacious and commodious structure. Before, however, the erection was completed Mr. Spurgeon felt it to be his duty to resign his connection with his attached people, but to-day the beautiful enlarged chapel and minister's house, remain as material monuments of his faithful ministerial work in the place. His spiritual triumphs and the large number of sinners whom he was the means of leading to the feet of Christ, the great day of final adjudication alone will make manifest.

MINISTRY IN KENT AND LONDON.

Mr. Spurgeon left Colchester, where he had spent so many happy, useful years, and responded to an invitation to become the pastor of the United Congregational churches of Cranbrook and Iden Green, situated four miles apart, in the county of Kent. Here he remained for five years, both churches greatly prospering, and large additions being made to the membership. At the end of the period named, however, he conceived the idea that he could do more work for the Master in London, if only his way were made plain to go there. Soon he was introduced to the historic church in Fetter Lane, London. From his first services in the old chapel it was apparent that God was with him; long-standing members of the Church were re-energized, as with the breath of Heaven, and the Church and congregation rapidly increased. In five years the cause, which for some time prior to Mr. Spurgeon's advent, had been in an unprosperous condition, became self-supporting, and a means of manifold blessing to the densely peopled neighborhood around.

His next sphere of ministry was Islington, where he assumed the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Upper Street. Apart from the fact that his name acted like a magnet upon many of the hitherto indifferent and non-church going residents of the locality, Mr. Spurgeon's own intrinsic qualities—his unflagging industry, prayerful spirit, and earnest, simple preaching of the Gospel—secured the same Divine blessing and approval which had cheered and enriched his ministry elsewhere. Here, again, the building had to be enlarged to afford scope for the increasing energies of the Church, and a considerable number of sinners were brought to Christ.

SUBSEQUENT ITINERANT WORK.

A few years ago he terminated his pastoral association with the Islington Church, and though he has been frequently pressed by appreciative friends to accept other ministerial charges, he has not thought it wise to do so. He now confines himself to supplying vacant pulpits and the preaching of sermons on special occasions—such as Sunday-school Anniversaries, the opening of new chapels, etc. For five years he preached on the first Sunday in every month, and administered the Lord's Supper, at St. George's Congregational Baptist Church, at Ramsgate; and as the result of his interest in it the church became so much consolidated and enlarged, that he recommended the friends there to secure the services of a regular pastor. This course they have since adopted, and the Rev. R. Wood is now doing a good work in the place.

For nearly six years the Rev. John Spurgeon has been travelling from place to place about his Master's business. "One year," he says, "I travelled 9885 miles, preached 116 sermons, delivered my son's lecture on 'Sermons in Candles' twenty-four times, administered the Lord's Supper twelve times, gave twelve addresses to Sunday-schools, collected nearly £1000 for poor places, and encouraged many of the Lord's stewards."

AN "HONORABLE FAMILY."

Mr. John Spurgeon's father once said to him, "John, we are an honorable family; not rich in this world's goods, but where is there a family with five preachers making known the Gospel every Sunday? Very few indeed." "Now," says the honored subject of this sketch, "I am the old man, and we have seven preachers in the family—myself, two sons, two grandsons, and two sons-in-law—making known the love of God every Lord's day. What hath God wrought?"



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Report Deserving Serious attention was issued last week by Mr. Burchard the Director of the Mint. In the present condition of business the figures ought to be closely studied for they indicate that there may come a time when a panic may be induced, or its worst features aggravated by our present financial policy. It appears, from Mr. Burchard's estimates, that on the 1st of July, 1882, the total paper and specie of the country amounted to \$1,543,710,432. One year previous it had amounted to \$1,469,342,603. This represents an accumulation within the twelve month of about \$74,500,000. Of this accumulation, \$28,500,000, or a little more than one-third, was in gold coin and bullion; some \$28,000,000 was in silver coin and bullion, and the remainder was in the notes of national banks. Bringing the statistics down to the 1st of October, the amount of gold coin and bullion awaiting coinage was at that date about the same as it was on the 1st of November of the previous year, while the silver had increased \$29,000,000. Mr. Burchard reports that the production of gold for the fiscal year is estimated at \$31,500,000 and that of silver at \$44,700,000. This is a gain of \$2,600,000 over the previous year's production for silver and a loss of \$5,000,000 for gold. To rightly understand these figures it must be remembered that in our foreign trade the gold is sent out of the country while the silver is retained.

The Second Assistant Postmaster-General who controls the Star Route service has issued his report which attracts unusual interest owing to the disclosures made in the recent trials. It appears from the report that the cost of railroad mail transportation was \$10,373,515, against \$9,793,155 for the previous year. The increase in mileage was 8994 miles, or 8.9 per cent increase. This is the greatest increase in length of railroad routes ever made in any one year, and is greater than the entire railroad mileage in 1851. The appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1883, is \$11,130,000, and the estimate for this item for 1884 is \$12,000,000. The estimated increase is less than is shown for 1882 over 1881, as the probable rate of increase in cost will be reduced as the aggregate mileage is enlarged. There are now

more than 100,000 miles of railroad service in operation, reaching every State and Territory of the Union. The item of expenditure for the Star Service during the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1882, was \$5,553,849. This was \$1,403,506 less than the cost of the service for the previous year. It is believed that \$2,500,000 of the appropriation for 1883 will remain unexpended at the close of the year; and the estimate for 1884, is set down as \$5,500,000. "This," says Mr. Elmer, "is worthy of note as it will cover the cost of the growth and expansion of the service for the two fiscal years of 1883 and 1884. The "annual transportation," or number of miles travelled in the performance of the Star Route service during the fiscal year 1882 was 76,924,867 miles; the cost, \$5,553,849; the annual transportation for 1880, 76,070,995 miles; the cost, \$7,321,499; the result, 853,872 miles more transportation and \$1,767,650 reduction in cost for 1882, as against the same items for 1880. The estimate for all items of transportation for 1884 amounts to \$25,493,120.

Prohibition as one of the Principal Political issues becomes every week still more clearly defined. The New York Tribune says: "The number of candidates of the temperance party in the western part of New York State is surprisingly large. In nearly every Assembly district the party has a candidate for the Assembly. The object of this movement is to pass an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors in this State. The effect of the movement will be to draw off votes from the Republican candidates." The Methodist Episcopal ministers of Central and Southern New York at their conference in Elmira on October 17th, resolved that they would not support any man for member of Assembly who would not pledge himself to support the proposed constitutional prohibitory amendment. At the session of the Pennsylvania Presbyterian Synod on October 20th, a resolution was moved in reference to prohibition, the substance of which was that the delegates are in hearty sympathy with all judicious efforts to unite good citizens in securing the adoption of prohibitory amendments to State Constitutions, and that they will support those men as candidates for State Legislature who acknowledge the necessity of prohibitory measures. The resolution was referred to the Temperance Committee for action. In Ohio the Prohibitionists claim to have cast 20,000 votes which is more than the Democratic plurality.

Three Reasons Why the Laws for the Suppression of vice are not enforced in the city of New York are given in a recently published letter from Dr. Howard Crosby, whose experience in connection with the useful society of which he is president, give him the right to speak with authority on the subject. The reasons are that the officials whose duty it is to enforce the laws are participants in the vice; that officials receive pay from the law-breakers; and that political considerations are paramount. These reasons should not be overlooked by the citizens. They imply not only culpability on the part of the officials, but carelessness on the part of the people who elect them or those who appoint them.

The Statement Made on the Subject of Civil Service Reform by Mr. Howard Carroll, the young journalist who has accepted the Republican nomination for Congressman-at-Large in New York, shows how the necessity for the movement has impressed an intelligent observer whose opportunities for watching the currents of national politics have been extensive. In his letter of acceptance Mr. Carroll says: "I shall, if honored by an election, neither directly nor indirectly ask from president, or cabinet, or department, the appointment of any person to any office. Further in regard to the Civil Service I have to say that the exact remedy for evils so great and of such long standing as those justly complained of in connection with it, is not easily found or readily to be applied. So far as the experiment has been fairly tried, however, in the Post Office and Custom House in New York, and to some extent in Washington, it appears to me that the system of admission to the public service, on probation after success in open competi-

tion, and subsequent promotion for merit—the system embodied in the so-called Pendleton bill—promises the best results; and I should gladly do all that I could to insure the adoption of that measure. In any case I should do all in my power to take the subordinate offices of the Federal Government wholly out of politics."

The Yellow Fever Scourge at Pensacola, Fla., has not abated in virulence during the past week. Seventy new cases were reported on October 16th; fifty on the 17th; fifty-six on the 18th; fifty-eight on the 19th; fifty-three on the 20th; and forty on the 21st. It is feared that the reduction in Saturday's returns was due not to improved conditions but to the fact that three physicians were off duty. The total number of deaths at the end of the week aggregated 161. One of the physicians has been summoned to the Nix settlement, on Perido Bay, ten or twelve miles from Pensacola, and found a number of cases of the fever there. Several cases are also reported at Powelton, on the Louisville and Nashville road, sixteen miles distant. No intercourse has existed between either of these places and Pensacola since the outbreak of the epidemic. The National Board of Health has sent its contribution of \$3812.50, being the amount allowed to October 1st. In sending this instalment the board has considerably overlooked certain informalities in the vouchers furnished them in view of the urgent necessity of the case. A telegram to New York says: "The weather continues almost preternaturally warm, notwithstanding the repeated showers and clearings for some days past."

President Arthur Paid a Visit to Dr. McCosh at Princeton College, N. J., last week. The President dined with the principal and made a brief address to several hundred students. He expressed his thanks for the cordial manner in which he had been received, and said that as a proof of his high estimation of the College of New Jersey and of his confidence in the faculty and students, he intended leaving with them that which he prized more than anything else—his son. After making the address he visited the gymnasium, museum, library and other buildings, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with what he had seen.

The Death of Bishop Paine of the Methodist Episcopal Church South is announced. He died on October 20th, at the age of eighty-three. He was the senior bishop of the church. He was born in Person County, North Carolina, in November, 1799. His first labors in the Christian ministry were in Tennessee, where he labored until in 1830 he was elected President of La Grange College, Alabama. He resigned that position in 1846 when he was elected bishop. Bishop Paine took a prominent part in the work of organization when the Southern Church separated from that of the North, and was chairman of the committee which drew up the reasons for secession. During the war Bishop Paine was actively engaged in every effort made for Christian usefulness in the army, and after peace was proclaimed he entered heartily into the efforts for reorganization. He was the author of "Life and Times of Bishop McKendree," a work which has met with great praise and which was published at the request of the General Conference of his church.

An Impending Financial Collapse was Averted by prayer some time ago. A merchant in relating his experience at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting last week described an incident of a panic when many business houses were tried by financial embarrassment. Firms, accounted absolutely safe, failed suddenly and disastrously. He was one of the many merchants who were severely put to it to meet obligations. The first time he attended the noon-meeting was when he was threatened with something akin to failure. On that occasion prayer prevailed, and he tided over the difficulty. He said that his experience led him to believe that the noon meeting for business men had done more to save business paper from going to protest than the banks of the city. Men learned that they were dependent upon a higher power than their own, and to believe in God's power and care for them. Thus came peace and calmness of spirit.

An Exemplary Method of Doing Good has been put in operation in Springfield, Ohio. A local journal says: "the Fooms Mission, which is named in honor of *Mrs. John Fooms*, a lady whose benevolent and philanthropic work is well known, has for its aim a very modest and much needed work—that of introducing into the homes of workmen sound religious literature. *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, an attractive, undenominational, and live periodical, has been selected to aid this purpose. The eastern and southeastern part of the city will be the ground first taken up. *Mr. C. C. Taylor* is treasurer. The distributing department is in charge of *Mr. D. H. Mitchell*, who will also report to pastors of the city any of their members who are sick, or may have strayed from their church homes." Letters are constantly received at the office of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* describing the beneficial influence of the journal and relating instances of conversions which have occurred through the blessing of God on its pages. It is therefore very gratifying to find that efforts such as that at Springfield are being made to extend its influence, and it may be hoped that individual subscribers in other places who know the paper and its work will by introducing it to their friends and acquaintances co-operate in an enterprise which God is signally blessing.

A Fatal Legal Decision which is said to have already involved the loss of six lives, has been pronounced in Chicago. A journal of that city in reporting the drowning of three persons on October 15th, says: "The drowning was the result of the strange ruling of the Supervising Inspectors of Steam-boats that tugs must not, under a fine of \$500 for each person carried, take any passengers on board. Tug owners have humanely insisted upon exception in cases where they could save drowning persons, but no exception was allowed. The lives lost on Sunday make up an aggregate of six which have been sacrificed in this harbor as the result of this ruling." If the inspectors have correctly stated the provisions of the law it is high time the law itself was amended or repealed. In matters of life and death, society will not permit red-tape to prevent good being done, though in religious matters unauthorized, unordained seekers after lost souls are often restrained at the instance of men who have neglected the duty (Mark 9 : 38).

A Mad Ride on a Locomotive was Witnessed near Boston on October 18th. Five disorderly men were noticed lurking about the New York and New England depot in that city, and though suspicion was excited, they were not expelled from the premises. About ten o'clock at night, however, an engine was observed moving out of the yard with the five men on board. They had watched their opportunity, and noticing that the engine-driver and his assistant had momentarily left their places, they entered the cab and started the engine. They soon got up a wild speed, and there being no means of stopping them, they ran fourteen miles in as many minutes. Finally their mad freak was brought to an end, without a catastrophe, by the engine being switched off on to a side track in obedience to a telegram from the Boston manager, and they were captured. The madness and folly of such an escapade are apparent to every one, but if the course of impenitent sinners could be seen by them as God sees it, they would know that they are on just such a mad career which must end in destruction unless God mercifully changes their course (Prov. 6 : 14, 15).

A Gallant Rescue from a Mine is Reported in a journal of Virginia, Nev. A man named Roger Stinson was at work in a mine when a fall of rock occurred which threw him to the ground and partially buried him. Two of his companions ran to his rescue, and had nearly succeeded in releasing him when a second fall occurred in which they narrowly escaped death. They recommenced the task of extricating Stinson, though all about them was crumbling and threatening to come in. When he was finally dug out it was found that both his legs were broken. He was carried to a place of safety, when a messenger was sent for a surgeon. As there was a shaft fifty feet in depth to be ascended, and the only way of reaching the surface was by means of a rope and bucket, the

miners thought that a surgeon could come down into the mine and in some way so mend the legs of their wounded companion as would enable him to go up in the bucket. When the surgeon came he said it was of no use to try to do anything with the man down in the mine; he must be brought out. The miners descended and set to work upon the problem. The strongest man among them stood erect in the drift, when the other lifted Stinson upon his back. With a long rope the *two men were then lashed together*, Stinson being so placed that his broken legs were well up from the ground. The miner, with his living load thus lashed upon his back, got into the bucket and was hoisted to the surface, and his broken limbs were set. But for the intrepid conduct of the two miners Stinson's life must have been sacrificed, as the rocky roof where he had been working continued to fall for some time. The poor man under the weight of rock with his broken limbs was a fit type of the sin-crushed human race for the salvation of which Jesus descended from Heaven to die (Rom. 5 : 18).

A Long Imprisonment was Escaped by a convicted prisoner last week in New York, owing to his previous good record. The prisoner had been convicted of theft and when two days afterward he was called up for judgment it was expected that he would get five years in State prison. The Recorder, however, who has made it a rule never to impose sentence without first finding out something of the character of the defendant, addressing the prisoner, said: "You were convicted, and I think very properly, of the crime with which you are charged. In order that I might *dispose of your case righteously*, I sent for the inspector in whose district you resided, and made a thorough inquiry into your antecedents. I feel satisfied that you have heretofore been an honest man and that this is your first offence. I have ascertained also that at a fire in a tenement house not long since, you, at the risk of your own life, saved the lives of a number of persons, among whom were several children, who would never have been brought out alive had it not been for your bravery. Under the circumstances I feel justified in suspending sentence. You are discharged, and I trust I shall never see you in this court again." Tears stood in the prisoner's eyes as he returned thanks to the court and promised not to offend in the future. The Recorder's desire to dispose of the case righteously led him to make a merciful disposition of it. So the believer in Christ will be saved at the judgment, but not by his own record; his Surety's merit and suffering will be the cancelling power in his case (Rom. 5 : 18).

A Curious Naval Problem has been Exercising the ingenuity of the shipbuilding experts of Montreal. It arose out of a defect in the rudder of the iron steamship *Carmona* now being repaired in that port. It appears that lately, while the vessel was pitching in a heavy sea, daylight became visible in the iron rudder, between the screw and outside rudder frame. Closer inspection revealed the fact that a very large hole had been eaten into the rudder nearly four feet by three in dimensions. On arriving at Montreal repairs were ordered, and the rudder is being put in good order for the outward voyage. The only solution of the problem of the cause of the hole in the rudder is given by a gentleman who has all his life been connected with the ship-building trade. He believes it due to the galvanic action of a large brass nut at the end of the propeller shaft. This having disintegrated the iron of the rudder, the action of the water washed away the iron piecemeal, until at length the large and dangerous hole was noticed. This remarkable defect will doubtless lead to precautions being taken in the building of vessels in the future. It is a type of a trouble that often happens in the Christian life. When we wonder that men whom we believed to be sincere Christians, are permitted to fall into grievous sin, a more intimate knowledge of the circumstances often reveals the fact that a *disintegrating process* had been in progress for some time and in their communion with God which would have insured to them guidance and safety, there has been a flaw originating in some secretly cherished sin and extended by the storms of life (Isa. 59 : 2).

ASK AND HAVE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts."—James 4 : 2, 3.

The Desires of the Good and of the Evil—I. The Poverty of Lusting—Threefold—They Kill—Selfish Competition—Formal Prayers—II. Spiritual Poverty—Desirable Things Sought by a Wrong Method—Prayerless Men and Churches—Attenuated Prayer-Meetings—The Wrong Kind of Prayers—III. The Wealth which Awaits the Use of the Right Means—God's Demand a Small One—The Rule of the Kingdom—Necessary Things Otherwise Unobtainable—The Asking a Privilege—A Belated Scholar's Prayer Answered—Prayer Should be the First Thing—Often the Very Last—What is to be had for Asking—God gives more than He is Asked for—Silence in Heaven.

MAY these striking words be made profitable to us by the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

Man is a creature abounding in wants, and ever restless, and hence his heart is full of desires. I can hardly imagine a man existing who has not many desires of some kind or another. Man is comparable to the sea anemone with its multitude of tentacles which are always hunting in the water for food; or like certain plants which send out tendrils, seeking after the means of climbing. The poet says, "Man never is, but always to be, blest." He steers for which he thinks to be his port, but as yet he is tossed about on the waves. One of these days he hopes to find his heart's delight, and so he continues to desire with more or less expectancy.

This fact appertains both to the worst of men and the best of men. In bad men desires corrupt into lusts; they long after that which is selfish, sensual, and consequently evil. The current of their desires sets strongly in a wrong direction. These lustings, in many cases, become extremely intense; they make the man their slave; they domineer over his judgment; they stir him up to violence; he fights and wars, perhaps he literally kills; in God's sight, who counts anger murder, he does kill full often. Such is the strength of his desires that they are commonly called passions; and when these passions are fully excited, then the man himself struggles vehemently, so that the kingdom of the devil suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

Meanwhile in gracious men there are desires also. To rob the saints of their desires would be to injure them greatly, for by these they rise out of their lower selves. The desires of the gracious are after the best things; things pure and peaceable, laudable and elevating. They desire God's glory, and hence their desires spring from higher motives than those which inflame the unrenewed mind. Such desires in Christian men are frequently very fervent and forcible; they ought always to be so; and those desires begotten of the Spirit of God stir the renewed nature, exciting and stimulating it, and making the man to groan and to be in anguish and in travail until he can attain that which God has taught him to long for.

At this time I shall by God's help try to set forth from our text, first, *the poverty of lusting*—"Ye lust and have not." Secondly, I shall sadly show *the poverty of many professing Christians* in spiritual things, especially in their church capacity; they also long for and have not. Thirdly, we shall speak in closing, upon *the wealth wherewith holy desires will be rewarded if we will but use the right means*. If we ask we shall receive.

I. First, consider

THE POVERTY OF LUSTING

—"Ye lust, and have not." Carnal lustings, however strong they may be, do not in many cases obtain that which they seek after: as saith the text, "Ye desire to have, and cannot obtain." The man longs to be happy, but he is not; he pines to be great, but he grows meaner every day; he aspires after this and after that which he thinks will content him, but he is still unsatisfied; he is like the troubled sea which cannot rest. One way or another his life is disappointment; he labors as

in the very fire, but the result is vanity and vexation of spirit. How can it be otherwise? If we sow the wind, must we not reap the whirlwind, and nothing else?

Or, if peradventure the strong lustings of an active, talented, persevering man do give him what he seeks after, yet how soon he loses it. He has it so that he has it not. The pursuit is toilsome, but the possession is a dream. He sits down to eat and lo! the feast is snatched away, the cup vanishes when it is at his lip. Or if such men have gifts and power enough to retain that which they have won, yet in another sense they have it not while they have it, for the pleasure which they looked for in it is not there. They pluck the apple, and it turns out to be one of those Dead Sea apples which crumble to ashes in the hand. The man is rich, but God takes away from him the power to enjoy his wealth. By his lustings and his warrings the licentious man at last obtains the object of his cravings, and after a moment's gratification, he loathes that which he so passionately lusted for. He longs for the tempting pleasure, seizes it, and crushes it by the eager grasp. Thus may it be said of multitudes of the sons of men—"Ye lust, and have not."

Their poverty is set forth in a threefold manner "Ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain," "Ye have not, because ye ask not," "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

If the lusts fail, it is not because they did not set to work to gain their ends; for according to their nature they used the most practical means within their reach, and used them eagerly, too. According to the mind of the flesh the only way to obtain a thing is to fight for it, and James sets this down as the reason of all fighting. "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" This is the form of effort of which we read, "*Ye fight and war, yet ye have not.*"

To this mode of operation men cling from age to age. If a man is to get along in this world they tell me he must contend with his neighbors, and push them from their vantage ground; he must not be particular how *they* are to thrive, but he must mind the main chance on his own account, and take care to rise, no matter how many he may tread upon. He cannot expect to get on if he loves his neighbor as himself. It is

A FAIR FIGHT,

and every man must look to himself. Do you think I am satirical? I may be, but I have heard this sort of talk from men who meant it. So they take to fighting, and that fighting is often victorious, for according to the text "*ye kill*"—that is to say, they so fight that they overthrow their adversary, and there is an end of him.

Moreover, they fight with great perseverance, for the text says, "*Ye fight and war.*" Now, war is a continuation of the act of fighting, prolonging it from campaign to campaign, and conducting it by the rules of military art till the victory is won. Multitudes of men are living for themselves, competing here and warring there, fighting for their own hand with the utmost perseverance. They have little choice as to how they will do it. Conscience is not allowed to interfere in their transactions, but the old advice rings in their ears. "Get money; get money honestly if you can, but by any means get money." No matter though body and soul be ruined, and others be deluged with misery, fight on, for there is no discharge in this war. Well, saith James, "Ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain; ye fight and war, yet ye have not."

When men who are greatly set upon their selfish purposes do not succeed they may possibly hear that the reason of their non-success is "*Because ye ask not.*" Is, then, success to be achieved by asking? So the text seems to hint, and so the righteous find it. Why doth not this man of intense desires take to asking? The reason is, first, because it is unnatural to the natural man to pray; as well expect him to fly. He despises the idea of supplication. "Pray?" says he. "No, I want to be at work. I cannot waste time on devotions; prayers are not practical, I want to fight my way. While you are praying I shall have beaten my

opponent. I go to my counting-house, and leave you to your Bibles and your prayers." He hath no mind for asking of God. He declares that none but canting hypocrites care to pray, thus confessing that if he were to pray he would be a canting hypocrite.

For a while the carnal man goes on fighting and warring; but by-and-by he changes his mind, for he is ill, or frightened. His purpose is the same, but if it cannot be achieved one way he will try another. If he must ask, well, he will ask; he will become religious, and do good to himself in that way. He finds that some religious people prosper in the world, and that even sincere Christians are by no means fools in business, and, therefore, he will try their plan. And now he comes under the third censure of our text—"Ye ask and receive not." What is the reason why the man who is the slave of his lusts obtains not his desire, even when he takes to asking? The reason is because his asking is a mere matter of form, his heart is not in his worship. He buys a book containing what are called forms of prayer, and he repeats these, for repeating is easier than praying, and demands no thought.

This man's prayer is asking amiss, because it is entirely for himself. He wants to prosper that he may enjoy himself; he wants to be great simply that he may be admired; his prayer begins and ends with self. Look at the indecency of such a prayer even if it be sincere. When a man so prays he asks God to be his servant, and gratify his desires; nay, worse than that, he wants God to join him in the service of his lusts. He will gratify his lusts, and God shall come and help him to do it. Such prayer is blasphemous, but a large quantity of it is offered, and it must be one of the most God-provoking things that Heaven ever beholds. His asking will miss because he asks amiss, that he may consume it upon his lusts.

So much upon the poverty of lusting.

II. Secondly, I have now before me a serious business, and that is, to show how Christian churches may suffer

SPIRITUAL POVERTY,

so that they too "desire to have, and cannot obtain." Of course the Christian seeks higher things than the worldling, else were he not worthy of that name at all. At least professedly his object is to obtain the true riches, and to glorify God in spirit and in truth. Yes, but look, dear brethren, all churches do not get what they desire. We have to complain, not here and there, but in many places, of churches that are nearly asleep, and are gradually declining. Of course they find excuses. The population is dwindling, or another place of worship is attracting the people. There is always an excuse handy when a man wants one; but still there stands the fact—public worship is almost deserted in some places, the ministry has no rallying power about it, and those who put in an appearance are discontented or indifferent. These churches "have not," for no truth is made prevalent through their zeal, no sin is smitten, no holiness promoted, nothing is done by which God is glorified. And what is the reason of it?

First, even among professed Christians, there may be the pursuit of *desirable things in a wrong method*. "*Ye fight and war, yet ye have not.*" Have not churches thought to prosper by competing with other churches? At such and such a place of worship they have a very clever man; we must get a clever man, too; in fact, he must be a little cleverer than our neighbor's hero. That is the thing—a clever man! Ah me, that we should live in an age in which we talk about clever men in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ! Alas, that this holy service should be thought to depend upon human cleverness!

Churches have competed with each other in architecture, in music, in apparel, and in social status. The leaders fancy that to succeed they must have something more handsome, artistic, or expensive than their neighbors; hence they build Gothic edifices in which the minister's voice gets up among the timbers, and is never properly heard, or else they purchase an organ with *every stop except the full one*. The opinion would seem to be widely spread that there is a deal of grace in an

organ. To pray to God with a windmill like the Tartars would be very absurd; but to praise God with wind passing through a set of pipes is eminently proper. I never have seen the distinction and do not see it now. Organ or no organ is no now the question, but I speak of instances in which these machines are set up as a matter of rivalry. Is it not the design of many to succeed by a fine building, better music, and a cleverer ministry than others? Is it not as much a matter of competition as a shop front and a dressed window are with drapers? Is this the way by which the Kingdom of God is to grow up among us?

Meanwhile, what is the reason why they do not have a blessing? The text says,

"BECAUSE YE ASK NOT:"

I am afraid there are churches which do not ask. Prayer in all forms is too much neglected. Private prayer is allowed to decay. I shall put it to the conscience of every man how far secret prayer is attended to; and how much of fellowship with God there is in secret among the members of our churches. Certainly its healthy existence is vital to church prosperity. Of family prayer it is more easy to judge, for we can see it. I fear that in these days many have quite given up family prayer. I pray you do not imitate them.

As to the congregational prayer, the gathering together in what we call our prayer-meetings, is there not a falling off? In many cases the prayer-meeting is despised, and looked down upon as a sort of second-rate gathering. There are members of churches who are never present, and it does not prick their consciences that they stay away. Some congregations mix up the prayer-meeting with a lecture, so as to hold only one service in the week. I read the other day an excuse for all this; it is said that people are better at home, attending to family concerns. This is idle talk, for who among us wishes people to neglect their domestic concerns?

But some reply, "there are prayer-meetings, and we do ask for the blessing, and yet it comes not." Is not the explanation to be found in the other part of the text, "*Ye have not, because ye ask amiss?*" When prayer-meetings become a mere form, when brethren stand up and waste the time with their long orations, instead of speaking to God in earnest and burning words, when there is no expectation of a blessing, when the prayer is cold and chill, then nothing will come of it. He who prays without fervency does not pray at all. We cannot commune with God, who is a consuming fire, if there is no fire in our prayers. Many prayers fail of their errand because there is no faith in them. Prayers which are filled with doubt, are requests for refusal.

Moreover, if our praying, however earnest and believing it may be, is a mere asking that our church may prosper because we want to glory in its prosperity, if we want to see our own denomination largely increased, and its respectability improved, that we may share the honors thereof, then our desires are nothing but lustings after all. Can it be that the children of God manifest the same emulations, jealousies, and ambitions as men of the world? Shall religious work be a matter of rivalry and contest? Ah, then, the prayers which seek success will have no acceptance at the mercy-seat. God will not hear us, but bid us begone, for he careth not for the petitions of which self is the object. "Ye have not, because ye ask not, or because ye ask amiss."

III. Thirdly, I have a much more pleasing work to do, and that is to hint at

THE WEALTH WHICH AWAITS

the use of the right means, namely, of asking rightly of God.

I invite your most solemn attention to this matter, for it is vitally important. And my first observation is this, *how very small after all is this demand which God makes of us*. Ask! Why, it is the least thing he can possibly expect of us, and it is no more than we ordinarily require of those who need help from us. We expect a poor man to ask; and if he does not we lay the blame of his lack upon himself. If God will give for the asking, and we remain poor, who is to blame? Is not the blame most grievous? Does it not look as if

we were out of order with God, so that we will not even condescend to ask a favor of Him? Surely there must be in our hearts a lurking enmity to Him, or else instead of its being an unwelcome necessity it would be regarded as a great delight.

However, brethren, whether we like it or not, remember, *asking is*

THE RULE OF THE KINGDOM.

"Ask, and ye shall receive." It is a rule that never will be altered in anybody's case. What reason can be pleaded why we should be exempted from prayer? What argument can there be why we should be deprived of the privilege and delivered from the necessity of supplication? I can see none; can you? God will bless Elijah and send rain on Israel, but Elijah must pray for it. If the chosen nation is to prosper Samuel must plead for it. If the Jews are to be delivered Daniel must intercede. God will bless Paul, and the nation shall be converted through him, but Paul must pray. Pray he did without ceasing; his epistles show that he expected nothing except by asking for it. If you may have everything by asking, and nothing without asking, I beg you to see how absolutely vital prayer is, and I beseech you to abound in it.

Moreover, it is clear to even the most shallow thinker that *there are some things necessary for the church of God which we cannot get otherwise than by prayer*. You can get that clever man I spoke about—the less, perhaps, you pray about him the better; and that new church, and the new organ, and the choir, you can also get without prayer; but you cannot get

THE HEAVENLY ANOINTING;

the gift of God is not to be purchased with money. Some of the members of a church in a primitive village in America thought that they would raise a congregation by hanging up a *very handsome chandelier* in the meeting-house. People talked about this chandelier, and some went to see it, but the light of it soon grew dim.

There are no mechanical means which will make up for the absence of the Holy Ghost. If the Holy Spirit be not there, what is the use of that clever man of yours? Will anybody be converted? Will any soul be comforted? Will any children of God be renewed in spiritual life without the Holy Spirit? Neither can you get communion with God without prayer. He that will not pray cannot have communion with God. Yet more, there is no real, spiritual communion of the church with its own members when prayer is suspended. Prayer must be in action, or else those blessings which are vitally essential to the success of the church can never come to it. Prayer is *the great door of spiritual blessing*, and if you close it you shut out the favor.

Beloved brethren, do you not think that *this asking which God requires is a very great privilege*? Suppose there were an edict published that you must not pray; that would be a hardship indeed. If prayer rather interrupted than increased the stream of blessing, it would be a sad calamity. Did you ever see a *dumb man* under a strong excitement, or suffering great pain, and therefore anxious to speak? It is a terrible sight to see; the face is distorted, the body is fearfully agitated; the mute writhes and labors in dire distress. Every limb is contorted with a desire to help the tongue, but it cannot break its bonds. The poor creature is in pain unspeakable. Suppose we were in our spiritual nature full of strong desires, and yet dumb as to the tongue of prayer, methinks it would be one of the direst afflictions that could possibly befall us; and our agony would be overwhelming. Blessed be His name, the Lord ordains a way of utterance, and bids our heart speak out to Him.

Beloved, we must pray: it seems to me that *it ought to be the first thing* we ever think of doing when in need. If men were right with God, and loved Him truly, they would pray as naturally as they breathe. I hope some of us are right with God, and do not need to be driven to prayer, for it has become an instinct of our nature. I was told by a friend yesterday the story of

A LITTLE GERMAN BOY;

a story which his pastor loved to tell. The dear little child believed his God, and delighted in

prayer. His schoolmaster had urged the scholars to be at school in time, and this child always tried to be so; but his father and mother were dilatory people, and one morning, through their fault alone, he just left the door as the clock struck the hour for the school to open. A friend standing near heard the little one cry, "Dear God, do grant I may be in time for school." It struck the listener that for once prayer could not be heard, for the child had quite a little walk before him, and the hour was already come. He was curious to see the result. Now it so happened this morning that the master, in trying to open the school-house door turned the key the wrong way, and could not stir the bolt, and they had to send for a smith to open the door. Hence a delay, and just as the door opened our little friend entered with the rest, all in good time. God has many ways of granting right desires. It was most natural that instead of crying and whining a child that really loved God should speak to Him about his trouble. Should it not be natural to you and to me spontaneously and at once to tell the Lord our sorrows and ask for help? Should not this be

THE FIRST RESORT?

Alas, according to Scripture and observation, and I grieve to add, according to experience, *prayer is often the last thing*. Look at the sick man in the one hundred and seventh Psalm. Friends bring him various foods, but his soul abhorreth all manner of meat; the physicians do what they can to heal him, but he grows worse and worse, and draws nigh to the gates of death: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble." That was put last which should have been first. "Send for the doctor. Prepare him nourishment. Wrap him in flannels!" All very well, but when will you pray to God? God will be called upon when the case grows desperate. Oh, yes; God is sought unto when we are driven into a corner and ready to perish. And what a mercy it is that He hears such laggard prayers, and delivers the suppliants out of their troubles. But ought it to be so with you and with me, and with churches of Christ? Ought not the first impulse of a declining church to be, "Let us pray day and night until the Lord appears for us; let us meet together with one accord in one place, and never separate until the blessing descends upon us?"

Do you know, brothers, *what great things are to be had for the asking*? Have you ever thought of it? Does it not stimulate you to pray fervently? *All heaven lies before the grasp of the asking man*; all the promises of God are rich and inexhaustible, and their fulfilment is to be had by prayer. Jesus saith, "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father," and Paul says, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's."

WHO WOULD NOT PRAY

when all things are thus handed over to us?

I will mention another truth which ought to make us pray, and that is, *that if we ask, God will give us so much more than we ask*. Abraham asked of God that Ishmael might live before him. He thought "God has promised me a seed, and surely it must be this child of Hagar. Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee." God granted him that, but He gave him Isaac as well, and all the blessings of the covenant. Hear that poor, dying thief's humble prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom." Jesus replies, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." He had not dreamed of such an honor. Even the story of the Prodigal teaches us this. He resolved to say, "I am not worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." What is the answer? "This my son was dead, and is alive again: bring forth the best robe and put it on him; put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet." Once get into the position of an asker, and you shall have what you never asked for, and never thought to receive.

At this moment I believe that God's church might have inconceivable blessings if she were but ready now to pray. Did you ever notice that wonderful picture in the eighth chapter of the Revelation? It is worthy of careful notice. I shall not attempt to explain it in its connection, but merely point to the picture as it hangs on the wall by it-

self. Read on—"When He had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour."

SILENCE IN HEAVEN:

there were no anthems, no hallelujahs, not an angel stirred a wing. Silence in Heaven! Can you imagine it? And look! You see seven angels standing before God, and to them are given seven trumpets. There they wait, trumpet in hand, but there is no sound. Silence unbroken, profound, awful reigned in Heaven. Action is suspended in Heaven, the centre of all activity. "And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer." There he stands, but no offering is presented; everything has come to a standstill.

What can possibly set it in motion? "And there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne." Prayer is presented together with the merit of the Lord Jesus. Now, see what will happen. "And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hands." That is the key of the whole matter. Now you will see; the angel begins to work; he takes the censer, fills it with the altar fire, and flings it down upon the earth, "and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake." "And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound."

Down fell the living coals among the sons of men, while the angels of the divine providence, who stood still before, sound their thunderblasts, and the will of the Lord is done. Such is the scene in Heaven in a certain measure even to this day. Bring hither the incense. Bring hither the prayers of the saints! Set them on fire with Christ's merits, and on the golden altar let them smoke before the Most High: then shall we see the Lord at work, and His will shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven. God send His blessing with these words, for Christ's sake. Amen.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE following incident, which was made public during the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, made a very pleasing impression upon the well-conditioned portion of the British public. A certain noble minister arrived at Windsbr at a late hour one Saturday night. On being introduced, he said, "I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection some documents of great importance; but, as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning," repeated the Queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the Queen, "and, as your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will attend to their contents after church to-morrow morning." So to church went the Queen and the Court, and to church went the noble lord; when much to his surprise the discourse was on the duties and obligations of the Christian Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen. "Very much, indeed, your Majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well then," retorted Her Majesty, "I will not conceal from you that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." The Sunday passed without a single word being said relative to the State papers, and at night, when Her Majesty was about to withdraw—"To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please," said the Queen, turning to the nobleman—"as early as seven, my lord, if you like, we will look into the papers." The nobleman said that he could not think of intruding on Her Majesty at so early an hour; he thought nine o'clock would be quite soon enough. And accordingly, the next morning at nine, Her Majesty was seated ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.



The House in which Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was Born.



The Cottage in which Mr. C. H. Spurgeon Preached his First Sermon.

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON, The Ministers' Friend.

THE estimable lady, whose portrait appears on the front page, is the only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Thompson, of Falcon Square, London. She was married to the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, January 8th, 1856. The chapel was densely crowded on the occasion by a deeply interested audience, whose prayers and good wishes for the newly married pair seem to have been abundantly answered, if we may judge from the records of a singularly happy home life, and a more than usual amount of usefulness to others. The two sons, Charles and Thomas, who came together to open a new world of care and blessedness to the husband and wife, have grown to maturity, and are following in their father's footsteps, both having become faithful ministers of Christ's holy Gospel—Charles who is now visiting this country is laboring at Greenwich and his brother Thomas in New Zealand.

HOW THE "BOOK FUND" WAS BEGUN.

During recent years there has been a shadow hovering over the pastor's home, in a distressing chronic illness, under which the wife and mother has suffered. It has served, not to destroy the happiness, but only to temper the brightness.

With a touching and sympathetic pen, Mrs. Spurgeon has recorded the labor of love in which she has been engaged during the last six years of her invalid life, *on behalf of poor ministers*. In her little annual, "The Book Fund and its Work" for 1880, the opening chapter was entitled "How the Fund became a Fact." As she was reading one of the proof copies of his "Lectures to Students," her husband asked her how she liked it. She replied, "I wish I could place it in the hands of every minister in England." "Then why not do so? *how much will you give?*" was the pastor's reply. This led to much consideration on her part; but there was money ready to begin the work.

THE HOARDED CROWN-PIECES SPENT.

Mrs. Spurgeon shall tell the story in her own words: "Upstairs in a little drawer were some carefully hoarded crown-pieces, (coins about the size of our silver dollars and worth \$1.25 which owing to their weight and clumsiness are rapidly going out of circulation in England). These, owing to some foolish fancy, I had been gathering for years, whenever chance threw one in my way. These I now counted out, and found they made a sum exactly sufficient to pay for one hundred copies of the work! If a twinge of regret at parting from my cherished but unwieldy favorites passed over me, it was gone in an instant; and

then they were given, freely and thankfully, to the Lord; and in that moment, though I knew it not, the Book Fund was inaugurated."

INCREASE OF THE WORK.

The publishers aided her by a grant equal to her own; then friends, who heard what she was doing, came to her aid, and now, instead of sending out one volume, she is able to make up a large parcel of eight or nine good-sized volumes to cheer the hearts of solitary laborers for the Master in small towns, country villages, and distant hamlets.

Year after year the good work has been pursued, and annually Mrs. Spurgeon gives account of her stewardship to those who aid her in it. Nobody knows the lightening of the heart's burden which a poor pastor and his wife experience when an unexpected gift of money reaches their home, especially when rent-day is near. Mrs. Spurgeon has received for her "Branch Business," the Pastors' Aid Fund, during the past year, \$2125, and for her Book Fund, \$6960. She has sent out to poor ministers of all denominations, including Church of England clergymen, 7298 volumes of helpful theological literature. In addition to this, 10,517 single sermons have been sent out for village circulation. The number of volumes presented to preachers of the Word since the Fund was started, six years ago, is no less than 41,630.

ADA THORNTON AND HER STEP-CHILDREN.

IN a plainly, but comfortably furnished room in a farmhouse, four young people were waiting one summer's day. They were exceedingly restless even for children, and the feeling of expectancy that prevailed was obviously not one of pleasure.

"Robert," said Julia, a girl of about twelve years of age, to her brother some two years her junior, "go to your room and take that blue necktie off and put on your old black one. You ought to have known better than put a colored tie on; you have soon forgotten poor dear mamma, and she has not been dead a year yet." The boy obeyed somewhat sullenly, muttering as he did so, that he thought his new mamma would like to see him looking nice.

"That is just it," Julia explained to the other two of her brothers, one of whom was older and the other younger than herself. "I do not wish Mrs. Thornton to think we have forgotten mamma if papa has done so. As for me, I will never call her mamma, and I hope you will not do so."

The boys made no reply, but if the young lady who had married Mr. Thornton a few days before, could have looked in on the group of children to whom the widower had asked her to be a second

mother, she would not have been impressed with the prospect of a hopeful future.

Very soon the sound of wheels was heard on the road in front of the house, and the children looking from the window saw their father assisting a lady, some years younger than himself, to alight from the wagon. Robert ran to the door to welcome his father and his new mamma, and was greeted by that lady with a hearty kiss, but his younger brother was detained in the parlor by Julia, who feigned not to notice her step-mother's desire to kiss her, and coldly extended her hand in formal politeness. Edward, the eldest son, was not there, having slipped out by a door in the rear, and so to the front of the house where he was seen leading the horse away to the stable. He had done this to avoid being present at his step-mother's arrival. He did not wish to vex his father by greeting her with coldness, and he had advocated giving her a cordial welcome, but had been overborne by Julia, who insisted that a welcome to the new Mrs. Thornton was an act of unfaithfulness to the memory of their dead mother.

Thus it happened that little Robert only had given any response to the affection the lady was eager to offer to her husband's children. Her heart was wounded, and when she was left alone in her room, to which her husband conducted her, she fell on her knees and prayed earnestly that she might be enabled to win the love and confidence of the children of one who had been to her as dear as a sister, and whose place she had promised she would try to fill. She knew when she promised, it would not be an easy task, and her reception convinced her that it was likely to be even more difficult than she expected. Her confidence, however, was in God's love and power and she now besought it with all earnestness, and when she rose from her knees Ada Thornton was ready to go down to the children strong in her assurance that God who can touch all hearts, would draw the hearts of the bereaved family toward her.

The next few days proved that her confidence was not misplaced. Julia was softened by learning how dearly her dead mamma had loved the lady who was now occupying the place death had emptied, and as for the boys, Julia's rule had been neither pleasant nor wise, and they were soon won over by the kindness and affection of their step-mother. Before the end of a month Ada Thornton found that the prayers she had continually offered to God since she had been married that she might have wisdom given her to win the affection of her dead friend's motherless children were abundantly answered, and that now she needed to change her prayer to one that she might be enabled



The Step-Mother's Arrival.



Milly Spencer's Struggle.

to use that affection as a means of leading them to the Saviour.

MILLY SPENCER'S STRUGGLE.

"WHERE is Milly Spencer?" asked Mrs. Braithwaite, the manager of an establishment where a large quantity of millinery work was turned out, and where some thirty or forty girls were employed.

"She went out of the room nearly half an hour ago," said one of the girls. "She did not say where she was going, nor why she went away."

Mrs. Braithwaite immediately went in search of Milly Spencer, and opening the door of a room on an upper floor which, during the intervals of work, the girls were accustomed to use as a sitting-room, Mrs. Braithwaite saw the girl kneeling on the floor with her head on the seat of a chair weeping bitterly. Mrs. Braithwaite had ascended the stairs with no very friendly intention; in fact, she meant as she said to give Milly Spencer "a piece of her mind," as she phrased it, when she found her. But this spectacle of grief and distress moved even her heart to a feeling as near akin to sympathy as it ever came. She stood for a minute or two watching the figure, motionless except for the deep sobs that now and again seemed to pass through it as if they would shake it to pieces. Then as the girl had not heard her entrance she was about to call her, when she heard Milly say in a broken voice: "O dear Lord, show me what to do. Have pity on my poor mother and sisters. Oh, give me wisdom and strength to do right in this my hour of trial."

Mrs. Braithwaite was not a religious woman, but she stood solemnly near the door with a sense of awe, as if conscious that she was on holy ground. Milly was clearly engaged in earnest, silent prayer, and Mrs. Braithwaite had the delicacy to respect her occupation, though she did not withdraw. Soon, however, Milly brushed her hair back from her face with her hands and rose from her knees. She saw Mrs. Braithwaite standing at the door and realized that she had committed a breach of the rules in absenting herself from the workroom. She at once offered an apology and said she would stay after the regular hours to make up the loss of time.

"That is right, Milly," the manager said, "business is business you know, but what is your trouble? You have been crying until your eyes are swollen up. What is the matter? Any trouble at home?"

"Not yet," said Milly, "but there will be when

I go home to-night. You said this morning that we were all to come on Sunday this week to finish up the wedding order, and oh Mrs. Braithwaite, I cannot do it. It would be a sin; I dare not do it. And the girls say you will not let me come to work again if I do not come on Sunday, and then what would become of my poor mother and my little sisters!

"Tut, tut," said Mrs. Braithwaite, "you must be sick or you would not get so excited over nothing. You know as well as I do that the work will not be ready if we do not stick to it all day Sunday, and I cannot see why you should make such a fuss over the extra day; it does not happen often. You come on Sunday, and your mother and sisters will have an extra day's pay."

"No," said Milly, "I cannot come; it is the Lord's day and nothing will tempt me to work."

"I have no patience with such scruples," said Mrs. Braithwaite, "and if you will not oblige me in my difficulty I will not have you here again." So saying she left the room and Milly sorrowfully followed her to the workroom.

That was Friday, and the impossibility of completing the order on time without the Sunday's work seemed settled. But Milly knew there were other girls in the workroom who had scruples similar to her own, though they were disposed to defy them rather than run the risk of losing their occupation. She was the only professing Christian there, but she had tried to lead some of her companions to Christ, and in several of them she had been encouraged by signs of a hopeful change. To all those, she knew the proposed Sunday work would be painful, but whatever they might do, her course was clear. Toward evening when the girls were looking for the time of leaving, then near at hand, one of them asked her openly if she intended coming on Sunday.

"No," said Milly, "I have told Mrs. Braithwaite I cannot come and she has refused to let me come again." Milly was too much liked in the workroom for that announcement to pass without evoking sorrow. More than one of them was indebted to her for help in some trying difficulty, and all had learned to love the girl whose gentleness, good humor, and quiet sympathy made her the light of the room. One after another expressed their regret and urged Milly to "come just this once," but she was immovable. Then one girl who had not hitherto spoken said, "Well, girls, we cannot afford to lose Milly, let us have Mrs. Braithwaite in and offer to work all night to-night and come at three o'clock on Monday instead

of seven. That will be longer hours than working on Sunday. Milly will do that, and I for one love her well enough to do that much for her. Milly walked right across the room to the girl who had spoken, and throwing her arms around her neck kissed and thanked her.

"Well," said another, "I guess I should be mean if I would not do it too, for when my sister was sick last fall, Milly came and sat up with her all night ever so many times to give us a rest."

So it was settled, and one of them went to find the manager who was soon acquainted with the proposition carried unanimously in the workroom. She was too good a woman of business not to see that she would benefit by the new arrangement, and being moreover unwilling to lose one of her best hands, readily agreed. The arrangement was carried out and the work completed without a stitch being set on Sunday, and Milly continued to be in her humble sphere a light to the workroom as "a city set on a hill that cannot be hid."

ONLY A TRAMP.

(Continued from page 671.)

The Tramp's Queer Little Friend.

Bobby Balston certainly was a queer little fellow, as his mother was fond of saying. During these hot August days he would disappear for hours together after afternoon school. While the other children were playing in groups on the village-green, Bobby and his broad-brimmed shady hat were indulging in a lonely saunter beneath the shadows of hedges, that came in their way.

Many a strange sight those beautiful brown eyes, beneath the shady hat, saw in those unchild-like rambles, which it has cost naturalists days and weeks of eager trouble and watchfulness to win a glimpse of. For what pair of blinking bird-eyes, or bunch of baby-rabbits should be frightened of a pair of small brown hands that never so much as dreamed moving a finger to disturb them?

And Bobby Balston saw more than birds, and flowers, and insects. One evening he had wandered as far as the edge of Mossley Wood, where it bordered the side of Deadman's Land, touching Farmer Jenkins's property. Bobby had heard of a red and blue gypsy-wagon, with yellow wheels, stationed on the plot of unclaimed-ground, and he wanted to see it. Many other folks had been over to have a look at the brilliant movable home; but the visitors had all hitherto been big and boisterous enough, as they came crunching along through the wood, or plainly visible up the wide lane, to give

due warning of their approach, and to let the gypsies see them as well as be seen. They had not needed looking for down among the heather and bracken, or in the green shadows of the nut-bushes. The gypsy-wife never thought of folks being innocently hidden in such places, and guilelessly watching the interesting sight with absorbing delight and curiosity. She went about her own business, or what she chose to consider such, quite comfortably, secure, as she supposed, from all sight-seers for the time.

Seated just within the shelter of the outpost trees of the wood with a little bag of grain in her hand, a small portion of the contents of which she had scattered around her, she kept up a most tenderly conciliatory call of "Chuck, chuck; chuck-a-biddy then; chuck, chuck," to a fat, well-fed, consequential-looking fowl, pacing up and down a few yards from her, and evidently divided in its mind between the sentiments of fear and greed.

"Chuck, chuck; chuck a pretty biddy then; chuck, chuck, chuck," called the woman again, sprinkling down a few more grains.

This fresh shower of tempting gold turned the scale, and greed triumphed. With a sharp decided "cluck," as if to say, "Here goes prudence to the winds," in answer to the woman's "chuck," the bird fluttered and ran forward, and began its extra meal with the usual display of desperate hurry made by all its species, although they have never a train to catch, nor a box to pack in time for it.

With every grain swallowed the feaster appeared to gain increased courage, until it ended by actually making a spring up to take some out of the hand held toward it, when the woman, by a dexterous movement, clutched his legs, and the next moment, in spite of all its strugglings, and cries, and flutterings, had it clasped tight under her arm, had risen, and was preparing to march off with it in triumph to the wagon, for whose owners it was intended to provide that night's savory supper. But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

"I ezpects that shicken belongs to Farmer Jenkins, I ezpects it do," said a voice just beside the woman; and with a startled shriek of terror she flung up her hands, dropped the bird, which flew screaming back to its friends in the distant farmyard, and turned to discover her companion. She saw him at last, and began furiously:

"Ah, you little vagabones, you! And how dare you come flustering folks this way? Who set you upon being a mean little, sneaking spy. I'd like to know?"

Bobby Balston's sun-browned cheeks flushed painfully. "I isn't a sneak," he answered earnestly. "I'se bin walkin' frough the wood, and I came to see your beautiful house, and I fought it very pretty to hear you talk to the shicken; and I fought, maybe, you'd like to know where it b'longed, to take it home."

"Umph," grunted the gypsy, but in a tone that had fallen from fierce to fond. "And what would you say if I told you, you little witch-child you, that I didn't care a brass farthing who it belonged to, and that I was going to cook it for supper, and that now I think I've half a mind to pop you in the pot instead, for making me lose it after all my trouble. What would you say then?"

The gravity in Bobby's eyes gave way to smiles, and the red lips parted with a peal of laughter, as he replied, "What would I say? why I would say as you was talkin' fairy tales. Has you got a little boy, and do you tell him fairy tales? Do tell me one, please?"

The woman stared in strange amazement at the trustful child for some moments, and then broke down in heavy, tearless sobs, hiding her face in her hands from the little fellow, until he put his soft fingers on her bowed cheek, and whispered:

"Has you lost your little boy?"

Then she threw her arms around him, and hugged him close to her breast with the tears streaming down her cheeks as she moaned:

"Nay, nay, I ha' my children still, but I'd ha' joyed to ha' lost them, if I might have it to think now as I'd lost them such as you."

When Bobby got home that evening he had a

wonderful tale to tell of how the kind gypsy woman, her very own self, had taken him right inside her dear little wagon-house, and shown him her kitchen, and the beds, and her blackbird, and all, and then given him such a heap of kisses, and carried him half the way home.

The wonderful history would have scarcely been believed but for the proofs of his visit which Bobby brought home, in the shape of a gayly painted tin whistle, and a wicker basket, "to gather blackberries in," the woman told me, when she gave it to me," said the child gravely, as though he looked upon the suggestion something in the light of a command from the friend he had won in so singular a manner.

After this adventure some folks wondered that Mrs. Balston let her child go on wandering about the country after his favorite solitary fashion, but she passed her fingers through the thick brown curls, and looked into the large brown eyes, and asked gravely:

"And so the gypsy woman was kind to my bonny, and cried, and kissed him?"

"Yes, muvver," was always the answer whispered back. "And first minute she saw me she called me a little witch-child, but arter she was wif her arm round me, she said I was a little God's lamb."

"God's lamb and nother's lamb," murmured Mary Balston, and the child did as it would, and went where its longings led it.

The small, sturdy feet had once more carried their owner to the very verge of the parish of Silverdale, on the Friday on which the mayor of Southford engaged the strange tramp as a new hand for his factory. It was a quarter to seven in the evening, and conscientious Bobby was reluctantly deciding to leave a great spider to finish his web unwatched, in order to get home by bedtime. Absorbing interest in the progress of this most delicate house-building had led him inch by inch farther and farther into the thick hedge till he was almost covered and enveloped by the summer overgrowth of branches.

Thus shrouded, and still as a small mouse, it was little wonder that a man, slowly pacing through the same field, and wholly occupied with his own thoughts, did not perceive him; even when at last he did cast a hurried look around, the new-comer still supposed himself alone. Just as Bobby was beginning to be troubled with thoughts of time, the man flung himself down within a few feet of him, and as little Balston made his first effort to get free of his leafy net, a great groan burst upward from the very depths of the man's heart, which startled the young hearer far more than the gypsy woman's first angry words had done.

For one terrified instant the child turned back with the frantic idea of pushing his way right through the hedge, and escaping on the other side. But there came another of those sad, bitter groans, and then a moan aloud:

"Oh my God! and too late to save the poor lad who trusted me!"

Little Bobby had got over his fear now. The poor man was very miserable, that was plain enough, and Bobby had a heart that pitied misery, but did not shrink from sharing it. Once more he put up his hands to the thorny branches clutching so intrusively at that broad-brimmed hat of his, and with a little patience he got free, and stepped softly up to the stranger.

"Why, it's my potato-man!" came the low, eager ejaculation. And the man dropped the strong hands from his face that had made so little yesterday of curbing the restiveness of the pony Nelly, and of lifting Miss Enid Barnes out of the unsafe chaise. Those hands were trembling now as much as Enid's own had done, and the great, broad-shouldered man raised his dimmed eyes with a wild look in them, as if longing to fly from his wee companion, quite as anxiously as Bobby had wished to escape from his neighborhood a few moments ago.

"What are you doing here, little chap?" he asked at last, gruffly. But the gruffness was only put on to hide the shame of being caught yielding so completely to his secret sorrow, and Bobby was

not at all troubled by the transparent artifice. He answered the man as simply as he had answered the gypsy woman.

"I was watching a monster, ever such a monster big spider, making his wee little freads for his house."

And the boy put up his hands, and pushed back the broad-brimmed hat to get a better look at the stranger. He got a still better view apparently, according to his own idea, a moment after, by dropping on his knees in front of his companion, and so placed, he added a grave question to his piece of information—"Was them potatoes pretty good on Sunday I put in your hat?"

"You put in my hat!" exclaimed the man a good deal surprised. "I thought an old lady gave me my dinner that day in the church-porch, not a small Brownie."

Bobby Balston gave a soft laugh. "Ah, you were asleep when I popped the potatoes in your hat, you know, and I wondered wevver you'd 'fink Lijah's ravens, or fairies, had bringed them. Faver and muvver gave them, and I bringed them, and then Mrs. Sharplin brought the sausages."

"Ah—h!" breathed the tramp, as he leaned forward and drew the little fellow on to his knees. There was a short pause, and then he asked, "And what is your name, little Brownie? I should like to know to whom to say 'thank you' for those delicious potatoes."

"I'm glad they were alicious," came the prompt answer. "But you needn't say 'fank you,' you know, because niuvver had cooked lots more'n we wanted, and my name's Bobby."

As the child uttered his name the touch of the man's hand on his shoulder grew heavier. "Bobby," he repeated slowly. "Ah, little man, you had better run away from me as fast as you can go! I knew another Bobby once, and he loved me, and when I persuaded him to run away from home with me he did it, because I promised to give him all manner of fine things, and what do you think I really did give him?"

Bobby Balston thought a moment or two in silence. The man's face was so very solemn that the gift had evidently been something rather dreadful. At last he whispered doubtfully, "Was it perhaps a whipping?"

A fleeting smile came on the down-drooped lips. "Nay, little Bobby, something far worse than that I gave him. He had had food, and a good bed, and friends, and good air to live in, and I took him away from all these things, and gave him the want of them all. And then, wee Bobby, he died, loving me to the end, and saying I had been 'so good to him.' Ah, Brownie, won't you run away from me now? are you not sorry you gave me those potatoes, when it was too late for your namesake to have any of them?"

The child laid his tired head back against his new friend's shoulder. "No, I isn't at all solly. That other poor, nice Bobby is gone home, you know; Vicar says it's one big home. And our Faver's there you know, and He won't let that Bobby go wifout potatoes if he wants them, nor nuffin else what's nice. Is you going back to Silverdale now?"

The tramp was about to answer "No," but there was a slight tone of anxiety in the question that caused him to change his purpose, and ask instead—"Why do you wish to know, little Brownie?"

"Oh!" rather sleepily, "only because it's late, and you's vevvy big, and I'd like to be carried."

The next instant the man had sprung to his feet, with the boy still clasped safely to him. He had banished all the solemn sadness from his voice when he exclaimed, in glad, ringing tones such as his own ears had not heard for many a long day:

"All right, you most queer and jolly little specimen of humanity. Now, is it to be hush-a-by fashion in my arms, or wide-awake style on my shoulder?"

"Oh, your shoulder!" cried Bobby, clapping his hands with childlike glee, and aroused out of his usual gravity by his companion's sudden accession of cheerful heartiness. "Oh, my!" he shouted delightedly, and clapping his hands a

second time as he was mounted on his high perch, "I don't believe not nobody in Silverdale's ever been so far up as this. Will you carry me right in home for Muvver to see me like this?"

If the trustful, tender-hearted child had asked his bearer if he'd carry him round England like that it is quite doubtful if he would have been refused. At any rate, it was not a "no" that he got now, although Charles Wynn had all his steps to retrace to the cottage, which became his new home that night.

Bobby Balston had long been sleeping peacefully, when the tramp sat earnestly bending over the small Bible he had bought last Monday, with a few pence out of his first earnings in the vicar's cornfield. He had found something to suit him. Three hours ago the very fact that the promise of the future looked bright before him made the memories of the past the darker. Agony of mind for the lost friend, endless reproach and remorse for young Aleck Bertie's sufferings and death, had appeared to him then the perpetual cross, hourly increasing in weight, that he must bear to his life's end. Little Balston's confident murmur of assured faith, "That other Bobby's gone home, you know," had fallen into the overburdened heart like healing balm.

The Saviour had borne the agony, the Saviour had borne the cross, to give gentle-hearted Aleck peace and happiness and home in heaven, to give Charles Wynn peace on earth. Tempered sadness he might keep, but despairing remorse had gone, given place to gratitude.

(To be continued.)

JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

S. S. Lesson for November 5. Mark 14 : 55-72. Golden Text Isaiah 53 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jesus Alone with His Enemies—The Priest False to his Office—Fictitious Charges—Testimony Broken Down—An Appeal to the Prisoner—The Test Question—Christ's Response—The Unanimous Verdict—The Return of One Disciple—Implied Denial in Separation—The Verbal Denial with Oaths—Christ's Look of Reproach.

JESUS was alone, forsaken by all, the chosen twelve, who till now had followed Him leaving their all, their business, their family associations, their homes, yet now that they saw Jesus overcome and taken prisoner, they lost all hope, all confidence, "they all forsook Him and fled." So *Jesus was alone with His enemies*, one of them just healed by Him, carrying in his body the token of His power and of His love, yet not forbearing to help on the destruction of his Benefactor.

"And they led Jesus away to the high priest; and with him were assembled all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes." The Son of God must first be tried by him who ought to have known Him best, him whose calling it was to "offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way, for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity" (Heb. 5 : 1, 2). Surely these men ought to have understood the Sacrifice, surely they ought to have understood the ministry of Jesus. But alas it was not so; the very power of Jesus in awakening men's consciences, His marvellous healing power, the miracles which He wrought, were a striking contrast to the powerless, lifeless ministry of the priests and scribes.

When Lazarus was raised from the dead the chief priests and Pharisees gathered a council and said "What do we? for this man doeth many miracles" (John 11 : 47). They could not but contrast themselves with Him to their own terrible disadvantage, and being unwilling to humble themselves and own that the power of God was with Him, they set themselves to oppose Him. But "Caiaphas being the high priest that same year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not" (John 11 : 49, 50); so marvelously did God make the very enemies of Christ to speak the truth which they so little understood.

From the very first the priests were the greatest hindrance to the work of God's Spirit. In the times of the prophets, the priests were they who

opposed the real testimony of God (Jer. 10 : 21 ; 12 : 10, 11 ; 23 : 50 ; 6 : Ez. 34), it was they who questioned John the Baptist, who manifested constantly their jealousy of the Lord Jesus, they who imprisoned the first preachers in the days of Pentecost, they who withstood Paul in all the synagogues.

WHAT HAD THEY AGAINST JESUS?

They "sought for witness against Jesus to put Him to death, and found none;" no charge against Him could be substantiated. "For many bare false witness against Him, but their witness agreed not together;" in His mouth they could find no guile; there He stood sinless, and they, the professed enemies of sin and teachers of righteousness tried to make out a case against Him. But no man was found who could say, "This Man has done me wrong," no man could find Him guilty of a breach of the law. He Himself challenged them saying, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil" (John 18 : 23).

What were they to do? without an accusation they could not condemn Him. To extricate himself from the difficulty the high priest "asked Jesus of His disciples and of His doctrine," but the Lord answered him, "I spake openly to the world; I even taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou Me? ask them which heard Me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said" (John 18 : 19-21). Yet some accusation they must make if Jesus was to be slain, "And there arose certain, and bare false witness against Him, saying, We heard Him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands. But neither so did their witness agree together."

From the accusations of others nothing was to be gained, they must catch His own words so "the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest Thou nothing? What is it which these witness against Thee? But He held His peace and answered nothing." "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth, He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." They knew it not, but we know that He had our cause in hand, He could not plead "guilty," for it would have been untrue, He would not plead "not guilty" for He had taken upon Him to die for us. Oh, the depth of His love, how can we desire to justify ourselves after such an example!

At last the high priest put

A TEST QUESTION.

"Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven." "I am." This was His only sin even in their eyes, this was the only ground of condemnation they could establish against Him; He had said He was the Son of God, and this was accounted blasphemy. When a child of God, who has been a slave to jealousy, ill-temper, worldliness, secret impurity, light reading, anxiety, carefulness, covetousness, or evil speaking, has gone in deep contrition to God, to be cleansed by the blood of Jesus from these defiling things, and has obtained the blessing of a clean heart, and tells of the grace of God with gladness, there are many religious teachers who will hold up their hands in righteous horror at such presumption, and count such a confession a deeper sin than any of the sins of heart which have been cleansed away. Why? because they take for granted that the heart is not cleansed and that he who professes it is telling a lie. Some *unspiritual* ministers take for granted that the profession of conscious forgiveness is a lie, because they themselves have never experienced it, just as the high priest took for granted that Jesus was telling a lie, and that He was not the Christ.

Jesus was condemned to die for saying, "I am Christ." Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death." And then began the reviling, the buffet-

ing, the insulting of our beloved Master. Blinded by their jealousy they did not inquire whether His claim was a right one, whether there was any warrant in Scripture for believing that this humble but powerful man had a claim to the Messiahship. It suited their purpose better to take for granted that He was an imposter, and they lost no time in treating Him as such.

And this was my Lord, and this was your Lord, dear reader. How are we treating Jesus? Is He really God's anointed, really God's Messiah? Is He first in everything? Is He Lord of all? These unhappy men, priests though they were, spat on Him, insulted Him, struck Him, what are we doing? Are we holding up Jesus before the world as God's anointed? Are we manifesting in our life a Christ against whom no charge can be substantiated? Can the world see that Christ in us is the same as Christ before the council, silent under condemnation, unimpeachable in life and spirit?

There was one disciple who had forsaken Him with the rest but he soon turned again and followed Him, yet

"AFAR OFF,"

so that he might not be recognized as having anything to do with Him, but he came into the high priest's palace, and sat with the servants, less afraid to be taken for one of those who had taken Jesus, than to be taken for His follower. It was Peter, and even at this hour *he did not forget his own comfort*, but warmed himself at the fire. This was the man whose profession of devotion to his Lord had been so warm; he had spoken as though prison and death were welcome rather than treachery to Him, and no doubt he thought so, and a feeling of warm love was in his heart when he said so. But Peter did not know that no human feelings of attachment are strong enough to stand proof against the power of the wicked one. He was indignant when Jesus told him that he would deny Him, and now already he had forsaken Him, and had afterward only followed Him "afar off." There was denial already in this. What other object could he have in keeping at a distance than to be disassociated from Jesus?

Those who are proud of belonging to Jesus, do not mind when or where they speak of Him, they are always ready whether smiles or frowns are the result. So was not Peter; and when one of the maids saw him warming himself and remarked, "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," he "denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And he went out into the porch; and the cock crew." But Peter does not seem to have connected this with the words of Jesus concerning him; he had gone out into the porch probably that he might be less observed and appear more as an indifferent spectator. Oh reader, are you among the mass of those whose appearance and manner would lead one to suppose they did not wish to be recognized as having an interest in Jesus?

IS NOT THIS DENYING YOUR LORD?

Are you walking in your business and family so far from Him who died for you, that it would be necessary to ask whether you are a child of God, in order to find out whether He has any hold upon your heart? what is this but denying your Lord?

A second maid saw Peter; God would not let him pass unseen; she said to those around, "This is one of them," but Peter "denied it again. And a little after, they that stood by said again to Peter, Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto." This was annoying, Peter lost all self-control; "he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not this Man of whom ye speak. And the second time the cock crew." It was enough this time; "the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter" (Luke 22 : 61). What, at such an hour, could the Master think of him? That look broke the spell; self bowed before Jesus, the word of his Lord was recalled, he "went out and wept bitterly." From that hour Peter knew himself as never before. But oh, the love of Jesus, that all through His last most painful days He was not only providing for the salvation of a world, but also occupied in caring for individuals, self ignored! O Lord, teach us to follow Thee! Live out Thyself in us! Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Irish National Conference which Assembled on October 17th, adopted Mr. Parnell's scheme of organization. There was more dissension among the leaders than had been anticipated. Mr. Egan, the Treasurer of the Land League, who has been accused of improper use of the funds, sent in a letter of resignation accompanied by a statement of the financial position. The report shows that a total of \$1,224,100 has passed through his hands. Of this sum there was disbursed—in relieving distress in 1879 and 1880, \$250,000; in the defence at the State trials, over \$75,000, and by expenditures through the general Land League and Ladies' League, \$740,000, leaving a balance of nearly \$160,000. Mr. Egan requested that two members of the Executive be deputed to examine his accounts. Mr. Davitt proposed and Mr. Justin McCarthy seconded a warm vote of thanks to and of continued confidence in, Mr. Egan, which was passed.

Mr. Parnell in Advocating his Scheme Declared that until the people of Ireland attained the right to *make their own laws* those laws would never be in accordance with their wishes. No solution of the land question could be final that did not secure to farmers the right of becoming owners of their holdings by purchase. He estimated that a fair amendment of the Healy clause would result in an average of twenty per cent further reduction in the judicial decrees fixing rent. He said the Irish party required eighty-five to ninety members in Parliament, but they could not hope for this until the franchise was placed on the basis of household suffrage. The principal opposition to Mr. Parnell's proposals arose out of the prominent position assigned by them to the Irish Members of Parliament, to whom they gave the power to appoint a third of the managers of the new Irish National League. Mr. Davitt moved as an amendment to the proposed constitution of the Central Council of the new League, that the Council consist of thirty-two members, one for each county, *the Parliamentary party to have no nominations*, but its members to be eligible. Mr. T. P. O'Connor said this amendment amounted to a vote of want of confidence in the Parliamentary party. He accused Mr. Davitt of trying to injure Mr. Parnell's prestige, and reiterated the charge despite Mr. Davitt's repeated denials. Mr. Davitt became greatly excited and said a gentleman would not have made such an accusation. To prove it groundless he withdrew his amendment. It was finally decided that the Council should consist of forty-eight members—thirty-two for the counties and sixteen for the Parliamentary party. The Conference unanimously adopted an amendment to the programme in favor of the *payment of the members of the Irish party in the House of Commons*.

The Trial of Arabi Pacha was Postponed to allow of the prisoner being defended by an English lawyer. The correspondent of the London *Times* at Cairo says very little documentary evidence has been adduced in the examinations of the rebel prisoners beyond a file of Arabi Bey's official journal published in Cairo during the campaign. Arabi has admitted nothing. He has not imitated his colleagues in seeking to throw the blame on others. A Reuter despatch states that, according to an agreement arrived at between Messrs. Broadley and Napier, Arabi's counsel, and the Government lawyer in regard to the course of procedure, the English counsel will have access to Arabi and the right of recalling witnesses for the prosecution for cross-examination, of calling witnesses for the defence, and of examining the evidence given during the preliminary investigation. The counsel expect that the Egyptian Government will appoint several additional members on the court-martial, who will be able to speak English and will generally take steps to raise the proceedings to the dignity of a great state trial. The Egyptian Government resents the appointment of the English lawyer, and the Khédive made a formal offer to the British Consul of Arabi's person, foregoing all right to try him, and handing him over to the English to do as they pleased with him. This proposition the Government energetically declined, and insisted that the trial should proceed with the English

counsel, and that the Egyptian Government should assume all responsibility for it. The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* says the consequences in Egypt of this state of affairs are very detrimental. The people believe Arabi to be under the protection of the Sultan. They deride the Government for its timidity, and assert that it dare not touch a hair on Arabi's head, for never before in the history of Egypt was a moment's hesitation shown in dealing with so notorious a rebel as Arabi. That his life was spared for a day was due to the sympathy of a handful of Englishmen in London, whose humanitarian and personal convictions, stoutly asserted, sufficed to arouse public opinion and gain public sympathy for Arabi.

General Sir Garnet Wolseley has Quitted Egypt, and several regiments of the British army have also returned. The evacuation of the country is now stated to depend on the arrangements being made by Baker Pacha, the officer to whom the Khédive has intrusted the supreme military command. When General Baker is prepared to guarantee order in the country, the British troops will be withdrawn. The task will be full of difficulty for the fellaheen who served under Arabi have had enough of military service and in engaging foreign troops, General Baker is apprehensive of an outbreak of jealousy similar to that which recently raged against the Circassian officers.

The German Elections have Resulted in an indecisive composition of the chambers. In all the great towns where Catholics do not predominate the elections have resulted in favor of the liberals, who gain thirty votes in the Diet from the conservatives. In several new districts in the vicinity of Berlin and Potsdam the conservatives have been victorious. No one party will have a majority in the new Chamber. In order to obtain a majority it would be necessary for the government to enter into an alliance with the clericals and conservatives.

Fires Supposed to be of Incendiary Origin have broken out near the Russian capital. A telegram from St. Petersburg dated October 20th, says: "A thick fog, smelling of burning turf, has covered the whole of St. Petersburg since yesterday. A vast circle of incendiary fires, extending from Finland to the Baltic, is said to surround the capital and to include within its circumference Gatchina, where the emperor now is. The fires are in the woods, under which are the turf pits, and they may last for a long time. They are attributed to the nihilists."

The Complicated Nature of the Irish Land Law has led to the suicide of a landowner, who vainly tried to understand its details. The landowner, whose name was Magillicuddy, was a magistrate and owned a large estate. He was found dead in his bed having shot himself with a revolver. At the inquest it was stated that the old gentleman had been for some time in a state of great mental excitement regarding the details of the Arrears act, which he stated he was quite unable to understand. He had been going about with a long list of tenants who had given him notice of their intention to apply to the court, wringing his hands in a state of intense agitation. There is a numerous tenantry on the estate, and Mr. Magillicuddy, who was advanced in years, was completely unhelped by the work he had to face.

The Indian Contingent of the Salvation Army was still in prison at latest reports. One of the three persons who were arrested during the recent street demonstration has been fined 50 rupees (\$20), and his two lieutenants each 25 rupees (\$10). They all declined to pay the fines, and in consequence were sent to jail. The magistrate, in delivering judgment, said there was evidence on record that since the arrival of the Salvationists there had been "a stir in the Mohammedan community." The conditions of society in England and in India were quite different, he added. In England the people professed one religion, and efforts like those of the Salvationists to reclaim the fallen would meet with universal sympathy; but "when they came to India to convert people from one faith to another they must avoid noisy and peculiar demonstrations, as these were sure to excite angry feelings and passions and to provoke

counter demonstrations." He further told them that if they desired to preach Christianity they would be allowed to do so with perfect freedom, "provided they selected some unobjectionable place; but they could not be allowed to parade the streets in such a manner as would be calculated to excite the religious feelings of other sects, and so bring the people of different creeds into collision."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Services at Plymouth, England, have resulted in a similar widespread awakening to that which attended their Scotch services. Two large halls were secured for them, one of which had a seating capacity of three thousand, and the other of four thousand.

A Most Remarkable Scene was Witnessed on September 26th, when Mr. Moody having spoken of the evil results of putting off deciding for Christ, begged those who wished to become Christians to stand up. One by one people stood in all parts of the hall, and, as they rose, the rest of the congregation prayed for them. Within ten minutes, after continuous appeals to the courage of the converted, Mr. Moody counted 180 persons, amid the sounds of praying, and crying, as Mr. Moody appealed for the prayers of all. It was stated that in no place in Great Britain had this appeal been so numerous responded to, and the resort to the inquiry rooms subsequently was unprecedented. The evangelists have made engagements which will occupy them uninterruptedly until the end of April, 1883.

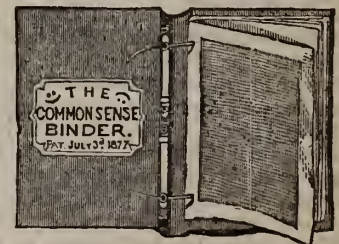
The McAll Mission in Paris is Making Good progress, though the death of Mr. McAll's coadjutor Mr. Dodds is severely felt. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. McAll, about 1600 Parisian children have been gathered into Sabbath-schools. Under the care of their teachers they recently took a steam-boat trip to St. Cloud, where the day was spent in games, singing hymns, speeches, and the usual enjoyments of a Sunday-school picnic.

The Commencement of a Much Needed Re-form movement in China is reported by an American missionary. He states that several hundred women in Amoy, China, have pledged themselves that they will not bind their children's feet, and that they will marry their sons only to women whose feet are unbound.

The French Roman Catholics in Jerusalem have recently been humiliated in a contest with Russian philanthropists. There was a piece of land near the Roman Catholic convent which belonged to the Turks, and which both the French and Russian residents desired to purchase—the French for addition to the convent domain, the Russians for the erection of a hospital. The Porte's decision in favor of the Russians was based on the humane character of the institution which they desired to erect.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth,



with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1882.

16th Year. No. 44.—New Series.

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AN EXPECTED ATTACK



UNWELCOME VISITORS.



THE FATAL ATTACK AT ERROMANGA



MR. WILLIAMS FALLS OVERBOARD.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

"The Martyr of Erromanga."

Birth and Early Life—A Pious Mother's Influence—Mr. Williams's Account of His Conversion—Becomes a Missionary to Polynesia—Arrives at the Island of Tahiti in 1817—A Native Service—Mr. Williams Assists in Ship Building—His First Sermon in the Native Language—Cannibalism in New Zealand—Quarrel Between a Tahitian and a Maori Chief—Design of Natives to Capture the Vessel—A Narrow Escape from Drowning—Home after Seventeen Years' Service—Return to the South Seas—Tragic Death in 1839—The News Received by the Converted Heathen—The Ship Named for Him.

JOHN WILLIAMS, whose name stands prominent among the list of modern Christian martyrs, was born at Tottenham, near London, on June 29th, 1796. His parents were the descendants of a God-fearing ancestry; and so close was the intimacy between his maternal grandfather, James Maidmeet, Esq., and the Rev. W. Romaine that for many years that devoted minister of the Gospel paid a weekly visit to his friend's house in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, for the purpose of conducting a religious service with his family.

At these meetings Miss Maidmeet, who afterward married Mr. Williams, the father of the missionary, was generally present; but she gave at this period no evidences of that sincere devotedness to Christ for which she subsequently became distinguished. On the other hand, her aversion to everything of a religious character, although suppressed, was decided; and often, in after years, she confessed with sorrow that, had it been permitted, when Mr. Romaine paid his accustomed visits to her father's house, she would have gladly escaped from the uncongenial element by which, at these seasons, she was surrounded. But after her marriage, she was led by the Holy Spirit to give herself to Christ, and from the hour of her conversion may be dated the commencement of that course of consistent piety the influence of which was so great upon every one whom she met, but most of all upon her famous son.

EDUCATION AND HOME LIFE.

Of the education of Mr. Williams but little is known. He attended a seminary at Lower Edmonton, where he learned the rudiments of education. His station in life it was intended should be commercial, and the instruction he received was considered amply sufficient to qualify him for it. His mind, however, was always active, and he excelled all his schoolfellows at Edmonton.

By his family he was considered what, in familiar phrase, would be called "a handy lad," and as his disposition was most affectionate and genial, he was the cherished friend of his sisters, whose small commissions he was ever ready to execute, and whose comfort and pleasure he was most anxious to promote. "John can do it," or "John will do it," were words which were constantly on their lips during their youthful home life. In few families, it is said, could there have been found a larger number of the elements of domestic bliss, and there grew up between the members of this united household a warm regard, which they continued to cherish for each other in after life.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The religious education of John Williams was conducted wholly by his mother, his father, unhappily, being at that time in an unconverted state. But she was well prepared, both by nature and grace, for the arduous undertaking. Her maternal tenderness, affectionate firmness, and cheerful piety, secured for her a complete ascendancy over her children, who ever regarded her with mingled love and reverence. Every morning and evening she led them to her chamber for prayer and reading the Word of God; and there, with a simplicity and freedom to which in after years her illustrious son was accustomed to refer with grateful pleasure, she gave expression to her motherly solicitude for the salvation of her family; and thus impressions were made upon their susceptible minds which subsequent scenes and occupations were unable to obliterate. Little thought she, when her children were clustering around her knees, and hanging upon her lips, that she was then the Divinely chosen instru-

ment for moulding the character of the future Apostle of Polynesia, and that she was performing a service for the results of which distant tribes and future generations would revere her name.

On March 27th, 1810, John Williams was apprenticed to an ironmonger of the name of Enoch Tonkin, in London, who was well known and highly esteemed for his Christian character. The providence of God may be clearly seen in this decision, for not only was the lad introduced into a business peculiarly adapted to his talents, and which became eminently useful to himself and others in after years, but it also formed an important link in the chain of causes which issued in his conversion to Christ. That momentous change in John Williams's life occurred on a night when the wife of his employer had herself conducted him from the tavern to the Tabernacle, which had been erected for the ministry of the Rev. G. Whitefield, and was then the scene of the earnest labors of the Rev. Matthew Wilks.

Speaking of this period in after life, Mr. Williams himself said: "I was regardless of the Sabbath; a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God; I often scoffed at the name of Christ and His religion, and totally neglected those things which afford solid consolation." But this unhappy condition did not continue; an impressive discourse by the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, who was on a visit to London, awakened him to a sense of his sin and folly. To this important incident in his history, Mr. Williams thus alluded, in a sermon delivered by himself in the same church many years afterward:

HIS CONVERSION.

"It is now twenty-four years ago since, as a stripling youth, a kind friend invited me to come into this place of worship. I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed upon my mind; and I have in my eye at this instant the particular spot on which I took my seat. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon that was preached that evening by the excellent Mr. East; and God was pleased, in His gracious providence, to influence my mind at that time so powerfully that I forsook all my worldly companions, and from that hour my blind eyes were opened, and I beheld wondrous things out of God's law." Having joined the Church in September, 1814, he remained until his departure for the South Seas one of its most consistent members and exemplary and devoted workers.

BECOMES A MISSIONARY TO POLYNESIA.

In a steady and useful course of unostentatious labor John Williams had been engaged for about twelve months, when wider scenes of spiritual destitution than those immediately beneath his eye began to interest his thoughts, and to awaken the desires which subsequently determined the character of his future life. The desire to carry the Gospel to the heathen was implanted in his heart and encouraged by his pastor, the Rev. Matthew Wilks, the minister of the Tabernacle, and he at length offered himself to the London Missionary Society; and being solemnly set apart to the South Sea Mission, he and his wife—for he had married about a month previously—sailed for Sydney on November 17th, 1816. Mr. Williams, therefore, had not reached his twenty-first year when he entered upon the duties of a missionary's life.

After a prosperous voyage across the Atlantic, the ship in which he sailed entered the harbor of Rio whence he proceeded to Sydney, and thence to New Zealand, and on November 17th, 1817, exactly a year after his departure from England, landed on the lovely island of Tahiti. He thus speaks of his impressions on attending divine service, conducted by natives, in the chapel, a few days after his arrival: "Here my eyes beheld seven or eight hundred people, who, not five years ago, were worshipping idols, and wallowing in the most dreadful wickedness, now praying to and praising our Lord and God. Surely, thought I, the work is done, there is no need of us. Though there are hundreds in these islands who do not know our Lord and Saviour, they are as eager to learn as the miser is to get money. I hope and pray that they will obtain, with an increase of knowledge, a change of heart."

ASSISTS IN BUILDING A SHIP.

Mr. Williams soon found ample employment. At Eimeo he was called on to assist in building a ship. Prior to the arrival of the "Active," in which the missionary and his wife had sailed, the missionaries already located in the neighborhood, anxious to possess the means of communication with the surrounding islands, and to serve the native monarch, Pomare, who proposed to open a trade with New South Wales, had made an attempt to build a small vessel; but the difficulty of the undertaking, and apprehensions that a remunerative commerce with the colony could not be carried on, had induced them to abandon their work; and it is probable that their labor would have been lost had not their energetic young brethren proposed to complete it. Of those with whom the purpose originated Mr. Williams was most active.

A CATASTROPHE.

"A day or two after our arrival," he writes, "we held a meeting respecting the vessel, and resolved to finish her forthwith. We set to work immediately, every man to his post; my department was the ironwork; the others did the wood; and in eight or ten days she was ready to be launched. A great concourse of natives was gathered to see this extraordinary spectacle. Pomare was requested to name the vessel as she went off. To effect this we passed ropes across the stern, which were pulled by from two to three hundred natives on either side. No sooner was the signal given than the men at the ropes began to pull most furiously, and at the same moment Pomare, who stood on the left hand side of the vessel, threw a bottle of wine against her bow; this so startled those who held the ropes on the side of the ship where the king stood, that they lost their hold, and as those on the opposite side continued to pull, she gave a lurch and fell upon her side. The natives immediately raised the lamentation, *Aue te pahié* (O the poor ship!) and were much discouraged."

A SUCCESSFUL LAUNCH.

"Pomare had always maintained that she could never be launched, but must be broken in pieces when we should attempt it; and now she went away, exclaiming that her words had come true. But not discouraged, we set to work again, and by the afternoon had raised her upon the stocks, and prepared everything for a second attempt on the Monday, as it was Saturday when she fell. Monday arrived. We drove in the wedges, placed a cable round her stern, stationed the natives as before, and had the satisfaction of seeing her go off beautifully, amid the shouts of the people."

FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.

Mr. Williams, while thus engaged in any kind of labor likely to do good, was at the same time anxiously preparing for carrying out the great work of preaching the Gospel of Christ, to which he had devoted himself. On visiting the principal islands of the Society Group, he found much to encourage him, although there existed many evils yet to be subdued, and many savage habits to be overcome. On September 4th, 1818, he preached his first sermon at Huahine, in the native language. This progress was unprecedented, and such as to call forth strong expressions of surprise from the elder brethren, some of whom, on hearing him preach, affirmed that he had done as much in ten months as might have reasonably occupied three years.

Thus enabled to open his commission, he preached thrice each week at Raiatea, the central island of the group, and was rejoiced to find that the people easily understood him. In a letter to his mother, written shortly after his settlement in the island, he thus refers to his own ministry: "You pray, my dearly-beloved mother, that your boy may be enabled to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the perishing heathen. Your prayer is heard, and answered. I am now actively engaged in preaching Christ. O! that I may have grace to preach Him, and Him alone; to be faithful unto death. I have made great progress in the language, for which I desire to be very grateful, and to ascribe the praise to Him who is both mouth and wisdom. Be of good courage, mother, and remember that, although you have given up me, it is to Him who gave Himself for you."

CANNIBALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

The missionary's heart was all aglow with apostolic fervor, and the growing passion of his life was that he might propagate the Gospel, where its enchanting music had never been heard, and its inspiring and regenerating tidings had never been uttered. Thus animated, he visited New Zealand, again and again, which at this early period in the history of Christian enterprise was one of "the dark places of the earth," and a habitation full of revolting cruelty. One day, in 1822, when he went ashore, he saw fixed upon a stake the head of a once powerful chief, named Henakee, with whose party another chief named Shungee had gone to war. Mr. Williams learned that as soon as Henakee had fallen, Shungee and another chief called King George ran up to him, severed his head from his body, and with revengeful glee caught and drank his blood.

But not satiated with his death and his blood, these dreadful human monsters cut him in pieces, roasted his flesh, and devoured it as a most delicious meal. The canoes subsequently returned from the war with warriors' heads fixed at the prow and stern, as trophies of conquest and as spoils of victory. *Some of them were sold to Christians in exchange for muskets and powder to enable them the more effectually to execute their deeds of blood.* No wonder that in presence of such repulsive spectacles as these, the missionary exclaimed, "Oh! that the Lord would send more heralds of salvation to benighted New Zealand."

PERILOUS AFFRAY ON BOARD SHIP.

During this same year—1822—Mr. Williams and his coadjutors realized a most merciful and striking interposition of Providence on their behalf. Having arrived at the North Cape of New Zealand, Captain Henry, fearing he would not be able to obtain sufficient supplies at the Bay of Islands, as so many whalers had recently been there, stood in for the shore. The natives, in great numbers, soon crowded the deck; but, although they were very troublesome, no danger was apprehended, until Captain Henry and Mrs. Williams wanted to go below, when they were opposed by a chief, who had seated himself in the hatchway. A Tahitian on board pushed the chief out of the way; immediately he sprang up, turned white with rage, drew a knife, and threatened to stab the Tahitian, who ran behind the companion of the vessel, and, having found a sword, made a stand. There they stood, keeping each other at bay, the New Zealander defiantly and repeatedly saying, "Kill me! kill me!" They were eventually separated without bloodshed. *The panel of our frontispiece entitled "Unwelcome Visitors" depicts this scene.*

ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE VESSEL.

Toward evening the same day the ship was becalmed. It was only a few miles from shore, and a great number of natives came on board. These, under pretence of bringing hogs and potatoes, had sent their canoes away, and in a few hours several of them, each well manned with twenty or thirty natives, were seen returning, and rapidly making for the ship. The captain and his friends thought that appearances were decidedly suspicious, as there were no women or children in the canoes. Orders were therefore given to bring all the muskets on deck, the two guns were loaded, and, with great difficulty, the natives were turned out of the ship.

The canoes which, meanwhile, were approaching with great celerity, were hailed by the captain, who threatened to fire on them if they came any nearer. At this they lay to, and held a consultation, the result of which, as proved by their subsequent actions, was to capture the vessel if they could, for they all kept for a considerable time within about a hundred yards of the vessel. The suspense was terrible, and during the prevailing anxiety, when Mr. Williams was expecting every moment to be attacked, he retired to his berth, and cried unto God, the ever "present help in time of trouble." When he returned from his berth to the cabin, Captain Henry informed him, to his great joy, that a breeze was springing up. And so it proved; for in less than half an hour the anxious fears of God's servants were turned into songs of deliverance. *This thrilling incident is*

depicted in our front page, and entitled "An Expected Attack."

ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

Being on a tour of visitation among the islands, Mr. Williams spent about a month at Tahiti, and enjoyed much spiritual communion with the missionary brethren at the various stations. At this time he met with an accident which might have cut short his career, for, standing one evening on board their little ship, a sudden lurch precipitated him in an unguarded moment into the sea (*as shown in our front picture*). But he was happily rescued, and in acknowledgment of this new instance of the vigilant care of his heavenly Father, he dedicated himself anew to the solemn work of his ministry among the heathen.

HOME REVISITED.

After a long residence among those lovely islands, which constituted the scene of his Christian exertions, and on which he had been instrumental in conferring incalculable benefit, Mr. Williams returned to England in 1834. His principal object in visiting his native country was to awaken public interest in the cause he had espoused, and procure the means of carrying out his enterprise with additional vigor. The success which attended this effort was most cheering. Mr. Williams held meetings in the principal cities and towns of Great Britain, in which he communicated information of thrilling interest. Ample funds were soon collected, a ship was purchased, and freighted with everything likely to minister to the comfort of the voyagers and the success of their future efforts, and on April 11th, 1838, Mr. Williams, on board "The Camden," once more took his departure from the Thames for Polynesia.

On his arrival at the scene of his labors, five months afterward, he met with a most cordial reception from all the people in every island he visited, and once more engaged in the same untiring course of exertion, leaving nothing undone that might contribute in advancing the civilization of the natives, or promoting their knowledge of Christ and divine things. But the successes which this enterprising missionary of the cross had already obtained encouraged him to make new efforts to extend the Gospel to other islands still involved in heathen darkness. The New Hebrides especially, a group far to the west of the Society Islands, engaged his attention, and he found it impossible to rest until he had made an attempt to convey thither, in spite of dangers so colossal that men of inferior heroism, and less self-forgetfulness, would have feared to face them, the unspeakable blessings already communicated to the natives of the Society Islands. In this attempt Mr. Williams lost his life.

THE TRAGIC SCENE OF HIS DEATH,

as shown on our front page, was the island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides. On November 20th, 1839, the missionary and some of his friends landed, and endeavored to win the confidence of the natives, who seemed extremely wild and shy, and made them several presents of cloth. But the real intentions of the savages soon became apparent, for as Mr. Williams and two of his brethren were quietly walking along the beach, contemplating with gratitude and hope the new field of their future service for Christ, they were suddenly alarmed by unequivocal demonstrations of hostility. They immediately started to run, with the object of gaining their boat and pulling off from the shore. Mr. Williams got as far as the water, but, the beach being stoney and steep, he fell backward, and a pursuing native, grinning at him with an indescribable look of ferocity, struck him with a heavy club, and with hideous yells repeated the murderous blow. A minute afterward, another native came up and struck him, and almost immediately another approached and hurled at him several poisoned arrows.

The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, who was with the martyr on that occasion, and happily escaped, says: "I saw a whole handful of arrows stuck into his body. Though every exertion was tried to get up the boat to his assistance, and though only about eighty yards distant, before we got half way toward him our friend was dead, and about a dozen savages were dragging his body on the

beach, beating it in the most furious manner. A crowd of boys surrounded the body as it lay in the ripple of the beach, and beat it with stones till the waves dashed red on the shore with the blood of their victim. The natives afterward carried away the body."

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

On March 24th "The Camden" reached Samoa, where the wife and family of the slain missionary were then residing, surrounded by converted heathen who had been led to Christ through his instrumentality. It was at the dead hour of night that Mrs. Williams was awakened by the messenger who bore the heavy tidings; but who could depict that scene or describe her sorrow? Great as was her fortitude—and it has been rarely surpassed—the terrible stroke for a season prostrated her powers of thought and utterance. Hers was anguish too deep for tears. But grief was not confined to this solitary home of mourning. Had the death-scene in Egypt been that night repeated in Samoa there could scarcely have been lamentations more bitter, or cries more piercing, than those which the intelligence awakened.

In a short time every sleeping native had been aroused, and through the morning twilight they were seen grouped together in solemn and sorrowful communication, while on every hand were heard the sounds of deep distress. Early on the following morning the report brought to the spot chiefs, teachers, and multitudes of natives, who gathered round the house of their departed friend uttering the pathetic wail, "*Aue Williamu! aue tama!*" "Alas, Williams! alas, our father!" All were anxious to see Mrs. Williams, and to administer consolation, but this for many hours she was unable to bear.

THE GRIEF OF A POWERFUL CHIEF.

At length, toward evening, she yielded to the importunity of a powerful chief named Malietoa, who had hastened from his own settlement, and allowed him to be admitted. As soon as he entered the room, he burst forth into the most passionate expressions of distress, weeping, beating his breast, and crying, "Alas, Williamu, Williamu, our father, our father! He has turned his face from us! We shall never see him more! He that brought us the word of salvation is gone! Oh! cruel heathen! they knew not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!"

He then turned to the weeping widow, and kneeling by her side, he gently took her hand, and weeping, said in the softest and most soothing tones, "Oh! my mother do not grieve so much; do not kill yourself with grieving. You, too, will die with sorrow, and be taken away from us, and then, oh! what shall we do? Do love, and pity, and compassionate us!" And the deep and unfeigned sorrow of the chief was shared throughout the whole group of islands where the noble-hearted missionary had labored, proving how greatly he had been beloved, and how highly the natives of Polynesia estimated the benefits he had been instrumental in conferring upon them.

THE SHIP "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Nor was the emotion caused by the martyrdom of the missionary less deep in Christian lands. He was mourned with genuine sorrow, and wherever the story of his death was told, his devotion and self-sacrifice were the subject of praise to Him who had inspired them. Years afterward when the Sunday-school children contributed their pennies to build a missionary ship, and when that ship was constructed and her entire cost of construction and equipment was defrayed by the children, it was unanimously resolved that the missionary ship should be named for him. Thus though John Williams the missionary had died on the field of his labor, the *John Williams* the missionary ship, as she sailed around the world freighted with Bibles and carrying missionaries and their families to heathen lands kept alive his memory and made his name a joy in the dark places of the earth.

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THOMAS GUARD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 29, 1882.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"—I SAMUEL I: 25.

Who was Thomas Guard?—A Grand Specimen of Christian Power—A Contribution from Methodism—Not Sectarian—The Contribution of Foreign Nationality—What Europe Sends us—A Preacher of the Gospel—Why People do not Go to Church—What Eloquence is—A Man of Large Sympathies—The Mysteries of Providence—The Terrific Torture of the Good—The Death of the Useful Man—His Death Occultation not Destruction—The Unfinished Work Resumed—A Dying Man's Vision of Three Letters.

AN outburst of grief and eulogium from David because of the death of his dearly-beloved friend Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa, but as appropriate an exclamation for all those who heard that two weeks ago, at six minutes of one o'clock, on Sabbath morning, the Rev. Thomas Guard, pastor of the Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church of Baltimore breathed his last. Mighty in eloquence. Mighty in sympathy. Mighty in influence. Mighty for God. Mighty for the Church. Mighty for the world's betterment. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle."

The providence comes to me with the more solemnity because he sent me a salutation of love, warmer and more generous than I ever received from any Christian minister—a salutation which reached me a week after his death, coming with the proposition that we exchange pulpits, he to preach here and I to go there. Oh, how glad I would have been to have had him confront this assemblage, and on this platform unfurl the crimson banner of the cross.

WHO WAS THIS THOMAS GUARD?

I remark in the first place, he was a grand specimen of what the religion of Jesus Christ can do for a man. Whether in Ireland or in South Africa, or in America, on the Atlantic coast or on the Pacific coast or in the cities between, he was ever busy trying to make the people good and happy. I challenge you amid all the ranks of those who have despised Christianity during all the ages, to show me a soul so selfish, so self-sacrificing, and I will give you from now until we meet at the bar of God in the day of eternal judgment to fetch up your first specimen. It is only the grace of God that can make a character like that.

Who was he? He was

A CONTRIBUTION FROM METHODISM to Christianity. He was in that apostleship of which John Wesley was the chief, and Alfred Cookman the modern exponent. I warrant you that when this man of God two weeks ago went up to the gate of Heaven there was at that shining gate a group of the chieftains of that heroic sect to greet him. How it makes one feel for the helmet and the sword to give reverential salute as I call the names of Asbury, and Emory, and Coke, and Watson, and Fletcher, and Whitefield, and Bishops Janes and Scott.

But no fence of sectarianism could wall in Thomas Guard any more than you could fence in the fragrance of a grove of magnolias in full bloom. He was with us in the attempt to annihilate bitter sectarianism, a work so nearly done that while in all our denominations there are narrow-souled bigots running around with rail and post and shovel, trying to rebuild the unbrotherly separation, the distinctions will soon all vanish in the overwhelming answer to Christ's prayer, "Father, that they all may be one." Who was he? He was the

CONTRIBUTION OF FOREIGN NATIONALITY to America. Born in Galway, Ireland, in 1831. Died in Maryland, United States, 1882. Take away from the history of the American forum, the American laboratory and the American pulpit, all foreign talent and you have obliterated more than half of it. Scotland grows great metaphysicians, England grows great philosophers, Germany grows great dreamers, Italy grows great painters, Sweden and Norway grow great singers, and Ireland grows great orators.

Thomas Guard came from the land of Edmund Burke and Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, and he showed it. The fire of eloquence was in his eye, in his hand, in his foot and quivered in his whole body. With every tone, with every attitude, with every gesture, he defied all the rules of rhetoric as laid down in the books. He made his own laws. Unlike all others, he was like himself. Electric, thunderbolted. Irish eloquence sanctified. When America has received for the last half century such a large donation of great souls from Ireland, she can well afford to return her sympathy. Bread when there is famine, and *world resounding protest when there is political oppression.*

Who was he? He was

A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL

natural and untrammelled by the way other people did their work. His church was thronged. A building holding 1500 or 2000 people, and thronged. He did not use what is called the pulpit tone. He spoke out of a sympathetic heart to the hearts of the people. In all denominations there is discussion about the decadence of church going. I will tell you *why people do not go to church.* They cannot stand the humdrum of ministers resolved to preach like all their predecessors and like everybody else. The fact is that some of the theological seminaries in this day take all the fire out of a man and send him into the pulpit cowed down. They tell him how many heads he must have to his discourse, and how long the introduction must be, and what kind of an application must be fastened on at the end, and how he must plant his foot, and how he must throw out his hand, and there are thousands of Presbyterian and Methodist and Baptist and Congregational churches to-day dying by inches through intolerable humdrum. Thomas Guard threw body, mind and soul against these frigid conventionalities of the church, and they cracked and gave way under his holy impetuosity.

Eloquence is not attitude, it is not gesture, it is not voice; it is being possessed with some important thought and making others feel as you do. I wish that the young men of our theological seminaries could have heard Thomas Guard preach. The trouble is that in many theological seminaries young men are taught how to preach by professors who themselves never could preach. You can no more get people to come to church, doing things now as they did a century ago, than you can get them to discard the limited express train to Washington and go with the stage coach. The old Gospel, the same Gospel from century to century, but having its adaptation to each age. What a farce is being enacted in many of the cities. A church holding a thousand people with two hundred and fifty folks in it, scattered around in great lonesomeness, and going there from year to year because it has been decreed from all eternity that they should go, and they somehow cannot help it.

Who was he? He was

A MAN OF LARGE SYMPATHIES.

The earth could not fill him; he took in Heaven as well. All time, all eternity, all heights, all depths, all lengths, all breadths. Thorough manliness. No whining out of the Gospel. No whimpering about the world as going to destruction when it is going to redemption. No patience with men inside or outside the ministry built on a small scale, five feet by three, trying to pull others down, hoping out of the debris to build themselves up. *Hating cant* with as much emphasis as Thomas Carlyle hated it, but for an opposite reason; not as the tiger hates the calf, but as music hates discord and as sunshine hates darkness. He was full of the gospel of good cheer, the gospel of geniality, the gospel of practical help, the gospel of spring morning, the gospel of carnation rose and pond lily. I think that to him the blooming orchard was a burning censer swinging before the throne. I think that to him the sky was a gallery and the clouds were pictures done in water colors. Great soul, gentle soul, sympathetic soul, suffering soul, triumphant soul, transcendent soul.

I do not know through which one of the twelve gates in Heaven he entered when he ascended two weeks ago; but if there be one gate with larger pearl than another, and with hinges of more pon-

derous gold than another, and with arch more triumphal than another, and with waiting chariot of swifter wheel and snowier coursers than another, I think that was the gate at which Thomas Guard entered.

While I consider this providence which affects all the Christian church, I am struck first with

THE MYSTERIES

and then with the alleviations. *Mystery the first:* Why should so good a man be called so terrifically to suffer? There came all those years of domestic anxiety because of *his wife's invalidism*, moving from Ireland to South Africa, for the same cause moving from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific coast, for the same cause moving from San Francisco to Oakland. The honeymoon lasted from the time when at twenty-seven years of his age he took her hand at Dublin, on down until when four or five years ago he put her away for the resurrection. Ah, that husbandly affection is of but poor fibre which lasts only while the eye sparkles and the cheek has in it the flush of the sunrise. He held that hand as tenderly and as lovingly after it was wasted and sick, as when it was round and well and strong. The ardor of affection increasing all the way from Dublin to Oakland.

Then came those four or five years when at any moment he was liable to paroxysm of physical suffering; postponing the surgeon's knife until he could postpone it no longer; with nervous horror approaching the crisis until he had no strength to meet it; passing out of life with physical agonies which anodyne and hypodermic appliances only partially assuaged. Suffering, suffering. Tell me why. I cannot tell you. *I adjourn the mystery* to the day when Ridley shall have explained to him the fiery stake, and Hugh M'Kail shall have explained to him the scaffold, and Margaret the martyr Scotch girl shall have explained to her the wave with which she was drowned, and James A. Garfield shall have explained to him the bullet, and that suffering woman up the dark alley shall have explained to her the cancer, and the rainbow of God's bright and beautiful explanation shall be hung on all the departed showers of earthly grief.

Mystery the second:

WHY SHOULD HE BE TAKEN

at fifty-one years of age, and at the very height of his power and influence? Why not wait until he was worn out with old age? Why, after the batteries had been loaded for a new campaign and were about to be unlimbered, must a gunner drop? Why should he be taken before this Austerlitz, this Sedan, this Waterloo between Infidelity and Christianity is undisputedly settled in behalf of Him who is the rider on the white horse? Why should this fearless and mounted captain of the Lord's host be slain while the feet of many weak Christians are by terror being shaken out of the stirrups? Why should this man die when to rally the carnage of the Christian church we want more plumed warriors at the front? It is the last part of my text that sounds like the roll of a funeral drum. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle?"

It is as though Blucher had been slain while coming up at nightfall with reinforcements. It is as though Garnet Wolseley had fallen half-way between Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. How demoralizing to have the riderless horse of a chieftain careering and snorting across the battle plain. Why was it when Thomas Guard had gathered up so much knowledge, so much experience, he should be taken away just as his best work was about to be done? Tell me. I cannot tell you. I adjourn the mystery to that day when we shall find out why Henry Kirk White expired at twenty-one years of age, just as he was giving intimation to the Christian church that he had in him the song power of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley, writing with his boyish hand:

"When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem."

I postpone this mystery of Thomas Guard's death to the day when we shall find out why John Sommerfeld, the flaming evangel, expired at twenty-seven years of age just as his grandest work seemed opening before him, and why John McClintock died before he had completed hisyclopedia of biblical, theological and ecclesiastical literature, and until the day when we shall know why last year at fifty-seven years of age, William Morley Punshon closed his lips forever while on his shoulder rested the interests of the English Missionary Society, and there were yet so many words of fire waiting for him to speak. Yea, until that day when we shall find why Beethoven was struck with complete deafness so that he could not hear the loudest organ crash rendering his own music, and that day when we shall find out why so many authors never finished their manuscripts, and why so many artists dropped their pencils just as they were making the outline of a great masterpiece, and why so many poets stopped midway the hymn, and why so many bright days halted at noon.

Oh, yes, it was with Thomas Guard twelve o'clock meridian. The clock of his life struck one at Galway, struck nine at South Africa, struck ten at San Francisco, struck eleven at Oakland, struck twelve at Baltimore. High noon and the sun eclipsed. But that last word, thank God, passes is out from the shadows of mystery into the glorious alleviation of this providence.

ECLIPSED, NOT EXTINGUISHED; something rolled between us and him, doing no damage to him. When Jupiter hides one of his satellites it is occultation. No one has any idea that the satellite is destroyed. When the earth casts its shadow on the moon, it is lunar eclipse, but no one has any idea that the queen of night is enthroned. When Mercury partially hides the face of the sun, we call it a transit, but we have no idea that any damage is done. When the moon hides the sun, it is solar eclipse; but no one has any idea that the King of Day is dead. I pronounce this departure of Thomas Guard to be *occultation, transit, eclipse*.

When the sun was eclipsed in 1842 and in 1868 and 1869, all the astronomers gathered in the observatories and all the telescopes were drawn Heavenward, and now as this effulgent nature is eclipsed, we do well to come up in the watchtowers of the church and into the observatory of Mount Zion and stand like the men of Galilee gazing into Heaven. If you have any idea that Thomas Guard lies lacerated in Green Mount Cemetery, I have no share in your wretched agnosticism. Alas! for that sepulchre which has a knob on the outside the door to let us in, but no latch on the inside the door to let us out.

This man of God has only

MOVED ON AND MOVED UP.

He passed out of a room where the air was heavy with opiates into an atmosphere exhilarant, and from a body painstruck into conditions rubicund with health immortal. He has become one of the athletes of heaven—deathless as God is deathless, never to know pain or sickness or suffering or sorrow except as a vivid reminiscence. His mission is widened out. He has come to higher appointment, not to this church or to that church, or his denomination or that denomination, or this city or that city, or this world or that world. He has the universe to range in. What velocities! What circuits! What momentum! What orbits in which the stars shall be as silvery as before the occultation, and the sun shall be as radiant as before the eclipse.

You could not understand fully Thomas Guard here, you cannot understand Thomas Guard there. More difference than between an eagle in an iron cage and an eagle pitching from Chimborazo toward the sun. His work on earth is not done, it is not half done, it is not a fourth done, it is not a thousandth part done. He resumes it now under better auspices. How do I know? "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?" The lines of telegraphy and of rail track connect no two earthly cities so well as earth is connected with Heaven.

Did Thomas Guard, after he was established in

this land, go to South Africa to get his family and bring them to this better country? and shall he not now come back some time to that earthly home and at the right time take his loved ones to the still better country? But he shall not come alone. The twain shall come, they who were side by side for so many years, bending over the same cradle, weeping over the same grave, now coming side by side, wing and wing to hover over those children when they sleep, and to escort them Heavenward when they die. Father and mother coming to help. Father and mother coming down to comfort. Father and mother coming down to defend.

The air this autumnal day not so darkened with the flocks of birds flying southward seeking a summer clime, not so full as the air is full of ministering spirits.

ANGELS ARE HOVERING

around. Flocks of immortals sweeping this way and that. Earth no more an orphaned world, but a suburb of Heaven. Blessed is that earthly home where Christian parents preside, but more mightily defended is that home which a glorified ancestry canopy with their benediction. Elisha saw the mountains full of horses and chariots of supernatural aid, and *so they are yet*. Which way are they driving? The horses head this way. How the chariots rumble down the sky steeples. Sent forth to minister. Is yonder a soul in great ex-cruciation of pain, and shall Thomas Guard refuse the ministry when he knows about suffering? Is yonder a soul awfully bereft? Surely Thomas Guard cannot refuse his ministry for he knows what it is to be bereft? Shall we have revivals of religion in our churches and Thomas Guard not join in the hallelujah? Shall there come

A GREAT ARMAGEDDON

in which all the good are one side, and all the bad on the other side. Earth and hell and Heaven drawn out in battle array and the gallant spirit just ascended not mingle in the fight? not draw his sword? not lift his battle shout? Passing on to fatigueless service.

Perhaps he will preach the Gospel to some other world that needs a Saviour. Perhaps he will carry quick dispatch from the throne of God to some empire of which the strongest telescope has yet made no revelation. Perhaps he will take a special part in the chorals before the throne. Perhaps he will help compose some new doxology for the blessed. Perhaps he will tell, while all the galleries of light listen, of that grace which strengthened him through all the earthly struggle, the closing words of his recital drowned out by the outburst of minstrelsy that can halt no longer, the surges dashing to the tops of the throne, while the archangel rising beats time with his sceptre.

When a good man was dying, he said he saw written on the sky

THREE LETTERS,

and they were all alike. The letter "V." Some one said to this man dying what he thought the letter "V" was for. He said, "I think it stands for victory." So over all this scene there is written congratulation for the departed, comfort for the bereft and encouragement for us all. Three "V's." Victory! Victory! Victory! Three "H's." Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!

On a catafalque of flowers, Thomas Guard lay under architectural grandeurs hung with symbols of sadness, the air throbbing with the "Dead March in Saul," and beautiful, cultured and queenly Baltimore breaking her richest box of alabaster and pouring it on those weary feet as they halted in the journey, and the American Church North, South, East, West, sobbing out its sympathies over that great loving heart silenced forever. But this day I open on all sides doors of consolation, doors of hope, doors of resurrection, doors of reunion for his bereft sons and daughters, Reginald, and William and Percy and Porter and James and Charlotte and Jessie, and for the Mount Vernon Church that for two terms stood with him on the mount of transfiguration, and for the denomination which still vibrates with his magnetic utterances, and for the church universal which now sits watching this wonderful sunset.

Until we meet again, farewell, my dear brother. Thou wast very pleasant to me, Thy salutation

came so late I could not return it. So, to-day, I throw thee this kiss of warmest brotherly affection. Honored in life, triumphant in death, blessed in eternity. I could not be present to put even one flower on thy casket, but to-day, I sprinkle over thy new-made grave this handful of heather from the Scotch highlands, in the hymn which the people in that land of Andrew Melville and John Knox are apt to sing on their way to the grave of some one greatly beloved:

"Neighbor, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no house of permanence.

"On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim fed these checkered years:
Now landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone forever more.

"Gone to the land of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes;
Of toil and toil the day was full
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

"Yea, village bells, ring softly, ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring;
Which from this weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ."

An Engineer's Heroism has Unhappily Cost

him his life. On October 22d, he was detailed to run a train on which were over six hundred passengers over the Pennsylvania Road, from New York to Newark. The engine was fitted with a new apparatus which was designed to economize fuel but which was not apparently properly understood by the engineer. The train was going at a rate of forty miles an hour, when it approached the signal station on the Hackensack meadows, and the engineer whose name was Sieg saw a red disk displayed. He endeavored to stop the engine, when suddenly *the cab was filled with steam, flame, and live fuel*. He tried to shut the furnace door, but could not. All aflame, he fled over the tender to the foremost car, shouted to the conductor, and then dashed back into the blazing cab. The engine was stopped, and when the steam and smoke cleared away, Sieg was seen in the water tank on the tender. He had let himself down the manhole in order to extinguish the flames of his blazing clothes. The flesh hung in shreds from his hands, and his body was awfully burned. He was taken to St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, where he lingered two days before death ended his sufferings. Not many men would have had the courage to return to the blazing cab even to save the lives of the passengers. It is such instances as these that help us to realize the sacrifice of the Saviour for the salvation of the human race (Phil. 2:8).

A Bible was Bartered for a Boy in Sierra

Leone not long ago.—Rev. Mr. Schapira relates that he was paying a visit to a village in which he found a Mahomedan priest, who, while endeavoring to turn the people to Islam, purchased a slave. He bought the boy, whose feet, for fear of his running away, he had put in the stocks. Not long previously, thirty copies of the Bible translated into Arabic by Dr. Van Dyck, and printed at the *press in Beirut*, had been sent to Western Africa. Mr. Schapira had one with him. The sight of this book of which the priest had heard so much but had never seen, excited his ardent desire. What would he not give to possess it? He offered the missionary any price, if he could but obtain one. Mr. Schapira listened to the earnest request, and finally made answer: "So you would give anything for a copy of the Arabic Bible? Well, you shall have it; it is yours. Now give me that boy!" "Oh, oh, oh! But, but, but!" exclaimed the Moslem. This was a turn of affairs which he did not expect, and he was now as anxious to recede from his rash offer as he had been to make it. But the missionary held him to his agreement, asking if he intended to be put to shame by breaking his word? At length the Moslem priest took the Bible, and gave up the boy, whom Mr. Schapira forthwith dispatched down to the coast, to be put into the missionary school at Sierra Leone.

ALEXANDRIA'S DEVASTATION FORETOLD.

A SOCIETY journal of the fashionable world utters the following comments on the prophetic aspect of the Egyptian war: "The rapid decadence of the Ottoman Empire and the mysterious undercurrent and belief among all Mohammedans that the crisis of their religion has arisen, and that a religious war ('Jehad') will forthwith take place, which shall either fully re-establish the Mohammedan power, as in its palmy days, or end in its utter destruction, is of great interest. The prophet Nahum graphically describes Alexandria as situated among the rivers with the waters round about, and the sea as a 'rampart' (Nahum iii. 8): 'Art thou better than populous No Amon, that was situate among the rivers; that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength.'

This is exactly what *Alexandria* is surrounded by, the rivers of the Delta and the lakes, with the sea in front. In the margin of the Bibles of the sixteenth century No Amon is corrected 'Alexandria.' In the older Jewish Spanish Bible the text is Alexandria. In the Vulgate (Jerome's) the words are '*faciam judicia in Alexandria.*' The Jewish Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel distinctly calls it Alexandria.

"After the battle of Issus, Alexander was so elated that he declared himself to be the son of Jupiter Amon, and marching south to Egypt, he laid siege to Gaza on the way. His army being detained by the protracted resistance of that city, he made his celebrated journey to Jerusalem, where the high priest in his robes, and the priests and elders, came forth to meet him, showed him the prophecies of Daniel concerning himself, and declared he was commissioned by Jehovah. Greatly exalted by this further evidence of his Divine mission, he came to the ruins of the city of Jupiter Amon and ordered it to be rebuilt (B.C. 332).

Passing on, he went several days' journey into the Libyan desert, to the celebrated oasis of the Temple of Jupiter Amon, and there he was, with much ceremony, declared by the priests of the Temple to be the son of Jupiter Amon. He returned with great triumph, ordering his new city to be called, not merely the city of Amon, but of Alexander, the son of Amon. The devastation of the city of Alexander, son of Amon, at the present day is therefore a singular incident. Now in the fulness of time the long foretold, and nearly finished, destruction of the Mohammedan power in Europe, Asia, and Africa is nearly accomplished, and the great river Euphrates of the prophet very nearly dried up. It is a strange fact that we are looking at the fulfilment of prophecy before our very eyes, while the thinly-veiled determination of Russia to try to seize the Holy Land, and profit by the dismemberment of Turkey, points with no faltering finger to 'the things that must shortly come to pass.'

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Cyclone Stopped by Prayer.—At St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on September 17th, Mr. Varley said: "When I was on the voyage out to Australia some time ago, our ship got into the tail-end of a cyclone. From the beginning of the voyage we had a prayer-meeting every day, and all the passengers were pleased to be present. In the hour of our greatest peril, when Captain Black said to me, 'We have done all that man can do to save the ship; she must just take her chance now'—he and his officers were ready to agree at once to my suggestion, 'There is one thing we can do, Captain; you have no objection to going with me into your cabin and have a little prayer along with your officers?' 'No, sir,' he answered, 'I shall be glad.' When we met in that small cabin, and shut the door, I am not ashamed to say, in the face of all the 'natural laws' worshippers, that I asked our Father to cause the storm to abate. Before I had finished speaking neither the captain, nor his officers, nor myself, could hear my voice.

Why? Because a heavy shower of large hail-stones came rattling down and the noise of them falling upon the deck drowned my voice. The cyclone was actually smothered by them; the wind fell calm, and the hail beat upon the water so strongly that the waves became as smooth as though covered with oil. God answered our prayer *through His natural laws*. These laws are His servants, and not He their slave, as some preach."

A Young Scotch Sailor's Testimony.—Miss Annie McPherson said: "At one of our meetings in Ratcliffe Highway, in the East of London, we were singing, 'I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord.' When we had finished the hymn, a young, fine-looking Scotch sailor stood up and said, 'Ye sing, I need Thee every hour, but I need Him every meenute.' Surely this is the confession which all are prepared to make, who *know anything* of the preciousness of Christ who has redeemed and keeps them."

A Man in a Rage.—At a Gospel Temperance meeting in Cowcaddens, Mr. Shorrey said: "I heard to-day of a man who went home in a great rage from our meeting the other night, and kept walking about his room until the morning, crying out, 'What made me go to that temperance meeting? I can't get rest.' The Holy Spirit of God had seized upon him at the meeting, and had shown him his sin and peril, but, notwithstanding, he went away in a rage and mightily and obstinately strove against the loving power of God. Subsequently, he came to himself, and gratefully submitted to the generous dictates of the Holy Spirit, and found forgiveness, cleansing, and gladness through faith in Christ."

A Man and a Brother.—Mr. Shorrey also said: "The Christian brother who spoke to me in Mr. Moody's after-meeting, in New York, when I was a miserable drunkard, did it so kindly and lovingly that hope revived in my miserable heart. I sat there with bloated face, ragged clothes, and dishevelled hair, but he treated me as though I were indeed his brother. He put his arm round my neck, and said, 'I am so glad to see you, brother; there is hope for you. I was once like you, a drunkard, and the Lord mercifully saved me.' 'Well,' I said, 'you don't look like a drunkard, but if the Lord saved you he can save me.' And that very night, when I asked Christ, the Friend of Sinners, to save me, He took me as I was, and cleansed me in His blood, and next morning I had no desire for the usual drink, but was running over with gladness, because of Christ's love to me."

Lying at the Priest's Feet all Day.—At the young converts' meeting on September 18th, the Rev. James Scott said: "I once got a lesson from a Roman Catholic woman whom I often called upon. She always told me that she prayed that I might become a Catholic. Once we were speaking about assurance of salvation, and I asked her, 'Are you sure that you will get to Heaven when you die?' 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'I am not; you see I have so much to do with my children and husband that I have not time to spend upon religion.' 'What would you do if you had not these to attend to?' I asked. 'I would lie at the feet of the priest all day,' she solemnly answered. 'That is just what I try to do now,' I said. 'But my high priest is Jesus Christ.' If we who profess to be followers of Christ, were only half as fervent as that woman, whose priest is a mere man, we should move the world to His feet."

A Drunken Gambler Saved.—Mr. Shorrey said: "I know a widow in Brooklyn who had a son, a very capable lad. He was his mother's sole support. For a time he led a life of quietness and sobriety, until the demon drink filled his soul, then what a weary life that poor woman lived. Her darling son, the pride of her heart, was becoming noted as a drunkard and gambler. No respectable person would speak to him. One night he strolled into Mozart Hall, an old lager-beer garden, but now a place where the Gospel is preached. At the second meeting a worker spoke to him, but the poor man seemed as though his spirit was dead, and had no power to throw off the chain which bound him, yet he desired to do it.

An active Christian lady determined to win this man, and, thank God, she succeeded in bringing him to the feet of Christ. He went home to his mother and told her what great things the Lord had done for him. Now, in every spare moment he speaks forth the love of God. He has started a meeting in the worst place of the city—Red hope is its name—and on Saturday nights he holds a special meeting, and he tells me that the Lord is blessing him very abundantly."

Held Up to be Looked At.—The Rev. James Scott said: "On one occasion when Major Whittle was preaching in Chicago, there was a drunkard in the meeting. He was not at all impressed during the service, but at the end the Major spoke to him, and said, 'My friend, *I will hold you up before Christ.*' These words arrested the inebriate's attention, and he began to think 'What! hold me up before the Son of God, in all my filth and impurity? No, no, that must not be. I will wash and cleanse myself.' Then he asked the momentous question, which Heaven is delighted to hear, 'What must I do?' With joy Major Whittle pointed out the path to the fountain of the Redeemer's blood. This man did not take Major Whittle's words in a metaphorical sense but as though he were to be *held up before a personal Christ*, with the result that he was led to see his sinfulness, and to feel his need of that Saviour whom he had previously contemned. May we have grace to show to all, that Christ is a personal Saviour to us."

Happy Maggie and Barbara.—At this Meeting a gentleman who had just returned from a visit to Aberdeen said: "When I was in Aberdeen I called upon two Christian women for the purpose of being cheered by witnessing their faith. They are poor in purse, but rich in faith. I reached the lowly place where they lived, and knocked at the door. A cheery voice responded 'Come in.' I stepped in, and saw a comfortable little room; it was so bright and cheerful that my surprise was great, as I knew that Margaret had been *confined to bed for thirty-nine years*, and was very poor. 'Maggie,' I said, 'you seem to be very happy.' 'Yes,' she answered, 'I am very happy; and why not? The Lord is always with me, and provides for me, and keeps me free from care.' I then went to the other room, where Barbara was, and saw her lying on her bed, suffering from spinal disease. She also was quiet and cheerful, although she knew that never again would she have the pleasure of moving about in this world. For *five years she has been lying a helpless poor woman*, yet the Lord never left her, nor suffered her to want."

See Where You Stand.—Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh said at a meeting recently held in Patnick: "Some time ago a railway was laid under a row of tall houses. As there was constant traffic going on, the whistling of the engines disturbed the residents a good deal; they therefore sent up a petition to the company, asking if the nuisance could not be abated. The company said they would see what could be done in the matter, and accordingly sent an official, who was to note down each time the driver whistled when it was unnecessary. Close by the bank was a line of rusty rails used in the past for shunting. The young man stood there, knowing he would be safe. For awhile all the whistles were in obedience to signals; there was nothing to note, when suddenly an extra long and loud one sounded out. He looked at the signals. All were safety. 'Well, that's extra,' and he noted it down. One still louder followed. The signals showed safety, and No. 2 was noted down, when a louder and more terrific one came. Scarce knowing why he did so, he glanced at the spot where he stood. Where was that? Between the very rails over which the train was to pass. With great presence of mind he stepped back to the rusty rails. And the train flew over the spot he had left. Intent on doing his duty, he knew not that unconsciously he had moved on to the bright rails over which trains were passing every few minutes. This reminds us that the very voice of warning which sinners hate, and think an interference, is the voice that can speak of life when they are standing heedless

and self-satisfied on the very brink of death and hell. Every whistle the young man noted down as useless was to warn him of his danger."

PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

Their Persecution by Russia, etc.

By Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., of Toronto.

Palestine, its Glories and Advantages—An Emigration Fever—The Means God may Adopt to Restore the Jews to their Own Land—The Suggestions of the Crusades—The Objective Point of all Aggrandizement—England's Position in Forthcoming European Wars—Continental Hatred of the Jews—Its Cause—How the Jew Himself Regards the Question—The Custom at the Close of the Feast of the Passover—How will the Jews Repossess Palestine?—The Past Persecutions of God's Ancient People: Are They to Have no Recompense?—Jewish History, a Proof of the Existence of Providence—Rest at Last.

A STRIKING passage in reference to the Jews occurs in Isaiah 10: 23: "For the Lord of hosts shall make a consumption even determined in the midst of all the land." This prediction may well occupy our attention at a time when the Eastern Question and the renewed persecution of God's ancient people are the prominent topics of the day.

By the phrase, "in the midst of all the land," we understand all the world in general. At the appointed time, which will be, I presume, in a few years, a fine fever with respect to the return of certain people to Palestine will possess all men—a fever that will spread itself out in all parts of the world. It is determined upon already in the counsel of the Divine mind. A perfect mania will possess the nations, and the general topic of conversations, in a very few years from to-day, will be

PALESTINE, ITS GLORIES AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

This emigration fever will rage most violently among the Jews; then it will take hold of other races and nations; for the prophet Isaiah assures us that God will gather others to Him beside the literal seed of Judah and of Israel. The exertions of the Church, the forces of the nations, are hastening on the preparatory conditions of this great consumption. Very soon Jerusalem will become pre-eminent. Salem will stand once more, lifting her head from the dust, and, standing with majesty among the nations of the earth, she will again be the glory of all lands. Many men are ready to ask how this consumption will be brought about; and because they are not now interested in any great degree they rather doubt the matter. Neither their doubts, nor anything, any difficulties that they can see in their mind just now, will stand in the way of Him who reigns in the heavens, who will, in His own good time, bring His own purposes to pass.

THE RESULT GOD WILL BRING ABOUT.

It is often very difficult beforehand to say by what means God is going to produce certain things, what means He will adopt to bring about certain events. The great point for us all to settle is, is this thing to take place? The signs of the times seem, I think, in some degree, to forecast this great event. Think of the beautiful imagery of the Saviour, "Ye see the fig-tree putting forth its leaves, and ye know that summer is nigh." So, also, when certain things are fulfilled, do we know that other things must come to pass. The signs of the times indicate very clearly that *the period of this consumption is not very far distant*. The method and enthusiasm attending upon such a work we may form an idea of by looking in our own times, and, in times past, at similar movements. Twenty years ago no man could have predicted the enthusiasm that rages through Canada touching Manitoba. There was not a man who had prescience enough to see that that part of the Dominion would take possession of homes, of hearts, of minds, of interest, from one end of the Dominion to the other. The land was thought to be barren, the climate uncongenial, and no one would suppose that he could leave the fair fields and lakes of the province of Ontario and go to that far-off land. But we see how soon a rage is created, how soon a consumption can be started. Now this is an evidence of what can be done if men can only get up an excitement or fever upon any point. You

crowd out reason, and men become subject to the law of impulse, and follow out the line of that interest. Another example we may take from

THE FAMOUS CRUSADES.

No one living in the tenth century could for an instant have forecast the terrible enthusiasm that prevailed among the people and nations of the earth in the eleventh, twelfth, and part of the thirteenth century. You would not suppose it possible to get up a fever among people that would cover 250 years. Yet there was a fever got up among the nations, a tide of enthusiasm which levelled the distinctions between king and subject, prince and beggar, rich and poor, old and young, learned and ignorant, good and bad. Of every nation and race men came, generation after generation, to fight the Mussulman, reclaim Palestine, and restore Jerusalem. A fever covering 250 years! Eight times was this crusade force kindled, and kindled successfully. Nor was there a man of any station or calling but yielded to the passing impulse, and gave his hand and countenance to the effort. Now, when we think of all that, it is easy to conceive how another spirit, or of taking Palestine for another purpose, might easily come into force. And who started these great crusades?

PETER THE HERMIT,

a man who had retired from the world, a man who had little concern with its temporal or commercial interests. But he went in his rags, and leaning upon his crutch, crying through the cities, "Jerusalem must be redeemed! Jerusalem must be redeemed!" setting fire to the people, until it took hold of the very boys and girls in the streets. And an army of boys, from ten to fifteen years old, numbering not less than 30,000, was formed, and set out to Palestine, to perish by the way; and every highway was strewn with the dead bodies of these enthusiasts.

Now, this has taken place in this world, and, as I have said, it covered a space of 250 years, and took hold of all the nations of that time. Louis IX., aided by Edward I., worked hard in these crusades. Nations and races joined together in one tremendous mass, and the records of their sacrifices, marches, battles, and sufferings seem to us beyond credence. Now, remembering that these are historical facts, can we not easily take in the great consumption, determined upon in the midst of all the lands, at which the Jews will return to their native land? At least we can see how inspiring a subject Palestine is, and what enthusiasm it can raise. There is no part of the earth that Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, or England would give more to possess than Palestine. It is the objective

POINT OF ALL AGGRANDIZEMENT.

It is the effort of Russia to reach Palestine. She may go round about as she chooses, but her design, her aim, is Jerusalem. England's manœuvring, England's strategy, at every other part of the Empire, is to surround Palestine. Germany is looking to Palestine; France is exceedingly jealous of Palestine; and Bonaparte's prediction will be true, as he said, "Whoever can take Jerusalem, and keep it, will finally rule the world." And there is no doubt in my mind but that it is the key. As it is the key to the centre of the earth, so it will be the key to universal conquest.

Between the crusades and the coming consumption there is, however, I think, one remarkable difference. The crusade, of course, was an enthusiasm that was started and maintained by war. The coming consumption, however strange it may appear, is to be void of war. It is to be a consumption of God's appointment. The other was begun by man, and carried on by man. This consumption will be without war, without strife, and it will be chiefly taken up by the English nation. And now, is it not strange that the English nation will not take part in the next great continental wars that are speedily coming on? Of course, people say,

DANGEROUS GROUND!

No more dangerous than it has been at other times. The other nations will go to war, and before long they will struggle with each other. England will come again, as she came in after the last war, to decide peace for them. She will ask a

price for that peace. What did she ask the last time? Cyprus, and a protectorate over Turkey in Asia, which includes Palestine. *She is already the protector of Palestine.* When these nations, like worried dogs, shall be torn and bleeding, weak, weary, and exhausted, and come together to settle their grievances, England, strong, having been preserved from the war, will again step in and dictate the terms of peace, and she will ask Palestine as the price, as her spoil, and it will be given her. So this consumption is to come to pass, and the Jews be collected from the four wings of the heavens and returned once more to their Promised Land.

THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR

will create a great and bitter prejudice against the Jews. It will be made still greater by the simple fact that they now have the sinews of war in their hands. There is not a nation in Europe that can go to war, except England, unless the Jews say "Yea." In that respect the Jew is the sovereign dictator of every nation in Europe, except England, and they can forbid war, because they have the sinews of war in their hands. They have four fifths of the capital of the whole of Europe, and you cannot get men to kill each other, without hate, unless you pay them a good price for it.

Thus, because they are the traders in Russia, because they are sharp enough to get the better of their German friends in money matters, the Russians and Germans hate the Jews. And when they see they are entirely mortgaged to them—body, soul, throne, and country to the Jewish race—they will be willing at once to concede to the Jew the rights of individuality, of sovereignty, or independent national existence. They will be glad to let the Jew go out to his own land, into Palestine. The very debts that they will incur will make them more ready and willing to let them go; but at the same time they will hate the Jews more and more. And so we can see the events at the present time are very much on that line. A shrewd observer cannot fail to be acquainted with what is transpiring. You say, "How they are punishing them!"

WHAT A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT!

We have no idea in Canada or America that one hundred thousand people should be smitten unto death in the most violent, outrageous, atrocious, and devilish manner that it is possible for men to invent—murdering men, tearing little children limb from limb, ravishing women, burning houses, scourging the people, pursuing them, and driving them off, like a herd of Texan cattle, at the point of the bayonet, firing their homes, and turning them adrift without aught to cover them—and that taking place, too, in the nineteenth century, while you and I are here; and we get these reports from a country where all news is suppressed, so that on proper authority the thing is ten times worse than we ever hear. One might ask *why this is so*, why there is such a prejudice against the Jewish brethren? *It is necessary in view of the desired end.* The Jew will stay among the nations as long as he can make money and get rich. When all set their faces against him, and legislate him out of personal rights, the Jew will be ready to turn his face to the ancient land of his fathers. It is an unfortunate necessity that these things should occur to make him long for a land of his own to be at rest; and it is as necessary for us to take his part in sympathy.

THE JEW CANNOT GO IN HIS OWN NAME.

You see the Saxons are beginning to be the protectors of the Jews. Sympathy is rising like a tide in the Saxon heart. In England and in the United States meetings are being called, and you will see that the British Ministry will be hoisted from its place of power, unless they take hold with a stronger hand against Russia. Then there will require to be another power, less sympathetic with Russia, that will be content to pay for the protection of the Jews, and England will become their protector.

You may ask, Do the Jews take any knowledge of this? The Jews throughout the world are getting keenly alive to this question; their papers are now discussing it, and a great change is taking place in the Jewish mind on these points.

(To be concluded next week.)



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The thanks of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* are due to a large number of subscribers who have written to the office, expressing their high regard for the journal, and stating their intention to introduce it to their friends, with the view of obtaining new subscribers for the coming year. Their efforts would have a better chance of success if commenced now, than at the end of next month, when people will have made their arrangements for 1883. In recognition of this fact a concession in price will be made. They may offer *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, postage paid, from this time to the end of 1883 for \$1.50—that is, fourteen months for one year's subscription. This concession is made in order to aid the friends of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* and to encourage them to proceed at once with their kindly project. It is hoped that every subscriber will use his influence, however small it may be, to send at least one new subscription, in addition to his own, for 1883.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Proclamation Appointing the national Thanksgiving for Thursday, November 30th, thus summarized the blessings which we as a people have received from the hands of God: "The blessings demanding our gratitude are numerous and varied. For the peace and amity which subsist between this republic and all the nations of the world; for the freedom from internal discord and violence; for the increasing friendship between the different sections of the land; for the liberty, justice, and constitutional government; for the devotion of the people to our free institutions, and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for the constantly increasing strength of the republic while extending its privileges to fellow-men who come to us; for the improved means of internal communication, and the increased facilities of intercourse with other nations; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the prosperity of all our industries, the liberal return for the mechanic's toil, affording a market for

the abundant harvests of the husbandman; for the preservation of the national faith and credit; for wise and generous provision to effect the intellectual and moral education of our youth; for the influence upon the conscience of a restraining and transforming religion; and for the joys of home; for these, and for many other blessings, we should give thanks. Wherefore, I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people, ceasing from their daily labors and meeting in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the throne of Almighty God, offering to Him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness which He has vouchsafed to us, and praying that His blessings and His mercies may continue. And I do further recommend that the day thus appointed be made a special occasion for deeds of kindness and charity to the suffering and the needy, so that all who dwell within the land may rejoice and be glad in this season of national thanksgiving."

A Comparison of the Appropriations Made by Congress in its last session with the appropriations of four former years has been made by the New York Times with the following result: Fiscal year 1880, third session of the Forty-fifth Congress, and first session of the Forty-sixth Congress, \$162,404,647; fiscal year 1881, second session of the Forty-sixth Congress, \$155,830,841; fiscal year 1882, third session of the Forty-sixth Congress, \$179,578,999; fiscal year 1883, first session of the Forty-seventh Congress, which came to an end in August last, \$251,428,117. Among the specific appropriations included in the total for 1883, which exceed those for 1882, are the appropriation for pensions, \$116,000,000, an increase of nearly \$48,000,000 over that for 1882, and the appropriation for rivers and harbors, which exceeds that for 1882 by nearly \$7,500,000. An increase is to be noted in all the items for 1883 except those for forts and fortifications and for the Post Office Department. The average amount of the annual appropriations for the ten fiscal years preceding the fiscal year 1883, in coin value, was \$142,662,109. This computation shows more plainly the exceptional size of the total for 1883, which is \$251,428,117.

Prohibition is Becoming a Live Issue in California as in other States. A Californian temperance worker, writing to the *Witness*, thus describes the progress of the movement: "Both of the old parties have ignored the temperance people in their platforms. The Democratic party has declared 'its unqualified enmity against all sumptuary legislation,' and it promises if victorious at the next election to repeal the Sunday law and all other temperance laws now existing. The Republican party in their platform say not a word against the liquor traffic, but they declare that the party is in favor of Sunday as a 'day of rest and recreation.' Which, I suppose, means to allow all kinds of amusements, including the beer gardens and selling of all kinds of intoxicating liquors. Most of the temperance and Christian people in this State are dissatisfied with the old parties; therefore, a State Prohibition Convention has just been held in San Francisco, and it has given us a prohibition ticket filled with good men, for whom we can vote with a clear conscience."

The Vexed Problem of the Civilization of the Indians is as yet by no means satisfactorily settled in the opinion of the Washington politicians, but the Christian public will be thankful to learn the facts recently published in the report of the mission to the Indians. It is stated that the mission in the Indian Territory has now grown until there is a roll of 5000 members, made up from Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, and Seminoles. There are about thirty ordained ministers in connection with this mission, most of whom are Indians. Beside these there are about 120 local preachers.

The Bi-Centennial Commemoration of the landing of William Penn took place in several cities of Pennsylvania last week. The Society of Friends held a meeting on October 22d, at Chester, where a letter and poem from the Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, were read. Mr. Whittier

wrote: "It is well that friends should commemorate the landing of the founder of Pennsylvania, and the great apostle of their faith, on the pleasant shores of Chester two hundred years ago. The event, is a subject worthy of the poet's pen or the painter's pencil." In allusion to Lord Macaulay's condemnation of Penn, Mr. Whittier said: "In spite of the endeavor of a historian more regardless of the display of his rhetoric and sarcasm than of historical accuracy and justice, the memory of William Penn is secure in its grand outlines and unsullied purity. He stands, and will forever stand, with the sages, statesmen and philanthropists, of whom the world of their day was not worthy. He lived and thought centuries in advance of his contemporaries; and, slowly but surely, the generations since have been approaching the moral and political standard which he set up on the shores of the Delaware." The celebration at Chester was continued on the following day, and included a representation of the landing of William Penn from an old yawl boat on the exact spot where Penn landed 200 years ago. The festivities at Philadelphia recalled the scenes of the Centennial year, and attracted to the city, which was gayly decorated, over 150,000 visitors.

The Charges of Bribery in the Star Route cases are to be investigated in the courts. Attorney-General Brewster stated to a Philadelphia reporter that much had been done in probing the matter to the bottom. A great deal of testimony had been taken, he said, and much more yet had to be taken. He said that within a few days one or more of those persons in the Department of Justice who had been used as spies by the defendants, and who appear to be deeply complicated in the attempt to corrupt jurors in behalf of the defendants would be arrested, and that he had ordered this upon the evidence now before him. Mr. Dickson, the foreman of the jury, has been arrested.

The Christian Convention in the Sittings of which at Chicago, Mr. Charles Spurgeon, the son of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, and many other evangelists both American and European took part, held two days' sessions at St. Louis, Mo., on October 23d and 24th. A telegram from that city says: "The meetings were largely attended and excited a strong interest in religious work. Just before the close a proposition put to the audience by Major Whittle to begin a series of revival meetings was carried unanimously, and arrangements will at once be made to hold them."

Another Six Days' Walking Match was held in New York last week. The telegraph bulletin boards exhibited in different parts of the city recording the hourly progress made were surrounded every day by groups of men and boys making notes, indicating that betting on the result was going on. It is gratifying to note that although the contestants were champions, the public interest in the match was far slighter than in previous contests. The attendance was much smaller, and the profits of the match were materially reduced. No public betting was allowed. It may be hoped that the men who get up these pitiful spectacles will be discouraged by the results of the match, and refrain from any repetition of the contests.

Red Ribbon Societies Composed Exclusively of ladies have been organized in Kansas in aid of the temperance movement. Every member has voluntarily pledged herself among other things, not to marry any man who is not an abstainer from intoxicating liquor. Such societies might be established in other States with advantage.

The Yellow Fever Epidemic at Pensacola, Fla., still rages with severity. The total number of cases to the end of last week was 2200, and the number of deaths 172. A telegram from the suffering city says: "The cool wave, which has lasted several days, is passing off without giving the coveted frost. The demand for relief increases as the sickness is prolonged."

Seven New Presbyterian Churches are to be erected in the burnt district of Michigan during the present year. Tenders have already been invited by the synodical committee. The new churches are to be frame buildings and to vary in cost from eight hundred to three thousand dollars.

A Novel Duel with Horse-Whips is Reported from North Carolina. Two young farmers residing near Greensboro, N. C., who had quarrelled about a lady each desired to marry, met on October 24th, to fight a duel. In order to evade the law against deadly weapons they agreed to fight with horse-whips. Both men were required by the agreement to wear only thin articles of clothing, and as they used heavy whips and fought with great ferocity, both men suffered terribly. *The combat lasted three hours* when both men were completely exhausted, their feet being the only parts of their bodies not gashed by the whips. Whether either of the men has advanced his prospects of winning the lady by his brutality is not stated; but if she is wise she will discard both on the ground of their inhumanity. She and all ladies about whom the duels so sadly frequent are fought, may appropriately use the prayer of the Psalmist (Psa. 140 : 4).

One Hundred and Fifty Dollars for the Title to a place in Heaven was offered and rejected a few days ago in Troy, N. Y. A Jewish immigrant named Udovitch was charged with aggravated assault before the judge, and when the case was stated a strange revelation took place. It appeared that Udovitch believing that a man named Cohen had by his good works established a claim to heavenly happiness after death, went to him and offered him \$150 for his claim. Cohen rejected his offer, when Udovitch became violent, and committed the assault complained of. It was stated that this strange notion of the privilege of purchasing a place in Heaven is held by many of the most uneducated classes of the Jews, and that it originated in a misunderstanding of a sentence in the Talmud. It is sad to think that ignorance so dense as that of this Jew should be found in these days, but it may be feared that there are many people not so ignorant as he, who are victims of the same mistake in other forms. Strict morality, penances, large and charitable gifts are only too generally supposed to ensure an eternity of happiness (Acts 4 : 12).

A Party Imprisoned in a Cemetery had a narrow escape of spending a whole night there recently. It appears that there is a rule at the Evergreen Cemetery, New Haven, Conn., that the gates shall be closed and locked at sundown. Just before the time for closing, the watchman strikes a gong giving notice to the visitors to leave the ground. There were many visitors there on one day last week, in consequence of the pleasant weather. The watchman rang the gong as usual, and then gave all who might be remaining in the grounds fifteen minutes grace. Not seeing any one approaching at the expiration of that time he locked the gates. But there were left inside eleven ladies and gentlemen who became involuntary prisoners. They complained loudly and at length aroused the superintendent who released them from their unpleasant predicament by knocking a board from the fence and letting them out like so many impounded sheep. A cemetery is certainly an undesirable place in which to spend the night, and this party might well congratulate themselves that their *disregard of the watchman's warning* did not involve them in that unpleasantness. We may also hope for them that the warning of Christ's watchmen, may have aroused them to the urgency of quitting the city of the spiritually dead ere the door is shut (Eph. 5 : 14).

A Young Medical Student in Michigan has recently abandoned the profession just as he had completed his preparatory studies. He graduated last spring from the Medical Department of Michigan University. A local journal says that during his student life he visited the sick assiduously as an observer and assistant, was engaged in hundreds of surgical cases, and everywhere demonstrated his remarkable adaptability for the profession. A few weeks ago, on entering the rooms of the physician under whom he had studied, he unexpectedly announced his determination never to practice and to quit the profession immediately. Thy physician gave utterance to an exclamation of remonstrance at frivolous jokes, but the young man was quite serious. He said: "Yes, sir, I mean it. I have travelled with you several years and seen *more woe than I ever dreamed existed in*

this world. Now, the simple fact is I shall never do it again. The thought of spending the remainder of my life surrounded by the wretched miseries of the sick-room and being forever haunted by the piteous sights an active physician must encounter is too horrible to be thought of with anything like indifference or equanimity. I'll not do it, and there's an end of the whole matter." The young man carried out his resolve and obtained work in a manufactory where he is still employed. It is not difficult to understand how a sensitive nature must shrink from a mode of life that brings it in constant contact with sorrow and suffering, but it is a good thing that there are some natures which find compensation even there, in the relief their skill enables them to afford. Our pure and holy Saviour's association with sinful men and women is an example which encourages the Christian to carry the news of salvation into heathen lands, to prisons and hospitals, and other places where his spirit is pained by the sights and scenes he must witness (Matt. 25 : 44).

A Moving Mountain in Nevada is Described in the *Reno (Nev.) Gazette*. The mountain, or sand dune as it is called, is located in the eastern part of Churchill County, and is said to be moving slowly eastward. In the whole mass which is 400 feet in height, and contains millions of tons of sand, it is impossible to find a particle much larger than a pin head. The sand of which it is composed is as clean as any sea beach sand. The mountain is so solid as to give it a musical sound when trodden upon, and oftentimes a bird lighting on it, or a large lizard running across the bottom, will start a large quantity of the sand to sliding, which makes a noise resembling the vibration of telegraph wires with a hard wind blowing. A peculiar feature of the dune is that it is not stationary, but rolls slowly eastward, the wind gathering it up on the west end, and carrying it along the ridge until it is again deposited at the eastern end. Mr. Monroe, the well-known surveyor, having heard of the movement of this mammoth sand heap, a number of years ago took careful bearings on it while sectionizing government lands in that vicinity. He recently visited the place, and found that the dune had moved nearly a mile. This phenomenon is of course regarded as extraordinary, for we have been accustomed to use the mountain as a symbol of eternal stability, but it may remind us of a time which will certainly come, when every mountain will be removed out of its place (Rev. 6 : 14). It is also a remarkable natural illustration of a spiritual promise (Isa. 41 : 15, 16).

A Romantic Case has been Brought into the Superior Court of Norwich, Conn. It is a claim for a large sum of money which has been deposited in a Norwich bank at interest awaiting a claimant. It seems that a Connecticut man named Brown who was well connected, joined the army just before the Mexican War. During the war he fell in love with a Mexican girl, and when peace was settled he resolved to learn Spanish, marry his love, and settle down in Mexico. He did so, but afterward removed to Laredo, Texas, where he lived until 1866, when he was murdered by brigands. He did not like to acknowledge his marriage so he did not communicate with his Connecticut friends, and they supposed him to have been killed in the war. His widow and children knew no language but Spanish, and knew nothing of Brown's antecedents. But several years after his death, finding a quantity of English letters among his effects, the eldest son set to work to learn English, and as soon as he was able, wrote to his father's family in Connecticut, whose address he found among the letters. His communication was received, and he was informed that his father's share of an estate left to the family was invested, and might be had on his establishing his identity. This he is now engaged in doing. Had the young man not taken the trouble to learn English in order to read his father's papers, he would have missed his inheritance. A greater inheritance that that, however, which might be had by every man, will be missed by many because they neither read nor understand their Heavenly Father's word nor care to hear of Him (Job. 21 : 14, 15).

THE GREAT CROSSBEARER AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when they had mocked Him, they took off the purple from Him, and put His own clothes on Him, and led Him out to crucify Him."—Mark 15 : 20.

"And He bearing His cross went forth."—John 19 : 17.

"And they compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear His cross."—Mark 15 : 21.

The Emancipator of the Race—His Condemnation—The Place of His Execution—A Significant Site—Outside the City—the Details of the Execution—I. His Dress—The Sorrowful Coronet—Dying a Crowned Monarch—The Symbolism of the Thorns—His Own Clothes—The Pharisees Fulfilling Prophecy—II. His Company—The Soldiers—The Malefactors—The Pharisees and the Mob—The Kindly Women—III. His Burden—Its Weight—Its Prophetic Import—IV. The Crossbearer—Pressed into Service—Where was the Other Simon—His Sons—Not a Self-Made Cross—Men Forced to be Crossbearers—Imitate Simon.

WHEN our Lord had been condemned to die, the execution of His sentence was hurried. The Jews were in great haste to shed His blood: so intense was the enmity of the chief priests and Pharisees that every moment of delay was wearisome to them. Besides, it was the day of the Passover, and they wished to have this matter finished before they went with hypocritical piety to celebrate the festival of Israel's deliverance. We do not wonder at their eagerness, for they could not bear themselves while He lived, since His very presence reproved them for their falsehood and hypocrisy. But at Pilate we do wonder, and herein he is much to be blamed.

In all civilized countries there is usually an interval between the sentencing of the prisoner and the time of his putting to death. As the capital sentence is irreversible, it is well to have a little space in which possible evidence may be forthcoming, which may prevent the fatal stroke. In some countries we have thought that there has been a cruelly long delay between the sentence and the execution, but with the Romans it was usual to allow the reasonable respite of ten days.

Now, I do not say that it was incumbent upon Pilate according to Roman law to have allowed ten days to a Jew, who had not the rights of Roman citizenship; but I do say that he might have pleaded the custom of his country, and so have secured a delay, and afterward he might have released his prisoner. It was within his reach to have done so, and he was culpable, as he was all along, in thus yielding to the clamor for an immediate execution for no other reason than this, that he was "willing to content the people." When once we begin to make the wishes of other men our law we know not to what extremity of criminality we may be led; and so the Saviour's hasty execution is due to Pilate's vacillating spirit, and to the insatiable blood-thirstiness of the scribes and Pharisees.

Being given over to death, our Saviour was led away; and I suppose the painters are right when they put a rope about His neck or His loins; for the idea of being *led* in an open street would seem to imply some sort of bond: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter." Alas, that

THE EMANCIPATOR OF OUR RACE should be led forth as a captive to die!

The direction in which He is led is outside the city. He must not die in Jerusalem, though multitudes of prophets had perished there. Though the temple was the central place of sacrifice, yet must not the Son of God be offered there, for He was an offering of another kind, and must not lie upon their altars. Outside the city, because by the Jews He was treated as a *flagrant offender* who must be executed at the Tyburn of the city, in the appointed place of doom known as Calvary or Golgotha.

He was led outside of the city because from that time no acceptable sacrifice could be offered there. Still more forcible is the fact that our Lord must die outside the city because He was to be consum-

ed as a sin-offering. There were several sorts of offerings under the law: the sweet-savor offerings were presented upon the altar, and were accepted of God, but sin-offerings were burned without the camp or gate, because God can have no fellowship with sin. Once let sin be imputed to the sacrifice and it becomes abhorrent to God, and must not be presented in the tabernacle or the temple, but burned outside the circle wherein His people have their habitations.

In that sorrowful march of the crossbearing Saviour my soul with sorrow sees herself represented as deserving thus to be made to depart unto death; and yet joy mingles with this emotion, for the glorious Sin-bearer hath thus taken away our sin, and we return from our exile: His substitution is infinitely effectual. Well may those live for whom Jesus died. Well may those return in whose place the Son of God was banished. There is entrance into the holy city now, there is entrance into the temple now, there is access unto God Himself now, because the Lord hath put away our sin through Him who was led to be crucified outside the city gate.

Once more, He suffered outside the gate that we might go forth unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach. He dies in sacred separation from the false and corrupt corporation which vaunted itself to be the chosen of God. He protested against all evil, and for this He died, so far as His murderers were concerned. Even so must His followers take up their cross and follow Him whithersoever He goeth, even though it be to be despised and rejected of men.

I. Let us draw near to our Lord for a while, and carefully observe each instructive detail. Our imagination pictures the Blessed One standing outside the gate of Herod's palace in the custody of a band of soldiers with a centurion at their head, and we begin at once to observe

HIS DRESS.

That may seem a small matter, but it is not without instruction. How is He dressed? Our text tells us that when they had mocked Him they took off the purple from Him and put His own clothes on Him; but we are not told that they took off the crown of thorns, and hence it has been currently believed that He continued to wear it to the cross and on the cross. Is not this highly probable? Surely if the thorny crown had been withdrawn this would have been the place to have said, "They took off the purple from Him and removed the crown of thorns;" but it is not so written, and therefore we may believe that

THE SORROWFUL CORONET

remained upon Him. Pilate wrote upon His accusation "the King of the Jews," and it was not unfitting that He should continue to wear a crown. *Jesus died a crowned monarch*, King of the curse. The Lord God in justice said to rebel man, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee;" and lo, the Man by whom we are redeemed is crowned with that product of the earth which came of the curse.

"O sacred head surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn;
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn."

But the chief point to be noted is that Jesus wore

HIS OWN CLOTHES,

the usual garments which He was accustomed to wear, and this no doubt for identification, that all who looked on might know that it was the same person who had preached in their streets and had healed their sick. He wore His own clothes also for another reason, namely, that there might be a fulfilment of prophecy. It may not strike you at first, but you will soon see it. Our Lord must not go to die in the purple: He must march to the cross in that vestment which was without seam and woven from the top throughout, or else the Word could not have been fulfilled, "They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots." Other raiment could readily have been rent and divided, but this garment could not have been so rent without destroying it, and therefore the soldiers cast lots for it.

Little did they who put it on Him dream that they were thus accessory to the fulfilment of a prophecy. Does it not strike you as strange that the Pharisees, who were so full of hatred to Christ, did not carefully draw back from the fulfilment of so many types and prophecies? Their rabbis and teachers knew the prophecy of Zechariah, that the Messiah should be sold for thirty pieces of silver: why did it not occur to them to make their bribe to Judas twenty-nine or thirty-one silver pieces?

To me there occurs one other thought touching His wearing His own garments. I do not know if I can express it, but it seems to me to indicate that our Lord's passion was a true and natural part of His life; He died as He lived. *His death was not a new departure*, but the completion of a life of self-sacrifice, and so He had no need to put on a fresh garb. Look! He goes to die in His ordinary every-day garments! Does not it almost seem as if people put on their Sunday clothes because they regard religion as something quite distinct from their common life? It is ill for a man when he cannot lead his fellows in prayer till he has gone to the wardrobe. Time was when vestments meant something; but ever since our great High-priest went up to His one sacrifice wearing His common clothes, all types are fulfilled and laid aside. Now, we pray not officially, or we should need the robe; but we pray personally, and our own clothes suit us well. Jesus continued the unity of His life as He approached its close, and did not even in appearance change His way; He lived to die a sacrifice; this was the climax of His life, the apex of the towering pyramid of His perfect obedience. No mark is set, no line is drawn between His passion and all the rest of His life; nor should there be a screen between our life and death.

Somehow, I dread a death which is meant to be pictorial and exhibitional. I am not an admirer of Addison's death, as some are, who praise him because he sent for a young lord, and cried, "Come, see how a Christian can die!" I like better Bengel's wish when he desired to die just as a person would slip out from company because some one beckoned him outside. Such a person modestly thinking his presence or absence to be of small account in a great world, quietly withdraws, and friends only observe that he is gone. Death should be part of the usual curriculum, the close of the day's work, the entrance into harbor which ends the voyage.

II. Brethren, I beg you for a few minutes to look at

HIS COMPANY.

Who were they that were with our Lord when He came to die? First and nearest to Him were the rough Roman soldiers, strong, muscular, unfeeling men, ready to shed blood at any moment. In them human affection was kept down by stern discipline, they were the iron instruments of an empire of iron. They would do what they were bidden, and feeling and sympathy were not allowed to interfere. I do but bid you look at these guards to remind you that from beneath their eagle our Saviour won a trophy; for their centurion at our Lord's death uttered the confession, "Certainly this was the Son of God." This was a blessed confession of faith, and I delight to think of our Lord as thus becoming the conqueror of His conquerors by taking one out of them to be His disciple and witness, as we would fain believe he was. Surely after openly making the clear confession which the evangelist has recorded we may number him with believers.

Next to these guards were two malefactors, led out with Him to execution. That was intended to increase His scorn. He must not be separated from the basest of men, but He must be led forth between two thieves, having previously had a murderer preferred to Him. They seem to have been very hardened scoundrels, for they reviled Him. I mention them because our Lord won a trophy by the conversion of one of them, who dying said, "We suffer justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss," and then prayed, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." This dying thief has brought more glory to Christ than hundreds of us, for in every place

wherever this gospel has been preached this has been told as a memorial of him, and as a comfort to the guiltiest to look to Jesus.

Beyond the prisoners were the scribes and Pharisees, and high priests. I could not picture their faces, but surely they must have been about the worst lot of human physiognomies that were ever seen, as with a fiendish delight they stared at Jesus. He had called them "hypocrites;" He had spoken of them as "making clean the outside of the cup and platter," while their inner part was very wickedness, and now they are showing their venom, and silencing His reproofs.

Around these there is a great rabble, and if you look into the mob you see with surprise that they are the same crowd who a week ago shouted, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" They have changed their note and cry, "Crucify Him: crucify Him;" for a few pence they were bribed to do so; they were an ignorant, fickle mob. When such do hiss at you for doing right, forgive them. When they point the finger of scorn at you for being a Christian, regard them not. It little boots what they may say or do: they yelled at Him who was their best Benefactor and ours. The Lord Christ endured the popular scorn as He had once received the popular acclamation. He lived above it all, for He knew that men of low degree are vanity. "Vanity of vanities;" all that cometh of vain man is vanity.

Ay, but there was a little change for the better in the company: there was just a streak of light in that cloud, for kindly women were in the throng. These were not all His disciples, perhaps few of them were such, for otherwise He would not have bidden them weep over a woe which His disciples escaped; but they were

TENDER-HEARTED WOMEN

who could not look upon Him without tears: it is said by Luke that they bewailed and lamented Him. They knew how innocent He was, and how kind He had been. Perhaps some of them had received favors at His hands, and therefore they wept sore that He should die. It was well done of them.

In all the Evangelists there is no instance of a woman that had any hand in the death of Christ. As far as they are connected with the matter they are guiltless, they rather oppose His death than promote it. Woman was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, and therefore we can never say a word about her being the first in the transgression. Oh, kindly eyes that gave the Lord of love the tribute of their pity! Blessed be ye of compassionate heaven!

III. But now, come closer to the Saviour: break through the company, and hear my third talk with you while you look a little on

HIS BURDEN.

May the good Spirit teach me how to depict my Lord. We are told by John that our Saviour "went forth bearing His cross." We might have supposed, so far as the other three evangelists are concerned, that Simon the Cyrenian had carried the cross all the way, but John fills up the blank space in their accounts. Our Lord carried His own cross at the commencement of the sorrowful pilgrimage to Calvary.

Note its weight. Usually only one beam of the cross was carried: it may have been so now. It does not look so, however; for the expression, "bearing his cross," would naturally mean the whole of it. It is highly probable that, although that load could easily be borne by the rough, coarse criminals who ordinarily suffered, yet not so readily by the tender and more exquisite frame of our divine Lord. It is difficult to find any other reason why they should have laid the cross on Simon, unless it be true, as tradition says, that He fainted beneath the burden. I care nothing for tradition, nor even for conjecture; but still there must have been a reason, and as we cannot believe that these people had any real mercy for Christ, we think they must have acted upon the cruel wish that He might not die on the road, but might at least live to be nailed to the tree. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." This I leave.

The spiritual meaning of it, of course, was that Christ in perfect obedience was then carrying the

load of our disobedience. The cross, which was the curse, for "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree," is borne on those blessed shoulders which were submissive to the will of God in all things. Our Lord's crossbearing is the representation of His bearing all our sin, and therefore in it we rejoice.

It also has a *prophetic meaning*: that cross which He carried through Jerusalem shall go through Jerusalem again. It is His great weapon with which He conquers and wins the world: it is His sceptre with which He shall rule, governing the hearts of His people by no more forceful means than by the love manifested on His cross. "The government shall be upon His shoulder;" that which He bore on His shoulder shall win obedience, and they that take His yoke upon them shall find rest unto their souls.

IV. I wish I had an hour during which I might speak upon the last head, which bristles with points of interest; but I must give its lessons to you rather in rough remarks than in studied observations.

The last thing to consider is

HIS CROSSBEARER.

We are not told why the Roman soldiers laid the cross on Simon. We have made a conjecture; but we leave it as a conjecture, although a highly probable one. If it be true, it lets us see how truly human our Master was. He had been all night in the garden, sweating as it were great drops of blood in His anguish: He had been before the Sanhedrim, He had been before Pilate, then before Herod, then before Pilate again; He had endured scourging; He had been mocked by the soldiery; and it would have been a great wonder if the human frame had not shown some sign of exhaustion.

Holy Scripture, by its example, teaches us great reticence about the sufferings of Jesus. Some of the mediæval writers and certain good people who write devotional books are too apt to dilate upon every supposed grief of our Master, so as to harrow up your feelings; but it is the part of wisdom to imitate the ancient painter who, when he depicted Agamemnon as sacrificing his daughter, veiled the father's face. It is indelicate and almost indecent to write as some have done who would seem to be better acquainted with anatomy than awed by divinity. Much that Jesus endured must forever remain veiled to us; whether He fainted once or twice or thrice, or did not faint at all, we are not informed; and therefore we leave the idea in the obscurity of probability, and reverently worship Him who was tender in body and soul, and suffered even as we do. Oh, love surpassing knowledge which could make Him suffer so!

There was a great singularity in the providence which brought Simon upon the scene just when he appeared. The right man came forward at the right moment. Observe that *Simon was pressed into this duty*. The word used signifies that the person is impressed into the royal service. Simon was a pressed man, and probably not a disciple of Christ at the time when he was loaded with the cross. How often has a burden of sorrow been the means of bringing men to the faith of Jesus! He was coming in from the country about some business or other, and him they compelled to bear the cross, impressing him into the service which else he would have shunned, for "he passed by," and would have gone on if he could. Roman soldiers were not accustomed to make many bones about what they chose to do. It was sufficient for them that he came under their notice, and carry the cross he must.

His name was Simon: and where was that other Simon? What a silent, but strong rebuke this would be to him! Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, where wast thou? Another Simon has taken thy place. Sometimes the Lord's servants are backward where they are expected to be forward, and He finds other servitors for the time. If this has ever happened to us it ought gently to rebuke us as long as we live. Brothers and sisters, keep your places, and let not another Simon occupy your room. It is of Judas that it is said, "his bishopric shall another take;" but a true disciple will retain his office. Remember that word of

our Lord, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Simon Peter lost a crown here, and another head wore it.

Simon was a Cyrenian—an African—I wonder if he was a black man. In the Acts of the Apostles, at the thirteenth chapter, we find mention of a Simeon that was called Niger, or black. We do not know whether he was the same man or no, but anyhow he was an African, for Cyrene lies just to the west of Egypt, on the southern coast of the Mediterranean. Surely the African has had his full share of crossbearing for many an age. Oh that the pangs of his sorrow may bring forth a birth of joy! Blessed be he, whether African or Englishman, or who he may, that has

THE HONOR OF BEARING THE CROSS after Christ.

We are told he was the father of *Alexander and Rufus*. Which, my brethren, is the greater honor to a man, to have a good father, or to be the father of good sons? Under the Old Testament rule we usually read of a man that he is the son of such an one, but here we come to another style, and find it to a man's honor that he is the father of certain well-known brethren—"the father of Alexander and Rufus." Surely, Mark knew these two sons, or he would not have cared to mention them; they must have been familiar to the Church, or he would not have thus described their father. It was their father who carried the cross.

It is exceedingly likely that this Rufus was he of whom Paul speaks in the last chapter of his epistle to the Romans, for Mark was with Paul, and by this means knew Simon and Rufus. Paul writes, "Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine." His mother was such a motherly person that she had been a mother to Paul as well as to Rufus. Surely, if she was a mother to Paul, she was another disciple of Jesus, and it would look as if this man, his wife, and his two sons all became converts to our Lord after he had carried His cross. It is certainly not the most unlikely circumstance that has been accepted by us on the ground of probability. Oh, what a blessing to a man to be known by his sons! Pray, dear Christian friends, you that have an Alexander and a Rufus, that it may be an honor to you to be known as their father.

"Him they compelled to bear His cross"—perhaps the heavier end of it, if it was really bound to Christ, as they say; or as I judge, the whole of it. It matters little how it was; but Simon is the representative of the Church which follows Christ bearing His cross. Here we may recall the language of Paul: "I fill up that which is behind," may I paraphrase it?—I take the hinder end—"of the sufferings of Christ for His body's sake, that is the Church." Every one that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Jesus said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." Here is a representative, then, of all the godly—this Simon bearing Christ's cross.

Mark, it was *not a cross of his own making*, like those of monks and nuns who put themselves to pains of their own inventing. It was Christ's cross; and he carried it not before Christ, as some do who talk of their poverty as though it would get them to heaven, instead of resting on Christ's cross. He carried it after Christ in its right place. This is the order—Christ in front bearing all our sin, and we behind enduring shame and reproach for Him, and counting it greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt.

The next is advice to any of you that have been compelled to suffer as Christians though you are not Christians. I wonder whether there is anybody here who is *only a press-man* and yet has to bear the cross. A workingman became a teetotaler: he did not mean to be a Christian, but when he went to work his mates tempted him to drink, and as he would not join them they attacked him as a Christian, and said, "You are one of those canting hypocrites, those Wesleyans, those Presbyterians, or those Spurgeonites!" This is not true of you: but thus you see the cross is forced on you: had you not better take it up and bear it joyfully?

They have pressed you into this service: take it as an index of the will of providence, and say, "I will not be a press-man only;

I WILL BE A VOLUNTEER, and I will cheerfully carry Christ's cross."

I know a man who merely comes to this place of worship because he is somewhat interested in the preaching, though he has no idea of being a converted man; yet in the street where he lives nobody ever goes to a place of worship, and therefore they set him down as a pious man, and some have even ridiculed him for it. Friend, you are in for it because you attend here, and you put me in for it too, for if you do anything wrong they are sure to lay all the blame on me. They say—"That is *one of Spurgeon's people*." You are not: I do not own you as yet; but the outsiders have pushed you into the responsibilities of a religious profession, and you had better go in for its privileges. They have laid the cross upon you, do not throw it off. Come on, and bring that dear motherly wife with you, and Alexander and Rufus too. The Church will be glad to take you all in, and then as a volunteer you shall bear Christ's cross. It is, however, a remarkable thing that some should first of all be forced into it and then become willing followers.

Last of all, if you and I are crossbearers, here is a sweet thought. Are we carrying a cross which presses us heavily just now? You know you are to be like your Master, and if so there will be some one found to help you bear your cross. They found Simon to bear the cross of Jesus, and there is a Simon somewhere to help you. Only cry to the Lord about it, and He will find you a friend. If Simon is not forthcoming I will tell you what to do.

IMITATE SIMON.

If Simon was what I think he was, he became a converted man, and before long found himself in trouble through it, and he at once went to the Lord in prayer, and said, "Lord Jesus, I am resting in Thee alone. Thou didst give me the honor to carry *Thy* cross once, now, I beseech Thee, carry mine!" This is what I want you to do with your crosses at this time. You that have to endure hardness for Christ, and are glad to do it, ask Him to bear your burden for you. He has borne your sins, and if you will but commit your troubles to Him, joy and peace through believing shall stream into your souls by His Holy Spirit. God bless you, for Christ's sake.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

An Attack on the Fashionable Styles of Dress was made by Dr. Alfred Carpenter, a prominent English physiologist, at the recent session of the British Sanitary Congress. He urged the abandonment of "the chimney-pot hat," as detrimental to health, but directed his remarks chiefly to the injurious custom ladies have adopted of wearing high-heeled shoes with pointed toes. He said it would be far better for children to be brought up without wearing any kind of boot at all than to have the muscles wasted, the bones distorted, and the joints perverted in their action in the way in which it was the custom now to do among the low, rich and poor. It certainly argued a low taste and a very weak intellect when such things as these were worn by the lady who aspired to be considered as a "queen of society" and who wished to make a sensation among her fellows. High heels and pointed toes must interfere with exercise, must make the wearers suffer from want of muscular exertion and, therefore, must lay the foundation for all those diseases which spring from dyspepsia and its allies. It was this tendency to place ligatures on the other parts of the body as well as the foot which so often rendered human nature ridiculous and produced suffering of the most serious kind.



The Mahommedan Sacred Camel and Procession Setting out for Mecca.

THE SACRED CAMEL.

THE scene depicted in the picture on this page, is that of the setting out of "the sacred camel," and the procession carrying gifts to Mecca, the birth-place of Mahommed. This procession is an annual affair, and devout Mahommedans from all Islam join it on its way to its destination. The route is a long and dreary one, crossing the great desert of Arabia and following the path taken by the Israelites under Moses, covers over a thousand miles before it reaches Mecca. Many of the pilgrims die of exhaustion and fatigue by the way, and their possessions are added to the hoard of wealth in transportation to Mecca. It is estimated that not less than 150,000 pilgrims appear at Mecca every year, and on the day of the Great Feast or *Courban Bairam* offer their gifts.

The strange sight of these processions has often been described by travellers. It brings all the peculiar features of this strange religion prominently before the observer, and the continual cry ascending from some part of the procession, "There is but one God, and Mahommed is His prophet," arouses mingled feelings of wonder and pity for the devotees. It is calculated that more than one hundred and fifty millions of the human race are followers of Mahommed, and that of that number over forty millions are subjects of Queen Victoria. Their tenets, while resembling those of other religions, are in some respects different from all. The belief in a personal God separates Mahommedanism from Buddhism; abhorrence of idolatry from Hinduism; recognition of the Messiah from Judaism; and the worship of Mahommed from Christianity.

Mahommed, the founder of the religion which bears his name, was born 570 years after Christ at Mecca, in Arabia. He was of lowly birth and never received an education. His early years were passed as a shepherd-boy, but while a young man he entered the service of a wealthy widow, who employed him in her business as a merchant, and finding him possessed of eminent busi-

ness sagacity, she promoted him to the management of her affairs and finally married him.

Mahommed's commercial transactions brought him in contact with Jews, Hindoos, Buddhists and people who professed to be Christians, but whose doctrines and practices were debased and corrupt, and Mahommed earnestly studied all these creeds. He was afflicted with a hysterical ailment (some say with epileptic fits), and was subject to hallucinations which, as he gave his thoughts more and more to religious subjects, eventually took a religious form. He was accustomed when the fits were upon him to retire to a lonely, rugged spot where there was a cave in which he spent whole days and nights in fasting and meditation.

During one of these seasons he professed to have seen, and probably imagined he did see, an angel who instructed him in divine things and commissioned him to declare to the world

A NEW MESSAGE FROM GOD, which should be the perfect development of the revelation which had been progressively given to Abraham and the patriarchs, to Moses and the prophets, and to Christ and the apostles. Mahommed professed to have had several conferences with the angel, and he subsequently related to his followers the substance of these interviews, which was committed by them to writing, and now forms *the Koran*, the sacred book of the Mahommedans. It consists of one hundred and fourteen chapters and is evidently the product of a human brain saturated with the teachings of Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, and a corrupt Christianity, and abnormally inflamed by fanatical ambition.

Mahommed preached his new revelation but with little success at first, for at the end of five years he had made only forty converts. Then persecution came upon him and he fled for his life with one solitary companion to Medina, where dwelt two tribes who hated the inhabitants of Mecca, and who received Mahommed with open arms and adopted his new religion. That was in the year 622, and the epoch is known as

"THE HEGIRA OF THE PROPHET."

The remaining ten years of Mahommed's life (he died in 632), were spent in war. He organized an army of 10,000 men with which he attacked Mecca, conquered it, destroyed the idolatrous temples, and erected a mosque. He commenced his work as a peaceful teacher of virtue, sobriety, and righteousness, but before he died he fell away from his high ideal, and became sensual, vicious and cruel, and he left instructions to his followers to continue the course of conquest and bloodshed, which they only too faithfully obeyed. The sensualism of Mahommedanism appeals to the strong passions of human nature, and renders the conversion of its professors to Christianity a work far more difficult than that of pagans or heathens.

THE NEARING DOOM OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE REV. JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B., Vicar of St. Austell, England, preaching on September 24th, on the Anglo-Egyptian war said:

"This Egyptian Pasha, this colonel of artillery, Arabi Pasha, has not been the author of this war. No; in some sense *it is God's judgment*. Its causes lie deep below the surface, but one word explains them all, and that word is *Islam*. It is a religious war. It is the product of Mohammedanism, of that system which has been the curse of Europe for the last four hundred years, and of Asia for a much longer period. The crimes of the Ottomans against high heaven, the unspeakable tyrannies and enormities of which they have been guilty, their lies, their impurities, have long called for vengeance, and *the hour of vengeance is come*. We have tried to prop up the tottering throne of the Sultan; we have been his champions against the rest of Europe, but in vain. His vicious and profligate system is against God, and God is against him. *His end is drawing near, and this war is a nail in his coffin*.

"Can any one who knows what the Turks have been, who has read a single page of their history,

who knows what they are at the present day, steeped in impurity and deceit—can any one fail to see the retribution of Heaven overtaking them? Yes, as we see the colossal despotism breaking up, as year by year at Plevna, in Thessaly, in Cyprus, in Egypt, in Tunis—we see the gradual disintegration of that Empire which has reduced some of the very fairest provinces of Europe to a desert, which has saturated them with blood, and has been a standing menace to civilization and order we are reminded that

'Tho' the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small.'

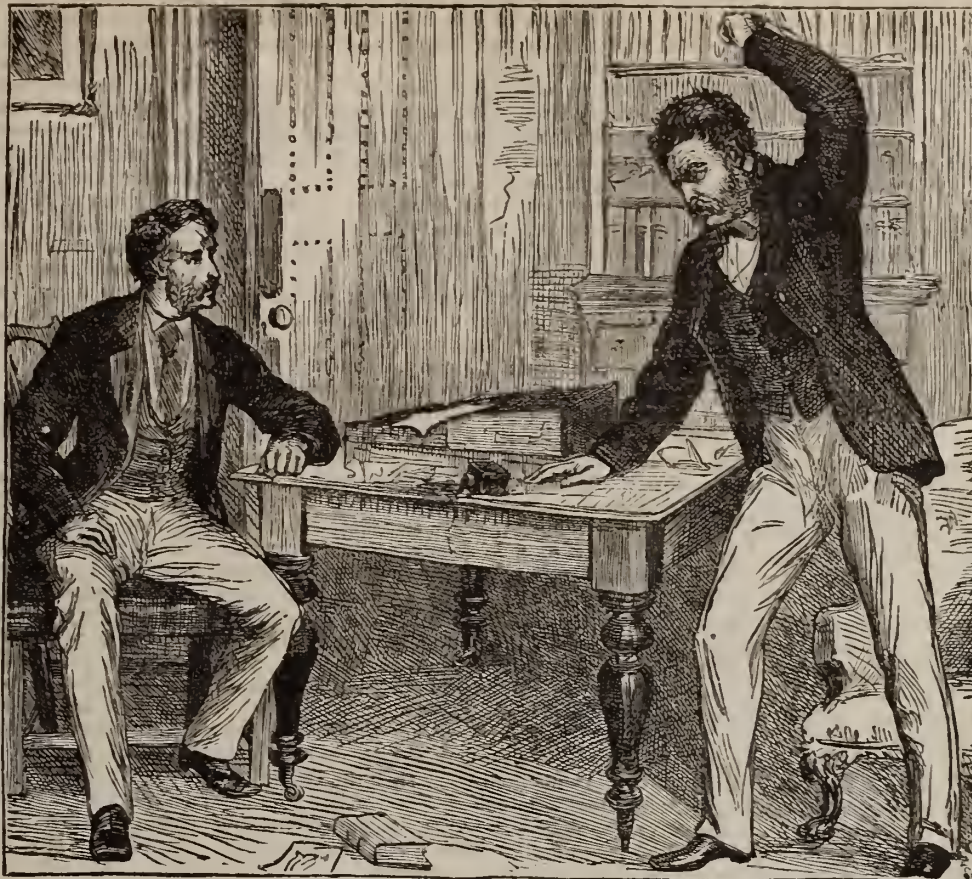
We are reminded of that voice which cried to Robespierre, as he stood under the guillotine to which he had himself consigned so many victims, 'Ay, Robespierre, there *is* a God.' It has been the boast of the Turk that wherever the hoofs of Omar's-horse have trod, no blade of grass was ever after known to grow. But God will not have His fair world made a desolation forever and *this war is part of His protest against impurity and wrong.*

(Mr. Hammond might also have added that this war is helping to "dry up the mystic Euphrates."—Rev. 16: 12—which is immediately to precede the Second Advent of Christ; and it is also a manifestation of the "Evil Spirit from the mouth of the False Prophet of Mohammedanism gathering the nations to the war of the great day of God Almighty."—Rev. 16: 14).

A WIDOW'S ADVOCATE REPULSED.

THE illustration on this page relates to an incident described at a temperance meeting not long ago by a man whose father was an actor in it, and was responsible for its tragical termination. The scene depicted occurred in the business office of Mr. John Lloyd, who was the owner of a large number of small tenement houses and cottages. He was in the main a just and even a merciful owner, and there were many instances on record of his forbearance and patience toward occupiers whom misfortune deprived of the power to pay their rents. These instances were, however, in contrast with other cases in which he had been severe, and in which rather than suffer the loss of a few dollars he had sold every article of furniture the debtor possessed. There was no way of accounting known to his friends for the difference of his conduct toward one or the other of his debtors. But his wife and children could have explained it, if they had not been restrained by their affection for him.

Mr. Lloyd was a good-hearted man, kind and generous to all "when he was himself." But he was liable to fall under the seductions of his appetite for liquor, and would at times, sometimes separated by long intervals, drink deeply for two or three days during which time he acted like a maniac. When the fit of intoxication was passing off, and for a week afterward, he was gloomy, morose and churlish, ready to quarrel with any one and to carry his quarrel to extremities. During those times woe to any one about him who was remiss in his duty, or to any debtor who asked for a favor, or in fact to all who came in contact with him. It was, unhappily, in one of these moods that Mr. Lloyd received a visit from Mr. Senior, a kind-hearted man, who had interested himself in the welfare of a poor widow, who was one of Mr.



"She can Pay, and She Shall!"

Lloyd's tenants, and called upon that gentleman to plead on her behalf.

Owing in part to sickness, and in part to family afflictions, she was unable to lay by the rent, which hitherto had always been forthcoming at the right time. There was not a more honest or provident woman in the district than Mary Smith, and she was deeply grieved to be obliged to offer an explanation and a promise instead of the full amount due. Having heard the statement which Mr. Senior made on her behalf, Mr. Lloyd became furiously excited. The appeal to his generosity seemed to madden him. His nerves were quivering under the unnatural excitement produced by his large potations of rum, and his head was splitting with neuralgic torture. He rose from his seat with the look of a maniac in his eyes, and moving around the table until he stood opposite his visitor, he exclaimed with a look betraying his strong passion, and bringing down his fist with a crash on the table: "Mr. Senior, you are always ready to plead the cause of any dishonest man or woman who has a smooth tongue and a plausible excuse. I will hear no more. That woman owes the rent. She *can* pay it, and she *shall* pay it. Such messages as you have brought to-day shall not impose upon me. I know the world too well for that. I swear I will have my money if I have to sell the bed from under her to get it."

Mr. Senior perceived that further argument or appeal would be thrown away on the infuriated man, and knowing well that it was utterly impossible for the widow to meet the demand, resolved that he would obtain aid for her from some generous neighbor who might be induced to advance the money necessary to meet Mr. Lloyd's demand either as a gift or a loan. He accordingly without waiting to hear the close of Mr. Lloyd's oburgation left the office to go in search of the money.

All might have gone well, therefore, so far as Mrs. Smith was concerned, if it had not been for the headstrong fury of her foolish landlord. Going down to her cottage before Mr. Senior had had time to carry out his intentions, he so terrified the widow by his bullying and threats that Mrs. Smith, who was already a great sufferer from heart disease became strongly agitated. After he left her she was taken ill, and, in the course of the next

night, died, as every one believed, from the effects of the shock which the conduct of her landlord had given her.

And yet Mr. Lloyd, as we have said, was not naturally a hard-hearted man. When perfectly sober no one could desire a kinder neighbor, a better employer, or a more reasonable landlord. It was only when liquor maddened or muddled his brain that he became the terror of his family, and a curse to the neighborhood. When told of the death of the widow, and reminded of the previous visit of Mr. Senior on her behalf, his distress and self-reproach were severe. He loathed and cursed himself, his weakness and his vice, but even in his misery and remorse his thoughts turned to rum as the friend who could help him to forget his trouble, and on the same evening he was again intoxicated. Every effort to reclaim him ended in failure, and it was not long before his sad career was closed by an attack of inflammation, which resulted from hard drinking. He left a wife and three little boys to battle with the world without the protection of a husband and a father.

It was by one of the boys, now grown to a vigorous manhood, that the above incident was related in public as a warning to those who might be falling under the power of the intoxicating cup. The one relieving feature of the story is that Mr. Lloyd's widow, learning wisdom from her sad experience, trained her boys in the habits of temperance and godliness, and the one who related the incident has devoted his life to the advocacy of total abstinence, and has been the means of rescuing many a degraded man from his vicious appetites, and leading him to the Saviour.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 687.)

A Token of Gratitude.

IT was a little after eight o'clock one brilliant moonlight night toward the end of October, and Betty Sharplin was thinking about going to bed. Indeed, she would have gone to bed some minutes ago, only that the day happened to be Thursday, and she had not yet received the weekly gifts from the mayor of Southford.

The butter and bacon, and tea and eggs, were generally brought to her some time in the morning or afternoon; but it had happened, now and again, that Mr. Barnes had come over with the basket himself, after his dinner, catching her just as she had made up her mind that, at any rate, the day had come at last when he had forgotten her, or been obliged to put her on one side for some superior duty. This October night her faith in her friend had been thus tried, when firm, quick steps on the road without, and then a firm, sharp tap on her door, made her heart beat more quickly with reviving pleasure, and calling out "Come in," she rose at the same time, and hobbled forward to give a welcome to the late visitor.

But the heartiness of the welcome suffered considerable diminution when the old dame saw a stranger enter, instead of the expected well-known guest. However, he had a parcel in his hand, and he asked if she were Mrs. Sharplin; so she concluded naturally enough that he was a duly-accredited messenger from the mayor, and repeated her invitation to him to enter her tidy little room. Its

smallness became particularly apparent with its new occupant, who had to stoop to get in at the doorway, and when he was in almost touched the ceiling with his head, and could very nearly have touched the walls on either side of him with his outstretched hands.

There was a curious little pause after he had come in, both seeming to expect the other to begin the conversation. Meantime they gazed at each other with every appearance of a kind desire to improve their acquaintance. At last old Betty said gently, in a questioning tone, "You have come from the mayor, helike, Sir?"

"Well, yes, I guess I have in a sort of a way," was the half-laughing answer. "Although I cannot say that I have so much as even seen him to-day."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the old woman in surprise. "And yet he's sent you to me, only to think o' that now."

"But you must not think of that," said the visitor, laughing again good-humoredly, "because it is not true. The mayor has had nothing whatever to do with sending me; I have come of my own accord. Do you mean to say that you have never expected me to come one day and thank you for your goodness to me?"

"To come—to thank me—my goodness!" echoed old Betty in wondering bewilderment. "Deed then, Sir, I misdoubt me as ye've been making some mistake. It's little goodness as ever I've shown to any one; my means have aye been small, and I doubt I've not done by the tenth part as much as I might, even with what blessings have been granted me. If I may make so bold as say it, I think ye'll have come to the wrong cottage."

"And I think that I have done nothing of the sort," was the earnest reply. "Although you forget, or think so lightly of your kind deeds, as not to remember those to whom you show them, it is different with those who receive them. If you have no recollection of a certain miserable, starving tramp, to whom you gave tea and food one Sunday afternoon, between two and three months ago, in Silverdale Church porch, that same tramp has still got the whole affair clearly enough in his mind, I can tell you. And he has come over from Southford to-night expressly to let you know as much."

The old woman stared at the speaker from head to foot, and then, lifting up her hands and eyes, relieved herself of some of the overweight of astonishment with her usual ejaculation—"Deary me, deary, deary me!"

"Only to think," she added at last, and drawing a long breath, "only to think as you an' yon poor worn-out laddie are one and the same body. I never could ha' thought it; but 'deed, then, I'm fain to say as ye are greatly changed."

"Well, yes, I guess so, outwardly," said the man gravely. "Both my body and my clothes were worn out then, and thanks to regular work and regular pay, I'm not quite such a blot on this beautiful country as I was, to look at. I wish it was as easy to change the shabby, mean dinginess of the inner man as it is of the outer."

There was a shade of sorrowful bitterness in his voice that touched his companion's most earnest sympathies. A minute before she had been feeling unconsciously somewhat overpowered by the contrast between his vigor, and health, and strength of youth, and her own shrivelled, feeble old age. But that feeling was all lost now in pity. She had brought the cup of tea and the half of her own little dinner to the nourishment of the starving body; she was just as tenderly, unobtrusively ready to offer aid from her stores of faith and love to a hungry, thirsting soul.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," were to her no mere words to be heard and neglected, to be obeyed or disregarded as might suit the inclination or convenience of the moment. As her visitor expressed his disconsolate longing she came nearer to him, and said gently:

"Deed then, it seems to me as it's a deal easier to get the inner change than the outer one. A body has to do it all one's self, so to say, to earn good

clothes and nourishing food; but to get the new heart one has nought to do but to cry—'O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.'"

A slight smile came upon her hearer's face as the old woman ceased speaking, and as her guest had no answer ready but a half-uttered sigh of envy for her fulness of loving trust, there was a short silence again in the room.

"Won't ye sit down an' rest ye a bit?" said Mrs. Sharplin at last, recalled to the memory of the duties of hospitality, and the question reminded her visitor of his errand.

"Sit down," he exclaimed, "why, no indeed; I ought to have been away again five minutes ago. I have a good long tramp back to Southford, you know, and I have to be up early. I must be saying good-by at once; I only came to bring these over, and to beg you to accept them."

And as he spoke he swung his hand round, and for the first time brought his parcel to the fore, not the Barnes's family market-basket, but a package done up in brown paper.

"You won't hurt me by refusing them, will you?" asked the man anxiously, as the old woman drew back in momentary surprise from the hidden gift held toward her. Thus adjured, she came forward again, and taking the parcel in her hands, she opened it with trembling fingers, thereupon dropping half the contents, and holding the other half up with her uplifted hands, as she once more ejaculated, with glistening eyes:

"Deary-me, de-eary, deary-me! Did ever anyone! If they ain't the very things as I've been longing for. Don't I tell ye as He's the God of the widow and the desolate?"

Her companion uttered a sound something between a laugh and a choke as he made an effort to answer her. But after a moment he managed to get out the words, "Then my counsellor was right as to what I had better get for you."

"Right! I should think he was indeed," said old Betty with glad gratitude, still continuing the examination of the thick felt arctics, with their lining of scarlet lamb's wool. "But who could ye have asked?" she added, after a pause; and who could ha' been clever enough to just hit upon the very exact one thing as I most wanted?"

The giver of the boots laughed outright this time with genuine satisfaction at the success of his present, as he replied in a tone of amusement:

"Well, you have only got to think of the cleverest person, leaving out the vicar, anywhere about this neighborhood, and then you'll have guessed my instructor, and you'll have guessed the name of the very queerest little old man that ever I or any one else, I should imagine, ever saw in their lives."

Betty Sharplin looked at him with a smile. "If you hadn't said 'old man,' I should ha' thought, maybe, ye were speakin' o' little Bobby Balston."

"And it is even so; you have it," said the tramp, laughing again; "at least, that is what he tells me he is called, except when 'mother' calls him her 'odd little Bonny.' Well, we struck up a friendship in the fields one day, and since then I have several times, on Saturdays and Sundays, managed to get over to some of his favorite haunts to have a chat with him. Last Saturday I consulted with him as to what I could get to show my gratitude a little bit to you, and after a minute's thought he said, 'Hot boots, because mother had said you felt the cold draught cruel, under your door, to your feet last winter.' And so the best representation of hot boots I could find in Southford I have got for you, and it is odd little—"

He interrupted himself suddenly, and coming up to the old woman he took her hand in his, and muttered, in a voice so low that it was but just audible:

"And it is one of the lambs of the Lamb of God whom you must thank for them, and not me."

Then he bent and kissed the old withered hand reverently, as though it were a queen's, dropped it, turned, and was gone.

While Granny Sharplin sat with her new boots in her lap, and murmuring, as a thanksgiving rather than as a prayer, "That it may please thee to provide for the widows, and all that are deso-

late," the tramp pursued his lonely way along the moonlit roads back to Southford, meditating with a longing, hungering heart over the petition the old woman had so meekly, tenderly offered to him for his aid and comfort:

"O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us."

He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he scarcely even noticed a dog-cart which passed him rapidly just as he got out of Silverdale, and a quarter of an hour later he was still trudging along in the same state of abstraction when it came up with him again. The occupant of the dog-cart was going along more quietly now, or the possibility is that he would have run over the dreamy pedestrian, whose unguided feet had now strayed right into the middle of the roadway. As it was, the driver certainly did not expect to find the person he was looking for right in front of him like that, and while turning his eyes from side to side as he drove along, he very nearly ran down the object of his search. The swerving of the intelligent animal was the first notice its owner had of any one in his path; and the horse's hot breath on his cheek was the first signal to the tramp that he had not hit upon quite the most prudent track for a night walk. A second and more peremptory warning very quickly followed:

"Hullo, you there! are you tired of having all your legs and limbs about you?" shouted a pair of stentorian lungs in an imperative tone. "If you are, just say so, and I'll get down and have a round with you; but it's mean to risk laying the blame of the affair on the poor animal."

"Or on any one else, for one's own carelessness," was the apologetic answer, as the tramp hastily stepped to one side, and waited as for the dog-cart to pass on before he continued his own route; but instead of driving on the owner of the carriage made a more determined stay than before, and said coolly, "Well, as you don't seem anxious for a wrestling match, you may as well get up beside me, if you are Wynn as I suppose. For we are both bound, in that case, for the same place."

"Not quite," was the grave answer. "And I would rather walk, thank you, sir."

"And I would rather you drove," said the mayor of Southford decidedly. "Good old Granny Sharplin told me that you had been paying her a visit, and I have regularly cheated her out of half her expected chat with me, on purpose to catch you up before you could have turned off the high road, and got lost in some ditch or other in hunting for a short cut. Come, jump up, there's a good fellow. I really wish to have a talk with you, and every day just now brings so much of its own business that it is as well to do two things at once when one can."

The young man, finding that compliance with his employer's invitation would evidently be more acceptable at the moment than persistence in his modest refusal, made no further resistance, and the next minute the good horse was carrying the two companions—the manufacturer and one of his "hands"—onward to their destinations, the one to his home in one of a row of neat little buildings called "Southford Cottages," in the "Post-Office Guide," but popularly known as "Barnes's Lot;" the other to his well-earned home in the handsome mansion entitled Southford Hall.

But after some five minutes or more had passed, and the only sounds that broke the silence of the night-hushed road were the rolling of the wheels and the tramp of the horse's feet, Charles Wynn began to have a suspicion that the only talk which the mayor wished to have with him was the one which had begun, and ended, in insisting on saving him the long return walk to the town. The silence continuing, the suspicions gradually faded away, and the young man's mind was beginning to lapse back into its former state of dreamy abstractedness, from which the horse's breath on his cheek had aroused him. However, he had scarcely thus recovered his old train of thought when he was a second time called upon to put it by for another season.

"Can you write?" was the abrupt question with which Mr. Barnes suddenly resumed his conversa-

tion. Before his surprised companion could answer the unexpected query, he asked a second, still more abruptly than the first—"Can you drive?"

"Yes," said the young man, rather doubtful himself as to which of the two questions he intended to reply with that particular "Yes." However, his doubtfulness on the matter was an affair of no consequence to the mayor, who applied it to the latter of his two queries, and immediately continued, "Ay, to be sure, of course you can. I remember my daughter told me so. A regular Jehu, in fact. So just be good enough to change places with me. My eyes are not quite so strong as they were, and if I get interested in what I'm going to talk to you about, or you plague me with contradictions, there's no saying positively that I mayn't drive into the hedge, or up against a set of palings; and you'll get the chief blame of any mischief from Mrs. Barnes and my daughter, I'll be bound."

(To be continued.)

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

S. S. Lesson for November 12. Mark 15: 1-15. Golden Text, Isaiah 53: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Temporal and Spiritual Powers in Anti-Christian Alliance—A Diseased Woman Healed in Answer to Prayer—The Scribes Fear Defilement—Pilate's Political Question—The Prisoner's Silence Excites Surprise—Herod's Disappointed Curiosity—Pilate's Wife's Warning—The Stain on Pilate's Hands—Behold the Man—Pilate's Fears of Denunciation.

THE attempts of the ecclesiastical council of Jerusalem to condemn Jesus lasted the whole night; "And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, and bound Jesus (they need not have been afraid of His escaping them), and carried Him away, and delivered Him to Pilate." The temporal and spiritual powers combined against Jesus. It is even so now. The governments of so-called Christian countries and some of the clergy, look on quietly enough while prostitution, drunkenness, the use of tobacco and opiates, and the fearfully increasing love of pleasure are sapping the spiritual, moral, and physical health of the people; but when men and women arise, who are bold enough to stand out fearlessly, and condemn these evils in the name of Jesus, we find the greater part of "the powers that be" have misgivings as to "whereunto this will grow," and they pronounce it dangerous. It would be all right if education had done it, man would have had the glory; but men who know not God, count it sheer fanaticism to believe that Jesus has real active power, and that He exerts it among us at the present day.

When a woman at Luton in England, who was some years ago suffering excruciating pain from a diseased breast, was

HEALED IMMEDIATELY

in answer to the prayer of an *American Christian*, the doctor who was attending her seeing she was healed, became very angry and refused to believe that no remedy had been used, and that the power which healed her was only the name of Jesus. O why should man be at such unreasonable enmity with God?

The priests and elders, full of jealousy, bitter envy and enmity in their unclean hearts, would not enter into the judgment-hall "lest they should be defiled!!!" They had not learned practically that God desires "truth in the inward parts" (Ps. 51: 6). On account of their scrupulousness, Pilate the judge was obliged to reverse the usual order of judge and witnesses, he "went out unto them, and said, What accusation bring ye against this Man?" This seemed to vex them, and they retaliated that if He were not a malefactor they would not have delivered Him unto them. Pilate was unwilling to take upon himself the judgment of such a Man, whose character and whose influence was so well known: "for he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy," so he said, "Take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law" (John 18: 28-32). But this could not be, for He had Himself foretold that the chief priests and scribes should condemn Him to death,

and should deliver Him to the Gentiles (Mark 10: 33).

Pilate's first question to Jesus had been

A POLITICAL QUESTION;

the Jews had represented Him as opposing the existing government by His pretensions to the Jewish throne (Luke 23: 2). Pilate said unto Him, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus answered him, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of Me?" "Am I a Jew?" replied Pilate, "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me; what hast Thou done?" And Jesus told him of a kingdom "not of this world." Pilate knew nothing of things divine, but it is evident how unwilling he was to take part in the condemnation of Jesus, and when in answer to his question, "Art Thou a King then?" he answered, "Thou sayest that I am a king," and He went on to declare, that He came into the world to bear witness unto the truth and said, "Everyone that is of the truth heareth My voice." Pilate himself then became an inquirer, and said "What is truth?" (John 18: 33-38). But, alas, he did not wait for the answer; perhaps if he had, he would not have borne the eternal shame of having pronounced sentence against Jesus and caused Him to be put to death.

Then "the chief priests accused Him of many things, but He answered nothing." This surprised Pilate; he had been accustomed to hear those who were accused vehement in their attempts to prove themselves in the right, and this Man, against whom he could see no just shadow of a charge, had not a word to say in His own defence. Nothing so strikes unspiritual men as enduring grief, suffering wrongfully, this is to them an impossibility. "Then said Pilate to the chief priests, and to the people, 'I find no fault in this Man.'" But this incensed them more; and "they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." Now Pilate thought there was a loophole of escape, he would cast the responsibility upon another, and hearing that He belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him to Herod.

HEROD'S CURIOSITY WAS EXCITED,

he had long desired to see Jesus, and "hoped to have seen some miracle done by Him; so he questioned Him in many words, but received no answer, and his own wishes were not gratified; therefore he and his men of war made sport of their prisoner, little knowing who it was that they set at nought and mocked and arrayed in a gorgeous robe" (Luke 23: 4-11). And He came back on the governor's hands.

Pilate must give sentence, he could not shirk the responsibility which devolved upon him. Knowing and acknowledging that Jesus was innocent, he must either brave the displeasure of the Jews and Herod, or he must sin against his own integrity as judge, against his own soul, and crush the spark of conscience which was alight within him. He sought

ANOTHER EXPEDIENT.

"Now at that feast he released unto them one prisoner, whomsoever they desired. And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection." Probably he thought that at any rate they would not receive the dangerous Barabbas back among them. So he put to them the alternative, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ?" (Matthew 27: 17). The chief priests and elders seized the opportunity to work upon the feelings of the multitude that they should ask Barabbas.

Meanwhile Pilate's wife sent unto him, saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." *Poor vacillating Pilate*, afraid to do the right thing, because he would not forfeit his popularity, seeing the right clearly as the jealous Jews could not, urged to it by his wife, by his own conscience, and yet for selfish motives, unwilling to do it. The chief priests had succeeded in gaining over the people, Barabbas was chosen, and Pilate in his dilemma asked,

"WHAT SHALL I DO THEN WITH JESUS, which is called Christ?" O, the cowardice of a man who knows the right and hesitates to do it. Was it becoming in the judge to take counsel of the court as to his sentence? He had pronounced Jesus innocent, and the law demanded that the innocent should be acquitted. "They all say unto him, Let Him be crucified." Well might he ask, "Why, what evil hath He done?" They only cried, "Let Him be crucified."

The mob was becoming excited, order must be maintained at all costs; and yet, how satisfy his own conscience? He called for water, and "washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it" (Matthew 27: 12-24).

WAS HE INNOCENT,

does the Christian Church say so? Is it not repeated in thousands of congregations continually, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate?" "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him, and the soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on His head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail King of the Jews! and they smote Him with their hands." Pilate was uneasy, he could not be at rest, he reiterated his persuasion of the innocence of the condemned and said, "Behold, I bring Him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him" (John 19: 1-4). O how vain are words when they run counter to action, O how weak is the man whose deeds belie his words.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man." What did *he* mean? Did he see in that Man what he never saw in any other? Our faith can say indeed, Behold *the* Man, the only Man in whom all men are included, in whom all sin is atoned for, in whom God is reconciled to all men, and in whom all men may be, if they will be, reconciled to God. The Man in whom sin and all its consequences have been dealt with, on whom the filthy garments have been changed (Zechariah 3: 3-5). O to lose all other men, and ourselves above all, from our horizon, so as to see none but in relation to Him!

The chief priests and officers continued their demand, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" Pilate once more sought to escape the responsibility, "Take ye Him and crucify Him, he said, for I find no fault in Him." The Jews answered him, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God." "When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid; and went again into the judgment-hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art Thou? But Jesus gave him no answer." Poor man, tossed to and fro, uncertain how to act! O how terribly true it is, that when conscience is tampered with, it becomes more and more difficult to act. And the silence of Jesus did not help him out of his difficulty: he said unto Him, "Speakest Thou not unto me? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee?" "Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release Him." But he had gone too far; there was no going back now without forfeiting all his worldly position.

"The Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend; whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar" (John 19: 12). This was enough. The Jews and Satan gained the day; and Pilate committed the fearful sin of giving sentence against the Man whom he had pronounced innocent. Dear readers, do you ever trifle thus with your own conscience? Do you consider your own interests, and weigh them against that which you know to be the right course? Are you more afraid to trust God and to sacrifice your earthly interests, than to trust the devil who would drive you to evil? O may God increase our courage for the right, that we may decide aright that question which each of us must answer, "What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The British Parliament Reassembled on Tuesday, October 24th. An autumn session is a very unusual event, but the time of the House of Commons during the last session was so fully occupied by Irish affairs that other urgent business was neglected, hence the extra session. The primary business before the House of Commons is the question of its own procedure. An attempt is being made by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to defeat the obstructive tactics of a minority of the members who, by taking advantage of the rules of the House are now able to waste the time of Parliament by a series of motions for adjournment and pressing them to a division. The scheme known as "the closure," introduced by the Cabinet gives the majority of the House the power to check these tactics by a rising vote. It is opposed by the Conservatives who being in a minority in the present House of Commons object to endowing their opponents with summary power to curtail debate. It is expected that the Irish party will also oppose the scheme unless their neutrality has been purchased by the promise of further concessions.

Votes of Thanks to the Commanders, Officers, and men, of the British army in Egypt were passed in both Houses of Parliament on October 26th. That in the House of Commons was moved by Mr. Gladstone, who in an eloquent speech eulogized all engaged in the war. He said the Indian contingent was most worthy of the brotherhood into which they had entered. He also announced that it would be the duty of the government to propose suitable annuities for Admiral Seymour and General Wolseley, who, he said, had accepted peerages. He spoke for an hour and concluded with a peroration on the confidence the country might repose in its military forces. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservatives, seconded the vote of thanks, but reserved his opinion in regard to the effect of the conquest of Egypt. The vote was opposed by Sir Wilfred Lawson, Mr. Richard and other members of the Peace Society but was passed by a vote of 357 to 17.

An Attempt to Assassinate the King of Serbia was made in the cathedral at Belgrade on October 23d. A woman fired twice at him, but both balls missed her aim. After the attempt, Queen Natalie, the wife of the King, who was with him in the cathedral, fainted and was carried in an unconscious condition to the palace. The King accompanied her thither, and then returned to the church unattended and remained until the end of the service. The crowd attempted to lynch the assassin, who is the widow of a man executed for rioting some time ago. It is supposed that she was incited to commit the crime by a secret society.

The Incendiary Fires Observed in the Neighborhood of St. Petersburg proceeded from the Gromoff lumber yard, the largest in Europe, situated on the banks of the Neva. Three other fires had just previously broken out in distant parts of the capital, which delayed several of the firemen. The fire was first observed in a stable, next to a warehouse where hay was stored and also close to another containing twenty casks of petroleum. The wind localized the conflagration, which might have enveloped the whole neighborhood. There were in the woodyard 3,000,000 planks and 200,000 beams belonging to the Russian Government. The yard covers a superficial space of more than a million square yards. The value of the contents is estimated at \$4,000,000, of which more than one half is destroyed. The fire is believed to be an incendiary one, and is attributed to the Nihilists. The outbreak of seven other fires simultaneously confirms this opinion.

A Panic has been Produced in Lyons and other French cities by the discovery of an extensive organization formed to bring about a revolution. The event which led to the discovery was an outrage committed in Lyons on October 23d. About two o'clock in the morning of that day, there was an alarming explosion in a restaurant attached to a theatre. Two reports were heard under one of the tables. There were 200 people in the restaurant, who rushed hurriedly into the street. A third and more formidable explosion then occurred, which shattered tables and mirrors and other arti-

cles, and seriously injured three persons. Several arrests were made and documents were found proving the existence of a powerful conspiracy. They show that it is composed of a small number of staunch supporters in all the towns and manufacturing villages of France. The members are mostly young men, who distribute revolutionary papers. Each group has a distinctive name. The headquarters are at Geneva. A private telegram from Lyons represents the state of the city as very alarming. The promptest action on the part of the military authorities is advocated in order to prevent a revolutionary rising. Business is suspended and more troops have been telegraphed for. There has rarely been so much anxiety expressed in regard to the future as now. It is believed that the whole of Europe is honeycombed with secret societies working for anarchy.

The Irish Members of Parliament have Held a conference to form plans for future work. It was decided to press for amendments to the Arrears of Rent bill. The amendment agreed upon is for the extension of the time in which a settlement can be made with a landlord in respect to the rent for 1881. It was also decided to endeavor to secure the creation of an occupying ownership or peasant proprietary by an amendment of the purchase clauses of the Land act of 1881, so as to secure the advance by the State of the whole of the purchase money and the extension of the period of repayment over sixty-three years. The transfer by compulsory purchase to county boards of land not cultivated by the owners and not in the occupation of tenants for resale or re-letting to laborers and small farmers in plots or grazing commonages. The protection from the imposition of rent on improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors in title.

The False Prophet's Movement is Producing serious anxiety in Egypt. The Egyptian correspondent of the New York Herald has sent the following telegram to that journal: Most alarming news has been received from Khartoum. The False Prophet, at the head of the whole able-bodied population of the Soudan, reinforced by some cannibal tribes of Central Africa, has defeated Abd-el-Kader and Giegler, the Egyptian Governors, in seven sanguinary pitched battles. The Egyptian loss in killed and wounded was 8000, with their stand of arms, including 5000 Remingtons. The remnant of the Egyptian army took refuge in Khartoum and is now besieged there. All the provinces south of that city are lost to Egypt. News of the capture of Khartoum is daily expected. The False Prophet permits the pouring of boiling tallow into the eyes and ears of his captives and otherwise fiendishly tortures them. His man-eaters in some cases actually devour their prisoners for refusing to recognize him as the true prophet and Khalif. Dr. Schweinfurth assures me that there is a movement for the real revival of Islam, comprising Afghanistan and Morocco, and the Doctor is confident that the movement will embrace Khartoum. The False Prophet's adherents increase like wildfire, and the prophet himself is said to be marching toward Cairo. An account of this so-called prophet was given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 28th.

The Serious Illness of Mr. George Muller the founder of the Orphanage, at Bristol, England, is again exciting the apprehensions, of his family and friends. He is so weak, and his sufferings are so severe that it is feared his work on earth is done. He is now seventy-seven years of age, having been born at Kroppenstaedt, Prussia, on September 27th, 1805. Mr. Muller's recent visits to this country have won for him many personal friends, who though well acquainted with his work of faith, were not until recently intimate with the great Christian philanthropist. Many prayers are being offered that God will support and comfort him in his hour of weakness.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Labored During their visit to Paris, with unabated vigor, and much interest was aroused in the metropolis of French frivolity, fashion, and dissipation. Some of the meetings were held in the American Chapel, Rue de Berri, others in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Among those who rendered assistance

to the distinguished evangelists, were M. de Presensé, a Senator and a Protestant pastor, Dr. Hitchcock, and the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, who was staying in Paris on his wedding tour. Referring to the services, a Parisian correspondent says: "Many who expected a sensational revivalist uproar were surprised, not to say disappointed, by the sobriety and decency with which the service was conducted."

The Bethshan Faith Healing Home in London conducted by the Rev. W. E. Boardman and Mrs. M. Baxter has been removed to a more commodious building at 10 Drayton Park, North London. The new house which has been purchased for \$20,000 was opened on October 11th. Dr. Boardman said on the occasion that the past experience of the managers had taught them two or three things. One was that it was not wise to have this house, or any other house, opened with the idea that it is an hospital, where people could remain for a long time. They felt it incumbent upon them to shorten the time, and to look for immediate healing. That was the Lord's way he was sure. It so happened that the Lord had ordered their opening day to come on his seventy-second birthday; and he never felt more elastic, more full of brightness, and never able to do more brain work or muscular work. Several American Christians are at present inmates of the home.

"The Lion Sermon" was Duly Preached in London on October 16th in accordance with the directions given more than two centuries ago by the then Lord-Mayor of London, who left a bequest to pay the preacher of it. It was founded in commemoration of a thrilling incident in the life of the founder. It is recorded that Sir John Gayer, who afterward held the office of Lord-Mayor, on a certain October 16th, was travelling in Arabia. Becoming detached from the caravan, a lion approached him. Sir John was unarmed, and thinking his last hour was come, he fell upon his knees in prayer, upon which the lion looked at him, but after a few seconds walked off. Sir John then vowed to perpetuate the commemoration of his miraculous deliverance, and the funds he left for this purpose have enabled his wish to be carried out faithfully by means of the above service, which always takes place on October 16th.

A Prayer-Meeting Before the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir was held by some Christian soldiers in the British Army.—Private James Moodie, who has just returned from Egypt to England, with a bayonet wound, gives the following narrative: "From the beginning of the movement from camp to Tel-el-Kebir, all the way along the march I was talking to the lads about the salvation of their souls, and I trust many heard for eternity. Just before the battle we halted at Gunpit Hill, and I and my Salvation comrades were having a prayer-meeting. When we got word to march, I still urged my comrades, with all earnestness of soul, to get ready to meet God, and one, for whom we repeatedly prayed at Aldershot, who as we advanced, was taking the name of the Lord in vain, fell under almost the first shot that was fired, shot through the heart. We got the word to advance on to the trenches, and I, leaping into the trench, came upon the top of the bayonet of one of our men. I thought my time was come; but Jesus was very near to me, and cheered me all the way."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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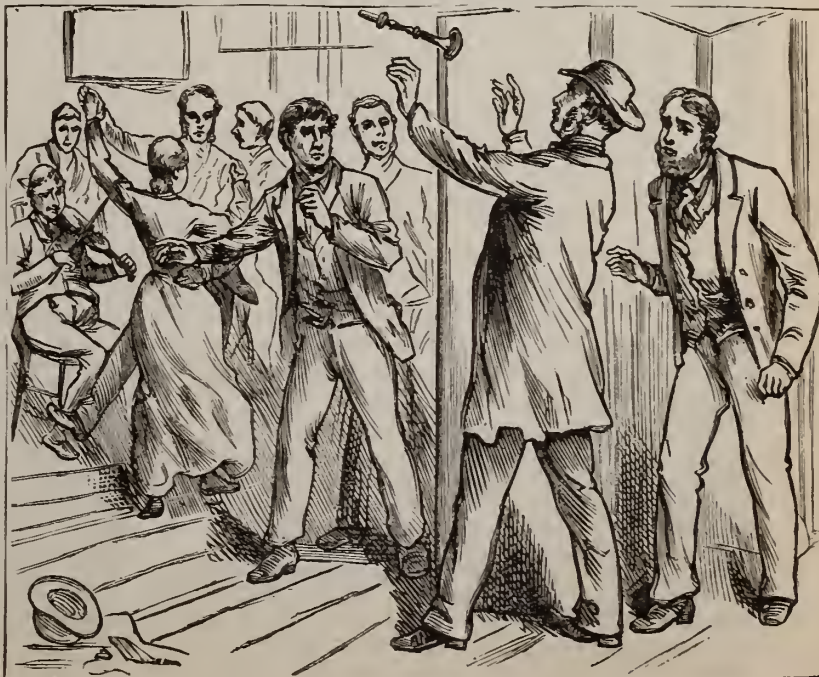
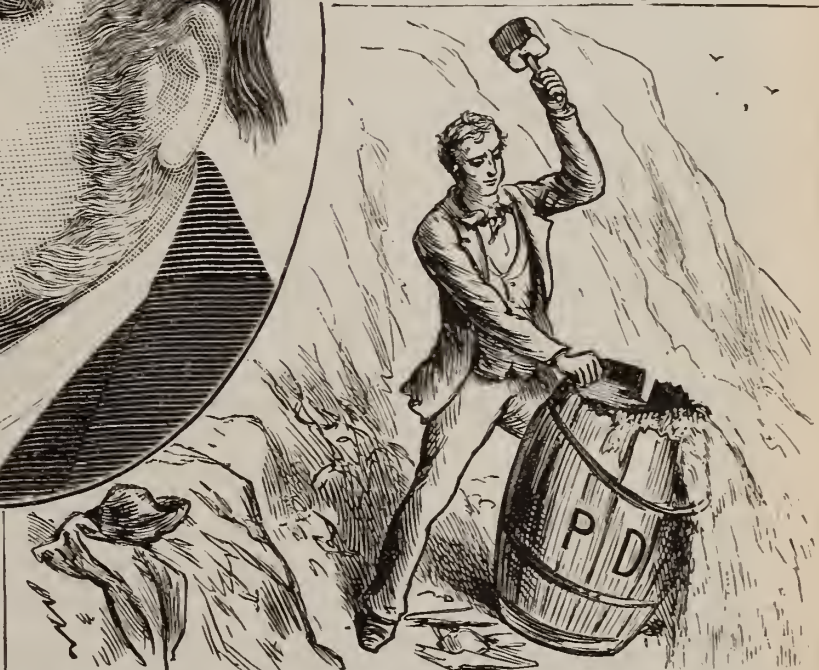
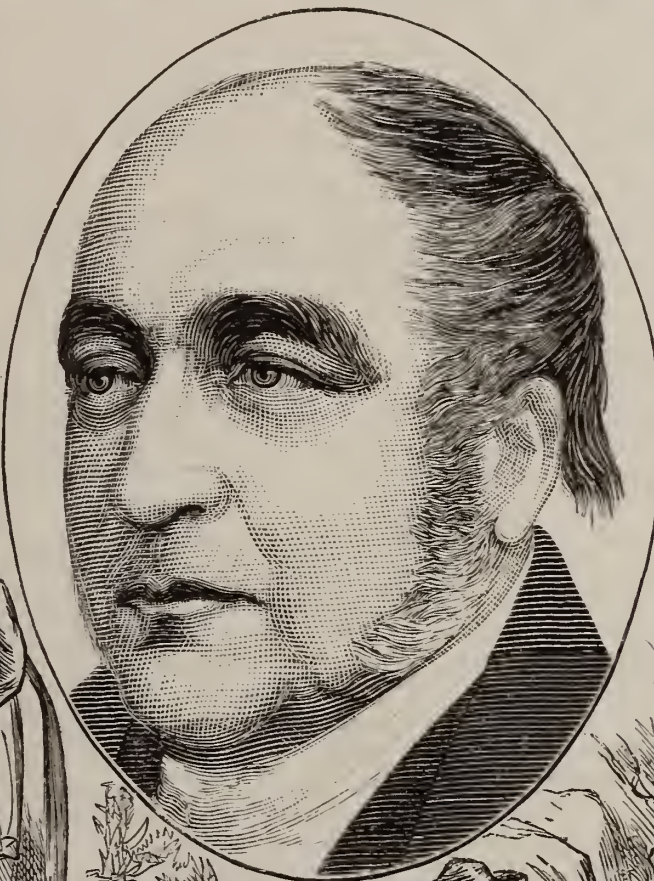
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

16th Year. No. 45.—New Series.

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SAMUEL BUDGETT, THE SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN MERCHANT—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

SAMUEL BUDGETT,

The Christian Merchant.

Early Glimpses of His Character—Recovery of a Horse through a Dream—Boyish Perils and Providential Escapes—Predilections for Trading—Picks up a Horseshoe and Sells It—Purchases and Sells a Young Donkey—Apprenticed to His Brother at Kingswood—Overhears His Mother Praying for Him—Two Powerful Ambitions—A Reverie—His Calling in Life Decided—Discharged by His Brother—Obtains a Situation at Bristol—Returns to His Brother—The Happiness of His Sundays—Becomes Partner with His Brother—A Cask of Pepper Dust Doomed—A Fire Necessitates Removal to Bristol—Earnest Christian Life—Peaceful Death.

THE question has often been argued, whether it is possible to make the best of both worlds, and in spite of all that has been said upon the subject it has never been satisfactorily answered. Can a man mixing in the world, engaged in business, surrounded by temptations and dealing with men of the world, competing with unscrupulous men, realize a fortune and enjoy all that is regarded as the best of this world and yet so live as to glorify his Saviour? That is the question. Worldly professors answer it in the negative. Christians who have failed in business answer it also in the negative. But a few conspicuous examples of wealthy Christian merchants seem to imply that an affirmative answer might be given with some degree of confidence. In their case the prayer of the Saviour offered shortly before He was led out to die for His people (John 17 : 15) appears to have been fully answered. Among such examples there are none more brilliant than that of the eminent man whose portrait appears on the frontispiece of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week—Samuel Budgett the Christian merchant.

Mr. Samuel Budgett, was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, England, on July 27th, 1794, and died in April, 1851, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The first glimpses we have of his character reveal to us two things, first, an extreme sensitiveness and a painful timidity; and, second, a habit of quick observation and a readiness to draw from what he saw a lesson applicable to the emergencies of the future. The latter was one of the great elements of the power he acquired as a commercial man.

RECOVERY OF A HORSE THROUGH A DREAM.

One of his very earliest recollections is associated with a remarkable dream of his father's. He thus related it in after years: "After having lost a black mare for some weeks, supposing it to have been stolen, my father had given up all search; and when he awoke one morning, he said to mother, 'Betsy, I have dreamed that I found the mare at Kingston Seamore, grazing on the moors; and the dream is so distinct, I'll go and see.' He soon obtained a horse, and rode off. My mother having told us of it we were in full expectation, toward evening, of my father's return; and a little before dusk, as we were all looking out, big with expectation and hope, the gate flew open, and in rode my father on the horse with which he left home in the morning, and leading the black mare in his right hand. The delight and glee which we felt on his arrival, at his success, left an impression which will never be effaced."

BOYISH PERILS AND ESCAPES.

What child has not his dangers and his deliverances? And the youthful Samuel was no exception to the rule. Besides a terrible accident in a tanpit, where he was hardly rescued from drowning, he had a misadventure which left a mark upon his countenance to the end of his life. He himself narrates the story thus:

"We then lived in a large house at Nailsea, having large entrance gates on the left hand of a long yard opposite the house door. On the right hand was a cherry orchard, on the left, was a flight of steps leading to the kitchen garden, at the bottom of which was a bathing-pond; and on one occasion, when this was emptied, a large quantity of mud had collected at the bottom, which was drawn away by a cart with three horses. As the cart was moving on, when loaded, from the pond, I, being between five and six years of age, ran before

the wheels, and falling on my back, the broad wheels passed over my right thigh, across my body, over the left shoulder, grazing my chin, and has left a mark to this day. My father took me up for dead; but on being bled I recovered consciousness, and was soon better."

EARLY PREDILECTIONS FOR TRADING.

In the year 1803, the family removed to Coleford, where the father opened a small general store. The same benevolent Providence which sends among mankind some qualified by special genius to advance their knowledge and happiness, also sends some qualified by special genius to advance their commercial development. Such a man was Samuel Budgett. He was born a merchant, just as other men have been born poets, painters, or mathematicians. Just as other boys naturally betook themselves to rhyming, sketching, or making mechanical models, so young Budgett naturally betook himself to *making bargains*. That was evidently his destined sphere of activity in the busy world, and he entered upon it early.

THE FIRST BARGAIN.

It was at the age of ten, and at Coleford, that he began to exhibit his mercantile predilections, and to lay the foundation of his habits and his fortune. His own account of his first essay in merchandise and his first possession of money, is as follows: "The first money I ever recollect possessing was gained in this way. I went to Mr. Milks, of Kilmersdon, to school, a distance of three miles. One day, on my way, I *picked up a horseshoe, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny*. That was the first coin I ever possessed and I have never since been without money *except when I gave it all away*."

When, doing little chores for neighbors and in other ways gaining money he had added to the original penny he invested a part of it in a purchase that would yield no return but poetry and devotion—the two things which one would least expect to find dwelling in the same heart with such a marvellous love of traffic. As one sees the little merchant counting over his profits, the thought suggested is, what a lover of money he will be. But he is subsequently seen making haste to exchange his cash for "Wesley's Hymns," not that he may sell the volume and make more gain, but that he may read, and learn, and sing. It is clearly evident that there is something more in that young heart than an inordinate appetite for gold.

SPECULATES IN A DONKEY.

When Samuel was about twelve years old, he saw a man walking along with an old donkey and a young one. He asked the price of the young one. The man named the figure. The lad tried to see if he would take less, but finding he would not, got a cord, put it round the young donkey's neck, paid the money, took it home, and kept it a few days, then sold it to a Mrs. Ellis for double its cost; but she said she had no money, but would pay in the course of the week. He objected to leave it without security. But here a difficulty arose, as she had no security to offer, but an article of clothing, which had just cost double the price she had agreed to pay for the animal. "Oh," said young Budgett, "there is nothing like that, because it is easily carried." So, on receiving it, he carried it all through the village in his hand, and said, "Mother, here's something for you to keep. I have sold the donkey; Mrs. Ellis will call and pay five shillings; be sure and not let her have it without the money. The donkey, however, died, and Mrs. Ellis wished to have her security returned without the money; but in vain, as Samuel believed the death was occasioned by want of proper treatment, and, "By that transaction," he says, "I learned that 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'" (*The panel of our frontispiece in the left-hand corner of the upper portion represents this transaction.*)

APPRENTICED TO HIS BROTHER.

By the time Samuel had reached his fourteenth year, he was an experienced merchant in practice and in sagacity; and his savings were worth \$150, the fruit of his boyish barter. At this time he was apprenticed to his elder brother at Kingswood. One would expect that he would march forth to his apprenticeship exulting in his wealth, and full

of visions as to the golden days to come. Already, his penny had multiplied seven thousand two hundred times. What might not his present capital become, if used with equal ability? Such would be the calculations, such the emotions, one would naturally look for in such a boy, as he turned his steps to face the world. But how does his own simple record of what then happened falsify such anticipations—"By the time I left Coleford for Kingswood, when I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, I had saved £30, which I *presented to my parents*. They intended returning the amount, but could not."

HIS MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Mrs. Budgett was an eminently pious woman, and her influence on the character of her son was powerful and beneficent. One day, when Samuel was about nine years of age, he was passing his mother's door, and heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family, and *for himself by name*. He thought, "My mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation." In that hour he decided to serve God, and the impression then made was never obliterated. His religious feelings thus began at the door of his mother's chamber.

TWO POWERFUL AMBITIONS.

Samuel's early piety was lighted up by two kindred ambitions. It is related of the great Warren Hastings, whose name figures so conspicuously in the modern history of India, that when he was seven years old he lay, one bright day in June, on the banks of a rivulet that ran through the domains which his ancestors had owned, and resolved on recovering that lost inheritance; and he "would be Hastings of Daylesford." Samuel Budgett, in similar circumstances, foined his own more modest scheme. He had no ancestral domain to win back. He thought not of personal power and station. But he resolved to place his family in competence, and cherished the idea also of becoming an instrument in the hands of God of bringing the dark heathen to Christ.

Each course to which Samuel's heart impelled him had its own distinctive charm. Each charm was hallowed by its own peculiar sacredness. Filial love consecrated the one; love to souls, the other. It was a struggle which the heart of many a young Christian knows. How deeply it engaged the heart of this earnest lad, let his own recital tell. He says: "I was in a great strait between two courses of life; as to whether I had better direct my attention to obtaining a qualification for going out as a missionary, or to preparing for business. On the one hand, I had a great desire to be useful in a spiritual point of view; on the other, I felt sensibly the strong claims which my family had on my efforts in a pecuniary way."

HIS CALLING IN LIFE DECIDED.

"One day, as I was riding along on my father's horse, so deeply was I engaged in this absorbing question that I fell into a reverie. I entirely lost sight of where I was going, nor do I know how long I continued in that state. All I remember is, that when I awoke from the reverie, I found the bridle loose from my hand on the horse's neck, and he standing under a large tree in a lane, eating grass; and it appeared to me that I had been for a considerable time surrounded by a large concourse of people, whom I had been entreating with feelings of the deepest interest to flee from the wrath to come, and to accept of present salvation through faith in Christ. One thing is certain, I had been weeping a great deal, as the saddle and the horse's shoulders were wet with my tears; and I rode home with feelings of conscious dignity and peace, such as I cannot describe, and I almost thought of devoting myself to the work of the ministry. But from a fancied consciousness of my want of capacity, and my want of education or the means of obtaining it, I felt a fear of mentioning my impressions to any person. I thought I must plod on as I could, and get my bread and help my family."

DISCHARGED FOR "WANT OF ABILITY."

The brother to whom Samuel Budgett was apprenticed, was fifteen years his senior, was owner of a house and a business, and to the lad appeared immensely his own superior—far above him and

nidable. The house at Kingswood, occupied Mr. H. H. Budgett was very humble, yet it was the most considerable in the place, "the great p on the cassy" (causeway). All around were rude and humble cots of the collier population. The immediate neighborhood were nests of or- ized robbers, who preyed with terrible effect on surrounding country. Samuel was very small his age, and though his life was one unceasing nd of labor, he failed to give satisfaction to his ther, and when only half through his appren- ship, in June, 1812, he was discharged for rant of ability."

OBTAINS A SITUATION IN BRISTOL.

To his sensitive heart this was a terrible blow. Month was allowed him to look for a situation. He heard of a Mr. B—, in Bristol, who had a ancy, and with considerable trepidation Samuel ured his shop. He felt as if his size, his looks, dress, everything was against him. Timidly, eagerly, he addressed himself to Mr. B—. "I fear you are not strong enough for my situa- n," he said. "Oh, do try me, sir, I am sure I t do," pleaded the candidate. "Will you write ir address?" was the next inquiry. The lad s not quite certain what the word "address" ght mean, so he replied, "I can write an in- ce, sir." "Very well," said the shopkeeper; write 86lbs. of bacon, at 9d. per lb." He ote, but the reckoning was wrong. He tried a ond time, but again failed. His heart sank thin him.

Then in came a young man seeking for the situ- on, taller, better-dressed, and in every way far ore eligible in appearance than he. At him he oked with despair; against such a rival he could ve no hope. Mrs. B— was by, and observing e excitement of the poor boy, said a word in his or. "But he is not strong enough; you could ver carry those heavy cheeses," pointing to e high up on the shelves. "Do let me try, I am sure I can do it," replied the anxious d. In a second he was up to the cheeses, and umphantly displayed his strength. His candi- ture was successful, and a month afterward he tered upon the duties of his new situation.

RETURNS TO HIS BROTHER.

His employer soon discovered his assistant's ue, and his employer's wife treated him with e greatest kindness. When Samuel had spent out six months with them, his brother became isirous to recall him to his service. To this Mr. — strongly objected, alleging that as his oter had dismissed him he could not possibly ave any claim. He was very warm upon the oint, and offered Samuel an advancing salary, if he ould only stay. But his brother told him that it as his duty to complete the period for which he ad undertaken to serve without salary. This de- cided him. He gave up his salary in Bristol and turned to Kingswood, to complete the three years, ad more, of the apprenticeship which remained.

WELCOME SABBATHS.

During this time his Sundays were welcome ays. The first dawn of improvement on Kings- ood had come with Whitefield and Wesley. heir heaven-inspired words had been blessed of od to the fashioning anew of many an evil life, nd many a wretched home was lighted up with e charities and joys of the religion of Christ. Whitefield had built a tabernacle; Wesley had ounded a school. Adjoining the school was a hapel; and there it was the custom of Samueludgett, in his apprentice days, to worship God n the day of rest, with a mind eager for every eam of intellectual light, with a heart hungry for very crumb of intellectual food.

To him, a sermon was indeed a repast, a ban- uet, a festival, and often, after service, he would ut his fingers in his ears, to exclude every sound hat might drive away one thought from his mem- ory, and, hurrying from the chapel, would not stop till he had reached an old quarry that lay be- hind their house, and here, seating himself upon some pieces of "slag," he would lay up for future recollection, every important point of the dis- course. He became an active Sunday-school teacher, and an indefatigable tract distributor, and even in the years of his prosperity he never aban-

doned labor in those honorable spheres of Chris- tian activity, until he was called to higher service in the skies.

PARTNERSHIP WITH HIS BROTHER.

He was about twenty-two years of age when his apprenticeship expired. He then made an engage- ment with his brother for three years, at a pro- gressive salary. At the end of this period he had saved out of his salary a sum worth \$500, but his brother had embarked in a speculation which had gone wrong, and was in financial jeopardy. Samuel at once desired him, in the kindest possi- ble manner, to accept his small store, and thus, once again, after having laid up the foundation of a fortune, he, at the call of a family affection, gave it all away. A short time afterward he was rewarded for his industry and kindness by his brother taking him into partnership.

METHODS ADOPTED TO INCREASE TRADE.

As the business grew, the views of the younger brother began to stretch beyond their actual sphere. He seemed already to desecrate in the dis- tance the possibility of a great wholesale establish- ment, but he would not attempt what he could not accomplish. His splendid success was achieved not by brilliant strokes and venturesome specula- tions, but step by step with prudence, combined with unflinching perseverance and constant prayer. He commenced to supply his customers at their homes in the surrounding villages, and so secured their permanent custom. A little later he com- menced to supply the smaller shops in the locality. In process of time success invited bolder efforts, and presently the two brothers were engaged in an extensive wholesale trade, and eventually built up one of the most successful commercial houses in the West of England.

A CASK OF PEPPER-DUST DOOMED.

In Mr. Budgett's early days, pepper was under a heavy tax; and in the trade universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be adulterated. But as Samuel went forward in life his ideas on trade morality grew clearer. In most stores there stood a cask labelled "P. D.," containing something known as pepper dust, wherewith it was usual to adulterate the pepper before sending it forth to the public. In the Bud- gett's shop, however, the presence of this "P. D." gave much discomfort. On thinking over the matter Samuel felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed, therefore, that it should perish. It was night; but back he went to the shop, took the hypocriti- cal cask, carried it forth to a neighboring quarry, then staved it, and scattered "P. D." among the clods and slag and stones, and the cheat was scat- tered to the night winds. (The picture to the right of the frontispiece portrait depicts this episode.)

REMOVAL FROM KINGSWOOD TO BRISTOL.

After the brothers had been in partnership for about twenty years, the elder retired, leaving the business to the sole direction of Samuel. He had not been long at the head of the establishment, when nearly the whole of the premises was de- stroyed by fire, but this instead of a disaster, proved eventually to be a great boon. It trans- ferred the now tremendous business from Kings- wood Hill to Bristol. From this time the progress was amazingly rapid, and the deepening flow of prosperity rose higher year by year.

Mr. Budgett had no greater delight than to be surrounded by a host of busy men; he would cir- culate among them; would animate them, and heartily encourage the worker. "Why, sir, I do believe as he would get, ay, just twice as much work out o' a man in a week as another master," one of his men has been heard to say. Sometimes a lazy fellow would be set all astir by the words—

"REMEMBER THE GOTHIC DOOR!"

And when Friday night came, a practical comment would be furnished on that enigmatical, text. In a certain part of the wall surrounding the grounds was a door, called the gothic door, by which the men left the premises at night. On a Friday evening Mr. Budgett would stand by this door, holding a little basket filled with packages in paper. As the men passed, a package was slipped into the hand of each, containing a present varying in amount, according to the estimate the quick eye

of the employer had made during the week of the diligence with which each had served him. In this way he gave away every week from \$80 to \$100. (On the left-hand side of the lower portion of our frontispiece this scene is shown.)

EARNST CHRISTIAN LIFE.

From the time when the sound of his mother's prayer awakened within him a desire to serve Christ, he remained loyal to his early resolution. His business engagements were made fragrant by his unchallenged consistency and upright life. Never a day passed away without a service being held upon his business premises to invoke God's guid- ance and blessing; while his works of philanthropy and unostentatious charity in the neighborhood in- creased in number as years rolled on. He longed for the welfare of men generally, but most ardently did he desire for them the refined and inspiring en- joyments which spring from a life of faith in Christ.

One day, Mr. Budgett was returning from Truro, and while waiting at Hayle for the Bristol steamer, his eye was attracted by a house in which he de- tected signs of a numerous and suspicious com- pany. On inquiry he found it was the dwelling of an unhappy man who once had seemed to "run well," but had sorely fallen, and that a party of the most depraved characters were meeting for danc- ing, dissipation, and debauch. He at once made for the house, and obtained reluctant permission to go upstairs. As he ascended abundant tokens of wrath and bitter maledictions were uttered, and on his appearing,

A CANDLESTICK WAS FLUNG AT HIS HEAD.

The man whose party it was, urgently begged him to come back, and himself shrank away; but no, in the name of Christ he would warn these poor dissolute revellers. In he went, therefore, begged them not to be disturbed, just to go on as if he were not there, said they were trying to enjoy themselves, and that was what he always wished to do; and so spoke familiarly and kindly, till he gained their attention. Then he began to reason with them "on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

Gradually their scoffing airs were superseded by an aspect of undisguised solemnity, some were in tears, the fiddle ceased to play, and before he left he had led that wild company to bow before the great God in prayer, while tears, and sobs, and signs of shame clearly manifested that the heart within was melted. They could not resume their revels, and the dance was ended, at least for that night. (The right-hand section of the lower por- tion of the front picture, illustrates this incident.)

HIS PEACEFUL DEATH.

His death was a scene of chastened blessedness and peace. Toward the latter end of 1850, it be- came evident that his change was near, but he was full of thankful joy. During the next few months dropsy continued to make headway, and in April, 1851, it wrought its fatal consummation. The last evening of his life (April 28th), he cheer- fully exclaimed, "I know I am going the way of all flesh; but bless God I'm ready. I trust in the merits of my precious Redeemer." Then alluding to the near prospect of his dissolution, he said, "I care not when, or where, or how; glory be to God!" During the night he appeared rather rest- less; but most of his waking moments were em- ployed in talking with God, and in repeating por- tions of Scripture and favorite hymns. The last he distinctly repeated was—

"With glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?"

The next morning he had a long and happy in- terview with his medical attendant. Suddenly, Mr. Budgett exclaimed, "O dear!" and it was at once plain to all that a change had taken place. The bell ringing violently, immediately all the members of the family who were at home assem- bled in his room, and found him supported in bed, his heart throbbing violently. The blood rushed to his head, his face changed to purple, his eyes were half open, but he was apparently unconscious. They watched—his eyes gently closed, and with- out a struggle or a sound, his spirit winged its way to that haven he had so long desired to reach.

CORN-HUSKING TIME.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, November 5, 1882.

"As a shock of corn cometh in his season."—JOB 5:26.

Two Billion Bushels of Corn Standing—The Farmers' Frolic—The Corn of the Bible—Death Wrongly Named—Death Like Husking-Time—A Time of Frost—Rough Work for the Corn—Comfort for Chronic Sufferers—Only Paying in Instalments—The Nubbins of Humanity—A Time of Reunion—Heaven a Great Sociable—No Clique, nor Arrogance, nor Jealousy—All may Get there—No Monopolies there—Equality of Feeling—Go in and Dine—The Swedish Prima-Donna and the Robber—Jewels in Peril.

GOING at the rate of forty miles the hour last Wednesday, I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now at least *two billion bushels* of corn either standing in the shock, or, having been already husked. In the latter part of this month or next month, the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, and then another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corn crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called

A FROLIC.

The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or threshing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth, attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bundles between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain disimprisoned is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the

fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of

COMING IN AT LAST

"like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party; or to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was

A TIME OF FROST.

Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide between the corn-stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after a while the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn-shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn-shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of Heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course, the husking time made

ROUGH WORK

with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing and then a *complete snapping off* before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way He has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate.

You can afford to have your physical distress when you know that they are only forwarders of your soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is *plunge of the husking peg*. Every new twinge is only a twist by the husker. The gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship be launched for Heavenly voyage. You must the Heavenly husbandman husk off the mo from the immortality.

There ought to be great consolation in this to all who have

CHRONIC AILMENTS,

since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many in robust health perhaps He will do in one blow at the last. At the close of every illness the close of every paroxysm you ought to say, "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice. You have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice.

The pain does its work and then it dies. So many plunges of the crowbar to free the cornerstone from the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders, are *paying in instalments* that which some of us have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders that you have so much suffering at the last. Thank God, that you have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly husbandman when the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked last Sabbath morning, but not answer? Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and strong nerves and shining health, and his exit from this world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking that the husking peg was thrust into the corn, then there must be a stout pull before the swathe was taken off of the ear and the full, round, luscious, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly needed worth husking. We threw that into a place by itself and we called it

"NUBBINS."

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it mice nibbled, and some of it was great profit and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven out the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around there are *people who amount to nothing*. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins!

They are *worth saving*. I suppose many of them will get to Heaven, but they are not worth being mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pain of this life, the misfortunes of this life—wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked and at last go amid the very best grain of the granary, than to pronounce not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

remember also, that in the time of husking as

A NEIGHBORHOOD REUNION.

A great fireplace in the winter, the fires around the glorified back logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and stoves are only the degenerate descendants, the place used to gather and spend the evening, and could be much sociality; but it was not any the joy of the husking time, for then all neighbors came, and they came in the very best and they came from beyond the meadow, they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Spirit reigned supreme, and there were great makings, and there was carnival, and there was recital of the brightest experiences in all times, and there was a neighborhood reunion memory of which makes all the nerves of my temple with emotion as the strings of a harp. The fingers of the player have swept the

husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so *Heaven will be just that*. There come up! They slept in the old village yard. There they come up! They re-appeared amid the fountains and the sculpture and the terraces of a city cemetery. There they come! They went down when the ship foundered upon Hatteras. They come up from all from Potter's Field and out of the solid mass of Westminster Abbey. They come up! Come up! All the hindrances to their betterment husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the husked grain, visible and conspicuous. The husk of them on earth were such disagreeable husks as you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in Heaven they are so radiant you know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean to be disagreeable. They meant well, but they told you how sick you looked, they told you how many hard things they had about you, and they told you how often they stood up for you in some battles until you almost thought that they had been slain in some of them. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables.

Now, in Heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. In one great neighborhood reunion. All angels and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all quietters. God, the Father, with His children all around Him. No "good-by" in all the world. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysolite, into seas of glass mingled with fire. At the gate of the granary and see the grain in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of the husking into the wide open door of the King's room. "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Heaven

A GREAT SOCIABLE,

joy like the joy of the husking time. No one feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to list to the smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of an heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. Not taking none of the airs of a giant killer. Not making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary brother of righteousness. Naman, captain of the host, no more honored than the captive who told him where he could get a good doctor. O! my soul,

WHAT A COUNTRY!

humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The

shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all, is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, in monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but

NO MONOPOLY

in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot get to Heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great

EQUALITY OF FEELING

among the neighbors. There at one corn-shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn-shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in Heaven. Our Father will gather His children around Him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak, just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say, "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation—just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

GO IN AND DINE.

What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in *in their season*. Oh yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Ploughed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season.

Oh, I wish that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on the way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality, when all the shocks come in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps, there might be some reminiscence roused

in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden

A PRIMA DONNA,

while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the *prima donna* received a letter from the robber saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night and I came to take them at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life."

O! my friends, there are

JEWELS IN PERIL

richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

An Adventure on the Mountains of Nevada terminated on October 24th, when two men arrived at their homes in Virginia City. Their experience, as related by them to the reporter of a local journal, was thrilling and it was confirmed by the evidences of suffering on their persons. One of the men was an assayer, and he, with a companion, set out for Mount Gibbs, where he had undertaken to inspect a mining property for some Eastern capitalists. When they got up to Mount Gibbs a furious snow-storm set in. The guide lost his way, and for two nights and two days and a half the two men struggled in the snow, which was two feet deep on the level, and in many places had so drifted that it reached almost breast high. The place was full of precipices, and the nights being very dark they were afraid to proceed, yet having no blankets they could not lie down to sleep. The first night they stopped where there was some wood, but the next darkness came upon them in a barren place just as they were making desperate exertions to reach a point ahead, where they thought they saw a small grove. They then decided to split to pieces their snow-shoes, make torches of them, and push on. The pitchy wood of their snow-shoes made excellent torches, but the distance to the flat in the cañon, where lay the supposed grove, was much greater than they had anticipated; and they reached it just as their last torch was burning, only to find that they had mistaken a black patch of sage brush for a grove. However, the sage brush would burn, and they spent the night and kept themselves awake by pulling it to make-up the fire. When morning dawned they discovered their whereabouts and succeeded after a hard day's toil through the deep snow in reaching a ranch where they were cared for by the occupants before it became quite dark. During the latter part of the journey one of the men became delirious from fatigue and want of food, and his companion had to use force to compel him to continue the journey. How like such a narrative is to the experience aged Christians sometimes relate. Lost on the mountains of unbelief, surrounded with difficulty; in their way precipices and pitfalls, and in the distance mirages mistaken for resting places (Job 14:1-3).

PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

Their Persecution by Russia, etc.

By Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., of Toronto.

(Concluded from page 695.)

THE *London Standard*, of a recent date, remarks, "It is interesting to notice the way in which the Jews, scattered throughout the world, are beginning to turn their eyes toward their own land. Palestine is not altogether a place to please a capitalist, but yet even such keen financiers as the Jews are busy buying it up. The *Jewish Chronicle* reckons now some 18,000 Jewish brethren in Jerusalem alone. It is said they are not a desirable population to maintain, yet £60,000 is sent over from England to help these people maintain themselves.

THE OCCUPATION OF PALESTINE

by a people who have retained an indestructibility as a race, while they have learned a complete cosmopolitan character during these eighteen centuries—a nation at once European in education and Asiatic in origin—would be by no means a bad arrangement. It might not be impolitic on the part of the European Powers to assist in placing so influential a people in so important a position, and would solve what, before many years, will be the vexed question among the nations—namely, the territory of Syria." Now, you might ask one of the Jewish brotherhood in Toronto here, and probably he would not know as much about it as I do, because he is not as much interested in the prophecies as I am. He is interested in doing business; he knows his own line of thought remarkably well, but he does not know the line of thought that runs in this direction. A man's eye is keen in the direction his interest lies.

A commercial man looks at events as they will affect commerce; an intellectual man as they will affect education; a missionary as they will affect religion and the Church; and a Jew simply as they will affect him as one of a race, and commercially. He and I have the same privilege; but he is, like others, so thoroughly wedded and welded into a certain line of interpretation of prophecy that he cannot get out of it. Still, I have the privilege. As a blind man who has had certain events described to him as they happened is said to be the best witness, so a person outside of these circles is a better judge than those included within them. Just as the Jews are better judges of us than we are of ourselves, at a thousand points.

Some time ago the *Hebrew Observer* had an article, which asked: "Is there no other destiny for Palestine but to remain a desert? Syria will soon be the *entrepot* between the East and the West and the old trade will revive. Old cities will revive, and new ones will be built; the old time will come back, and the steam-car will run in the track of the caravan. Syria will be a place of trade; but the people who are pre-eminently the traders of the world, will they be there when the coming change takes place? The country wants capital and population. The Jew can give it both. Has not England a special interest in permitting their restoration? It would be a blow to England if either of her great rivals got hold of Syria. Her mighty empire, which reaches from Canada in the West to Calcutta and Australia in the Southeast, would be cut in two. England does not want any new territories, but she must see that they do not get into the hands of rival Powers. She must preserve Syria to the Syrians. Do not the dictates of policy exhort her to this course?"

"The Jews exist, the spirit is there, but the external form, the crowning bond of union, is still wanting. A nation must have a country; the old land and the old people! We see strange things nowadays. May not this be one of the notable sights and resurrections of the present day?" I have made you these quotations so that you can see that I have the clearest heads, the best brain and thought of the Jewish world on my side. We can all see how necessary it is that the Jew should be willing to return, and that we should be willing to let them go. We should learn a lesson from God's providence of old in the land of Egypt, when even those Egyptians who were unwilling to let His people go took off their rings, and stripped off

their ear-rings and jewelry, and brought their money out from their hiding-places, and gave to them, and said, "Begone!" and actually did all they could to help them on their way. And the time will come when, laying our hand on the Jew leaving Toronto, we shall say, "God bless you, my friend!"

I AM GLAD YOU ARE GOING TO PALESTINE." That is what the Egyptians said. They were glad they were going to found a separate nation themselves. The ransomed of the Lord will return to Zion, with songs of rejoicing and gladness of heart. Do you know what the Jews do now at the close of the Feast of the Passover, and have done for the last 1800 years? At the close of that solemn day's services they take each other by the hand and say, "Good-by; we meet at Jerusalem next year." They did so here in Toronto last year, and will do so again next year. They will as surely meet in Jerusalem some year as they have carried out the idea. They say, "Good-by; we meet in Jerusalem next year;" and they will say it *until they do*. Ah, brethren of Judah, some of your children, I believe, will live to realize this long-expected blessing. The outlines of history are fast filling-in, and you will ere long be placed in your own land, with the accumulated experience of centuries to guide you to duty and labor. Your wanderings will soon cease, and in your own land your children will acknowledge the Saviour which you and your fathers have not seen as yet, to accept Him. You ask

HOW WILL ALL THIS BE BROUGHT ABOUT? It *will* be brought about, as was the great deliverance in the land of Egypt; it will be brought about by God's own purpose. "For thus saith the Lord, It shall come to pass that they shall say no more, The Lord God which brought us up out of the land of Egypt, but, The Lord God liveth which brought us from all countries whithersoever He had scattered us, and placed us in our own land"—that is, they will forget about the deliverance from Egypt, and say, "The Lord God which brought us from all countries," etc. And the latter will be as true as the first; and when will it be? God has determined this great consummation, and it *must* take place. When you think that we are in the nineteenth century, one could hardly imagine that Russia would be permitted to act like it has, and alienate herself from the rest of the earth; and yet in past time we did the same by this people, and we shall have to pay to get them back in their land. We have murdered them and robbed them. Why, even some of the jewels that our Queen wears in her crown were stolen from these Jews, and never a cent paid for them. There is not a nation to-day that is not revelling in such wealth and ungodly gain, except the United States. Of course, ourselves being part of England, we must take part of the blame.

THE PAST PERSECUTIONS OF THE JEWS.

When Christianity became the dominant power in Rome, then the Jew began to suffer; and from that moment to this, in the presence of that Gospel which speaks peace and good-will to men, he has been nothing but a butt and a reproach, an object of reviling and a subject of persecution. God forgive the Christianity of the past! In olden times Jews were put to death if they by any means, even by accident, endangered the life of a Christian. If a Jew was passing along a street, and a Christian should happen to stumble and hurt himself, the Jew was burned, because the Christian stumbled. The Jews were forbidden, by a council of four hundred and fifty bishops, to pray for a good harvest, for it was held that if the Jew prayed for a good harvest there would be sure to be a bad one. God bless those bishops who had no more sense than that!

Then again, if you take the saints, St. Ambrose, for instance; he sends forth the cry, "Burn the Jews! burn the Jews!" Then St. Augustine, whom we follow so kindly, he says that the Jews should not be received into society, or recognized upon the streets. The Bishop of Alexandria persecuted them to the death. The Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, in his wonderful code of laws, which are the basis of our laws, actually deprived the Jews of citizenship and personal rights.

Rome, when it gained its power, was not tolerant. Pope after Pope, bishop after bishop, launched their anathemas against the Jews. "We were forbidden to receive even the necessaries of life. It was under penalty of the Inquisition a Roman Catholic supplied bread to a Jew, even dying of hunger. I am glad I do not belong to any Church that lived a long time ago. I would rather start a new one. I would have no connection with a Church that has come up from past, wading through blood, and fire, and darkness. Then you come to our Henry III., who

MORTGAGED THE WHOLE OF THE JEWRY to his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, to money, when he had expended his own in procarousing, and was hard up—and he the head of the Church, too! Then his successor, Edward, drove them all out of the country, and deprived a man who had bought them in mortgage of his property. He passed a law that all who should remain after All Saints' Day, in 1290, should be hanged, if found in any part of the land. And you can go on through all the nations, Germany, France—both guilty—and Spain, which is the guilty of all the nations. Think of the 800 homeless Jews that were driven out, and no number, at that time, open a door to receive them and they perished miserably by the way. Is it to be no compensation for all this?

ARE THE JEWS TO HAVE NO REWARD? Are they to be always outcasts, wandering over the earth? And yet all their sufferings may be traced to this—they prayed the prayer, "*His be upon us and upon our children.*" Oh, they had a clasp on their mouths when they asked that for their children! But it has been to them, has it not? If you, free-thinker, if a man that disbelieves the Bible, if you want a *proof of an answered prayer*, the bloody lines, tracks down the centuries tell you that one prayer, at least, in God's Word has been truly answered. Has not it? And your fathers helped to answer it.

There are two things that a man cannot put together. A man cannot believe in the existence of a Jew, and at the same time deny the existence of a Providence. I will test any man in Toronto that. There is not a man—free-thinker, hater, thinker, close-thinker, good-thinker, or bad-thinker—but who, if he believes there is a Jew in existence, must also admit the existence of Providence. He must either do that, or reject the Jew in order to destroy Providence. The Jew is such an anomaly, such an exception. You cannot talk about a Jew as you would about a Frenchman, a Russian, a German, a Spaniard, or a Saxon. Will you tell me why a people who were from six to nine million thirteen centuries ago, are just that number to-day? Will you demonstrate to me, by any common or ordinary method of reasoning, how a people could remain in *statu quo* for 1800 years? Other people ever did so. This people could not upon their native earth, but could not purchase a foot of it. Now, you can give no reason for these things, except the one I have given. What God said? That they should be wanderers, without national life, without government or king, that He should return them to their own land. This has been true for 1800 years anyway. Do you not see that what He has been telling you about them is true? And He has said there is to be a great consummation in the land that is true also. There is to be a great consummation, in the providence of God, and they are to be gathered together. They will be persecuted, until they say in their sorrow,

"LET US GO INTO OUR OWN LAND."

We shall be glad to see them go, my brethren, to that land which is theirs of right. We will argue as we will, and get up meetings to discuss the question of Jewish persecution, but I am myself under the impression that the time is now near for the call to go forth, as the cry is said to have run like an electric shock through the French when Bonaparte gave out his first proclamation, "Frenchmen, come home!" And so God will cause those wandering ones to come home, that they will hear the call, and return in peace to the ancient land, as we all wish they soon may, if

being brethren in Christ, we cannot wish any one, whether Jew or Gentile, aught but the freedom that we ourselves enjoy, and a happy rest when life is done. God bless them and care for them! Amen!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Drunkard's Shame.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting, on September 21st, Mr. Shorrey, of New York, said: "A man came into this place last night who at one time stood high in this community. His brother even now lives in a good social position, but was obliged to turn this man, who is not yet middle-aged, out of doors owing to his intemperate habits. He was full of the shame which the drunkard always feels when sober, and said, 'Can't you come outside? I am ashamed to be seen here.' I could sympathize with him, knowing only too well, the sensations of his mind and body at that moment, having passed through them myself. I took him into the vestry and there we talked together of his disease and its cure. I believe that we may safely hope that he will follow Jesus."

A Divinity Student's Triumph.—The Rev. Mr. McDougall also said: "While we were in Campbeltown, a Divinity student, who had become a confirmed drunkard, came into one of our meetings, and God gave him power to become one of His sons through faith in Christ. Many times had he tried to reform himself but always with the same result—*failure*, till at last he gave up in despair; but on going to Christ for aid to overcome his enemy, he received it. Such a sense of the love and tenderness of God came into his soul that the desire for drink was forgotten in the new feeling of a heavenly Father's care over him. Only one night afterward while the tear of repentance was still on his cheek, he fell dead upon the quay. Can you say that the same thing will not happen to you? Are you ready for it?"

Whiskey-Selling Elders.—The Rev. Mr. McDougall said: "When I was at Campbeltown, taking part in the evangelistic services there, an old man said to me—'We hae a braw lot o' kirks here, sir; but th' folk dinna seem tae be a bit th' better o' them a'. I see nae differ in them sine there wis only aye or twa kirks in a' the toon.' 'What d'ye think is the reason of that, my friend?' I asked. 'Od, mon, ye livnae far to seek a rison. Dinna ye see that maist a' th' elders an' deacons are whusky-sellers, or whusky-makers? The vera bailie wha'll try a man wha has been drunk on the Saturday night is a distiller; an' fat's mair, gif he dinna pay th' fine its sixty days, an' if the man promises to pay th' fine rather than gang tae prison, an' he disnae dae it, this same bailie 'ill sell th' last stick in th' hoose for't.' The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

No Wine on the Table.—Mr. Jack said, at the same meeting: "I heard a Bible reading once which showed the danger of God's people falling into the power of strong drink. A gentleman holding a good position in society also heard it, and being a Christian, he went home very much troubled about the drink question. He told his lady, 'I have just been to a Bible reading on the subject of our drinking habits, and do not see my way to continue them.' 'Let us unite together and stop them,' she promptly replied. They were going to have a dinner party in a few days, and as he had changed his views, my friend felt that he was bound in honor to tell his invited guests of the fact that there would be no wine on his table. Though they laughed at him, they all came, and the dinner was an unqualified success. Since that time my friend has been the means of inducing four other families to follow his example."

An Engineer's Night of Horror.—At a recent testimony meeting in Cowcaddens, an engineer said: "On the night of Saturday and the morning of the first Sunday in December last, I was awakened to a sense of my awful condition as a sinner. It was a *night of horror* to me. My sins cried out against me, for I had sinned against light, and suffered so much that even my wife, although she was not a Christian, said, 'You must

go somewhere to-day, and see if you can't get a little ease,' for she thought I was going mad. I determined, in the midst of my agony, that I would find the Lord that day, so I went to hear Mr. Moody, in St. Andrew's Hall. There I found rest and light after darkness. I led a wild life, at sea and in strange lands, for nine years previously. In the forenoon of that first Sunday in December, 1881, I went home to my house and told my wife—'Maggie, I have served the devil very faithfully for the last nine years, but from this day he and I dissolve partnership. I will serve Jesus as faithfully as I have done the devil.' Bless and praise His holy name, He has kept me since then, and He will keep me in the future."

Wanted on the Platform.—Mr. Shorrey said in Cowcaddens, on September 22d: "A few days after my conversion to Christ, Mr. Moody sent word to me to come to the platform. Rather surprised, I went into his little room and asked him what he wanted with me on the platform. 'I want you to tell what the Lord has done for you.' 'But how am I to say it?' I asked. 'Any way you like,' answered Mr. Moody; 'just tell the story in your own way, no matter how.' I was poor, badly dressed, my face covered with the leprosy of the drunkard, but I went and began to speak. I do not know exactly what I said, but after I stopped many hands were held out to me, and the friendly 'God bless you, my brother,' was uttered with the mouth, while the eyes of many spoke in eloquent language through a mist of tears. And those of you who are saved through faith in the atoning blood of Christ, are wanted on 'the platform of an honest confession and unflinching testimony.'"

A Decided Advantage.—Mr. Shorrey, Continuing, said: "The best means of showing you the difference of serving the devil and serving God is to point out the amount of confidence which men will put in a Christian and the little or no faith which they will put in an unconverted man. Six months after I was converted I called upon Mr. Jessup, one of our principal bankers, to ask a subscription in aid of a man who was in want. He met me very cordially and asked, 'What can I do for you, to-day Mr. Shorrey?' 'We want some money to help a poor man who is in want, and in great trouble.' 'Have you inquired into the case?'

'Yes, sir, I have.' 'How much do you want?' 'So much, naming a certain sum. 'Here it is; if you want more, come back for it. Good morning.' A few months previously if I had attempted to put my foot inside the door the porter would have ejected me. I think that no further comment is needed to prove that the followers of Christ have always the advantage over those who reject Him."

A Rumseller's Son's Testimony.—A Rumseller's son said: "Very few in this district have heard my testimony, and many will wonder why I, of all men, should testify, as they know that never have I been a drunkard, nor ever even tasted whiskey. When I was a boy it was the rule in my father's house that every one in the house should serve customers, so that they might not be hindered nor delayed. It was considered right that the person serving the liquor should taste it in the presence of the company. This habit was introduced centuries ago, when our forefathers were at war with each other, and no man felt safe to eat or drink in a strange house until his entertainer partook of the food or drink first. It now was simply considered a hospitable act to taste the drink and show good-fellowship. My father's place was what is called a well-conducted, respectable house, but the scenes which I saw there, the misery and the crime which flowed from it, struck my mind and heart even when I was an infant. At the age of ten years I joined a Band of Hope, and I determined not to touch the whiskey nor ale when serving customers. So that when my father from that time said I was to help at the bar, I told him it was impossible for me to carry out the usual custom. 'Touch the outside of the glass and it will do just as well, but you must please the customers.' For a short time I did this, until I saw it right not to serve in nor to live upon the traffic, which was the means of pulling down even the

strongest, and apparently, the best men of the district. Twenty years I have been a follower of Jesus, and in the midst of great temptations I have never yet fallen into this trap of the devil. It was not my own strength or goodness which kept me, but the grace of God."

GREAT REVIVAL IN SWEDEN.

A GLORIOUS ingathering of souls is reported from Sweden—north, south, east and west, everywhere, sinners have been brought to the Lord. The central part of Sweden seems, however, to have received the greater blessing. The cities of Eskilstuna and Orebro have been shaken to their very foundations. Large numbers of people have already made a profession of their faith in Christ, and still the work goes on.

In Stockholm the work has progressed since the middle of January last. Meetings have been held every night in the week, and have continued up to a very late hour. After preaching, prayer-meetings were held, followed by conversations with the inquiring.

The Rev. K. O. Broady, of the American Baptist Mission at Stockholm, says: "Over two hundred and sixty have been baptized. We expect still more. Among the saved ones are infidels and backsliders, parents and children, masters and servants, old people and young people. The ages of the greater part range between eighteen and twenty-eight years. The proportion of the sexes seems to be about equal. So far as we are able to judge, the work seems to be genuine and of God. Over one hundred children in our Sunday-school profess to have found Christ."

"I have seven children at home, and I have reason to believe that at least five of them have experienced a change of heart. The eldest two of them, a son and a daughter, are now members of the Church. The Salem Chapel at the south began holding extra meetings soon after we had begun. As a result, over one hundred have been baptized, and more are coming."

"Last year no less than about five hundred members left our churches to become citizens of the United States, and members of churches in America. And we feel warranted in saying that the number who this year will leave our communion for the United States will be no less. What makes our loss so much the more felt, is, that almost without exception, those who thus leave us are among the very best of our membership—energetic, enterprising young men, women, and artisans, and well-to-do farmers, in the prime of life."

Rev. T. Truvé writing from Gottenborg says: "I exchanged places with Pastor Backman, in Orebro, for two weeks. There there is the most wonderful work of the Lord going on. It commenced three weeks before the revival here. It will be impossible for me to describe it. I preached twice during the first Sunday. Hundreds went away without finding any place where they could stand within the chapel. In the evening we had a meeting for inquirers. Hundreds of such stayed. We spoke to them, and prayed; and many went home rejoicing. In this way we continued every evening, except Tuesdays, when believers related their experience, and were admitted to become members of the Church."

"Every forenoon I received persons in my room who wished to be baptized. And I had enough to do to talk to such. Sixty related their experience to the church during the days I was there. Of these I baptized twenty-nine; the rest were baptized by Pastor Backman. We continued the meetings every evening till ten o'clock; and then we were obliged to turn down the gas, and by that means drive the people away. Some became awakened to a sense of their sin in the theatre, others at balls, or in their houses, and then came to hear the Word of God and were converted. Some had come more than thirty miles away, and went home saved. Many came as mockers of religion, and went home praising God."

"The work is extending all over that part of the country, and sinners fall before the Word of God as the grass before the mower. We have never seen anything like it."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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The thanks of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are due to a large number of subscribers who have written to the office, expressing their high regard for the journal, and stating their intention to introduce it to their friends, with the view of obtaining new subscribers for the coming year. Their efforts would have a better chance of success if commenced now, than at the end of next month, when people will have made their arrangements for 1883. In recognition of this fact a concession in price will be made. They may offer THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, postage paid, from this time to the end of 1883 for \$1.50—that is, fourteen months for one year's subscription. This concession is made in order to aid the friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to encourage them to proceed at once with their kindly project. It is hoped that every subscriber will use his influence, however small it may be, to send at least one new subscription, in addition to his own, for 1883.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the New York State Election cannot be announced in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD although it was held on Tuesday, November 7th. Since the circulation of the journal has increased to its present vast proportions, it has been necessary in order that the whole edition should be mailed on Wednesday to have it on the press on Tuesday; consequently no intelligence later than that of Monday afternoon can be inserted. The general opinion of politicians, even in Republican quarters as to the election at the date of writing, is that the Democratic ticket will be elected by a plurality of at least twenty thousand. This result, as has been already pointed out in these columns, will be due not to Judge Folger's personal unpopularity, but to a determination on the part of leading Republicans such as Mr. George William Curtis, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Cuyler to resist federal interference in State affairs and to express in the most emphatic way they are able, their abhorrence of the practices such as

the forged telegram, adopted by the local leaders at Saratoga.

An Emphatic Expression of Opinion on the subject of Civil Service Reform has been made by Senator Windom of Minnesota, Secretary of the Treasury in the Garfield Administration. The Senator, in a speech delivered last week at Minneapolis announced himself as a Civil Service Reformer of the strictest sort. He said that any man who has had charge of a department cannot fail to be a Civil Service Reformer when he remembers the myriad applications for petty positions, which that unfortunate head was unable to fill. His plan would be to fill vacancies in the departments by competitive examinations in the different States, and if any applicant appeared in person before any department his name should be stricken from the list.

The Prohibition Amendment in Iowa has been declared technically defective in the district court at Davenport. Judge Walter T. Hayes decided that the amendment has not been legally made a part of the State Constitution, chiefly on the ground that the Journals of the Legislature do not contain the act in full on their pages, and do not contain the yeas and nays taken upon the same, and that according to the Journals the act, as passed by the Senate of the Eighteenth General Assembly, was in its terms prohibitory of the sale or manufacturing of liquor, not only as a beverage, but also, 'to be used,' and hence prohibited it and its use for any and all purposes, even sacramental, medicinal, etc.; but as it passed the House of the Eighteenth General Assembly it was in terms merely prohibitory of liquor as a beverage. In these respects, therefore, the requirements of the Constitution providing for the manner of its amendment have been disregarded. The Journals do not contain the proper entries and the same act has not passed both houses of the Legislature.

The Destruction of the Park Theatre in New York by fire on October 30th, is one of those calamities which appear blessings in the light of the terrible results which must have happened under other circumstances. The famous English actress, Mrs. Langtry, was to have appeared there at eight o'clock on that evening. It was evident that the house would have been crowded in every part, for immense sums had been paid for the privilege of selecting seats, and of course tickets without premiums would have been freely sold. Before six o'clock, however, the theatre was in ruins. Had the fire occurred three hours later many lives would inevitably have been sacrificed. As it was, two of the employés were burned to death. On November 1st another theatre—the Alhambra was burned to the ground. Happily that place was closed at the time owing to the death of one of the proprietors, and no lives were lost. The Alhambra was the building which under its old designation of the Buckingham, Dr. Talmage visited to obtain material for his famous course of sermons, "Night Scenes in New York." It is a remarkable evidence of the *wiffulness of the dissipated classes* that the proprietors of the theatre stated to the reporters, who interviewed them after the fire, that Dr. Talmage's scathing denunciation of the place increased their profits. Numbers of young people went there afterward in spite of Dr. Talmage's warning to see it for themselves.

A Distressing Calamity Occurred in New York on October 31st at the house of a prominent physician. Mrs. Margaret Seguin, a lady only thirty-two years of age, the wife of Dr. Edward C. Seguin, killed her three children, and then committed suicide. She took the children to a room on the top floor of her house, locked the door, blindfolded the children—two boys and one girl—and tied their hands behind their backs, and then shot them. The oldest child was less than six years of age. Mrs. Seguin had been despondent and melancholy for some time, but it was not suspected that she would become insane.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union assembled at the First Christian Church, Louisville, Ky., on October 25th, under the presidency of Miss Frances Willard. The business of the convention occupied three days. Among the resolu-

tions adopted were the following: "We rejoice in the advance made along the line of the constitutional prohibition in the past year. We hail the successes in Kansas and Iowa, and the activity in other States for securing prohibition by this method, as harbingers of the swiftly coming time when, with a majority of the states fixed upon the foundation of a constitutional law prohibiting the liquor traffic, they shall be able to engraft this principle upon the National Constitution. We rejoice in the day that gives recognition to our prohibition principles by political partisans, and we will endeavor to influence the men in all communities to commit themselves to that party, by whatever name it is called, that shall give to them the best embodiment of the prohibition principle, and will most surely protect our homes." A novel feature of the proceedings of October 27th, was the *presentation of flowers by the newsboys and boot-blacks* of Louisville to the ladies of the convention. One of their number made a speech, and another offered a prayer. The convention then went into an election of officers for the ensuing year. The vote for Miss Frances E. Willard for President was unanimous. Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Corresponding Secretary; and Miss Esther Pugh, Treasurer, were re-elected.

The Church Temperance Society, of which Mr. Robert Graham is the indefatigable secretary held its first annual Convention in New York last week. Among the prominent persons present were Bishops Doane, of Northern New York; Dudley, of Kentucky, and Elliott, of Western Texas; the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; the Rev. E. Osborne, of Boston; the Rev. Mr. Matchery, of St. Clement's Church, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Walter Miller, of Baltimore. The Secretary, Mr. Robert Graham, read the first annual report of the Executive Committee. The report referred to the formation of the society in 1881, and recommended the formation of parochial societies, and the raising of a fund of \$10,000 a year for five years to prosecute the work of the society. It was resolved to raise the fund of \$10,000 a year and to appoint a committee and an *honorary Secretary for each diocese* in the United States. The Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington read a paper on prohibitory and licensing law in the United States. He took the ground that the State could not control the individual appetite. *Moral suasion*, he thought, would be much more effective than prohibitory legislation. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby described the difficulties he and others had had to contend with in prosecuting the violators of the State liquor law. One great difficulty in the way of enforcing the law, he said, was the fact that *the local legislators are chiefly liquor-sellers themselves*. There had not been a time for years when a majority of the Board of Aldermen had not been liquor-sellers.

The Railway Young Men's Christian Association of Kansas City, Mo., has issued its second annual report, which is of a most gratifying character. The association has included in its work, beside religious meetings and agencies, reading, amusement and bath rooms, lectures, social entertainments, and educational classes. All these agencies have tended to the benefit of members, and have attracted to the rooms large numbers of young men who might otherwise have sought entertainment in the theatre and other vicious resorts. The committee on Christian work reports that during the year 170 religious meetings of various kinds have been held, with an aggregate attendance of 9110. Two cottage meetings were held each week during the greater part of the fall, winter, and spring, and were productive of much good, especially in the building up and developing of Christian young men for more active and aggressive service. The Sunday afternoon Gospel Meetings have been well attended and considerable interest manifested. The greatest results apparent are shown in personal visitation and conversation, both in health and sickness; a number having given evidence of the new birth and a firm confidence in the only Saviour. Efforts are now being made to establish a library, and Mr. George T. Coxhead, the energetic secretary, would be glad to receive donations of books toward that object.

A Man Found in a Bear Trap in one of the Maine forests appears to have died a terrible death. A Boston (Mass.) newspaper says that some weeks ago a Frenchman left that neighborhood for the woods at the head of Moosehead Lake, in Maine. Nothing was heard of him until last week, when a skeleton, which there is reason to believe is that of the missing man, was discovered with *both hands caught in a bear trap*. He had evidently in some way, while forcing his way through the thickets, got his hands caught in the jaws of the trap, and being unable to remove them, and no assistance being near, died from starvation. It is distressing to think of the agonies the poor victim must have suffered in the trap, prepared not for him but for the bears, and it is probable that no man is more sorry about the untoward circumstance than the man who set the trap. The sad accident reminds us of the fate of those who reject the Saviour, and who fall into punishment *prepared for the devil and his angels*; but they, unlike the poor Frenchman, justly suffer, because they neglected warnings and entreaties (Matt. 25 : 41).

Dogs Disturbed two Services in Southern churches recently. A Georgia newspaper says: At the Methodist church last Sunday night a pointer dog came in and curled himself up for a nap near the pulpit. The minister was very earnest in his sermon, and came down with a loud exhortation upon the Bible before him. Up jumped the dog and struck a gallop to make his escape, which he did very noisily and to the great amusement of the undevout part of the congregation. At the Presbyterian church Monday night a ferocious bull specimen of the canine species attended, and when an attempt was made to run him out he curled himself up at his mistress's feet and refused to move. After a while, when the preacher raised his voice in his discourse, the dog rushed out at him, making the church resound with his barks. Probably these dogs appeared in church through the carelessness or indiscretion of their owners, but we are warned against other dogs in the churches whom Satan sends there, and who are infinitely more to be dreaded (Isaiah 6 : 10, 11).

A Strange Scene in a Bar-Room in Phila-delphia startled the visitors one evening recently. A man who had been leaning against the wall suddenly fell writhing on the floor; another as soon as he reached the bar screamed that he was paralyzed; and a third who stood at his side, before he had time to drink his liquor, dropped on his knees with a shriek of rage and pain. One of the persons present in the midst of the general bewilderment suggested that the phenomena were caused by electricity, and an investigation showed that he was right. A steel screw from which depended an electric light had been driven through the lath and plaster so far that it came in contact with an iron girder, and the men whose involuntary antics had caused astonishment, had completed the circuit in their own persons by touching a metal post or the railing of the bar, making the connection with the girder. The men so strangely affected by the unseen agency might have wisely recognized in their novel experience a type of another connection. Young men of good moral character, who live to become debauched criminals, looking back over their past lives often discover that it was at the liquor bar that the connection was made that bridged over the chasm between the two extremes of their life (Prov. 23 : 29, 30).

A Criminal Somnambulist in a Jail in Ten-nessee has furnished presumptive evidence against himself. He is confined in the Davidson County jail on a charge of murder. Noises in his cell on several occasions in the dead of night attracted the attention of the warders, who on going to the ventilator in the door found that he was walking in his sleep. They watched him then and at subsequent times, and say that he always goes through the same performance. He crosses the cell to a corner where a broom is kept and grasps it as if it were a gun and creeps with a cat-like tread toward a chair on which his clothing and hat are placed. The manœuvre consumes considerable time, the "sleeper" apparently acting as if he was engaged in picking his way through brush. Having ar-

rived near the chair he deliberately raises the broom to his shoulder. After taking a long aim he goes through the same motion that one would in firing a gun. He then approaches the chair, picks up the bundle of clothing, and carries it to the remote corner of the cell. He then goes down on all fours and goes through the motion of digging with his hands. Then he places the clothing in it and carefully covers it up, stamping the floor of the cell as if he was pressing down uneven ground. The work concluded, the sleep-walker conceals the broom under his bed, as if hiding a gun. He then washes his hands, examines his clothes carefully, as if to see if there was any blood upon them, and resorts again to his couch to sleep until morning. Every one who has witnessed the scene is impressed with the belief that the prisoner is performing in a dream a crime he actually committed. If so, it is an impressive evidence of the activity of an accusing conscience even in sleep. What may not be the misery from that cause alone of lost souls. Their eyes opened to the enormity of sin and yet unable to forget for a moment the smallest detail of sins done in the flesh (Mark 9 : 48).

A Missing Citizen of New York whose Dis-appearance caused serious anxiety among his friends, has sent an amusing explanation of his absence from the city. He cables from Antwerp, where he arrived on November 2d, that on October 21st, the day on which he was missed, he went down to the slip of the Red Star Line, to see a friend off by the steamer *Nederland*. He went on board the vessel, met his friend, and concluded to accompany him down the bay, expecting to come off by the pilot boat. While he was talking in the saloon the *pilot boat sailed without him* and he was carried off to Europe. He had no luggage with him, and had made no preparations whatever for a voyage. He states that he is in good health and is coming back by the next steamer. So far, except for the anxious fears of his friends, no harm has resulted from the adventure. It has happened, however, in only too many cases that serious moral and spiritual calamities have resulted from conduct of which this citizen's adventure is a type. There is no more prolific cause of the ruin of young people than that of accompanying acquaintances to places they might not otherwise have visited, and instead of returning, as they intended, being carried away on a current they cannot resist, to spiritual and eternal catastrophe, a voyage for which they, like the New Yorker, had made no preparation (Deut. 13 : 6-8).

A Daughter Lost for Twenty Years is Re-ported to have been found in Ohio two weeks ago. The *Cleveland Leader* states that a gentleman from New York has visited Akron, O., and has there satisfied himself that a lady living in that city is his own daughter, whom he lost in 1862. He joined the army when the war broke out, and during his absence with his regiment, his little girl, then about six years of age, strayed away and was lost. On his return from the war he commenced a search for her but without result until he obtained the clue that led him to Akron. Partly from herself and partly from the friends who had charge of her until her marriage, her father learned her history. She was on her way to school on the morning she was lost, and seeing a regiment of soldiers marching down Broadway she followed them a short distance, and when she attempted to retrace her steps she was unable to do so. She was found crying in the streets by a kind man who took care of her and tried to find her friends. Failing in the effort, he sent her to the Children's Home, whence she was sent to a gentleman at Medina, O., who adopted her. The meeting between father and daughter was a very touching one, for the father had searched every one of the principal cities for her and had spent a large sum of money and much of his time for twenty years in the search. The daughter, too, was glad to meet her father, though she had made no attempt to find him during all those long years he had been searching for her. So it is with the sinner; if the Good Shepherd did not seek His lost sheep they would never come to Him of their own accord (Matt. 18 : 12-14).

"FEED MY LAMBS:" A SABBATH-SCHOOL SERMON.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My lambs."—John 21 : 15.

A Change of Scene and Subject—An Advanced Stage of Work—Responsibility for the Redeemed Flock—Work Within the Fold—I. The Sphere—My Lambs—Little in Grace—Young in Grace—Young in Years—Profitable Work—II. The Man to Do This—Peter a Leading Man—Warm-hearted—Experienced—Greatly Indebted—III. The Preparation—First Fed—Divine Companionship—Self-Examination—Love Indispensable—IV. The Work—Fiddles and Tambourines Useless—The Work Unostentatious—Careful—Continuous—Laborious—The Shepherd Spirit—V. The Motive—The Master's Self—Out of Love—Heavenly Recreation.

READ the whole chapter, and observe the change of scene. First, they are on the lake fishing, casting their nets at Christ's command, and dragging to land a multitude of great fishes. They have all come on shore, and when they have breakfasted, their faces are not turned to the sea, but to the pastures on the hillside. These are clothed with flocks, and the Master says no more about fishermen and fish, but speaks of shepherds and sheep. Herein lieth

A PARABLE :

the servants of the Lord Jesus are first fishermen and then shepherds. The first work of Christ's servants is comprised in that commission, "Go, ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" or, parabolically, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." They begin their heavenly vocation as fishers, even as Jesus said to them at the first, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Their earliest work is to preach the gospel, which is like the letting down of a great seine net, inclosing life of all kinds. They are not to make a selection of characters so as to preach only to likely persons. In gospel fishery we let down the big net and thus encompass many of all sorts. In the act of preaching the gospel, all is fish that comes to net; the sorting of the good from the bad is to be done another day.

After this is done, and while it is being done, another art is to be practised. Fishing is not all, as many seem to think. It is a great part of our service, and would God it were more attended to; but after it has been attended to shepherding comes in, and is a work of equal weight. Our Lord Jesus Christ would have His servants attend to this second task with all their hearts. If souls are converted they have been brought up from the depths of sin, and the scene changes: we see a flock, "the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." This flock needs as much care as any other, yea, it needs to be tended with the utmost labor and watchfulness. He will call us to account if we neglect this charge, for He will require His flock at our hands, saying, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?"

We must never so evangelize the outside mass as to forget to fold and feed those within. We are to disciple all nations, and then to teach them all things whatsoever Christ has commanded us. Not every man that can haul in a net is ready at once to tend a flock; we need much grace, for the Lord Jesus Christ spent years in most industriously educating the Twelve, training the Seventy, and getting ready a band of followers who were not only saved, but educated, so as to teach others also. We must not be indifferent to this matter. The quiet work of building up believers must be steadily pursued even though *those who sound a trumpet before them* may despise such ministries.

I shall speak this morning upon

WORK WITHIN THE FOLD,

the feeding of the sheep and lambs, and this I shall do in order that I may help our beloved Sabbath-school teachers. This is their day, and if I do not seem to speak directly or exclusively to them, I

hope I shall nevertheless say much to stimulate and direct them in their invaluable labors. I bespeak for them your most earnest prayers and loving sympathies, and of many I would beg a more practical co-operation with them.

Concerning this shepherdizing for Christ let us first note the *sphere*—"My lambs": secondly, the *man* for it—one like Simon son of Jonas; thirdly, his *preparation* for it: fourthly, the *work itself*: and fifthly, the *motive* under which the feeding is to be carried out. Briefly on each point. Oh for help from the Spirit of God!

I. First, think of

THE SPHERE.

Although in the other instances, Jesus says, "Feed My sheep," yet in this first instance He says, "Feed My lambs." To whom does He refer? I think, first, to *such as are little in grace*. They have but a grain of mustard seed of faith as yet: their love is not a flame, but a spark: the leaven of grace within them has begun to work, but all the measures of meal are not yet leavened. The spiritual life in these is like a candle newly lit, apparently in danger of being suddenly blown out, and therefore needing great care. Weakness is an idea in the word "lambs;" and so in the Church of God all such as are weak—and, alas, how many there are—all such as are doubting, all such as are slenderly instructed, all such as are easily bewildered in doctrine, cast down in spirit, and apt to be staggered—all such, I say, are to be watched over with special care, and therefore Jesus mentions them particularly and separately and in the first place.

We ought to know that if we be strong, our strength lieth not in ourselves; for our own strength is perfect weakness; and therefore we should deal graciously and tenderly with the weak of the flock. I think this is the reason why the weak were committed to Simon Peter in this particular case; because he had been very weak himself: he had denied his Master through his fears, and thus he was taught to have compassion on other trembling ones. He who is himself compassed with infirmities knows the heart of the weaklings: he can enter with sympathy into their doubts and their distresses, for he has felt the same. I say therefore, this morning, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to all of you who love Him, "Look well to the weak ones of the Church."

But I cannot think, as some expositors do, that weakness is the main idea in the word "lambs;" for the notion of a lamb is not confined to the thought of weakness, since full-grown sheep may be weak and lambs may be vigorous; but the most prominent thought is that of youth. The lambs are the young of the flock. So, then, we ought to look specially and carefully after those who are *young in grace*. They may be old in years, and yet they may be mere babes in grace as to the length of their spiritual life, and therefore they need to be under a good shepherd. As soon as a person is converted and added to the Church he should become the object of the care and kindness of his fellow members. He has but newly come among us, and has no familiar friends among the saints, therefore let us all be friendly to him.

Peter himself that morning must have felt like a newly enlisted soldier, for he had in a sense ended his public Christian life by denying his Lord, and he had begun it again when he "went out and wept bitterly." He was now making a new confession of his faith before his Lord and his brethren, and, therefore, because he was thus made to

SYMPATHIZE WITH RECRUITS

he is commissioned to act as a guardian to them. Young converts are too timid to ask our help, and so our Lord introduces them to us, and with an emphatic word of command He says, "Feed My lambs." This shall be our reward, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

But surely we must include in this those who have been converted while *young in years*. We thank God exceedingly that we have among us and round about us many dear children that already know Christ. We have never as a Church thought that a certain number of years must have passed over a child before it can confess its faith in Christ

and be received into the Church. It is sometimes said that we teach *adult* baptism. We do nothing of the sort. We practise *believer's* baptism, and baptize all who confess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, whether they are children or adults. Our inquiry as to fitness does not refer to age, but to faith.

Oh, how much there is of brightness and trustfulness about children when converted to God which is not seen in elder converts! Our Lord Jesus evidently felt deep sympathy with children, and he is but little like Christ who looks upon them as a trouble in the world, and treats them as if they must needs be either little deceivers or foolish simpletons. To you who teach in our schools is given this joyous privilege of finding out where these young disciples are who are truly the lambs of Christ's flock, and to you He saith, "Feed My lambs;" that is, instruct such as are truly gracious but young in years.

It is very remarkable that the word used here for "feed My lambs" is very different from the word employed in the precept, "feed My sheep." I will not trouble you with Greek words, but the second "feed" means exercise the office of a shepherd, rule, regulate, lead, manage them, do all that a shepherd has to do toward a flock; but this first feed does not include all that: it means distinctly *feed*, and it directs teachers to a duty which they may, perhaps, neglect, namely, that of instructing children in the faith. The lambs do not so much need keeping in order as we do who know so much, and yet know so little: who think we are so far advanced that we judge one another and contend and emulate. Christian children mainly need to be taught the doctrine, precept, and life of the gospel: they require to have divine truth put before them clearly and forcibly.

A child has not only to live as you and I have, but also to grow; hence he has

DOUBLE NEED OF FOOD.

When fathers say of their boys, "What appetites they have!" they should remember that we also should have great appetites if we had not only to keep the machinery going, but to enlarge it at the same time. Children in grace have to grow, rising to greater capacity in knowing, being, doing, and feeling, and to greater power from God; therefore above all things they must be fed. They must be well fed or instructed, because they are in danger of having their cravings perversely satisfied with error. Youth is susceptible to evil doctrine. Whether we teach young Christians truth or not, the devil will be sure to teach them error. They will hear of it somehow, even if they are watched by the most careful guardians. The only way to keep chaff out of the child's little measure is to fill it brimful with good wheat.

We ought especially to feed the young because this work is so profitable. Do what we may with persons converted late in life, we can never make much of them. We are very glad of them for their own sakes; but at seventy what remains even if they live another ten years? Train up a child, and he may have fifty years of holy service before him. We are glad to welcome those who come into the vineyard at the eleventh hour, but they have hardly taken their pruning-hook and their spade before the sun goes down, and their short day's work is ended. The time spent in training the late convert is greater than the space reserved for his actual service: but you take a child-convert and teach him well, and as early piety often becomes eminent piety, and that eminent piety may have a stretch of years before it in which God may be glorified and others may be blessed, such work is profitable in a high degree.

You see the sphere which is presented to your zealous activity. Will you not occupy it? Many of you are already engaged in it; see to it that ye fulfil your high calling, and to the utmost feed the lambs.

II. Secondly, let us speak of

THE MAN.

who is to do this? I look upon my text as addressed, not to Peter only, but to those who are like Peter. What if I say it is addressed to us all? As servants and lovers of Jesus, He says to us, "Feed My lambs." Who should do it? Christ

selected Simon Peter as a *leading man*. He was one of the chief of the apostles, if we may use such a word. He was one of the triumvirate that led the van—Peter, and James, and John. But though a leading man, he was to feed the lambs, for no man may think himself too great to care for the young. The best of the Church are none too good for this work.

And, dear friends, do not think because you have other service to do that therefore you should take no interest in this form of holy work, but kindly, according to your opportunities, stand ready to help the little ones, and to cheer those whose chief calling it is to attend to them. To us all this message comes: "Feed My lambs." To the minister, and to all who have any knowledge of the things of God, the commission is given. See to it that you look after the children that are in Christ Jesus. Peter was a leader among believers, yet he must feed the lambs.

But he was especially a *warm-hearted experienced man*. He had known his own weakness; he had felt the pangs of conscience; he had sinned much and had been much forgiven, and now he was brought in tender humility to confess the love and loveliness of Jesus. We want experienced men and women to talk to converted children, and to tell them what the Lord has done for them, and what have been their dangers, their sins, their sorrows, and their comforts. The young are glad to hear the story of those who have been farther on the road than they have. I may say of experienced saints—their lips keep knowledge. Experience lovingly narrated is suitable food for young believers, instruction such as the Lord is likely to bless to their nourishing in grace.

Simon Peter was now a *greatly indebted man*. He owed much to Jesus Christ, according to that rule of the kingdom—he loveth much to whom much hath been forgiven. Oh you that have never entered upon this service for Christ, and yet might do it well, I beseech you consider your obligation to Jesus. O you who owe so much to Christ, will you not feed His lambs? Ought you not to be forward to offer yourselves? Will you refuse Him? Come forward at once and say, "I have left this work to younger hands, but I will do so no longer. I have experience and I trust I yet retain a warm heart within my bosom; I will go and join these workers, who are steadily feeding the lambs in the name of the Lord. So far as to the man who is called to feed the lambs.

III. Thirdly, when the Lord calls a man to a work, He gives him

THE PREPARATION

necessary for it. How was Peter prepared for feeding Christ's lambs? First, *by being fed himself*. The Lord gave him a breakfast before giving him a commission. You cannot feed lambs or sheep either unless you are fed yourself. It is quite right for you to be teaching a great part of the Lord's day; but I think a teacher is very unwise who does not come to hear the gospel preached and get a meal for his own soul. First be fed, and then feed.

But especially Peter was prepared for feeding the lambs by *being with his Master*. He would never forget that morning, and all the incidents of it. It was Christ's voice that he heard; it was Christ's look that pierced him to the heart: he breathed the air which surrounded the risen Lord, and this fellowship with Jesus perfumed Peter's heart and tuned Peter's speech, that he might afterward go forth and feed the lambs. I commend to you the study of instructive books, but above all I commend the study of Christ. Let Him be your library. Get near to Jesus. An hour's communion with Jesus is the best preparation for teaching either the young or the old.

Peter was also prepared in a more painful way than that, namely, *by self-examination*. The question came to him thrice over, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? Lovest thou Me? Lovest thou Me?" Often the vessel wants scouring with self-examination before the Lord can fitly use it to convey the living water to thirsting ones. It never hurts a true-hearted man to search his own spirit and to be searched and tried by his Lord. It is the hypocrite who is afraid of the truth which

tests his profession: trying discourses, and trying meditations, he dreads; but the genuine man wants to know for certain that he really does love Christ, and therefore he looks within him and questions and cross-questions himself.

Mainly, dear friends, that examination should be exercised *concerning our love*; for the best preparation for teaching Christ's lambs is love—love to Jesus and to them. These lambs of the flock live in the love of Christ: shall they not live in ours? He calls them His lambs, and so they are; shall we not love them for His sake? You and I will be out of gear with the vast machinery of divine love unless our souls are full of affectionate zeal for the good of the beloved ones. Love is the grandest preparation for the ministry, whether exercised in the congregation or in the class. Love, and then feed. If thou lovest, feed. If thou dost not love, then wait till the Lord hath quickened thee, and lay not thy unhallowed hand to this sacred service.

Thus I have described the sphere, the man, and his preparation.

IV. Let us now consider

THE WORK:

"Feed My lambs." I have given you the gist of this subject already. With the weak of the flock, with the new converts in the flock, with the young children in the flock, our principal business is to feed. Every sermon, every lesson, should be a feeding sermon and a feeding lesson. It is of little use to *stand and thump the Bible* and call out, "Believe, believe, believe!" when nobody knows what is to be believed. I see *no use in fiddles and tambourines*; neither lambs nor sheep can be fed upon brass bands. There must be doctrine, solid, sound, gospel doctrine to constitute real feeding. When you have a joint on the table, then ring the dinner-bell; but the bell feeds nobody if no provender is served up. Getting children to meet in the morning and the afternoon is a waste of their steps and yours, if you do not set before them soul-saving, soul-sustaining truth. Feed the lambs; you need not pipe to them, nor put garlands round their necks; but do feed them.

This feeding is *humble, lowly, unostentatious work*. Do you know the name of a shepherd? I have known the names of one or two who follow that calling, but I never heard anybody speak of them as great men; their names are not in the papers, nor do we hear of them as a trade with a grievance, claiming to be noticed by the legislature. Shepherds are generally quiet, unobtrusive people. When you look at the shepherd, you would not see any difference between him and the ploughman, or the carter. He plods on uncomplainingly through the winter, and in the early spring he has no rest night or day because the lambs are needing him; this he does year after year, and yet he will never be made a Knight of the Garter, nor even be exalted to the peerage, albeit he may have done far more useful work than those who are *floats into rank upon their own beer-barrels*. So in the case of many a faithful teacher of young children; you hear but little about him, yet he is doing grand work for which future ages will call him blessed. His Master knows all about him, and we shall hear of him in that day; perhaps not till then.

Feeding the lambs is *careful work* too; for lambs cannot be fed on anything you please, especially Christ's lambs. You can soon *half poison young believers* with bad teaching. Christ's lambs are all too apt to eat herbs which are deleterious; it needs that we be cautious where we lead them. If men are to take heed what they hear, how much more should we take heed what we teach? It is careful work the feeding of each lamb separately, and the teaching of each child by itself the truth which it is best able to receive.

Moreover, this is *continuous work*. "Feed My lambs," is not for a season, but for all time. Lambs could not live if the shepherd only fed them once a week. I reckon they would die between Sunday and Sunday; therefore good teachers of the young look after them all the days of the week as they have opportunity, and they are careful about their souls with prayer and holy example when they are not teaching them by word of mouth. The shepherdly of lambs is daily,

hourly work. It is so with those who feed Christ's lambs; they rest not till God saves and sanctifies their dear ones.

It is *laborious work* too: at least he who does not labor at it will have a terrible account to render. Do you think a minister's life is an easy one? I tell you that he who makes it so will find it hard enough when he comes to die. Nothing so exhausts a man who is called to it as the care of souls; so it is in measure with all who teach—they cannot do good without spending themselves. You must study the lesson; you must bring forth something fresh to your class; you must instruct and impress. I have no doubt you are often driven very hard for matter, and wonder how you will get through the next Lord's day. I know you are sore pressed at times if you are worth your salt. You dare not rush to your class unprepared, to offer to the Lord that which costs you nothing. There must be labor if the food is to be wisely placed before the lambs, so that they can receive it.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD SPIRIT

is an amalgam of many graces. He is hot with zeal, but he is not fiery with passion; he is gentle, and yet he rules his class; he is loving, but he does not wink at sin; he has power over the lambs, but he is not domineering or sharp; he has cheerfulness, but not levity; freedom, but not license; solemnity, but not gloom. The Shepherd spirit is a rare and priceless gift. A successful pastor or a successful teacher in a school will be found to have special characteristics, which distinguish him from his fellows. This, then, is the work: "Feed My lambs."

V. Lastly, let us consider

THE MOTIVE.

Our Lord Jesus heard Peter's assurance of love, and then he said, "Feed My lambs." The motive for feeding the lambs was to be *his Master's self*, and not his own self. Had Peter been the first Pope of Rome, and had he been like his successors, which indeed he never was, surely it would have been fitting for the Lord to have said to him, "Feed *your* sheep. I commit them to you, O Peter, Vicar of Christ on earth." No, no, no. Peter is to feed them, but they are not his, they are still Christ's. The work that you have to do for Jesus, brethren and sisters, is in no sense for yourselves. Your classes are not your children, but Christ's. This is not my Church but Christ's.

Yet while this is a self-denying occupation, it is honorable, too, and we may attend to it feeling that it is one of the noblest forms of service. Jesus says, "My lambs: My sheep." Think of them, and wonder that Jesus should commit them to us. *Poor Peter!* Surely when that breakfast began he felt awkward. I put myself into his place, and I know I should hardly have liked to look across the table to Jesus, as I remembered that I denied Him with oaths and curses. Our Lord desired to set Peter quite at his ease by leading him to speak upon his love which had been so seriously placed in question. Like a good doctor He puts in the lancet where the anxiety was festering: He inquires, "Lovest thou Me?"

It was not because Jesus did not know Peter's love; but in order that Peter might know of a surety, and make a new confession, saying, "Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee." The Lord is about to hold a tender controversy with the erring one for a few minutes, that there might never be a controversy between Him and Peter any more. When Peter said, "Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee," you half thought that the Lord would answer, "Ah, Peter, and I love you;" but He did not say so, and yet He did say so. Perhaps Peter did not see His meaning; but we can see it, for our minds are not confused as Peter's was on that memorable morning. Jesus did in effect say, "I love you so that I trust you with that which I purchased with My heart's blood. The dearest thing I have in all the world is my flock: see, Simon I have such confidence in you, I so wholly rely on your integrity as being a sincere lover of Me, that I make you a shepherd to My sheep. These are all I have on earth, I gave everything for them, even My life, and now Simon, son of Jonas, take care of them for Me." Oh it was "kindly spoken." It was the great heart of

Christ saying, "Poor Peter, come right in and share My dearest cares."

I wonder *when the prodigal son came back* and the father received him, whether when market-day came he sent his younger son to market to sell the wheat and bring home the money. Most of you would have said, "I am glad the boy is come back; at the same time I shall send his elder brother to do the business, for he has always stuck by me." As for myself, Jesus took me in as

A POOR PRODIGAL SON,

and it was not many weeks before He put me in trust with the gospel, that greatest of all treasures; this was a grand love-token. I know of none to excel it.

The master-motive of a good shepherd is love. We are to feed Christ's lambs *out of love*. First, as a proof of love. "If ye love Me, keep my commandments." If ye love Me, feed My lambs. If ye love Christ, show it, and show it by doing good to others, by laying yourself out to help others that Jesus may have joy of them. Next, as an inflowing of love. "Feed My lambs," for if you love Christ a little when you begin to do good, you will soon love Him more.

Besides being an inflowing of love, the feeding of lambs is an outflow of love. How often have we told our Lord that we loved Him when we were preaching, and I do not doubt you teachers feel more of the pleasure of love to Jesus when you are busy with your classes than when you are by yourselves at home. A person may go home and sit down and groan out—

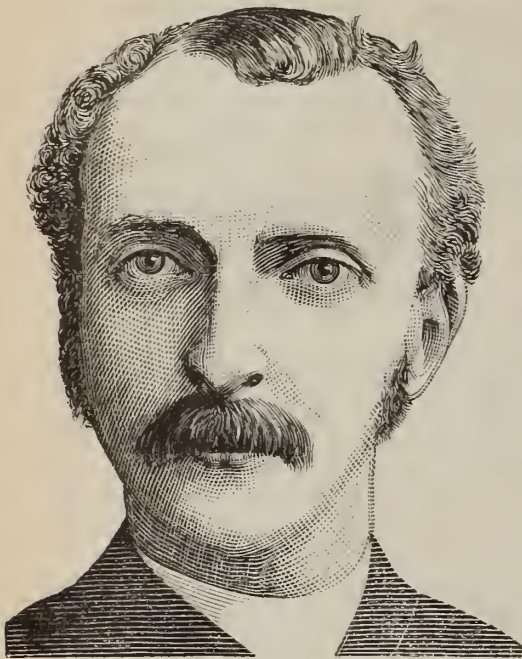
"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,"

and wipe his forehead and rub his eyes, and get into the dumps without end; but if he will rise up and work for Jesus, the point he longs to know will soon be settled, for love will pour out of his heart till he can no longer question whether it is there.

So let us abide in this blessed service for Christ that it may be the delight of love, the very ocean in which love shall swim, the sunlight in which it shall bask. The recreation of a loving soul is work for Jesus Christ; and among the highest and most delicious forms of this heavenly recreation is the feeding of young Christians; endeavoring to build them up in knowledge and understanding, that they may become strong in the Lord. The Lord bless you, dear fellow-laborers in the Sabbath-school, from this time forth and for evermore.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

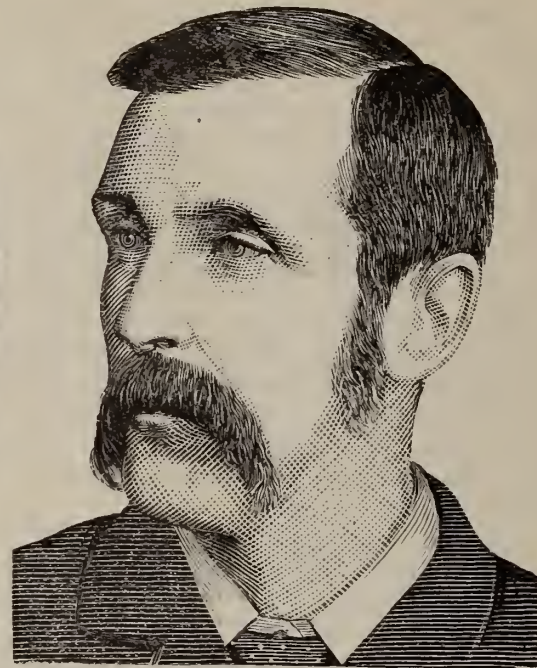
A Snake Charmer Lost his Life a Short Time ago, at Puddoopookur, near Calcutta, India, through over-confidence in himself and his remedy. A large cobra was discovered in a shop by some natives, who were about to take measures for destroying it, when a man named Ghose, well known as a professional snake charmer, asked them not to do so, and volunteered to tame and subdue it. He seized its head with one hand and its tail with the other, after the fashion of his fraternity, and was in the act of putting it into an earthen "chally," when the snake suddenly turned and bit him on the left thumb. The man persistently refused to be taken to the hospital, or to be treated surgically, saying that he could cure himself by the use of a remedy known as mantras. This he repeated, but his efforts proved unavailing, and he finally expired about an hour and a half after he received the bite. The majority of people in this country would take care to let a cobra alone if they saw one, but thousands trifle with sinful indulgences which are more dangerous to the soul than a cobra's poison is to the body. They rely on their own power of self-control or self-emancipation, until their souls are saturated with the fatal poison (2 Peter 2:9, 10).



Rev. T. J. Bass.



Mrs. Evered Poole.



Major Evered Poole.

REV. T. J. BASS.

THE Rev. T. J. Bass, whose portrait appears on this page, will be remembered by those who attended the sixth general Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York. He was one of the delegates from Europe to that conference, and was associated in that honor with Lord Alfred Churchill and Drs. Stoughton, Smith and Rigg and others. Mr. Bass has thrown himself into the work of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance movement with vigor. At Stockport, England, where Mr. Bass is at present located, the movement has made immense progress, and that mainly through his exertions.

Mr. Bass is a native of Ireland, having been born at Carrickfergus, in 1854. His father is a Wesleyan minister, and he early resolved in the strength of the Lord to devote his life to the same work. For two years he was a student in the Theological department of the Methodist College, Belfast, and afterward an undergraduate of Dublin University, his tutor being the Rev. T. K. Abbott, M.A.

For seven years he has been a minister of the Methodist New Connection, and has been appointed to some of the leading circuits in that denomination. He is at present associated in Stockport, with the Rev. W. J. Townend, the author of "The Great Schoolmen of the Middle Ages," who has also taken a leading position in the Blue Ribbon movement, and as chairman of the committee of the Gospel Temperance Union, has proved not only a wise counsellor, but a faithful friend and devoted helper.

When Mr. R. T. Booth, the American advocate of the Blue Ribbon movement, went to Stockport, he received no more cordial welcome from any one than from the young Methodist minister, Mr. T. J. Bass. During his first visit about 15,000 persons took the Ribbon out of a population of 59,000. The work has since then been carried on by a zealous committee of which Mr. Bass was chosen secretary, who, after the number had reached 20,000, ceased to count the Ribbons, and kept a record only of the new pledges. The London *Gospel Temperance Herald*, of which Rev. M. Baxter is editor, says of the Stockport committee: "They are to be congratulated on the magnificent scale and efficiency of their arrangements, and on the diligence with which they are following up their great victories. The name of Stockport is inscribed on the banners of the Blue Ribbon Army."

At the outset of the movement the attention of Mr. Bass was directed to a large weaving-shed, the property of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the enterprising secretary urged the committee to secure and transform the

great shed into a mission hall. Through the kindness of the directors it was accomplished, and a gigantic hall, made brilliant with the electric light, was crowded night after night with audiences numbering from 5000 to 6000 persons. The work which devolved on Mr. Bass and his co-secretary, Mr. A. Gibson, in arranging for the conduct of such meetings and for the comfort of such multitudes, was most laborious. The committee, in appreciation of the devotion and energy of the secretaries, presented them with *illuminated addresses*; and when Mr. Bass felt it incumbent upon him, in view of the claims of his own church, to resign the onerous office of secretary he was elected a vice-president, which office he now holds.

MAJOR EVERED POOLE.

AMONG the most active workers in the cause of Gospel temperance is Major Evered Poole, whose portrait appears on this page and who formerly held the office of major in the British Army. He was one of the leaders in the great series of meetings which closed on October 3d, in connection with the Blue Ribbon Mission in the north of London, at which 10,000 pledges were taken, and 15,000 persons assumed the blue ribbon.

Major Poole may be said to have been born in the army, for he first saw the light during a march of a regiment of cavalry in India, which his mother accompanied in a dhoolie, a species of litter carried on the shoulders of four men. She was the devoted wife of an officer in the regiment, and when the regiment was ordered forward her love for her husband prompted her in spite of the delicate state of her health to accompany him rather than be separated.

The boy as he grew up resolved to follow his father's profession, and joined the army when he was only sixteen years of age. The year 1858 saw him engaged with his battalion in helping to suppress the Indian Mutiny. Subsequently, in connection with the 1st Battalion, Major Poole had some service in the Mediterranean and in Canada. But the year 1860 is, perhaps, the most interesting one in his career, for in that year, as he writes, "A new light dawned on me, and I was materially aided and helped forward in my

NEW PATH OF LIFE

as a soldier of Christ by the army Scripture-reader at Winchester," the evenings spent with whom will never be forgotten by the Major, they being "among the happiest in my life." Since this time the Major has been enabled by God's grace to do much good work in the army by means of Bible-classes, hospital visiting, etc., and his labors in these directions, between the years 1868 and 1874, and while serving on the staff at Aldershot,

he looks back to with great pleasure and satisfaction. On leaving the army at the close of 1878, Major Poole was asked to take up the work of Association Secretary to the Army Scripture Readers' Society, a request with which he cheerfully complied; and it is evident, from the signal manner in which the Almighty has blessed his labors, that Major Poole fills a most useful sphere, and one in which he is specially fitted to help on the spread of the cause and Kingdom of God.

MRS. EVERED POOLE.

THE wife of Major Poole, whose portrait accompanies that of her husband, is his earnest and indefatigable helper in the cause of religion and Gospel temperance, and in the recent meetings did valuable service which was attended with remarkable success.

Mrs. Poole is better known to the Christian public by her maiden name—Eva Travers—a name identified with some of the most successful leaflets which have been issued in promotion of Gospel Temperance. Mrs. Poole, who was born at Zante, an island off the coast of Greece, was converted to God at the age of eighteen. For the past eight years she has wholly devoted herself to the Lord's service, employing voice and pen almost constantly in the promotion of temperance, virtue, and piety. She has spoken for many good causes, and particularly has she taken a deep interest in the Army Scripture Readers' Society work, in connection with which she has undertaken the charge of a juvenile association, numbering 1000 children, who are in personal correspondence with herself.

THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION, with which she has also identified herself, is another movement to which she gives a good deal of her time and attention; and lately great success has attended her warm advocacy of the Gospel Temperance movement.

RALPH MARTIN'S DREAM.

"WIDOW MARTIN has a hard time of it," was an expression which was often on the lips of the honest folk of Melville, a pretty secluded village, about ten miles from an eastern seaport. And the general estimate was an accurate one. Her load was heavy—so heavy, that unless the "everlasting arms" of her Heavenly Father had been underneath her, she would have been crushed by it. But, in her experience, as in that of all God's trusting children, the presence of God was realized the most when most needed, and in every trial He was with her and helped her.

She had been "Widow" Martin for now near

twenty years. It seemed even to her a long time, though the well-remembered night when the neighbors brought to her the stunning news that her husband was dead, was as fresh in her recollection as if it had been yesterday. That night would never be forgotten, though so much that was painful had happened since. He had been a sailor, and when he died suddenly at sea he left her with three sons, totally unprovided for. When her boys grew up they adopted their father's calling, but they, like him, encountered the perils of the sea and two of them met with a watery grave. It would have been better for Widow Martin, perhaps, if the third son had shared his brothers' fate, for his reckless, wicked life caused the godly widow bitter tears and many a heartache. He was her youngest son, and she loved him, as the only one left of all that once happy circle. He was "the only son of his mother and she was a widow." She prayed day and night for his conversion, but he had arrived at man's estate, her hair was white as snow and her prayers were unanswered. For thirteen years she had not seen him.

Ralph had not forgotten his mother during those thirteen years. Every voyage he determined that this time for certain he would go and see the old lady. But when he set foot on shore the old temptations came upon him and after a period of drunken revelry he sneaked on board his ship penniless and miserable. But in those nights at sea when the storm howled around the ship and he knew that any moment he might go down with the vessel or be swept by a wave from her deck, he thought of his mother and wondered if she was praying for him.

The turning point of his life came at last and *it came in a dream*, as if God had heard the widow's prayer and had spoken to her son as He spoke once to Saul of Tarsus. The Sea-sprite was off the Azores, when a terrific storm arose. Such a storm the oldest sailor on board had never seen. The wind howled and roared while the sea, lashed into ungovernable fury, swept the deck again and again, and then seemed to hiss out its rage and disappointment at not having engulfed them in the caverns, where so many sleep awaiting the trumpet-blast of the resurrection morning.

After six and thirty hours had passed, the tempest sobbed itself to sleep. Utterly weary after his unremitting labor, Ralph crept into his bunk and almost instantly fell soundly asleep. He dreamed a dream. It was a storm at sea, but somehow, it appeared to him as though the waves were liquid fire, and the heavens above one lurid sheet of blinding, scorching flame. Ships, like that in which he himself was sailing, glided past with strange frequency, and he observed that they glowed with heat like molten metal newly liberated from the furnace. Shrieks of despair came from the throats of the mariners, who seemed to have no power to guide their ships which were carried onward in spite of them.

Among the men on board one of the ships, and just as the strange tempest was at its height, he



Ralph Martin's Return.

saw a face which was quite familiar to him. Gazing upon it most intently, he presently recognized the features as *his own*. This unmistakable phantom of himself was engaged in hauling ropes from which, at every movement, there were emitted myriads of angry-looking sparks, and the masts were standing like towers of solid flame. As he looked, and while his very blood seemed to curdle in his veins, through terror, a tall figure strode majestically toward the man at the wheel, and spoke in tones of authority a few sentences of instruction. The last words he uttered were distinctly audible; they were these: "*This ship is under my orders. You have served Satan a long time and now you are going to see him in hell.*"

At this moment there was a crash as if Heaven itself had fallen to earth, and the flames above, around, beneath, were mingled in undistinguishable confusion. The ship had altogether disappeared, and Ralph became most painfully aware of his own individuality. He seemed to be in the very midst of all this awful scene of terror *alone*. There was nothing solid under his feet, and he was sinking deeper and deeper into the seething mass, which scalded and blistered and burned him, until he thought he could bear no more. And yet the certainty was borne in upon his mind that this experience must continue forever without any intermission or end. The thought was insufferable; he uttered a mighty shout of fear and pain, and at once there came to his aid a Being of surpassing brightness and beauty, and by His side was his own mother, with a look of supplicating entreaty upon her face, and the language of prayer upon her lips. "Oh, dear Lord Jesus, save my boy," was all he heard, and immediately awoke.

He was trembling from head to foot in an agony of apprehension; the perspiration stood upon his brow, and his veins were distended with the strain of his weird and dreadful dream. His first utterance on awaking was, "Thank God there is a chance yet. I'll go to my mother." He had resolved to do that many a time before, but this time he kept his word. No sooner was he released from duty after the ship's arrival than leaving the port with its allurements, he bent his steps toward his native village and for the first time in thirteen years he entered the little gateway before his mother's cottage, and peeped through the old-fashioned diamond-shaped panes of the window from which streamed a radiance that seemed to give him welcome. "But," and for the first time the thought struck him, "what if mother should not be alive!" His newly-awakened fear, however, was soon dispelled, for there, sitting at the table, was the old lady, reading from a large volume lying before her. She rose from her seat, and was just about to kneel in prayer, when Ralph knocked gently at the door, and an instant later stood in the presence of his mother.

Who can describe that meeting? The lost was found, the dead restored to life. It was like the miracle at Nain, and the son was given back to the widowed mother. When a few weeks afterward

Ralph once more rejoined his ship, he was a new man. He had been born again. The widow's prayers were answered, and she trusted her son to the care of Him who is able to keep him from falling.

ONLY A TRAMP. A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 703.)

The Mayor's Offer.

THE mayor rose from his seat in the buggy and changed places with his companion, and then once more asked, "Can you write? I don't mean just your name; but can you write a fair letter, and keep accounts, and that sort of thing? Don't be ashamed to say so, if you can't, or if you've forgotten during your wanderings. I can't, except after a fashion of my own; but perhaps you can?"

"Well," was the slow answer, "I began life in my uncle's office as a clerk, and I guess I earned best part of my living over ledgers the last two years in America; but that sort of employment did not suit me so well as my present daily labor."

At that last remark Mr. Barnes faced round upon him sharply. Decidedly at that moment it was a good thing that he had not got the reins in his hands. His mettlesome horse would not well have stood the jerk its head would have got.

"What are you talking about!" exclaimed the mayor impatiently. "What did not suit you so well as being the handle of a machine? I shall begin to think you nothing better than a machine yourself if you don't take care."

"I wish that I were anything half as sure to do my duty," was the low-spoken, bitter reply.

"But, at any rate," in a louder and more everyday tone, "I can perhaps have resolution enough to stick to being a handle, although I have too little strength of character to keep to anything more worthy."

"Umph!" ejaculated the mayor coolly. "So that's the opinion of your own character that you've come to, is it? Very well, it doesn't much signify, for you'll have me to keep you in your place now, whether you will or no; and I warn you beforehand, I'm a regular Tartar at doing that. Your uncle was nothing to me. He tried to make you into a first-rate clerk and failed; from this minute I take you for my first-rate clerk, and I succeed, and shall succeed, in keeping you too."

However, that last boast appeared for an instant doubtful; for whether from a momentary faintness such as all the troubles and privations of his past life had not produced, or whether from the resentful start accorded by the horse to a spasmodic clutch of the reins, Charles Wynn swerved over, and would have fallen on his head from the dog-cart if Mr. Barnes had not so very quickly caught his arm and held him firmly, while he said, with an affectation of sternness:

"Hullo, my good fellow, have a care! Firefly won't stand that sort of thing; you were as nearly out as possible. A good driver never hurts a horse's mouth."

"I am very sorry," muttered the ex-tramp sheepishly, and with a secret hope that his companion put his late danger all down to Firefly's indignation. Whether he did so in fact or not may be doubtful; but he said nothing more on the subject and recurred to the interrupted topic with the apparently off-hand remark:

"Your hours, will be pleasanter for you now. Instead of being at the works at six, I shall not expect you in the office until eight o'clock."

"To-morrow?" gasped Wynn.

"Ay, to be sure. Why not to-morrow? That's how I've got on so, I believe, by never putting off anything that I once made up my mind it was a good thing to do. To-morrow may be all very well; but I work, and think, and decide today. Poor Jem Blake has begged himself back to the machine-handle place you are to vacate, and I don't think you would consider it a very good act on your part to deprive him of two days' wage; and for myself, I should be very sorry to deprive myself of the next two days of your help in my office. My affairs there have got into pretty much of a muddle."

"And do you mean that you are going to trust me to do so?" asked Charles Wynn, with a wide-eyed stare of amazement.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" he echoed almost irritably. "Why, there is every reason why not. Even my power to be of service to you, you might much more justly doubt than believe in; but that part of the question I will put by. You have heard from me that I am a clergyman's son, and I may possibly have given some proof that I possess a certain amount of education—"

"I asked you if you did, you know?" interrupted the mayor calmly.

The young man shrugged his shoulders impatiently. In his youth he would have knocked down any one who had doubted his word; now he felt almost wrathful with any one who professed to believe it. But he continued, with something of a sharp remonstrance:

"Well, to put that on one side, how can you be willing to trust me on such short acquaintance in a place of such responsibility? You know nothing of me, but that I appeared here a wretched, ragged, starving, nameless, characterless, homeless, friendless, outcast tramp."

"Anything more?" said the mayor, with a calmness in strong contrast to his companion's heat.

"Yes, one thing more," came the quick reply in a lower and more dreary tone. "You should believe, as I do, that God never lets any fellow down so low but through a fellow's own fault."

"Just so," was the equally low and solemn assent. "And there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

A long silence followed that quotation. The two men were rapt in their own thoughts, and Firefly paced along the moonlit honeysuckle-scented roads at a rate of speed more suited to its high-bred inclinations that warm night, than to the present-day axiom, that "time is money."

At last Mr. Barnes broke this second silence with his usual abruptness, and his companion started, and gathered up the slackened reins, as his name was uttered quickly, "Wynn!"

"Yes, sir."

"Umph! you are awake, are you? I thought maybe you and Firefly had both gone to sleep. Well, I only wanted to say that a few minutes since you accused me—"

"Sir!"

"Yes," very decidedly, "accused me of taking into my office a man without a character, of putting into a position of considerable responsibility one of whom I can declare nothing but that he made his first appearance in my neighborhood two short months ago in a most dismal, disreputable condition. I have been thinking over the matter, and I have come to the conclusion to set you right on this point; for I would rather stand well in your estimation than meanly, I confess. It will be better for both of us."

"I do not think meanly of you," said the tramp earnestly; "you know that I do not. I could not; no one does. Only too generous-hearted," came the smothered amendment.

"There you go again," growled the manufacturer, "only too generous fiddlesticks! To show blind confidence in business matters is to show one's self a fool, and you know it. But ignorant as I am, I've a little more wisdom than that comes to. And, to prove it, you may as well hear at once that I know a good deal more about my new clerk than you think for. You must remember that my business relations here, there, and everywhere, give me especial opportunities for proving the truth of any statements I hear. It is thus that I have learned, with quite sufficient certainty to satisfy me, that your statements as to your own life and identity are true up to the time of your leaving England eleven years ago, and it is thus that I have verified your account of the shipwreck eight months ago, which reduced you to such absolute poverty. By the by, I have some hopes of gaining you some small compensation. I am having a try at it."

"There! *don't* interrupt; we are nearly home, and I want to finish what I have to say. I want to tell you this, that what I have learned of your conduct during the past six or seven weeks has given me better hope for you, more confidence in you, than anything I have discovered as to the truth you have told of your own history. Old Granny Sharplin's fine boots to-night have given the nail the final tap on the head, but it was first stood up in its place ready to be hit home," with a grim little chuckle, "when I heard you declare your readiness to go to prison so that a dangerous rascal might be sent there too. Then I met that queer little Bob Balston out on his lonely rambles a week or so ago, and I took him up and gave him a long drive, and I heard a good many strange things from him, and pieces of news about his 'best, dearest new friend, whom he loved next-most to faver and muvver.'"

"Good-night, sir, I'll get down here," said a muffled voice quickly; "this turning is a good one for Southford Cottages."

"And the next is better," rejoined Mr. Barnes; "so unless you want me to have my neck broken, you will just please to keep the reins; for I don't intend to take them; at least, not until I am ready, and that won't be until I have said all I wish to say; and you need not be ashamed of a man like me, old enough to be your father, hearing of the clever, fair way in which you have taught little Bobby. An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and if your heart were really bad you could not speak as you have done to a child."

"But there is even more than that. I told you a while ago that Jem Blake had begged himself back into the factory. He came straight to me, he told me someone had so advised him, and a little

questioning brought out a tale that you know even better than I do. You are angry with me for doing something to help you up to your proper place in the world; perhaps you will be still more fierce with me when I tell you that it was as much for your sake, after what I heard, as for his own, that I granted Blake's request. I only hope that you won't find that you have saddled yourself with more than you can manage. He'll be a handful, I'm afraid."

"Ah! And do you not fear that I also may be a bad handful for you?" sighed the young man. "It is easy to love God when one feels one's self overwhelmed with undeserved mercies; it is easy to tell a child of a Father's care, of a Saviour's tenderness; it comes naturally to one to try to drag a fellow-creature out of a pit of dingy degradation; but—"

The mayor laid his hand on his companion's, and stayed Firefly's steps and its driver's tongue at the same time.

"There is no 'but' in the case, Wynn," he said gravely. "No one can speak as you have done lately but by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and those to whom God gives His Holy Spirit. He will also give His strength, beating down Satan under their feet, helping them in the hour of temptation, and delivering them in all their troubles and adversities for His name's sake and His own honor. He is faithful who has promised; and now you may at last get rid of those reins, and leave me. Good-night. I shall hope to meet you again in my office to-morrow morning as soon as I think the post has come in; and don't let Jem Blake bother you. I'll find him another landlord if you'll let me in a day or two."

And then he stretched out his hand, and grasped that of the new clerk with a warm, firm clasp that spoke more than even his words had done, for the estimation in which he had already learned to hold him.

Jem Blake was already asleep when his self-constituted landlord entered his cottage, and having ascertained this welcome fact, Charles Wynn softly closed the door between the two rooms, lighted his lamp, and seated by the table he opened the small Prayer-book, which had already become so close a friend to him. Something there was of deep humility in the worn, weary heart that found it easier and more comforting to put by his own wavering thoughts, and pray in the words of those who must many and many a time also have felt weak and weary, before they so learned to know their own helplessness, and the unutterable love of God. "I beseech thee, dear Lord, so indeed to endue me with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that I may amend my life according to thy holy word."

And praying those words over and over again with hungering, eager earnestness, we must leave him for awhile, and take the opportunity to explain how he comes to have taken a penniless lodger into his quiet home.

The evening before that on which the Mayor of Southford, and the man who had wandered into Silverdale a starving tramp, two months ago, paid their visits to old Betty Sharplin, a young man, between nineteen and twenty, was sitting under a hedge, a very dusty one, just outside the town of Southford. A second man strolling thoughtfully along the road would have paid no heed to him, but that, when he was about to pass, the youth suddenly raised a scowling face toward a building a few yards off, and shook his fist toward it passionately. The pedestrian stood still.

"Ah!" he said aloud in agreement, "you are quite right, friend. Those wretched beer-houses deserve to have the fists of a good lot of us shaken at them, enticing us in to our ruin."

The young man turned his eyes from the object of his wrath to the new-comer. "Umph," he growled, "it's none for 'ticing me in, it's fur keepin a feller out, as I'm keen to pull it down about their curmudgeonly ears. It's done for a feller once, got me turned out of work, an' now that one wants a drop to keep the spirit in a man, one gets the cold shoulder, and never a day's credit."

"And a good thing too," was the downright answer from the elder of the two young men, who

now joined the other in his seat under the dusty hedge. "And a very good thing, too," he repeated. "It's the spirit of a cur, not the spirit of a man, that a fellow sucks up out of a pint pot. I guess your father did not get the spirit to work for a home over your head by drinking."

The grumbler stared. "My father's dead. What in the world did ever you know about him?"

"Nothing positively," said the other, laughing, "for I don't suppose that I ever saw him, and I am not a magician either. But you are well-grown, and have a look as though you had been well-fed and cared for when you were a boy."

"Ay, and that's what I was too," said the young man, an air of gratified pride taking the place of the scowl. "I've often heard mother say that no better-dressed, better-fed children than us were to be found in our village while father lived; but he died when I was fourteen, and since that I've had to fend for myself."

"And you have done it very fairly well too, I guess," was the encouraging answer, by which the ice of sullen reserve was so far further broken that Jem Blake changed his position on the bank so as to face his stranger companion.

(To be continued.)

JESUS MOCKED AND CRUCIFIED.

S. S. Lesson for November 19. Mark 15 : 16-26 Golden Texts, John 12 : 32 ; Ps. 22 : 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Three Terrible Sinners—Their Degrees of Guilt—Sinning for the Sake of Peace—Jesus Delivered to His Enemies—The Scourging and Mocking—The Thorny Crown—No King but Cæsar—The Crossbearer—The Sympathizing Women—A Lesson of Self-Forgetfulness—A Type of Christian Dissension—The God-ward Side of the Question—Jesus Lifted Up.

JUDAS, Peter, Pilate had each, though in very different degrees, sinned against Jesus and against their own souls. Peter had repented unto life, Judas had repented, but it was only in the way of remorse and despair; no hope, no restoration followed. Pilate had sinned with his eyes open, against the strongest convictions of his conscience; and it was very evident that his desire to release Jesus had proceeded more from personal fear than from a strong determination to do right; and having chosen the way of sin, he must abide eternally by the consequences.

God gave His Son to die, He laid on Him the iniquity of us all, Jesus laid down His life of Himself, and nevertheless, Pilate is responsible for His death, of his own free will he became the human instrument by whom the death of Jesus was brought about. O how grievous is the history! "Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him to be crucified!"

"WILLING TO CONTENT THE PEOPLE!"

How many a converted mother willing to content the children, has granted consent to that which was contrary to her judgment, and which in the end proved the destruction of those children! How many a converted wife, willing to content her husband, has gone farther and farther into the world, the world's dress, the world's dinner-party, the card-table, the wine, the ball; anything for peace, anything to prevent a disturbance! And yet, had she quietly but firmly, committing the consequences to God, told her husband how these things were not what she could enter into for God, and though she would not force him to see with her, that he must let her follow the light which God gave her, it is probable, that, even should there be a storm at first, yet she would soon win her way; and very possibly the husband would be glad. In many such cases we have known it to be so.

How often a husband, willing to content his wife, who has not learned to live within her income, allows her to run up debts, although he knows that it is contrary to the will of God, and he is conscious that when eating the food which is not paid for, he is really robbing the man to whom he owes the money, for that food is by right as much the butcher's, the baker's and the grocer's as if he had stolen it from their counter; he took

it in exchange for money which money he is not paying, and therefore the purchase is not really his. Thus all which he touches and uses is a source of continual discomfort to him. Why does he not take the matter into his own hands, and agree to do without everything possible, without meat, without butter, without sugar, without new clothes till the debts are paid? O this being "willing to content the people" instead of willing to content God, this sacrificing of Jesus to the people, it is going on everywhere, and doing damage to God's cause.

And Jesus, what of Him? After Pilate had granted to the people their desire by releasing the man who went about doing harm, "he delivered Jesus (who went about doing good) when he had scourged Him, to be crucified." No guile had been found in His mouth, no cause of death was found in Him, no charge could be substantiated against Him, and yet He must be scourged like a common criminal, and die. "Christ also had once suffered for sins the just for the unjust" (1 Pet. 3 : 18). Insult was added to injury, there must be "called together the whole band" of soldiers that they might join in mocking Him. And He knew it beforehand! He had foretold, "it is written of the Son of man, that He must suffer many things, and be set at naught" (Mark 9 : 12). They "shall deliver Him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock Him, and shall scourge Him, and shall kill Him" (Mark 10 : 33, 34). He knew it all, and yet

DID NOT DRAW BACK.

"I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them which plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from shame and spitting" (Isa. 50 : 6). "And they clothed Him with purple, and plaited a crown of thorns, and put it about His head," little knowing the significance of what they did, little dreaming how really He was then bearing the curse which first took the form of thorns and thistles, and wearing it upon His head as a royal diadem, making suffering His glory. And we sinners too, who have been thorns and briars in God's creation, bearing no fruit by nature unto God, "nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned" (Heb 6 : 8), does He not take us as His diadem? shall we not be His eternal glory?

And they "began to salute Him, Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote Him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon Him, and bowing their knees worshipped Him." O how completely the devil must have got possession of them! What was there in Jesus to call forth these insults? Had they been asked, the only answer could have been, "To please the chief priests," there was absolutely no other reason unless it be that the natural mind of man is so akin to the mind of Satan, that it only seeks an excuse to let loose a natural tendency to cruelty. That which makes men hunt a poor stag or a poor hare to death, is the same spirit which makes soldiers brutal on the battlefield, which makes the drunkard unnatural and cruel to wife and children. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," "out of the heart of man proceed . . . murder." And all this was now turned against the unresisting Jesus, the face which had never once been tainted with so much as a shadow of sin was spit upon, and He who ought to have been worshipped with all their hearts was worshipped in mockery! The Jews had disowned Him as King, although He was the lineal descendant of David and the real heir to David's throne, and they who prided themselves on their Jewish nationality had said nevertheless in their bitter enmity against Jesus, "We have

NO KING BUT CÆSAR

(John 19 : 15). O how truly can the worldling, the man without God say, "I have no king but Cæsar," I recognize no claim but that of the world, I know not God."

When the brutal soldiers had mocked Jesus, "they took off the purple from Him and put His own clothes on Him, and led Him away to crucify Him." "And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." (Luke 23 : 26). Was it that the physical strength of our beloved Lord

failed Him at this point, or that His enemies feared He would not have enough left to endure the agonies of crucifixion, and so with satanic malignity, they would seek means to prolong the suffering of our Lord to the utmost? We know not.

THE SYMPATHIZING WOMEN.

It was just now, when all hope seemed to be lost, that some of His followers summoned up courage, "there followed Him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented Him." No doubt the eleven were among them, and the women who had ministered to Him of their substance, none of whom had been bold enough to risk unpopularity, and to stand on His defence as witnesses for Him before either the chief priests, Herod, or Pilate. They could bemoan Him when it cost them nothing, but they had not been willing to represent His cause when all the disciples forsook Him and fled. Few have really the martyr spirit, although many like Peter think they have.

THE REAL MARTYR IGNORES SELF

and knows none but Jesus, considers none but Him, Jesus was conscious of their presence and "turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." And then He foretold the terrible things which should take place at the destruction of Jerusalem (Luke 23 : 26-31). O how lovely! He was not occupied with the sin of the Jews against Himself, but with its consequences to themselves, what a lesson of self-forgetfulness does He teach us!

"And they bring Him to the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull." There with the whitening bones of malefactors around, the Sinbearer must be put to death, but they who brought Him thither little knew how life should spring out of that one death. He said, "The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world" (John 6 : 51). "And they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but He received it not." He would accept no palliation, He would drink the cup of the wrath of God to the very dregs.

"And when they had crucified Him, they parted His garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take." There is something unspeakably revolting to a heart which is sensible of His love, in this parting of His garments, and yet how apt a type it is of the dissensions and strifes and divisions among Christians! The Psalmist said, "They parted My garments among them." Himself was of no account but

HIS GARMENTS WERE AN OBJECT

to the spoil-loving soldiers. Alas to many believers, the spoil of Christian reputation, of pre-eminence, of worldly glory, of emolument is really more an object than the Person of the Lord Jesus.

"And it was the third hour (the time of the morning sacrifice), and they crucified Him." "For dogs have compassed Me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed Me: they pierced My hands and My feet." Our golden text thus describes the work of ungodly men in this infamous transaction. But there is another side

THE GOD-WARD SIDE OF THE QUESTION,

"I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me." Where education and home training can effect nothing, where civilization utterly fails, the Saviour lifted up prevails, and the hard, unwilling, senseless hearts, the proud, stubborn indomitable wills are drawn unto Him. O that we learned the lesson better to lift up Jesus or to draw men to see Him lifted up! Not faith or experience lifted up, not gifts or graces, not men or churches, but Himself. O to bring men in real contact with Jesus, to get away all which is between! This is the great necessity, the Lord teach us how to do it. But in order that it may be so, we need to learn more effectually to lift Him up in our own hearts, and to know the power of attraction in Him which draws us away from ourselves and all else to Himself as our All-sufficiency, at all times, and in all circumstances. O Lord teach us to know nothing out of Thee, to see Thee lifted up, Thee above all circumstances, Thee the Remedy for every evil, Thee enough at all times that drawn ever closer to Thee, we may make Thee really known to others. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Difficulty Between the United States and Great Britain over the Fortune Bay affair came up for discussion in the British House of Commons on October 30th, when Sir Charles Dilke, Under Foreign Secretary, stated that a correspondence had been proceeding with the United States Government in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, but no arrangement had as yet been arrived at. The last despatch was dated in July. The Newfoundland government has not yet paid the compensation. The compensation referred to is the money due by the colonial government to the imperial government for the latter's disbursements to the United States as damages for the Fortune Bay dispute.

The Disturbances in France appear to have been checked by the energetic policy of the government. Troops were ordered to occupy the railway and all strategic points in Lyons. The soldiers were strictly forbidden to hold communication with civilians. The forts dominating the city were prepared at the word of command to lay any portion of the city in ashes. If further explosions occurred the city was threatened with martial law. Late on Sunday evening the police discovered and seized forty kilogrammes of dynamite. A telegram to the New York press says: "The French Government having addressed a complaint, couched in strong terms, to the Swiss Federal Council against the proceedings of anarchists at Geneva, an investigation into the matter has been ordered by the Swiss Government. Revolutionary manifestos have been posted in Paris and Marseilles printed on red paper. Two hundred of them were posted near the Louvre, the Palace of the Luxembourg and the Jardin des Plantes. They express the deepest hate for the bourgeoisie and declare war to the death against them. Explosive materials have been discovered in the coal depot and telegraph office at St. Pourcain."

The Condition of Ireland has Already Come up for discussion in the autumn session of the British Parliament. Mr. Parnell said he believed that the administration of the Land act would never give satisfaction to tenants. He hoped that the necessity for a discussion was proved, and that an opportunity would be given for it at the present session. It was stated that the government is taking active steps to give effect to the emigration clauses of the Arrears of Rent act by publishing regulations under which impoverished unions can borrow money to supplement government grants. Emigrants to North America will be landed at New York, Boston, Quebec or Halifax. A male and female agent will be appointed at each of those ports to keep the authorities advised as to the prospects for the employment of emigrants.

Mr. Parnell as a Landowner has a Different policy than he follows as a Land League leader. On October 31st, at the Wicklow Sessions an ejectment writ was granted at the suit of Mr. Parnell against three tenants named Ebbs, Kavanagh and Brennan for non-payment of rent. The farms they occupy are on the Avondale estate of Mr. Parnell, and they owe four years' rent amounting to \$895. A decree for the amount was granted.

The Reorganization of Egyptian Affairs has not advanced during the week. An effort on the part of France to renew the joint control has been made by M. Brédif, the late Comptroller, who has sent a letter to Cherif Pacha, president of the Egyptian Council, asking to be informed why, as the European control has not been abolished by a decree of the Khédive, he has not been invited to attend the meetings of the Council of Ministers. The letter of M. Brédif is regarded in diplomatic circles as a manifestation of the intention of France to bring the question of the European control to an immediate issue, without awaiting a general settlement of Egyptian affairs as the British propose. The disclosures made at the trial of Arabi Pacha of the treachery and duplicity of the Khédive of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey, have astonished the British Government and caused intense indignation. Both rulers will be watched with suspicion in future. The British Government have sent to Egypt Lord Dufferin the most astute diplomatist in the service who will, it is expected,

express to the Khédive in very explicit terms the wishes of the government, which he will be expected to obey in return for the assistance afforded him.

The Trial of Arabi Pacha has Arrived at the stage at which his counsel will commence their arguments on his behalf. The Prosecuting Committee has finished examining witnesses for the prosecution. Borell Bey, the Public Prosecutor, has expressed the opinion that the evidence proves the complicity of Arabi Pacha in the pillage and burning of Alexandria. Mr. Broadley has recovered the papers belonging to Abdelal Pacha. A captain of cavalry declared before the Prosecuting Committee that after the bombardment of Alexandria he overheard a conversation between Arabi Pacha and his chief engineer and military adviser, Mahmoud Fehmy, in which they both agreed there was nothing left to do but to set the town on fire. It is rumored in Cairo that the British contemplate abruptly closing the trial and banishing all the prisoners to Cyprus.

The Mahommedan Outlook is Still Stormy.—The whole Mahommedan world is at present greatly excited because it is about to enter on a new century of its existence. A new prophet is looked for in November, whose career is to eclipse that of the greatest of his predecessors. Arabi was thought at one time to be the expected one; now it is the highest ambition of the Sultan to be acknowledged as such. His hopes, however, have been shaken, first by a present from the Sheikh of Mecca consisting of a sword and a couple of pigeons, which is considered very ominous, but most of all by the appearance of the comet, which has sadly disturbed the astrologers.

The Reports of British Cruelty to Wounded Egyptians have been modified by Herr Janzon, the correspondent who first circulated them. He says in a letter to the *Cologne Gazette*: "In mentioning the charges in my own report, I add by way of explanation that the soldiers were still more or less under the excitement of the struggle that had just ended, and that in earlier fights it had happened that *wounded Egyptians had shot at the English when their backs were turned*—a fact of which they were perhaps thinking at the moment referred to. This was the explanation of the matter given to me also by English officers. I likewise added that during the rest of the day on the 13th, particularly on the march with the vanguard, which I had joined, I observed no cruelty of any description. The fugitives were generously permitted to fly, in some cases even without laying down their arms."

The Victories of the False Prophet in Africa have aroused British apprehension, and an expedition has been despatched to examine the actual state of the Egyptian southern frontier. It is now announced that the whole country below Khartoum is in the hands of the free negro who is styled the False Prophet. He has an army of 150,000 of the wildest fanatics, all horsemen, who are afraid of nothing, and he is reducing town after town. Dr. Schweinfurth writes, under date of Cairo, October 23d, that all the provinces of Egypt lying south and west of Khartoum are in the hands of fanatical insurgents, and that Khartoum is only hanging on by a thread. The army has been cut down by constant disastrous combats with the False Prophet, and is reduced to half its original size. The mass of the population believe in the ever victorious False Prophet.

The Mahommedan Tradition of the False Prophet is thus described in a communication sent to the *New York Herald*: "The Imam Mahdi is to come, according to Mahommedan belief, accompanied with great signs and wonders, and he will appear shortly before the Judgment Day. He comes on a white horse, and at the head of an army all mounted on white horses. In this there is a manifest trace of Scripture ideas, which the Mahommedans have followed and where the Hebrew Messianic notions may be traced. It bears at the same time a strong resemblance to the Kalki Avatar of the Hindus, which is to make its appearance on a white horse, and when the white horse stamps its foot the Kali, or black age, is to end and the Crita, or golden age, will begin again.

At present he is a long way from Cairo. Khartoum, of which he is said to be absolute master is about 900 miles in a direct line from Cairo, and perhaps 1000 miles following the winding of the Nile. The town is the principal place in that region, and is situated among palm trees on the western bank of the Bahr-el-Azrek, or the Blue Nile. This is close to the junction of that branch with the Bahr-el-Aviad, or the White Nile. It is this position at the union of the two main branches of the Egyptian river which gives Khartoum its strategic importance, and made it long the headquarters of the slave trade in Upper Egypt."

The Members of the Salvation Army, who were arrested some time ago in India and imprisoned on refusing to pay a fine or give security for their abstaining from preaching in the streets, have been released. A telegram from Bombay, dated October 31st, states that on that day they were all released with an admonition.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey During their second week in Paris continued their work with unabated energy and increasing interest and success. Their closing meetings were held on Sunday, October 22d, amid a scene of profound and grateful enthusiasm. During the whole of the mission, the pastors of Paris, French, English, and American Methodist, Independent, and Baptist attended at the meetings and willingly co-operated and there were representatives also of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches. The large church of Pasteur Bersier, in the Avenue de la Grand Armée, has been invariably crowded every evening, and the preaching of the Gospel attended by great blessing. A correspondent says: "We believe that the hearts of many Christians have been stirred within them. Some of the habitual attendants at our services have declared their (hitherto secret) discipleship; there have been others that have listened long to the Gospel and moved who have decided for Christ; there have been many more neglectors of God's day and God's house who have been led to hear the words of life from His servant's lips. And we are hopeful looking for still more manifest and numerous proofs that the Holy Ghost is owning and empowering the message and the messengers." Mr. Moody conducted several services in the Oratoire for the benefit of the French, Pasteur Theodor Monod interpreting for him. Yesterday, October 24th, the distinguished evangelists commenced their long-anticipated campaign at Bristol, where they intended to remain until November 3d.

Welcome News of a Decided Improvement in the health of Mr. George Müller, the founder of the Bristol Orphanages has been received from Mr. James Wright, Mr. Müller's assistant, who writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, saying that through the Lord's kindness, Mr. Müller rapidly recovered, and may now be considered well. He deems it most prudent not to undertake the intended American journey; but, instead of this, he will labor on the Continent of Europe. He proposes shortly to move on to Pesth, in Hungary."

The Settlement of the Greek Boundary Question has been effected by the command of the Sultan to surrender to Greece the whole of the territory claimed by that Power. That arrangement was made by the Berlin Conference but had not been executed by Turkey.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 6 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers of prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Single Copies, Three Cents.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1882.

16th Year. No. 46.—New Series.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, The Discoverer of America.

The Legend of Atlantis—Birth and Training—Early Voyages—Cruises against Mahomedans—Leaps from a Burning Ship into the Sea—Settles at Lisbon—The Poet Pulci's Prediction—Current Traditions—His Plans of Discovery Introduced to the Senate of Genoa—Rejected by Portugal, England, Spain—Obtains Another Audience of Ferdinand and Isabella—Sets Sail on August 3, 1492—Discontent and Mutiny on Board—Land Discovered on October 12—San Salvador Taken Possession of—Enthusiastic Reception at Home—The Courtier and the Egg—Three Later Voyages—Disappointment and Death.

THE legend of Atlantis with which Plato familiarized us and which has recently been brought prominently before the world in a work designed to prove that the legend was founded on fact, is not likely to be satisfactorily proved in our day. The effort now being made is to show that the vast tract of elevated land discovered by the deep-sea soundings of the Challenger, under the waters of the Atlantic near the Azores, is the identical continent described by Plato. The theory is broached—and there are many facts discovered which lend plausibility to it—that the continent over which now roll the billows of the Atlantic was once elevated above the level of the sea, like Europe and America, but that it was submerged by a convulsion of nature. It is urged that that convulsion is known to Biblical readers as the Deluge, and that on that continent existed the veritable Garden of Eden. How far this may be truth or surmise scientists cannot tell us, but many eminent men have already accepted it as a very probable theory.

However that may be, and whether a stepping-stone ever did exist between the shores of Europe and those of America, it is very certain that no knowledge existed of this great continent in the fifteenth century. As *Washington Irving* has well said the discovery of America is due to "a mariner who first had the judgment to divine, and the intrepidity to brave the mysteries of this perilous deep; and who by his hardy genius, his inflexible constancy, and his heroic courage, brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other."

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa in the year 1435 or 1437. *Washington Irving*, who had ample opportunities while at Madrid of settling the vexed question, gives the authorities which led him to believe it was in 1435. He is said to have been of noble descent, but the fact is not proved, and it is certain that at the time of his birth the family was neither wealthy nor distinguished. Of his education and early training we know but little. After acquiring some knowledge of the Latin tongue, he was instructed at the University of Pavia, in geometry, cosmography, astronomy, and the art of drawing. His passion for geographical knowledge and his love of adventure soon developed, while his irresistible inclination for the sea as a profession resulted in placing him before the mast. His name, which in the Spanish Archives is given as Colon, was an abbreviation of Colonus the ancient Roman name of the family, but the discoverer himself did not adopt that style until late in life, and his early letters were all signed Columbus.

HIS EARLY VOYAGES.

At the age of fourteen he began his career on that element which conducted him to so much renown. His early voyages were to the ports in the Mediterranean which his countrymen then frequented. This being a sphere too narrow for his active mind, he made an excursion to the northern seas and visited the coasts of Iceland, to which the English and other nations had begun to resort for purposes of fishing. As navigation in every direction was now become enterprising, he proceeded beyond that island, and advanced several degrees within the polar circle. Having satisfied his curiosity by a voyage which tended more to enlarge his knowledge of maritime affairs than to improve his fortune, he entered into the service of a famous sea captain named Colombo.

CRUISES AGAINST MAHOMMEDANS.

This man commanded a small squadron fitted

out at his own expense, and by cruising, sometimes against the Mahomedans, sometimes against the Venetians, the rivals of his country in trade, had acquired both wealth and reputation. With him Columbus continued for several years, no less distinguished for his courage than for his experience as a sailor. At length, in an obstinate engagement off the coast of Portugal with some Venetian ships returning richly laden from the Low Countries, the vessel on board which he served took fire, together with one of the enemy's ships to which it was fast grappled. In this alarming extremity his intrepidity and presence of mind did not forsake him.

HE THREW HIMSELF INTO THE SEA, laid hold of a floating oar, and by the support which it furnished, and his dexterity in swimming, he reached the shore, though about six miles distant, and saved a life destined by God in His providence, for great undertakings. This incident, *Irving* considers doubtful, believing it to be attributed rather to Fernando Colombo, but other historians connect it with the discoverer. (*To the left of the portrait a view of this scene is depicted.*)

He at once made his way to Lisbon, where many of his countrymen were then settled, and so highly did they estimate his merit and talents, that they warmly solicited him to remain in that kingdom, where, they assured him, his naval skill and experience could not fail to make him conspicuous. *Irving* thus describes from material collected at Madrid, his

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

at this date. "Tall, well-formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His visage was long and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair; his nose aquiline; his eyes light gray and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority."

To every adventurer, animated either by curiosity to visit new countries, or, with ambition to distinguish himself, the Portuguese service was at that time extremely inviting. Columbus listened with a favorable ear to the advice of his friends, and having gained the esteem of the orphan daughter of Perestrelo, an Italian navigator, whom he married, fixed his residence in Lisbon.

THE "PILLARS OF HERCULES."

The idea of land beyond the world of waters was in Columbus's day a matter of rather common speculation. Pulci, the Florentine poet, who wrote about the period of Columbus's infancy, after alluding to the vulgar belief that the Pillars of Hercules (the names of two lofty mountains, one situated on the most southern headland of Spain, and the other on the opposite coast of Africa), were the boundaries of the world, thus speaks:

"Know that this theory is false; his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave;
The dustiest sea-boat soon shall wing her way;
Men shall descry another hemisphere."

It had also been rumored that the inhabitants of Madeira, and other Western Isles, saw at certain times, and in very clear weather, land appearing in their western horizon, and always in the same direction; that the people located on the islands west of Africa, had picked up every now and then, some pieces of beautifully-carved wood; while others, in navigating these seas, had taken up canes of an extraordinary size, trunks of some trees which had been torn up by the roots, and plants such as had not been seen in the Old World; to which may be added, that human bodies had been cast by the waves on the shores of Flores, differing essentially in feature and complexion from both the African and European type. These traditions were floating about on the stream of Time when Columbus was a little boy, and as years rolled away, became in him an idea and an inspiration.

PREPARATION FOR THE WORK.

Columbus and his bride took up their abode with the widow of Perestrelo, and the future discoverer studied the nature and extent of the Portuguese discoveries, and soon his mind was on fire. But it was a long time before he was permitted to realize the fulfilment of the dream of the discovery of the Western land, which had taken possession of him.

The first step toward this was to secure the patronage of some of the considerable Powers in Europe, capable of undertaking such an enterprise. A sentiment of patriotism constrained him to lay his schemes before the Senate of Genoa, and make his own country the first tender of his service. But Columbus had resided for so many years "in foreign parts," that his countrymen were unacquainted with his abilities and character; and, though a maritime people, were so little accustomed to distant voyages, that they could form no just idea of the principles on which he founded his hopes of success. They inconsiderately rejected his proposal as the baseless vision of a chimerical projector, and so lost forever the opportunity of restoring their Commonwealth to its ancient splendor by the acquisition of new territory in America.

PROPOSALS TO EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

In vain, also, did he lay his plans before the Court of Portugal; and when he sent his brother Bartholomew to negotiate with Henry VII. of England—the wisest and the richest prince in Europe—the scheme was once again denounced and peremptorily declined. Columbus had yet one hope left. Ferdinand and Isabella then governed the united Kingdoms of Aragon and Castile; and he resolved to go in person and lay his plans at their feet, and prefer his petition for their patronage and support.

In Andalusia, there is a small seaport, called Palos, not far from which, just above the town, there stood, and there stands now, the Franciscan convent of La Rabida. At the gate of this convent one mellow autumn evening in the year 1486, Columbus, now fifty years old, arrives on foot—a foreigner and a sailor—with a little boy whom he is holding by the hand. He is a noble-looking man, with lofty bearing and daring spirit. His gray hairs bespeak not so much old age, as years of care and toil. His countenance is somewhat depressed, yet remarkable; and fixing his almost liquid eyes on the child, he asks for him, hungry and footsore, a little bread and water.

DISCUSSION IN THE CONVENT.

While the boy is eating and resting, the Prior of the Convent approaches, and enters into conversation with the father. The man has but one idea, and he has not much to say on anything beside. The poet had sung in words emphatic

"Men shall descry another hemisphere."

and this gray-headed man, this plainly-dressed and rough speaking mariner, believes that with Heaven's help and guidance, *he* is the man to find that other world:

"Here am I; for what end, God knows, not I;
Westward still points the inexorable soul;
Here am I, with no friend but the sad sea,
The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which without *me*, would stiffen in swift death."

He talks to the Prior of land beyond the sea, and the Prior thinks there are lofty conceptions within the mind of this humble wayfarer. He invites him to be his guest and becomes more deeply interested in his story. He sends for a friend, a physician in Palos, and a man of pre-eminent mathematical knowledge, to spend the evening with his guest. At supper-time the Prior and the physician are alike astounded as the man proceeds with his reasonings and his pleadings, as to the existence of a Continent beyond the seas. The stranger is no other than Christopher Columbus, on his way to Ferdinand and Isabella with his plan elaborately and exhaustively prepared for a voyage of discovery.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

The good Prior offered his guest an introduction at Court, and promised to take care of his little boy till he returns from his interview with royalty. The Queen's Confessor and Adviser, Ferdinand de Talavera, showed himself hostile to the project; the Court resembled a military camp, and the attention of the sovereigns and their courtiers was wholly devoted to the affairs of war. Columbus was cast down, but not destroyed. After months of weary waiting, the Grand Cardinal of Spain took up his cause, and procured him an audience of the sovereigns.

VERDICT OF A LEARNED COUNCIL.

A council of learned men was summoned to judge

is scheme. He brought under their notice his project, and his reasons for entertaining it. This council went on meeting and deliberating for four years, and then pronounced the scheme to be visionary and vain, *anti-Scriptural and impracticable*. Columbus was taunted, ridiculed, insulted, and even the children in the streets pointed at him with signs significant.

ROYAL ASSENT TO HIS SCHEME.

Columbus left the Court of Castile, and sought for patronage elsewhere. He tried some of the Spanish grandees, and received letters favorable from the monarchs of England and France. In Portugal he had already tried Genoa, and, perhaps, Venice. But all in vain. Then he resorted to La Rabida, to call for his son. He related his failure and his sorrow to his old friend, Prior, who was moved with his story even to tears, and undertook to go in person to the Queen to urge the suit of Columbus. The royal lady commanded Columbus to appear again before her. He arrived at the Court to find the Sovereigns engaged in the siege of Granada. Its fall was accomplished, and when the blast of war had died away, Columbus had an audience with the Sovereigns, whose assent and promise of assistance he at length obtained. For *eighteen long years* he never lost sight of his cherished scheme, in poverty and neglect, in the midst of bitter ridicule and hopeless appeals, and the moment for its realization has now arrived.

THE CUPIDITY OF THE COURT.

But Columbus had now to do battle with the avarice of his royal patrons. Such was the height of the fulness of his faith in his object, that he would treat only on such terms as became the dignity and the grandeur of his enterprise. That egotistic spirit of his felt that there was something due to him—as much, perhaps, as to the crowned heads with whom he was now negotiating. He therefore demanded, in the event of success, that he should be high admiral and viceroy of all the islands and islands that he might discover, and that these offices should descend to his heirs forever. He also made stipulations of a monetary character, to all of which strong objections were taken. Columbus was firm, and would abate nothing, and resolved once more to leave Spain for France; but Isabella became strongly moved in favor of the enterprise, and even offered to pledge her jewels to meet the expenses of the expedition. (*The picture on the right hand side of the frontispiece portrait illustrates this episode.*) The tardy consent of Ferdinand was secured; and as a further mark of royal favor, Columbus's son was appointed page to the heir-apparent, with a handsome allowance for his support.

SETS SAIL ON AUGUST 3, 1492.

Columbus proceeded at once to Palos with a bounding heart, and began to fit out his ships and train his crew. Though he prevailed upon three men named Pinzon, possessed of much wealth and considerable experience in navigation, to accompany him, the vast majority of the people viewed the project with perfect horror, which must lead in death to all engaged. At last the ships were manned, and the Discoverer stepped on board. The fleet consisted of only three vessels. The largest called the Santa Maria of no great burden, and the other two the Pinta and the Nina, entitled to no better names than that of caravels, or light vessels without decks, crazy, leaky, and in no wise seaworthy; the crew consisted of about ninety men—pressed men, most of them, and all of them most cordially hating the service; and on Friday, August 3d, 1492, a little before sunrise, the squadron set sail from Spain across the Atlantic to the West, in search of a Continent.

DISCONTENT AND MUTINY ON BOARD.

On September 9th, they lost sight of Ferrol, the last of the Canary Islands, and the last known point of land, when the sailors became very dejected, shedding many tears, and beating their breasts, as if to perish were inevitable. Presently a flight of birds awakened in them the hope that land was not far off. Columbus knew better, and he would not give in to the men's wishes to sail after it. Disappointed, and with embittered feeling, they took an attitude of opposition to him, and charged

him with building up his own reputation on the sacrifice of their lives. But:

"A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which grasping, without question he is led
Where there is work that he must do for God."

and therefore his sole word to the helmsman was—"WEST!"

For more than two months they continued to sail to the West upon a voyage which many of the crew regarded as a fool's errand. Mutiny at length broke out among the sailors, and they concluded that it was best to dispose of Columbus by throwing him overboard, but none of these things moved him. He seemed scarcely ever to sleep, but when he did lie down, it was with prayer to God. His courage was the offspring of Faith, not of Fear.

Early one morning (it was October 12th, 1492) the welcome cry was heard from one of the little ships of

"LAND, LAND AHEAD!"

and so indeed it proved to be, and only about ten leagues (thirty miles) off. All the vessels now lay to waiting for the dawn of day; and when daylight at length appeared, the land was found to be an island. The three companies went on shore, kissed the ground for joy, and kneeling on the sands, gave thanks to God for His great mercy in preserving them during their long voyage, through seas hitherto uncrossed, and for the discovery of a land hitherto unknown. Columbus then stood up, and going through the usual ceremonial, took formal possession of the island in the name and on behalf of his Sovereigns; planted upon the soil of the New World the symbol of the Cross, and the Standard of Castile, and gave to the land the name of San Salvador, and which is now ONE OF THE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

The inhabitants of the new-discovered land were savage, but peaceful and kind; and gathering around the Admiral and his crews, some with uplifted hands, and others in an attitude of prostration (*as shown in the right hand panel of the lower portion of our frontispiece*), looked upon them as visitants from some higher world.

While Columbus was cruising from island to island of the grand group now known as the Bahamas, his friend, the elder Pinzon, incited by the desire of gold, which he learned was to be had in the Island of Bohio, to which Columbus refused to go, took advantage of the superior sailing of his vessel, and deserted Columbus, whose ship was shortly afterward on its way to St. Thomas, wrecked upon a sandbank. Canoes came to his aid, and subsequently Columbus set out for Castile, in one of the two remaining ships, to acquaint his Sovereigns with the particulars of his momentous discoveries.

ENTHUSIASTIC RETURN

After a most stormy voyage, Columbus re-entered the Port of Palos, on March 15th, 1493, having been absent seven months and twelve days, and was received by the people with every possible demonstration of joy and exultation. The very air rang with the shout of acclamation. He went at once to the old church to render thanks to God for his great and manifold mercies, and afterward responded to a summons to appear at Court. As he approached Barcelona, all the Court—all the city—went out to meet him, and to conduct him into the presence of the two Sovereigns. As he narrated the incidents of his voyage, and the facts involved in his discoveries, Ferdinand and Isabella listened with rapt attention to his story. When he had finished, thanks were again rendered to God, the *Te Deum* was chanted amid circumstances of unusual pomp, and high honors were conferred upon the now happy Italian.

Yet there were men jealous enough to seek to detract from the Discoverer's great merits. At a banquet which was given him, a small-minded courtier asked him abruptly and rudely, if he thought that, had he failed in his enterprise, there were not men in Spain equal to the undertaking which he had accomplished? On the principle that a fool is to be answered according to his folly

COLUMBUS ASKED FOR AN EGG,

and then invited the company, individually, to make

it stand on one end. All tried—all failed. He then put it into the hand of the offending courtier, and challenged him to do it. He tried, and like the rest, he failed. Columbus had no unfair advantage. He took the very egg which had been laid down by all the rest, *gently struck one end of it against the table*, and there it firmly stood. The thing once done—was easy of imitation; but the difficulty was to do it. This circumstance gave rise to the proverbial expression of "Columbus's egg."

Columbus made *three* more voyages to the land he had discovered. Cuba and Hispaniola, now known as San Domingo; the Leeward Islands, and Jamaica were found, but during his absence his enemies fabricated charges of such gravity that he resolved to plead his cause in person, and, after much difficulty succeeded in re-establishing his influence with his Sovereigns. His last voyage resulted in the discovery of Trinidad, as well as some portions of the South American coast, but his life was again embittered by the intrigues of his enemies.

DISGRACED AND INSULTED.

The consequences of their machinations were disastrous and irremediable. Isabella's mind was poisoned against her former favorite; his assured rights were annulled and his commission as viceroy revoked. Francesco de Bovadilla, who was sent out to San Domingo in his room, had the arrogance to send Columbus home in irons. But the act proved his own ruin; he was disgraced, while his victim was liberated and rewarded. Still, the former honors were not restored, which so wrought on the feelings of Columbus that he ever afterward preserved his fetters as a memento of injustice.

HIS LAST VOYAGE

began in May, 1502, and the first incident was a terrible hurricane, occurring soon after his arrival at San Domingo, in which a treasure fleet starting for home, and the departure of which he had vainly attempted to delay, was almost entirely lost. Then he was wrecked on the island of Jamaica, and only rescued after enduring the greatest misery by a fleet from Hispaniola. At last returning to Spain with one solitary vessel, he found on landing, in December, 1504, that Queen Isabella was dead, and from her surviving consort he could obtain no redress from the reiterated charges against him, *sorcery* being one of them, and had even to undergo the insult of being offered a pension in exchange for his former dignities.

So, broken down with disappointment and illness, Columbus breathed his last at Valladolid, on May 20th, 1506, at the age of seventy years, his death being distinguished by the same piety and calm faith which had marked his life. The King, actuated possibly by remorse, honored his body with solemn obsequies, and confirmed, though tardily, the rights of his family. His remains, originally deposited at San Domingo, were transported in 1795, to the Cathedral of Havana, in the island of Cuba, where they now repose.

To quote once more from Irving's noble book: "Well would it have been for Spain had those who followed in the track of Columbus possessed his sound policy and liberal views. The New World in such cases would have been settled by pacific colonists and civilized by enlightened legislators; instead of being overrun by desperate adventurers and desolated by avaricious conquerors."

Miss Whately's Mission in Egypt, of which

an account has already appeared in these columns, is still continued in spite of the disorganized state of the country, though the public schools have had to be closed. How seriously such labors as those of Miss Whately are needed in Egypt is evident from the reply she recently gave to the question of how many public professions of Christianity had resulted from her labors. She said: "I cannot venture to say one," adding, "to women profession of Christianity in Egypt means death, and it is hard to find the martyr spirit. Only God can give it. Many in Egypt, I doubt not, would have courage to stand upon the scaffold, but they dread being secretly poisoned, or secretly tortured by their relatives if they professed to be Christians."

HOSPITALITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 12, 1882.

"And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."—II KINGS 4: 8.

Wives who Overshadow their Husbands—The Inane Husband—The Great Woman of Shunem—Nameless but of Undying Fame—I. Great in her Hospitalities—Hospitality in Barbarous Nations—A Christian Duty—Not for the Benefit of Religious Tramps—Hospitable Churches—II. She was Great in her Kindness to God's Messenger—The Joys of the Minister—A Romantic Incident—"That Was Me"—III. Great in her Behavior under Trouble—The Great River of Sorrow—The Gorgon of All Time—Those who Conquer it—A Dying Christian Father—IV. Great in her Application to Domestic Duties—Public Benefactions no Atonement for Home Negligence—Great in her Simplicity—Contented with her Lot—V. Great in her Piety—What Woman Owes to Christianity.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travellers must be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdrelon is offered him, in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read, and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman.

Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the centre of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs, and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, on the banking house, on the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful.

If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be

THE SILENT PARTNER

in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on Exchange, but there oftentimes comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot—if you say "yes," responding "yes"—if you say "no," responding "no"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman.

Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess, or princess, or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who by her intelligence and her behavior challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

I. In the first place, she was

GREAT IN HER HOSPITALITIES.

Uncivilized and barbarous nations honor this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the

ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest: "Who, and whence art thou"? If this virtue is so honored even among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging.

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place ranging their whole lifetime, perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families, with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpet bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such *religious tramps* take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality.

Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold, as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem.

Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown

IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I am thankful that I am pastor of a church where strangers are always welcome, and there is not a State of the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the ushers of this church complimented. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for a while and then make pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until flushed and excited and embarrassed he started back again and coming to some half-filled pew, with apologetic air, entered it, while the occupants glared on him with a look which seemed to say: "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God. Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A WESTERN TRAPPER'S CABIN.

A good man travelling at the far west, in the wilderness, was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After a while the man of the house came home with a *gun on his shoulder* and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After a while the man of the house whispered with his wife and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned. Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the Word of God and making a prayer; if you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude, but glorious Christian hospitality.

II. Again, this woman of my text was

GREAT IN HER KINDNESS

toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission, he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish

somebody would write a book about *the joys of the Christian minister*, about the sympathies around about him, about the kindnesses, about genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home and is there a shadow on the cross there are hundreds of hands to help, and in who weary not through the long night watch and hundreds of prayers going up that God will restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimstone cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table, there not many to help him drink of that cup who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the wards of the Christian ministry—about his roundings of Christian sympathy.

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Leper servants. I could tell you of something that might think

A ROMANCE.

A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching, a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable, took the vacation and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "Here is *key of the parsonage*. We have been cleaning up, you had better go up and look at it."

So the young pastor took the key, went up the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was the hat-rack all ready, the canes and the umbrellas and the overcoats; on the left hand of the hall was the parlor sofa chaired, pictured. He passed on to the other side the hall, and there was the study, table in the centre of the floor with stationery upon it, bookshelves built, long range of new volumes far beyond reach of the means of the young pastor, many of these volumes.

The young pastor went upstairs, and all sleeping apartments furnished; came downstairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices and the coffees, and the sugars, and the groceries for a six months. He went down into the cellar and there was the coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining-hall and there was the table already set—the glass and the silver ware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw on another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in staying to keep house was to strike the match. "Y tell me that is apocryphal. Oh, no;

THAT WAS ME.

Oh, the kindnesses, Oh, the enlarged sympathies sometimes clustering around those who enter the Gospel ministry. I suppose the men of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large-hearted Christian sympathies of the women of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

III. Again, this woman of the text was great

HER BEHAVIOR UNDER TROUBLE.

Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says: "He sat on her knee until noon, and then he died." "Y the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed: 'It is well'! Great in prosperity this woman was great in trouble.

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of *this great Sahara*? Where are the shoulders that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing on glassy sea that has not after a while been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earth comfort, but trouble hath hitched up its fiery arpaunting team and gone through it with burning ploughshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe.

Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the

on and the Danube and the Mississippi have explored, but who can tell the depth or the of

THE GREAT RIVER OF SORROW

up of tears and blood rolling through all and all ages, bearing the wreck of families of communities and of empires—foaming, boiling with the agonies of six thousand. Etna and Cotapaxi and Vesuvius have described, but who has ever sketched the of suffering wretching up from its depths and the scoria and pouring them down the to whelm the nations? Oh, if I could r all the heartstrings, the broken heart-ings, into a harp I would play on it a dirge such is never sounded.

thologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and, and geologists tell us of extinct species of ters; but greater than Gorgon or Megathes, and not belonging to the realm of fable, not of an extinct species, a monster iron jaw a hundred iron hoofs have walked across the ns, and History and Poetry and Sculpture in attempt to sketch it and describe it have ed to sweat great drops of blood.

t, thank God, there are those who can con-as this woman of the text conquered, and "It is well! though my property be gone, gh my children be gone, though my home be en up, though my health be sacrificed, it is it is well!" There is no storm on the sea, Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the and hush it. There is no darkness, but the ellations of God's eternal love can illumine it, hough the winter comes out of the northern you have sometimes seen that northern sky blaze with auroras which seem to say: me up this way; up this way are thrones of and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an al heaven. Come up this way.

Ve may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost; Though Satan enrage, the wind and the tide The promise assures us, the Lord will provide." heard an echo of my text in

A VERY DARK HOUR

my father lay dying and the old country ster said to him: "Mr. Talmage, how do feel now as you are about to pass the Jordan ath?" He replied—and it was the last thing ver said—"I feel well; I feel very well; all is "—lifting his hand in a benediction, a speech-benediction which I pray God may go down hough all the generations. "It is well! Of se it is well."

7. Again, this woman of my text was great in application to

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

ry picture is a home picture, whether she is rtaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving ful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is aling for the restoration of her property—y picture in her case is a home picture. Those not disciples of this Shunemite woman, who, g out to attend to outside charities, neglect duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of ghter. No faithfulness in public benefaction ever atone for domestic negligence. here has been many a mother who by inde-able toil has reared a large family of children, pping them for the duties of life with good ners and large intelligence and Christian prin-les, starting them out, who has done more for world than many another woman whose name ounded through all the lands and through centuries.

remember when Kossuth was in this country e were some ladies who got reputation, honor-putation, by presenting him very gracefully bouquets of flowers on public occasions; but t was all that compared with the work of the a Hungarian mother who gave to truth and ization and the cause of universal libert— a suth? Yes, this woman of my text was

GREAT IN HER SIMPLICITY.

hen this prophet wanted to reward her for her tality by asking some preferment from the , what did she say? She declined it. She : "I dwell among my own people," as much

as to say: "I am satisfied with my lot; all I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people." Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages.

COMPETITION IN DISPLAY.

How many there are who want to get great architecture, and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's pencilling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have hardly enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors, or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy, and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries.

Of course, I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel—there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman.

God, who strung the beach with tinted shell, and the grass of the field with the dew of the night, and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin redbreast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments. But what I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensable, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own people."

V. Yea, this woman of the text was

GREAT IN HER PIETY.

Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under Paganism and Mahomedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire worshippers in India and above the rumbling of the juggernauts, I hear the million-voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris and the La Plata and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indies and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her.

But thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises up from ignominy to exalted sphere, and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

Two Trains were Saved from Destruction in

Missouri a few days ago by the intelligence and courage of a child. The St. Louis *Republican* thus describes the incident: "Yesterday morning as the Jefferson City passenger train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was rushing at full speed through the cut on the road between Glendale and Webster stations, the engineer noticed a little girl standing on the track waving her apron wildly and making other gestures, signifying that the train should stop. The engineer was undecided for a moment, believing that the child was at play. He looked again and saw the little maid still holding her posi-

tion, and still waving aloft the signal of distress. The engine was reversed and the steam brakes applied, the train coming to a halt almost in the middle of the curve. Looking down the road a piece, the train men were horrified to see the Washington express coming down upon it and the little one still on the track waving her apron. The engineer of the incoming train saw the child's signal, and the engine was stopped within 100 feet of the Jefferson City train. Both trains were on the same track." The child, who thus standing at the peril of her life between the two trains rushing on to their own destruction, and waving her signal, must have been a most impressive spectacle. She was a type of the attitude of the religion of Christ, which in the midst of the world's tumults and in the face of impending disaster gives the warning signal and points the way of escape (Phil. 2:15, 16).

A Christian was Saved From Self-murder not long ago by the minister of the church he attended. The pastor was called up at midnight to visit a young man reported to be in a very strange condition. He was a young man of exemplary character and a professing Christian, of the genuineness of whose conversion no one had occasion to doubt. Upon the minister's arrival, he found his friend in his room partly undressed and walking about in a wild and purposeless manner, exhibiting strong marks of mental suffering. Upon the mantelpiece was an open razor, and under his bed eight or ten feet of rope. He would not speak when spoken to; but as he turned aside, the minister, hearing the rustling of paper concealed in his bosom, ordered him in a very peremptory tone to produce it. As he handed it over it proved to be his will. He was on the eve of self-destruction. For several days he was obstinately bent upon concealing the true cause of his distress, yet in every other respect he would implicitly obey his pastor's directions. He finally made a clean breast of his trouble. He stated that a grossly sinful thought had been suddenly thrust into his mind which filled him with horror; and this was immediately followed by so vivid an impression that he had sinned away his day of grace, that he mistook it as a literal voice from heaven, announcing his final doom. It was with great difficulty that he was convinced that the whole thing was a temptation of the devil; but when convinced and properly instructed, he became a cheerful, and a diligent worker in the Master's vineyard.

A Heroic Advocate's Memorial Church has been erected in Glasgow, Scotland. The Rev. J. Wells, of Glasgow, thus describes the death scene of the noble fellow whose memory the church is built to perpetuate. "On the evening of the 21st of January, 1876, after a terrible double collision on the Great Northern Railway at Abbot's Ripton, near Huntingdon, he was found lying on the snow, in the darkness, under the boiler of the engine. He was extricated only after two weary hours' of digging, and then, covered with wounds, and with one of his limbs torn open from the knee to the foot, he had to endure the agonies attending his tardy removal through snowdrifts to the hospital at Huntingdon. Although completely conscious and suffering acutely, no complaint escaped him to distract the attention of those who were laboring to save his life. His bearing throughout was that of a brave man, ready for the worst, accepting without murmur the lot which awaited him. 'I never could have imagined,' wrote an eye-witness, 'so calm and peaceful a resignation to so sad a fate as his.' 'Thank you, for all you have done,' he said; 'tell my mother I die in Jesus.'" His attendants often overheard him praying so earnestly for others that he even forgot himself, and they noticed his concern lest he should withdraw attention from any of his fellow-sufferers, whose necessities might be greater than his own. To one who was striving to relieve him while he was crushed under the boiler, he said, 'We are all selfish at times like this—cannot you help the man near me?' During forty hours the sufferer lingered in the peace of God. When told that it was Sabbath, he opened his eyes and said, 'A day of rest,' and at noon entered into 'the rest that remaineth.'"

ONLY WATCHFUL CHRISTIANS TO BE TRANSLATED BEFORE THE THREE AND A HALF YEARS' TRIBULATION.

By Rev. R. R. Albin, of Dorchester, Eng.

As a child of God, am I watching for the coming of my Lord? Do you, dear one, believe in the personal coming of the Lord to call His saints that fell asleep in Him from the dead and to translate (those who are *watching* for His coming) the living ones to meet Him in the air, and so to be ever with the Lord?

Perhaps you, like many more, are only looking for Christ to come to judgment, which takes place at the *end* of the *world*, or are looking for the millennium *previous* to Christ's coming, which is quite unscriptural. God's Word distinctly states that Christ shall come *with* His saints, and reign on this earth for a thousand years. John, on the Isle of Patmos, speaks in Revelation, 20th chapter, "I saw an angel come down and bind Satan for a thousand years," and "I saw thrones, and they that sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them," "and they lived and reigned *with* Christ a thousand years." Again, we read in God's Word, "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with *them* in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words" (1 Thessalonians 4 : 16-18).

Then, as a child of God, am I *watching* for my Lord's coming? Do I long for His appearing? for we read in God's Word only to those who are thus *looking* for Him shall He appear. "And unto *them* that look for Him shall He appear the second time without (not coming again as a sacrifice for sin) sin unto salvation" (Hebrews 9 : 28). Unto salvation of the *body* as well as the *soul*, for at the coming of the Lord the redeemed soul will have a redeemed body, even like unto His glorious body.

You say—Will He come personally, or only spiritually? What does the Word say? "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall *so come in like manner* as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts 1 : 11). We see here two angels from heaven are sent to announce this fact to the disciples.

Yes, He *will* come, and come in *person*, as the man Christ Jesus, to fetch His ransomed ones; and to fight for His ancient people, the Jews, the remnant left in Jerusalem, who will, as He comes in the air, receive Him as their long-looked-for Messiah, the veil of unbelief having been removed from their eyes. "And His feet shall stand in *that day* upon the Mount of Olives" (Zechariah 14 : 4). We see He was taken up to heaven, as He appeared to the disciples, in the form of a *man*, in His glorified body, and thus will He appear at His second coming to this earth.

I think we have seen from God's Word, without doubt, that Christ Jesus will come in person to fetch His redeemed ones—His *church*—to be united to Him in the heavens, and also standing with His feet on the Mount of Olives (see Zechariah 14), He will fight for His people—the Jews—that is, the remnant then in Jerusalem *converted*, having, on His coming in the heavens, received Him as their Messiah, the veil removed from their eyes, by the passing through the *great tribulation*, viz., "Jacob's trouble" of three and a half years, having purified them.

At the time of His coming Jerusalem is surrounded by the great armies of the *Antichrist-Emperor* of Cæsar's original Roman Empire, an allied confederacy of Ten Kingdoms, ruled by Ten Sovereigns, represented by the ten toes of the Prophetic image, and the ten horns of the wild beast, in Daniel 2 and 7. Christ, as the Great Captain of His people, shall fight for them, "and shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of *His coming*" (See 2 Thessalonians 2 : 8). This battle that will be fought is called the battle of Armageddon, and is described in Revelation 19, Zechariah 14, Ezekiel 38. After this the millennial reign commences.

Will all living believers, on Christ's second coming into the aerial heavens, be caught up to heaven

at the same time? I think Scripture declares not. The *watchful* servants, who are looking and longing for their Master's return, will evidently be translated *first*, at the same time as those who have fallen asleep in Jesus. The remainder, *though believers*, but not *looking* and *watching*, will remain behind to

PASS THROUGH THE GREAT TRIBULATION, to be tried and purified, and just before the *appearing* of Christ, who will stand upon the Mount of Olives, *they* will be translated, and will, with the other saints, *attend* the Saviour in His judgment of Armageddon. They will be the *second fruits*, as they of the first translation are the first fruits of the *harvest*. See Matthew 25 : 1-13 ; Revelation 12 : 5 ; 14 : 1-4 ; 7 : 9.

Thus we see from the Word of God that Christ will come in person. First into the aerial heavens, to translate the living saints together with those who fell asleep in Jesus, to Himself, and with them will descend in judgment upon Antichrist and his armies around Jerusalem. He will then take upon Him His right, and reign King of Israel, and King over the whole earth, and His saints shall reign *with* Him.

When will this take place? Maybe very soon; evidently we are in the *end* of the last days. Prophecies are fulfilling fast. Let us take heed, lest *that day* should come and find us unprepared, "For the Son of Man cometh in an hour when ye think not," "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come; but know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up; therefore, be ye also ready" (Matthew 24 : 42-44).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Day Dream Dispelled.—The Rev. James Scott said, at a recent meeting in Glasgow: "I met a friend to-day who inquired, 'Have you heard that a legacy has been left you?' 'No,' I answered, 'I have not.' 'There has been, though,' he rejoined. Very naturally I was pleased, and began thinking, 'What shall I do with this money that is coming to me?' So I actually planned how it was to be laid out. When the letter came intimating the legacy, however, it turned out that the money was not for myself, but for the work in which God is using me. I was exceedingly glad to get the money for this purpose, but my own day dream, in which I had built a castle in the air, was falsified. My disappointment arose through conclusions built on an imperfect report. In a similar manner all who seek happiness in the world's pleasures, neglect to live as God tells them, and refuse or pay no heed to His gracious offers of pardon, must be aroused by the Holy Spirit from the delusive day dream to a proper realization of the awful reality. Leave off building 'castles in the air,' and build on Christ, the Rock of Ages, if you would be safe now and hereafter."

A Powerful Illustration.—Mr. Scott also said, "I preached in Wynds some years ago, and remarked during my sermon that, 'If I had intimated that I would bring a bagful of gold with me to-night for distribution among the very poor in this audience'—I was going to tell how the people would act, when a woman shrilly and excitedly called out, 'Ah, *that* would be grand!' thus emphasizing in an expected way the illustration I was using. How true it is that people are so inordinately greedy for the gold that perisheth, and utterly indifferent to the eternal salvation of Christ, which no gold can buy."

A Commercial Traveller's Story.—At the Gospel Temperance meeting on September 22d, a commercial traveller said: "I was well brought up by Christian parents and led a fair moral life until I was twenty-five years of age; then a restless feverish desire, which I thought was irresistible, came over me and I went forth into the world to be away from the restraints of home. You all know the usual routine of a man determined to drain to the last drop the cup of sinful pleasure,

so that I need not enter into details which I not benefit you, but simply say that I received many warnings and calls, but rejected them. My father died and left a considerable sum of money and a good business to me. By this time I was a drunkard and felt that I had no hope, spent all the money and ruined the business which my father had made. When I left the place where I spent my time and money along with companions till two o'clock in the morning even although I was drunk, I felt overpowered by a sense of my sins, and cried out for help and help to the God whom I was defying. On the 16th of April last I heard Mr. Moody, and then resolved that I would no longer exalt myself, but come humbly as a penitent sinner and cast myself at the foot of the Cross. The Lord has saved me from a drunkard's hell, and from a drunkard's life. Nothing but the power of God could have done so, and nothing but the power of God can keep me."

Hell upon Earth.—Mr. James John said: "Last Thursday and Friday were the days in Paisley. On Friday afternoon, when the races were over, I took a walk through the town and never in all my life have my eyes looked upon a scene such as I saw then. Half the people whom I met were drunk. The sober, respectable people of the town had, as usual, left during the day, and in their place it seemed as though all gamblers, swearers, drunkards and black-legs of the country had come. Can nothing be done to put this state of matters right?"

A Pleasant Reflection.—At the same Meeting Mr. Smilie said: "To-day, at one o'clock, I called to look upon the remains of a man who had been, as a sheaf of corn, fully ripe. Half an hour previous to his death he was conscious, and to me: 'A deathbed's not the place for remembrance. What would I have done if I had not come reconciled to God, through Jesus Christ long ago. With this bodily pain upon me I do not have repented if I would.' Notwithstanding the torture of body, he passed away in peace, leaving not in his own blameless life, but in the doing grace of God, whose pardon he had received by the Holy Spirit to accept in time."

Another Trophy from Infidelity.—The Rev. Mr. Duncan said: "I think that our best victory to take all our infidel opponents to the Bible support of this I will relate an incident which took place in Dumbarton lately. We were trying to gather a crowd in the street, but were not successful in doing so. We found that the Young Men's Christian Association were holding an evangelistic meeting in the street, and they very handsomely handed over their meeting to us. One of our young men in the crowd, an infidel, sneered at us, but listened to the Word of God. As he did so the Holy Spirit fastened home the truth upon his heart, and he was led to Christ. The next day he was doing all in his power to help us."

A Business Man's Confession.—"I was speaking to a gentleman the other day who is very prosperous in business, and making money with extraordinary celerity. In the course of our conversation about the unsatisfactoriness of all earthly things, he said, 'I am positively tired of all this thinking about money, money; I am sick of the very sound of it!' Though this man had the command of the god of this world, Mammon, yet his soul revolted from the degrading enslavement to the pursuit of riches as though it alone were the living force, instead of the service of Christ, and glory of God."

In Peril from Indians.—At the same Meeting Mr. Shorrey said: "I remember an incident in the old days when the railway was not in existence across to California, and it was a journey fraught with danger to travellers, from stormy winds, and from white men who lived upon robbery, and scrupled not to murder whole carloads so that they might steal the money usually carried on the person of the traveller. One day as we were journeying, word came to our leaders that the Indians were on our path, a sharp look-out was kept during the daylight, and when darkness began to hide

strict orders were given to put out the fire which had been lighted to cook our evening meal. The women and children were gathered together and the wagons placed in a circle round them. Our horses besides being hobbled as usual, were fastened to the wagons and food given to them there instead of being allowed to wander in search of themselves. The men were all armed and posted in different places on the watch, in such a way that one could sleep and another watch turn about. An old woman who always read a few verses at night felt quite distressed at the thought of not seeing to read as usual, and searched in the embers to see if there was even one cinder left burning, to her relief she found one and carefully shielding it, she opened her Bible and blew the little bit of charred wood into a flame. While it flickered for an instant she read aloud, 'The Angel of the Lord camps round about them that fear Him and delivers him.' The small company laid themselves down to sleep resting on this heaven-sent message, and were safely kept in quietness till next day—not only so, but they were not troubled during the rest of the journey."

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

AN OPIUM HABITUÉ.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, writing to Miss Carrie F. Judd, says: In response to your request that I should write out my experience with opium, I thought I would write it this afternoon. I commenced taking opium ten years ago last September, by the advice of my physician, to *quiet pain*, as I was so situated at the time, that I could not give up work. I took it to keep up my strength, and from fifteen drops twice a day, I increased it to *three tablespoonfuls* twice a day, for about six months. Then I stopped it all at once, and stopping so suddenly brought on paralysis. Then the doctor gave it to me for two years steadily. Then he gave it to me off and on for three years more; but the habit was growing so strong that he would not give it to me any longer, for he thought it would ruin me both soul and body; but I would get it without his knowledge. If I could not go out to buy it myself I would ask strangers to get it for me.

This winter the doctor had to leave the city for a few weeks, and he left me a powder for external use that had morphine in it, and my pain was so intense that I ate it. When the doctor found it out he took it away; and then the bitter struggle that I had! It seemed to me that I must kill myself. I walked the floor all night long; and one night, when it seemed that I could not stand it any longer, I got down on my knees, for the first time in ten years, and I just told the Lord that I would not get up until I had gained the victory. Bless the Lord, He granted my prayer, and now I will never take the vile stuff while I live, with God's help.

A NERVOUS SUFFERER.

Miss Carrie F. Judd publishes in her excellent paper, *Triumphs of Faith*, the following letter written by Mrs. T. L. Mansfield of Glasgow, Ky., on August 21st, 1882: "For several months before I was confined to my bed, my health was very poor. In September, 1875, I was taken down suddenly with spells of *extreme nervous suffering*. Physicians were called in, one and another, until 1880; ten or twelve different ones treated me. I was relieved temporarily in some respects. My case was complicated; few, I think, could be more diseased than I was. There was no ease nor comfort for me, only by *taking morphine* as directed by my physicians, for four or five years. For months and years I could neither sit, stand nor walk, for the pain.

"Several weeks before I was healed, I heard of 'Pink Cottage.' I was soon ready to go to that place, believing there was a blessing awaiting me. My husband thought it very foolish, but he went with me. I had not been at the Faith Cottage long, and heard the word and seen God's glorious works, before I came to myself and said, 'Where have I been all my life.' I then asked God to first *heal my soul* perfectly. Bless the Lord, I stepped out of darkness into light; oh, what a blessing it was!

"I then prayed for the healing of my poor afflicted body. Satan tried in many ways to make me doubt, but I felt Jesus too precious to disbelieve His word. I willingly gave up all medicine and earthly physicians. I even *gave up the morphine* which I thought I could not live without, and praise the Lord, I haven't wanted any of it. I claimed the promise in Jas. 5: 14, 15; was anointed July 4th, 1882, and was most wonderfully healed, soul and body. I had just been suffering so much pain, that I asked Jesus if it was His will for me to live and serve Him in my afflicted state; if so, I was more than willing, but if His will to heal me I was *waiting His time* not mine. Just then a thrill passed through my whole system. I asked the Lord if it was His healing power. I was lying down, and He bade me arise and go tell it. I arose, and again asked, that I might be sure. Again I was urged to rise and go tell it. I did so, and am still repeating the story o'er and o'er, giving God the glory forever."

BETHSHAN.

At the weekly meeting of the friends of the faith healing home in London at Bethshan, 10 Drayton Park, conducted by Rev. W. E. Boardman and Mrs. M. Baxter, wife of the editor of *The Christian Herald*, on October 18th the following testimonies were given:

Mrs. Baxter said: "While my husband and I were at Bristol recently, we were taken to visit two sisters, both of them being very ill; one suffering from consumption. The doctor had pronounced both the cases as hopeless. I said to them, 'Now, we will lay hold of the Almighty,' and we did, and these two women are now quite well, and have applied this very day to my husband, to employ them in the Lord's work. The person who wrote the letter for them, for neither of the young women could write, was one of the first of the cases healed in Bethshan, so there are three who, at first useless members of society, have been healed by God's strength, and each one of them, I think, has also received healing through the blood of Christ."

Mr. St. George then said, "On Monday night last, very late, a messenger came from Chalk Farm, asking Miss Murray to go and anoint the messenger's sister, who was very ill. Miss Murray, being engaged and very busy, I myself went with the messenger. On arriving at the house I found the afflicted one in bed exceedingly ill. She had all the symptoms of an acute attack of rheumatic fever, her pulse having almost ceased to beat, and her joints being slightly swollen, although she had only been attacked at mid-day. She said she had given her heart to the Lord, but was still in doubt as to whether He had taken it or not. Having been assured that God was more ready to receive than she was to give, I prayed with and anointed her. The following day, Miss Murray had a letter saying that the patient, who had been so near death's door, was quite well and able to get up."

Miss Williams said: "I have always been very delicate in health and my whole frame has been liable to acute suffering when a sudden appearance of inclement weather came on. I never felt more depressed than I did this morning. The words however, came to me, 'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage and He shall strengthen thy heart.' I took courage, and strength came, and I was able to walk through the foggy streets, without experiencing the slightest ill effects.

"There is another case, too, which I would like to mention. Mr. Graham, whose wife is here to-night, recently lost his reason—the result of a crushing blow in business. On the occasion of our last meeting here, we prayed for the poor man, and when Mrs. Graham went to visit him on Monday, she found him much better, although the doctor had given his case up as being decidedly hopeless."

Mr. Burns, city missionary, testified that for three years he had been a cripple, and, for four years or more, he had been afflicted with chronic rheumatism. He had been under about twenty different doctors, but he thanked God that he had been induced to go to Bethshan, where he found the blessing he required.

Another gentleman stated: "I had been suffer-

ing with rheumatic fever, but am now restored by means of prayer and anointing. I wrote to my friends in Ireland regarding the marvellous cures, and a friend suffering from rheumatism in his back, together with a female afflicted with cancer in the breast and leg, wrote back, soliciting prayers in their behalf. The former case is completely cured, while in the case of the woman, the cancer in the leg is nearly healed, that in the breast being completely so. You may thus see that even at a distance of over 400 miles our prayers can be answered."

MEETING THE RETURNING LORD.

By Rev. A. J. Gordon D.D., of Boston Mass.

I HAVE an observation to make upon the words "to meet the Lord in the air," (Thess. 4: 16-18). The word used in the original is *apanteesis*—not the verb, but a noun; and, literally, is "caught up into the air to the meeting of the Lord." The word *apanteesis* occurs in three other places in the New Testament, and invariably signifies a meeting for the purpose of receiving and welcoming the individual, and to escort him back. Thus it is in Matt. 25, where the ten virgins are first said to go forth and *meet* the bridegroom (verse 1), and then are surprised in their slumber by the cry, "Go ye out to *meet* Him" (verse 6). It occurs the third time in Acts 28: 15: "And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to *meet us* (*eis apanteesin eemin*) as far as Appii Forum, and The Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage. And when we came to Rome," etc. It is evident here that they met Paul, not to stay with him at The Three Taverns, but to continue with him by going back with him. And the whole context in Thessalonians seems to require that we explain it of the saints going out to welcome the Lord in the air; not to continue in the air with Him, but to accompany Him on His visit here, and therefore to return with Him. [Abdiel's *Essay on the Advent and Kingdom of Christ*, p. 70.]

This note gives, we believe, the true explanation of those seemingly contradictory statements which we have in the Epistle to the Thessalonians that Christ comes for His saints, and, again, that He comes "with His saints." In the text at the head of this article we have the Lord coming for His saints. In Thessalonians 3 we have Him coming with His saints, "to the end He may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, like our Father at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints."

We view the matter like this: When the President of the United States visited Boston, a few years since, a company of gentlemen went forth just beyond the limits of the city, and met him, and escorted him into the town. The risen saints and the translated living believers will be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air at the sound of the trumpet. These will form a kind of body-guard, a glorious escort, to the advancing King, attending Him on His conquering way, as He comes to set up His kingdom. They are sharers with Him in the triumphs of His kingdom. He comes to take the throne of His father David. But He is not alone upon that throne. "Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed Me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

The Church, as the Bride, is a kind of queen consort to the King of kings. She is the subject of Christ, indeed, but, as sharer of His throne, she is His co-partner. He comes to judge the world, but His Church shares the honor with Him. "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" He will judge the angels. And to His brethren the word is, "Know ye not that ye shall judge the angels?" He will rule over the whole earth. And to His own He saith, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

Caught up to meet the Lord, and to welcome Him to His blood-bought inheritance! Oh, what distinction, to be the imperial body-guard of the King of all the earth. This honor have all His saints.



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The thanks of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* are due to a large number of subscribers who have written to the office, expressing their high regard for the journal, and stating their intention to introduce it to their friends, with the view of obtaining new subscribers for the coming year. Their efforts would have a better chance of success if commenced now, than at the end of next month, when people will have made their arrangements for 1883. In recognition of this fact a concession in price will be made. They may offer *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, postage paid, from this time to the end of 1883 for \$1.50—that is, fourteen months for one year's subscription. This concession is made in order to aid the friends of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* and to encourage them to proceed at once with their kindly project. It is hoped that every subscriber will use his influence, however small it may be, to send at least one new subscription, in addition to his own, for 1883.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The News of the Democratic Victory in New York last week surprised the country, not because it was unexpected, but on account of the overwhelming numbers by which it was achieved. Never has the Governor of any State been elected by so immense a majority as that by which Mr. Grover Cleveland is elected Governor of New York. The latest return places the figure at 196,413. The significance of this result may be realized when it is remembered that only two years ago New York gave Garfield a majority of 21,033, and that Mr. Folger, now the defeated candidate, carried the State in the same election by a majority of 44,160. Besides this, the Democrats gained seven congressmen in the State including the Congressman-at-Large, and carried the entire Democratic ticket by large majorities. That this result is due to a change of political principles by the voters no one believes. It was evident from the first that thousands of Republican votes would be given to the Democratic candidates, not because the voters had

become Democrats, but because they could not conscientiously support their party in the line of policy its bosses had adopted, and would prefer to see it defeated than victorious on its present lines. The fraud and forgery in the Saratoga Convention and the appointment of the notorious John F. Smyth to the Chairmanship of the State Committee were only specimens of the policy which alienated the most influential members of the party, and caused them either to vote the Democratic ticket or to abstain from voting at all. The organs of the Republican party in the State attribute the defeat to the influence of Mr. Blaine and the section of the party which acknowledges him as a leader, but the facts all tend to show that the result of the election is the work of the people and not of the leaders at all, and that the love of honor, justice, and righteousness is stronger in the hearts of the people than mere party allegiance.

The Democratic Tide of Victory Appears to have swept over almost the entire country. General B. F. Butler is now the Democratic Governor-elect of Massachusetts; in Pennsylvania the Cameron ticket was overwhelmingly defeated; Connecticut elected a Democratic governor, and in New Hampshire the Republican candidate barely escaped defeat. The most important feature of the elections is that the House of Representatives will now be Democratic by a majority of 71, there being 198 Democrats and 127 Republican Congressmen. Counted by states, too, the result is in the same direction, for the Democrats have a majority in twenty-two state delegations. Respecting the constitution of the new House a Washington correspondent has calculated that of the 325 men who have been elected in the Forty-eighth Congress, 178, or more than one-half, are not members of the Forty-seventh Congress. With very few exceptions they are new men. Two of them have served in the United States Senate, and half a dozen or so have been members of the House in previous Congresses. Of the 57 members of the House in the Forty-seventh Congress whom Speaker Keifer appointed to be chairmen of committees only 23 have been re-elected. Some of the 34 not re-elected were not renominated by their constituents, and the remainder were beaten at the polls—a fact which shows that the protest raised in the House against Mr. Keifer's selections had the sympathy and endorsement of the people. One prominent issue of the elections may give satisfaction to the Republican party; the notorious Robeson has been defeated in New Jersey. It will, even in defeat, be a consolation to reflect that the party is no longer led by such a man. It is not long since Mr. Robeson stated in the House that what he was he would continue to be, but his district has falsified his prediction so far as his Congressional seat is concerned.

The Vote in Utah which it was Anxiously expected would furnish evidence of the effects of the recent legislation is disappointing. A telegram from Salt Lake City says: "Returns received indicate about 6000 Gentile votes and 24,000 Mormon votes, a Gentile gain of 2000 on the vote of six years ago. The last time the Gentiles seriously contested a general election, four years ago, nothing was done. In the Cannon-Campbell contest, two years ago, the Gentiles were not generally registered. The Gentiles made a thorough canvass, but have apparently made no inroad on the solid Mormon vote."

At the Bowery Mission in New York interesting services were held on November 5th in celebration of the second anniversary of the institution. In the course of an address given by the pastor, Rev. A. G. Ruliffson, he said: "The past year has been one of prosperity and blessed fruits. Forty-eight thousand people have attended our meetings or visited the Home. In addition to the meetings which have been held every night in the year, there have been 200 Bible or preaching day-services. God only knows the actual results of these meetings. The people we reach come from all classes of society and from all countries. Men from the prisons, the gambling hells, and the gutter, have been reclaimed in this room. So many after conversion desired the benefit of a Christian home, that our committee decided to open a place of

this character. Young men can here find a refuge from their old associates. We have robbed the gambling hells of their patrons and the saloons of their customers. We propose to keep on this work and do just as much robbing of this kind as we can." Many persons were present who had derived benefit from the mission. Some of them have been rescued from a life of crime and are now leading Christian lives. One of them said: "*One-third of my life has been spent in prisons. I served a twelve years' term in the Massachusetts State Prison. A few months ago I wandered into this mission and found Christ.*" "I was a professional thief for forty-six years," said another. "My life was full of danger and trouble. I finished one term in prison only to commence another soon after. I was walking down the Bowery one night, when a man at the door of the mission asked me to come in. I entered and after that went many times. Now I am trusting in Christ for salvation."

The Meetings of the Christian Convention held at Cleveland and Indianapolis, like those at St. Louis and Chicago, were largely attended. In both cities the churches in which they were held could not contain the crowds who desired to participate in the meetings. In Cleveland fully 2500 remained to the after-meeting, giving evidence of the impression for good that had been produced. Of these a large proportion arose for prayer in response to the invitation given, and it is believed that many souls entered on a new life and will look back with joy and thanksgiving to the closing day of the convention. The singing of Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan, in connection with these services, was not only a most interesting and attractive element in the success of the convention, but was the means of fastening more deeply the impressions made by the speakers. Among the latter were Mr. Charles Spurgeon, Major Whittle and Rev. W. J. Erdman.

Mr. John B. Gough has been Compelled to abandon the lecturing tour on which he recently started. He has cancelled all his lecture engagements for the present, and returned to his home in Boylston, Mass., for rest. It is stated that early in his tour he contracted a severe cold and became seriously ill.

The Passion Play is again Announced for performance in New York. This time it is stated by the promoters that it will not be abandoned in deference to public opinion. In order, as far as possible, to disarm opposition it will not be performed in a theatre, but in a building specially fitted up for it, and the performers will not be professional actors but trained amateurs. The pastors and churches of the city should lose no time in protesting against this blasphemous profanation.

The Yellow Fever is Decreasing, is the Wel-come intelligence from Pensacola. On November 6th six new cases and one death were reported. The Board of Health received from the National Board of Health an additional appropriation of \$2000 for the pay of nurses, in consideration of the extension of this burden upon its resources so far beyond the limits of any reasonable estimate in the beginning of the epidemic or for a long time subsequent. Seven new cases and one death were reported the following day, but since that until the end of last week the reports gave only seven new cases and two deaths. The total cases to November 12th were 2323 and the deaths 192.

An Important Temperance Meeting Com-posed of clergymen of various denominations, was held in Boston, Mass., on November 1st, in behalf of a proposed amendment to the Constitution against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Dr. Dorchester, who gave a historical sketch of the temperance movement. The convention then organized, with the Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Boston, as President, and a large number of Vice-Presidents. Dr. Withrow delivered a brief address, in which he pointed out that *all great reforms had come through the influence of the church.* Speeches followed from several ministers advocating a constitutional amendment as the best way to attack the liquor traffic.

"Fool's Gold" is a Name Given to an Ore that only resembles the much-coveted metal. A day since a lady from the suburban district entered an office in Lewiston, Me., and asked to see one of the members of the firm. She drew forth a large lump of rock, and wanted to know if it contained gold. The stone glistened with brightness, and the woman said if it was gold her fortune is made, for she had a *farm full of it*. She was told it was fool's gold, or iron pyrites. Thereupon the spirits of the lady sank below zero, and where she saw millions a moment before, there was blank nothing. It is easy to understand the disappointment of the woman on finding that the glittering rock was worthless, but if it had really been gold she would probably have had a worse disappointment in after years on finding, as she assuredly could, that it could not bring her true happiness (sa. 49 : 6, 7).

The Palestine Colonization and Christian Missionary Association was last week incorporated in Boston, Mass. It is formed for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious and energetic Christians, and by their prudence, labor, and perseverance restoring it to its former grandeur, so that it will not only be the centre of the world geographically, but also in art, science, and health. The members of the association claim that under proper management the soil can be restored to a very high state of cultivation, mineral resources developed, and mechanical industries established, thus producing vast commercial intercourse with other nations. It is the purpose of the association to run a line of packets between Boston and Palestine, and the management is now negotiating for the purchase of suitable vessels. This is another evidence of the approaching consummation of the fulfilment of prophecy. It shows that the attention of the Christian world is concentrating on Palestine (Isaiah 10 : 23).

A Novel Invention for Communicating Intelligence is described in a scientific journal. It is intended for distant communication in time of war, when other means of conveying intelligence to an intercepted body of troops are rendered impracticable by the enemy, or in time of peace when a shipwreck has occurred, or when a flood has isolated and endangered the lives of those living in towns situated in river basins. It is a small, captive, translucent balloon, containing an incandescent lamp to which electricity is conveyed by suitable means, and is elevated by hydrogen gas to any required height. By interrupting the current at certain intervals messages may be conveyed to the remote observers in the Morse or any other convenient alphabet. How valuable this invention may yet prove no one can predict, it may, however, be realized some day by a group of sorely-distressed people, in imminent peril of their lives, not knowing what to do, who looking upward in the night may see flashed out a message giving them direction or encouragement. So the Christian battling in the world looks up to heaven and receives new hope and courage from the words of his Father (Isa. 35 : 4).

A Bishop's Vision of his own Death was described on Sunday, November 5th, in the course of a sermon in Philadelphia by Bishop Bowman of St. Louis. He said : "On my return from Japan after holding service in my St. Louis church I returned home, where I was immediately taken sick with a lingering fever. At this point I seemed to fall into a kind of ecstasy, when I actually did not know whether I was alive or dead. I imagined that I was on board a most magnificent ship, and my young eighteen-months-old child, who had died twenty years ago, came to me and said that she had heard that I was coming, and had come to meet me. After some little conversation, which I do not recollect, she said : 'Do you not think that I have grown, papa?' She then rose in a form of glory which I have never before witnessed, and never more expect to see until I die, and then returned to her usual state, saying that she had come in that shape to see if I should know her. She then said that many friends had asked after me and were awaiting my coming, and that an old lady and gentleman had taken her up and kissed her, saying that her papa was their boy. I then

asked her where her mamma was. 'Oh, she is off doing something for the Lord, but will be at the wharf to meet us on our arrival.' All this left an impression upon me by the magnificence of the surroundings. It seems to me that I have come back from the other world, and although it is peculiar for me to say that I was dead, it seems as if I was not in the body."

A Perplexed Christian Lady Received Guidance in a remarkable manner recently. A correspondent of a Chicago journal relates the incident in the course of a letter from Davenport, Iowa. He heard it from the lady herself, at whose house he was lately a guest. She said : "To the church of which I was a member quite a number of young converts had been added. It seemed necessary they should be banded together in order to form more intimate acquaintance and to be instructed. They seemed inclined to appoint me to do this. But I said : 'I feel my need of being taught rather than to teach others, of being led rather than leading.' But as they insisted that I should undertake it I went home to lay the matter before God in prayer. I laid my Bible on the table, went into my room, closed the door, and asked God to let me know what was His will. I asked God that when I opened my Bible the first verse on which my eyes rested should give me an unmistakable intimation of His will. After casting all upon God I went out, took up Bible, and opening it my eyes fell on the words : 'Arise, for this matter belongeth unto thee. We also will be with thee ; be of good courage and do it.'" (Ezra. 10 : 4.)

A Memento of Childish Sin and Folly was brought to light two weeks ago when an old house was pulled down. The owner of the house was superintending the demolition and saw as a part of a double wall was pulled down, a boy's wooden wagon containing an old horse pistol with a flask of powder and a bag of shot. The sight of the weapon recalled to his memory the events that led to its concealment fifty years before. When a boy he had saved his money and bought that pistol which when his father discovered he had forbidden him to keep. But the boy disobeyed his father and kept the pistol. In order to avoid discovery he had put it in his little wagon and finding there was a vacant space between the floor of his bedroom and the room underneath, he concealed it there. He would take it out when unobserved and play with it, and if disturbed would put it in the wagon under the flooring and give it a push to send it out of sight. On one occasion he pushed it too far and it fell over between the two walls and he was never able to recover it. Fifty years afterward, when he had sons of his own, it came to light to remind him of his own youthful misconduct. Young people too often forget that sins committed in their early days may, in years to come, rise to reproach them, and force them to cry with tears, Lord, remember not the sins of my youth (Psa. 25 : 7).

An Italian Boy was Suffocated in a Fruit Stand in New York last week. The boy whose name was Andrea Cerasca, was sharply reprovved for disobedience by his father at their home. Andrea was wilful, and did not immediately obey his father, and the latter threatened to whip him. Andrea ran out of the house. He was not pursued by his angry father, but fearing punishment if he returned, he went wandering around the city and did not go home all night. The father became alarmed and the next morning went to the fruit stand to which the boy usually attended during the day. He found the padlock of the door missing, but the door was fastened securely by a lock which could be opened and closed with a key on either side. He forced the door open and found the dead body of his son curled up among the boxes of fruit. He had crawled in for shelter, and to obtain warmth had lighted the charcoal stove used for roasting pea-nuts and then appeared to have fallen asleep and been suffocated. It was a fatal refuge to take from a father's wrath. Many a soul convinced of sin and fearing the judgment of God, instead of submitting to Him, and crying for pardon through Jesus, has fled for refuge to the scene of their daily vocation, and there has succeeded in silencing an accusing conscience and in falling into spiritual sleep (Matt. 13 : 22).

GOD'S NON-REMEMBRANCE OF SIN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—Isaiah 43 : 25.

"For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."—Jeremiah 31 : 34.

"For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."—Hebrews 8 : 12.

"And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."—Hebrews 10 : 17.

Accumulated Testimony—The Men who do not Believe It—Sin Appearing Unpardonable—In the Light of the Law—Of Conscience—Satan's Sophistries—I. There is Forgiveness—Proved by the Spared Lives of Sinners—By the Ceremonial Law—By the Institutions of Religious Worship—Taught in the Lord's Prayer—Confirmed by Experience.—II. Forgiveness Tantamount to Forgetting—Not Stored up in God's Mind—Not Before Him in Court—Not Thought Over—Not Recalled—No Further Atonement Sought—The Fiction of Purgatory—God Will Never Upbraid the Pardonable—III. Forgiveness is to be Had—Jesus Having Borne the Sin—Through Mercy and Love—Way to Obtain It.

YOU see these texts are all alike in their declaration that the Lord will not remember His people's sins. I have taken four of them to make the basis of my sermon firm as adamant. It is written, "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established." Here then, you have Isaiah and Jeremiah, two Old Testament saints affirming the same thing ; is not this enough ? Added to these you have the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who, in all probability, was Paul, and these three agree in one. Their united testimony is that Jehovah, the Lord God, will forgive the sins of His people, and do it in so complete a way that He will remember their iniquities no more.

Now, if I did not preach at all, but merely gave you these four texts to consider, I think the service ought to be full of comfort to all who know their guiltiness and are anxious to obtain mercy. That article in the creed is too little thought of—"I believe in the forgiveness of sin." Men flippantly declare that they believe it when they are not conscious of any great sin of their own ; but when his transgression is made apparent to a man, and his iniquity comes home to him, it is quite another matter.

When a man's sins are set before him in the light of God's countenance his first instinct is to fear that they are altogether unpardonable. If he does not state his unbelief in so many words, yet in the secret of his soul that

DREADFUL CONVICTION

takes hold upon him and darkens every window of hope. He looks to the law of God, and while he looks in that direction he will certainly conclude that there is no pardon, for the law knows nothing of forgiveness. What the law asserts the understanding also supports ; for within the awakened man there is the memory of his past offences, and on account of these his conscience passes judgment upon his soul, and condemns it even as the law doth. "God must punish wickedness," is the utterance of conscience ; "He were not the judge of all the earth if He did not do right ; and if He does right He must visit my transgressions with the threatened penalty." Thus, the thunder of Sinai is echoed by conscience.

Meanwhile the devil comes in with all the horrors of the infernal pit, and threatens speedy destruction. That same evil spirit who once pictured sin in glowing colors, and set before the sinner the pleasurable life of unrighteousness, now comes in and turns accuser, forestalls the final sentence, and hardens the man's heart by the assurance that there is no hope. Bunyan very aptly pictures Diabolus when he was attacking the town of Mansoul, as making Captain Past-hope unfurl the red colors which were carried by Mr. Despair, and he also speaks of the roaring of the tyrant's drum, which sounded forth terribly, especially by night, so that the men of Mansoul had always in their ears the sound of hell-fire ! hell-fire ! and all this to keep them from submitting to their gracious prince.

Thus, for once, the devil craftily co-operates with the law of God and with conscience; these would drive men to self-despair, but Satan would go further, and compel them to despair as touching the Lord Himself, so as to believe that pardon for transgression is quite impossible. The convinced sinner is able to believe that mercy may be shown to others; but as for himself, he signs his own death-warrant, and labors under the full persuasion that the acts of God's mercy can never extend to him. No stocks can hold a man so fast as his own guilty fears. The hangman's whip never tortured men so cruelly as doth an awakened conscience.

I. Our first theme is this—

THERE IS FORGIVENESS.

Our four texts all teach us that doctrine with great distinctness. Is not that a sublime assurance, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins?" Does not Paul put it as from God's own mouth: "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Remember how the Psalmist in the one hundred and thirtieth psalm makes this a special note of thanksgiving: "There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared." Let us adore the Lord because He delighteth in mercy.

For a minute or two let me try to prove—may it be to your satisfaction, O ye despairing ones—that there is forgiveness.

This appears, first, in the treatment of sinners by God, inasmuch as He spares their forfeited lives. When our first parents had transgressed they came at once under desert of penalty. The Lord visited the garden and convinced the offenders of their transgression; but instead of there and then pronouncing their doom, and casting them forever away from His presence, He talked to them of a certain seed of the woman that should bruise the serpent's head. How joyful is the fact that over all there was the sparing hand of God letting them live, and His cheering voice promising them ultimate deliverance. Would the Lord thus have spared them if He had not meant to show mercy?

The like is true of you and of me. If God had no pardons would He not long ago have cut us down as cumberers of the ground? But no; *even yonder blasphemer* was not smitten to death when he imprecated damnation upon himself; yon Sabbath-breaker was not cut down when he made the Lord's holy day to be an opportunity for wickedness; *he that lied* was not made a dreadful example of judgment like Ananias and Sapphira; he that stood out to oppose God was not swallowed up quick like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. No, all these have been spared—

SPARED TO THIS DAY;

and to what end, think you? Surely, the long-suffering of God is repentance, and repentance is mercy. God waiteth long because He willeth not the death of any but that they turn to Him and live.

In the second place why did God institute the ceremonial law if there were no ways of pardoning transgression? Why the bullocks and the lambs offered in sacrifice? Why the shedding of blood if God did not intend to blot out sin? Why the burnt offerings in which God accepted man's gift, if man could not be accepted? Assuredly He could not be accepted if regarded as guilty. Why the peace offering in which God feasted with the offerer, and the two united in feeding upon the one sacrifice? How could this be unless God intended to forgive and enter into fellowship with men? I confess I cannot understand the institution of priesthood and sacrifice unless mercy was intended thereby. Certainly, the evident design of the whole Mosaic economy was to reveal to man the existence of mercy in the heart of God, and the effectual operation of that mercy in washing away sin.

If you will think of it you will see that there must be pardons in the hand of God, or why the institution of religious worship among us to this day? Why are we allowed to pray in secret if we cannot be forgiven? Why are we bidden to use psalms and hymns and spiritual songs? God cannot accept the praises of unforgiven men; worshippers must be clean ere they can draw near to His altar

with their incense; if, then, I am taught to sing and give thanks to God it must be because "His mercy endureth forever." Does God expect the condemned to praise Him? Will He shut us up in the prison-house for certain death and yet expect us to chant hallelujahs to His praise? It cannot be so. The very ordaining of prayer and praise indicates a design of mercy to the sons of men.

Why, dear friends, are there two special ordinances of God's house if in that house there is no remission of sin? Why the baptism of believers? It signifies our death in Christ to sin. But how so if we cannot be dead to sin? It signifieth typically the washing away of sin. But to what end, and to what use, except of delusion, if there be no washing away of sin by God's abounding grace? What means the Lord's Supper, that eating of bread with God and drinking of the cup in familiar fellowship with Him? Surely the ordinances of the Lord's house are full of invitation to such as bemoan their transgressions and are willing to come to Jesus for pardon and renewal. The very existence of a church, and of a Gospel ministry, and the toleration of divine worship are promises and prophecies of the forgiveness of sins.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Furthermore, my brethren, why did Christ institute the Christian ministry, and send forth His servants to proclaim His Gospel? For what is the Gospel but a declaration that Christ is exalted on high to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins? Is not its great promise this—that God will put away our transgressions upon our believing in Jesus Christ, our Great Sacrifice? Assuredly there is a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; heavy-laden soul, that fountain is opened for thee. Now, once in the end of the world hath the Son of God appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; poor guilty one, if thou believest, thy guilt was put away by His atoning death.

Why are we so earnestly commanded to preach this Gospel to every creature, if the creature hearing it and believing it must, nevertheless, still lie under his sin? There is forgiveness. Through the name of Jesus whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." "He that believeth in Him is justified from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses." Paul saith, "God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," and it is even so.

Now, you do not want any more arguments, but if you did I would venture to offer this. Why are we taught in

THAT BLESSED MODEL OF PRAYER

our Saviour has left us, to say, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," or, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us?" It is evident that God means us to give a real, true, and hearty absolution to all who have offended us. If, then, our forgiveness is real, so is His; if ours be sincere, so is His; if ours be complete, so is His; only much more so, inasmuch as the great God of all is so much more gracious than we poor, fallen creatures ever can be. Mind you do really and heartily forgive others, for your own pardon is to be measured thereby. See well to this.

The best of all arguments is this. *God has actually forgiven multitudes of sinners.* We have read in Holy Scripture of men who walked with God and had this testimony, that they pleased God; but they could not have pleased God if their sins still provoked Him to wrath; therefore He must have put their sins away. But I need not talk of past ages; there be many sitting among you this day who if you will ask them will tell you that they enjoy a clear sense of forgiven sin. They remember well that happy day when Jesus washed their sins away; and their state of peace, of joyful privilege, and of expectant hope, is to them intensely delightful, and may be to you an evident testimony that remission of sin is a real experience, and is known among God's people at this day. Sin can still be put away; the spot which seemed indelible can be washed out, till all is white as snow, through the precious blood of Christ. Our texts, all of them declare it, saying with one breath, "I

will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

II. Secondly, this forgiveness is

TANTAMOUNT TO FORGETTING

sin. This is a wonder to me, a wonder of wonders, that God should say that He will do what some sense He cannot do; that He should utter speech which includes an impossibility, and yet that it should be strictly true as He intends it. We may not speak, except after the manner of men, the Lord God as having memory; and yet how blessed it is that He should Himself use the speech which is current among ourselves, and represent Himself after the manner of a man, and then say "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more forever." He wishes us to know that His pardon is so true and deep that it amounts to an absolute oblivion, a total forgetting of all the wrong-doing of the pardoned ones.

You know what we do when we exercise memory. To speak popularly, a man lays up a thing in his mind; but when sin is forgiven, *it is not laid up in God's mind.* A certain matter has happened and we remember it; storing it away in our memory. We reckon a man to be fortunate who has good memory, so that he can lay by things in his brain where he can get at them in time of need. The Lord will not do this with our sins. As for the ungodly, their sins are written with an iron pen, and the measure of their iniquity is daily filling, till it be poured out upon their own head; their sins have gone before them to the judgment seat, and are crying aloud for vengeance. As for God's people, their case is otherwise, the Lord imputeth not their iniquities to them, and does not treasure them up against a day of wrath. Of course the Lord remembers their evil doings, in the sense that He cannot forget anything; but judicially as a judge, He forgets the transgressions of the pardoned ones. They are

NOT BEFORE HIM IN COURT,

and come not under His official ken.

In remembering, men also consider and meditate on things; but *the Lord will not think over* the sins of His people. A grievous wrong is apt to engross our thoughts. It often casts its shadow upon the mind, and you cannot get rid of it. I have known persons brood over an offence as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings. The wrong grows worse as they think it over. They carefully observe the offence from different points of view, and whereas they were indignant at first, they nurse their wrath and make it so warm, that it turns to fury. At first, they would have been satisfied with an apology; but when they have brooded over the injustice, it seems so atrocious that they demand vengeance on the offender. The merciful Lord doth not so to those who repent. No; for He saith, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Sometimes you have almost forgotten a thing, and it is quite gone out of your mind; but an event happens which recalls it so vividly that it seems as if it were perpetrated but yesterday. *God will not recall the sin of the pardoned.* I am blessed, thank God, with a splendid memory for forgetting what anybody says or does against me. I forget it, not because I try to do so, but because I cannot help it; and therefore I claim no credit for it. The other day when I was speaking kindly with a person I was reminded by another that this man had done me a great injustice years ago. I had no recollection of it, and when it was brought before my mind I was grateful that I had forgotten it, because I could honestly treat the man as a friend, as indeed he now is. The occurrence was banished from my mind till my memory was refreshed about it. The gracious Lord can never be refreshed in His memory concerning the sins of His people; they are gone past recall. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

Furthermore, this not remembering, means that God will *never seek any further atonement.* The apostle saith: "Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin." The one sacrifice of Jesus has made an end of sin. Under the old law they offered an expiatory sacrifice, but they must needs offer it again and again.

There was remembrance of sins made every year on the day of atonement; but now the blessed One hath entered once for all within the veil, and hath put away sin forever by the sacrifice of Himself, so that there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. The Lord will never demand another victim, nor seek another expiatory offering. The sufferings of Jesus are so all-sufficient that no believer shall be made to suffer penalty for his unrighteousness.

Look at that fiction of

PURGATORY

which is coming back into the English Church, and is hankered after by certain Dissenters. They are beginning to believe in a modified form of purgatory, and this is a dark sign of the times. Purgatory has *always paid the Pope well*; it is the fattest province of his dominions, and has furnished his larder plentifully. But how can God's people go to purgatory? for if they go there at all, they go there for sins which God does not remember, and so He cannot give a reason for sending them there. I have no authentic communication by which to describe purgatory, but by Romish report it is a terrible place; now, if true believers go there, then God either does remember their sins, which He says He will not do; or else He punishes them for sins which He does not recollect. Stand you to the truth revealed in Scripture, and to that only. The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. If you are forgiven God will never remember your sins; so that in any shape or way you shall never have to make an atonement for them.

Again, when it is said that God forgets our sins it signifies that *He will never punish us for them*. How can He when He has forgotten them? Next, that *He will never upbraid us with them*—"He giveth liberally and upbraideth not." How can He upbraid us with what He has forgotten? He will not even lay them to our charge. See what Ezekiel says—"All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him." The apostle bravely demanded, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Shall God do it? "It is God that justifieth," how then, can He accuse? Shall Christ do it? He is the Judge; but He cannot accuse, for "it is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who sitteth at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Shall Jesus intercede for us and yet accuse us? Shall there come sweet waters and bitter waters out of the same fountain? No, that cannot be. The Lord has forgotten our sins, and therefore He can never lay them to our charge.

SECOND CLASS CHRISTIANS.

Once more, when the Lord says, "I will not remember their sins," what does it mean but this—that *He will not treat us any the less generously* on account of our having been great sinners. You that have been the chief of sinners, He will not put you in the second class of Christians, and treat you with a sort of second-rate love. He will not even remember that you have sinned, but treat you as if you had been perfectly innocent, and were totally clear from all iniquity. He will not remember your faults. Why, look how the Lord takes some of the biggest sinners and uses them for His glory. Is not this a proof that He hath ceased to remember their sins? When I think of Peter standing up on the Day of Pentecost, and three thousand being converted under his first sermon, I think no more of Peter's failure and the cock crowing. I can see that the Lord has forgotten his threefold denial, and placed him in the front to be a soul-winner.

See how condescendingly the Lord has taken some here present, and has honored them, and given them to bring blood-bought souls to Himself, in proof that He has wholly forgotten their sin. Then to think that He should adopt us into His family, we that were His enemies, and rebellious, and children of the devil. Is it not wonderful that He puts us among the children, and even makes us "heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Surely, when that testament was written by which he made us heirs with Christ, it was clear proof that the Father did not any more remember our iniquities.

Oh, that God would comfort His mourners by this sermon! I have a notion in my head that if

when I was under the sense of sin I could have heard this subject handled, I should have found liberty at once. Though I had been hidden away in the back seat of the gallery out of sight, if only I had heard of such mercy as this, I should have jumped at it. I cannot tell how it might have been, for I do not remember hearing so plain a declaration of boundless grace. Oh, how I pray and hope that the Lord will lead some poor soul to accept this unspeakable blessing! Come, ye consciously guilty ones, and touch the silver sceptre of your reigning Saviour. He is ready to forgive: the atonement is made and accepted; the Saviour who died has risen again; therefore come to Him, and be at peace. Oh, that the blessed Spirit may lead you to feel the power of the reconciling blood!

III. I finish with the blessed fact that

FORGIVENESS IS TO BE HAD.

How is it to be had? Let me speak briefly, and do you catch up every word and think over it. Forgiveness is to be had through the atoning blood. Why does God forget our sin? Is it not on this wise? He looks upon His Son *Jesus bearing that sin*. Did you ever think of what God the Father sees in Jesus on the cross? Why you and I have seen enough to make us break our hearts, but when the Father saw His only begotten Son suffering even to death, it made such an infinite impression upon His great soul that He forgot the sins for which His Son gave His life.

Next remember that this forgetfulness of God is caused by *overflowing mercy*. God is love: "His mercy endureth forever;" and He desired vent for His love. His great heart was filled with a desire to display the grace which pervaded His nature; He must be gracious, and He would be gracious; and because of that divine resolve He cast our sins behind His back. Come, then, if you wish to have your sins forgiven! Come and bow before the mercy of God. How does God forget sin? Well, it is through His *everlasting love*. Do you not see then that if you want to enter into this pardon, this forgetfulness of sin, you must come to God on the terms of His free love, and ask Him to forgive you because His name is love? "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

Again, God forgets His people's sins because of *the complacency He has in them* as renewed and sanctified creatures. When He hears their cries of repentance, when He hears their declarations of faith, when He sees the love which His Spirit has wrought in them, when He beholds them growing more and more like His dear Son, He delights in them. His joy is fulfilled in them. He is well pleased with them, and communes with them lovingly.

Oh, you that would have the pardon of sin, come for it this morning in God's appointed way. "Repent," says He; that is, be sorry for your sin; change your mind about it and hate it, though once you loved it. Then confess it, for He saith, "only acknowledge thine iniquity." Chief of all, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and that saving includes

AN ACT OF AMNESTY

and *oblivion* covering all your sinful thoughts, and words, and acts. Trust the Lord Jesus Christ. There is the pith of it. Trust thyself in the hands that were nailed to the cross for thee; trust thyself to the love of the heart which was pierced, with a spear, and forthwith there came out blood and water. Hast thou done this? Then thou art even now forgiven; thy sin has gone; it is cast into the depths of the sea.

Go down those aisles with thy heart dancing within thee for delight, for there is nothing laid against thee now since thou art a believer in the Lord Jesus. God imputeth not iniquity to the man who has cast himself on the Saviour. Go thou hence and never forget thy sin, nor the mercy which has forgiven it. Always repent and always praise the Lord. Honor the forgetfulness of God in not remembering thy faults and henceforth do thou tell this blessed news to everyone thou seest—there is forgiveness, such forgiveness as was never heard of until God Himself revealed it by saying of His people, "Their sins and their iniqui-

ties will I remember no more." God bless you dear friends, henceforth and forever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"I'M TOO OLD NOW, YOU KNOW."

AND yet he wasn't so very old. Indeed, it was a question whether he could be called old at all. And I can imagine our friend Tomkins under different circumstances resenting this very appellation.

What were the circumstances?

I had been impressing on his mind the manifold claims of total abstinence. One by one I had broken down his arguments, until, by his own confession, he was vanquished. He could see, he said, that personal abstinence was an advantageous thing. He needed no more conviction on the subject.

And now, I very naturally expected to reap the spoil, of course. I proudly supposed that I had but to produce my pledge-paper, push a pencil into his hand, and bear away his signature in triumph.

But in the very midst of my rosy visions, and just as I was vividly picturing Tomkins' extensive form adorning some temperance platform preparatory to a stern denunciation of the drinking habits of the age, he said, "But I'm too old, you know."

My behavior under such trying circumstances was, I am proud to say, highly creditable. I neither got angry and stormed, nor sulked and retired. Pocketing the affront, and swallowing with a gulp my disappointment, which began to rise in the biggest of lumps, I proceeded, like a good general, to retrieve my dismal defeat.

Turning to Tomkins with the sweetest of smiles, I said, "Indeed!"

Perhaps I had nothing else to say at that particular moment. Perhaps if I had said anything more I should have said too much. Perhaps I wanted cooling. Never mind, it answered my purpose well, for it led to Tomkins' fuller explanation.

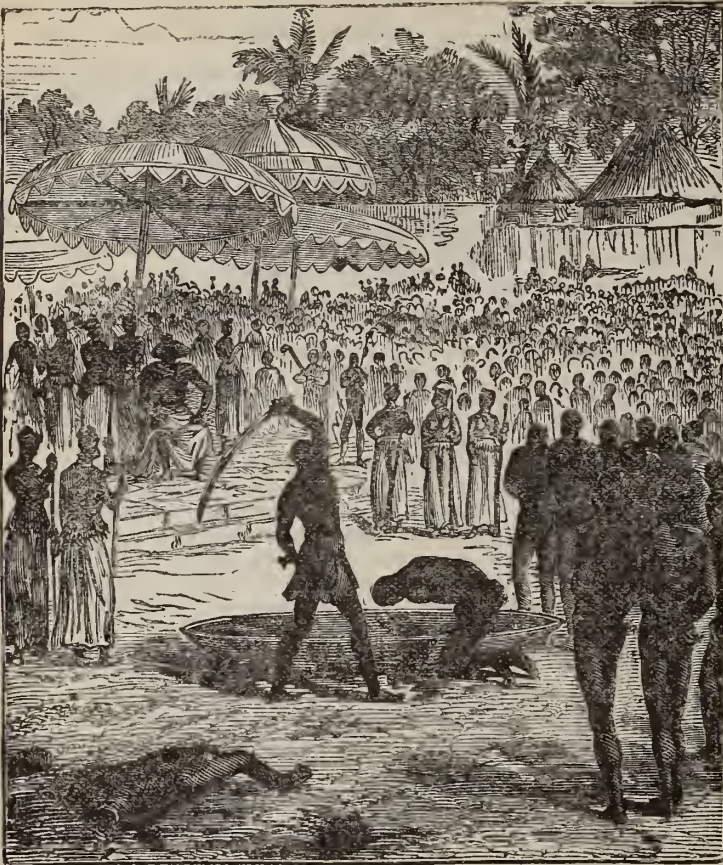
"You see, if I were a young fellow with more life than I knew what to do with, it would be easy enough. I would gladly become a total abstainer. But old blood, and old habits, and old connections, forbid it. I'm too old to try new things. Very sorry, but I'm too old now, you know."

By this time I had my ammunition ready, and my artillery in position, and began thus to fire away.

"Tomkins, a man is never too old to do a right thing. On other questions you would be the first to say this. I might even venture to surmise that you yourself have held up this very principle to admiration. How inconsistent then it is of you to use it for your own convenience! Too old to do right? Too old to follow your own convictions? Too old to take right steps? Too old to change for the better? I am ashamed of you. Who would have thought that so respectable, so moral, and above all, so Christian a man as Tomkins, should be found uttering such an unworthy sentiment as this? You ought to know better. You are *not* too old to do a right thing."

"But perhaps you mean that you are not *able* to give up strong drink now; that it has got too strong a hold upon you; that you are morally incapable."

"Then I answer, a man is never too old to be free. I think I heard you the other day humming the tune, 'Britons never, never will be slaves.' Of course you didn't mean it. Of course you meant quite the reverse—'Britons never, never will be free.' O! Tomkins, is it not shameful to bend the neck in homage to a wine glass, to call whiskey and water your lord and master? Where is your manhood? Where is your self-respect? Where is your proper pride? O, sad confession, 'I am too old now.'"



An Execution in Dahomey.



An Attack on a Missionary Ship.

"I rather fear that the wind lies in another quarter altogether, and that you are not dealing quite fairly with me. You are making your age a stalking-horse for something else. Your limbs seem muscular enough. I do not perceive any tottering. There is no lack of self-control, so far as I can see. Your appetite, however, seems a little shaky.

"Tomkins, *it's not your age, but your taste which is in fault.* You like it. It is grateful to your palate. You love it too much to give it up. This, I firmly believe, is the one great reason why you refuse to become an abstainer. It would be too great a self-sacrifice. It would cost too much. O, be honest, and say right out, 'I love it too much to give it up,' instead of 'I'm too old now, you know.'

"And, remember, *you are not too old to do harm by your example.* Youth looks up to age, and generally endeavors to imitate it. Some of your young admirers, be sure of it, will seek to copy old Tomkins. With such a weight of experience upon him, with so many years' wisdom to draw upon, with such knowledge of the world, Tomkins, of all men, must be right. Ah! how they will be deceived, for, in the matter of strong drink, you think one thing and do another. You have your convictions, and daily crush them. Oh! do try to appreciate the responsibilities of age. You can do more harm to-day than you did yesterday. No, you are not too old to do immense harm by your influence.

"Now, Tomkins, play the man, and act up to your convictions. The shorter the time you have left, the more you should try to do in it. Surely, it is not right to argue that age exempts you from self-sacrifice. Let your last years be your best years. The more it costs, the more cheerfully let it be done. I am sure you will look back with more satisfaction on a hard thing accomplished, for the sake of others, than on the petty excuse, 'I'm too old now, you know.'

"You are a Christian man. Your soul is resting on the merits of the Lord Jesus. You owe your all to Him. And when at last, through faith in His atoning blood, you dwell with your Redeemer in the home beyond, think you you will regret the step? No, you will delight in the remembrance of the moment when, for the sake of the example to others, you confessed, 'I'm not too old.'

AN EXECUTION IN DAHOMEY.

THE above picture represents an execution in the kingdom of Dahomey, in Western Africa, one of the dark places of heathenish cruelty, and, as yet, only partially penetrated by the missionaries of the Gospel of Christ. The country itself borders on the extensive territories occupied by the Ashantees, and its inhabitants are among the most powerful of native Africans. For warlike aggression and ferocious cruelty, this people have not been surpassed, even by the most bloodthirsty of their neighbors. Scenes of cruelty and blood have been enacted, the bare recital of which makes the most courageous to tremble.

Dalzel, a traveller, informs us that the king's body-guard consists of a *troop of women*. He says, "Within the walls of the different royal palaces in Dahomey are immured not less than three thousand women; several hundreds of these are trained to the use of arms, under female generals and officers, appointed by the king. These female warriors are regularly exercised, and go through their evolutions with as much expertness as the male soldiers." This strange corps of *Amazon warriors* takes a prominent part in the raids which are frequently made by the King of Dahomey into neighboring territories, for he is seldom at peace long together.

The following interesting incident is related by Commodore Wilmot, who once ventured to visit the sable monarch of his sanguinary tribe of Dahomians. He narrates that "while sitting in the tent a messenger arrived, saying, 'The king calls you.' I went and stood under the platform where he was. Tens of thousands of people were assembled; not a word, not a whisper was heard. I saw *one of the victims* ready for slaughter on the platform, held by a narrow strip of white cloth under his arms. His face was expressive of the deepest alarm, and much of its blackness had disappeared; there was a whiteness about it most extraordinary.

"The king said, 'You have come here as my friend, have witnessed all my customs, and shared good-naturedly in the distribution of my cowries and cloths; I love you as my friend, and you have shown that you can bear patience, and have sympathy with the black man. I now give you your share of the victims, and present you with this

man, who from henceforth belongs to you, to do as you like with him, to educate him, take him with you, or anything else you choose.' The poor fellow was then lowered down, and the white band placed in my hands. The expression of joy in his countenance cannot be described; it said, 'The bitterness of death, and such a death, is passed, and I cannot comprehend my position.' Not a sound escaped his lips, but the eye told what the heart felt, and even the king himself participated in his joy. The chiefs and people cheered me as I passed through them with the late intended victim behind me."

A MISSIONARY SHIP BOARDED BY NATIVES.

Narrow Escape of Two Missionaries.

THE picture on this page depicts the excitement among the unchristianized natives of South-west Africa upon the approach of a missionary ship toward the coast. In the early part of the history of missions, one of the greatest difficulties experienced by the missionaries was in gaining the confidence of the barbarians and cannibals, whose eternal welfare they sought. Sometimes the animosity of the natives was manifested in the most unmistakable and alarming manner. To a considerable extent this was owing, not so much to the savage instincts of the heathen, as to the brutal treachery of parties of white men, from whose misconduct the natives had previously suffered. It was owing to this cause that the amiable and beloved Bishop Patteson and his companions were slain a few years ago by the natives of Melanesia.

When Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett were on a tour of inspection among the stations of the London Missionary Society on the coast of New Zealand, their vessel was lying at the mouth of a river, while they went on shore for a short time. During their absence the natives had pushed off from the beach in their canoes, and reaching the ship, clambered up its sides with marvellous agility, and crowding the deck, began to appropriate to themselves everything portable which they could discover. An attempt was made by the crew to clear the deck, in effecting which one of the natives fell overboard. Supposing that their

countryman had been thrown into the sea, the natives immediately made the shore resound with their war cries and clamor for revenge.

The deck was soon thronged. The natives armed themselves with axes, billets of wood, and whatever else their hands could grasp. Not one of the passengers or crew could stir. An attempt at resistance would have been followed by instant death. The cries of "We are about to die!" burst from every tongue. Some of the blacks felt the bodies of the white men, and seemed to enjoy their expected meal in anticipation; while others held the uplifted axe, anxious for the signal to give the blow. One of the number, Mr. Threlkeld prepared himself to receive the impending blow of the club on his head so that he might be more easily despatched. His little boy inquired, "Will it hurt us to be eaten?" Another Englishman, though confidently looking forward to the glorious realities of eternity, still felt it his duty to speak in a friendly manner to the savages. Aboard, though certain of death, prepared to meet the shock with fortitude, except the cook, who, rather than be devoured, prepared to attach some shot to his feet and leap overboard.

While in this state of suspense the mission-boat hove in sight, and with it a ray of hope inspired every breast. The natives, too, relaxed their ferocious appearance. In the boat was the chieftain himself, who had been induced to return with the missionaries for the purpose of visiting the ship. Order was soon restored, and the multitude of irate cannibals dispersed.

A GALLANT RESCUE.

"COME along; who's afraid?" said a young man named Herbert Wilson to his young companion, Edward Rice. "We are going this trip in spite of wind and flood, and the croakings of a set of fellows who have no more courage than a pack of school-girls."

"All right," said one of the men of whom the other had spoken disparagingly, "go ahead. I don't care; it is not my funeral. If you two like to risk your lives, there's no one to prevent you."

"Better take a man with you," said another, "there's Johnson he knows the river well. You would find him useful, for there are a lot of banks and rocks that you can see well enough generally," but they are under water now and you'll know nothing about them till you strike, and then you'll know fast enough."

"Nonsense Harry," said the first speaker, "I am as good a man in a boat as any of your village yokels. I've been out on the Hudson and the Ohio, and the Mississippi many a time in a boat no bigger than this, and I guess I can navigate this stream without help."

"Ah," said Harry, "that's your mistake, you don't see the dangers because they are under water, and headstrong fellows like you always go that way in other things beside boating. You think yourselves so awfully smart because you live in a big city that you can show us the way around. Now just you put that conceit of yours out of sight for once, and take a man with you who may not be



A Perilous Undertaking

quite so clever as you are in things you admire in the city, but who knows his business and can take you down this river safely if any one can."

"Not I," said Wilson, "I tell you I'm going down with Rice, here. He is only a youngster but he can pull a good oar and he is not afraid to trust himself with me; are you Ned?"

"No," said Rice resolutely, "we know our way about, and where Wilson goes I go."

After this there was no more to be said, and the two strolled down to the point where their boat was moored, and were soon in mid-stream, pulling rapidly.

"Look out, Ned," he shouted after they had been pulling for about twenty minutes, "back water, the tide swirls a good deal just ahead, I guess that is one of the sunken rocks those fellows talked about. Pull hard with your right and we shall just escape it."

Rice pulled hard, as directed, backing water with his left oar to give the boat a sharper curve, and Wilson did the same, but it was of no use; the boat was broadside to the stream and her bow having touched the rock before she turned, she capsize and was keel uppermost in an instant. With a desperate struggle Wilson managed to grasp the boat, climbed upon it and then by the aid of an oar he still held, assisted his boyish friend to mount beside him. Their hope now was that the boat might float ashore. But no; one of the rowlocks had caught in some tangled weeds and held it firmly against the rock. "What shall we do now?" moaned Rice. "This place looks so lonely we might be here for a day without anyone seeing us and there is no swimming in such a current as this. There is a boat on the beach far away down yonder, but there seems to be no one with it. Let us shout and see if we can make anyone hear."

Then they shouted together as loudly as they could and the hills around echoed their cry, but no answer came. Would they have to remain there with the tide rising higher every moment, or would the rising water lift the boat in the night and carry

them no one knew where, perhaps out to sea, or hoisting their frail support like a toy, dash it against some rocks and they be drowned. It was a horrible thought. The minds of both were busy as they maintained their precarious foothold with difficulty. At last Wilson said hoarsely, "Ned, can you pray? It is many a long day since I prayed, but I think we ought to, for we may not get out of this alive."

Rice's heart sank at that foreboding, and he said, "Yes, Herbert, I always pray, every night and morning. I promised mother I would when I left home," and then with a newly found earnestness inspired by terror and anxiety he prayed aloud for succor.

It was growing dark, and still no help. They shouted again and again. At last they saw two figures on the bank near the boat, apparently a girl about ten years of age with long, flowing hair, and an older girl, probably her attendant or nurse. Again they shouted, and with joy observed that they were seen. They expected to see the girls run to the house for help, but they did not, for though the watchers on the boat's

keel did not know it there was no one to help. But what were they doing? Wilson said, "Surely those two are never going to risk their lives in coming out to us."

But they were. The little girl entered the boat and grasping both oars with her tiny hands held them firmly while the other girl shoved off the boat and deftly jumped in herself. Then seating herself in the stern she pulled one oar while the little girl with all her strength pulled at the other. They worked hard but cautiously hugging the shore until they came quite close to the spot where the eager watchers were. Then the older girl took both oars and very dexterously shot across to the wreck. They were saved. It was a gallant rescue, and the two brave girls were laden with a torrent of thanks.

Years afterward the memory of those hours of agony clung to both the saved men. It was a time never to be forgotten by either, and when the little girl rescuer grew up to womanhood she was wooed and won by Edward Rice, and was the means in the hands of God of leading him and his headstrong friend to One who could rescue them from eternal shipwreck on the sunken rocks of the world.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 719.)

The Tramp's Guest.

JEM BLAKE felt sore at heart, and miserable, an very discontented with himself, just in the mood to resent anything like blame, and to be sent deeper into the slough of worthlessness and despondency by harsh words. But the stranger had praised his father, who had always been the foremost object of his own unspoken admiration, and now he had actually praised Jem himself, an individual for whom Jem had begun of late to have a secret, bitter contempt, far greater than that entertained for him by the foreman of the works at Mr. Barnes's factory. He faced fully round to his welcome com-

panion with a wider stare of amazement than before.

"You're joking a fellow?" he said anxiously. "You don't really think that I look like anything better than a drunken sot, fit for a share of a pigsty, do you?"

There was an evident eager longing for the better answer that none could mistake, and a sudden brilliant smile flashed into the face of the listener as he asked instead of answered:

"I suppose your name does not happen to be Aleck, does it?"

"What a queer chap you are," said the younger man, relapsing back into sullenness. "No; my name ain't Aleck, it's Jem; and if you only talked to me because you thought I were some feller as you'd knowed, I wish you'd kept away."

"But I did nothing of the sort," was the reply, with a graver face and a sadder tone. "The Aleck whom I knew, and loved better than I could have loved a brother, is dead; but he used often, in by-gone days, to ask my opinion as you did just now, and to come to me for counsel, and I gave him bad counsel until he got a light that I knew nothing of, and grew too wise to try to learn of a bad teacher. Now I thought that perhaps I had found some one to help this time, and not to hinder."

"Well, an' so you have then," said Jem Blake, with a sudden impulse to meet sympathy with sympathy. "A name don't make no odds, an' you've helped me—at least," more dolefully, "you tried to, and you'd ha' done it if you could any-ways ha' made out to say that I looked fit for help."

"And so you do," answered Charles Wynn decidedly, "and no more like a drunken sot than I am. Come, let us get up, and away from the neighborhood of your enemy over there. I'll walk with you to your lodging, if you'll let me. I suppose it lies somewhere in the town, like my own?"

There was a short pause, and then the answer came in a shamed tone. "It did lie nigh by Barnes's Factory—but I got kicked out by the landlord last night—owed three weeks' rent, an' now it lies in any corner the perliceman's bull's-eye don't find out."

"Umph!" murmured the ex-tramp thoughtfully, and then in a louder tone, "And what is your employment? what is your daily work?"

"Anything I can get," said Jem. "Mostly nothing the last fortnight. I did work at one of Barnes's machines for three years, but I got turned off for being drunk now and again two months ago, and some mean chap went and skulked into my place the very next day, without giving me a chance to beg it back."

"Oh!" ejaculated Charles Wynn. He guessed correctly who had slipped so quickly into poor Jem's post; but he had certainly not skulked into it with any shadow of meanness. He began to turn a good many thoughts and small plans rapidly over in his mind; while Jem Blake walked on beside him heedless where he went, seeing that it was necessarily a matter of complete indifference.

The two men reached Wynn's cottage in time, and he opened the door and entered.

"Oh!" ejaculated Jem Blake dolefully; "you are at home then? Well, thank you for letting a fellow walk with you. Good-night."

"Thanks," said Wynn cheerfully; "I'm always grateful for kind wishes; but we'll wish each other 'good-night' again when we've had our supper, and are going to bed. Come along in; you said you'd be another Aleck to me, so you'll have to be my guest to-night, and to-morrow you shall go right straight off to the good mayor himself, and ask for some more work; and if he won't say 'Yes' to you, I'll have a try at him."

Jem Blake listened, and allowed himself to be pulled by main force into the tidy kitchen in a state of dumb, dazed wonder. In this half-stupefied condition he remained, while his unexpected host closed the door, lighted his lamp, drew down the blind, lighted the fire with the despatch and neatness acquired in long years of practice, put on the kettle, laid the cloth with bread and cheese, and began to toast a couple of herrings, originally intended for his own dinner to-morrow. During this latter employment he burst out all uncon-

sciously into bright snatches of song. Such joyous sounds had not passed his lips for months.

Jem came four feet nearer to the fire, and stared with all his might. His companion was very pleasant to look at just then, with a beaming gladness on his face, that was already beginning to lose something of the haggardness that had so deeply impressed Bobby Balston, as it lay against the wall of Silverdale Church, and his voice was very pleasant to listen to, with the ring of hopeful happiness sounding through whatever air he might happen to be singing.

But the herrings were cooked at last, and laid on a hot plate, and as their toaster brought them forward, and placed them at one side of the table, he ceased singing, and exclaimed with a boy's cheerfulness, "There now, I do call this jolly! I haven't had a guest for I don't know how long. Draw up your chair, Jem, and fall to on them at once; Aleck used to say he never found anyone who could beat me at cooking bloaters. Don't let them get cold."

Thus admonished Jem did draw up a chair, sit down, and gaze at the fish, but still like a person in a dream. His host busied himself with pouring out the tea, cutting bread, and so on, and carefully kept his eyes from his troubled guest.

At last Jem blurted out, "If I eat these, where's yours?"

"Mine? Oh, I've had my dinner," was the off-hand answer. "Eat them up at once, there's a good fellow, or they will do me no credit, and there's nothing like good food for driving away the craving for drink."

"N—no," began Jem, and then he broke down. He was still a very young man remember, and moreover his moral nature was weakened by drinking and fasting. He pushed away the plate, dropped his arms and his head on the table, and burst out in a perfect tempest of blubbing sobs.

"You don't think it," he stammered and stutered; "but—but—I—I am—a drunken sot, and—and—I'm not worthy our kindness or—or your help."

"No more was I worth kindness or help two months ago," said Charles Wynn, in a low, quiet tone. "I was a poor homeless vagabond like you, then, and ever so much more dingy and disreputable-looking, I can tell you. But I got help and kindness all the same, help that was better than help; for it gave me hope that I might yet gain strength to help myself. Now the mercy is granted me of being able to help you. And if you only knew the comfort you have been to me already you would not grudge me the pleasure of seeing you eat your supper."

But the herrings got cold, and had to be rewarmed before penitent Jem Blake could be persuaded to eat a fellow-workman's food.

"There," said Wynn, when at length the meal was ended, and he rose to clear the supper-table, and get his room into its usual state of woman-like tidiness, "there, don't you feel better now?"

"Ay, better for not lying drunk by the roadside, like a log in a ditch," was the still heavy-toned answer. "You've pulled me up this once, but once you let go your grip of me, and those other blackguards get hold of a fellow, I expect I shall be just as bad as ever again."

"Then I must just keep my hand on you," was the ready reply, "until you feel able to stand alone."

And then Charles Wynn came and sat down by his guest, with a small, shiny-black book in his hand, and his voice was very different when he spoke again:

"You and I must help each other," he said gravely. "We are both weak; you cannot feel more afraid than I do of stumbling from the right path, but we can help each other, if we will, and our Father will help us both. Aleck used to tell me this in the old days, and now I tell it to you. When I tramped into Silverdale, two months ago, the first words I heard in the place were the words, 'O God, the Father of heaven.' The vicar was reading them in the church, and I crouched closer into my corner, overwhelmed with a feeling of utter despair. 'God, the Father of heaven,' came before me at that moment in His almighty power, as

a justly enraged Judge. And now, the words are to me so infinitely sweet and precious that I am never tired of repeating to myself, at work, when I am walking, when I am eating, even sometimes when I am sleeping, 'God, the Father of heaven, have mercy.'

"You remember there is a text in the Bible, 'God is love'; so that in asking mercy one knows one has it. Just now, your great want is for strength to repent and be healed, and as it's time to turn in, we'll seal our friendship, as Aleck used to say, by putting up a prayer together for what we most want."

And so saying, Charles Wynn knelt down, and prayed in low, moved tones, which touched his hearer's heart even more deeply than he had hoped. After he had finished there was a moment's pause. Jem Blake slid noiselessly upon his knees, with his head bowed upon the table. At length a murmur, only just audible, and that could scarcely be said to break the silence, rose from his lips in a tone of deep entreaty. *Jem was praying.*

There were only two human beings praying together in that humble cottage kitchen; but no doubt their Brother was with them, their Advocate and Mediator, to grant their requests.

No more words were spoken between the host and guest until they said "good-night," and ten minutes later they were asleep.

The cold and darkness, together with the occasionally almost impassable state of the roads between Southford and Silverdale, very much interfered with the growing friendship between Charles Wynn and little Bobby Balston during the winter months. The man had to fall back upon his less interesting, but far more harassing companion, Jim Blake. As for the child, those ready and eager to lavish love and attention upon him were too numerous for him to be able very greatly to miss the kindness of his "potato-man"; but Bobby's memory was a particularly retentive one, and "cut of sight" was not by any means "out of mind" with him.

Spring came round, and on the fifth of April Mr. Barnes's clerk had a folded sheet of paper put into his hands in the morning, by the carrier just over from Silverdale.

"I was to be sure to give it to you myself," said the man, laughing, "for fear, as there wasn't no address upon it, as you mightn't think it was of any importance. I hope that you may think that it is now when you have opened it."

And so saying, with another good-humored laugh, the carrier went off, and the ex-tramp unfolded the mysterious paper. The contents at a first glance might have seemed equally mysterious to any stranger who had read them over his shoulder, but on Charles Wynn's face they called up a pleasant, tender smile.

"The weather's luvly now. Muvver says she won't be afraid for me going long warks agen, so I'm going to-day to Sleepy Dell to see the primroses. Your littel Brownie."

Although it was Saturday Wynn had planned out work for himself, as it happened, that would have kept him within walls all day; but as it was, the letter the carrier had brought proved of sufficient importance, to the receiver at any rate, to make him decide to put aside his own arrangements for the sake of accepting the implied invitation to Sleepy Dell.

It was not altogether a modest fear as to being too troublesomely pressing in declaring his wishes that had made Bobby say no more; but writing a letter was a work of time, even when it did consist of but three short sentences. Moreover, even the space of a whole sheet of letter paper proves limited when such words as "muvver," and "weather," and "Brownie," take up a whole line to each of themselves; but it was no matter, for what he had not said was as plain as what he had said, and Charles Wynn would no more have thought of declining the proposed meeting, when it was possible to manage it, than he would have thought of making wilful blunders in Mr. Barnes's ledgers. He went home to dinner with light steps, and a feeling akin to a schoolboy's just come in for an unexpected holiday.

Our friend's face fell somewhat as he entered his

cottage. For the first time during the past six months he had forgotten his self-imposed companion, Jim Blake; and when the sight of him now forced back the recollection it did not seem to be altogether a welcome one. Not, however, that there was anything in poor Jim's present appearance or occupation that spoke for him unfavorably.

The factory hands left work at twelve o'clock, the clerks did not leave the office until one, accordingly it had fallen to Jim's share of the household duties, since, to his intense thankfulness, Wynn had refused to part with him, to be the cook of the small establishment, so far as the preparation of the midday meal was concerned. When the clerk came in the factory lad had already laid the cloth, peeled the potatoes, and was just transferring an appetizing-looking piece of bacon from the saucepan to a hot dish. He raised his eyes as his friend entered, with his face beaming with satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

JESUS' DEATH ON THE CROSS.

S. S. Lesson for November 26. Mark 15 : 27-37. Golden Texts, 1 Pet. 11 : 24; 3 : 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Predictions Fulfilled in the Passion—No Man Independent of Christ—The Effect of Contact Never Nugatory—The Challenge of the Priests—The Grand Testimony of the Thief—Alone Against a World—Inspired Expressions of Agony—The Break in the Cloud.

ALREADY in the sufferings of our beloved Lord the words of the Psalmist had been fulfilled when he said, "Be not far from Me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help. Many bulls have compassed Me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset Me round. They gaped upon Me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion. . . . For dogs have compassed Me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed Me" (Ps. 22 : 11-16). "In Mine adversity they rejoiced and gathered themselves together, yea, the abjects gathered themselves together against Me" (Ps. 35 : 15).

As though the Jews would degrade their Victim to the utmost, "with Him they crucify two thieves, the one on His right hand and the other on His left. And the Scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And He was numbered with the transgressors." In this, as in all else, He was representing us; that we might be separated from transgressors, He was numbered with them. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, *the just for the unjust*, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." There it was; the Just for the unjust, Jesus taking our place, that He might bring us in Himself to His place of sonship, and make us, who have been heirs of sin, shame and death, to become "heirs of God." And this He has done for you and me, dear reader, whether we will or no. Oh, remember that He has laid you under an eternal obligation to Him, and whether you surrender to Him, believe and are saved by Him or not, you cannot undo the fact that Christ has represented you upon the cross, and by so doing, has made it an unrighteous, a dishonorable thing for you to live for yourself. "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; *that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him*" (2 Cor. 5 : 21). You cannot be independent of Him, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, *that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness*,"

JESUS IS GOD;

something must come of it if we have to do with Him, and something for salvation or damnation will surely come of it, that Jesus has had to do with us upon the cross. Ignore it, make light of it, forget it, trifle with it, argue against it as you will, it is nevertheless true that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has really borne your sins in His own body on the tree; you cannot get rid of it, it is a fact, one in which you are concerned, and one for the result of which *you are responsible*. God has meant salvation for you by this, He has meant complete freedom from the condemnation and the power of sin. Reader, do you long to leave sin, the world, the flesh, and live unto God and unto righteousness? Then turn right round, and let

everybody know you do so, and take your place in Christ, covered by, represented by, included in Jesus. He has undertaken your desperate case, and He has bound Himself to carry it through; He has loved you to the death, never doubt Him, never let the tempter deceive you and make you think hard thoughts of Jesus.

No one can come in contact with Him and nothing happen. When blind, lame, sick, and leprous came near to Him, they left Him seeing, walking, healed, and cleansed. But now, hanging on the cross, could He have the same power? could He, who Himself was dying, do anything for the two thieves who hung, apparently enduring just what Jesus did? They had heard Him pray, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," at the very hour when He was nailed to the cross. This was

SOMETHING ALTOGETHER NEW.

Oaths and curses were heard in plenty from those who were put to this death of torture, but a prayer for the executioners, and such a prayer, coming right from His heart, this was altogether new!

It is possible that the thieves were waiting for their trial, while Jesus was undergoing His; and they may have witnessed the vacillation of Pilate, and have marked that Jesus was unjustly condemned. Anyway, the Spirit of God had awakened one of them. A continuous strain of mockery was going up from the soldiers, who offered Him vinegar, "saying, If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself" (Luke 23 : 37); from those passing by, who "reviled Him, wagging their heads, and saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." The chief priests, forgetting for the time the dignity and the sacredness of their office, gave themselves up to mock Him, and the scribes and elders of the people set the example of mocking Jesus as alas, alas, is too much the case in our days, and they said, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him. He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him: for He said, I am the Son of God" (Matt. 27 : 39-43). But Jesus

DID NOT ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE.

No doubt these wicked men vaunted that His power was gone and that He could not prove Himself to be either the King of the Jews or the Son of God. But Jesus had not yet come to the end of what He was about to do. He did not, would not save Himself, for that would have been to lose us for whom He died. No, He would not spare Himself one suffering, nor justify Himself before any of His accusers, but He would, by-and-by, lie down in the grave and arise when He would, and shake off the death in which no sin of His own could bind Him, He would prove that He could save a world, and yet conquer the death by which He saved it.

One of the malefactors who was crucified with Him, in all the Satanic rage which suffering without grace produces, joined in the mockery of Jesus, Matthew says both of them did. Perhaps at first it was so, and then the second thief became a witness for Jesus when there was none other upon earth to plead His cause. "Dost not thou fear God, he said to his fellow, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" Here was faithful dealing, would to God every visitor of the sick and dying were as true and direct! Many souls are sent into eternity unprepared, because those who visit them do not take the trouble to ascertain how they stand with God. "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly" (he included himself); "for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this Man hath done nothing amiss."

It was a grand testimony! First, his frank acknowledgment of his own and his companions' sins, "We receive the due reward of our deeds;" no attempt whatever at self-justification; and then he dared to say that which Pilate had said with his lips and contradicted by his acts,

"THIS MAN HATH DONE NOTHING AMISS."

Priests, scribes, elders, governors, people, were

loud in condemning Jesus; disciples kept so far out of the way that they bore no witness to Him at this critical hour, but the convicted thief, alone in the whole world, uttered a protest in His favor. *Alone against a world*, alone in the presence of cowardly disciples! Lord, let it be thus with us, rather than that we should not witness for Thee.

And the poor thief prayed, it was no long prayer, but direct, personal, and to the point, "Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." What then, did he believe at such an hour that the dying Man at his side was King, and a King who had power beyond the grave? Even so. It is almost startling to think of the revulsion of feeling which must have taken place in that man's breast, from the sullen endurance of a hardened criminal, to the joy unspeakable of communion with Jesus! There on the cross, he experienced that wondrous passing from death unto life, which some of us remember at the time of our conversion. And Jesus in the midst of His deep suffering, had the joy of

RESCUING ONE SOUL

in His dying hour; He said, "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise" (Luke 23 : 40-43).

Three hours had Jesus been upon the cross; man, urged on by devils, mocked and jeered, but the very elements of nature seemed to be awed into respect and mute sympathy, as darkness crept over the earth until the ninth hour. And what took place during that darkness? That which was begun in Gethsemane was consummated now. Sin and sickness, all the waves and billows of the Almighty, were going over the devoted head of the Son of God. "I am poured out like water, and all My bones are out of joint: My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of My bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and My tongue cleaveth to My jaws; and thou hast brought Me into the dust of death. . . . They pierced My hands and My feet. I may tell all My bones" (Ps. 22 : 14-17). And again, "Save Me, O God; for the waters are come in unto My soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow Me. I am weary of My crying; My throat is dried: Mine eyes fail while I wait for My God. . . . Thou hast known My reproach, and My shame, and My dishonor: Mine adversaries are all before Thee. Reproach hath broken Mine heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none. They gave Me also gall for My meat; and in My thirst they gave Me vinegar to drink" (Ps. 69 : 1-3; 19-21). But even these inspired words can give a very faint idea of what our most precious Lord then suffered. We learn it, *i.e.*, we get glimpses of it, in the experience we obtain of that redemption which it has purchased us.

At the ninth hour, the darkness was not only without, it had penetrated His very heart, and He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me." In that hour He knew all the horror of a backslider's experience; the awful, inexpressible void which only those feel who have known the sunshine of God's love and have lost it through sin. The sin He had adopted hung like an awful veil between Him, the Man anointed, but also under the curse, and His God! Truly He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. 3 : 13).

BUT THE CLOUD BROKE,

and He saw once again the light of His Father's countenance and said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit," (Luke 23 : 46). He was about to put on death as He had put on sin. Oh, how foreign to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life! But ere He gave up the ghost, for He had power to lay down His life and to take it again, He said, "It is finished" (John 19 : 30). Here is our guarantee for full salvation, sin and death were met face to face and conquered, by our beloved Lord upon the cross; the victory was a complete one, both are conquered and the victory is ours, sin has lost its power and death has lost its sting. Jesus lives and Jesus reigns. "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore" (Rev. 1 : 18).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The New Rules to Regulate the Proceedings of the British House of Commons, the necessity for which was the main reason for convoking an autumn session of Parliament, were the subject of an acrimonious debate which was protracted throughout last week. The first rule was passed on November 16th by a vote of 304 to 260. The Parnellites voted with the government for the rule. It is explained by one of the party that they so voted because it was certain that some measure of the kind would be passed, and they preferred a measure that would shackle the Conservatives to one that would operate only against themselves.

An Important Declaration in Reference to Ireland was made by Mr. Gladstone in the course of a speech delivered on November 9th at a banquet given by the new Lord Mayor of London. The British Premier said: "The government had not scrupled to use the powers intrusted to them with vigor and determination. At the same time they relied more confidently on *measures of justice*. He could now, he said, record his conviction that a new tone of sentiment was dawning among the Irish, to seek amelioration of law by peaceful efforts. He ventured to say that the foundations of society in Ireland were now in but little danger. The monthly return of agrarian outrages was now 111, as compared with 511 committed in October, 1881. There might be in Ireland extravagant opinions and desires that could never be fulfilled; but if the Irish be content to walk in the ways of legality, the empire was strong and free enough to entertain in a friendly and kindly spirit any demand that may be made for free discussion and perfect publicity in matters relating to its Irish policy." The speech is regarded by the Irish press as an intimation that the Liberal party will vote for a measure of home rule in a modified form.

The Socialistic Agitation Recently Observed in France appears to be spreading through Europe. The English correspondent of the New York *Sun* in the course of a long letter on the subject says: "In France there is no subsidence of the uneasy feeling which has prevailed for the past month. Energetic measures on the part of the government have prevented and quelled actual outbreaks, but the agitation of the Socialists is prosecuted with the utmost activity. In Austria a *widespread agitation* has been started, having for its apparent object the reduction of the enormous burdens to which the ponderous military system of the country subjects its people. Socialist agents are credited with conducting the machinery of the movement, and several serious disturbances have already occurred in Vienna. In Russia, in the Baltic provinces, the new and *formidable revolutionary movement* is avowedly directed by the Nihilist organization. It is confined exclusively to the agricultural population, among whom several emissaries of the Nihilistic Committee have been arrested. The Government is unable to send a military force into these provinces, and the landed proprietors are organizing a gendarmerie, to be commanded by themselves, for defence against the revolutionists. The main grievance alleged in this Russian agrarian movement is not unlike the main question in Ireland."

A Shocking Disaster Occurred at Halifax, N. S., on November 7th. The poor asylum was reported on fire soon after midnight and the fire brigade was summoned. There were about five hundred inmates, all of whom were removed without loss of life. But the flames spread to the wing used as a hospital and were carried by the elevator shaft to the roof, and the whole building was soon burning throughout. There were seventy patients in the beds, most of them perfectly helpless. The fire was now burning fiercely, and the heat cracked the roof till the lead poured down in *streams of brilliant fire*, and the slates flew in every direction in deadly showers, rendering any near approach to the building almost certain death. Notwithstanding this, there were hundreds of persons outside who would willingly have entered the building if they could have found their way through the place. Indeed, several did go in, but without guidance could do nothing in that immense building, and had to return to the yards. An attempt to raise

ladders to the windows was made, but the ladders were too short, and after a fireman had been knocked down by falling bricks, and it was seen that the ladders even would be swept away in a few minutes, these attempts were stopped. The fire burst through the roof and the scene was one never to be forgotten. Far above the roar of the flames and the crack of the bursting slates were heard the cries of the wretched patients in the hospital, who were roasting to death. It is feared that over thirty of the poor sufferers must have perished in the flames.

Prognostications of Undisturbed Peace in Europe were recently made at Pesth by Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Prime Minister, who dwelt with great satisfaction on the fact that Italy, barely a year ago, recorded in an unequivocal manner her wish to unite with the views of the Austro-German alliance. These friendly relations, he considered, might now be regarded as firmly consolidated. Referring to the attitude of Russia, Count Kalnoky said the peaceful convictions which the Czar had given expression to and had succeeded in upholding, were a pledge that from Russia no danger threatened the peace of Europe. Count Kalnoky referred also to the friendly relations existing between the Western Powers, and drew therefrom the conclusion that no disturbance of the general peace need be apprehended. It is an ominous fact that such congratulations on the part of European statesmen have only too frequently been followed by an outbreak of war.

A Plot to Murder Judge Lawson who Committed the High Sheriff of Dublin to prison recently, is believed to have been foiled at the moment of execution. The judge, who before his elevation to the bench was very unpopular in Ireland owing to the vigor with which he prosecuted cases against the land leaguers and agitators, has increased his unpopularity since he became a judge by the severity of his sentences, and especially by his treatment of Mr. Gray. On November 11th, as he was going to his club in Dublin, the police detailed to protect him noticed suspicious movements on the part of an individual on the opposite side of the street. The man was afterward seen to cross the road toward Judge Lawson and to put his hand in the breast of his coat, whereupon he was knocked down by a policeman and found to be holding a six-chambered revolver. The prisoner, who was taken to the station, gave his name as Corrigan, which is known to be false. He is known to be a foreman carpenter, and as the affair is believed to have originated in a secret society, numerous arrests are expected.

The Policy of the New French Cabinet which has been anticipated with some anxiety in consequence of the recent manifestation of anarchical disaffection at Lyons and other places, has been outlined by the premier, M. Duclerc, in a statement at the opening of the Legislature. He said that the object of the government will be to efface the divisions in the Republican party and thereby enable it to resist the attacks of hostile factions. It will do its utmost to repress any factious manifestations from whatever quarter. With regard to finances the government will be solely occupied with the general interests of the country. It will resolutely urge the adoption of laws upon military organization. The relations of France with the Powers, are satisfactory, and the foreign policy of France will be one of neither provocation nor abdication.

The Sufferings of the Russian Political exiles in Siberia are graphically described by one of themselves. He says: "This place is by itself the strongest prison. On the north there are eternal snow and ice; on the south impassable forests filled with bears. You cannot run away from here even being let loose. To live here means to suffer cold, hunger and premature death. Every exile here must turn into a savage; he must live in a dirty and stinking tent, feed upon fish and wear undressed furs and only furs. Bread is a great luxury here; it is beyond our means. Add to that unbearable frosts and the *nights six months long*. We live in darkness, for we have no candles. We have nothing to do but to shiver under a pile of furs till hunger forces us to stir, to make a fire and

to cook some miserable food, then again shivering. We would gladly build houses that could keep us warm, but our executioners don't allow us to do that. We cannot do anything under such circumstances. However terrible the polar night, is the polar day, strange to say, is even more horrible for us. The *perpetual bright light* reflected by snow irritates the nerves very much and often causes insanity."

The Affairs of Egypt are Apparently to be settled under the direction of England alone without the intervention of Turkey or the other Powers. Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons on November 9th, that the object of Lord Dufferin's mission to Egypt is to conduct necessary negotiations with the Egyptian government. No machinery exists, he said, by which the Egyptian people could be consulted with regard to their future government. A despatch from Constantinople says that England has informed the Porte that she does not consider the present a convenient moment for entering into negotiations relative to the Egyptian question, and that she cannot approve the idea of sending a Turkish commission to Egypt during the continuance of Lord Dufferin's mission in that country.

The Homage Offered to Actors and Actresses of which New York is just now witnessing a manifestation of extraordinary intensity, has evoked an indignant protest from a French journalist, who denounces in vigorous terms its developments in the French capital. He says: "From the prince of the blood royal, who visits him in his dressing room, down to the *voyous* who flatten their noses against the windows of the photograph shops in staring at his portraits, everybody joins in a chorus in singing the glory of the actor. When an *artiste* issues from the throng after twenty years of toil, misery and genius he conquers the world by one evening's grimaces. He struts along an absolute monarch amid thunders of applause, his face grimed and stained with paint and rouge. He airs his carnival costumes and his impudent fatuities. The *artiste* is undoubtedly a king. With the rotten boards of the stage he has built himself, or rather the public have built him, a throne on which he sits with impudent air. This being, formerly cast out of society into his ghetto, has now taken possession of the whole of social life."

The English Committee Charged with the duty of erecting a memorial to the poet Longfellow, has invited the *Prince of Wales* to accept the chairmanship. The prince in acceding to the request wrote, that he was very glad that an opportunity has been afforded him to show the high respect he entertains for the memory of the greatest of American poets, and his appreciation of the value and excellence of Longfellow's works. The prince's brother, the Duke of Albany, has also joined the committee.

Mr. Eli Johnson is Receiving a very Cordial reception in Australia. Crowded audiences assemble wherever he lectures, and the revelations of the box so well known on the temperance platforms of this country are received with considerable surprise. The Australian papers give verbatim reports of Mr. Johnson's lectures, and state that a genuine temperance revival is in progress as the result of his labors.

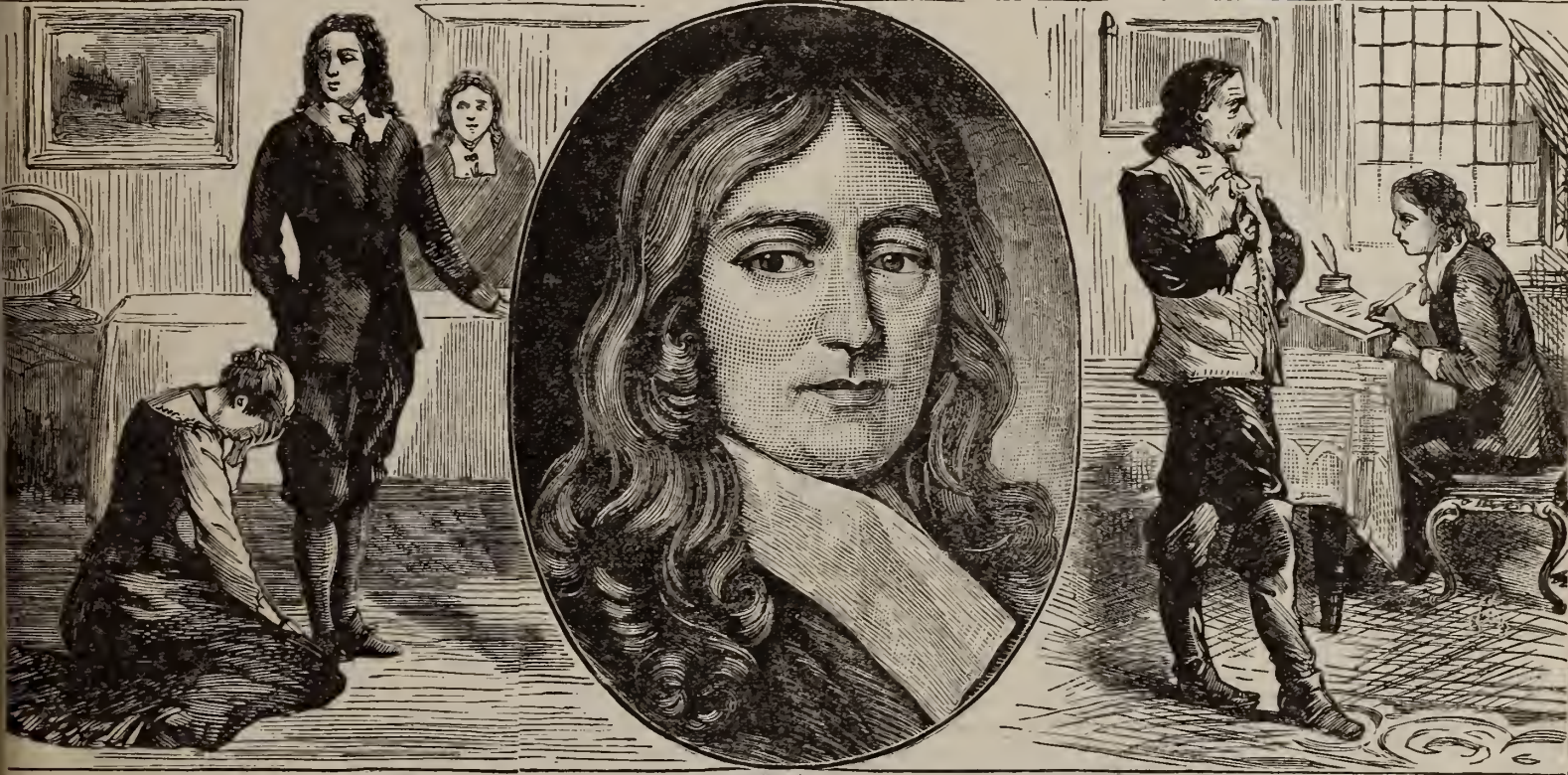
An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1882. 16th Year. No. 47.—New Series.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER. PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF JOHN MILTON, THE PURITAN POET, with Pictures of Scenes in his Life. WHISPERERS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning. ANECDOTES Related at Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Meetings in Scotland. A Message in an Old Church (with illustration).	FALSE CHRISTS. A Prophetic Exposition. CURRENT EVENTS: The Relative Strength of Parties—An Important Inquiry—The Archbishop's Creditors—Mr. Charles Spurgeon in New York—An Extraordinary Electric Storm—A Novel Life-Boat—Fulfilment of a Dream—Theft of a Chinese God—A Personator of George Washington, etc. PICTURE OF ENGINEER SEEDS' DEED OF DARING on the Pennsylvania Railroad.	THE LAW WRITTEN ON THE HEART. A New Sermon. By C. H. Spurgeon. ONLY A TRAMP. A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing (continued). FAITH HEALING. A Letter from Mrs. Baxter. After His Death. S. S. Lesson. By Mrs. M. Baxter. FOREIGN TOPICS: A Brilliant Pageant in London—Schism in the Irish Camp—A Collision of Ocean Steamers—Italian Government and the Pope, etc.
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JOHN MILTON, THE PURITAN POET—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

JOHN MILTON.

The Bread St. Scrivener—Suffering for Conscience's Sake—The Boy's Education—Career at the University—No Place in the Church—The Poet's Aspirations—Journey to Italy—Visits Galileo—Return to England—Secretary to Cromwell—Foolish Marriage—Flight from the Plague—Blindness and Bereavement—Writing and Selling His Poem—Last Days—A Noble Epitaph.

THE visitor to London passing down the busy thoroughfare of Cheapside is impressed with the narrowness and darkness of many of the streets that turn out of it. The London smoke and occasional fog render the best streets gloomy, even on the brightest days. The blue sky is rarely seen, and the sunlight struggles with difficulty through the dense atmosphere. But the streets that turn out of Cheapside are unusually gloomy. They are lined on each side with lofty warehouses principally devoted to the dry goods trade, and those high buildings render the streets so dusky, that in many of the offices on the ground floor it is often necessary to use artificial light even at midday. One of the busiest and best known of those streets is Bread Street, and in that street the renowned author of "Paradise Lost" was born in the year 1608.

Some few years before that date a modest office had been opened in Bread Street, by a man who described himself as "a scrivener." His profession, though not precisely identical with that of a lawyer, had so much in common with it, that much of the work, which in our day, citizens commission their lawyers to do for them, was in the early part of the seventeenth century intrusted to a scrivener. The particular office mentioned was known by the title of

THE SPREAD EAGLE,

and a rude carving of the bird ornamented its exterior, much in the same way as we see it over the buildings in Broadway, New York, and other of our great cities. The Spread Eagle was the crest of John Milton, the Bread Street Scrivener.

The scrivener's office was a monument of fidelity to Christian principle. It had been opened in consequence of religious persecution. John Milton's father was a man of means, and his son need never have entered the profession for a livelihood, but that son had become a convert to Protestantism, and the wealthy Roman Catholic father expelled him from the paternal roof and disinherited him. Hence the necessity to labor for bread, which John Milton accepted rather than abjure his faith, hence the journey from Oxford to London, and the opening of the scrivener's office. The faithful man realized the truth of God's promise, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee the Lord will take thee up." His intelligence, integrity, and industry became known in London; merchants brought their business to the Spread Eagle, and John Milton, the Protestant scrivener, was soon on the way, as his son said, "to gain a plentiful fortune." He married and lived over his office, and there on December 9th, 1608, was born the child, whose name will be honored while the English language is spoken, as one of the grandest of the poets.

From that busy city scene we might have expected to come forth a merchant or a lawyer or even a statesman, but surely it was a strange nest from which a poet should take wing. Yet it is remarkable that in the same city so many poets have been born. It was the birthplace of Chaucer, Spencer, Cowley, Pope, Gray, Keats, and others.

The thriving scrivener was able to give his boy a good education, and he not only sent him to St. Paul's school, but had tutors for him at home. The boy was eager to learn, and so earnestly did he strive after knowledge that at twelve years of age he generally heard St. Paul's deep-toned bell strike the hour of midnight before he closed his books.

A PORTRAIT

of John Milton survives, which was taken about this period of his life. It represents a happy, beautiful boy, with a neat lace frill, black braided dress, light auburn hair, and a delicate, almost girl-like complexion, and an expression strangely

dissimilar from the stern, thoughtful, resolute countenance which years and trouble and care moulded into the shape which we generally associate with Milton.

His future career, however, seemed even at that early age to have dawned upon him, for the paraphrases of two of the "Psalms of David" which are included among his works were written before he was fifteen. They were the 114th and 136th Psalms. The following are the opening lines respectively:

On Psalm cxiv.

"When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory were in Israel known." etc.

Psalm cxxxvi.

"Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For His mercy aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure." etc.

At the age of sixteen John Milton was sent to the University of Cambridge to study for the profession of his own and his father's choice, that of the Church. Seven years did he spend in those halls of learning, working hard, taking his B.A. and M.A. degrees, but all the time drifting farther and farther away from the profession to which he had been destined by his father. The Church in the days of Laud was not the Church to which John Milton's piety and learning were leading him. He had a higher, a holier aim than that of preaching the debased theology of that corrupt time. When he finally left Cambridge, it was with no definite plan for the future, but with the hope that by reading and meditation he might be prepared to usefully serve his day and generation as opportunity might offer. He accordingly retired to the suburban retreat of Horton, seventeen miles from London, where his father, weary of the cares of business, and having acquired a modest competence, was living in peaceful retirement. There young Milton went, and among his books and papers he spent five tranquil years of self-cultivation and mental, moral, and spiritual architecture. The spirit in which he read may be inferred from the well-known lines of "Paradise Regained":

"Who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself."

But that Milton read industriously is evident; for a memorandum book in his handwriting, prepared during the Horton period of his life, which curiously enough was only discovered in 1874, having lain unnoticed for more than two centuries, contains memoranda of facts and thoughts culled from more than eighty authors, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English.

In 1637, his quiet country life was broken in upon by the entrance of that dread disturber, Death. His mother died, and Milton, partly in order to remove from the scene of her sufferings, and partly in order to gratify a long-cherished desire, obtained liberty from his father to visit the Continent of Europe; and in 1638, attended by a servant, he set out on his travels.

VISIT TO PARIS.

He first went to Paris, where he remained for a few days. He felt less interest in seeing a city which was then the main centre of Popery, and had not long before run red with Protestant blood, than in making the acquaintance of that great and good Dutch scholar, De Groot, or Grotius, who was residing in Paris as ambassador from the States of Holland. Grotius had been a sufferer for conscience's sake, and had once escaped death by being packed up by his wife as a bundle of books in a large chest. To him Milton went, and Grotius received the young Englishman kindly, and entertained him in a manner worthy of his character and abilities.

From Paris Milton went to Florence by way of Nice and Genoa. There he received a cordial reception, the cultured young English traveller by his frank and scholarly conversation winning many

friends. But he was quietly and impressively cautioned against talking in the same way which he arrived in Rome. The Florentines told him that he would inevitably be seized by the inquisition, and subjected to imprisonment and torture he uttered in the Eternal city opinions such as had expressed in Florence. Milton, however, was not made of the stuff that fear can drive to evasion or dissembling, and when he arrived in Rome was prepared to tell the truth and leave consequences to God.

MILTON'S RULE

he has said in his autobiography, was "not of my own accord to introduce in those places conversation about religion, but if interrogated respecting the faith, then, whatsoever I should suffer, to resemble nothing. What I was, if any one asked concealed from no one; if any one in the very city of the Pope attacked the orthodox religion, I defended it most freely." In Rome Milton met some English Jesuits with whom he had "many disputes." By them he was taken into a society of learned monks for the purpose of discussion, at which Milton gave his reasons for the faith that was in him, and defending Protestant doctrine with much learning and eloquence. (*One scene is represented in the lower left-hand corner of the frontispiece.*)

Milton's modest, unassuming manner probably disarmed any disposition there might have been to interfere with his personal liberty, and he was allowed to study the Roman antiquities unmolested for about two months. He then set out for Naples where he desired to make the acquaintance of Giovanni Manso, Marquis of Villa, the friend and protector of Tasso and Marini. Manso showed the young Englishman much kindness, but was deterred from introducing him into the best circle of Neapolitan society by the bold and fearless way in which Milton spoke wherever he might be, of religious and political topics. Manso knew that it was to be compromised with the authorities, and in regard for his own safety rendered it necessary that he should not take his guest into general gatherings of Neapolitan scholars.

Leaving Naples, Milton returned by way of Rome and Florence, making a stay of two months in the latter city, that he might make

THE ACQUAINTANCE OF GALILEO,

whom he had been unable to see on his first visit. Then, Galileo was in prison in the inquisition, asserting that the earth revolved around the sun, a theory which the Romish priests denounced as unscriptural. They failed to convince him that he was wrong by argument, but they tortured him until the poor sufferer consented to sign a paper stating that the theory he had propounded was in error. Having obtained his signature, they were content, though they knew they had not convinced him. Nor did Galileo conceal the belief; for having made the declaration demanded of him, he quietly observed, "It moves though, for all that." By way, however, of impressing him with the wisdom of holding his doctrines in silence, he was shut up in the dungeons of the inquisition, and even week, for three years, had to repeat the seven Penitential Psalms of David. He was already seventy-four years of age when he was released and was allowed to live in his own house. The Milton visited him, and found him almost blind. Four years afterward he died.

Milton now hurried homeward. He intended to have visited Greece and Sicily, but he had heard the first rumbling of the political earthquake which culminated in the revolution in England, the triumph of civil and religious liberty, and the execution of the tyrant, Charles I. Milton knew what the duty of every patriot lay in that troubled time. He wrote, "I consider it dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands, while my countrymen are striking a blow for freedom." He therefore, returned home by way of Geneva and Paris, and in August, 1639, he again set foot upon his native shore. He had been away a year and three months. In the account of his travels, he inscribed the following statement, "I again thank God to witness, that in all these places, where so many things were considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice; having

have heard the Prophet predict that a deliverer should be born from his descendants, and bearing his own name, Mahommed Ibn Abdallah. The famous Imami Aly, the son-in-law of the Prophet, usband of Fatima, was told, according to tradition, that his future champion should rise from the descendants of Hussein; and in the fatal day of Kerbela Aly comforted Hussein with the assurance that their blood should be avenged in the future, when God should raise up El Mahdi to stand in their place, the Lord of Mankind."

A TRAVESTY OF CHRIST'S COMING.

It is impossible not to perceive in this doctrine of the Mahdi a travesty of the Christian truth of Christ's second coming. The coming of the Mahdi is to be preceded by a time of great and general trouble. Gog and Magog—in whom the Turks recognize (as do so many students of prophecy among ourselves) the Russian power—must first burst the bounds set for them by Iskander Abu el Karnein—Alexander the Great—who has become a popular traditions a hero of Islam. The loss of the Sultan's dominions, swallowed up by the infidels (or Christians) is expected to follow. What is specially remarkable, however, is that many of the Turks believe that *the present year, 1882—the 300th of the Hegira—is the appointed time.*

The Moslem Armageddon is to be fought in the vicinity of Homs, the ancient Emesa, a city of Syria, 86 miles north-east of Damascus, or, according to others, of Aleppo. There the hostile forces are to assemble—the faithful Mahomedans on the one hand and the combined "unbelievers" on the other. "The final result of the battle is decided by the appearance of El Mahdi, who will rally the dispersed Moslems and put the infidels to flight. A long reign of peace is to follow, and is only terminated by the Gom-ed-Din, when Mahommed himself will descend to bestride the pillar which rises out of the great eastern wall of the Haram at Jerusalem, while at the same time Jesus, son of Mary, will stand on the summit of the tall eastern minaret of the Damascus mosque."

MOSLEM ANTICIPATIONS.

This expectation of the coming of the Mahdi is not confined to any particular class or country; even the wild Ariazeh Arabs, who roam the deserts east of Damascus, are looking forward to the great catastrophe. But it is especially cherished, according to the apparently well-informed writer in *Blackwood*, by the "middle class of the orthodox inhabitants of cities and towns, whose religious eneiets present the most dangerous narrowness of view, and among whom fanaticism has a real existence. Such are the white-turbaned youths who study in the Moslem schools, the venerable elders, whose green turbans bear witness to their performance of at least one pilgrimage to Mecca; such are the doctors of the Tenzil, or plain exoteric interpretation of the Koran, who take the Scripture literally, without seeking for any mystical hidden meaning. They do not, indeed, represent the mass of the nation, but their presence, their hatred of all that is non-Moslem, their eager dissemination of scandalous misrepresentations of Christian dogmas, their zealous attempts to win the peasantry to the side of Islam, must not be for a moment forgotten by those who would understand aright the tendencies of modern Moslem thought. . . .

"It is among this class—Sokhtas, Ulemmas, Kadis, Sheikhs, and Imams of the great mosques, gentlemen of old family, living in houses which have belonged to their ancestors for many centuries—that a real belief in the coming of the Mahdi and in the future triumph of Islam exists. It is by such doctors of the Henifeh school of Sunnees that the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is supported, and the propaganda of Pan-Islamism, with the Padishah as religious head, is vigorously fomented.

Among them are found men sincerely devout and completely convinced, no less than hypocrites who look forward to the good things which may be obtained through the re-establishment of the old order, uncontrolled by the public opinion of the Western infidels."

THE SYRIAN DRUSES' IDEA OF THE MAHDI.

Among the Druses of Syria, also, the idea of the future incarnation of "Hakem" as a universal monarch, shared in by the Mahomedans of India,

is fully developed; the appearance of this Hakem being, it is supposed, accompanied by the similar appearance of Hamzeh as a religious teacher—a curious shadowing forth of the Beast and False Prophet of the Book of Revelation.

"The followers of Hakem and Hamzeh were at first distinguished from the Moslems of Egypt only by one tenet—that the incarnation generally expected had actually taken place in the birth of the then reigning Khalif, Hakim bin Amr Illah. As a descendant of Fatima, his claim was by no means unnatural; and whether or not he believed in his own supernatural character, there can be little doubt that he found, in the assumption of a religious pretension so august, a very powerful political weapon, with which, had he been a wiser and less extravagant man, he might have hoped to revolutionize Islam, and to obtain general recognition as a universal Moslem ruler.

"If, then, in our own days, a man of real genius should arise, a man not hampered by too narrow an orthodoxy or hindered by scruples such as prevent the truest and most moral from advancing the interests of personal ambition by trading on the follies or the feelings of the untaught; if at the same time he were an Arab by birth (a fellow-countryman at least, if not a supposed descendant of the Koreish Prophet), a prince or a cherif, well-versed in the Koran, learned in the subtleties of the traditional interpretation, of ready wit and eloquence—a popular hero, in short, and a shrewd politician as well—such a man would find, in the expectation of the Mahdi and in the present condition of all Islam, an opportunity for the attainment of widespread power and for the indulgence of the most unbounded ambition such as has not arisen for many centuries. He might revolutionize the history of the East, and make the religion of Islam, which seems already to show symptoms of decrepitude and disintegration, an enthusiastic faith, uniting the various scattered races and sects which now turn to Western Christian states for deliverance from Moslem rulers."

THE CLAIMS OF ES SENOUSSEI.

Now the very remarkable and ominous fact in connection with this state of the Mahomedan peoples of the East, is, that at this very time a man fulfilling to a considerable extent the above enumerated requirement, is riveting the gaze of all Europe. He is the powerful chief of the Tripolitan Arabs, named Es Senoussi, the head of the great Moslem agitation which pervades Northern Africa.

Of this singular personage M. Gabriel Charnes gives an account in the *Débats*, which is sufficiently alarming. According to him it would appear that European civilization has in Es Senoussi an exceedingly formidable foe. He says: "Though nominally belonging to Turkey, the region of Cyrenaica is in reality in the hands of an Arab Government, perfectly organized, and of which the ramifications extend northward as far as Morocco, and southward to the very centre of Africa. At the head of this government is the Marabout Mahommed-es-Senoussi. His authority over all the tribes is absolute and unbounded, and to him all taxes are paid. At any moment these tribes might be engaged by him in the most savage and ambitious of enterprises without any local authority being able to exercise the slightest control.

Es Senoussi lives in no town, but in the little oasis of Djerboub, from whence he rules over wide regions where his commands are equivalent to Divine decrees. Should he at any time determine to throw into Egypt, Tunis, and Algeria the fanatical population under his influence, it would be a terrible time for the Christian world. The dream of Mahommed-es-Senoussi, who is a young and handsome chief, is to purge Africa from the Europeans."

HIS ANTICIPATED PROCLAMATION

To this end it is anticipated that he intends, next November, when the thirteenth century of the Hegira comes to an end, to proclaim himself the Mahdi. And this belief is strengthened by the circumstance that the father of Es Senoussi prophesied that the advent of the Mahdi promised by the Prophet would take place when the Christians took possession of all the countries comprised between the two T's, which is interpreted to mean

between Tangier in the west and Tripoli in the east, and this condition was therefore accomplished with the conquest of Tunis. It would seem, therefore, that Es Senoussi's hour had struck.

Before the final overthrow of Arabi Pasha on September 15th, 30,000 Arab horsemen in Eastern Tripoli moved toward the Egyptian frontier, with a view of effecting a junction with the army of Arabi Pasha. In reference to this intelligence, which it evidently regards as authentic, the *Times* said, "It is precisely in the interior of Eastern Tripoli that the focus of Arab agitation headed by the chief Es Senoussi, now appears to have its centre. The country is bounded on the North by the coast line of the Mediterranean, which extends from El Biban, on the Tunisian frontier, to Cape El Kanais, in Egypt.

"The importance of the relations between the North African Arabs of Egypt and Tripoli is generally underrated, owing to a misconception which exists as to the nature of the so-called deserts of the Barka and Libya, which are popularly supposed to present an impenetrable barrier to any movement of the Arabs toward Egypt. Captain Beechey takes great pains to correct this error. The Arabian cavalry of Tripoli, moreover, are fine men, well-armed and equipped, and well horsed." "We must then," adds this writer, "neither treat lightly the possibility of Tripolitan cavalry getting into Egypt, nor the possibility of their doing good service to Arabi when they get there. Arabi may be routed past hope of retrieving his position before he receives Tripolitan aid, and he may not. We must not forget or ignore the extraordinary rapidity with which Arab cavalry moves, and which baffles all calculations."

A CRISIS IN MAHOMMEDANISM AT HAND.

One thing is quite certain—namely, that a great crisis in the Mahomedan world is at hand. "We have," writes the *Spectator*, in a startling article, "for many months past repeatedly drawn attention to the rapid approach of a great crisis, when the Sultan will be obliged to choose for himself between his present position and the very different position indicated in the Mahomedan conviction that action is needed, even though the Empire should cease to be Turkish and should become Arabic." That, we may be sure, is an alternative really before the mind of the Sultan.

"We may be quite certain that among the dreams of that shrewd dreamer, the dream of landing Turkish troops in Egypt, not to fight on the side of the English but against them, has been one of the most prominent; and that it was chiefly the tremendous danger of the step which daunted him. But the time must soon come, and is rapidly coming, when he will find it absolutely necessary either to forfeit all claims on the religious loyalty of Mahomedans, or to forfeit all claims on the international confidence of Europe. And when that time comes, the result of his choice, both in Europe and Asia, will be a disturbance of the political equilibrium so vast that at present we cannot even adequately anticipate its nature.

"But one thing we can already see, that whenever this occurs—and it must occur before long—it will be a matter of the very first importance that Europe should be united, and should act with strength and perfect concert in the face of that convulsion. If, as is most probable, the Khalif absorbs the Sultan—and that might happen without the consent of the individual Sultan and against his will—in other words, if religious enthusiasm once more gets the upper hand, Europe, including Russia, will have her hands full with the ferment east and west, from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf.

"And even if the Sultan could persuade any substantial section of his Turks to remain faithful to him, in spite of his opposition to the Mahomedan movement of the day, which does not seem to be very likely, Europe would have eventually to strengthen his hands, and to pull the strings of his policy, so as to evade, as far as might be, the vast dangers which must accompany the coming crisis. In either case alike, Europe, if surprised, unready, and without concert, would have to witness massacre and anarchy on a greater scale than Europe has known for many centuries."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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The thanks of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* are due to a large number of subscribers who have written to the office, expressing their high regard for the journal, and stating their intention to introduce it to their friends, with the view of obtaining new subscribers for the coming year. Their efforts would have a better chance of success if commenced now, than at the end of next month, when people will have made their arrangements for 1883. In recognition of this fact a concession in price will be made. They may offer *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*, postage paid, from this time to the end of 1883 for \$1.50—that is, fourteen months for one year's subscription. This concession is made in order to aid the friends of *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD* and to encourage them to proceed at once with their kindly project. It is hoped that every subscriber will use his influence, however small it may be, to send at least one new subscription, in addition to his own, for 1883.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Relative Strength of Parties in the United States Senate has been variously estimated by politicians. The most elaborate calculation yet made is that of the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, who thus places the figures: The seventy-six members are now classified politically as follows: Thirty-seven Republicans, thirty-seven Democrats, one Readjuster, and one Independent, who is the presiding officer. On the 3d of March next, twenty-six of these Senators will retire—eleven Republicans, fourteen Democrats, and one Independent. Eight of the places to be vacated have already been provided for by the election of three Republicans—Messrs. Wilson, Dolph, and Anthony—four Democrats—Messrs. Beck, Gibson, Lamar, and Colquitt—and one Readjuster—Mr. Riddleberger. The legislatures by which the remaining vacancies will be filled are so constituted that of the eighteen seats, seven will surely be filled by Republicans and nine will surely be filled by Democrats, so that without taking into account either Colorado or Nebraska, the Senate after

March 3d, 1883, will be composed of thirty-six Republicans, thirty-six Democrats, and two Readjusters. There can, therefore, be no more than thirty-eight Republicans, which is one less than a majority, while it is possible that the number will not exceed thirty-six. It is expected that the number will be thirty-seven, so that both Readjusters will be needed to secure a majority vote. The most trustworthy reports place the Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives at sixty-five. The three hundred and twenty-five members will probably be divided as follows when the House is organized: Democrats, 195; Republicans, 123; Readjusters, 5; Independents, 2.

Sunday-School Politics is a Phrase Sneeringly applied by certain prominent secular journals to the principles which resulted in the recent Republican defeat. Sneering is a very bad habit to indulge in, especially under present circumstances. A wiser and more statesmanlike course would be to endeavor to understand the causes which prevented avowed Republicans from voting the Republican ticket this year, and then attempting, as far as possible, to remove the grounds of offence, before a greater calamity befalls the party. It is certain that in the Republican party there are thousands of voters who, if placed in the dilemma of abandoning their party or abandoning the principles they gained in the Sunday-school, will choose the former course. These men may not be conspicuous in State conventions, nor prominent among the crowds of office-seekers, but they are very influential in their respective districts where they are known and respected. These men will not always be bound by a policy initiated by such men as unhappily were placed in command of the Republican campaign in New York, and who led the party in the House last session. It will be a cold day for the Republican party when it adopts a policy antagonistic to Sunday-school politics.

A Very Important Subject of Inquiry is that undertaken by the joint Committee of Congress now holding its sessions in New York. It is charged with the duty of ascertaining the causes of the decay of our shipping trade. How serious this question is may be learned from the Government reports, which show that while in 1860 two-thirds of our imports and exports were carried in American vessels, something less than a sixth is now so carried. The vast profits of this trade, generally estimated at over one hundred million dollars a year, now go into the pockets of the shipowners of England, Germany, and other European nations, instead of into those of our own citizens. The work of ascertaining the cause of this misfortune will not be difficult, and we may hope the committee will have the courage to report it.

The Defeat of Governor St. John, of Kansas, who was nominated by the Republicans of the State for a third term, has been a keen disappointment to the temperance party there and elsewhere. Various causes have been assigned for it, and doubtless one powerful cause was an objection felt to any one enjoying a third term of the office. Governor St. John himself believes that his defeat was secured mainly by the expenditure of a large sum of money furnished by the whiskey ring. He says that \$100,000 were sent into the State, and this with the defection in the Republican party accomplished the result. He is not discouraged, however, and says that he "for one proposes to camp on the skirmish line and keep up the fight until victory is secured for prohibition."

The Creditors of Archbishop Purcell have published an appeal to the cardinal, archbishops, bishops and priests of the United States praying for the restitution of some part of the four million dollars involved in the failure. The appeal calls the attention of the dignitaries addressed, to the fact that the archbishop said in a letter published at the time that the money was spent in the cause of religion, to build churches, school-houses, orphan asylums, a theological seminary, a library supplied with 16,000 volumes, and in feeding, clothing, and educating priests in France, Rome, and the United States, and the archdiocese was responsible for the sum expended. The fee of the ecclesiastical property was held in his own name as security for the money deposited with him, and

with a view to the payment of the debt thus incurred the archbishop and his brother, the Very Reverend Edward Purcell, made an assignment of their real and personal property for the benefit of the creditors. The assignee asked the courts to order the sale, but Bishop Elder, the present administrator of the diocese, and a few German priests opposed the sale of the property purchased with the money, "and paid or agreed to pay \$40,000 to attorneys to frustrate the designs of the archbishop and the assignee, and thus defraud the creditors out of their legal rights." The creditors have also sent an appeal to the Pope.

Dr. Deems Presided on Tuesday, November 14th, at the inaugural lecture of the course connected with the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The lecture was delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle by the Rev. Washington Gladden, of Springfield, Mass. The list of lecturers for the course includes the names of Dr. Patton, of Princeton, Dr. Tucker, of Atlanta, Dr. J. B. Thomas, of Brooklyn, and Dr. Lyman Abbott. All the lectures will be free, and Dr. Deems desires us in mentioning the course to say that its object is to formulate and publish for the church universal the highest truths of a rational Christian philosophy and to give clergymen and laymen an arsenal of weapons wherewith to meet the assaults of modern infidelity and agnosticism. Those who are aware how largely society is impregnated with atheistical doctrines will realize how useful is the work these lectures are designed to perform.

Mr. Charles Spurgeon, one of the Twin Sons of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, whose sermons are published every week in this journal, preached twice in New York last Sunday, and in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn the preceding Sunday afternoon. Large congregations were attracted to hear him. Mr. Spurgeon modestly observed that he was aware his enthusiastic reception was due to the fame and popularity of his father. On each occasion he preached a plain, earnest Gospel sermon, not marked by the humor or originality which characterize the sermons of his father.

The Garfield Monument Fair to be Held in the Capitol at Washington on November 25th, is stated by the managers to be an assured success. \$15,000 in cash has already been collected and the managers have been compelled in consequence of the great demand for space to utilize the Agricultural Department as an annex. Applications are now being made to gentlemen who will make private gifts which can be sold at the close of the exposition. Letters from all parts of the country have been received, promising support.

The Importance of the Duty of Revising the tariff has been recognized by at least one Republican leader. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, recently declared that the interests of the party if no other motive should prompt Republicans at the coming session of Congress, is to give especial attention to the reduction of the revenue by a judicious revision of the tariff and the internal revenue taxes. He says the reduction must come, and if the Republican Congress does not set about and accomplish it, the Democrats will certainly make capital by the neglect in the campaign of 1884.

Numerous Inquiries are Made by Friends of intemperate men for some place where they may be temporarily restrained and permanently reclaimed. For the benefit of such inquirers it may be stated that such a place is established at Eighty-Sixth Street and Madison Avenue, New York. A Christian gentleman who recently visited it writes: "I have taken the pains to inquire into the workings of this asylum, and I venture to say that there is no institution of a charitable character in this great city, that can compare with the quiet, Christian, healthful work of this Home. This is not the time to enter into any description of this building and its surroundings, but suffice it to say that there is no institution for intemperate persons in the world that is carried on in the manner in which the Christian Home of New York is conducted. From the moment a patient enters this Home until he leaves, he is surrounded with nothing but the simplest yet most earnest and devout Christian influence. Hundreds of reclaimed men in this city can testify of its work."

A Novel Life-boat was Submitted by its Inventor to the Board of Life Saving Appliances at its session in New York last week. It consists of a boat of canvas in a frame of iron. The bottom is of double, and the top of single, canvas, and an opening at the top admits the passengers. It is claimed by the inventor that this car will ride the surf and land safely on any beach. Its chief recommendation is that it is so strong that it can be used on a rockbound coast without fear of its iron frame being stove in. The life-boat of the Gospel to which the sinner is invited to trust himself, possesses this qualification. On the great Captain of Salvation death and hell have exhausted their fury in vain (Acts 2 : 24-36).

A Charge of Stealing a Chinese God was brought against a prisoner in a New York court on November 7th. The idol was valued at forty dollars and the man having been found guilty of the theft, Judge Cowing said to him: "You couldn't have had much respect for the Chinese deity to commit such an act as that. I will give you a chance to reform, and will send you to State prison for two years." The prisoner was not to blame for showing disrespect to the Chinese idol, because it was not entitled to respect, being an inanimate piece of matter. The fact was, however, that he showed too much regard for it. He purloined it because being worth forty dollars, it represented to him the deity of money before which he and too many others offer very sincere homage (Col. 3 : 5).

A Five Dollar Gold Piece Pronounced Spurious by the experts was found to be genuine on being tested last week by an experienced jeweller. A Boston bank sent a quantity of gold to the Sub-Treasury a few days ago, and, on the following morning, a curiously colored five-dollar piece, which had been discovered in the lot, was returned to the bank with the information that it was counterfeit. The clerk who had received the coin was apprised of his error, with an accompanying warning to be more careful in the future. Not relishing this reflection upon his ability, he took it to a jewelry manufacturer and had the piece cut in two. The parts were subjected to the severest tests, all of which showed the metal to be of standard quality. The clerk, highly elated with this proof of the soundness of his judgment, called at the Sub-Treasury, and much to the surprise of the experts there, detailed his experience with the jeweller. The peculiar color of the coin was said to have been caused by heat, to which it had been at some time subjected. Something like this often happens in those religious circles where men are estimated by their appearance and their professions. Sometimes genuine religious principle that would stand the test of persecution is doubted, through being hidden under a manner that painful experience or natural disposition has rendered less brilliant than that of hypocritical professors of holiness who are often accepted at their own valuation (1 Cor. 3 : 13).

An Electric Storm of Extraordinary Intensity prevailed over the whole of the country on Friday last, and even affected the cables under the Atlantic. It first began to make itself felt in Washington about four o'clock in the morning and increased in intensity till 9 : 45, when communication from every direction was cut off. This electric storm seemed to go in successive negative and positive waves, alternately neutralizing the currents on the wires or increasing their intensity to such a degree as to burn everything up. The switchboard was on fire a dozen times during the forenoon, and half a dozen keys of the instruments were melted by the current which continued to pass through. *The screws burned up* and the points parted. The chief operator of the Western Union in New York said, "There has not been such a disturbance of the telegraph lines since Colonel Ingersoll laughed at the aurora borealis last spring and it repaid him by grounding all the wires, which prevented the Western press from receiving his lecture." An ingenious operator in endeavoring to reduce the arrears of telegrams waiting for transmission made a curious discovery. He found that in those cases where he had two wires in operation between the same places he

could send a message by uniting them, thus making a circuit entirely of wire instead of relying on the earth for one half of the circuit. There was no disturbance when the wires were entirely disconnected from the earth. The discovery was typical of that time which may soon come when amid universal distress and disturbance only those who have been kept separate from the world will be in peaceful communication with their Lord (Rev. 7 : 3).

A Remarkable Fulfilment of a Dream is Recorded in a California newspaper. On Friday night, November 3d, a lady living at Oakland had a very vivid dream in which she had seen a boat upset and a man drowned. She gazed earnestly at the face of the drowning man and recognized the features of her brother. The following morning she visited her brother's office and telling him of her dream begged him not to venture on the water as he usually did on Sundays. He laughed at her fears and on the following Sunday went fishing as he had arranged. When about two hundred yards from the wharf the boat capsized in a sudden squall, and he with his companion fell into the water. His companion was rescued, but he was drowned. It is impossible to account for this strange premonition of the disaster given to the sister of the doomed man, but strange and unreasonable as it may have seemed to him when it was given, he must have bitterly regretted in his last moments that he despised it, as he had despised the other warnings given in Scripture against the desecration of the Lord's day. When the ordinary admonitions against sin have failed, extraordinary ones seldom succeed (Luke, 16 : 31).

A Carload of Gunpowder under Falling Fire-brands alarmed a railroad conductor in California recently. The *Tribune* states that a locomotive with a raging wood-fire beneath the boiler, was dragging a long train up a heavy grade near Colfax, Cal., a week or two ago, when the wire netting over the smoke-stack blew out. Instantly a stream of live coals shot into the air and fell back upon the cars so thickly that there was great danger of a conflagration. The conductor stationed brakemen on top of the train and was hoping to surmount the grade without accident when, on looking over his way-bills, he discovered to his horror, that the car directly behind the locomotive was loaded with gunpowder. He immediately uncoupled it, without alarming the passengers, and while the other cars stood on the grade with the brakes hard on, the powder car was drawn swiftly up the slope and left on a side track. The engine then returned and took the rest of the train forward. Men often speak of some dispensation of God's providence that breaks up a cherished connection by death, or quarrel, or removal, as inscrutable; the day may come when the rupture like the separation of those cars will be found to have been necessary for the safety of all concerned (Psa. 73 : 16-19).

A Personator of George Washington was last week fined heavily for his want of reverence for the father of his country. A Memphis magistrate had before him one morning a young man who at a masked ball the night before had figured as George Washington, to whom, however, his resemblance was so entirely superficial that he became intoxicated and abusive before the night was over. The magistrate pronounced sentence in the following homely but emphatic language: "Now, if you had got drunk as a private citizen, and had ripped around as such, I should have fined you \$5; but inasmuch as you appeared at the masked ball and committed the offence while personating the character of George Washington, the reverend father of his country, I will have to inflict a fine on you of \$20. I won't have this patriotism business brought into disrepute." The Memphis judge recognized a principle, Christians in these days too often forget. They, while professing entire sanctification, attend theatres, dancing-parties and amusements of all kinds, and try to justify themselves in doing so by saying there is no harm in them. They do not realize that in naming the name of Christ, and in calling themselves Christians, they by attending such places bring discredit on the name of their Saviour. (2 Tim. 2 : 19).

THE LAW WRITTEN ON THE HEART.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."—Jeremiah 31 : 33.

Pardoned Sin Associated with Renewal of Heart—God's Own Writing—The Treasure Broken—Real Obedience Never Produced by Servile Fear—How God Secures Obedience—I. The Tablets—In the Seat of Life—Prepared for It—Undergoes Erasures—Cleansed in Its Fabric—Softened and Made Retentive—II. The Writing—Its Matter—Abiding in the Memory—Becomes a Pleasure—How It is Kept Legible—III. The Writer—Has a Right to Write There—Writes Indelibly—IV. The Results—Great Sorrow—Resolve Leading to Conflict—Braggers About Holiness—Their Awful Peril—Growing Fit for Heaven.

LAST Lord's-day morning we spoke of the first great blessing of the covenant of grace, namely, the full forgiveness of sins.* Then we dilated upon that wonderful promise, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." I hope our consciences were pacified and our hearts filled with wonder as we thought of God's casting behind His back all the sins of His people; so that we could sing with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities."

This great blessing of pardoned sin is always connected with the renewal of the heart. It is not given because of the change of heart, but it is always given with the change of heart. If God takes away the guilt of sin, He is sure at the same time to remove the power of sin. If He puts away our offences against His law, He also makes us desire in future to obey the law. In our text we observe the excellence and dignity of the law of God. The Gospel has not come into the world to set aside the law. Salvation by grace does not erase a single precept of the law nor lower the standard of justice in the smallest degree; on the contrary, as Paul says, we do not make void the law through faith, but we establish the law. The law is never honored by fallen man till he comes from under its condemning rule, and walks by faith, and lives under the covenant of grace. When we were under the covenant of works we dishonored the law, but now we venerate it as a perfect display of moral rectitude.

Thus the law is had in honor among believers, and though they are no more under it as a covenant of works, they are in a measure conformed to it as they see it in the life of Christ Jesus, and they delight in it after the inward man. Things required by the law are bestowed by the Gospel. God demands obedience under the law.

GOD WORKS OBEDIENCE

under the Gospel. Holiness is asked of us by the law; holiness is wrought in us by the Gospel; so that the difference between the economies of law and Gospel is not to be found in any diminution of the demands of the law, but in the actual giving unto the redeemed that which the law exacted of them, and in the working in them that which the law required.

Notice, beloved friends, that under the old covenant the law of God was given in a most awe-inspiring manner, and yet it did not secure loyal obedience. God came to Sinai, and the mountain was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. So terrible was the sight of God manifesting Himself on Sinai that even Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." So terrible was the sound of Jehovah's voice, even when He was not declaring vengeance, but simply expounding righteousness, that the people could not endure it any longer; and yet no permanent impression was left upon their minds, no obedience was shown in their lives. Men may be cowed by power, but they can only be converted by love.

* See CHRISTIAN HERALD, November 16th. "God's Non-remembrance of Sin." Page 729.

The sword of justice hath less power over human hearts than the sceptre of mercy.

Further to preserve that law, *God Himself inscribed it* upon two tables of stone, and He gave these tablets into the hands of Moses.

WHAT A TREASURE!

Surely no particles of matter had hitherto been so honored as these slabs, which had been touched by the finger of God, and bore on them the legible impress of His mind. But these laws on stone were not kept; neither the stones nor the laws were revered. When Moses came down from the hill with those priceless tablets in his hands, he saw the people wholly given up to base idolatry, and in his indignation he dashed the tablets to the ground and broke them in pieces, as well he might when he saw how the people had spiritually broken them and violated every word of the Most High.

From all which I gather that the law is never really obeyed as the result of servile fear. You may preach up the anger of God, and the terrors of the world to come, but these do not melt the heart to loyal obedience. It is needful for other ends that man should know of God's resolve to punish sin, but the heart is not by that fact won to virtue.

Man revolts yet more and more; so stubborn is he that the more he is commanded the more he rebels. *The decalogue upon your church walls* and in your daily service has its ends, but it can never be operative upon men's lives until it is also written on their hearts. Tablets of stone, though apparently durable, can readily enough be broken, and so can God's commands; so are they indeed broken every day by us, and those who have the clearest knowledge of the will of God nevertheless offend against Him. As long as they have nothing to keep them in check but a servile dread of punishment, or a selfish hope of reward, they yield no loyal homage to the statutes of the Lord.

HOW GOD SECURES OBEDIENCE.

At this time I have to show you the way in which God secures to Himself obedience to His law in quite another fashion; not by thundering it out from Sinai nor by engraving it upon tablets of stone, but by coming in gentleness and infinite compassion into the hearts of men, and there, upon fleshy tables, inscribing the commands of His law in such a manner that they are joyfully obeyed, and men become the willing servants of God.

We shall, first of all, look at *the tablets*—"I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts"; secondly, at *the writing*; thirdly, at *the writer*; and, fourthly, at *the results* which come of this wondrous writing. Oh, that the Spirit may illuminate us now.

I. First, I invite your attention to

THE TABLES

upon which God writes His law—"I will put my law in their inward parts." Just as once He put the two tables into the ark of gopher wood, so He will put His holy law into our inward nature, and enclose it in our thoughts and minds and memories and affections, as a jewel in a casket. Then He adds, "And I will write it in their hearts." Just as the holy words were engraven upon stone, so shall they now be written in the heart, in the handwriting of the Lord Himself. Mark that the law is written not *on* the heart, but *in* the heart, in the very texture and constitution of it, so that into the centre and core of the soul obedience shall be infused as a vital principle.

Thus, you see, the Lord has selected for His tablets that *which is the seat of life*. It is in the heart that life is to be found, a wound there is fatal; where the seat of life is there the seat of obedience shall be. In the heart life has its permanent palace and perpetual abode; and God saith that, instead of writing His holy law on stones which may be left at a distance, He will write it on the heart, which must always be within us. It is a wonderful thing that God should do this. It displays infinitely greater wisdom than if the law had been inscribed on slabs of granite or engraven on plates of gold. What wisdom is this which operates upon the original spring of life, so that all that flows forth from man shall come from a sanctified fountain-head!

But before God can write upon man's heart *it must be prepared*. It is most unfit to be.

A WRITING-TABLE FOR THE LORD

until it is renewed. The heart must first of all undergo erasures. What is written on the heart already, some of us know to our deep regret. Original sin has cut deep lines, Satan has scored his horrible handwriting in black letters, and our evil habits have left their impressions. How can the Lord write there? No one would expect the holy God to inscribe His holy law upon an unholy mind. The former things must be taken away, that there may be clear space upon which new and better things may be engraven. But who can erase these lines? "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may we also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." The God who can take away the spots from the leopard, and the blackness from the Ethiopian, can also remove the evil lines which now deface the heart.

As the heart must undergo erasure, it must also experience a thorough cleansing, not of the surface only, but of its entire fabric. Truly, brethren, it was far easier for Hercules to purge the Augean stables than for our hearts to be purged; for the sin that lies within us is not an accumulation of external defilement, but an inward, all-pervading corruption. The taint of secret and spiritual evil is in man's natural life, every pulse of his soul is disordered by it. *The eggs of all crimes* are within our being; the accursed virus, from whose deadly venom every foul design will come, is present in the soul. Not only tendency to sin, but sin itself hath taken possession of the soul, and blackened and polluted it through and through, till there is not a fibre of the heart untinged with iniquity. God cannot write His law in our inward parts till with water and with blood He has purged us.

In addition to this, the heart needs to be softened, for the heart is naturally hard, and in some men it has become harder than an adamant stone. They have resisted God's love till they are impervious to it; they have stood out obstinately against God's will till they have become desperately set on mischief, and nothing can affect them. God must melt the heart, must transform it from granite into flesh; and He has the power to do it. Blessed be His name, according to the covenant of grace He has promised to work this wonder, and He will.

Nor would the softening be enough, for there are some who have a tenderness of the most deceiving kind. They receive the word with joy; they feel every expression of it, but they speedily go their way and forget what manner of men they are. They are as impressible as the water, but the impression is as soon removed; so that another change is needed, namely, to *make them retentive* of that which is good; else might you engrave and re-engrave, but, like

AN INSCRIPTION UPON WAX,

it would be gone in a moment if exposed to heat. The devil, the world, and the temptations of life, would soon erase out of the heart all that God had written there if He did not create it anew with the faculty of holding fast that which is good.

In a word, the heart of man needs to be totally changed, even as Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." Dear hearers, we preach to you that whosoever believeth in Christ hath everlasting life, and we speak neither more nor less than the truth of God when we say so; but yet, believe us, there must be as great a change in the heart as if a man were slain and made alive again. There must be a new creation, a resurrection from the dead; old things must pass away, and all things must become new. God's law can never be written upon the old natural heart; there must be a new and spiritual nature given, and then upon the centre of that new life, upon the throne of that new power within our life, God will set up the proclamation of His blessed will, and what He commands shall be done.

II. Secondly, let us pass on to notice

THE WRITING.

"I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." What is this writing?

First, *the matter of it is the law of God*. God writes upon the hearts of His people that which is already revealed; He inscribes there nothing novel and unrevealed, but His own will which He has already given us in the book of the law. He writes upon the heart by gracious operation that which He has already written in the Bible by gracious revelation. He writes: not philosophy, nor imagination, nor superstition, nor fanaticism, nor idle fancies. A fancy as to a man's being a prophet, or a prince, or an angel, may be on a man's heart, but God did not write it there, for His own declaration is, "I will write my law in their hearts," and He speaks not of anything beyond. The nonsense of *modern pretenders to prophecy* is no writing of God; it would be a dishonor to a sane man to ascribe it to Him; how can it be of the Lord? He here promises to write His own law on the heart, but nothing else. Be you content to have the law written on your soul, and wander not into vain imaginings lest you receive a strong delusion to believe a lie.

But to come a little closer to the matter; what does the Scripture mean by writing the law of God in the heart? *The writing itself includes a great many things*. A man who has the law of God written on his heart, first of all, knows it. He is instructed in the ordinances and statutes of the Lord. He is an illuminated person, and no longer one of those who know not the law and are cursed. God's Spirit has taught him what is right and what is wrong; he knows this by heart, and therefore can no longer put darkness for light, and light for darkness.

This law, next, abides upon his memory. When he had it only upon a tablet he must needs go into his house at look at it, but now he carries it about with him in his heart, and knows at once what will be right and what will be wrong. God has given him a touchstone by which he tries things. He finds that "all is not gold that glitters," and *all is not holy which pretends* to that character. He separates the precious from the vile, and does this habitually; for his knowledge of God's law and his memory of it are attended by a discernment of spirit which God has wrought in him, so that he quickly discerns what is according to the mind of God and what is not. Long before public sentiment has proclaimed a hue and cry against *questionable practices*, the Christian man, even if deluded for a while by current custom, yet feels a trembling and an uneasiness. Even if he consents outwardly, being overborne by general opinion, a something within protests, and leads him to consider whether the matter can be defended. As soon as he detects the evil, he shrinks from it. It is a grand thing to possess

A UNIVERSAL DETECTOR,

so that, go where you may, you are not dependent upon the judgment of others, and therefore are not deceived as multitudes are.

This, however, is only a part of the matter, and a very small part comparatively. The law is written on a man's heart further than this; when he consents unto the law that it is good; when his conscience, being restored, cries, "Yes, that is so, and ought to be so. Are there not men who in their anger wish that killing were no murder? Are there not others who do not steal, and yet wish they might take their neighbors' goods? Are there not many who wish that fornication and adultery were not vices? This proves that their hearts are depraved; but it is not so with the regenerate, they would not have the law altered on any account. Their vote is with the law, they regard it as the guardian of society, the basis on which the peace of the universe can alone be built, for only by righteousness can any order of things be established.

But, furthermore, there is wrought in the heart by God a love to the law as well as a consent to it, such a love that the man thanks God that He has given him such a fair and lovely representation of what perfect holiness would be; that He has given such measuring lines, by which he knows how a house is to be builded in which God can dwell. The law is fully written on the heart when a man takes pleasure in holiness, and feels a deep pain whenever sin approaches him. It is not so much

what you do as what you delight to do, which becomes the clearest test of your character. Many strictly religious people who go to and fro to church and chapel would be uncommonly glad if they did not feel bound to do so. Is not their public worship a dead formality? A great many people have family-prayers and private prayers who wish they could be rid of the nuisance. They say, "You see I deny myself by going so many times to a place of worship and by private prayer, therefore I must be truly religious." The very reverse far nearer the truth.

THE MAIN POINT

of the whole is this, that whereas our nature was once contrary to the law of God, so that whatever God forbade we at once desired, and whatever God commanded we therefore began to dislike, the Holy Spirit comes and changes our nature, and makes it congruous to the law, so that now whatsoever God forbids we forbid, whatsoever God commands, our will commands. How much better to have the law written upon the heart than upon tables of stone!

If anybody should inquire *how the Lord keeps the writing upon the heart legible*, I should like to spend a minute or two in showing the process. How the Holy Ghost first writes the law on the heart I cannot tell. The outward means are the preaching of the word and the reading of it; but how the Holy Ghost directly operates on the soul we do not know; it is one of the great mysteries of grace. So far also we know that one way by which the law is kept written upon a Christian's heart is this—a sense of God's presence. The believer feels that he could not sin with God looking on. It would need a brazen face for a man to play the traitor in the presence of a king; such things are done "*under the rose*," as men word it, but not before the monarch's face. So the Christian feels that he dwells in God's sight, and this forbids him to disobey. The eye of the Heavenly Father is the best monitor of the child of God.

Next, the Christian has a lively sense within him of the degradation which sin once brought upon him. If there is one thing I never can forget personally, it is the horror of my heart while I was yet under sin, God revealed my state to me. Ah, friends, the old proverb that a burnt child dreads the fire has an intensity of truth about it in the case of one who has ever been burnt by sin so as to be driven to despair by it; he hates it with a perfect hatred, and by that means God writes the law upon his heart.

But a sense of love is a yet more powerful factor. Let a man know that God loves him, and he must try to please God. Another very powerful pen with which the Lord writes is to be found in the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. The cross is the crucifier of sin.

Beside that, God actually establishes His holy law in the throne of the heart by giving to us a new and heavenly life. Once more, the Holy Ghost Himself dwells in believers. I pray you, never forget this marvellous doctrine, that as truly as ever God dwelt in human flesh in the person of the God-man Mediator, so truly doth the Holy Ghost dwell in the bodies of all redeemed men and women who have been born again; and by the force of that indwelling He keeps the mind forever permeated with holiness, forever subservient to the will of the Most High.

III. Now we turn for just a minute to think of

THE WRITER.

Who is it that writes the law upon the heart? It is God Himself. "I will do it" saith He. Note, first, that *He has a right* to indite His law on the heart. He made the heart; it is His tablet; let Him write there whatever He wills. As clay in the hands of the potter so are we in His hands. Note, next, that *He alone can write* the law on the heart. It will never be written there by any other hand. The law of God is not to be written on the heart by human power. Alas, how often have I expounded the law of God and the Gospel of God, but I have got no further than the ear; only the living God can write upon the living heart. Moreover, *He writes indelibly*. I defy the devil to get a single letter of the law of God out of a man's heart when God has written it there. When the

Holy Ghost has come with all the power of His divinity and rested on our nature, and stamped into it the life of holiness, then the devil may come with his black wings and all his unhallowed craftiness, but he can never erase the eternal lines. We bear in our hearts the marks of the Lord God eternal, and we shall bear them eternally.

IV. I wish to finish by noticing

THE RESULTS

of the law being thus written in the heart. Frequently the first result is *great sorrow*. If I have God's law written on my heart, then I say to myself, "Ah me, that I should have lived a law-breaker so long! How could we be so wicked as to break so just a law? How could we be so wilful as to go against our own interests? Knew we not that a breach of the commandment is an injury to ourselves?" Thus we are in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for the death of his first-born. I do not believe God has ever written His law on your hearts if you have not mourned over sin. One of the earliest signs of grace is a dew upon the eyes because of sin.

The next effect of it is, there comes upon the man a strong and stern resolve that he will not break that law again, but will keep it with all his might. That strong resolve soon leads to

A FIERCE CONFLICT;

for another law lifts up its head, a law in our members; and that other law cries, "Not so quick there; your new law which has come into your soul to rule you shall not be obeyed; I will be master." He who is born within us to be our king finds the old Herod ready to slay the young child. The lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, each one of these swears warfare against the new monarch and the fresh power that is come into the heart.

Some of you know what this struggle means. It is a very hard fight with some to keep from actual sin. Have you not when troubled with a quick temper had to put your hand to your mouth to stop yourself from saying what you used to say, but what you never wish to say again? Have you not often gone up-stairs to get alone, feeling that you would soon slip if the Lord did not hold you up? How wise to get alone with God and cry to Him for help! How prudent to watch day and night against evil!

CERTAIN BRAGGERS

talk about having got beyond all that. I should be glad to think that there are such brethren; but I should want to *keep them in a glass-case* to show them round, or in an iron safe where thieves could not get at them. I conceive it to be a snare of the devil to imagine that you are beyond the need of daily watchfulness. For my own part, I have not passed beyond conflict and struggle; I bear testimony that the battle grows more stern every day. Those of God's people with whom I associate I find fighting and wrestling still.

Sometimes I know the devil does not roar, but I am more afraid of him when he is quiet than when he rages. I would sooner he would roar of the two, for a roaring devil is better than a sleeping devil. Whenever he gives way he only gives an inch to take an ell; and whenever you begin to say to yourself, "*My corruptions are all dead, I have no tendencies to sin now*," you are in awful peril. Poor soul, you do not know what you are talking about. God send you to school, and give you a little light, and you will sing to another tune, I am sure, before long.

But does not something better than this come of the divine heart-writing? Oh, yes. There comes actual obedience. The man not only consents to the law that it is good, but he obeys it; and if there be anything which Christ commands, no matter what it is, the man seeks to do it—not only wishes to do it, but actually does it; and if there be aught that is wrong, he not only wishes to abstain from it, but he does abstain from it. God helping him, he becomes upright and righteous, and sober, and godly, and loving, and Christlike, for this it is which the Spirit of God works in him. He would be perfect were it not for the old lusts of the flesh which linger even in the hearts of the regenerate.

OUR FITNESS FOR HEAVEN

is not a thing that will be clapped upon us in the

last few minutes of our life, just as we are going to die; but the children of God have a meekness for heaven as soon as ever they are saved, and that meekness grows and increases till they are ripe, and then, like ripe fruit, they drop from the tree and find themselves in the bosom of their Father God. God will never keep a soul out of heaven half a minute after it is fully prepared to go there; and so, when God has fitted us to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, we shall enter at once into the joy of our Lord.

My brethren, I feel I have talked feebly and prosily about one of the most blessed subjects that ever occupied the thoughts of man—how God's law shall be kept, how it shall be honored, how holiness shall come into the world, and we shall no longer be rebellious. Herein let us trust in our Lord Jesus, who is to us the surety of that covenant of which this is one great promise—"I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their hearts will I write it." God do so to us, for Christ's sake. Amen.

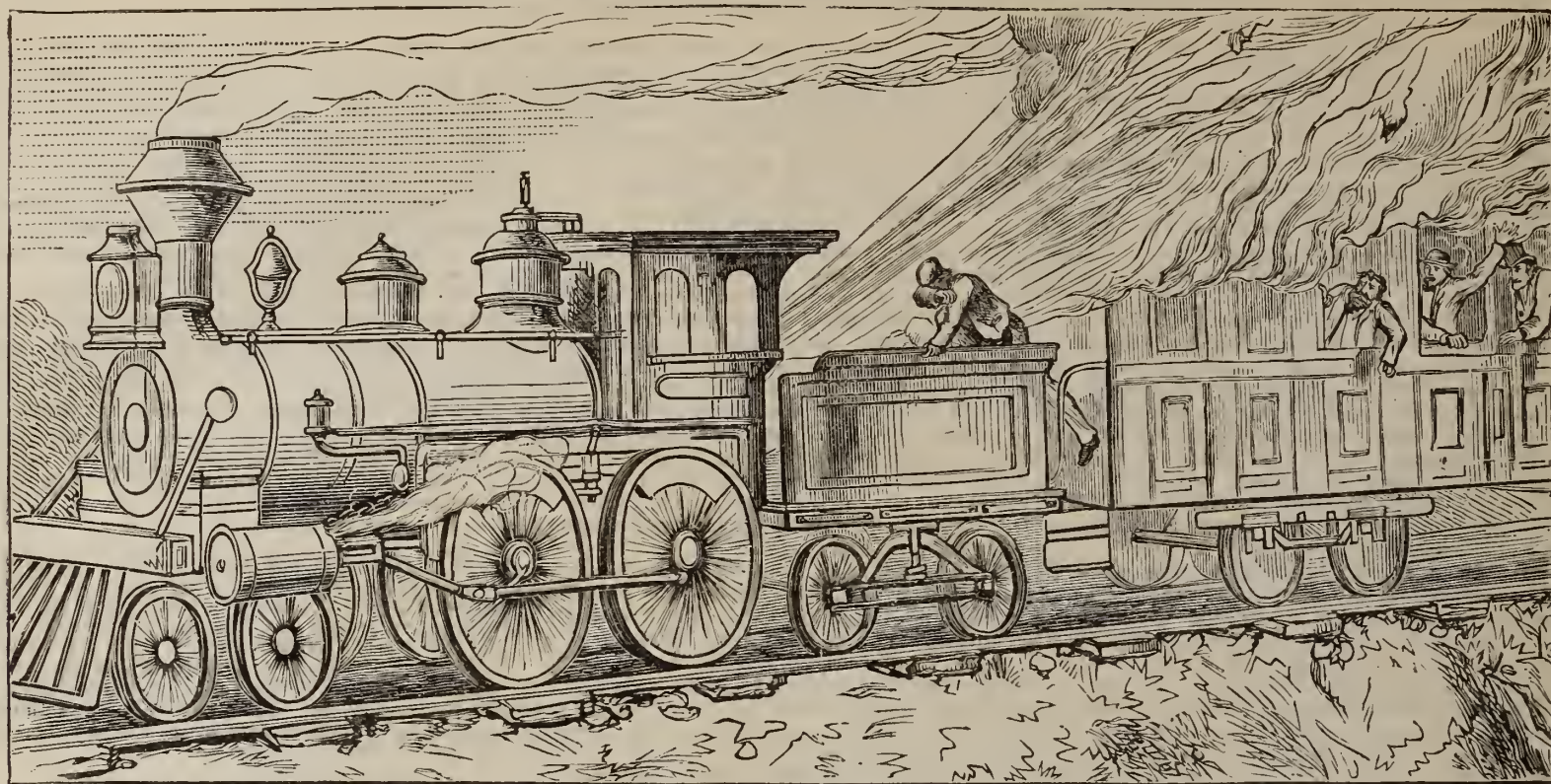
[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ENGINEER SEEDS' HEROISM.

THE illustration on page 748 depicts one of the most daring acts in the annals of railroad travel. It deserves to be widely told if only as an encouragement to others to deeds of courage and self-sacrifice. The hero, Joseph A. Seeds, was the engineer of the train which left Jersey City on the Pennsylvania road about quarter past one on October 22d. It was composed of ten passenger cars containing 620 persons. The smoking-car, which was coupled to the tender, was so much crowded that men stood in the aisle. The train soon began to move swiftly, and when about a mile east of the Hackensack bridge it was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The New York *Sun* thus describes the scene that then ensued: "Suddenly *smoke and fire* poured through the front door of the smoking car, which was open, and created consternation among the passengers. The roaring flames were swept back from the engine, and they almost hid both it and the tender from sight. 'Shut the door, shut the door!' was shouted. The door was closed, but almost immediately it flew open again, and the engineer and fireman emerged from the fire and smoke and stumbled into the car. *The train dashed on, with no one to govern the engine.* Men rushed to the rear platform, and there met a frightened crowd from the next car. Others raised windows, only to realize at what speed the train was going, and to know that to jump out would be death."

The engineer said that he had opened the furnace door as usual to replenish the exhausted fuel. There is nothing strange or wonderful in that. How often have we not all seen at home a railway train rushing through the night, the open furnace door casting a deep ruddy glow upon the surrounding and silent landscape! There is no more picturesque moment in the career of a railway train; the steam streaking the black night with white, and the engine-driver and his companion standing out in bold relief against the reddened background. In this case the men in charge of the train suddenly found that they were enveloped in flame. One account says that the backward draught shot out this intolerable flame; another hints that there was something wrong with the exhaust apparatus. Anyhow the flames had burst forth, driving the engineer and fireman out of the cab over the tender and into the forward car, where they were sheltered from the heat and in comparative safety. But what safety could there be for either them or the 620 passengers on that train rushing wildly at forty miles an hour with no guiding hand on the engine?

"Get to that closet," shouted Engineer Seeds



The Heroic Act of Engineer Joseph A. Seeds on the Pennsylvania Railroad on October 22.

to the fireman, pointing to the rear of the car, "and work the air brakes."

But the passage was blocked with passengers, and the fireman found it impossible to make headway.

"What is going to be done?" asked Theodore Reeves, of Newark, of the engineer.

The latter made no reply, but rushed back through the fiery doorway, climbed upon the tender and disappeared in the flames. And now fanned by the wind the fire was burning more fiercely than before. In order to stop the burning train, in order to save the lives of those six hundred and twenty passengers, it only needed the devotion of one life; the daring deed of one brave man. Engineer Seeds had resolved to do it, and there and then, without an instant's hesitation, he retraced his steps, back from the burning car, back across the red-hot tender, back through the flame, the roar, and the smoke that surrounded him, determined to stop the train, or to die doing it. For an awful moment or so the engine-driver was lost. No one could face the blinding smoke; no one could see through the cruel flames. All at once the paralysis of terror which had run through the cars from one end to the other ceased. The train stopped on the bridge over the Hackensack River, the danger was over and the fireman, half mad with excitement, made a rush for his heroic comrade.

The train having come to a standstill, the flames now shot upward and no longer concealed the tender. Those who stood nearest to the door saw a man's head in the water tank on the tender. Two men rushed forward and lifted out the engineer. He had jumped into the water to extinguish the fire that was consuming him, and was found leaning, weak, and only half conscious, against the side of the tank. His clothes had been burned off, and his flesh was scorched on his body and legs. From both hands the flesh hung in shreds.

They dipped water in pails from the river, and put out the flames. Conductor Whelpley put Seeds on another train, and had him removed to Jersey City. Passengers who saw him were forced to tears as they praised his self-sacrifice. One of them said:

"Of all magnificent and brave men he is the best. We hadn't words enough to express our sense of his heroism. If he dies he will be a martyr. He saved a trainful of passengers from an apparently certain and horrible death."

It was hoped at first that the brave man's life might be saved, but after enduring twenty-four hours horrible torture he died in the hospital. He had given his life as a sacrifice for that of others.

THE MESSAGE IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

"GRANDPA, what do you think about when you look in the fire so long?" The questioner was a boy of some ten years of age, and he was sitting alone with a white-haired man whom he had been watching intently for nearly half an hour, as the old man sunk in a reverie sat motionless, looking into the red coals which gave out a comfortable glare in a room half sitting-room, half study, one quiet Sunday evening in winter.

"Ah, my boy, I had forgotten you" said the old man arousing himself, and patting his young companion on the head. "What was I thinking of? Well, I was looking at a picture."

"A picture in the fire, grandpa? I cannot see any picture. I guess you fancied it. Is it your spectacles makes you see things there?"

"I suppose you are right, Harry; it must be fancy, but it seemed so plain to me I could have almost believed it was there."

"Tell me about it, grandpa; does it make you happy to sit quite still and fancy pictures, like I am when I have a picture book to look at?"

"Not always, my boy. Some of the pictures make me very sad, but that is my own fault. You see, I cannot alter them as I should like to do; they are finished, and some of them are blurred and spoiled, and the best of them might have been better than they are, but they cannot be touched now. They must remain just as they are, and all the sighs and tears cannot change one line, any more than your crying yesterday could take that ink blot out of your writing book. You will have to show it to the principal to-morrow, and will have a failure marked for it. My pictures are the same, and one of these days I shall have to show them, and if they were to be judged by their merits, I should be in a sad case." And the old man as he spoke heaved a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Do you mean things you have done, grandpa? Were you naughty and careless when you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes, Harry, I was both, and when I grew older I did not mend very much. Now I am old and cannot live very long, I think very often of

these things and wish I had been a better boy and a better man."

"What will become of mamma and me when you die, grandpa?"

"I do not know, Harry. I am sure God will take care of you, but I cannot tell how He will do it. Only half an hour ago I was thinking of that very question you have asked, and it called up the picture I was looking at when you spoke to me."

"Then tell me about that, grandpa," said the boy eagerly, his personal connection with it giving a new zest to his interest.

"Well, it is a picture you never saw, Harry, but though I have not looked upon it for more than fifty years it seems more familiar to me than the scene from our parlor windows. I will try to describe it to you as I see it. It is a little village three thousand miles away from here. There are very few houses in it; about a dozen farms, about forty laborers' cottages, a general store, the smith's shop, and the inevitable rum-seller's place. That is all, except the central point in the picture, and that is the old church. It is a conspicuous object in the village, for it is on high ground and all around it is a stone wall to keep the soil of the graveyard from being washed down by the rain into the road. I have clambered over its moss-covered stones many a time, and I could show you, if you were there, the very stone on which I cut my name when I was a boy. The church itself is a venerable old pile, two hundred years old, I suppose. There are tombstones around it with dates on them running back nearly as long. One of them impressed me particularly, it seemed so sad, for under the name and date were two lines that showed the tenant of the tomb had lived a cheerless life. They were

"Poorly lived and poorly died,
Poorly buried and no one cried."

I used to wonder what kind of a man he must have been, and with a sort of vague pity used to hope he was better off after he was dead than when he was alive.

"The last time I saw the old church it was just such a day as this has been. Snow on the roads, snow on the housetops, snow on the trees, snow everywhere, and the air still and heavy and cold. With a very dear friend I walked from the city where we lived to the little village to attend morning service in the old church. As we walked we discussed our respective positions and prospects,

We were both young men, life was before us, and we wanted to make the best of it. But already with both of us there was a sad consciousness of mistakes made, and difficulties around us the result of our own imprudence. I need not tell you what they were, but they were so serious that we felt that if we would live wisely and happily there must be an effort made to clear ourselves of the consequences of our folly. What pain that effort would cost us each knew, and what it would cost others we could guess. We were very much cast down and very apprehensive of the sorrow and suffering before us and very much distressed by the thought that other people must suffer too. We had settled it by the way, what we ought to do, but though each tried to encourage the other, we both quailed before the ordeal.

"I remember well the place we stood on at that moment. The old church before us with its exposed parts covered with snow, its blackened walls looking blacker by contrast; the bell ringing and the villagers slowly wending their way around the stone wall to the gate that opened into the churchyard. I remember, too, with that strange minuteness that in old age surprises us, how we noticed a youth, whose delight it was to scandalize his neighbors, was walking leisurely away from the church with a bundle of sticks he had gathered that Sunday morning for kindling wood.

"The change in the ringing of the bell warned us that service would soon commence, and we accordingly bent our steps to the church, carrying into the sacred edifice a load of anxiety and apprehension such as rarely lies on hearts so young. But we were in the house of God and He had a message for us. The minister was reading a chapter in the Old Testament, and as we listened the words came to us as a message from God. 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee' (Isaiah 26:3). That passage came like cooling balm on our hot, fevered souls, and gave us even then an earnest of the promised peace. A little later and the preacher was giving out his text. We listened, and again the voice of God spoke to us: 'Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil' (Prov. 4:25). We came out of that church that morning into a new world, as it seemed to us. The strength we needed had been given and we were prepared to do and suffer God's will.

"As I sat down here this afternoon with you, Harry, and thought of the future and of what might happen to you and your dear mother if the Lord should call me, I thought of this youthful trouble and of the message God sent me fifty years ago. I give it to you now, my boy, with the blessing of an old man, who during all that fifty years has proved it true, and to whom every day and hour God has been a loving, faithful Friend."

FAITH HEALING.

A Letter from Mrs. M. Baxter to Inquirers.

THE multitude of requests for prayer which reach us at Bethshan, and which, for the most part, are couched in very similar words, make it a necessity to write, in the name of our Lord, a few words to those who send them to us.

We cannot but fear that many of the writers are looking to our prayers, much in the same way as they would to a new remedy, and there is some-



A Memorable Visit to an Old Church.

thing like trying a new experiment; which if it fail, will leave them free to try some other. Truly we may act so with fallible man; and while seeking the advice of earthly physicians we have a perfect right, if one fail, to try another. But it is quite a different matter when we come to God. Any one seeking to be healed by the Lord must himself take the chief responsibility of committing his case into God's hands. If he has been led by the Word and by the Spirit of God to renounce all other means, and to abandon his body to the immediate care of God, and if, in so doing, he seeks the prayers of others to strengthen his own faith—well. But if, on the contrary, hearing only how others have been healed by faith, he thinks *he would like to try* the same, and he wants believing Christians to trust God *for* him, and instead of him—he is altogether in the wrong. He cannot shift such a responsibility on to the shoulders of another.

Very frequently we are reminded by those who write to us, of the four men who brought the sick of the palsy to Jesus; but Jesus then healed his soul, not his body. "But He saw their faith," the united faith of the man and his friends; and then when he himself acted he was healed. *He* must arise, *he* must take up his bed, *he* must walk, without waiting to consider whether he could or not.

In order to obtain from God any blessing for spirit, soul, or body, *we must have to do with Himself*. A sinner must himself believe in order to be forgiven, a believer must himself make a full surrender in order to be truly sanctified, and a poor sick one must himself come to the feet of Jesus, himself choose Him as his Physician and trust Him with his case, himself take *Him* as his Healer, in order to be healed.

We have no more power to heal the body than we have to save the soul; we can only take our needy brethren by the hand and lead them to Jesus for pardon, cleansing power, or healing. Those whom Jesus healed when He was on earth, were for the most part brought into contact with Him. They heard Him speak to them, they touched the hem of His garment; or, He laid His hands on them and healed them. And the exceptions—the centurion's servant, the nobleman's son, the Syro-phenician woman's daughter, were the rarer cases.

The healing by the disciples was *in Jesus' name*,

and therefore only as His representatives. The object of our God in permitting us to be afflicted with sickness, is to draw us nearer to Himself, and His object in healing us is none other than to bring us nearer still to Himself. Hence the necessity that each seeker after healing from the Lord, should seek His face directly, and not through a third party. He has Himself bidden the sick to seek for healing (James 5:14-16), and "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8:16, 17); we are also taught that He healed all that were sick that these words might be fulfilled. Thus *the sick have encouragement* to come to Him.

We are more willing than we can tell, to come *with* our sick ones to the feet of Jesus; we only feel that we cannot undertake to come *for* them, or exercise in their stead, a faith which is not as yet in them.

Many have asked us to pray, and to *continue* praying, for them. We believe that when anything is committed to God, He really does undertake it; and that to continue asking Him to do it, instead of continuing to thank Him for under-

taking it, is to act in unbelief. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," and He cannot be untrue; let us, therefore, when we present a petition to Him, make sure of His attitude toward us, that we may be right in the attitude that we assume toward Him.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 735.)

A Bit of Diplomacy.

"Do you know, Mr. Wynn," Jim exclaimed gleefully, "do you know, I really do believe that in a little while I shall be as clever at cooking as you are yourself?"

"Umph," grunted Wynn, adding after a moment, in hardly a more gracious manner, "Most people can learn to do common-sense things if they choose, if they are not born fools or idiots."

And then he betook himself into the inner room to wash his hands, while Jim tried to console his crestfallen elation over successful efforts by murmuring confidentially to the smoking bacon:

"Poor chap! poor old chap! He's getting sick to death o' bein' tied down to this place, and to letter writin' all day, and never a change, that's what it is. He's never let out before, but I've seen it comin', and them as is over him, an' think themselves a sight wiser nor Jim Blake, might see it too if they'd half an eye, an' took the trouble to use it. He feels for all the world like a caged lion."

But whatever Charles Wynn might be feeling like, he had fought down his ill-humor with his *protégé* by the time he came back to the dinner-table; and also, however right Jim Blake might be in his conjectures on the whole, it happened just that minute to be on account of Jim himself, and not on account of his own affairs, that the many-years-wanderer was troubled.

Ever since the tramp had charged himself with the care of the factory lad, last October, he had maintained a constant supervision of some kind or another over him. If duty or inclination had led to his leaving him for any of his unemployed hours, he had always taken care to provide the young fellow with such occupation or companionship as might offer the best hope of keeping him safe from his especial temptations; but on this Saturday, when Bobby Balston had bethought himself that the prim-

roses of Sleepy Dell would look brighter, and smell more sweetly, with his "potato-man" to share the innocent pleasure with him, it so happened that the "potato-man's" own intention had been to soothe or encourage, he could hardly tell which, his own restlessness, and improve Jini's education, by giving him a long lesson in geography that leisure afternoon, and on the manners and customs of foreign parts, his own travels forming the foundation of the interesting instruction.

Small Bobby interfered with these plans, and now came the question, what to do with Jim?

"Take him with you to the Dell," suggested something that certainly must have been outside Charles Wynn's own real self, for he scouted the inner whisper as something perfectly preposterous. Poor Jim was all very well, and had grown as gratefully docile and affectionate with him as a faithful dog; but he had not by any means turned out a second Aleck, nor did he appear at all likely to do so. The little fellow who had the lost friend's second name was much more after his pattern, and Wynn was very resolute that the tranquil pleasure he was looking forward to should not be marred, by the addition of the lumbering factory lad to the otherwise curiously-assorted little party of two.

"But then," as he had questioned himself before, "what else to do with him?"

Suddenly a thought struck him while he was washing his hands, and wringing the water from them, and scarcely waiting to dry them on the towel, he came out into the kitchen dining-room again looking so cheerful that all the cook's elation at the tempting appearance of the table returned, and he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Thank you," said Wynn, with a laugh, as he took his seat.

Jim Blake stared. "Thank me for what?" he asked.

"Why, for that sigh when you caught sight of my face again," was the laughing answer. "I take it, it meant sympathy with me in having got over my fit of bad temper."

"Sympathy with you in having got over your dismalness," amended Jim; but the amendment was not accepted.

"Don't try to flatter me," was the reply. "I was in as growling a temper five minutes since as the proverbial bear with a sore head, and as I haven't got a sore head I ought to be ashamed of myself. But now, look here; are you afraid of a long walk—mind, a really long walk I mean—sixteen miles about?"

"With you, do you mean?"

"No, not with me, but for me; to do me a favor."

"Oh!" with a brilliant smile that made clumsy Jim quite good-looking for once. That last word had a magical effect. "I'm not afraid of anything, Mr. Wynn, if so be it's to do anything for you. Shall I set off now?" quite contentedly laying down his knife and fork on his still half-full plate, and getting up from his chair. "I'm ready."

"Nonsense; sit down again," said his companion rather huskily. "You'll risk turning me into an unreasonable tyrant, man, if you offer this sort of obedience to my wishes."

Jim rewarded this assertion with a short laugh of scorn. "Well, seein' as this is the first wish you've had for six months, if you mean to allow yourself in two a year, maybe my back will be broad enough to bear them. Howsomever, if it's all the same to you, I'd as lief start soon, for sixteen mile, or fifteen as is nearer the mark from here, I expect, is a goodish stretch for my stiff legs. They ain't used to walking; not like yours, you know."

"Then more shame for them," was the answer. "My wholesome, healthy love of walking is at least one good example that I set to you, and to all the lazy fellows about here. I cannot think how it is men are not ashamed to dawdle around in a mile ring as the greater number of them do, as far as their own feet are concerned, in this old England of ours. Drive? ay, I guess you'll drive fast enough in anything and anyhow, and have your spines and your brains shaken and jolted into semi-idiotcy; but when it comes to a good walk that

would put all your muscles into healthy play, and your tempers into tune, then, 'Oh, walking's a bore.' A bore indeed! I'd just like to have the use of a good thick stick on your backs once a week round the town, you idle pack."

And with that contemptuous concluding word Charles Wynn pushed back his plate with one hand, and with the other pushed back the red-brown curls from his forehead. Jim made no answer. He never did to these occasional indignant outbursts of his companion against sloth or bad deeds. Perhaps they made the deeper impression for not being argued over or talked about too much.

The clerk took a half-sheet of paper, and writing a few words on it, inclosed it in an envelope; and then, dinner being over, he rose and fetched a couple of dilapidated-looking volumes, whose contents were more valuable than their outsides, which he had picked up during the week at an old bookshop. Jim grinned knowingly.

"There, Jim," he said, handing him the books. "The service I want of you is to take those over to Williams, the Silverdale clerk and bookbinder, and tell him, will you, that I want some of his good, honest work put into them, but nothing showy; and just give him that note at the same time, will you?"

Jim Blake took the note as readily as the books. He was glad to have it, in fact; for as he had a very poor opinion of his own head, and as he concluded that the message given to him was also inside that envelope, he felt comfortably relieved from all responsibility. As it happened, however, that short epistle had nothing whatever to do with the books. It was one after the nature of those that history and legend tell us used to be sent by the hands of unsuspecting messengers in ancient times—"When this reaches you, cut off the bearer's head."

Charles Wynn gave his messenger with the old "Hudibras" and "Faerie Queen," a half-hour's start, seeing that, as Jim himself had observed, his feet were a good deal slower in their movements than his own, and their road for the first five miles lay in the same path. When the clerk did eventually set out to keep his appointment there was another slight delay at an optician's before he drew in a great, full, contented breath into his lungs, and set off at a swinging trot for Sleepy Dell.

The seven miles were accomplished in less than an hour and a half; and on the brow of the hill overlooking sunlit Silverdale, and many another fair mile beyond, the vigorous pedestrian paused, and looked around him with smiling eyes, and an unconscious sensation of delight in his buoyant life which those who are not fond of walking, or who do not indulge the fondness, can scarcely understand. A healthy walker, who has been walking for the pleasure of walking's sake up to his strength, but not beyond it, almost invariably finds this wayside inn of a world, in which he has been placed by a loving Father, a very bonny one, and the people in it very bonny too.

Charles Wynn's restlessness had been gradually coming to a feverish height during the past months of monotonous occupation and dreary out-of-door atmosphere; but just at that minute, as he stood with his broad-brimmed American straw hat in his hand, looking around at the smiling landscape at his feet, he felt as peacefully contented as the child in the Dell below, whose bright eyes so quickly caught sight of his expected friend.

A shrill shout of delight, and Bobby Balston's small, nimble feet began galloping up the side of the hill, pretty nearly as fast as if they belonged to a mountain goat. The next minute he was caught up by a pair of strong hands, and tossed on to the broad shoulder that was his favorite perch. From there he stooped down, with the tenderness of his loving childhood, and kissed his bearer's forehead.

"Did you like my letter this morning?" Bobby asked. "Muvver said it was beautiful, an' Faver, when I showed it to him, said it was velly won'erful."

"And so it was very wonderful, and beautiful as well," said Wynn, as he sprang downward with the child on his shoulder. "And this is very

wonderful too, how a clever little monkey like you go on speaking like a funny little baby. If you don't learn to speak plainly in a couple of hurries, I guess I'll have to pop you down on the next stinging-nettle I come to. Do you hear that Brownie?"

"Yes; and you may, if you like, weally," was the calm, wise answer.

"If I like, really, indeed, you little sceptic," said the young man. "Now just see if I don't like really to punish that lazy little tongue of yours. Here's a regular prime patch of nettles."

And so saying he swung the child round off his shoulder, and deposited him, not on, but beside the said prime patch, and, still more satisfactorily to Bobby's ideas, beside a brilliant-eyed frog, which gave one great flopping hop at the sudden disturbance of its ruminations, and then remained still, gazing at the intruders.

Small Bobby clasped his hands. "Oh," he murmured, with a low sigh, "isn't it nice watching fings?"

Charles Wynn found it strangely pleasant watching the watcher. At length, as the frog finally asserted its superior dignity by taking the initiative in future proceedings, and hopping out of sight, the young man dropped himself down upon the mossy ground, and said, with mock gravity:

"There, see what a terrible fellow you must be; you've frightened that poor frog out of all its wits and seven senses."

Bobby turned round quickly, with an earnest, eager look upon his face. "Its five senses, you mean," he corrected softly; "but oh, Mr. Tatoe—"

"It was to be 'Uncle Tatoe,'" interrupted Wynn; "you know we made that agreement on Christmas-day."

"Yes—only," hesitating.

"Well, Brownie, only what?"

"Only Muvver said, when I told her, that you were grown into a mister, and mightn't quite weally like it after all."

"Umph! Well, when you get home this evening give my very best compliments to mother, and tell her that *Uncle Tatoe* says that he does *really* quite like it. So now to go on. What do you want with Uncle Tatoe?"

"Why, something I've been wantin' to speak about a long time, more'n a mumph, I fink; only the frog being frightened made me remember it just now. It's this," and on the child's face came that strangely earnest expression of deep thought that puzzled and astonished more than his parents when it was observed. His companion sat up, and bent more forward toward him. He paused a moment, as though to think how to put his thoughts into words. At last he said gravely:

"Do you fink I must be a wicked little boy because I don't dread God?"

The child's eyes expressed the greatest anxiety for the answer, but as none was immediately forthcoming, he continued:

"You remember we pray to God, 'That it may please Thee to give us a heart to love and dread Thee'; but I don't dread Him a bit; I can't; I *love Him all*. Do you fink that shows I'm a wicked little boy?"

Bobby Balston's face at that moment was a study, but that of his companion was at least as fair. Drawing the child upon his knees, he said gently:

"Brownie, do you remember a very, very beautiful anecdote in the Bible? The anecdote tells us that the dear Lord Jesus put His hands on the heads of a number of little children, and that then, afterward, in the greatness of His love for them, He took them up in His arms, and blessed them. Do you think that He wanted those little children to dread Him then, or to love Him with all the whole strength of their hearts?"

The anxious doubt faded out of the large brown eyes, and with a happy sigh Bobby let his head sink back against his friend's shoulder as he answered, "Oh, to love Him too much to be afraid! An' I fink somehow His hands must be on my head too. I feel like it. If He takes them off, I s'pose that'll be time to begin to dread?"

"Yes, little Brownie; yes, quite time," said

Charles Wynn, momentarily tightening his clasp around the boy, as though with his weak human arm he would shield him from those future cares and sorrows that might in the coming years teach the dread of the almighty, all-just Judge, to grow beside the love that now answered love.

(To be continued.)

AFTER HIS DEATH.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 3d. Mark 15: 33-47. Golden Text, ver. 29. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Rending of the Temple Veil—Its Significance—Gentiles alone Impressed—Tainting the World—The Women Afar Off—No Necessity for Distance Now—Joseph's Tardy Sympathy—Nicodemus also at the Burial—The Unnecessary Spices—The New Tomb—The Women Watching—Incredulous Disciples—The Precaution of the Pharisees—As Sure as They Could.

OUR beloved Lord gave up the ghost, He who had called the world into being and who is Himself Life eternal, as our Representative surrendered Himself for a brief space to death. And no sooner had He drawn His last breath than "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom," from God's side to man's. All barrier was now broken down, "the way into the holiest of all" (Heb. 9: 3) was now made manifest.

"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh; and having an High priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water" (Heb. 10: 19-22). Glory to our great God and our loving Saviour, all hindrance to His presence is removed, we may stand, live, walk in His continual presence, there is no need to be a moment without Him, "He that overcometh . . . shall go no more out" (Rev. 3: 12). His heart, His body, may be the temple of the Holy Ghost, where the fire on the altar whereon He lies in living sacrifice, shall be "ever burning" (Lev. 6: 9, 12, 13) and the light of Christ within Him, and shining out from Him like that of the candlestick in the tabernacle shall "burn away" "before the Lord continually" (Ex. 27: 20, 21; Lev. 24: 4). Therefore, every veil which comes between God and man is of man's device,

GOD IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

With the rending of the veil "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection," (for the empire of death was shaken), "and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." But so hardened were the Jews that we read of no manifest effect upon them though the heathen centurion was convinced by it. He it was on whom it had devolved to give the word of command to the soldiers for Jesus to be mocked and crucified. We may well believe that the unusual deportment of the condemned had almost fascinated his attention, and that unprejudiced as he was, conviction first of the innocence and then of the just claims of Jesus to be King and God must have dawned upon him. When he, "and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things which were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God," (Matt. 27: 51-54); in Luke he said, "Certainly this was a righteous man" (Luke 23: 47). Thus the thief and the heathen centurion both were converted at the cross and both were witnesses to Christ's Kingship and Godhead as none of the disciples were.

The Jews, even while committing the awful sin of condemning and of executing Jesus, were nevertheless most exact in the performance of the ceremonial of their religion. Oh, how like men nowadays! "It was the preparation," and they would not have the bodies remaining on the cross during the Sabbath day, they thought that the dead body of the Son of God defiled the day, and were not aware how their own enmity to God was

TAINTING THE WORLD

with a real and spreading corruption; so they

"besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away." The soldiers came to do their errand upon the two thieves, but they found nothing to do when they came to Jesus; "He was dead already" (John 19: 31-33). O Lord, whenever Satan comes to tempt me, let him find nothing to do, let him find me dead already, "crucified with Christ." But they "pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water," for atonement (Lev. 17: 11) for cleansing (1 John 1: 7-9). Reader, do you know the power of that blood? are you reconciled to God by the blood of His cross, and are you cleansed from all sin, clean, whiter than snow?

"There were also women looking on

AFAR OFF;

among whom was Mary Magdalene," (who was however, standing close to His cross while He was living John 19: 25) "and Mary, the mother of James the less, and of Joseph and Salome" (who also when He was in Galilee, followed Him and ministered unto Him); "and many other women which came up with Him unto Jerusalem." Was it from fear or of necessity that they were afar off? Had the soldiers driven them away, or were they appalled by the fearful darkness? In any case, if we are found afar off, it is our own doing, He wills it not. And yet what a little thing causes distance from Him! Are we unwilling to come out on the Lord's side and make a stand in our business, in our dress, in our expenditure, because we do not want to lose caste in the world? We do it at the price of being afar off from Jesus. Do we refuse some path which would entail upon us persecution, the hard word, the unkind look, perhaps some real injury to our property or to our reputation? We do so at the cost of being afar off from Jesus.

Oh, how many Christian workers will give away traits, because that is no longer peculiar, will hold a mothers' meeting, because it is "the thing," will visit a few people just when it is not difficult, and just when it does not interfere with personal comfort; but who never dream of going into the district in the evening to meet the poor drinking man, and tell him of deliverance; who never search out the poor harlot and take her with them to a meeting, where she may come under the power of God; who will not do anything which might reflect upon their credit among those whose hearts are as cold to sinners as their own. Oh, is not this following Christ afar off!

"Now when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counselor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus." We have many accounts of Joseph; Matthew says, he was "a rich man . . . who also himself was Jesus' disciple," Luke tells us, "he was a good man, and a just;" (the same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them); John says he was "a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews." In any case, he made no bold defence of Jesus before the council, the thief and the centurion were before him in their testimony. And now when Jesus was dead, when it did not cost him so much as during His lifetime, He came to help in His burial. He would have to do with a dead Christ, but not a living one.

There are many, honorable too, who take this negative position with regard to Jesus, they will have anything to do with Jesus, provided He does not speak or move, they will give Him all honor, but He must not manifest His power. Nicodemus also, the cowardly inquirer, who chose night for his time of coming to Jesus, because he would not have been seen coming, he too would help to bury Jesus. Once he had been snubbed in the council, for saying something on behalf of Jesus, the sneering elders had asked him, "Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look; for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet" (John 7: 52). This seems to have been too much for Nicodemus, he had not made up his mind to deny himself, take up his cross and follow Jesus.

Then it was only when He was dead, that this disciple came forward to declare himself a disciple, and to make known his adhesion to Jesus. He "brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about

an hundred pound weight," (he did not do it grudgingly). "Then they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes as the manner of the Jews is to bury" (John 19: 39, 40). They might have spared themselves the trouble; already it had been pleaded in the courts of heaven, "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Ps. 16: 10); already the Son of man knew that His Father had said He should see no corruption. They wanted to preserve Jesus! They wanted to hinder decay. But in Him was

NO ELEMENT OF DECAY.

Sin, sickness, death, sat uneasily upon Him, they were adopted things, put on to be put off again. Because He gave up the ghost, death had power to stop the respiration, the circulation and the ordinary physical functions, but the Body was the habitation of Him who is Life eternal, and it could not decay. And we try with our poor devices to keep Christ within us, we attempt to make secure the blessing we have obtained, we are upon a wrong tack; He is the Keeper, His life in us is incorruptible it is not subject to decay. Only as we take His place and try to manage ourselves do we find that things go wrong; He is equal to the charge of us, let Him have it all.

The place of Jesus' burial was Joseph's new tomb, "He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death," (Isa. 53: 9.) Joseph had hewn this tomb out of the rock; and there he laid Jesus, and "rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed." No man had ever yet lain in that tomb; Jesus was its first inhabitant. But outside that stone, after Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had gone away, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary remained, and might have been seen sitting

OVER AGAINST THE SEPULCHRE.

Had the disciples believed or understood that which Jesus had so often taught them about His resurrection, surely they would all have been watching there, but they were slow of heart to believe. And when things turn out differently to our expectation, and instead of the feeling that we have a blessing which we have sought, in power or healing, we seem in our own consciousness to be dead, weak and nothing in ourselves. We have failed to hang on to His declared word who makes even the things which are not to be as though they were! What a device of Satan's it is, to make us act as though the truth of God could not be true if we have not at the moment the consciousness of our senses that it is so. And how blessed it is when, holding fast by the word of God, we look away from, and above our experience, and rest upon the faithfulness of God! Oh, how it establishes our faith to know that God is true.

THE PHARISEES REMEMBERED.

If the disciples did not remember or understand Christ's prediction of His own resurrection, the chief priests and the Pharisees did; the words of Jesus had weight with them. "The next day," (which must have been the Sabbath, on which day they had so often reproved Jesus for healing the sick) "they came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, after three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest His disciples come by night and steal Him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first." (Matt. 27: 62-64.)

Did Pilate quiver and tremble? We can believe he did. "What," he may have thought, "have I not yet done with this Jesus which is called Christ? Is there a chance that death itself cannot hold the Man whom I have crucified?" He granted their request, "Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can." Yes, as sure as they could; but not sure enough to prevent the Son of God arising when He would. "As sure as ye can" seemed to imply some doubt on Pilate's mind. "So they went," Sabbath day though it was "and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." But our next lesson will show how useless were their pains, how futile the attempts of man when directed against the Son of God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Brilliant Pageant was Witnessed in London on Saturday last when Queen Victoria reviewed the troops which had returned from Egypt. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh accompanied the Queen. Her Majesty presented medals to two representatives of each regiment engaged, and the other members of the regiments will have medals sent to them. The march past of the Duke of Connaught at the head of the Guards was one of the marked incidents of the procession. The Queen stood up in her carriage as they passed by. The troops afterward marched through the streets and received a hearty welcome from a concourse of people stated to have numbered over a million. The Guards, Highlanders, a brigade of seaman and marines and the Indian contingent, about thirty strong, evoked a most enthusiastic welcome. The streets through which the troops were to march were gayly decorated with flags bearing the mottoes, "Kassassin," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Welcome Home" and others appropriate to the occasion.

General Wolseley has been very Courteously received by Queen Victoria, who sent for him to Scotland on his return. There he dined with Her Majesty at Balmoral, and at the dinner the Queen proposed his health in warm and charmingly chosen words. Sir Garnet's return for the queenly compliment was to couple with his thanks the proposal of the Duke of Connaught's health. This added to the delight of the Queen, who has the name of her soldier son very near her heart.

Explanations of the British Policy in Egypt have been deferred by Mr. Gladstone in spite of frequent questions addressed to him by prominent members of Parliament. He has stated, however, that England's business was to make or to join in making an arrangement for security and good order, but it would do nothing to shut out future amendments. The government was now engaged in considering with Lord Dufferin the establishment of institutions in which Egyptians would be represented, and which would have control over the administration of the expenditure. He also stated that in the event of Arabi Pacha being condemned, he would not be executed without the consent of the British Government.

Rumors of War Between Russia and Austria are being circulated in Europe, though it is hoped on all hands that they are without foundation. They appear to have originated in a speech made by Herr Plener, a prominent member of the Reichstag, at the sitting of the Austrian Delegation at Pesth, who exhorted the government to avoid anything calculated to bring on war. It is evident that Herr Plener possesses weighty information in regard to the relations of Austria with Russia. The report of the Committee on the Foreign Office Budget has been presented. The committee expressed the conviction that an Austro-Russian war was sooner or later inevitable.

The Italian Government now Claims Jurisdiction over the interior of the Pope's palace and the claim has been allowed in the law courts. The Court of Appeal has confirmed the decision of the Court of First Instance, that the jurisdiction of the Italian tribunals extends within the walls of the Vatican. The point arose in connection with a case in which a person employed as an architect in the Vatican sued the major domo of the Pope before the Italian courts. The clerical press expresses indignation at the decision, and declare that it makes the law of Papal guarantees a farce. This last vestige of sovereignty, the independence of the Pope in his own palace will be swept away if this decision is confirmed.

A Collision Between the Steamer Westphalia of the Hamburg American Line, and another vessel, the name of which is at present unknown, occurred off the British coast nearer Beachy Head on November 12th. The Westphalia left New York with ninety passengers on board for Hamburg on November 2d, but on November 13th she was seen entering Portsmouth harbor with a huge hole in her side extending below the water-line. Her captain reported that during the previous night when it was intensely dark he had been in

collision with another steamer. The vessels met stem to stem driving in the Westphalia's bulk-heads and rending a hole nine feet wide in her side. The captain of the Westphalia remained six hours where the collision took place, and then finding that in spite of his exertions at the pumps the leak was gaining he made for Portsmouth, leaving a boat with six men to rescue any survivors there might be from the other vessel. The boat's crew who were picked up by a Belgian pilot reported having seen the vessel sink, but were not able to discover her name or flag.

The Affairs of the City of Glasgow Bank are now announced as finally settled. The bank, the collapse of which about four years ago caused widespread distress through Great Britain reducing many families to beggary and rendering many widows and orphans destitute, was a very influential concern. All the bank's immense indebtedness to its depositors has been paid, and the remaining assets have been handed over to a company formed to receive them for the benefit of the few shareholders who were able to pay all the calls of the liquidators. During the four years the liquidators have paid off \$55,000,000, of which nearly half came out of the private means of the shareholders.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist Member of the British Parliament, who is not allowed to sit in the House has made another effort to secure his admission. He has written to the Speaker asking the House to permit him to state at the bar the grounds of the law on which he claims his right to take the seat for Northampton for which he was elected. Mr. Labouchère, the journalist, and Mr. Bradlaugh's colleague in Parliament, gave notice that he would at the first opportunity, move that Mr. Bradlaugh be heard.

The Sudden and Serious Illness of Mr. D. L. Moody is announced in a brief cablegram to the New York daily journals. Its nature is not stated, but he is reported as lying ill from overwork at Cambridge. The many friends of the eminent evangelist in this country will unite with his friends in England in earnest prayer for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley Expects to Return to the Congo early next year. His steamer left Antwerp for South Africa on November 12th, laden with such an assortment of goods as will enable him to establish a solid trade with the native kings. The steamer also carries a number of sheep for acclimatization and a selection of European cereals. Mr. Stanley has gone to Nice to recruit his health.

The Disagreement Among the Irish Leaders is said to be still causing trouble in the camp. Reports cabled last week show that in the new organization there is a Davitt section and a Parnell section, and that between the two there is a feud. It has been carried over from the Land League agitation and in some measure accounts for the attitude of the Irish press in America. The origin of the quarrel appears to have been the monopoly of the offices by Mr. Davitt and his friends to the exclusion of the members of Parliament, who being engaged in London with their Parliamentary duties during several months of the year, were compelled to leave the affairs of the League and the control of the finances to the Davitt section. Later when complaints were made about the conduct of the office, the Parnell party alleged that the officials appointed by Mr. Davitt had neglected their duties to go about making speeches not always friendly to Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. Hence the recent struggle to obtain control of the new organization in which Mr. Davitt was defeated.

Disastrous Floods have Occurred in Italy, and the results have assumed the proportions of a national calamity. A correspondent says: "I feel that it is impossible for me to describe in a few words this great catastrophe, as yet unmeasured even by those most competent, who are eye-witnesses and straining every nerve to save human life, not only from the flood, but from starvation. Italy has suffered from many wounds which are still fresh and bleeding, and now a sudden stroke has smitten her from Heaven—more grievous than any previous blow from the hand of man. Each hour brings some fresh catastrophe; the effects

immediate destitution; extinction of life from famine and disease—in the future a lengthened unknown time of distress and penury. Italy is sorely distressed; may God help her, and stay His chastening hand; for God alone can bring good out of evil, as, thanks be to His name, He is visibly doing by calling forth the best feelings of a noble and suffering nation."

France in Conquering Tunis has Prepared for herself the elements of future trouble. The Arabs are making incursions into Tunisian territory, which give great anxiety, if not alarm, to those who hold the reins of government in France. M. Grévy complains that the existence of the capitulations embarrass her in her efforts to restore order in Tunis. These capitulations are treaties made by one ruler of Tunis after another with Christian States, enabling them to maintain a separate dominion in the Regency. All the Christian States of Europe, with the exception of Russia, are involved in these treaties. France, of course, would like to see all these privileges of the Powers in Tunis abolished and herself left sole possessor of the field. But the Powers are scarcely likely to give up their privileges on such conditions and for such reasons. What with Algeria and Tunis on hand, beside difficulties of a serious nature in some of her other foreign possessions, France has quite enough to do just now.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Reaped a Magnificent harvest of spiritual blessing at Bristol, more abundant even than the most sanguine anticipated. With a responsiveness to the demands of the hour that was simply marvellous, Christians of all denominations cheerfully and assiduously co-operated with the distinguished evangelists, and with the happiest results. There has been a great outpouring of divine power, and many conversions to Christ are recorded. Messrs. Moody and Sankey commenced their campaign at Cambridge on Saturday, November 4th, and already the tokens for good are most manifest and manifold. They were to remain in the university town until November 12th, when they intended to proceed to Oxford.

An All-night Walk was Taken by an Aged Frenchwoman, in order that she might attend the evangelistic meetings recently conducted in Paris by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Her history is a remarkable one. It appears that when she was only ten years of age she was awakened to a sense of sin and her need of Christ as a Saviour, through the instrumentality of a New Testament which was given her by an Englishman passing through her town. At the age of twenty-five she married, both her husband and herself being unconverted. Her husband's family made her very unhappy by their unkindness, and she cried to the God of whom she had read in her New Testament. At last, one day she went out of her house into a retired spot, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon her and save her soul. He heard her cry, and gave her perfect peace through faith in Jesus Christ. She was the first convert in her town; the neighbors thought she had become insane, and asked her husband what he was going to do with her. But she lived the Gospel, and commended its excellency by her consistent life. A number of persons became interested in the salvation of sinners, and now there are three of Mr. M'All's meetings in that town.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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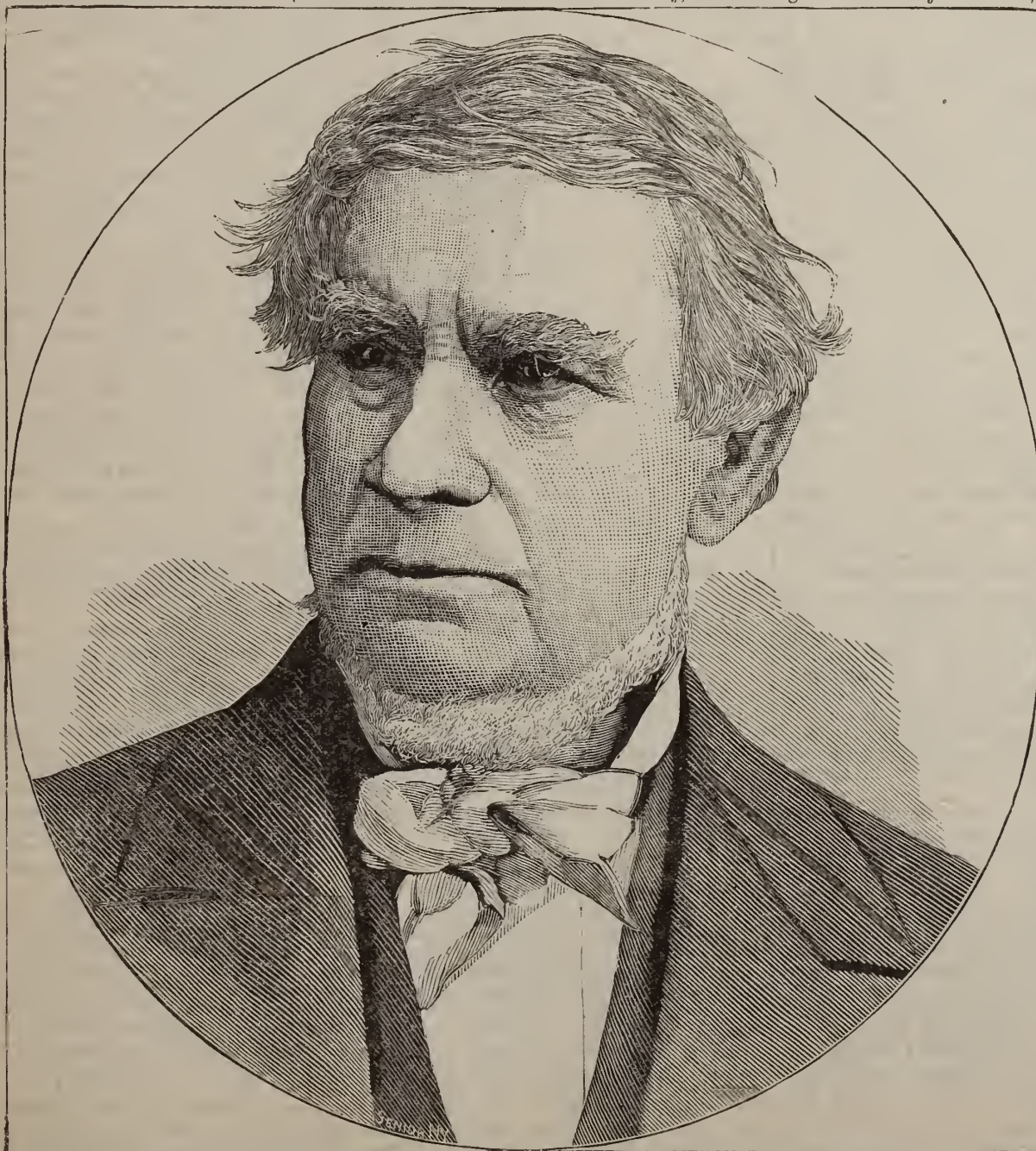
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The Late Mr. THURLOW WEED, Born Nov. 15, 1797; Died Nov. 22, 1882.

THURLOW WEED.

The Veteran Journalist and Statesman.

Public Interest Caused by his Death, on Nov. 22d
—A Typical American—Birth and Early Life—
Cabin-Boy—Printer's Chore Boy—Compositor
—Newspaper Editor—The Anti-Masonic Agi-
tation—The Albany Evening Journal Founded
—Thirty-three Years' Editorial Labor—Re-
moval to New York—Old Age, Illness, and
Death—Family Affairs.

WHAT a host of stirring memories arose in the mind of every intelligent citizen last Thursday morning as the announcement was read in every daily paper in the land that Thurlow Weed was dead. The close of such a life as his cannot be passed over as an ordinary event; it stands out from the records of the daily life of the nation with a prominence resting on the public labors of more than half a century. From the day that he cast his first vote in 1824 for Clinton, in the contest for the Governorship of New York, down to the present year, Thurlow Weed has been in the front rank of political warfare, and neither his friends nor his opponents can hear that he has passed away without emotion. Of those who labored with him and against him in his early manhood and in his prime, none are left, while his friends of the new generation, who have known him only as a veteran, have listened to him with reverence, and have received his counsel with respect.

His name recalls political contests and national events which to the boys and girls in our schools, seem remote history. He was a valiant participant in political struggles which the statesmen of our day only dimly remember as events in which their fathers took active interest, but which, when they took place, they were too young to understand. For such a man his foes can well afford to drop a tear of respectful sympathy, while his friends render a hearty tribute of sorrow. What his position was every one knew. He was thorough in all he did and said. A stanch and trusty friend, he was a frank and vigorous opponent, ready at all times to do valiant battle for the cause he loved and served, yet asking for himself and his family no share in the spoils of victory. Such a man is ever sure of the sincere good-will of his fellow-citizens, whether they fight with or against him.

He fought, never wavering under temptation nor deserting under defeat, always active in the foremost rank, prepared to give and take the hardest blows in the contest. He was an enemy before whom it was no disgrace to fall, and whom to overcome was an achievement not to be lightly esteemed. Such a man does not leave the scene of his labors without a tribute of honest respect from those whom he opposed, nor without the tearful regret of those whom he led and served.

Of late years his stalwart figure, as he passed along the streets of New York leaning on the arm of his devoted daughter, or sat on the platform at some religious or philanthropic meeting, aroused the interest of every beholder. His feebleness and darkness increased the sympathetic reverence felt toward him by strangers, while those who knew him intimately were drawn toward him by the warmth of his kindly heart, and the keen interest he continued to take to the last in current, political events.

Though he never held office, except for two terms as a member of Assembly in his early manhood, every one knew how potential had been his influence in the dominant political party, and that the name of

THE AMERICAN WARWICK

had not been given to him without cause. He had made no kings, but Governors, Cabinet ministers, and at least two Presidents owed their elevation to his efforts. Yet that power was never used for the advancement of his own fortunes or those of his family, and he felt himself amply repaid for his labor, if his party triumphed and his country prospered. Such disinterestedness, rare in our times, rendered him a man of whom all sections were proud, and whom even those who were opposed to him, regarded with respect.

Thurlow Weed's life is that of a typical American. He had no advantages of birth, station, or education. The position he attained was at-

tained in spite of and not because of his outward circumstances. His father was a cartman, and even among cartmen was not accounted prosperous. He was generally in trouble, often without a horse, generally behindhand with the world, and was more than once in prison for debt. The family was settled at Cairo, Greene County, N. Y., when Thurlow Weed was born on November 15th, 1797. He received what he has himself described as "a rough-and-ready education," which mainly consisted in his own struggles with the spelling book at home, and in occasional attendance at an evening school. This was aided by inherited shrewdness and quickened by very early habits of keen observation. While other Catskill boys idled, young Thurlow Weed "ran of errands" and "did chores" and "held horses at the door of the tavern instead of lounging within listening to tap-room stories." At nine years of age he was a *blower in a blacksmith shop* at Catskill, whither his mother, a good-natured shrewd Englishwoman, had removed to be near her husband, whose residence there had unfortunately become involuntary. One of the incidents of his life at Catskill, which he enjoyed describing in after years was his

FIRST SIGHT OF A STEAMBOAT.

When the first steamboat came up the Hudson River he and a few other boys placed their clothes on a plank and swam out to the island (now the steamboat landing) to see the wonder pass. "It came up," he writes, "with an awful noise and surge, its huge paddle wheels exposed and its funnels vomiting fire and smoke," so that to the unaccustomed eyes of young Thurlow and his comrades, it seemed more like a monster from the infernal regions than anything else they could imagine. They were greatly frightened, but it passed harmlessly, and they had it to say in after years that they saw the first steamboat that ever went up the Hudson. Thurlow Weed has often described

HIS FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK.

The ten-year-old boy had longed to see more of the world. His opportunity came through the kindness of Captain Jacobus Bogardus, who commanded the sloop Jefferson, and who engaged Thurlow as cabin-boy, and in that capacity took him for a voyage to the City of New York. To this city, the boy Thurlow introduced himself by *tramping up Broad Street with the trunk of one of the sloop's passengers on his shoulder*—a position even more humble than that of his printer prototype, Benjamin Franklin, when he entered Philadelphia ninety years before. Inhabited New York was then nearly all below Grand Street, and contained about 75,000 people. A cabin-boy's life was uncongenial to the boy, and his family removing westward to Onondaga County, Thurlow went with them, and for some time spent his life in the occupations of the backwoods.

The occupation of a printer was, however, the one on which he had set his heart, and he sought, at first unavailingly, to get himself

APPRENTICED TO A PRINTER

at Catskill. He was, however, allowed to sweep the office and dust the cases, and thus unobserved he picked up a little knowledge of the craft. Then he went to Onondaga Hollow and obtained employment in the office of *The Lynx*, a newspaper published by Theodore C. Fay. That was in 1811, Weed being then only fourteen. In that office he set his first "take." It was there that Weed committed the

PRINTER'S BLUNDER,

an incident which he related many years afterward to the New York Typographical Society. He said: "An obituary notice of the death of the accomplished lady of a then youthful and promising, but now venerable and eminent clergyman (the Rev. Derick C. Lansing), was handed in just before the paper was going to press. In setting it up the word 'consort' occurred. It was new, and did not strike me as conveying the appropriate idea; and instead of referring to the dictionary I substituted the word 'comfort,' so that the deceased was thus made the 'comfort' rather than the 'consort' of the bereaved husband! The paper was thus worked off and sent about the village; and while felicitating myself on an intellectual achievement, the blunder was discovered by Mr. Brown, a

one-eyed shoemaker, and my ears yet tingle with the boxing my stupidity cost them."

While he was thus engaged, the Recruiter Sergeant's drum-beat was heard in the land. *With Great Britain* was in progress, and a regiment was forming in Central New York. Thurlow enlisted, and was soon on the march toward the frontier. The young recruit was noted for zeal and intelligence, and proved himself far superior to the average soldier. Before reaching their destination at Sackett's Harbor, during a halt for dinner, Colonel Petrie, the commander of the regiment, sent for Private Weed, complimented him upon his intelligence and good conduct, and handed him a commission as Quartermaster's Sergeant. That commission, faded but carefully preserved, he exhibited with honest pride at a reunion of the veterans, but a few months ago. It is also well known that many years afterward, he sought an opportunity of serving the man who had so befriended him. Hearing that Colonel Petrie was poor, he petitioned for an office for him and obtained it, and his own pension was devoted to the support of another of his old friends.

After the war, Thurlow resumed his occupation and travelled from place to place, a fair specimen of the careless and wandering tribe of journeyman printers. In 1816, 1817, and 1818, he was employed in New York, working in company with James Harper, afterward the great publisher, the two running an old Ramage press in Fanshaw printing house.

In 1819, he began to take an interest in politics and in conjunction with another printer he commenced the issue of *The Republican Agriculturist* in Chenango County. In this paper he advocated the interests of De Witt Clinton, then hotly engaged in the contest on his canal policy. Subsequently he acquired possession of *The Rochester Balance* the name of which he changed, owing to the anti-masonic agitation, which arose about Morgan's disappearance, to *The Anti-Masonic Enquirer*. Weed lived next door to Morgan, and when he disappeared and the charge was made that the Freemasons had murdered him for disclosing the secrets of the order, Weed placed himself in the van of the movement and made his journal the leading organ in the anti-masonic interest. That was in 1827. Anti-masonry was not at first a political question, but the agitation grew until votes were cast at the elections, not on political principle, but according to whether the candidate was or was not a Freemason. Mr. Weed, a leader in the cause, was on that issue elected to the Legislature.

As the anti-masonic agitation died away, the various elements of political parties, which had acted with Weed and his friends, became united in opposition to Jackson. Out of that union sprang the foundation of

THE EVENING JOURNAL

A prominent writer thus describes its inauguration: "There was at that time no newspaper in Albany to represent adequately the anti-Jackson politics of the State. *The Argus*, in the hands of Edwin Croswell, stiff-necked and ably conducted for those days, was the mouthpiece of the 'Regency,' and, being the State paper, it had everything its own way. *The Evening Journal* was established as an Anti-Masonic organ, the first number appearing on the 22d of March, 1830. The founders, who admitted their agency in the enterprise, were thirty in number, all members of the Legislature. Among them were Francis Granger, Millard Fillmore, Timothy Fitch, William H. Maynard, and Albert H. Tracy. *The* newspaper was printed by B. D. Packard & Co. and Thurlow Weed was made the editor. In his salutatory he carefully avoided saying anything that would indicate that the political principles of the new journal had other object in view than the annihilation of Free Masonry."

Soon after taking charge of the *Evening Journal* Mr. Weed disposed of his effects in Rochester and took his family to Albany, where he continued as editor of the newspaper until January 28th, 1863, a period of thirty-three years during which he was consulted by the leaders of the Whig party and its successor, the Republican

party, as a trusted adviser, and at the same time as a steadfast advocate of party policy. Mr. Weed's influence in the party was growing all that time, and his power in conventions and in the confidence of those who held high office was recognized through the State and was well understood in Washington. So completely was it supposed that William H. Seward, when Governor of New York, was guided by him, that the political cartoons of the time made capital out of the connection.

The story is told that at one time Governor Seward was riding with a *stage-driver*, when the latter inquired who his passenger was. On being told that he was riding with the governor, he refused to believe it. Arriving at a tavern, Mr. Seward asked the landlord to assure the driver that he had the Governor of the State on the box with him. "Yes, you are Mr. Seward, but you are not the governor," replied the tavern-keeper. "Well, if I am not the governor, who is?" inquired Mr. Seward. "I guess Thurlow Weed is governor of this State," was the reply.

Thurlow Weed's history during the thirty-three years of his residence at Albany is the history of the Republican party. Always in the thick of the struggle, always laboring indefatigably for the candidates of the party, whoever they might be, providing they were regularly chosen, bearing his disappointments with manly fortitude, as in the case of the Seward defeat at Chicago in 1860, he followed the fortunes of the party through good and evil report. His influence was continually exercised through his journal and by his personal presence in councils, caucuses and conventions. Of the details of the events of those years we have no space to speak. They are recounted in history, and with the exception of his visit to Europe in 1861 to endeavor to bring about a more friendly feeling toward the North in the war, Mr. Weed's life was uneventful apart from politics.

In 1862 Thurlow Weed severed his connection with the Albany *Evening Journal* and became AN EDITOR IN NEW YORK CITY.

He occupied an editorial position on the *Times* newspaper for one year. He then purchased the *Commercial Advertiser*, turned it into a stock company, and disposed of the shares among a number of his personal friends. He was a constant and liberal contributor to the columns of the journal while it was in his control. In 1867 a stroke compelled him to give up work, and he sold out most of his stock in the newspaper. He was now seventy years of age, and though only interested in all the political events of the time and in close intimacy with the leaders of the party, he felt the necessity of leaving the brunt of the struggle to younger men. But he was always ready to advise or consult with politicians, and his interest in newspaper work was attested to the last by the appearance of frequent letters in the papers of New York over the familiar initials, "T. W." Mr. Weed never undertook the writing of books, though often solicited thereto by publishers who believed his name would be popular on a title-page. In 1866, however, his friends gathered and printed in a handsome volume of 800 octavo pages his letters from Europe and from the West Indies. The volume was for private circulation only, and was compiled and printed without Mr. Weed's knowledge. These letters are practical and shrewd observations upon what he saw and heard during his journeys, and make no pretension to literary writing.

CHARITABLE GIFTS.

One knew the extent of Thurlow Weed's private beneficence, but those who visited him frequently knew that he was continually solicited for aid by the poor and distressed. A writer to the New York *Times* says: "If Mr. Weed had given so little to each one he would soon have dissipated the fortune of an Astor. To show something of the extent of these charity demands, we may state a fact. One day a friend who was present in Mr. Weed's study, where applicants of all kinds are usually heard, privately noted the amounts asked for. On footing up the sums he asked Mr. Weed how much he thought he would have expended if he had given all that was asked. Mr. Weed had no idea—possibly a hundred dol-

lars. The figures were shown, and the amount was \$2200. He had given almost as much as he named. But his charities were as far as possible kept from notice. He went where he heard of a poor woman in difficulty or distress, and she found her rent paid, or coal or flour coming without bills, or clothes for the children, and money in hand after the strange gentleman had taken his departure. These acts endeared him to hundreds of grateful hearts, and, though they materially lightened his purse, his hand was always open to such claims."

THE MOODY AND SANKEY REVIVAL.

During the revival conducted in this city by Moody and Sankey, Mr. Weed was a frequent attendant on the services. He always sat with the reporters, and was one day conversing with one, who finally asked him who he was, and was told, "I am the oldest reporter in New York." He appeared greatly interested in these meetings, and soon after wrote a letter to the *Tribune* advising the use in Sunday-schools of a book which had been published in his early life. Some of Mr. Sankey's hymns made a strong impression on his mind, and he was fond of quoting them, especially the one, "Waiting and watching at the beautiful gate." There is good reason for believing that under Mr. Moody's preaching Mr. Weed was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and experienced the great change of the new birth.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Six or seven years ago Mr. Weed's eyesight began failing him, and from that time he gradually grew blind. His physician explained recently that the old gentleman's blindness was caused by the regular course of cataract. Old age constantly diminished his strength, and as his strength diminished his blindness increased, and for the last three years he has been in *total darkness*. Last August he suffered from a severe chill, and since that time his friends noticed that he was gradually but perceptibly failing. Thurlow Weed's life was passing away like a dream. Not a pang or disturbing spasm of any kind was seen. Every organ was sound as far as disease was concerned. There was no giving out of any particular part. Only the whole machinery was old and refused to run any longer. As Dr. John T. Metcalfe, one of the consulting physicians, said, in answer to the anxious inquiry of one of Mr. Weed's old friends: "Mr. Weed has no disease whatever. Every organ in his body is perfect. He is dying only because he was born in 1797." This fact was evident to all the physicians. The vital force was exhausted.

On Monday night, November 21st, he fell into a gentle slumber and remained in that condition. So quiet was his slumber that nothing unusual was thought of it except that he was enjoying a sleep that would result in benefit. But when Dr. Chadbourne made his morning visit on Tuesday he found that Mr. Weed could not be aroused. Then it was evident that he had been in a comatose state since about midnight. He remained very quiet, and, except that it was impossible to arouse him, no one could have told from his appearance that Mr. Weed was not sleeping naturally. But he never recovered consciousness, and on Wednesday, November 22d, he ceased to breathe, passing away without a sigh or a struggle.

HIS FAMILY.

The writer previously quoted thus describes Thurlow Weed's domestic affairs: "Mr. Weed was married in April, 1816, to Miss Catherine Ostrander, of Otsego County. Their children were three daughters and one son. James, the son, learned type-setting in the office of the Albany *Evening Journal*, his father's paper, and became interested in the firm. James died a bachelor in 1851. The youngest daughter, Emily, married William Barnes, of Albany. The second daughter, Maria, married Ogden M. Alden, a well-known farmer and real estate dealer in Dutchess County. These two daughters gladdened the latter days of the veteran editor with five or six grandchildren. The other and eldest daughter, Harriet, remained unmarried, becoming the companion, secretary, and nurse of her father. After the death of Mrs.

Weed, in 1856—a loss that fell heavily upon the husband, inasmuch as it closed an unbroken period of domestic enjoyment of nearly forty years' duration—Harriet took her dead mother's place at the domestic altar. With the tenderest filial devotion, and the most unwearying assiduity, she undertook the brightening of her father's pathway, the care of his declining health, the lightening of the labors in which he was always engaged, the whole order and management of a house that was almost as public as a hotel, and the entertainment of a never-ending procession of friends and acquaintances, including presidents, senators, governors, party leaders, and private citizens without number. How nobly she fulfilled her undertaking is known by all with whom she had communication. Her devotion to her father was above and beyond all praise."

MR. THOMAS BLAKE.

(See Portrait on page 764.)

THE large donations he has given to religious institutions and philanthropic enterprises, and the active personal labor he has devoted in the pulpit and in the British Parliament to measures tending to promote the welfare of the poor, have combined to render the name of Thomas Blake known all over the English speaking world. Such men as he deserve universal honor, and in giving his portrait on page 764, it is intended not only to pay a tribute of respect to him, but in the hope that his example may exercise a beneficial influence on others.

Mr. Thomas Blake was born at Ross, England, on November 11th, 1825. He is the fourth and youngest son of the late Mr. William Blake, and though, in the conventional sense, he may be said to have owed nothing to the accident of birth, he is unquestionably indebted to his parents not only for a sound and healthy constitution, but likewise for a scrupulously careful training—moral and educational—kindly, temperately, and constantly enforced by their excellent example.

His first situation was the comparatively humble one of clerk in the post office, which he held for fourteen years. On resigning this appointment he commenced business as a public accountant, estate and insurance agent. Being well known by reason of his long and honorable connection with the post office and highly respected for his sterling character, his business increased so rapidly as very soon to render necessary the employment of a staff of clerks and the occupation of more commodious premises. Every year, indeed, till he finally retired from business, was one of uninterrupted and increasing prosperity.

Nor was his attention confined only to his own immediate business. He held many offices to which no emolument was attached. For eighteen years he was Treasurer and Hon. Secretary of the British and Foreign Schools. He served the town as a Guardian of the Poor for fifteen years. He secured at his own cost the freehold of the "Prospect of Ross," and gave it to the town for the use of its inhabitants forever. Nor is this the only substantial benefit which Ross has derived from Mr. Blake's beneficence, as it is indebted to him for its free library, the freehold and fittings of which were purchased by him at a cost of about \$10,000, the same being likewise invested in trustees for the use of the inhabitants forever.

As his wealth increased, he has gone on increasing his donations, till it may with safety be affirmed that fully one half of his expenditure is bestowed in benevolent gifts. In religion he is a staunch Nonconformist of the Baptist persuasion, and is now building at a cost of \$15,000 a beautiful Baptist chapel in Ross.

Moreover, for fully five-and-thirty years he has, with rare exceptions, devoted a portion of every Sunday to *school-work* and *lay-preaching* among the different bodies of Nonconformists in the district. He is an eloquent and earnest Evangelical preacher. Part of an address by him, on the Approaching Restoration of the Jews and Second Advent of Christ, were printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 27th, 1881.

In politics he is a Liberal, and was elected in 1875 to represent his native place in Parliament, a position he held for several years.

THE CLOUDLESS MORNING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
November 26, 1882.

"A morning without clouds."—2 SAM. 23 : 4.

The Condition of the Cities—The Coming Revolution—Proper Pride in a City—Personal Reasons for Disliking a City—The Infancy of New York—The Founders' Influence—Grand Old New York—Its Glorious Future—Characteristics of the Coming Morning—Greater Financial Prosperity—Reduced Taxes—More and Better Churches—The Fashionable Church and its Music—Haunts of Crime Cleansed—An Englishman's Utopian Idea—No Midnight Carousals—Municipal Politics Cleansed—Prosperous Scoundrels in Jail—A Red Sea to be Crossed.

PULPIT and printing-press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time ; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky, and it shall be "a morning without clouds?"

Every man has

PRIDE IN THE CITY

of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of baseheartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well ! Swartout did not like New York, nor did Parkman like Boston, and people who have a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up, at any time try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its Common and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall and its Mint and its Girard College.

If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away : "What mean thing have you been doing there? what outrageous thing have you been guilty of that

YOU DO NOT LIKE THE PLACE?"

New York is a goodly city. It is on both sides the river, the East River only the main artery of its great throbbing life. We, or our children will live to see three or four bridges spanning that river, and more and more as the years go by, we will be one ; so when I say in my sermon New York, I mean well on to two millions population, and everything from Spuyten Duyvil Creek to Gowanus. That which helps one city, will help the other ; that which blasts one city, will blast the other. Sin is a giant and when it comes to the Hudson or the East River, it steps across it as easily as you step across a figure in a carpet. God's angel of blessing has two wings, and one wing hovers over that city and the other wing hovers over this city.

NEW YORK'S INFANCY.

In infancy our metropolis was put down by the banks of the Hudson. It was as feeble as Moses in the ark of bullrushes by the Nile, and like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to bathe. She took it up in her arms and it waxed strong, and foreign ships brought silver and gold to its feet, and it has stretched itself up into a great metropolis, looking up to the mountains and off

upon the sea, the mightiest energy in American civilization.

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrim Fathers will never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now, any day, on the streets of that city, see his customs, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet, and his meeting house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations.

GRAND OLD NEW YORK !

What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten with pestilence, and our physicians did not throw themselves on the sacrifice? What foreign nation was ever struck with famine, and our ships did not put out laden with breadstuffs? What national struggle, and our citizens did not pour their blood into the trenches? What street of Damascus or Beyrout or Madras has not resounded with the step of our missionaries? What gallery of art, and our painters have not hung in it their pictures? What department of science or literature, and our scholars have not made to it contributions?

I need not talk to you of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and the mechanic and the glassblower sit side by side with the favored sons of millionnaires and merchant princes. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the insane on these islands, where those who cut themselves among the tombs, come forth clothed and in their right mind. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the blind and the deaf and the dumb and the orphans, the widows, the outcast.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected, and many wrongs that ought to be overthrown, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to

A GLORIOUS FUTURE.

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are all interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail !

I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there are sufferings all around about us ; but as in some bitter, cold winter day when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after a while come, or in the dark winter night we look up and we see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. The nation is to be saved ; of course, all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be

GREATER FINANCIAL PROSPERITY

than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world, people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified

there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made, there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business in New York and Brooklyn is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak

TAXES WILL BE A MERE NOTHING.

Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes ! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

Ever since the morning of

THE EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER

the politicians have been trying to cipher out what was the cause of the revolution in American politics. Well, in some cities it meant one thing, perhaps, and in some States another thing ; but I will tell you what it meant all over. It meant that the people of the United States are infuriated at the fact that the officers of government and those who have the arrangement of these things, keep taxes up when they might go down. A hundred million dollars more than necessary taxed out of the hard-working population of this country, and stored up as a temptation to public officials. The only way to keep the Congress of the United States from misappropriating fifty million dollars out of the national treasury, is to have no surplus in the Treasury to steal.

In this coming Congress the Republican party will have another opportunity of putting down taxes, and if they do not put down taxes, the revolution in Massachusetts and in New York this autumn will be only as a snowflake compared with the avalanche of popular indignation that shall come down. And I tell you Republicans and you Democrats, that if you do not let down the taxes and let the people up, we will form a new party, anti-excessive taxation, anti-rum, anti-monopoly, anti-abomination, and you who have been fattening on the public spoils and reckless of the public virtue shall not have so much as the wages of a street sweeper.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals ; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empanneling of juries to try theft, and arson, and murder, and slander, and blackmail. Better factories. Grand architecture. Finer

equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. "A morning without clouds."

BETTER CHURCHES.

In that better time, also, coming to these cities, the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day, is not four hundred. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called

A FASHIONABLE CHURCH

is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day,

THE MUSIC

is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The two or five dollars I pay to hear Miss Thursby or Miss Abbott or any of the other great queens of song, is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, out-breaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Let one of these *starveling fancy songs* sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it look standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed! Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ, get many hours the start, it will be caught and past by the hosanna of the Sabbath-school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man who, through perseverance of the saints, went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please to stop singing as he bothered the choir.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

"Praise ye the Lord: let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and hallelujah hallelujah.

In that time, also, of which I speak, all

THE HAUNTS OF INIQUITY

and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illumined. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The Gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

Mr. Ecsler, of England, had a theory that if the

natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied and rightly developed, it would make this whole earth a paradise. In

A BOOK OF GREAT GENIUS,

and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow-men—I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most *beautiful farms*, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years, and may level a continent, sink valleys, create lakes, drain lakes and swamps, and intersect the land everywhere with beautiful canals and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons and for traveling a thousand miles in twenty-four hours.

From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views to be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof and from the turrets may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to tire the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be twenty dollars each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then this being formed, the world will see its practicability and very soon two or three million dollars can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of! But I will

TAKE NO STOCK IN THAT COMPANY!

I do not believe it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the Gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. That is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun-glass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sun-glass and he conveyed the sun's rays upon those ships. Now, the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. O! my friends, by

THE SUNGLASS OF THE GOSPEL

converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire.

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any

MIDNIGHT CAROUSAL?

Will there be any kicking off from marble steps, of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the street? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fist-pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and the philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of New York and Brooklyn.

Then, what *municipal governments* too, we will have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the City Hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness and carried up to the courts, and put in prison, of course? What will you do with the grogshops that made them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrieking, shrieking soul into a bottomless perdition? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleece that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he might do? Nothing. Ah! we do well to punish small crimes, but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities, if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, the ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the

MONSTERS OF INIQUITY

who drive their roan span though the streets so swiftly, that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of his retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom.

But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be; or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but when Righteousness and Peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime purified. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this

A CAUSE WORTH WORKING IN?

Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much. You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything; you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea, it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said: "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea! But after a while the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O! Israel, march, march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap and the shields clang and the waters rush over the pursuers and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth and they stretch their hand over the sea,

THE BOILING SEA OF CRIME

and sin and wretchedness. "It don't amount to anything," people say. Don't it? God's winds of help will after a while begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger,

SUGGESTIONS RELATIVE TO THE SYMBOLISM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

It is to be observed that the central vertical line of the Great Pyramid touches the south wall of the Queen's Chamber, a fact in itself remarkable; but when we find that the same line passes through the south end of the Grand Gallery, at the commencement of the short passage leading to the Ante-chamber, it is scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that there is something more than coincidence—that there is design, treasured up during so many ages, but now unfolded in these last days, when events follow each other with such rapidity that the mind is filled with awe, as it contemplates the fulfilment of prophecy and these prophetic symbolism.

The symbolic teaching of the horizontal passage and the Queen's Chamber being generally considered to apply to the Jewish people, we may notice, in the first place, the height of the east and west walls up to the ridge of the roof—245 pyr. inches each; these added together would give 490 inches, which, divided by 7 (one of the measurements peculiar to this passage and chamber), give 70 inches or years; and it may be deeply interesting to all who look for the Lord Jesus in the *very near* future to consider if we are not now on

THE THRESHOLD OF DANIEL'S SEVENTIETH WEEK—

to which reference will be again made presently.

Again, the niche placed in the eastern wall—its form giving the idea of raising, building up, pyramidal—then, again, that it is indented—would give the idea of reaching onward, progression—taken together with the idea which the form of the roof affords, pointing upward, the analogy obtaining in the building would lead to the conclusion that here is symbolized the raised and continued history of the Jews.

The *five* distinct courses in the niche multiplied by 5 giving 25, seems to place the continuation of that state 25 courses higher—*i.e.*, on the 50th course—and the central vertical line seeming to point to the exact position, at the commencement of the passage into the Ante-chamber, by the side of and connected with the step or stone which marks the top and end of the Grand Gallery, which may symbolize the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets—3 x 12 36—divinely-appointed twelve (Eph. 2: 20)—Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone, as distinguished from the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets. In the same manner we find the 36 roof-stones of the Grand Gallery impressing on the mind the same truth—the Divine influence and teaching of the Church of Christ.

"For through Him we, both Jew and Gentile, have access by one Spirit to the Father." (Eph. 2.) There seems a peculiar fitness in placing

THE STONE IN THE CENTRE.

In the Ante-chamber the wainscots bear a striking analogy to the ramp-stones in the Grand Gallery. Here, however, is the absence of quickening; here is *the grave*, as if to symbolize nations entombed, but no spiritual life, no resurrection. Here, also, are the granite slabs, or the duplicate slabs in one, aptly symbolizing unbelief, resting upon the wainscots, as if to give force to the illustration, for we read, "They could not believe, because that darkness hath blinded their hearts." In this darkness there are gleams of hope, for over the passage leading into the King's Chamber we notice the division of the wall by lines into five upright compartments, recalling to mind the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt; how they went up by five in a rank.

THE DIFFICULT MEASUREMENTS

of the short passage, the Ante-chamber from north to south, and the passage into the King's Chamber may be met in the following manner;

Taking the length of the passage from the end of the Grand Gallery.....	52 pyr. inches.
The Ante-chamber from N. to S.....	116.260 "
The passage leading from the A.C. to the King's Chamber.....	100 "

Adding these together 268.260 "

Dividing by 50 the number of courses, it gives 5 $\frac{1}{5}$ pyr. inches about, or 5 $\frac{1}{5}$ years, which would

accord with Scripture that, through the mercy of God, "for the elect's sake, those days shall be shortened." If we take, again, the measurement (245) of the Queen's Chamber, add them together (490), and multiply by 7, it gives 3430.

The length of the Mosaic dispensation. 1,542 years.

That of the present, basing on the length of the Grand Gallery..... 1,882 "

showing a difference of 3,424 "

to complete the 3,430 "

which the above method very well fits in with. Matt. 25: 13 "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Another Atheist Saved.—At the noonday meeting on October 30th, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Govan said: "One happy result of the work of God which is proceeding in the neighborhood, is the large number of those who confess to having found Christ as their Saviour, and who are applying for Church fellowship. I never had so many at one communion before as on the last occasion. Among those who were admitted to the membership of the Church I am glad to relate, was a dear fellow who formerly was a professed Atheist. He has publicly and with much gracefulness and courage, renounced his former errors, and the change in his general behavior and conduct is so great that his family have also embraced the same Almighty and all loving Saviour, and at their own request have been admitted into Church membership."

Why the Children Died.—"I knew a good old friend who is now with the Master in heaven, and from whom I got great help when he was on earth, who blessed God for the heavy trouble he had experienced. 'Ah,' he said to me, 'my troubles were the means of saving me, sir.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. He answered, 'I used to live a careless, godless life, until my little girl was taken from me, then I paused for a time, and felt myself to be a wicked man; but that wore off soon. Another, and yet another of my children were removed by death, and as each was taken my heart was torn and bleeding, but not till the very last of my dear ones left me did I turn to the Man of Sorrows for salvation and comfort. Nothing can express the calm quiet joy of my soul when He came to my help and pardoned me.'"

Help the Poor Blind.—Mr. Torrance said: "Not long ago a blind man was going along a street in the city, which was undergoing repairs. In a moment or two he would have fallen over the wood and stones into a deep hole and hurt himself had not a kindly man, whose eyesight was good, cried out, 'Blind man, stop!' Not a step or movement did the blind man make until a firm hand seized him and guided him past the dangerous spot into a place of safety. He did not see his danger until an unknown voice warned him. He could not get away from the danger without risk until he was guided out. He had faith in others. This is just the condition in which unsaved sinners are; they are blind and in peril of eternal ruin. Christ, in mercy calls to them to stop, and happy are they who are guided to the safety and peace which His cross alone supplies."

A Scarlet Biography.—The Rev. Robert Hall said: "A man whom Satan had sorely tried, dreamed one night that he saw a figure in the shape of a man, but yet not a man, standing with a long scroll in his hand, on which the biography of some one was inscribed. Looking closely, he read thereon *his own life in exact detail*, from his birth to the hour at which he fell sleep. All his sins were in glowing scarlet colors; sins which he had forgotten, and some things upon which he prided himself as being uncommonly good, were all in scarlet letters. As he read, he felt inclined to question the justice of the biographer in putting down as sins what were to all appearance good deeds. Before, however, he had time to utter the rebuke which was forming in his mind, a voice

asked, 'What was *your motive* in doing these actions?' With the rapidity of a flash of lightning he saw that he had done nothing from love to God or His children, but only to add glory to his own name. An awful fear fell upon him, so that his trembling made the bed to shake under him. Suddenly an angel came, and with a sponge dipped in a scarlet stream, wiped the scroll, and at once it was whiter than snow. Then, for the first time, he saw on the scroll where his sins had been, the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Good News for a Rheumatic.—I lately called upon a man who has been confined to his bed with chronic rheumatism, for the last sixteen months. When I entered the house I saw him reading the Bible, and quietly inquired, "Are you trying to make your peace with God, brother?" "I am doing the best I can," he answered. "Well," I told him, "you are wasting time, for it is already made for you," and sitting down, I pointed out to him the message of God to men, and the completeness of Christ's finished work on behalf of sinners. I then read to him from his own book the message of salvation and peace, through a crucified Saviour. It was just what he wanted; and, accepting the gift of God as freely as it was offered, he was able to rejoice in the midst of the great pain which he suffered, for the joy of Christ's salvation was unspeakable.

Death in the Shop.—Mr. Mann, speaking on the necessity of immediate decision for Christ, said: "In connection with my mission there was a family who all, with the exception of the eldest son, were resting for salvation on Jesus. Over and over again did I solemnly press upon that young man the urgent necessity of accepting Christ as his Saviour, but his answer invariably was, 'Oh, perhaps next week I will.' And thus time passed on, his heart getting harder and harder. One night, I felt constrained to be very importunate with the young man, and he promised to take Christ the following week, that is to say, at our meeting on the Sabbath following that on which I spoke to him. In the middle of the week his father came to my house, and sorrowfully said that he had come to ask me to John's funeral. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'John dead?' 'Too true, sir; he was with me in a shop fitting it up for opening the next day, and while we were busy I heard a cry, and turning round I saw my John dead on the floor.' Oh, how unsafe is the condition of those who put off the day of salvation."

A Parting Shot.—The Rev. G. L. Carstairs said: "In one of the Monday evening meetings I met a lady friend who had a remarkable story to tell. At one meeting Mr. Moody asked all the Christians to rise. She hesitated a little, but when she saw Mr. Moody approaching, she stood up. Her conscience troubled her exceedingly, and shortly afterward she was forced to return to the same church, go to the same pew, and sit in the same seat as that in which she had falsely proclaimed herself a Christian. She then openly declared that she was not converted. I spoke to her and learned that she was expecting feeling, and thought that she could not trust God without it. At last she said 'I have three miles to come, but will be in town on Thursday; can I see you then?' 'Yes; what hour will suit you?' 'Three o'clock in the afternoon.' I took out my note-book and entered the appointment, and then asked, 'Do you trust that you will see me here on that day?' 'Certainly I do; you have promised.' 'You trust me but you won't trust my Master.' Saying this I left her. On Thursday, true to the appointment she came, but the great business had already been settled; *my parting shot* had told, and she was now rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour."

The Devil in Anger.—At a recent meeting Mr. Robert Simpson said: "A man in one of the ship-yards in Renfrew was exceedingly bitter against those who were earnest in seeking the salvation of souls in connection with services held in a tent. He vowed repeatedly that he would wreak his vengeance upon them. It so happened that his foreman was one of the conductors of the meetings, and he naturally felt anxious about this man's soul, and spoke to him personally. In a fury for

ving been singled out among his mates, the man angrily said, "You have spoken to me here in the yard; I will speak to you in the tent to-night." At the time the meeting had commenced he had shed himself into a violent rage against these ranting hypocrites, as he termed them, who tormented decent folk with their nonsense, and he had intended to disturb the services. He was restrained, however, by a power which he had never experienced before. Inwardly chafing, he waited till the after meeting, when the speaker for the evening asked him, "Are you saved, my friend?" No, he retorted; "I am not; but if you will come outside I will show you how I will save you." Leaping back a little the gentleman said, "I have spoken to many about their salvation, and for years have preached the Gospel, and before that I was a good fighting man, but never before did I get such an answer to a kind inquiry." Abashed, the infuriated man went out, and for the next two days it seemed as if the devil were in full possession of him. The truth is the devil was really angry, for he saw that he was about to lose that man. Three days afterward the shipwright appeared at the tent, and when he was asked about his soul, began to weep like a child. Nothing could comfort him until the Holy Spirit led him to Christ, and His love was experienced as a healing balm, and now he lives to aid instead of hurting those who long for the salvation of the lost."

THE COMING KINGDOMS AND THE COMING KINGS.

By Nathaniel Starkey.

Man's Dream of Universal Dominion—Satanic Ambition—The Predicted Sway of Antichrist—His Six Names in Scripture—The Shadows of Rapidly Approaching Events—The End of the Beast—Extent and Duration of His Kingdom—The Kingdom of Jehovah-Jesus—The Discipline of Christ's Bride—The Marriage Period—The Imminent Translation of Watchful Christians—Universality of Christ's Kingdom—The Redeemer of Israel—Earth's Deliverer—Millennium and Jubilee.

In the light of prophetic truth, two kingdoms, one kings, and two *alone*, have yet to be revealed each in its own time and in its own way. These coming kingdoms and these coming kings are to come in some sense universal, being the greatest on earth for the time, including and controlling all other kingdoms—one, the worst in character and the briefest in duration; the other, the best in character and the longest in duration.

Now, upon the principle contained in the words, "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual," we shall speak first of that which is natural, the kingdom of man; for these two are opposing and antagonistic, the kingdom of man being the antithesis of the kingdom of God. Ever since man was formed and placed by his Maker in Paradise, the arch-enemy of God and man has been engaged upon man's ruin, not so much out of enmity to man as to God, concerned most of all to tarnish His glory by spoiling the work of His hands. Indeed, whenever Satan has succeeded in setting a man against his Maker, and in making man his ally in the conflict against God, Satan has befriended the man, given him gold and silver, glory and honor, a name and a place among men; for, as we take it, that was no empty lying boast of his, when he said to our Lord, "All this power and the glory thereof is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it. If Thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be Thine." (Luke 4:6, 7.)

THE DREAM OF UNIVERSAL DOMINION.

Now, universal dominion has not been the ambitious dream of man *alone*, but also the ambitious device of Satan, God's enemy, and how nearly that device and design of Satan has been accomplished in the Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons of the past, *let history tell*. But Satan and his friends have been thwarted, defeated, denied hitherto, because One still ruleth in the heavens, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and His hour has not yet come to give Satan the full length of his chain. But that hour *will* come, and with the hour *the man* in whom Satan shall become in-

carnate, and receive power to exercise his full measure of infernal malice against God, a limit never hitherto attained. Has God found His man, a man after His own heart, who shall fulfil all His will? *Satan* shall also find *his* man, a man after his own heart, who shall fulfil all his will; and if Jehovah will make His man King of kings and Lord of lords forever, Satan will also make his man king of kings and lord of lords for so long as God will let him.

THE SWAY OF THE ANTICHRIST.

This power has been long ago shown in vision to the prophets and seers of old, and if it be true, as some devoutly believe, that the time of its revelation is at hand, it behooves all devout minds to give heed thereto, that they be not taken at unawares when that wicked shall be revealed; for this is he whose mark in the hand or in the forehead shall be fatal to all who receive it. This power has been variously shown, seen and expressed in the several portions of Holy Writ as recorded by the seers and prophets of old; and without attempting to solve the problem contained in the mystic number of six hundred threescore and six, upon which the imagination has exhausted so much ingenuity, *this we notice* as worthy of remark, that six thrice repeated is said to be "the number of a man," and that the ruler of this kingdom of man, whoever he may be, is designated by *six* names in the Scriptures, *two* by the prophet Daniel, *three* by the Apostle Paul, and *one* by the Seer in Patmos.

HIS SIX NAMES IN SCRIPTURE.

In Dan. 10:6, we read of "The prince that shall come," and in chap. 11:21 we read, "A vile person shall stand up;" in 2 Thess. 2:3, he is called "That man of sin," and "The son of perdition," and in verse 8 of the same chapter, "That Wicked" (in the New Version rendered "The lawless one") and in the Revelation, in various places, he is generally called "The beast." And there should be no difficulty in identifying the beast of Daniel and the beast of Revelation, the one described as "dreadful, terrible, and exceedingly strong, having great iron teeth, devouring and breaking in pieces, and stamping the residue with his feet;" the other, after carrying the Mother of Harlots tamely and submissively, at length casts her off, turns round upon her in hatred, makes her desolate and naked, eats her flesh, and burns her with fire. And when at length shall come the time to judge this harlot, in whom is found the blood of saints, a voice shall be heard in righteous judgment, saying, "Render unto her even as she rendered, and double unto her the double according to her works, in the cup which she mingled mingle to her double, because strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."

THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

Then this rampant beast, so often applied by the Protestant commentators to the Papacy—but *wrongly*, seeing that it is not a *religious* but an *infidel* power, sitting in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God—shall abolish all creeds and churches, expel all bishops from their dioceses, all Church dignitaries from their state-secured benefices, and appropriate their revenues, which *will* be eating up her flesh and burning her with fire. And already we see this lawless one rising among the nations of Europe, under the various names of Fenianism, Communism, Socialism, and Nihilism, a spirit of insubordination prevailing everywhere, and disordering everything in social, commercial, political and religious life. But both these, the beast of Daniel and the beast of the Apocalypse, being one, are described as coming to *one end*.

THE END OF "THE BEAST."

Daniel says: "I beheld till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed and given to the burning flame;" and John sees the beast "taken and cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone;" and the Apostle Paul tells us exactly *how* and *when* this lawless one comes to his end; not when the Lord Jesus shall come secretly for His saints, but when He shall come manifestly *with* them, so that "every eye shall see Him, and they also who pierced Him," when, "revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and

that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in *all* them that believe in that day," which He will not be when He comes secretly, the unready believers being ashamed before Him *then*.

So much, then, for the "prince that shall come;" thus soon does this lawless one come to his end. "For this is the king that shall do according to his will, shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god, and speak marvellous things against the God of gods." (Dan. 11:36, 37.) This is that "other which shall come in his own name," concerning whom our Lord said to the Jews, "*him ye will receive*." (John 5:43.) This is "the liar that denieth that Jesus is the Christ, the antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son," which Papal Rome never did. (1 John 2:22.)

EXTENT OF HIS KINGDOM.

But now a word or two as to his kingdom, its extent and duration. Daniel records it thus, "The fourth beast shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down and break it in pieces. And he shall think to change times and laws, and they shall be given into his hand until a time, and times, and the dividing of time. But the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his kingdom to consume and to destroy it unto the end." John says, "All the world wondered after the beast, saying, 'Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?' And there was a mouth given unto him, speaking great things and blasphemies, and power was given unto him to continue *forty and two months*." Thus Daniel and John are agreed as to the extent and duration of this kingdom of the beast, as being *universal*, and of *three years and a half* continuance. Thus when sin has so abounded as to become universal under the dominion of the man of sin, grace will much more abound in cutting it short, and so rendering the worst reign on earth one of the briefest.

THE KINGDOM OF JEHOVAH-JESUS.

So much for the kingdom of *man*, which we have seen to be the kingdom of the *beast*, for what is a man better than a beast when he ceases to worship or worships only self and Satan? Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, for that is *permanent*, but that which is natural because that is *temporary*, and afterward that which is spiritual, *that it may be permanent*. For when the combined force of Satan and his anointed shall have done their *worst* for the world, their kingdom shall be shaken and removed away; that the Kingdom of Jehovah and His Anointed as the *best* for the world as a thing that cannot be shaken may *remain*; which kingdom, its extent and duration, we have now to consider.

In the beginning—whenver that was—Jehovah's purpose became revealed to form a world for a race as yet uncreated, a world, in which His Son, *The Word*, should have the pre-eminence. And willing to create that race in the image and after the likeness of that Son, the purpose of Jehovah became further revealed, to elect out of that race a bride for His Son—a bride composed of the *choicest* of the sons and daughters of men, to share the throne and dominion of the newly-created world with His Son. But the race must have its week of schooling, and so for six millenniums the race must know, by contact with evil, what conflict and conquest means, and, alas, what defeat means, too. And hard have been the tasks, and stern has been the schoolmaster, and long has been the term of schooling, too, *to some*.

THE DISCIPLINE OF CHRIST'S BRIDE.

And harder have been the tasks, and sterner the schoolmaster, through the intrusion of a *dog astray*, which the master of the school-house has suffered to continue "wandering about seeking whom he may devour." Chained, indeed, and limited in his power, but with so much of license as to compel the scholars oft to cry, in agony, "Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog." "Save me from the lion's mouth."

(To be concluded next week.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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The thanks of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are due to a large number of subscribers who have written to the office, expressing their high regard for the journal, and stating their intention to introduce it to their friends, with the view of obtaining new subscribers for the coming year. Their efforts would have a better chance of success if commenced now, than at the end of next month, when people will have made their arrangements for 1883. In recognition of this fact a concession in price will be made. They may offer THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, postage paid, from this time to the end of 1883 for \$1.50—that is, fourteen months for one year's subscription. This concession is made in order to aid the friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to encourage them to proceed at once with their kindly project. It is hoped that every subscriber will use his influence, however small it may be, to send at least one new subscription, in addition to his own, for 1883.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Recommendations on the subject of internal revenue reform, which he will incorporate in his message to Congress, are outlined in a communication from a Washington newspaper correspondent who appears to speak with authority. According to this statement President Arthur is opposed to any proposition looking to the abolition of the entire internal revenue system, but with the view of affording substantial relief to the tax-payers, will advise a reduction of internal revenue taxation. It is believed that he will recommend the abolition of all internal revenue taxes except those on tobacco in its various forms and upon distilled spirits and fermented liquors, and except, also, the special tax upon the manufacturers of and dealers in such articles, with a reduction in the tax upon whiskey and tobacco upon the basis of the bill which passed the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress. If this recommendation is adopted, the remaining sources of internal revenue will yield, according to the estimates of the Commissioner of Internal

Revenue, about \$100,000,000 per annum. It is expected that the President will also urge upon Congress the importance of an immediate revision of the tariff, with a view to reducing the aggregate income of the government to such an amount as is absolutely required to meet the interest on the public debt and the current and ordinary expenses of the government.

The Observance of Thanksgiving Day has degenerated in too many homes into a mere occasion for feasting and merriment. While gloom and austerity would be inconsistent with the spirit in which the day ought to be celebrated, yet the tendency to the other extreme, which of late years appears to have increased, is to be deplored. Every intelligent citizen is impressed with the unexampled prosperity which our country enjoys, but it should not be forgotten, especially on the day set apart as Thanksgiving Day, that we owe that prosperity to the Almighty "giver of every good and perfect gift." Christian citizens should set the example, rendering to their Heavenly Father with cheerfulness, yet with becoming solemnity, the thanks due to Him for all His mercies. Nor would it be out of place, at the same time, to offer earnest prayers that a like outpouring of spiritual blessings might be granted us. We have need to pray that as God has blessed us above all peoples of the earth, so we may be conspicuous among the nations as a God-fearing, God-serving people.

New Evidence of the Obstinate Determination of the Mormon leaders to resist public opinion and the voice of morality and religion has been furnished. It is stated that at a meeting of the higher priesthood, President Taylor instructed them that priests and bishops and their councillors are not entitled to hold their positions unless they qualify by becoming polygamists. There are a few such officers who are monogamists. One has since resigned rather than take another wife. One has been appointed President of Seventies on condition that he takes a new wife. One very young and new-made apostle, it is understood, has complied with the condition of holding his office.

The Increase in the Recent Issue of Silver dollars has encouraged the hope that the coin may be becoming less unpopular than heretofore, and so that the immense quantities, now lying unused in the Treasury vaults, may be reduced. An explanation of the increased circulation, recently given by an official, however, destroys that hope. He states that since October 15th, no silver certificates have been issued directly upon deposits of gold coin. Gold is deposited in New York now for the delivery of silver dollars at the Mint at New Orleans, and after these dollars have gone out of the Mint they are deposited in the Sub-Treasury for silver certificates, so that while a great number of the standard dollars are going out from the Mint they at once go back to the Sub-Treasury and remain in the hands of the Government.

Prohibition in Oregon has Advanced one stage in its progress toward realization. The proposed prohibitory amendment was passed by the Senate of Oregon by a vote of 18 to 10, and by the House by a vote of 52 to 6, two members being absent from each house. The measure will come before the next Legislature, two years hence, and if agreed to then will be submitted to the vote of the people.

The Agitation for the Reduction in the rates of letter postage from three to two cents has derived strength from the favorable reports of the financial standing of the Post-Office Department. Mr. Hill, of New Jersey, who was instrumental in introducing the use of the post-card into this country, has had an interview with the postmaster-general, in which he urged the reduction. It is calculated, that if the business of the post-office did not increase, the reduction of the rate from three to two cents would involve a decrease in the aggregate revenue of \$10,000,000 a year. But against that amount there should be set the probability that the reduction would result in an increase in the number of letters sent; and also the probability that the steady increase in the business of the post-office, resulting from the growth of the country and the expansion of business, would be maintained. If that increase should be kept up at its

present ratio, that alone would reduce the loss revenue to \$7,000,000. The postmaster-general said to prefer a different method of giving relief to the people. That method is to supply stamp envelopes, instead of stamps, for three cents each. The public, however, give Mr. Howe credit for more sense than would be displayed by the advocacy of such a scheme.

The Four Million Dollars of Indebtedness incurred by Archbishop Purcell is clearly felt to be a reproach on the Roman Catholic Church and many of its members. A prominent organ of the church in a recent issue declares that the honor of the church is at stake and can only be preserved by a settlement of the claims against the archbishop, "by compromise, it may be, but certainly by the payment of all that it is by any means possible to pay, with the understanding that all obligations are thereby discharged." As to the matter of raising so large a sum, the same journal suggests that a new subscription should be started, or as that has already been tried with comparatively little success, that a gigantic lottery scheme be gotten up, the proceeds to be used in settling with the archbishop's creditors. Admitting that lotteries have an immoral tendency, the paper argues with characteristic sophistry that to raise money in that way for so righteous a purpose would be immeasurably better than not to raise the money at all, and leave so great a reproach upon the Roman Catholic Church.

The American Author of "Home, Sweet Home" will probably be buried in his native country after all. It is announced that Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, is taking steps to secure the removal of the remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," from their lonely grave in Tunis to Oak Hill Cemetery at Washington, where he will erect a fitting monument to Payne's memory. The State Department at Washington and the English Foreign office have cordially co-operated with him, and the French authorities at Tunis promise to supervise the transfer of the remains to this country next spring.

Several Legacies to Religious and Philanthropic objects are devised in the will of the late Eliza A. Smith, a former resident of New York, which was admitted to probate in Philadelphia, on November 17th. They amount to \$28,000, and are distributed as follows: American Bible Society of New York, \$5000; Board of Foreign Missions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America, \$5000; Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Assembly of America, \$4000; American Tract Society, \$5000; Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, \$3000; American Sunday-school Union \$3000; American Seamen's Fund Society of New York, \$1000; Orphans' Asylum of New York City, \$1000; Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females of New York, \$1000.

A Remarkable Record of Ministerial Labor is that contained in a life, recently published, of the Rev. Edward Palmer, by his son, the Rev. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 8th, 1881. Dr. Palmer in summarizing his father's labors states that his ministerial work extended "over a period of fifty-eight years, of which thirty-four were spent with one charge, thirteen years with another, two and a half years with a third, and eight years, the last of them, in a sort of patriarchal relation to the Church at large." For more than thirty years it was his habit to preach at 10.30 o'clock in the morning of each Sabbath, then to ride sixteen miles and preach in the afternoon to a large body of slaves, catechize the children, attend to cases of discipline, and examine candidates for church membership; then to ride back the same sixteen miles and preach at night to the same congregation as in the morning. Nor in all that time did he take a single vacation, except twice, when convalescing from dangerous illness. He died in his ninety-fourth year having been in the ministry from the time he was thirty-six years of age. Such a record is a striking fulfillment of God's promise (Isaiah 40: 31).

The Gambling Spirit is not Confined to the frequenters of gambling houses as many a Wall Street broker could testify. There is an instance of the fact in the case of a prisoner in the jail at Troy, N.Y., who though formerly moving in the highest circles and engaged in a prosperous business is now awaiting his trial for forgery. An intimate friend of the prisoner, speaking of his case said: "He was wrapped up in iron speculations. He made on one operation \$5000. This made him crazy on the subject. He neglected his business and put every dollar he could raise into iron. When the market went down and he had used all the money his relatives would advance he put the forged paper on the market. I did all I could to save him from exposure, but in vain." This is only one case among thousands of others who heedless of the warnings of the Bible are hasting to get rich and are on the path that ends in crime and disgrace (Prov. 28 : 20).

A House is Cumbersome Plunder to Carry away but the attempt was made last week in Brooklyn. The building was a frame structure valued at one hundred and fifty dollars. It was situated in an unfrequented neighborhood and was unoccupied. On Sunday, November 19th, six men appeared on the scene equipped with tools. They quickly raised the house from its foundations and were removing it bodily when the owner received information of what was going on and had them arrested. The Bible contains many warnings of the uncertainty of riches and of the possibility of their being lost or stolen, but if any kind of wealth might have been considered secure a house would surely have been the form. This attempt, however, shows that desperate men will even try to steal a house. The conspirators failed in this case, and had they succeeded would not have been contented (Job 20 : 19, 20). The Christian, however poor he may be in worldly possessions, is assured that his mansion in the skies is secure (2 Cor. 5 : 1).

A Percentage on Plunder Offered Recently at a church collection led to the discovery of a crime. When the plate was passed round in a church at Connellville, Mo., on a recent Sunday, a man who was known to be poor placed a *twenty-dollar note* in it. There was thought to be some mistake, but he said that he really desired to make the contribution. The note was soon identified, by means of its number having been recorded, as part of \$2000 recently stolen, and then the giver confessed. What he had intended as a relief for his conscience led to his detection. The man doubtless regrets by this time that he attempted to relieve his conscience in that way. When we read of large sums of money given or bequeathed by notorious evil-doers to Christian and philanthropic institutions we naturally suspect that they are influenced by the same motive as operated with the donor of the twenty-dollar note. They do not often suffer punishment at the hands of the law, but they are deceived in thinking that God will compound their sins in that way (Ezek. 7 : 19).

Two Children Lost in the Woods of Michigian were discovered recently after a search of eight days. A letter from Calumet, Michigan, to the Boston *Post* gives a graphic description of the incident. The writer states that the children, brother and sister, were respectively nine and seven years of age. They wandered from a thin settlement in the mining region into the woods to pick berries, and did not return at night. A thorough search was organized for them in which most of the inhabitants joined. The search was continued fruitlessly for a week, but when all hope was abandoned they were found. One of the searching parties became separated, and a few of them sat down by a brook to rest. One of the number describes what followed: "We were tired and bewildered, and shouted loudly for our companions to come to us, when from a heap of bushes came a boy, saying, 'Where are you? Who is it?' We, thinking he belonged to some party of searchers, asked, 'Who are you with?' His answer came, 'My sister.' Up we sprang to our feet, and knew, even in the midst of our amazement, that the lost children were found and alive and in their right senses, although they had been alone in that dismal wood, amid lightning and tempest, for eight days,

with nothing to eat but berries. The boy of but nine years had built huts of brush to cover them at night, had gathered and loaded both himself and sister with great bunches of blueberries where they were to be found, and was trying to follow the tortuous course of the brook, which, he remembered, emptied into Torch Lake. He was still brave." The joy of the parents at the discovery of the children may be imagined. The incident is in many of its features a remarkable illustration of our Saviour's parable of the lost sheep (Luke 15 : 4-7).

The Effort to Discover Perpetual Motion has cost another life. That will-o'-the-wisp has led many to poverty, madness and death. The most recent victim is a man who lived near Wilkesbarre, Pa., who shot himself on November 23d. He devoted all his leisure time for many years to the making of machines with the view of finding perpetual motion, and for the last two years did nothing else. Finally crazed by disappointment, he committed suicide. A memorandum found among his papers showed that before he lost his reason he contemplated such a death. He wrote: "I shall die in my atheistical faith as fearlessly as the heathen dieth in the faith of his existence. I am but eluding misery and pain." How terrible must be the awakening in the other world of a man who entered it hoping to elude misery and pain. Had he been better enlightened he would have found a better way of living and dying than that he chose. But there are many men who will read of this suicide's vain pursuit with contempt who are spending their lives in pursuits which can only end in disappointment as bitter as his (Eccles. 6).

A Strange Freak of a Drunken Man Carries a warning with it which may be useful. It is stated in a local journal that a notorious drunkard named Ira Jobes, while drunk at Corwin, Ohio, met a man of noted piety in a store, and at once expressed a desire to be prayed for by him. The man refused, but Jobes drew a pistol and compelled him to pray for five minutes by the watch, frequently prompting him as to the nature of the petition. He was especially desirous that the prayer should be directed to the salvation of his soul. On the following day he was shot by an antagonist in a brawl, and will probably die. The drunkard's request was probably prompted only by a desire to turn religion into ridicule, but it may have been that a presentiment of the near approach of his death was upon him. There are many people who on the threshold of death render this tribute to the efficacy of prayer by sending for a priest or a Christian friend to pray for them, forgetting that intercession in such cases without a personal application is unavailing, no matter how good the intercessor may be (Ezek. 14 : 14).

An Attempt to Rescue Money from a Burning house resulted in the sacrifice of a woman's life at Scranton, Pa., on November 24th. About two o'clock in the morning the wife of a miner named Ruddy discovered that the frame house in which the family lived was on fire. The miner, who was crippled by a recent mine accident, caught up the youngest child and with great difficulty struggled from the building, while his wife devoted her energies to rescuing the other five children. Mrs. Ruddy, as soon as she had the children out, *rushed into the burning house* and upstairs for her husband's savings, amounting to \$260 in gold, but she had no sooner entered than the flames broke out at all points, and the house fell in with a crash, enveloping her in a sheet of fire. The spectators were powerless to render assistance, and the poor woman perished in sight of her husband and children. *Most of the money after which she went was found uninjured.* It is a pity that the woman was not restrained from making the desperate attempt in which she lost her life. She was doubtless impelled to it by the reflection that her husband was crippled and there were six children to support. As it turned out, however, she would have better consulted the interests of those she loved had she not ventured to return. How many people there are who are metaphorically doing the very same thing. They are so anxious to secure money for the support of their families that they are sacrificing in the pursuit health, life, and often the soul too (Prov. 23 : 4, 5).

STAND FAST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel."—Colossians 1 : 23.

The Battle with Evil—Not Ended at Conversion—Holding the Conquered Fort—Be not Moved Away—I. No Part of the Hope to be Given up—What the Hope Includes—Full Salvation—Final Perseverance—Resurrection—The Second Advent—Eternal Blessedness—II. Hold the Ground of the Hope—What it is—III. How We may be Moved Away—By Self-Conceit—By Despondency—By False Teaching—By Reliance on Feeling—By a Dazzle of Intellect—By Persecution—IV. Why We Should not be Moved Away—No Better Hope—The Way to Bondage—Desertion of the Saviour—Leaving Intrenchments.

MANY a soul has a great struggle to attain to the hope of the Gospel. Not without hand-to-hand fighting do many hearts lay hold on Christ and eternal life. Conscience often sets up a *chevaux de frise* around the hill of Calvary, and thus cuts off the convinced sinner from approaching his Saviour. Doubts and fears,

THE BLACK WATCH OF EVIL, drive back the coming ones, and worry those who would fain hide in the Rock of Ages. Satan summons all his hosts to push men back from the cross that they may not come to Christ and live.

But, brethren, the battle does not end when by a desperate rush a man has come to Christ. In many it assumes a new form; the enemy now attempts to drag the trembler from his refuge, and eject him from his stronghold. It is difficult to get at the hope of the Gospel; but quite as difficult to keep it so as not to be moved away from it. If Satan spends great power in keeping us from the hope, he uses equal force in endeavoring to drag us away from it, and equal cunning in endeavoring to allure us from it. Hence the apostle tells us not to be moved away from the hope of the Gospel; the exhortation is needful in presence of an imminent danger.

Do not think that in the moment when you believe in Christ the conflict is over, or you will be bitterly disappointed. It is then that the battle renews itself, and every inch of the road swarms with foemen. Between here and heaven you will always have to fight more or less, and frequently the severest struggle will be at a time when you are least prepared for it. There is but a short space between one battle and another in this world. It is a series of skirmishes even when it does not assume the form of a pitched battle. He that would win heaven must fight for it. He that would take the new Jerusalem must scale it, and if he has the wit to take Jacob's ladder and set it against the wall and climb up that way, he will win the city. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." At this time our subject is not the winning, but the wearing; not the taking, but the holding of the fort: "Be not moved away," you that have come to it, "Be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel."

I. First, be not moved away from the subject of that hope so as to give up any part of the hope which is revealed to you by the Gospel.

WHAT IS YOUR HOPE?

First, it is the hope of *full salvation*—the hope that, inasmuch as you have believed in Jesus Christ, you are free from all condemnation at the present moment, and shall be free from all condemnation in the future as to all your sins; and that, in addition to this, He that takes away the condemnation of sin will also destroy the power of it over you. You shall one day be presented "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," cleansed from all guilt, and cleansed from all tendency to sin and to corruption, and made like unto the perfect creature of God when first it comes from His hands. Oh, this is a blessed hope! "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure."

Let no man debase the currency of heaven or clip the coin of the realm of the Great King. The first part of it—hold to it, that the Lord Jesus Christ has cleansed you from all the guilt and pen-

alty of sin, so that not a speck remains to accuse or condemn you. Hold to it, moreover, that if He has once washed you, you shall not need to wash again in that fountain filled with blood, for "he that is washed needeth not except to wash his feet;" and that washing shall be given to him by the condescending hands of Christ. The water shall be a second cure of that which the blood has already cleansed and removed.

Never take off a fraction from that other part of full salvation, namely, the possibility and the absolute certainty that every sinful tendency now in your nature shall be utterly destroyed. There shall remain in you no root of bitterness, no scar of evil, no footprint of iniquity. There shall be no tinder in your soul upon which the sparks of temptation can fall, so as to live and make a flame; and when the Prince of this world cometh He shall find nothing in you. Then you shall enter into your rest eternal; for *God keeps not His ripe wheat in the field*, but takes it home when it is once fit to be gathered into the garner. This is your hope through the Gospel; be not moved away from it.

In connection with this there is the hope of *final perseverance*. I confess that to me it is one of the most attractive doctrines of God's word, that "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." For I am "confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." There are many assurances to this effect, and if anything definite is taught in Scripture, I am confident that this is among the plainest of such teachings.

I beseech you, do not shun this doctrine as though it would lead you into the least presumption if properly understood. Its legitimate effect is the very reverse of carelessness. If it be true that, once enlisted in this army of the Lord, you must and shall fight until you are a conqueror, then there is no temptation to lay down the sword for a while in the hope of taking it up again at a more convenient season. If, as some say, you may be Christ's soldier to day and desert to-morrow, and then be enlisted again—if it be indeed true that a man may be regenerated and then lose the divine life, and upon repentance be re-regenerated and re-re-re-re-regenerated I know not how many times, I am not aware that this novelty is hinted at in

MY UNREVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

There I read of being "born again," but not of being born again and again and again and again and again—again—I say I cannot find a trace of this in the Bible.

On the other hand, I find that if the one regeneration fails, which is impossible, there would remain nothing else to be done. God's best work is broken down, and He will never try it again. If, grace does utterly depart, which I believe to be impossible, there remains no hope for such a one. God's supreme effort, according to that theory, has been made and failed. We have but made the supposition to show you the danger, upon whose brink you stand, and over whose verge you would slide if grace did not prevent. If you indeed believe in Christ Jesus, set this to your seal, that He will keep you to the end. For dear life hold on to the hope of final preservation; for there is a purifying, encouraging, stimulating power about that precious truth. "He keepeth the feet of His saints;" "be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel."

We have a hope beyond this; for we believe that we shall experience *the resurrection*. Though they fall down and men call them corpses, they are precious in the sight of the Lord, and the grave shall be a refining pot, out of which the pure metal of our purified body shall come forth. At the word of the Lord the dry bones shall live; they shall be clothed with flesh, and skin shall come upon them, if after that fashion the body is to be raised. But, if not—if the body is to assume another form, and we are to be made like unto a glory which as yet we cannot comprehend, then we may be sure of this—that we shall so rise that mortality shall put on immortality, and corruption shall give place to incorruption.

In any case,

OUR BODIES SHALL RISE

again. The grace of God secures the bodies as well as the souls of the saints. Christ bought not the half of a man, but the whole trinity of our manhood is His redeemed inheritance; spirit, soul, and body shall dwell for ever with Him, for He has redeemed our undivided manhood. Never give up that hope either concerning yourselves or your friends. Let nothing shake your confidence in the resurrection; let no philosophical explanation fritter it away. No other historical fact is so well attested as the resurrection of Christ, and that is the very corner-stone of our confidence. Often and often when I am sore beset with devilish temptations and insinuations as to the eternal hope of my soul and body, I fly to this—Jesus Christ did rise from the dead, and, inasmuch as He rose from the dead, He has come back to tell us that there is another world, and that not only our souls but our bodies shall inherit a far more blessed condition than this present one. Hold on to this hope of the Gospel, and never let it go.

Then, remember, you have the hope of

THE SECOND ADVENT;

if Jesus comes before you die you will meet Him—gladly meet and welcome the Son of God upon this earth. You shall be changed so that you shall be fit to inherit the incorruptible glories of the skies. You shall see your Redeemer when He stands in the latter day upon the earth. As Job said, "In my flesh shall I see God, whom my eyes shall see for myself, and not another." Have joy, then, at every thought of your Master's coming. Do not put it among dark prophecies or doubtful dreams. It is a clearly revealed truth that Jesus will come again and take His people up to their eternal home; "Wherefore comfort one another with these words," and be not moved away from that hope of the Gospel, which lies so sweetly in the second advent of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And, once more, we have this hope—that when we have passed through all that concerns time and are in eternity, that shoreless, bottomless sea, there remains for us no fear or dread; but we shall be "*forever with the Lord*." Be not dismayed as though there would be an after-probation, or a purgatory, or a *limbus patrum*, or any of those pretty places that have filled priests' pockets so long, and are now being newly vamped and produced by our proud thinkers as an aid to their pretty speculations. We will have no purgatory under any form, it is the larder of priests, and the refuge of heresy-mongers; but there is not a word of it in God's book. We stand to the text—"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

II. But now, secondly, I charge you, beloved, before God, that ye be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel as to the ground of that hope. And

WHAT IS THE GROUND OF THAT HOPE?

The ground of that hope is, first, *the rich, free, sovereign grace of God*, because He has said, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." The Lord claims for Himself the prerogative of mercy, and as He can exercise it without the violation of His justice through the atoning sacrifice of Christ, we joy and rejoice in the fact that men are not saved because of any natural goodness of disposition, or because of anything that they have done, or ever shall do. Because God is gracious, therefore He bestows His grace upon the undeserving and the lost. Be not moved away from this.

The ground of our salvation is, next, *the merit of Christ*—what Christ is—what Christ has done—what Christ has suffered. This is the ground upon which God saves the sons of men. Even Cardinal Bellarmine, the mighty opponent of Luther, perhaps the best opponent that he had, whose eyes saw much of Gospel light, once said this, that albeit that good works are necessary unto salvation, yet, inasmuch as no man can be sure that he has performed as many good works as will save him, it is, upon the whole, safest to trust alone in the merits and sufferings of Christ. Cardinal! the safest way suits me. If that be the best and safest, what better do any of us want? Heaven is

too precious a thing to be purchased by anything that we can by any possibility do; but it is not too great to be purchased by the blood of Christ; and when we come to His atonement our anchor holds abidingly. "Be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel."

Another ground of our hope is this—that *God has solemnly pledged* that "whosoever believeth in Christ shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life." If, then, we do really and in very deed believe in Jesus Christ and rest on Him, we cannot perish, for God cannot contradict Himself.

But, once again, our hope of the Gospel is grounded in *the infallibility of Scripture*. The Papist has an infallible pope, but we have an infallible Bible. If that which is spoken in this Book be not true, neither is our hope sure. If these things be questionable, our confidence is questionable; but if this word of God abides fast forever and ever, though heaven and earth should pass away, then he that believes and builds on this infallible truth may rejoice and stand fast. I beseech you, "be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel."

III. So far have I come with all my heart and soul, and I believe that you, dear friends, the members of this church at any rate, have accompanied me therein. Now let us consider

HOW WE MAY BE MOVED AWAY

from the hope of the Gospel unless grace be given to prevent us.

We may be moved from the hope of the Gospel in the following ways. Sometimes by a *conceit of ourselves*. You may get off the ground of confidence in free grace to think, "Now I am somebody. Have not I prayed at the prayer-meeting? Did not friends say that they were edified by it? Have not I preached a wonderful sermon? Am I not generous? Have not I given large sums to the church and to the poor? Am I not somebody?" Ah! *you and the devil together* can make a fine tale about that, and I have no doubt that all he tells you you will very greedily suck in, for we like to be praised, and, though the praise comes from Satan himself, it is welcome to our proud flesh. Well, whenever we get to think we are somebody, we are moved away from the hope of the Gospel.

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Somebody says, "But I am not one." Ah, then He did not come to save you! "Do you say I was a sinner once, but I have grown so perfect that

I DO NOT SIN NOW."

Don't you? Then you are removed from that hope which belongs to those who confess and lament their sins. You un-Christianize yourself as soon as you strike your name out of the list of sinners who are saved by the Saviour's grace. You are a sinner and Christ died to save you, but do not be moved away from the hope of the Gospel by a vain notion that you are no longer sinful. Christ came not to heal the whole, but those who are sick.

Do not be moved away, on the other hand, by *despondency*. Satan does not mind which way you get off the rock, whether it is by jumping up or by jumping down. It is all the same to him, so long as you leave the rock of your salvation. Many there are that go up in a balloon of conceit, while others are ready to roll down the steep of despondency and despair. But be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel either one way or the other. The least sin ought to make you humble, but the greatest sin ought not to make you despair.

You may be moved away from the hope of the Gospel also by *false teaching*. If, for instance, you do not believe Christ to be "Light of light, very God of very God," you have moved away from our hope, which depends upon His godhead. If you think that the priest can save you, you are moved away from the one only Priest before whom all other priests must let their censers die out into blackness. He alone can save you. If you listen to any teaching which puts your working or your doing into the place of Christ, you are drinking in error, and you will be removed from the hope of your calling, which is free grace, received by faith, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

You can be removed from the hope of your calling by *hoping to live by feelings*. Ah! there are many Christians who get tempted that way. They feel so happy, and that is the reason why they believe that they are saved. That is not the reason why I believe I am saved. I am saved because I trust Christ, and if I were as miserable as misery itself I should be just as truly saved as if I were as happy as heaven itself. It is faith that does it, not feeling. Some have very joyous feelings; they swim in trances and deliriums, and yet they are all wrong. Rest you on Christ, whether it is bright day or dark night with you; though He slay you, trust in Him—as much trust in Him as if He pressed you to His bosom. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, and good feelings will follow by-and-by; but, just now, your first business is this—"He that believeth in Him is not condemned." "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." Stand you to that hope of the Gospel.

Many are moved away from the hope of their calling by

A DAZZLE OF INTELLECT.

They are content simply to believe in Jesus till they meet some fine man, a thinker with a big forehead and a large box which ought to be full of brains. We have not been inside to see what is there, but the preacher talks much of his thought and culture. He tells you that you are behind the age, that a faith which believes God might do very well for the times of Cromwell and the roundhead Puritans, but that, nowadays, we are far in advance of all that kind of thing. Whenever a brother dazzles you like that, let him dazzle. We have believed in Christ Jesus and found salvation, and by God's grace we will not be moved away from the hope of our calling.

Lastly, be not moved away by *persecution*, or by *sneers*, or by *ridicule*. The persecution of this present day is a small thing compared with what our forefathers suffered. Look at that picture of the amphitheatre, by Doré. All is over. Every seat is empty. The stars, like the eyes of God, are looking down upon the arena. There lie the bodies of the saints, and there are the tigers and the lions prowling over the sanded floor, tearing the carcasses which they have slain. But the painter pictures a vision of angels, descending from over the uttermost parapet of the amphitheatre; they are tenderly watching over those precious bodies, for they have triumphed, and from the mouths of the beasts they have gone to the thrones of the angels. Only hold you fast where the saints held fast at the first, "in nothing terrified by your adversaries." No more mind the advance of learning than they dreaded the universality of ignorance.

IV. Lastly, why is it that we cannot be moved away from the hope of the Gospel? What would follow if we were?

Well, first, we will not be moved away from the hope of our calling, for *there is*

NOTHING BETTER TO TAKE ITS PLACE.

A man would not think of going to Australia if he heard that the wages were less there than here, and the expense of living greater, and that the people were poorer. "No," he would say, "I shall not jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. I shall certainly stop where I am rather than go farther and fare worse." Well, we are just of that mind. We do not see how we could improve ourselves.

Jonathan Edwards, in one of his treatises, speaks somewhat to this effect: "If any man can prove this form of the Gospel to be untrue and a mere dream, the very best thing that he can do is to sit down and weep forever to think that he has disproved the brightest hope that ever shone upon the eyes of men." And that is so. To have the glorious hope that, believing in Christ, we are saved, is such a blessedness and such a joy that nothing can compare with it.

Remember, too, that if we are moved away from the hope of our calling *we shall soon be in bondage*. A tree that is frequently moved usually dies; but growth there cannot be; and a man who begins in the spirit, and hopes to be made perfect by the flesh, begins in free grace and then gets tagging on his own works, begins by trusting in Christ

and then makes confession to a priest, rests in the precious blood, and then dabbles in sacraments, and hopes to find salvation there; he can never grow in grace. He cannot bless others, he does not himself know the way to blessing.

Beside, if we were moved away from the hope of our calling, what mean, miserable wretches we should be, for we should have *deserted our Saviour*. I wonder where I could hide my dishonorable head if I once came here to preach to you salvation by the works of the flesh and not by the grace of God. I hope that you would hiss me from the platform, and I hope that you will so serve everybody that shall succeed me when I am gone who shall preach to you any other Gospel than that ye have received. Hold fast with all your might right solemnly to the grand old faith, for if you do not, in rejecting that way of salvation you reject yourselves.

For us to leave the plan of salvation—and with this I close—is something like a soldier entrenched in

AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS

accepting an invitation to come out of it. You remember how the black monarch who has been so much run after in England, said that our soldiers ought to come out of the entrenchments. They were rats, he said, to hide behind earthworks. If they would only come out, he would destroy them; but our soldiers were wise enough not to venture into the open until the proper time. So the world, the flesh, the devil, and error say, "Come out! Come out: You talk about an infallible Scripture and an almighty Saviour, and a simple faith in Him. Come out and fight us fairly on the level." Yes, but we do not see it, and we shall never attempt it.

As I was riding along in the south of France one day I saw a pair of fine birds overheard. The driver called out in the French tongue, "Eagles!" Yes; and there was a man below with a gun, who was wishful to get a nearer acquaintance with the eagles, but they did not come down to oblige him. He pointed his rifle at them, but his shots did not reach half way, for the royal birds kept above. The higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. Up there is the eagle's playground, where he plays with the callow lightnings. Up above the smoke and clouds he dwells.

KEEP THERE, EAGLES!

Keep there! If men can get you within range, they mean no good to you. Keep up, Christians. Keep up in the higher element, resting in Jesus Christ, and do not come down to find a perch for yourself among the trees of philosophy.

Whatever we do let us never leave the way of truth, of peace, of safety. We are going along the king's highway, and the thieves on the side of the road say, "Come off the highway; it is so dull and monotonous. Come into the woods; we will show you fair flowers, and ferny dells, and quiet caves. Come, listen to the birds that sing all day and all night too. Come quick with us." We heed you not; he that travels along the king's highway is under the king's protection; but he that wanders into the dark mountains and lonesome woods may take care of himself. We shall do as we have done—follow the way that leads from the banishment—the way of trusting in the Saviour and in Him alone.

As you hold to the faith, so may God bless and enrich you. As with simple heart you plod along the road that leads to heaven by the righteousness of the Son of God, may the Lord be with you and comfort you. But if you turn back, woe unto you! A curse will fall upon you in that day of shame and crime! The Lord keep you that you may keep the faith. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

DR. NORMAN KERR.

The Medical Philanthropist.

THE gentleman whose portrait we give on page 764 is well known to the American temperance public through his lecture on "Scriptural and Ecclesiastical Wines" which has been widely circulated here, and is widely known for the deep and practical interest he takes in the cause of total abstinence.

Dr. Kerr was born at Glasgow in 1834. He became a diligent and successful student, graduating in the University of that city in both medicine and surgery. He must have been deeply impressed with the evils of intemperance early in life, for when only twenty-three years of age he reorganized an Abstinence Society for his University, a former organization having ten years before come to an untimely end. Of the 1000 students in the University, 100 became members of the new society, and this, in those early times, was considered a great achievement. Dr. Kerr was also among the earliest members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and has ever been one of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's most uncompromising supporters. He has, with pen and with voice, advocated the Permissive Bill, and has yielded to that consensus of opinion which has been brought to bear upon Sir Wilfrid. There is no doubt that Dr. Kerr's mind was, in the first instance, chiefly turned to the temperance question by the writings of *Dr. F. R. Lees*.

Circumstances called Dr. Kerr from his native land. He was appointed Surgeon-Superintendent in the Royal Canadian Mail Trans-Atlantic Steamers, which position he held for nine years. *He resided continuously in Canada*, and during this period when in a temperature of 38 degrees below zero he was a thorough abstainer, and proved in his own person that which scientists, like Dr. B. W. Richardson, have demonstrated in their laboratory—that alcohol lowers the temperature of the body by drawing warmth from the region of the heart, where it is wanted to the surface of the body where it is not wanted. Equally in warm climates Dr. Kerr has proved the advantage of the total abstinence *régime* for he has slept with the thermometer 103 in the shade without experiencing any ill effects.

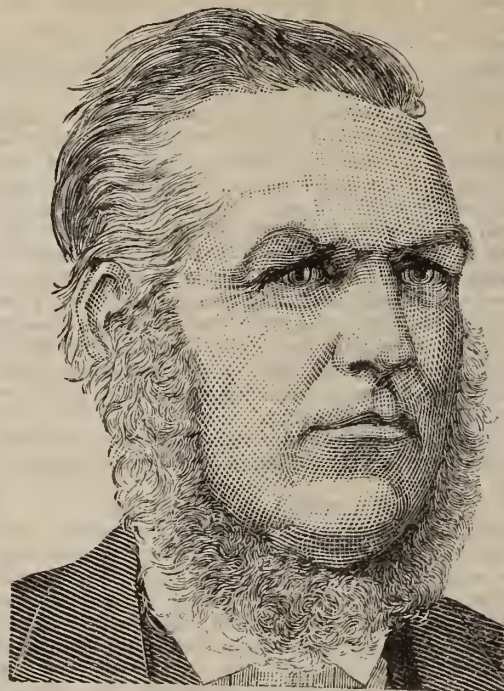
Thirteen years ago Dr. Kerr returned to England and settled in London. As a Christian he was horrified at the drunkenness he saw around, and as a philanthropist he determined to do all that one man could to stamp it out. Like Paul, on Mars Hill, Dr. Norman Kerr felt his spirit stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given to the idolatry of Bacchus. Since his arrival in London his labors for temperance have been herculean. It is the surprise of all acquainted with the facts how he gets through his enormous work. Added to the cares of a heavy practice, there are labors for temperance and for other philanthropic movements. Dr. Kerr himself says that when he is tired he seeks rest, and does not have recourse to those stimulants which are but as the spur to the jaded horse—it makes the animal go the faster, but it does not give it strength—merely exhausting the strength it has.

Dr. Kerr's voice has been heard in nearly every important town in England on the subject of Temperance Reform, while his literary labors on its behalf have also been very great. He has read papers before the British Medical Association, at its Autumnal Meeting, for several years on "Alcohol as a Medicine," and allied topics, and these have been circulated in thousands. On this subject he holds that there are very few cases of illness or disease when the administration of alcohol is really necessary; but when employed as a remedial agent he says, "It should be used with as much caution as prussic acid or any other deadly poison." He has treated in eighteen years an aggregate of *forty thousand* cases, suffering from all kinds of diseases and accidents, without the administration of alcohol more than *once* in each *two thousand* cases.

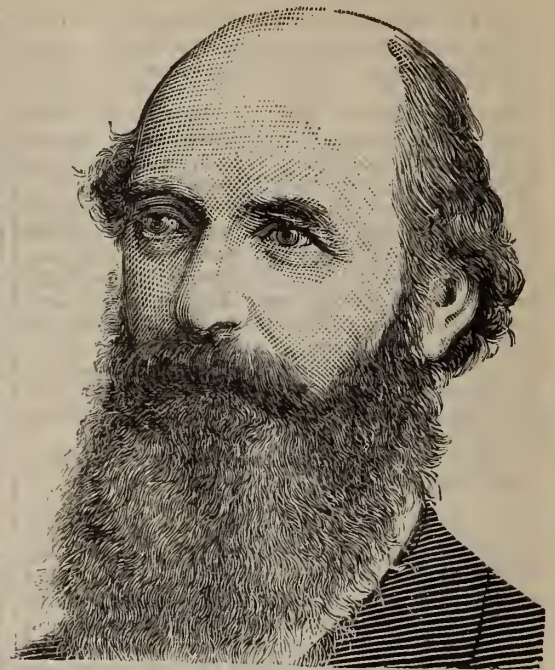
Dr. Kerr also takes strong ground on the subject of communion wine, maintaining that it is *unsafe for the reclaimed drunkard to approach the*



Dr. Norman Kerr.



Richard Weaver.



Mr. Thomas Blake.

Lord's table while the alcoholic fluid forms one of its constituents. He advocates the use of unfermented wine, and has written a pamphlet to prove that such a beverage is to be obtained, and that in fact it was in use in ancient times.

Dr. Kerr has taken an active part in the movement for placing habitual drunkards under restraint, believing that these unfortunates should not be left to ruin themselves body and soul, for the want of a period of temporary restraint, during which medical skill and religious influences may have a fair chance to operate for their recovery.

RICHARD WEAVER, The Eminent Evangelist.

RICHARD WEAVER was born at the village of Asterley, England, on the 25th of June, 1827. His father and mother were about as ill-matched as man and woman could possibly be; the former being a reckless profligate, and the latter a sincere and devoted Christian. Referring to his early days Richard Weaver says: "I could tell some *sad tales of sorrow* that I witnessed when quite a child. Many a time have I clung to my mother, and cried to my drunken father: 'Don't kill my mother.' Yes, I think as I write this of the days of my childhood, when the praying mother has been down on her knees asking God to help her in her distress. My eldest brother was always kind to her. The Lord reward him! But we others were a burden to her night and day. She told her Father in heaven all her sorrows and our sins." The still small voice of God uttered in the tones of that loving mother often touched Richard's heart even during the days of childhood and youth.

As he grew up, drinking and fighting, became his favorite amusements. Amid these and similar excesses he was

SAVED FROM A FEARFUL DEATH.

Standing at the mouth of a pit, his foot slipped and he fell over. As he slipped down he instinctively clutched the rails of the tramway over the pit, and there he hung with a hundred yards of empty air beneath him. He truly says, "If I had fallen, I must have been dashed in pieces, and my soul have gone to hell." But his cries brought a man to his rescue, and his life was saved. Yet, though he had cried out in terror in that moment of anguish, the merciful escape produced no lasting impression. He passed night after night at the ale house, where his joviality and gifts as a singer made him a welcome guest.

DRUNKEN ABUSE OF HIS MOTHER.

One scene Richard will probably never recall without feelings of the deepest remorse. He had

been spending a night of drunken carousal at a public-house, where he quarrelled with one of his mates with whom he soon came to blows. Bruised and bleeding, Richard reached home as the day was breaking. As he approached the cottage, the first sound that fell upon his ears was the voice of his loving mother tenderly interceding with God on his behalf. This hurt him more, he says, than the blows he had received in the fight, and found its way to his heart. As soon as the knock was heard, the poor woman ran to the door, and beheld with feelings which no language could describe his disfigured and sodden face. When she had given him a chair, and washed away the dirt and blood, and ministered to him as he needed, she knelt down and prayed again that God would save her boy, and pleaded with the lad himself.

But while she prayed, the lad cursed, swearing that he would murder her if she did not leave off praying and preaching to him. He went up to bed, but the mother's love constrained her to follow him; and, kneeling down by his bedside, again she besought her heavenly Father on his behalf. But her reprobate son, in a rage, sprang out of bed, and grasping her gray hair, *shook her while on her knees*. She took hold of his arm with trembling hands and said, "This is hard work, Lord, to nurse and watch our children till they begin to be men, and then to hear them say that they will murder us for asking Thee to save them." And then turning to her son, "I will never give thee up."

HE RESOLVES UPON SUICIDE.

Having removed to Staffordshire he became, if possible, more abandoned than he had ever been before. After one of the terrible drinking bouts, in which he now indulged, with maddened brain and burning brow, he rushed upstairs determined to destroy himself. He took the razor from his box and untied his neckerchief, then tried to chalk upon the floor some message to his landlady. While sharpening the instrument of death, a voice came to him, "*Remember that old woman that cried in her prayers, 'Lord, save my lad.'*" "What will she say," he thought, "when she hears of my sending my soul into eternity before its time?" Casting aside the razor he ran downstairs and told his landlady what he had been tempted to do. She threw up her hands in fear, and though not a godly woman, exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy on thee." He began to wring his hands and curse the day when he was born; but she said: "Lord bless thee, lad; thank God thou'rt yet alive. There's hope for thee yet."

Though thus saved from self-destruction he continued his evil courses, notwithstanding the re-

bukes of conscience and the strivings of the Spirit, until, in order to drown painful thoughts and memories, he went to a rumshop and got drunk.

HIS CONVERSION.

The next morning when his drunkenness had died out of him, Richard, still in fear of hell, went out into a field, and crept into a sandhole where no eye could see him but the eye of God, and there, praying to his Father in secret, he told Him all his sorrows, confessed all his iniquities, cried to be delivered, trusted in the blood of Christ, and was made free.

The joy of his old mother on hearing of his conversion, knew no bounds. The news was so good that it seemed to her too good to be true, and the tempter whispered doubts into her ear. But God said: "Be not faithless but believe. The child is made whole." This occurred in 1852.

HIS BACKSLIDING AND RESTORATION.

For six months Richard held on his way, though greatly persecuted, but one day some of the men, in his presence, grossly insulted a Christian young woman, a friend of his. His blood was up in a moment, and striking out with both his fists, according to ancient custom, he fiercely avenged her of her chief assailant, and would have seriously injured him, even if he had escaped with his life had not some of the bystanders stayed his arm.

This was the beginning of sorrows. For several months he returned to his old courses, with more abandonment than ever. During this sad period of backsliding, he suffered dreadful remorse and self-accusation.

About this time he was sparring one night in a boxing saloon with a black man; and, striking a tremendous blow, the blood streamed down the negro's face. He was alarmed by what he had done and went home to his lodgings, fell upon his knees, confessed with bitter tears his backsliding and was graciously received by the loving Father he had forsaken.

His subsequent career, as a popular evangelist since 1856, has been marked, as our readers are aware, by manifold labors and extraordinary usefulness. Addressing with great power vast crowds on the simple truths of the Gospel, he has been the means of leading thousands of degraded men and women into "the way everlasting."

GRACE'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE DISCHARGED.

"You stay here and graze, Brownie, while I see what can be done." So saying, the speaker, a middle-aged man clad in the dress of a substantial well-to-do farmer, dismounted and turned his horse loose in a little enclosure at the foot of a

hill. He then strode rapidly up the path to the summit, where, after looking about him on all sides, he began restlessly pacing to and fro. There was a small plantation there, through which a road had been cleared leading to a large mansion, the country residence of a city millionaire. Farmer Grayley patrolled this road for about a hundred yards like a sentinel on guard; at every turn looking eagerly toward the village, about a mile distant. He was evidently waiting for some one, and if one might judge by the wistful troubled look on his face very anxiously waiting, too.

"Here she is at last," he exclaimed, after he had taken some half score turns over his chosen sentry ground, as a young lady plainly, but tastefully attired, appeared at the other end of the plantation, bending her steps toward the great house. "Good morning, Miss Chester, I've been waiting to speak to you. I rode over here thinking I should meet you before you went in. My wife is very ill and she wants to see you badly. If you can come it will be a real charity."

"Of course, I will come, Mr. Grayley, I shall be at liberty at two o'clock. Tell Mrs. Grayley I am very sorry she is sick. Is it the old trouble?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "the old trouble; but it is worse this time, and I'm afraid she will have a hard struggle to get over it."

Faithful to her promise, Grace Chester at the appointed time was by the sick woman's bedside.

"Grace," said the sufferer, "I am so glad to see you. I have been longing for you all night and all day. I am very ill, and something tells me that I shall never be any better."

Grace Chester gently soothed the distressed mother, but even Grace, inexperienced as she was, could see that she was growing rapidly worse.

"Come here, Grace," she said, "I want a promise from you. I feel I am dying. I do not grieve for myself. I am only going home. I know He is able to keep what I committed to Him long ago. The Saviour will take me to be with Him in glory. But the children, my heart aches for them, there will be no one to take care of them when I am gone. Edward is a good father, but he will not know how to manage them. Promise me, Grace, that you will look after them. God will repay you for your trouble."

Grace Chester bent over the anxious mother and gave the promise and kissed her. She did so with a full heart, for she owed Mrs. Grayley a debt of gratitude dating from her own orphanhood. Years ago her father and mother had both died within a few weeks of each other, and she, with a little brother and sister, had been left unprotected. Then Mrs. Grayley had gone to the desolate home, and with infinite kindness and attention had taught her how to care for the children, and had been an unfailing source of comfort to her. Now, that she had grown up to womanhood and was earning a living for herself and them, by teaching the millionaire's children at the great house, she could enjoy the pleasure of repaying in some measure the old debt. Mrs. Grayley had cast her bread upon the waters, and was finding it after many days.

Mrs. Grayley gradually grew worse during the days that followed. Grace Chester was at her side every hour she could spare from her teaching, and had the satisfaction of seeing that her presence cheered the sinking spirit of the sufferer. At last it became evident that Mrs. Grayley's death must come in a few hours at furthest. Grace could scarcely catch the low whispers in which she



Grace Chester's Meeting in the Plantation.

spoke. Farmer Grayley was in the room, his manly face marked with the traces of tears. They were bending over the dying woman, watching her as with closed eyes she drew her breath in gasps. Suddenly she opened her eyes and fixing them on Grace said faintly, "Remember—the children," and turning her face aside with a loving farewell gaze on her husband, her spirit winged its flight from the poor worn body.

Grace faithfully fulfilled her promise. The housekeeper Farmer Grayley engaged to attend to the home, had no trouble with the children. To them Grace was a second mother, watching over their welfare, helping them in their childish troubles, and caring for their clothing, all unknown to the father who wondered that they were so little trouble to him. He was seldom at home when Grace Chester was there, but he could see that some busy, womanly hands, more tasteful and orderly than those of his housekeeper, must have been at work.

It was more than a year after his wife's death that he learned from his eldest daughter, in answer to questions, how much he had been indebted for his peace and comfort to Grace Chester's ministrations. "She comes nearly every day," said the child, "and she looks around to see if there is anything wants doing and she does it. She mended my frock when I rent it on the gate, and she teaches us hymns and little Mary her prayers."

Farmer Grayley thought he would like to witness one of those visits, but though he tried to meet her he failed. The end of it was that Farmer Grayley had to repeat his visit to the plantation on the hill-top, where he knew she must be every morning at a fixed hour. There he met her and begged her to be in fact, as she had long been in spirit and love, a second mother to his motherless children. It was a happier day at the farm than either father or children hoped to have seen, when Grace, after a quiet wedding, entered upon her duties.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 751.)

What Wynn Bought at the Optician's.

AFTER a short pause, he said, in a less agitated voice; "But after all, Brownie, do you know I guess that after a fashion you are a little out in your notion that you have no dread for God?"

Bobby lifted himself up again, and looked round rather grieved. "Oh, I hope not! I like having only the love much best."

"And a very happy thing that you do," said his friend; "but I don't think you will be very miserable when you hear me explain what I mean. You love mother very much, don't you?"

A momentary sparkle of indignation shot from Bobby's eyes. "Evvybody knows I love Muvver."

"Well, supposing mother were to give you a piece of meat to carry to good old Mrs. Sharplin, on one of her favorite plates, would you not dread to vex her by dropping it?"

"Ye—es," murmured Bobby, the dawning of an intelligent smile beginning to appear on his face; but he liked to hear his friend, so he said no more, beyond a gentle, enquiring, "Go on, please."

Charles Wynn smiled. "I believe you could 'go on' as well as I can, now you have got the clue, you small Brownie. However, God has given us in our hearts a great many of His wishes to take care of, a great many of His commandments to keep, and the more you love Him, the more I expect you would dread to break them, eh?"

You would not like to make God sorry, would you, as you love Him so much?"

For answer the child laid his head back again. "Yes," he added in a tone of quiet satisfaction. "In that way I do have the heart to dread. I should dread vevvy much to make God sorry about me."

Bobby's head had been lying for twenty minutes so quietly against his friend's shoulder, that at last Wynn said gently:

"Are you asleep, little Brownie?"

Little Brownie started up briskly enough. "No; but I fought you were. I've been finking whole heaps of finking, but I'd like to talk now, and—and—oh, I know. We haven't hardly a mite looked at the primroses, have we?"

"No, indeed; if I were the primroses I should shut myself up in the middle of my leaves, I almost think, I should be so offended at being treated with such neglect."

"What monster big leaves they'd have to be to cover you up!" laughed Bobby. "But shall we come now? The vevvy best primroses is generally down over there, just a wee bit nearer to the river. Shall you carry me?"

"Why, of course," was the decided answer. "What's the good of having a 'potato-man' if you can't turn him into a horse now and again! But before I carry you over to look at the best primroses, suppose you just have a look at something I have got here."

And as he spoke, Wynn drew out of his pocket a small parcel he had deposited there on leaving the optician's in Southford, and gave it into Bobby Balston's hands to be opened. With eager, little inquisitive fingers he had very soon got the string untied, and the paper taken off.

"What is it? Whatever can it be?" he asked, turning about an unknown little object, composed of glass and brass, with very wondering eyes. Wynn laughed.

"Well, whatever it is, you had better find out some use for it, because I have bought it on purpose for you, and it would be a pity for even a Brownie to have a present that it could get no pleasure out of. At least I think so."

"And so do I, and so please, Uncle Tatoe, you will just tell me how to get pleasure out of this, won't you, or show me?"

"Yes; show you will be the best plan," said the giver, as he took back the mysterious gift, and proceeded to unscrew a portion of it, and then to

take out an inner piece of glass. Then taking a minute green insect just crawling up a blade of grass beside him, he popped it inside the brass box, clapped the piece of glass over it, and then screwed on the top again. Having done all this before the attentive gaze of Master Bobby, he handed the whole affair back to him, and told him to hold it up to the light, and to look into it. No second bidding was needed.

Once at his eyes it seemed as if it must be glued there, so perfectly motionless did it remain in that position, and for so long. At length, with a long-drawn breath, it was slowly lowered, and the child's eyes, with an almost awe struck look in them, were raised to the young man's face.

"Uncle Tateo, is that—is this—a real, true, alive fairy-tale?"

"One of God's own real fairy-tales then, my little Brownie," was the answer, with a grave smile. "You are only seeing that little insect as the Creator has really made it. but the tiny creature is fashioned so delicately that you cannot see the chief part of its beauty with your own eye alone. This instrument is so arranged as to help our eyes to see more. Its very name, a microscope, means to look at little things."

"Oh—h," murmured Bobby, and taking another long look into the glass, "is it just only for these sort of little green flies to be looked at, do you mean, it is made?"

"No, indeed," said the nicknamed "Uncle Tateo;" "it is useful for looking at all sorts of atoms of things. Atoms of Brownies, if only we can find one small enough to put to prison between those two glasses; and as you are so fond of looking at things—flowers, and insects, and specks of dust, and seeds, and cobwebs—I thought this would be just the very best toy you could have to amuse yourself with on wet days, when you cannot get out. But come; time is passing. If we are to see those best primroses we must be quick about it. Are you going to walk home afterward, or to ride there?"

Bobby laughed. "I know which I should like. You know there's lots of times for walking when I can't have my potato-horse."

"You impudent little old man," ejaculated Charles Wynn, laughing; "whatever poor names I have been called before in my life, I was never called such a mean thing as a potato-horse. As well be an orange-peel-pig at once."

And so the two most especially dissimilar companions chattered on together in the closest sympathy of friendship; the great, broad fellow, two inches over six feet in height, with the seven-year-old boy, small for his age, perched upon his shoulder. The one, so calmly, earnestly contemplative by nature, so able to pass even hours in stillness and silence, puzzling over the riddles and marvels life presented to his child-mind; the other, so restlessly eager to be ever up and doing, that as yet he had scarcely given himself time to see whether the hammer was coming down on the head of the nail, or on his own fingers.

But with all the differences in them, there were four things in common—honesty, earnestness, unselfishness, and a longing after the righteousness that is in Christ. And these four things cemented the friendship, begun on the one side when Bobby Balston softly hushed his mother, eight months ago, lest she should awaken the weary tramp, sleeping in the church porch. It is rather difficult to assign the precise moment to the beginning of the friendship on the other side; perhaps it sprang into most palpable life when small Bobby gave the stranger tramp permission the first time to carry his tired little oddity home to his mother. As he was being carried home now from Sleepy Dell, similarly mounted on his friend's shoulder, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, but I've forgotten one thing! I've forgotten all this time to say fank you."

"What for? for that hair you so cruelly pulled out of my head just now, barbarous Brownie?"

"Oh, no!" was the laughing answer. "It was such a wee little hair, it wasn't *really* wurf a 'fank you,' and it *couldn't* have hurted you, at least I don't fink so. I put it in my box, and it looks ever such a big rope now. But it's the mifurcope

itself I felt so much 'fank you' for, that I never remembered to say it."

"Then," said Wynn, lifting the boy down from his shoulder to the road at the entrance of Silverdale village, "then you shall say 'thank you' now, instead of 'fank you,' to make up for forgetfulness."

Bobby shook his head and pursed up his lips mischievously.

"I'll—I'll—say—'thank you'—next time."

And then, with a beaming smile and nod, and a firm clasp on his new, wonderful treasure—the "mifurcope," he ran off home, or, rather, he began to run home; for he had not gone twenty yards before he turned and flew back again; and taking the man's hand in his own, he said earnestly "That was for fun I said that. I'll say fifty hundred 'fank'—I mean 'thank you's' now, if you like."

"You shall not say even one 'fank you,' if you would rather not," replied Charles Wynn, stooping a long way down to kiss the smooth, broad forehead. Then he added, as though by an unrestrainable impulse, "If I were to go away, little Brownie, should you be sorry?"

What answer Bobby Balston would have given to that startling question, beyond the look of terror that leaped into his eyes, it is impossible to say; for at that minute his sister Jessy came running up the road, with rosy cheeks and smiling eyes to proffer an invitation, from her father and mother, that Mr. Wynn would go into their cottage to have some tea before he set out on his long walk home again. But Mr. Wynn had another engagement to keep, and with thanks to Jessy for herself and her parents, and a second hasty good-by to troubled Bobby, he turned off down the short lane leading to the Williams's abode.

In a former chapter it has been told how he rescued Jim Blake from the possible temptation to spend an independent afternoon in the public-house, by sending him off for a long walk to carry some books of his to be bound. It was also mentioned at the same time that Charles Wynn employed unsuspecting Jim to carry a note containing requests entirely relating to himself, after a fashion in vogue a good many hundred years ago.

But, after all, our tramp's short, pencilled letter was a very innocent one.

"MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS: I am going to ask a favor of you. From what I have seen and heard of your wife, I believe she is a woman likely to have a peculiarly strong and useful influence over lads. The young fellow I am now sending to you with my books is rather more than a lad certainly, but he has little more than a boy's power to resist the temptations of some worthless companions he has become intimate with in Southford. If you and your wife would show him a little kindness to-day, and keep him with you until about half-past five, I will come round then, and pick him up to take the walk back with me; I should be very glad to get him friends in Silverdale."

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES WYNN (the Tramp)."

"And no fault o' mine that you aren't a tramp now, poor fellow, or dead more like," muttered James Williams, with a red flush of shame in his cheeks as he remembered a certain Sunday some months ago. The ex-tramp had never heard of his afternoon repentance; Williams had begged that he might not.

"You see, sir," he had said with some shrewd reasonableness, "if he is one of them as has the spirit of independence you say, he would look on it as more impertinence on my part than kindness, to dare to offer him a bit o' help after the way I've just been a treating him. No, I'll wait, please, sir, till the time comes, if so be it may, when I can do him a good turn really, not only offer or try to offer."

And so the matter had rested, and the time had never come, until now, when the man himself, whom he had so cruelly wounded, condescended so generously to ask a favor of him, not for himself, but for another, and from the gracious way of asking the favor conferred one, and full forgiveness for the past beside. Leaving Jim Blake in the

sitting-room the clerk went into the little kitchen in search of his wife, employed, as usual at that hour on Saturdays, in making the seed-cake for Sunday's tea.

"Ah, the cake!" he exclaimed; "the very thing. Make it a very big one, my dear, or make two; but a very big one will look best, I think."

And as Mrs. Williams looked round with mild surprise in her eyes, her husband put the letter Jim Blake had brought him into her hands.

"Ain't that for all the world, 'Forgive our enemies and slanderers,' Molly, writ in big print all through it?" he asked, as he saw the tears gathering slowly in her eyes, and Mrs. Williams put the pencilled sheet quietly back to him.

"Yes, James dear, I think it shall be the big cake. Lads like cake, and two little ones don't look so cut and come again like. They *must* stop to tea; we must make them somehow. If"—and actually a sparkle of mischief shone out on her face in a smile—"if you can't manage Mr. Wynn I'll come to the fore, and just tell him that if he won't stay I shall know it for a sign that he hasn't half forgiven you yet."

Mrs. Mary Williams went back to her cake making. If there did come just a suspicion of a smile on her countenance her husband did not see it, and it was summarily dismissed. Adding a second portion to the ingredients already in the pan, she bethought her of one of the visitors whom she was resolved to entertain that evening.

"By the way, James," she asked, "what have ye done with the lad Blake all this time? Is he here? or is he not come into Silverdale yet?"

"Why, Molly, woman, what are ye thinking of?" was the somewhat impatient reply. "How do ye suppose I got that letter if the young fellow didn't bring it himself? More by token he's kicking his heels alone in our parlor at this present identical minute, and I don't mind confessing to you that, although I'm more than willing enough to oblige Mr. Wynn, and none less to hinder the lad himself from the public-house this afternoon, it passes me entirely to know whatever I'm going to do with the hobbledohoy for nigh upon two hours till the other one turns up to help me make talk for him."

And the poor clerk rumbled up his hair, and looked very terribly tired out, and bored in prospect of what he considered promised to be a very much heavier task than the week-day bookbinding, or the Sunday duties in the church. His wife quietly came to his relief, as she many a time did on their way through life together.

"Send the lad in here to me, James dear," she said, after a moment's thought.

The suggestion seemed first-rate to Williams, and after giving the astonished and delighted Jim the information that his friend was coming there to meet him toward evening, he despatched him into the kitchen, and from that moment felt himself quit of all responsibility as to his good conduct during the remainder of the afternoon. Mrs. Williams despatched her visitor into the garden to gather apples, and afterward was employed in eating two of the best, while he peeled the rest.

"You see," said gentle Mary Williams, "if you come from Devonshire I should really like to have your opinion on those yellow-skinned apples of ours. It's my belief as they're something in especial, and your county did ought to know a thing or two more about apples than most."

Jim munched away at the juicy fruit, but with a shade of dolefulness on his face. "I don't know about my county, ma'am; but it's my belief as for myself I knows nothing. If you want to learn anything, you just ask Mr. Wynn when he comes. He'll be able to tell you, 'I guess,' as he'd say himself. But for all he's so fond of talking about guessing, he's a fellow as does it less than anybody I ever met with. If he don't know a thing pat out, he says so, and don't give you something wrong to have sticking in your head for the rest o' your days."

Mrs. Williams raised her eyes from her pasteboard with an approving smile. She liked to hear people speak well of others. "You set great store by Mr. Wynn, I'm thinking," she said presently.

"And so I ought," was the emphatic answer,

"And there's finer folks than me as says they does the same, and them as did ought to be able to see further through a deal board nor I can; but if they don't look out there'll be ne'er a one of us will have him much longer to set store by."

And so the two chatted on, exchanging many a confidence, and growing into friendship, as the minutes passed, as quickly as Charles Wynn could wish. As he had said in his note, he was very anxious to secure good friends for the factory lad, remote from the evil influences that had gathered around him at Southford. As matters stood at present, the ex-tramp was beginning to feel greatly hampered by the charge he had taken upon himself. The busy mayor and manufacturer, quickly guessing that it would be so, had very soon left off making offers to relieve his new clerk of his self-imposed lodger.

"Wynn won't like to throw the young fellow off now that he has got such a wholesome hold upon him," said the mayor one day to Mr. Copleston. "I feel that Providence provided Blake in the nick of time to be the very rope we wanted to hold him by."

The equally busy vicar acquiesced in the idea, and so the restless-natured fellow was left alone to his monotonous day's toil, and his uncongenial evening companionship, till his whole being seemed to experience a sensation of suffocation. Providence helps us in every turn and point of our lives, but very seldom to the extent of relieving us of the necessity to take trouble ourselves.

(To be continued.)

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 10. Mark 16: 1-8. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 15: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Women's Money Spent for Naught—A Visitor Before them at the Sepulchre—Mary Souls—She Came in Darkness—At Ease with Angels—The Recognized Voice—The Anticipation of Difficulty—The Messenger of the Resurrection and Ascension—When the Resurrection Power will be Fully known—Complete Self-Renunciation—Higher Ground Yet.

THE women who had followed the company which bore the body of Jesus to the grave, and with them the two Marys who had sat over against the sepulchre, "rested the Sabbath-day, according to the commandment." (Luke 23: 56). But "when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint Him." But *Jesus had been already anointed* for His burial (Mark 14: 8), and in spite of all which He had said to them about it, no clear conception of His resurrection had really entered into their hearts; and thus they would deal with His body as Nicodemus had done, in the expectation that it would decay and become subject to corruption. They spent their money for naught; Jesus was already risen.

UNAIDED HE HAD RISEN.

conquered death, and destroyed "him that had the power of death, that is the devil" (Heb. 2: 14).

There was one who had been at the sepulchre before this little company, "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, *He appeared first to Mary Magdalene*, out of whom He had cast seven devils." Yes, she had not waited, like these women, for "the rising of the sun;" love to her great Deliverer had carried her to the sepulchre, "while it was yet dark," and she made the discovery that the stone was rolled away. O how many there are, who want to find Jesus as they have not yet found and known Him, and yet they are waiting till the way is made more easy, until more light is upon their path, until they have more people with them: there are few of *the Mary souls* who plunge into the darkness, and find that all which stood between them and Jesus is gone, "rolled away." Mary ran and told Peter and John; and they came, examined the sepulchre, and then turned away. But Mary could not turn away.

If we are right in presuming that she was the same Mary who had anointed Him for His burial, then, as she had understood His death she had also a more intelligent anticipation than they of

His resurrection. The stone rolled away meant more to her than to any other; and she could not leave the sepulchre as Peter and John had done, "they knew not the Scripture that He must rise again from the dead," but Mary knew something of it; she "stood without at the sepulchre, weeping," and then she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and saw there

WHAT THE DISCIPLES HAD NOT SEEN.

There were angels, heavenly messengers in that tomb and out of the grave of Jesus her Lord, they spoke and said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And she, who once was the dwelling-place of seven devils, was *at ease now with angels*. She spoke on the theme which occupied all her heart, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." "My Lord," He was hers in life or in death, and He was all in all to her.

"She turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing and knew not that it was Jesus." How should she? During that last week of continually augmenting suffering that holy face must have grown years older, and now, the burden was gone and the Man who stood before her had passed through death. She thought Him to be the gardener, and it needed His very voice to recall her: "Mary." It was enough: and her soul, full to overflowing, replied, "Rabboni." The trial of her faith was over. The very same Jesus stood before her, to whom she had ministered after He had done such great things for her. But *she was not to touch Him*, it was now to be faith, not sight, and Jesus charged her with a message to the disciples concerning His resurrection (John 20: 1-17).

O how different was the visit to the sepulchre of which we read in our subject for to-day. True Mary Magdalene had so far acted in unbelief as to join the other women in buying and preparing sweet spices to anoint Jesus; but she was already at the sepulchre before they had started on their way thither. To them the way was one of difficulty; "they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" There are some believers who are always

ANTICIPATING DIFFICULTIES.

They dare not claim the promises of God for themselves, because they apprehend that they would be unable to retain the blessing which they would receive, they will not testify any blessing received, because either they are afraid of somebody expecting too much from them: or they fear it would cost them so much confusion and palpitation of heart as would make them uncomfortable. They will not stand out separate from the world in their outward life, because they are afraid of the contempt of those around them. "Who shall roll us away the stone?" is their hearts' constant language.

The women when they saw an angel in the tomb, were affrighted, they did not live as much in heaven's atmosphere as Mary did. The angel spoke to them, but he did not allay their fears. He said, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him. But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter (Peter the poor backslider), that He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you." Circumstances had power over them, things were not as they had expected, they had not looked for an open, empty grave, and for the presence of an angel. All which Mary took so naturally and quietly startled them. "They went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed." They did not give the message with which the angel charged them, "neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid."

This could not have been had they understood the teaching of their Lord. What was there to fear, if their Saviour lived? What ground had they to cause them to tremble and to be amazed? Surely none but their own unbelief! But Jesus is ever ready to meet His own children where they are, and to bring them nearer to Him. "As they went to tell His disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail! And they came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him." (Matt. 28). Just that which Mary might not do, was permitted

to her sisters who were weaker in the faith, she might not touch Him, but they might hold Him by the feet. O how we see here that faith is above feeling! Mary was

OCCUPIED WITH JESUS,

not with herself. She had helped to buy and to prepare the spices, but she seems to have forgotten them when she started for the sepulchre; He alone, her Lord and Master, filled her thoughts. When she ran and told Peter and John that the stone was rolled away, the companionship of these disciples had no power to draw her away. She was like one alone, misunderstood by men, even by the first of the disciples, but absorbed with Jesus, and thus it came to pass that she was made the first messenger of the resurrection. Jesus said to her, "Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to My Father, your Father; and to My God, and your God." As she was the messenger of the resurrection, so was she of the ascension of Christ; she understood Him. Thousands of Christians are constantly occupied in seeking to understand their own experience, but perhaps only one in a thousand is really seeking to understand Jesus Himself. Jesus' dealings with me, with you, this is a common object of study; but Himself: O who understands Him? Alone among the crowds who had been healed and blessed by Him, alone among the many declared followers of Jesus, alone and apart from the twelve, there was but one Mary, but one soul who entered into the truth of the resurrection, when as yet no man knew it!

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." The Christ, the anointed One is risen from the dead, "death hath no more dominion over Him." (Rom. 6: 9). Until the Lord shall come again, and "we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord . . . shall be caught up together with them (the dead in Christ who rise first) to meet the Lord in the air," we can never know fully

"THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION."

Sin has sown in us elements of decay which make death early begin his work, in taking down some of the pins of this our tabernacle (2 Peter 1: 14) but Jesus who Himself is Life, passed through the whole domain of death, Life has taken possession where death once held undisputed sway, and life for spirit, soul and body is in Him; who is in us if we believe. Now if a child of God must die, it is only that he may rise again, and pass from corruption to incorruption, from temporary death to endless life.

And if this is so for the body, how much more gloriously is it true for the soul. Self is the life of our human soul, everything takes a form for us as it touches ourselves; as it exalts, rejoices, grieves, pains, comforts, rights or wrongs ourselves. Now Jesus "pleased not Himself." (Rom. 15: 3). Before he called upon any of us to deny or ignore ourselves, He Himself led the way, and never was there a more complete

RENUNCIATION OF SELF

than in the life of our Lord. And just as disease and death entering in, bring about dissolution in our physical man, so self is the element of dissolution in our moral and spiritual nature. Whatever there be of spiritual life in any of us who believe, it is another life entering into us, and unless our own life, our self yields before it, and takes the place of death, where it may not speak, or move, or be considered, the life of God cannot fill us. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that hateth his life, (i.e., himself his own interests) in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal." (John 12: 24, 25).

We have yet to see the power of a band of men and women wholly yielded to the Lord, living without a self, or rather having only one Self among them, and that is Jesus! Men and women on whom temptations to self-interest fall powerless, who are proof against jealousy, who, being emptied of self, are filled with God! Praise God, for the disinterestedness of the Salvation Army, but Lord lead us higher, give us another Pentecost.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Later Intelligence Respecting the Relations of Austria and Russia, tends to discredit the rumors in circulation last week of a probability of war breaking out between the two countries. It is affirmed that both Herr Plener and the reporter of the Committee on the Foreign Office Budget, who at the sitting of the Austrian delegation in Pesth on Thursday, intimated the possibility of a war with Russia, are unofficial personages, and their utterances are not regarded as authoritative. The uneasy feeling has not wholly subsided, as the utterances, though made by unofficial persons, were of an extreme character and indicate a warlike spirit among the people.

The Activity in Socialistic Circles in Europe is observed in three centres. In France threatening letters have been sent to prominent members of the Legitimist party, and a dynamite bomb has been thrown into the house of one of the nobles. In Germany the police have found it necessary, under the Socialist law, to interdict the sale of a pamphlet, purporting to be a contribution on the labor question in the shape of two speeches delivered in the Reichstag. In Russia the students of the University of Kasan, in consequence of the severity of the police regulations, fomented disorders, and the university has been closed. Seventeen persons have been arrested in Odessa on suspicion of being Nihilists.

The Charges Against the Treasurer and managers of the funds of the Irish Land League are reiterated in the Press. It is asserted by an Irish writer that at least \$565,000 of the sum sent from America and contributed by Irishmen in Ireland, is not accounted for. The entire amount was \$1,224,100. Of this only about \$423,000 is charged among the detailed expenses which with the expenses of organization and the balance handed over to the new league by Mr. Egan, leaves the amount above mentioned unaccounted for.

The Surrender of Three Cuban Political refugees to the Spanish Government by an English official, has led to a dispute between the two countries. It appears that the three men escaped from the custody of the police, and took refuge at Gibraltar with the intention of sailing for the United States. The Spanish Government, soon after their escape, notified the British authorities at Gibraltar that *certain convicts* might seek an asylum there and cautioned them to be on their guard against receiving them. There is an extradition treaty between Spain and England, but it does not apply to political offenders. The men ought, therefore, to have been held until some offence within the treaty was proved against them. Instructions to that effect were sent out from England, but before they arrived the Gibraltar officials had surrendered them, under the impression that they were correctly described by the Spanish Consul as escaped convicts. The British Government has now sent to Spain a courteous request for their return, but it has been refused. A war has in past times resulted from such a complication, but in this case it is believed that diplomatists will succeed in settling the difficulty.

In the Island of Jamaica a Manifestation of disaffection with British rule has reached a crisis. Dissatisfaction has been prevalent for a long time, owing to the practice of the British Government of sending out needy men from Great Britain to fill the remunerative posts in the civil service of Jamaica, although natives of the colony, well-fitted to perform the duties of the offices, could be appointed. The native civil servants complain that they are not promoted to the higher offices, but that when a vacancy occurs the Government sends a man out who has to be taught his duties. An additional cause of complaint has arisen out of a demand on the treasury of Jamaica, by the British Government, for a sum of money worth about \$20,000 toward defraying the costs of an international dispute in which the island was involved. Public meetings are being held in every township in the colony, at which the government is denounced. These demonstrations are attended by planters, negroes, creoles, Europeans, freeholders, and laborers. The public meeting at Kingston City Hall on the 2d of November, was

attended by over 3000 people of all colors, creeds, and classes, and the speeches were delivered by gentlemen representative of every interest in the colony.

The Cable Reports of Mr. D. L. Moody's serious illness, published by the daily journals, of which mention was made in these columns last week, happily prove to have been unfounded. Mr. Moody has, in reply to the sympathetic inquiries of his friends, sent word by cable that there is no foundation for the reports that he is suffering from nervous prostration. He is, he says, perfectly well. This is intelligence which will be very welcome to the many friends of the evangelist here, who, knowing the arduous labors he is performing in England, were prepared to credit the report of his breakdown.

The Turkish Astrologers Employed by the Sultan of Turkey, have been much disturbed by the appearance of the comet, which is looked upon as an ominous visitor, especially as it appears at a time when the Mahomedan world is looking for a Messiah. A letter from Constantinople, published in the New York Herald, says that the Sultan was not without an idea that he might in the end be recognized as the instrument for carrying out the Divine will. The calculations, it is said, had been going on swimmingly, when this large comet turned up so suddenly. All that the astrologers have been able to make out as yet is that it is of a most malignant aspect and *bodes evil to some one or the other*. Unlike the comet of last year, it stretches right across the eastern sky, and in the eyes of the magicians has somewhat the appearance of a broad-bladed, flaming sword.

A Modern Sir Walter Raleigh.—An Incident occurred in connection with the recent visit of the second son of Queen Victoria, and his wife, the Duchess of Edinburgh, to Bristol which must have reminded those who witnessed it of the famous story in English history of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. The heavy downpour of rain had rendered the streets very muddy, and upon the royal visitors arriving at Colston Hall a member of the Town Council, seeing that the Duchess, on alighting from her carriage, was about to step upon a very dirty pavement, pulled off his overcoat, and threw it down that she might use it as a carpet. The councillor doubtless was glad of the opportunity of thus proving his loyalty to the royal family, as well as of performing a graceful act of courtesy to a delicate lady. Christians are not often so ready to make sacrifices in proof of their loyalty to their Heavenly King.

A Mahomedan Patient's Gratitude.—The medical missionary at the Christian Hospital, Nazareth, relates the case of a young man from whom he extracted a *large calculus*. By the blessing of God on the means used, he made an excellent recovery. His sufferings were, as are those of all who are afflicted with that terrible malady, excruciating in the extreme. When he was released he felt as if he had come to a new state of life. His boundless gratitude made the name of Jesus to him sweeter than anything he had ever heard of before. On leaving, he showed the doctor a Napoleon, and said, "This is all I possess, and it is the sum of many farthings saved and earned by very hard labor, and for a long time I had it sewn to my breast as the most helpful friend I had. It is therefore not only the only money I possess, but it is what I have cherished as my most valued treasure. I wish to offer it to Jesus, the Good Physician." The man would not be contented until the physician accepted the gift in trust for the work of the Saviour.

The Marriage of Mr. William Bramwell Booth, eldest son of General Booth of the Salvation Army, and chief of its staff with Miss Florence Eleanor Soper, a young lady, who has acted as chief of the staff of the Army in Paris, controlled by Miss Booth was solemnized on October 12th. A wedding service was afterward conducted by the "General" in the Congress Hall, which was well filled despite the charge of a *shilling for admission*. The bridal party entered the hall in procession, and made its way to the platform, amid the cheering of the large assemblage and the waving of a forest of handkerchiefs. Previously the

arrival was announced within doors by a man holding up a large poster with the words printed on it, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." On the right of the "General" was seated the bridegroom, and on the left the bride, a fair-haired girl, who wore no head-dress, and whose simple decoration was an orange-tinted flower in the neck of her plain blue dress. The bride and bridegroom subscribed to the articles of marriage which Salvation soldiers are required to acquiesce in before the General will marry them, and which declare that they marry "the better to serve and please God, and serve the interests of the Salvation Army," that they "will never try to prevent each other doing or giving anything that was in their power to do or to give to help the Army," and that they will "use all their influence with each other to promote constant and entire self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world."

The Confessional in Russia is thus Described by the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness who has recently paid a visit to Russia. He says: "I stood in St. Isaac's Cathedral, Moscow, close to a long line of intending communicants as they advanced one by one to the confessional, and observed what passed. The confession took place behind a screen near the altar. A stout, middle-aged priest, with long black hair, stood beside a small table on which lay a book and a crucifix. As each person advanced to make his confession he knelt for a moment before the crucifix, bowing his head to the ground. He then rose and held a whispered communication with the priest, which lasted but a few minutes, as the number seeking absolution was considerable. When the confession is conducted in a private house it sometimes lasts an hour, or even more. Confession over, the priest lifted the end of a broad band which he wore round his neck, embroidered with crosses and considered peculiarly sacred, and laying this on the head of the person who had confessed, he made the sign of the cross with his hand above it, saying, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, your sins be forgiven you.' Thereupon the person kissed the crucifix and retired."

A Corpse Literally Turned to Dust was found in a grave at Mirfield, England, a few weeks ago. Those who were present were forcibly reminded of the solemn words: "Dust thou art and unto dust shall thou return," which in this case were signally verified. A lady was interred in the graveyard of the parish church at Mirfield, Yorkshire, and she was placed in the grave of her father. It is exactly seventy-one years since he was buried, and all that long time the grave has never been interfered with for any purpose; a heavy old-fashioned slab-stone being placed over it at the time of interment. When the grave was opened last week, not a vestige of either the body or coffin remained: all that was left was a few handfuls of black mould. At that time bodies were placed much nearer the surface of the ground than they are at present, and that may have forwarded the process of decomposition.

Mrs. Amanda Smith is Carrying on a Most successful evangelistic work at Clay Ashland, St. Paul's River, Liberia. The *Observer* of Monrovia says she is "promoting a revival of religion and the cause of temperance in the settlement and vicinity of Clay Ashland."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1882, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1882.

16th Year. No. 49.—New Series.

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THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND HIS PROCESSION.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

An Ancient Office—Quaint Old Titles and Customs—The Ancient Water Pageant—Manner of Election—Inaugural Ceremonies—The Grand Banquet—The Newly-Chosen Official—His Honorable Career—Charities and Civic Offices—Christian Responsibility.

MR. HENRY EDWARD KNIGHT, the Alderman of the City of London, chosen to succeed to the Mayoralty for the ensuing year, was duly installed in office on November 9th, with the customary pageant and festivities. The office on which he entered is a *very ancient* as well as a very honorable one. In Saxon times the city was almost an independent state, and when William the Conqueror seized the country in 1066, he did not obtain possession of the City of London until he had made a separate treaty with its municipal officers. The Mayor was then called the Portreeve, which title was changed, by William, to the Norman title of Bailiff, and in 1189 that was again changed to Mayor.

The first holder of the new title was Henry Fitzalwyn, who filled the office for twenty-four years. On his death a new charter was granted, which directed that the Mayor be chosen annually, which has ever since been done, though in early times the same individual held the office more than once. A familiar instance is that of *Whittington thrice Lord Mayor* of London, and two instances have occurred in comparatively recent times, the latest being 1862, when Alderman Cubitt who filled the office in 1861 was re-elected. It was in 1354 that the Mayor of London received the royal permission to be called *Lord Mayor*. The title, however, does not include the right to sit in the House of Lords.

The Lord Mayor is elected by the corporation, not as with us by the direct vote of the people. He is always one of the aldermen. The aldermen were first appointed by Henry III. in 1242, and for 150 years were elected annually by the citizens but in 1394 King Richard II. issued a charter directing that an alderman when elected should hold the office for "*the term of his natural life*."

THE CEREMONY OF ELECTION.

The election of Lord Mayor takes place on September 29th. Anciently the ceremony took place on October 13th, but in 1546, the time was altered to Michaelmas Day by an Act of Common Council. The form observed is this: A precept is issued from the Mayor's Court to the several livery companies, requiring their attendance at Guildhall in their livery gowns and hoods, to go thence to St. Lawrence Jewry to attend Divine service, thence to elect Lord Mayor. The Lord Mayor for the current year, and sheriffs, go from the Mansion House in *full state* to the Guildhall, and are received by the aldermen and officers, and the business proceeds.

At the election, a nosegay is presented to each of the dignitaries by the hall-keeper. An imposing procession is then formed of all the chief officers and magistrates, who proceed to church. Formerly the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs received the Sacrament of the Holy Communion on this day. At the close of the service, the sword-bearer, in the name of the Lord Mayor, invites the rector to dinner. Having returned to the Hall, the election goes on in a formal and dignified manner until completed.

THE OFFICE OF LORD MAYOR.

The dignity and power of the Lord Mayor as first city officer is very great. He becomes, when sworn in, the Queen's representative in the civil government of the city, and chief justice of the metropolis. The office is one of the most constant claims on the time of its holder, and such are the restraints of its duties during the year that whoever undertakes it usually arranges his commercial affairs so as to be able to withdraw his attention from them altogether and devote his whole time to the public service. A salary in some measure appropriate to the dignity of the office is annually allowed by the corporation, amounting to \$40,000, beside the use of the magnificent Mansion House as a residence, and the splendid furniture and carriages which have been provided. In the case of liberal and hospitable Lord Mayors, this sum has

been considerably below the actual expenditure, but with some it has been found sufficient, and a few have not nearly expended the amount voted for the support of the office.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

On November 9th, the newly-chosen Mayor enters into office. On that occasion he meets the aldermen, sheriffs, recorder, and other great officers at an early hour at the Guildhall, whence in the state carriages, attended by them in their respective carriages, he proceeds to Westminster Hall, where his lordship, after some ancient ceremonies, takes the prescribed oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer. He then passes with the recorder to each of the courts in the hall, and invites the several judges to dinner on that day, when he again returns to the city.

His lordship is preceded by the Artillery Company, next to which march the company of which he is a member, and then the other city companies in their regular order, with their distinguishing banners and bands of music; among the rest the armorers have usually men on horseback, completely equipped in various kinds of *ancient armor*. To these succeed the domestics and servants of the Lord Mayor, and then the state coach, finely ornamented with abundance of gilding, and so large as to contain between the seats two stools, on one of which, facing the door, sits the sword-bearer with the sword of state, and on the other the *mace-bearer* carrying the city mace. The train is closed by the carriages of the retired Lord Mayor, of the aldermen, the recorder, the sheriffs, the chamberlain, the common sergeant, the town clerk, and other great officers, and in this order the procession reaches the Guildhall.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

In ancient times, the procession known as "*Lord Mayor's Show*" was by water, when the old bridges, the quaint boats, the picturesque costume of the day, gave a character to the display which it can never again possess, for then the good citizens of London also devised pageants and allegorical tableaux, widely different from the "*show*" as it is now exhibited. One of the most stately and splendid of these fanciful exhibitions was that which ushered in the mayoralty of Sir John Chaplin, of the Clothworkers' Company, in 1677.

Fame was represented in her roofless temple, surrounded by personifications of "*A minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, and a year*." The Minute was a *little creature in a sky blue robe*, painted all over with minute glasses of gold. Her fair hair was pressed down by a light coronet, with little globes of glass on the points. The Hour was a young girl, draped in maize-color, sprinkled with clocks and bells. Her hair was brown, she had a more sober face, and her coronet was composed of sundials. The Day was a handsome woman, in a skirt tinted like the dawn, her mantle was blue, like mid-day, and her hair black, with a coronet, half of silver, half of jet, to typify light and darkness.

A graceful virgin personified *the week*; she was arrayed in a robe of seven colors, with a silver mantle, dark brown hair, a gold coronet, and a black shield, with mystic characters graven on it. Next to her was a lady of larger size, "*The Month of May*," who has a light green robe, beautifully flowered, a silver mantle bordered with gold, a chaplet of blossoms, and a cornucopia in one hand, out of which she disperses the riches of the season.

Lastly, "*a very lovely one*" represented the Year—the period of the mayoralty—who had a close-fitting silk bodice, a skirt embroidered with the zodiacal signs, dark heavy tresses, and a graceful turban, and the Lord Mayor's standard in her hand. It will be noticed that not a little poetical fancy was exhibited in this pageant, and it was a spectacle at once rare and striking.

THE BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL.

The day closes at the Guildhall by an entertainment of appropriate magnificence, at which it is common to see members of the royal family, the most distinguished public characters, and often the ambassadors of foreign courts. About a thousand individuals take their seats at this dinner, to which they are admitted by tickets from the Lord Mayor

and sheriffs, who, in fixed proportions, bear the share of the expense, which generally amounts to about \$15,000. The first Lord Mayor's banquet given in the present Guildhall, was by Sir John Shaw, who was knighted on the field of Bosworth. These gorgeous and extravagant banquets became at length so costly that in the reign of Philip and Mary a law was made to restrain the expense both of provisions and liveries; but the mayors, seems, did not regard it, for in 1544 an Order of Council was issued to remind the citizens of their relapse into luxury. The Lord Mayor's feast given to the King and Queen and royal family in 1727, cost no less than \$24,450. That given in 1761 to George III. and Queen Charlotte cost \$34,490.

At the inaugural banquet on November 9th, the great hall is brilliantly illuminated, carpeted, and adorned with evergreens. At five o'clock the Lord Mayor, in a rich state gown and collar, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, who has her page and maids of honor, walks majestically into the Council Chamber, where the guests are to be received. Trumpeters and marshals and sword-bearers precede them, and the aldermen, in their gayest costume, bring up the rear. The Lady Mayoress takes her seat on the throne, which is placed on a raised dais at the end of the Council Chamber, while the Lord Mayor remains standing to receive his guests. When the dinner is announced, at seven o'clock, it is the duty of the Prime Minister to conduct the Lady Mayoress to her seat in the dining-hall. The trumpeters cause the ancient building to resound with melody while the guests are taking their places; a band discourses sweet music during the dinner, after which speeches are made, among them a speech from the Prime Minister, which is always anticipated with interest. This is chiefly occasioned by the fact that frequently the Prime Minister discusses on the occasional events which occur after Parliament is prorogued, which generally happens in July, and sometimes he takes the opportunity to express his intentions as to his future policy.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE CITY.

During his year of office the state observed by the Lord Mayor at his official residence, the Mansion House, is almost regal. Certainly no subject of Queen Victoria maintains an equal amount of courtly ceremony, nor can the state banquets of the greatest of English nobility surpass in splendor the princely entertainments continually furnished by the sovereign of the city.

Mr. Alderman Knight, the newly-chosen Lord Mayor whose portrait appears on our front page, was born on March 25th, 1833. He was the youngest son of the late Mr. J. W. Knight, of St. Albans. He was educated at the City of London School, where his scholastic diligence gained for him honors in all the classes he passed through. He commenced his business life with the firm of Messrs. George Brettell & Co., of Wood Street, hosiery manufacturers and exporters, whose goods are well known in the American market, but soon afterward started on his own account in Love Lane, London, and has there built up a most successful and extensive business. He was annually chosen a member of the Common Council for the ward of Cripplegate Within from 1867 to 1874, in which latter year, upon the death of one of the aldermen of the ward, he was unanimously elected alderman of the ward he had served for seven years in the Council.

MUNICIPAL HONORS AND SERVICES.

He has largely contributed to the prosperity of his ward by the erection of several fine blocks of warehouses. In his capacity as Chairman of the Improvement Committee of the Commission of Sewers he was greatly instrumental in promoting improvements in several important streets; and as Chairman of the Improvement Committee of the Corporation, he successfully carried through several delicate and difficult negotiations. He has served on many other corporation committees, and was Chairman of the City of London School Committee in 1869, being the *first old pupil* of the school to attain that position.

He filled the office of Sheriff in 1875-6, and among other notable events of his shrievalty was

reception banquet and ball given in the Guildhall in May to the Prince of Wales upon his return from India. He is a man of large and liberal charity, and has been a conspicuous supporter of the charitable institutions of the city, and as Chairman of the Governors of Lady Holles's Schools has been eminently successful in the establishment of a large middle-class school for girls. He is also Chairman of the Governors of the Hampton Grammar Schools, and has resuscitated old educational downfalls at Hampton; and in addition to a public elementary school has erected a first-class grammar school for over 200 boys. He is a member of three livery companies—the spectacle-makers, the fruiterers, and the linens.

He has been twice married, and has a large family by his first wife, but no children by his present wife. He has travelled considerably abroad, and last year made a lengthened tour throughout the United States and Canada. He is highly esteemed and held in the warmest regard by his ward, and has established a successful Ward Club for the purpose of affording social intercourse among its members. He is a conscientious and consistent member of the Episcopal Church.

It may be hoped that in his exalted and influential position he may be enabled so to act as to move, before the millions of critical observers, at the influence of vital godliness does not incapacitate any man from fulfilling ably the functions of his high office, and that it is possible to faithfully discharge the duties intrusted to him, while respectably maintaining the consistency of his Christian character.

"NO FEAR."

A Temperance Appeal.

JACK PENNY is a man who uses the liquor freely, and who never attempts to disguise the fact. He steps as naturally into the tavern as to his own front door. He takes his two, three, or, five glasses a day as easily as his wife takes her cup of tea. Sometimes he drinks more. He drinks when the fit takes him. A fancy, a notion, that a glass of ale would not come amiss, is immediately acted upon. He never reasons about it, or gives himself the trouble to count the number of his glasses. He thirsts, he drinks, he pays, he goes his way, and then dismisses the matter from his mind.

Jack has been reasoned with. He has been told of the danger of his mode of life. To his face he has been compared to a ship drifting upon the rocks. He has been urged to abandon his free use of stimulants. Words both mild and strong have been heaped upon his devoted head.

But Jack would simply answer with a short, indolent laugh, "No fear."

And this was the full extent of his reply. He never cared to argue the matter. He would never promise to think of it. He would never pay any very earnest attention. All that could be got from him were these two short words, "No fear."

Now, I am far from saying that all who use this expression of Jack's are equally brainless. I am persuaded that many are not. And it is with this conviction stamped deeply into my mind that I address such, who, with him, are in the habit of saying, "No fear."

Let us expand this saying a little—

"I am a man who can handle strong drink without any possibility of mischief. I can drink and sink with absolute impunity. I fear no ill results. There is no reason to fear such results. Here is 'no fear' whatever."

Friend, so others have said, and yet they have fallen. They have used language as strong as our own. They have laughed as incredulously at you. But, where are they now? Untraceable, any of them. When last seen, they were on the very skirts of darkness. They were about to plunge into its awful depths.

Alas! They are unrecognizable now. Ragged, hungry, wretched, mingling with other outcasts, unless, many of them are literally sighing for death. Life is to them too weary a burden to be borne. And with the unceasing craving upon them, and their inability to give it only the minutest satisfaction, who can wonder at it? "No fear,"

they said one and all, but there was cause for fear, nevertheless.

In what are you better than they? They were as honest as you, without doubt. They really believed that there was no cause for fear. They deemed their advisers as silly and old-womanish, as you think yours to be at this present moment. They were equal to you in force of will. And, when warned, they drank no more than you. Their outward circumstances were no more unfavorable than yours. You may call them weak-minded, or by any other term of contempt you please, but, I assure you, they were your equals in every respect. You may say mockingly, "No fear," but, believe me, you are no better than they were before they fell. If they were no match for the drink, is it not a trifle presumptuous for you to think you are?

And, let me tell you, that if you do not fear for yourself, *others are fearing for you.* You may laugh lightly and say, "No fear," but others are shaking their heads dismally as though they foreboded future trouble. And they are the people, too, who know you best. Ask your wife whether she fears or not. If you could see her red and swollen eyes sometimes, and hear the sobbing that made them so, you would perhaps begin to doubt whether you were really in the right.

Discretion is the better part of valor, Jack Penny. This is another thought worth pondering. Granted, for once, that the risk you are running is but small, that you occupy a surer and safer position than any other mortal on the earth, and that you are better qualified than any one else to measure your strength with the drink, you cannot deny that it is better to be quite out of the reach of danger than even to be but a step within the danger line, where, at least, a chance shot may reach you. If duty called you to the conflict, the matter would be very different. But when it is a mere question of choice, and nothing is to be gained by it, not even honor, why run the risk? And if in your view discretion be the better part of valor, how much more so in mine, for I count the risk at a much higher rate?

"No fear?" I say there is not only fear that your earthly prospects will be blasted, but your eternal ones too. You don't find that the public-house and God's house go well together, to judge by your neglect of the latter. And neither does anybody else. It is impossible to put the soul in its right and lawful position if your heart is always in the public-house. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

O, Jack, eternity is very long, and your soul is very precious, and time is very short, and the judgment is very strict. "Why will ye die?"

A BELFAST PROFESSOR ON PROPHECY.

By the Rev. Professor Murphy, D.D., LL.D., Before the General Assembly's College, Belfast.

THE opening lecture of the session 1822-3 was delivered in the hall of the Gamble Library, on November 7th, by the Rev. Professor Murphy, D.D., LL.D., the subject being "A Time, Times, and Half a Time."

Professor Murphy said: "We may sum up the conclusions to which *the time and times, and half a time* appear to lead, omitting those that are past.

In 1897, the period of the Mahomedan horn scattering the power of the holy people appears to come to an end. The Turkish Empire will soon cease to have a place and a part in European politics, and be "broken without hand." Subsequently will come a sifting process among the Jews, during which the wicked are severed from the wise, who come to understand what they have long misunderstood—the signs of the times and the revelations of the New Testament. And at last will come the time of which the angel says to Daniel, "Happy is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." This is the time when at length

THE SANCTUARY WILL BE CLEANSED.

There is much implied in this. I do not see how we can understand less by it than this, that then at length the Jews, or the great majority of them, will look back over the wanderings of nineteen cen-

turies, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and acknowledge, with mingled emotions of thankfulness, sorrow, and gladness, Jesus, the Messiah, the Son of David, the seed of the woman, the Son of God, "Who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, upon whom the Lord laid the iniquity of us all." Then will they have come unto Mount Zion indeed, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to myriads of angels, to the Church of the firstborn who are written in heaven, to God, the Judge of all, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel. And then will they, with unspeakable joy and hope, set themselves to build the old wastes, to raise up the former desolations, to repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

At the auspicious finale in the Eastern world, will seemingly come in the West, the battle of the great day of God Almighty, when "the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into the lake of fire burning with brimstone." Then follow in the apostle's vision the binding of Satan and

THE REIGN OF THE SAINTS

of the Most High for a thousand years. My young friends, you stand on the vantage ground attained by all the past ages of the Churches. Whether as the future ministers or members of the Church, this theme is intensely interesting to you.

The very period of 1260 years, which we have been considering, had not commenced to run in its earliest form when Porphyry was born, and in its latest application is not yet exhausted. In like manner, the Prophet of the New Testament speaks not only of this famous period, but of a thousand years subsequent to its close, toward which we are approaching. There is, therefore, prediction in abundance as yet awaiting its times, and prediction already verified.

THE MAHOMMEDAN DELUSION

is nearly at the end of its work. The Turkish power has undergone remarkable changes within the memory of the present generation. In 1827, Greece was cut off from Turkey, and erected into an independent kingdom. In 1875 the Berlin Congress confirmed the separation of Herzegovina, Servia, Bulgaria, and other provinces from Turkey, in addition to its eastern losses through the war with Russia. At the same time Cyprus was ceded in some form, and a protectorate over Asia Minor granted to England. Since that date Thessaly has been transferred to Greece. It is evident that the dismemberment of this Eastern Power is going on at a rapid pace.

The Jews are awaiting their destiny. It will not be altogether such as they expect. The only event regarding them at present is the persecution they are undergoing in Russia. The fugitives escaping from this barbarous treatment are received with sympathy by many in this country, and helped on their way—many of them, strangely enough, to the Western hemisphere. This disturbance may lead these scattered wanderers to consider their ways, to ponder over the New Testament, and to confess at length that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah.

THE DOOM OF ANTICHRIST.

These facts and many others that will recur to the reflecting mind impress upon us the duty of studying prophecy, that we may understand the times, and know what Israel ought to do. History has at length elucidated the pages of prophecy; and *there is really nothing to hinder the earnest and candid enquirer arriving at the great leading events that are still in the womb of the future.* The churches that are conformed to the mind of the Spirit in the Word of God are wonderfully awake and alert in the cause of salvation. The world is now open to the evangelist, the preacher of the everlasting Gospel; and it is a happy coincidence that there is a corresponding measure of response in the Church. The time for the study of prophecy is well-nigh ended. The time for action is now upon us.

FULL CHALICES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning,
December 3, 1882.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

The Spiritual Harvests—Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle—Cardinal Wolsey's Hospitality—A Grand Entertainment—The Banqueter—The Invitation—I. The Lord is Ready—Awaiting His Guests—A Word Needing a Heavenly Tablet—II. The Holy Spirit Waiting—The Missing Link in Lifeless Songs and Sermons—Insignificant Agencies—One Thanksgiving Morning—What Saves Souls—III. The Church is Ready—The Air Full of Prayers—IV. The Angels are Ready—Their Swift and Blessed Labors—V. Glorified Kindred Ready—The Good-bye at the Death Bed—VI. Are You Ready—The Invitation to all—Old, Young, Vicious—Your Time To Go In.

HOLY festivities to-day. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. The decorations on platform and galleries with which we celebrated the coming in of the temporal harvests, when we were gathered last Thursday are still kept in their places as symbols of a more glorious spiritual harvest—the coming in of great church prosperities. Another large group added to this membership. On the church roll now the names of about 2800 souls. Our joy is like the joy of heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not to-day at the funeral of a dead Christ; we are celebrating the marriage of the King's Son.

It was

AN EXCITING TIME

in English history when *Queen Elizabeth* visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest. The doors of a great banquetting hall were opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpeters. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands, and torches and the thunders of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy, and from excitement to excitement, and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day so that their appetite might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banquetting hall, the table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of that feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the King of England, and then to the health of the Emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton Court.

But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to

A GRANDER ENTERTAINMENT.

My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty are the banquetting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh, that you might break the seal of the invitation and read written in ink of blood and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Sometimes there have been great disappointment at a banquet. The wine has given out, or the servants have been rebellious, or the lights have

failed; but I walk all around the banquetting table of my Lord to-day, and I find everything complete, and I swing open the door of this banquetting house and I say: "All things are ready, now ready."

I. Illustrating my text, I go on and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus

CHRIST IS READY.

Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banquetting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, He has been waiting for His guests, waiting for some of them 1882 years, waiting with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples,

WAITING, WAITING!

Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say: "Shut the door, and let the laggard stay out." No, He has been waiting. How much He is in earnest. Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded His cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled His brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill and mountain hunger and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry—I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear, into one groan—I take one drop of sweat on His brow and I put it under the glass of the Gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, He says to you and He says to me: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Ahasuerus made a feast that lasted 180 days. This lasts forever. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I are invited to this. Yes, He has been waiting, He is waiting now. Other kings wrap themselves in robes of beauty and power before they come into a banquet. So does Christ. Oh, He is the fairest of the fair. In His hand is the omnipotent surgery that opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls.

Oh, what a Christ—a Christ of beauty, a Christ of power. There are not enough cups on earth to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders to scale these heights of love. Oh, Thou flower of eternity, Thy breath is the perfume of heaven. Oh, Thou daybreak of the soul, let all nations clap their hands in Thy radiance. Chorus! Come men and angels and cherubim and seraphim and archangel, all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll on through the heavens in chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, by the towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory.

Ah! there is

ONE WORD OF FIVE LETTERS

that I would like to write; but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and there is no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck by supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in the everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: J-E-S-U-S Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God.

It is this One that is waiting for you and waiting for me. How long He waited for me! How long He has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking, and beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on the stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for her boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Oh, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not

expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say He is waiting as only an sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

"Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

II. But I remark again, not only Christ is waiting, but

THE HOLY SPIRIT IS WAITING.

Why are some sermons a dead failure? why are there songs that do not get their wing under the people? why are there prayers that go no high up than a hunter's halloo? Because there is a missing link that only the Holy Spirit can make. If that spirit should come through this assembly, this morning, there would be a power felt like that when Saul was unhorsed on the road to Damascus, like as when Lydia's heart was broken in his fine story, like as when three hundred souls were lifted out of midnight into midnoon at the pe-tecost.

Do you notice that sometimes that Spirit takes an insignificant agency to save a soul? I think is very often that at just one passage of Scripture just one word of Scripture, a soul is saved because the Holy Spirit gives it supernatural power. I you know what it was that saved *Martin Luther*? It was that one verse: "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought *Augustine* from his horrible dissipations? It was that one verse: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved *Hedley Vicars*, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought *Jonathan Edwards* to Christ? It was the one passage: "Now unto Him be glory forever and ever."

ONE THANKSGIVING MORNING

in this church I read my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am Thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the Gospel by reading of the Syrophenician's cry to Christ where she said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose the worldly thought that *Thomas Chalmers* preached great sermons in his early ministry, but *Thomas Chalmers* says he never preached at all until he came out of his sick room, and weak and emaciated, he stood and told the story of Christ to the people, and in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the eloquent sermons brought men to Christ as the story told, perhaps, by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of the Saviour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the Holy Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, He is here this morning. He fills all the places. Did I say Christ was ready? I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

III. Then I go on and tell you

THE CHURCH IS READY.

There are those here who say: "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer and you say: "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. *The air is full of prayers.* They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. The air is full of prayers—prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton Street prayer meeting, Friday night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy. The church is ready.

And if you should this morning start for your father's house, there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it: "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; bring the silver bowl for his baptism; give him full right to the privileges of the church of Jesus Christ." Oh, I know there are those who say the church is a mass of hypocrites, but they do not really think so. It is a glorious church. Christ purchased it. Christ built it. Christ swung all its gates. Christ curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it. Come into it. I do not pick out this man or that man and say: "You may come." I say all may come—whosoever will. "Come with us and we will do you good. The Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

"We are a garden walled around
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little plot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wild wilderness."

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all. All!

IV. But I go further and tell you that

THE ANGELS ARE READY.

Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels of heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus' soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." Are they not represented as the chief harpists of the judgment day? Did not one angel one night slay 180,000 of Sennacherib's troops? Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds; heaven and hell. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come upon sulphurous wings and they shackle him, and they try to push him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a guffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a line of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to heaven, and when others gather like them I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They hover about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice.

LOOK! THERE IS AN ANGEL

on the throne of God. One moment ago, it was God before Christ and heard the doxology of the leemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what comes from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes melting on the air: "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready, cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

V. Yes, I go further and say that your

GLORIFIED KINDRED ARE READY.

I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born in perdition. When I see it ravages it makes with human intellects, when it sees the homes that it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in its wake, I have no faith in modern spiritualism. I think John Milton and George Whitefield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester's wheels and rattle the leaves they had better stay in glory.

But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified heaven are in sympathy with our redemption. There is joy in heaven among the angels of God for one sinner that repenteth, and if the angels do it, do not our departed kindred there hear it? There are those there who toiled for your salvation, and when they bade you good-by in the last hour, they said, "Meet me in heaven," there was hovering over the pillow the awful possibility that they might not meet. But oh, the paths when

that hand was thrust out from the cover, and they said good-by.

FOR HOW LONG GOOD-BY WAS IT?

Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning. Suppose you should say: "I'm done with the sins of this world. Fie upon all these follies. O Christ! I take Thee now, I take Thy service, I respond to Thy love, Thine am I forever"—why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with message for thy soul, would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels poised mid-air would cry upward: "He is coming!" and all along the line of light from doorway to doorway, from wing tip to wing tip, the news would go upward until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions, and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

VI. Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and the Holy Ghost is ready, and the church is ready, and the angels of God are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready,

ARE YOU READY?

I give with all the emphasis of my soul the question: "Are you ready?" If you do not get into the King's feast it will be because you do not accept the invitation—earnest invitation. Arm stretched out soaked with blood from elbow to finger-tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while He says: "Come, come, come, for all things are now ready."

At Kenilworth Castle, I told you, they stopped the clocks when Queen Elizabeth arrived, that the hand of time might point to that moment as the one most significant and tremendous; but if this morning, the King should enter the castle of your soul, well might you stop all the clocks and have the finger of time pointing to this moment as the one most stupendous in all your life. Would that I could come all through these aisles and all through these galleries, not addressing you perfunctorily, but taking you by the hand as a brother takes a brother by the hand, and saying to one and all, to each: "Come, come, the door is open, enter now and sit down at the feast."

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? Come, all the young. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not until thy heart gets hard. Come, the furthest away from Christ.

Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, to-day, and get His pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to Him this day. He will wash away thy sin and He will throw around thee the robe of His pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O Mary Magdalen! Christ waits for thee.

And the one furthest off, further than any I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned:

SELF-RIGHTEOUS MAN,

feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help—O self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servant at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self-righteous man! the last to come. Come to the feast. Come, repent thy sin. Come, take Christ for thy portion.

Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cliff reaching further and further over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the King has his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is

YOUR TIME TO GO IN.

Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now, it is half shut. Now, it is three-fourths shut.

Now, it is just ajar. After a while, it will be forever shut!

"Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While in the endless round of thought
The one thing needful is forgot."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A Cow Devoted to Foreign Missions by its owner has added \$300 to the receipts. At the recent meeting of the American Board at Portland it was related that a late Christian lady of Maine some years prior to her death had been in the habit of selling the milk from one cow and depositing the amount from year to year in the savings bank. When she was dying she said the gross sum had been laid aside for foreign missions. This widow's mite when given in at Portland amounted to \$300. Secretary Alden related the incident in the public meeting. He said: "It is always so. Whatever is done for missions, or wherever it is done, the spirit of some self-sacrificing woman will be found coming to the front!"

Why the Steamer Cedar Grove Foundered is explained by Mr. A. W. Masters, her chief-officer. She was bound from London to Halifax, N. S., but on November 29th she went ashore during a tempestuous gale on a stony ledge called Walker's reef, about seventy miles from Halifax. She struck the ledge in the night, and the terror of the passengers and crew and the general confusion is described as appalling. The captain, however, retained his presence of mind and ordered the three boats lowered. Two of these boats arrived safely at Halifax, and the third boat was picked up by a passing steamer; but the captain of the Cedar Grove and six men are missing, and are believed to have gone down with the vessel. Mr. Masters attributes the loss of the steamer Cedar Grove to a disturbance or *disarrangement of the compasses* by local attraction. He says that compasses are more liable to error in new steamers than in older vessels. He says that if the steamer had been steered on the course indicated by the compass she would have made Sambro. It is not surprising that the calamity should have occurred if the compasses were disarranged by the local causes the officer mentions. In human affairs too many a life has been wrecked owing to the conscience, the guide God has given us, having been warped and deflected by the influence of our surroundings.

A Scottish Teetotal Judge Made at a Recent Gospel Temperance meeting in Dundee, the following statement of the circumstances which led him to become an abstainer: "Being a member of the Town Council of Dundee, I was appointed to the magistracy. It was my duty to occupy the bench in the police court. It was the scenes in the police court that made me an abstainer. Drunkenness has two sides; one attractive and fascinating, where everything is bright, and there is an outward appearance of comfort; the other side is seen when the victim's head becomes cool, and there is a reaction. I saw the results of drinking in that aspect, and the argument of personal abstinence was borne in upon me with a force I dare not resist. Many people were placed at that bar who had been taken off the streets drunk. What was I to do with them; was I to send them to jail, or fine them? If they came there for the first time I might earnestly admonish them not to come back again, and that it would be better for them to abstain altogether. But what right had I to tell these people to abstain if I took drink myself; my tongue seemed tied. If it was good for these people to abstain, might they not say, 'Why not begin yourself?' I did so, and from that time I became an abstainer, and I will continue."

THE COMING KINGDOMS AND THE COMING KINGS.

By Nathaniel Starkey.

(Continued from page 759.)

THIS bride for Jehovah's Son shall not consist of such as our first parents when they came fresh from their Maker's hand. Good indeed, good as Omnipotence could make them, and by Him pronounced "very good," men in stature, but babes without experience. Rather shall they be a race of *men*, matured men, overcomers, conquerors, kings, who by contact and contest with evil, shall have conquered and overcome evil with good, and so have gained the inestimable boon of experience. For they must obtain authority over self, sin, and Satan *here*, ere they can exercise authority over two, five, or ten cities *hereafter*, whatever that may mean. They must learn to be true worshippers here, ere, as kingly priests, they can teach others to worship truly hereafter. And so Joseph must be first schooled in Potiphar's house, then in prison, and then on Pharaoh's throne; Moses must be first schooled in the Court of Egypt, then in the Desert of Midian, then as leader and commander of the people; and David must be first schooled by Saul, hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and then occupy Israel's splendid throne for the space of forty years.

THE MARRIAGE PERIOD.

But the long week of sore travail and salutary discipline will have an end. It has been long written, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," and with the day shall come that kingdom which shall be an *age-lasting* kingdom, and the presence of the king shall make it *day*. And when about six thousand years of sin, sadness, and sorrow, shall have been filled full to the brim, the Master of the feast Himself shall come, and turn our water into wine, and send forth the proclamation, "Gather My saints together unto Me, those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice," for "the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready," and "blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Then shall the righteous dead awake and come forth from the dust of the ages past; then Abel and Noah shall awake from their long sleep of death, and together with the watching and waiting ones then alive and remaining over, shall be changed in a moment and caught away to meet the Lord in the air, and so to be ever with the Lord.

THE TRANSLATION.

This event some of us have learned to look for daily, believing that it will take place *before* the period already spoken of (assigned for the development and destruction of the man of sin) because the Man-child is caught up unto God and to His throne *prior* to the time, times, and half a time, wherein the remnant of the woman's seed are nourished in the wilderness from the face of the serpent.

Then, after the bride has been with the Bridegroom some three years and a half (during which time that Scripture shall be fulfilled, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He shall come, whose right it is, and I will give it Him")—at the close of this period He shall appear on the clouds of heaven, in power and great glory, for the destruction of enemies, and the establishment of His own kingdom upon the ruin of Satan's empire, for the dethronement of the usurper, and the enthronement of earth's rightful King and Lord. Then shall "the Lord God give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end;" for so runs the Father's decree, "Yet have I set My king upon My holy hill of Zion," and to the Son He saith, "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession."

The heathen here asked for *inheritance*, and the uttermost parts of the earth for *possession*, surely declares, *clearly as words can*.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM, when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea—that kingdom for which men have been so long praying with more

or less intelligence of the prayer, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven," for "He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall call Him blessed." For then, shortly after the complete overthrow and destruction of His foes, it shall be said, "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."

THE REDEEMER OF ISRAEL.

But first the earth's Redeemer must be known as Israel's Redeemer, for the Redeemer must first come to Zion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob, for then shall they look on Him whom they pierced, and be in bitterness as one in bitterness for his firstborn; for so it is written, "If they abide not still in unbelief, they shall be grafted in, for God is able to graft them in again." And that He will is evident from the words of Isaiah, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy children. Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land forever." And Paul adds to the Romans, "So all Israel shall be saved."

For then must Israel be *the regal nation* upon earth, Palestine its land of Beulah, and Hephzibah its capital, for "My delight is in her, saith the Lord," and, "she shall be called, Sought out, a city not forsaken." "For the sons of the stranger shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee. They shall build the old wastes, and they shall raise up the former desolations. Strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your vine-dressers, but ye shall be named the priests of the Lord, men shall call you the ministers of our God." For so shall a law proceed from Him, and He shall cause His judgment to rest for a light of His people, and through *these* He shall become a light to lighten the Gentiles, when once more He has become the glory of His people Israel.

Not yet has the ancient promise made to their father Abraham been fulfilled, as it remains yet to be fulfilled, "I will give unto thee all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession, and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

THE DELIVERER OF EARTH.

Yet not to Zion only shall He come as Zion's Deliverer, but as the earth's Deliverer, too, because the creation also itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God, for then shall the groaning creation *cease to groan*. Its weary week of work shall then be past, its Sabbath shall have come, for One then sitting on its throne shall say, "Behold, I create all things new." The seventh chiliad of the world's history we anticipate as being the world's Sabbath, its day of rest and worship, when all things animate or inanimate, with breath or without it, shall *praise the Lord*. "Men shall be blessed in Him, all nations shall call Him blessed."

Beasts of prey shall have their very nature changed, for "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing; the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

For when He that sitteth on the throne shall create all things new, the heavens and the earth that are now shall exist under new conditions—conditions of atmosphere and temperature favorable to health and longevity, and most probably freed from the extremes of cold and heat which now render such vast regions uninhabitable and uncultivated. But when He shall say, "Be ye glad and rejoice in that which I create," *all* nations shall call Him blessed, and *all* regions chant His praise.

EARTH'S MILLENNIUM AND JUBILEE.

So much, then, for Millennial blessedness which earth shall celebrate its jubilee. One Lord as His name One; the knowledge of the Lord covering the earth as the waters cover the sea; Satan bound, and saints free; truth springing out of truth and righteousness looking down from heaven; swords beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks; the very art of war forgotten in the arts of peace abounding; the days men like the days of a tree, and long enjoying the work of their hands; and, best of all, the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them: they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. *And this for a thousand years!* Thus shall the kingdom of man be, as it were, for a moment time, while the kingdom of God shall be, as it were, forever and ever.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND

A Walking Belfry.—At a Gospel Temperance meeting in Cowcaddens, the Rev. Mr. Andrew said: "I saw a curious picture the other day. It was that of a man walking along with a bell hung over his shoulder, which rings by striking against his knee. This man is called 'the walking belfry.' It is not because there is not a bell in the church belfry that this man goes about the town calling out, 'Come along to hear the Gospel,' but because in some parts of the town people cannot hear the sound of the bell, and he does this to prevent any one having the excuse that they did not know was church time. Every man, woman, and child can follow his example by inviting their neighbors to hear the Gospel."

Button-holing the Frenchmen.—At the same meeting Mr. Torrance said: "An English gentleman going through the streets of Paris recently, was so moved with pity by the evident godless condition of its inhabitants, that he could not restrain an earnest desire to preach the Gospel of Christ to them. His knowledge of the language was very limited; but strong in faith, he uttered aloud in French, as he walked along, 'God love you; God loves you.' When any one paused to look wonderingly at him, he would at once, with irresistible courtesy, button-hole the person, and tell the old, old story of the Cross. In this way several Frenchmen were led to seek peace in the sufficient sacrifice of 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

A Good Servant of the Devil.—A Book-keeper said: "I am still young in years, but very early in life I started out to earn my own living. I broke away from the teachings of my Christian father, and thought no one could really enjoy life unless he were a good servant of the devil. Every night I went to bed drunk, and in the morning I had 'tak' a hair o' th' dog which bit me,' to enable me to do my business for the day. In the course of time I was appointed to a good position in London; there I rioted in sin until I lost my situation. Then I returned to Glasgow, and in one of the meetings my soul found the true source of pleasure, and I rejected the poisonous stream of which I had been hitherto drinking so eagerly. Christ gives me living water to drink."

Saved in a Soldiers' Hospital.—Surgeon-Major White said: "I have before my mind just now the face of a friend—an old comrade in arms, who served his country in many foreign lands. One day he was brought into my hospital very ill. I pressed upon him the need of salvation through Christ, knowing that very soon it might be too late for him to obtain forgiveness through His blood. 'Ah, sir,' he said to me, 'I know I have led a bad life, but when I leave the hospital I will be a different man, I will do my duty, keep sober, stop swearing, and go to church regularly.' 'Henry,' I replied, 'you will never leave the hospital alive; you are dying; make your peace with God through faith in Jesus, now.' My duties then called me away, so I was unable to speak with him that day again. As I walked the hospital next morning, I met a medical friend and asked, 'How is Henry this morning?' 'The same in body, but

face is fairly beaming,' was the reply. In a few days his wife who was attending him during sickness, came to me and said, 'Henry is going; will you come and see him?' I went at once, and inquired, 'Henry, is there anything between you and God?' 'No, sir; not a shadow of doubt,' he exclaimed. In a short time he passed away rejoicing in Christ, who, even at that late hour, plucked him as a brand from the burning."

Particular Friend.—**Mr. Shorrey** also said: "A young Englishman was sent out to New York by his friends, to get rid of his habits of drinking, and to find a place to send a man to for that purpose, and fortunately for him he dropped into a meeting, where the Lord met him, and delivered him from his enemy. One day he met some of the men to whom he used to drink during the voyage across the Atlantic. They gathered round and invited him into a drinking saloon; his reply was, 'No; I have a friend with me.' 'Well, bring your friend with you.' 'He does not drink.' 'Tell him to wait on you then.' 'He would leave me at once if I went in.' 'Who is he, and where is this particular friend of yours?' 'He is the Lord Jesus Christ, and He is in my heart.'"

Poor Granny's Laughter.—**Mr. Clyde** said: "One day I called upon an old woman whose daughter attends these meetings, and upon whom I and Muir had previously called to talk about things of God. She had not two pennies to her name against the other, so poor was she. Yet, we spoke together of Jesus and his love, she stood out laughing. Rather taken aback, I asked, 'Granny! are you really laughing on your death-bed?' 'A canna help it,' she exclaimed, 'the Lord is so good to me.' 'When did you get this at joy?' I inquired. 'Yon day, when Mr. Muir and you were up to see me, and I gave myself to the good Saviour.' There was this poor woman of Christ's own joy, thanking God for His goodness in the midst of poverty, and in prospect of almost immediate death!"

Salvation at a Funeral.—**Mr. Mabon** said: "There is a family who now attend my Sunday services regularly, whose child died lately. I went to see it before and after death, and attended his funeral. This was the fifth child which they had died, and the parents' hearts rebelled against God for so dealing with them. I prayed them to surrender their hearts to their heavenly Father, and, for their eternal good, was thus using the pruning-knife, and taking their children to the deathless land of light. The Holy Spirit blessed the counsel given, and they both are now waiting for Christ, and anticipate reunion with their loved ones above. At the funeral also there was a friend from Edinburgh, who was a *skeptic*. His grief was so intense that the floor was wet with tears. I spoke with him about the Saviour, and the comforts in sorrow, and trust that he, too, is awakened and regenerated man, living for Him who has forgiven him, and blessed him with peace."

A Miner "Making a Fool of Himself."—**Mr. Lander** said: "Some time ago I visited the Hampshire coast, and almost every evening called on a miner's household. The husband was a confirmed drunkard. The wife was a Roman Catholic, and looked upon me as a heretic. For a long time my efforts and prayers seemed to fall to the ground, and I could not even persuade them to come to an evangelistic meeting held in the district, and was inclined to cease my endeavor on their behalf. One night, to my surprise, the miner came into the meeting and kept his seat until the close, when I went to him, and pressed upon his attention the necessity of fleeing from the wrath to come, and accepting Christ as his Saviour. We then prayed together, and the miner pronounced my words, 'I will accept Christ, and follow Him, with the help of God.' He went home, and before going to sleep, told his friends what the Lord had done for him. Two days afterward a neighbor called upon his wife and said, 'You ought to make a stop talking to the men in the pit about Jesus and their souls; he is making a regular fool of himself.' 'Weel,' said John's wife, 'whether he is makin' a fool o' himself or no, a dinna ken I care, bit a ken this, that *there's an awfu'*

cheenge cam ower him, for noo he's sae kin' tae me an' th' weans, that ma hert's like tae brak' wi' joy. An' what's mair, I intend tae gang wi' John this an' every night tae the meetin', until I get cheanged in th' same way, an' a hope it winna be lang."

A Christian Skipper.—**Major Colquhoun** said: "Last night three men from a steam-lighter in the harbor came to the meeting, and stayed to be spoken with. A worker asked one, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'Is your friend?' 'No.' It turned out that the man who was spoken to first was the skipper, the next man the engineer, and the other was the mate of the boat. The engineer had come to discover the secret of the power, or what it was, that had turned the skipper into a Christian; the mate was a backslider. The Scriptures were opened up to them, and the engineer decided for Christ on the spot, and realized the power which he sought. There was another man higher up in the pew who had listened to the conversation and as the skipper and the engineer rose to go, he said, 'I, too, will trust in Christ.' This Christian skipper brought his men to the meeting, and they came because they saw a power in his daily life that convinced them of their need of a Saviour."

The Devil's Trick Detected.—**Mr. Mabon** said: "After one of Mr. Moody's open-air meetings, in Hawick, my attention was attracted to one young man in particular. I saw that he was anxious, but yet rather ashamed of his anxiety. Going up to him, I put my arm into his, and inquired, 'Would you like to be saved, my friend?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'but there are difficulties; and I cannot trust until they are removed.' 'What are they?' I asked. 'How is it that Christ says in one place, "It is finished," and in another, "Strive to enter in." If the work is finished, why strive?' I said to him in answer, 'Because Christ knew that the devil would put every sort of difficulty in the way of sin-sick souls to prevent them believing in His finished work.' 'Then, if I simply believe, am I saved?' he eagerly exclaimed. 'Yes,' I answered; 'for if you really believe in Christ, you will follow Him.' 'I do believe,' he said. 'Then you are saved,' was my rejoinder. Even in the dark avenue where we were walking I saw the instant change in his face when the truth came home to his mind. The next night I was addressing an audience, and told this story to them, adding the words, 'Perhaps the young man is here.' 'Yes, sir, I am,' replied a clear voice, 'and I am happy in Christ now.'"

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

A HELPLESS SUFFERER.

Mr. Micaiah Adams, writing from Marion, N.Y., on August 28th, 1882, thus describes the healing of his wife: "I have delayed writing you the full particulars of my wife's healing, but she is still gaining in strength and is able to do all the house-work, except washing. Before her healing she had been *entirely helpless* for months. Sometimes she would get so that she could, by the help of a cane or chair, get from one room to the other, but she has been so bad again that she could not even comb her hair nor dress herself. I have had one doctor, here in town, a hundred times, but he could do her no good, except to ease pain for the present."

"Her hands and *finger-joints were enlarged* to twice their natural size, and one hip was very much deformed. *All this went away at once* on the sixth of July. You cannot tell how surprised I was, that next morning, when she opened the door, all dressed, and said, 'I am well.'"

"I would not know where to stop in describing her sickness, and you cannot think how much I have suffered in taking care of her. Please excuse all mistakes; I am *seventy-nine years old*."

BETHSHAN.

At the weekly meeting at Bethshan, London, on Wednesday afternoon, November 1st, the Rev. W. E. Boardman presided. After praise and prayer, the following testimonies were given:

Mrs. Bailey said: "I have been an invalid for about twenty-five years. In my weak condition I was induced to visit this Home, and now I can

work or do anything; in fact, I walked quite ten miles yesterday without experiencing any ill effects."

A Gentleman, whose name was not mentioned, said: "For many years I have suffered from indigestion, and whenever I had food it was always a great pain to eat it. I suffered very much, and used to take medicine two or three times a day. At last I determined to have no more medicine, but to put my faith in the Lord for healing, and, marvellous to relate, from that day, now two years ago, to this, I have not had the least pain."

Miss Gerard, of Peckham, remarked: "The Lord has helped me both in body and soul. For the last four years I have been a sufferer from

A HIP DISEASE,

which resulted in one of my legs being two and a half inches shorter than the other. My doctor said that he could not cure me. A friend one day asserted, 'If you could throw down your crutches, you would be all right.' I then commenced to pray to God and said, 'Heal my hip, for Jesus Christ's sake.' One morning I was walking up the passage of the house, when I experienced a very peculiar feeling, and cried out to my mother, who was near, 'My crutches feel of no use to me; and look, my leg is quite long!' And now my leg is perfectly cured. Some months ago I was out on an inclement day, and caught a severe cold, which ended in acute inflammation of the windpipe. The doctor said nothing could be done for me, but remembering my previous cure, I sent to Bethshan, and also prayed to the Lord. The next morning I was stooping down washing my arms, when I thought I heard a voice near me. I ran to the other side of the room and cried, 'Praise the Lord. O my soul!' for I felt I was perfectly cured, as you see I am now."

A MERE SKELETON.

An Evangelist confirmed the testimony given by the previous speaker regarding her cure, he being personally acquainted with her, and therefore, qualified to judge as to the efficacy of the marvellous case of healing which had been narrated. He also said: "I will mention an instance which occurred quite recently. A woman, about forty years of age, was born with a painful and inconvenient disease, and I was asked to go and see her. Fourteen months ago I did so, and found her nothing but skin and bone. She had been always more or less doctored during her life, but I asked her to give up the doctors, and, for healing, to put her faith in Christ. This she did, without, however, saying anything to me, and now she is able to walk about and to go whither she likes, and do whatever she pleases. There is also another case of a woman who was *bedridden for ten years*, and whom I went to visit and pray with. Now she is perfectly cured."

Miss Taylor said: "I want just to tell you how good the Lord has been to me. I came here about ten days ago, having been suffering for thirteen years from *consumption*, inherited from both parents, and, therefore, the doctors gave me no hope of recovery. I visited Bethshan, and although the night was bitterly cold, I woke up next morning feeling perfectly well—better, in fact, than I had felt for thirteen years past."

A Postman said: "I have been suffering from a *diseased heel*, and was anointed for healing here, now, nearly a month ago. Since then I have had a continual struggle, but sometimes I have been enabled to believe. Last week my son brought home *The Christian Herald*, and there I read some remarks which seemed as if they were made especially for my case, and my unbelief fled at once. I believed in Christ as the Great Physician, and my heel became perfectly restored, and I was enabled to go on my duty again, as postman."

Other testimonies were given, and numerous petitions were presented asking for complete restoration to health, among the applicants being a niece of the celebrated author of the hymn, "Just as I am."

After a few impressive words from Dr. Boardman, who incidentally mentioned the case of complete restoration to health of a student, at Cambridge, by means of faith, the meeting was brought to a conclusion.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Annual Report of the Treasurer of the United States ought to be studied even by people who usually avoid figures and statistics as uninteresting. Every intelligent citizen should take an interest in a statement which indicates unprecedented national prosperity. Among the figures furnished by the Treasurer, the following items are specimens of the general character of the report. He states that the receipts of the government show an increase over those of 1881 of \$22,251,054.23 in the revenue from customs; \$11,233,209.94 from the internal revenue; \$2,551,277.20 from sales of public lands, and \$6,707,416.34 from miscellaneous sources—making a total increase in the net revenue of \$42,742,957.71. The total net revenue was \$403,525,250.28. The net expenditures decreased from \$260,712,887.59 to \$257,981,440.20, a reduction of \$2,731,447.39; which, added to the increase in receipts, makes an increase of \$45,474,405.10 in the surplus revenues applicable to the reduction of the public debt. The expenditures on account of interest on the public debt show a reduction of \$11,431,534.39 from \$82,508,741.18 in 1881, to \$71,077,206.79 in 1882. The excess of revenues over expenditures was \$145,543,810.08, and the total amount applied during the fiscal year to the reduction of the debt \$166,281,505.55.

Among the Recommendations Made by Mr. Knox, the controller of the currency, in his report is a proposition he has previously advocated. It is to issue \$805,000,000 of three per cent bonds, having twenty-five years to run, in exchange for \$700,000,000 of four per cent bonds now outstanding. A similar proposition would also be embraced with regard to the four and one half per cents, though the rate of premium allowed in the increased amount of bonds issued would be different. As will be seen this proposal would involve an increase in the principal of the debt, though the annual interest would amount to a smaller sum.

The Sudden Removal of Five Government officers on account of the Star Route trials was the chief topic in political circles throughout the week. The five men are Charles E. Henry, Marshal of the District of Columbia; D. B. Ainger, Postmaster of the District of Columbia; Myron M.

Parker, Assistant Postmaster; M. D. Helm, Foreman in the Government Printing-office, in charge of the *Congressional Record*, and manager of the afternoon newspaper organ of Thomas J. Brady, and ex-Senator George E. Spencer, Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad. Action was taken by the President in response to a letter sent to him by Mr. George Bliss, government counsel, and a report made by Attorney-General Brewster upon the subject of that letter. The course pursued by the government officers who have been removed was considered at a special Cabinet meeting. After that meeting Attorney-General Brewster wrote a report which was read to the Cabinet at the adjourned meeting, and was approved by the vote of every member. Marshal Henry was an intimate personal friend of the late president, and his appointment as Marshal was made by President Garfield. It is stated by the friends of the removed officials that they can prove themselves innocent of complicity in the Star Route affair, but it is certain that public expressions of opinion in each case were interpreted by the government as evidence of their sympathy with the defendants.

The Details of the Election in Utah which have been anxiously expected as a means of discovering what are the actual results of the Edmunds Bill have now been received. The registration of the Territory is 32,450, and the vote fell short more than 6000. The Mormon vote was 21,451; that of the Gentiles, 4883. About 1000 registered Gentiles and about 5000 registered Mormons omitted to vote. At the last Congressional election the Mormons polled 18,000 votes, only 3000 fewer than at the recent election, and yet at least 10,000 polygamists were disfranchised under the Edmunds act. This shows that their actual voting strength prior to the passage of that act was 35,000 in a population of 145,000. The Gentiles claim that they can poll 8000 votes. This would give a voting population of 33,000 in a total of 145,000.

An Attempt to Enforce the Observance of the Lord's Day in New York was made last Sunday. The new penal code requires the police to arrest persons doing business on Sunday, while previous to that enactment Sabbath-breakers could only be sued for damages. The opinion of the Corporation Counsel was sought by the police for guidance to them in enforcing the code. The captains were told that all liquor stores must be kept closed. No loaded wagons must be permitted to go about the streets except mail wagons and express wagons containing trunks and other baggage of travellers. Concerts and other public performances, whether called "sacred" or not, must be prohibited. There must not be any vending in the streets except the sale of the daily newspapers. Cigar stores and barber shops need not be kept closed, but care must be taken by the proprietors not to permit their business to be visible from the streets. No interference was wished for in cases where business was conducted behind closed doors and windows, and without offensive noise. Vessels might be unloaded at covered piers, but not on open wharves. The street cars and other public conveyances need not be stopped. It appears that the theatres in Cincinnati, which have been closed for some weeks, have again been opened on Sunday as before the agitation.

A Tragedy on the Stage of a Theatre is not an unusual announcement, but that enacted at Cincinnati on Thursday last was a real, not a mimic, tragedy. In a popular play which has been represented on the stage of most American theatres, and is known as *Si Slocum*, one of the actors shoots at an apple placed on the head of an actress. That play was performed at Cincinnati on Thursday, November 30th, and Frank I. Frayne, a well-known actor, appeared in the part. He had been accustomed to it for several years and was considered an unerring shot. Precautions were always taken to avoid a catastrophe in case of his missing his aim, such as the insertion of an *iron plate in the lady's hair* so fixed as that the bullet striking it might glance upward and pass away harmlessly. But on Thursday the audience were horrified to see the actress as soon as the shot was

fired, fall to the floor with a bullet wound in her forehead. The pin securing the rifle barrel to the stock had broken, causing the barrel to drop nearly an inch, and the bullet taking a downward course had struck and killed the actress. The distress the actor who fired the shot was intense, but unavailing; the woman, who was shortly to have been his wife, lay dead by his hand. This is the second occurrence of the kind in recent time. The audience who paid to see such a play enacted and by their presence encouraged it, must share with the perpetrator of the deed the responsibility for that woman's death.

Some Remarkable Items were Furnished by Mr. Nimmo, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, to Washington clergyman who wrote to him for detailed information as to the facts which made the national Thanksgiving this year especially appropriate. Mr. Nimmo said: "Notwithstanding the fact that the season of 1881 was one of the most unfavorable ever known, we still had bread enough and to spare, and beside a large quantity of cotton for export. The value of our exports of bread and breadstuffs during the year ended June 30th, 1882, the same being the product of the crop of 1881, amounted to \$182,670,528. The value of our exports of cotton was \$199,812,644. We also considerably increased the value of our exports of manufactured articles. The foregoing facts indicate the exuberance of our soil and the vigor of our industrial enterprises. Our imports during the year ended June 30th, 1882, amounted to \$724,639,574, being larger than during any previous year in the history of the country. Notwithstanding the decrease of our exports, owing to the cause above referred to, and the increase of our imports the balance of trade in our favor was nearly \$26,000,000."

Among the Thanksgiving Festivities last Thursday, none were more interesting than that of the Five Points Mission which celebrated its thirty-second Thanksgiving. From half-past one until three the children connected with the mission gave an entertainment, consisting of singing, recitations and calisthenics. The dining-room was then thrown open, and a crowd of children soon filled the seven long tables, which were heavily laden with almost everything their hearts could desire in the shape of food. Mountains of confectionery, baskets of fruit and flowers, turkeys, hams, and joints of beef were temptingly arranged by the friends of the mission for the admiration and inner satisfaction of the children. The tables were furnished and attended by representatives of various Christian churches. About 700 children dined at the mission.

An Astronomer's Faith in the Efficacy of prayer has been proved by a letter published last week from Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, who asked in behalf of astronomical science and astronomers that prayers be offered for clear weather on December 6th, the date of the transit of Venus. He said: "The solution of the sublimest problem known to science was to be attempted on that occasion, the opportunity for which will not occur again for 122 years. Millions of dollars and months of valuable time have been expended in preparation for the great event."

The Good Work Being Done by the Children's Aid Society deserves the most public acknowledgment by Christian philanthropists. Its efficient work is no less conspicuous than the economy of its management. From the thirtieth report of the society now issued, it appears that its twenty-one schools have during the year, educated and partially fed and clothed 3676 children taken from the streets, at an average annual cost of \$23.52 for each child, and its lodging-houses have fed, sheltered, and taught 14,122 boys and girls at an annual cost for each of \$40.47. Its emigration agency, by which 3957 boys and girls and a small percentage of men and women have been furnished with homes and employment in the West, has been managed with a similar regard to getting the largest possible return for the money expended. Another important department has been the Summer Home of which 4033 children have received the benefit at an average cost for each of \$1.58. The total receipts for the year were \$237,624.25.

Two Conflicting Affidavits are Likely to result in the imprisonment of a man in Iowa. A suit was instituted against him at Dubuque, Iowa, in which in order to evade a certain statute he presented the plea that he was a British subject. That plea would have availed him had not a politician recalled the fact *the man had voted* in the last two elections, and informed the court of it. The man had sworn that he was a naturalized citizen of the United States in order that he might cast his vote, and then swore that he was a British subject in order to evade a law of the United States. It is difficult to see how he can escape punishment for perjury, however the question of his nationality may be settled. Neither will those escape punishment who in endeavoring to make the best of both worlds, talk and act in the world as men of the world and in the Christian Church as Christian men. We may make mistakes in assigning them to one or the other, but the day is fast approaching when their status will be finally settled (Matt. 25 : 32, 33).

An Interesting Hunting Incident is Reported from Virginia. On November 28th two gentlemen were hunting opossum in Chesterfield County, Va., when they heard their dogs baying in a reedy swamp close by. The gentlemen concluded to go home and procure a gun, and on their return found that the dogs were 'after two large bucks, one with eight points and the other with ten points. The buck with the eight prongs had killed the one with ten points with one of its prongs. The prong entered near the eye and came out near the ear. By some means *the prongs of the bucks became interlocked*, and had evidently been so for several days, as the dead animal had been dragged a considerable distance, and had been killed long enough to become offensive. The live buck, which had undoubtedly suffered for food, was in a very poor and emaciated condition, and was shot and killed before the marksmen could recognize what it was in the dark. In the conflict between the two deer the victor bought his triumph at a fearful cost to himself. His sufferings, while dragging around the corpse of his victim, unable to release himself and unable to eat, must have been extreme. Many human conflicts in which fiendish rage has been shown have had a similar ending (Job 5 : 2).

A Lady's Apprehension that She was the victim of approaching insanity led to an amusing discovery in Boston on November 26th. She applied for advice to a prominent physician in the city. On entering his office the doctor observed that she was flushed and excited. She said she had a very strange sensation which led her to apprehend some serious brain trouble—in short, insanity. The peculiar sensation she described was *a feeling running round in a circle on the top of her head.* The doctor took off her hat and examined her head, but found nothing, and she remarked that the sensation had left her. She put on her hat, and, after sitting a few moments, jumped up with a scream saying that it had come again. Another examination followed—first of the head, then of the hat, and in the hat a small, but active, mouse was discovered. This incident, the truth of which is vouched for on excellent authority, shows how some of our forebodings of coming trouble may be susceptible of a very simple explanation. Happily for her, this lady's forebodings were unfounded; but it is to be feared that other apprehensions may not prove so groundless. They are those felt by the Christian friends of ladies whose extraordinary, but fashionable head-gear gives rise to fears that pride and love of display fills their hearts, to the exclusion of love of God (Isaiah 3 : 16-24).

A Father's Ingenious Device to Secure a lodging for himself and family is described in the New York Times. A gentleman in Brooklyn, whose family included nine children, spent many days recently in searching for a flat, but though he found many suitable, the owners refused to rent them to him on account of his large family. On the last day of his search he instructed his wife to prepare a luncheon for the children and send them to picnic in the beautiful grounds of Greenwood Cemetery. She did so, and husband and wife then started on their search for a flat. They soon

found a place that suited them, but before the bargain could be completed the janitress, according to the usual custom, asked how many children they had. "Nine," replied the man, "but," he continued, in a tone of sadness and with a far-away look, "they are all in Greenwood Cemetery." "Ah," said the woman, as a sigh of relief escaped her lips, "then there will be no objection." A lease for a year was signed, and in the evening the family moved in. When the couple entered with their household goods and numerous progeny the woman in charge of the building was thunderstruck by the arrival of the youngsters. "I thought," she cried hysterically, "you said your children were all dead." "Oh, no," returned the father, "I merely observed that they were all in Greenwood Cemetery, where we had sent them to picnic for the day!" A reply which sent the woman away deeply mortified. There can be no question as to the ingenuity of the father's device, but it is such tricks as that which lower the standard of truth among us. The falsehoods of trade and the falsehoods of courtesy are not condemned as they should be. Christians ought, especially in this day, both by word and act, to avoid the very appearance of deceit (Prov. 12 : 22).

A Warning of an Approaching Disastrous storm has been sent to President Arthur by Professor E. Stone Wiggins, LL.D., Astronomer of the Canadian Finance Department. Professor Wiggins predicts that the storm will appear in the Gulf of Mexico on March 9th, 1883, and will cross the entire continent in a north-westerly direction. He says: "*No vessel, whatever her dimensions, will be safe out of harbor, and none of small tonnage can hope to survive the tidal wave and fury of this tempest.* As the wind will blow from the south-east the New England States will also suffer severely from the wind and floods. No point outside of harbor, in the whole area of the Atlantic, especially north of the Equator, will be a place of safety, for this will be preeminently *the greatest storm that has visited this continent* since the days of your illustrious first president. In view of this event, therefore, I take the great liberty of representing to your excellency the advisability of ordering all United States ships into safe harbors not later than the 5th of March till this storm be passed." The warning, if verified by events, may be the means of saving many lives, for it is not likely that it will be disregarded. Men heed the warnings of their fellow-men in such matters though comparatively few pay any attention to the Divine warning of the approaching end of the age when those who have not entered the Harbor of Refuge will be involved in unspeakable woe (Matt. 16 : 3).

An Eagle Bearing the Stars and Stripes is likely soon to be seen over the heights of Nebraska. The Wood River Times states that two weeks ago a rancher saw a huge eagle flutter over his barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and in its crippled condition it circled around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was evidently a mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and examining its wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws and beak and flew to the mountain side, where it laid down the victim of the sportive hunter. During the past seven days the men on the ranch have noticed each day that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly, feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds, and mice. The rancher could kill the two birds any day, but has refrained on account of the affection displayed between them. *A small American flag* will be fastened about the wounded bird, and when it again flies it will carry the emblem of freedom with it to the highest mountain peak. The bird so decorated will doubtless be an object of interest to every one who sees it and knows its history. That bird at least need fear no rifle again; its burden will be its protection. But significant as that burden is, it was a more beneficent burden that John saw carried on angel's wing through the air. (Rev. 14 : 6).

THE GENERAL CONVOCATION AROUND MOUNT SION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and . . . to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven . . . and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."—Hebrews 12 : 22-24.

The Glorious Present Tense—I. A Sevenfold Contrast—Law and Grace—As to Place—As to the Fire—The Blackness—The Darkness—The Tempest—Blasts of the Trumpet—The Terrible Voice—II. A Comparison—The Olympian Games—An Education for Heaven—Wrestling a Part of the Festival—The Great Church Meeting—All High Born—Enrolled—A Festival not a Battle—III. A Coming to be Enjoyed—The Birthright—The Enrollment—Participation in Service—Possessing the Inheritance.

THE whole passage will be considered, but our special central text will be verse 23: "To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven."

Paul is displaying the superiority of the new covenant to the old. He tells us what Israel after the flesh came to at their best in the morning hours of the law, and what the firstborn after the Spirit have come to under the Gospel. He pictures the great assembly of the chosen people round about Mount Sinai, and then his inspired mind describes an infinitely larger and happier gathering, to which all believers have come, around Mount Sion. Not only the Hebrews to whom he was writing, but all the people of God are gathered together in one general assembly, of which the blessed God is the centre. He shows us the joyful difference between the two gatherings, and the feelings and pursuits of those who compose them.

What we shall want this morning is a little careful attention to the deep meaning of the text, and an intensely earnest desire actually to enter into the enjoyment of the privileges which are herein set before us. Our text contains an incalculable wealth of meaning; it is written according to God's riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Surely it was written as with *a pen of diamond* upon plates of gold set with jewels. May God of His grace lead us fully into it.

We would not only speak of privilege as possible, but would say with Paul,

WE ARE COME

unto it." As surely as we *are not* come to the terrors of the law, so surely we *are* come to the blessings of the Gospel. Read in verse 18, "Ye are not come," and then in verse 22, "But ye are come." We do not only *hear* of Sion and her festivities, but *we are come* to them. We do not merely know the letter of the Gospel, but we are come into the inner and spiritual meaning of it by personal enjoyment. "We are come." I would ring out those words as a sort of musical accompaniment to the truths uttered. All through the sermon let our hearts rejoicingly say, "We are come," "We are come." We have obtained by faith all that which is set before us in the text.

I. First, I want to set out, as I may be able,

A CONTRAST

presented in the entire passage which we have read—a contrast between the economy of law and the economy of grace.

Every good thing is enhanced in value by its opposite. Light is all the brighter to eyes which have wept in darkness; food is all the sweeter after you have known hunger; and Sion is all the fairer because of Sinai. The contrast between free grace and law makes grace appear the more precious to minds that have known the rigor of the commandment.

The contrast presented here is sevenfold. It may be that the idea of this sevenfold contrast first occurred to Bengel, that prince of critics; but I have ventured to differ from his form of it, and I hope that in so doing I have set forth the contrast as to the seven things more clearly than he has done, so that even the humblest here will catch each point, and retain each contrast in his memory. Notice the contrasts.

First, as to *place* (v. 18), "Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched;" (v. 22) "but

ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." Behold Sinai with its rugged crags; scarce had a human foot ever trodden it; perhaps until that hour in which Jehovah descended upon it in splendor it had remained a virgin peak, which the foot of man had never polluted. There was no habitation of man upon it, neither did it yield pasturage for flocks. The mount of God stood out in terrible sublimity against the sky, holding communion with the stars, but refusing to deal with men. It was sublime, but stern and

TEMPEST BEATEN.

We gather to *quite another centre*, even unto the palace-crowned steep of Sion. There David dwelt of old, and there David's Lord revealed Himself. The hill of Sion rose above the city of Jerusalem, and the two together formed the favored spot where Jehovah deigned to dwell in solemn state in the midst of His chosen nation; "for the Lord hath chosen Sion; He hath desired it for His habitation." There the service of His sanctuary was carried on, and around it clustered all the palaces of Judah and the habitations of the chosen people. It was called "the city of vision," and the city of peace. God dwelt in the midst of her, and therefore she was not moved. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Sion." "God is known in her palaces for a refuge." "God shall help her, and that right early."

This is a type of the dispensation in which the Lord comes to man in a vision of peace, and manifests Himself in forgiving grace. The Lord dwells with men in the person of the man Christ Jesus, and we come to Him and find our habitation in Him in all generations. Even as the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, so do we come to dwell at the altars of God, in the city which His grace has founded and His power has garrisoned. The places in their contrast are full of teaching.

This mount that might be touched we are told, in the next place, "*burned with fire*." God's presence made the mountain melt and flow down. "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice; hail-stones and coals of fire." Sinai was altogether on a smoke; innumerable lightnings flashed forth around the summit of the hill, and Jehovah revealed Himself in flaming fire. What, then, have believers come to instead of fire? Why, to another form of fire; to "an innumerable company of angels"—"He maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flame of fire." Some of those bright beings are called seraphim, or burning ones, for they come and go like flames of fire.

What mighty spirits, what flaming spirits, what pure spirits, what glorious spirits they are; and we have communion with them! We have come to an innumerable company of angels. We do not always realize it as we should; but these loving spirits are about us as surely as they were around Jacob in his dream. If our eyes were opened we should see horses of fire and chariots of fire round about the Lord's servants. "Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth, both when we wake and when we sleep." God comes to us by them: "He rode upon a cherub, and did fly." Angels contend against evil spirits, and are our defenders. This, then, is our position; we are come to the countless hosts of our Father's messengers, and not to devouring flame.

Pursue the contrast, and you find on Mount Sinai

THERE WAS BLACKNESS,

doubtless made the more intensely black as the vivid lightnings flashed out from it. "Ye are not come unto blackness," says Paul. What is the contrast to this? "But ye are come to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven." Perhaps you do not for a moment see any contrast, but I will soon show it to you. Blackness is the symbol of sorrow, it is the garb of mourning. Everywhere we associate blackness with grief; but now Paul sets before us the grandest embodiment of joy.

You say to me, "Do you mean the church in heaven?" Yes, I mean the church in heaven and

on earth too; why divide it? There is only one church. Here and there, earth and heaven make a little division to our senses, but there is no division in the mind of God; He sees one general assembly of all His people, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. What a contrast this—between the blackness of coming sorrow by the law and the joyous whiteness of the garments of those who believe.

Follow the next point of contrast, and you have *darkness* mentioned. "Nor unto blackness and darkness." The cloud on Sinai was so dark as to obscure the day, except that every now and then the lightning-flash lit up the scene. What are we come to in contrast to that darkness? "To God the Judge of all." Possibly it does not strike you with joy when I mention it; but this is, perhaps, the most joyous of all the clauses of the passage. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." What a contrast to the darkness of the law is a reconciled God!

"Oh, but," say you, "He is there as the Judge of all, and that makes us tremble." Why? Wherefore? It makes me leave off trembling when I think that I am come "to God the Judge of all," that Christ has brought me near, even to the Judge, so that I have nothing to dread from Him. What can the Judge do but pronounce sentence of acquittal upon the man for whom Christ has made expiation? What can He do to harm us? Nothing, but much to help us; for, rolling every slander away, He will make the righteous to shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. This is, in fact, the highest delight of all the saints—to gather unto their God!

And what follows next? Why, *tempest*. It is said, "Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest." All over the top of Sinai there swept fierce winds and terrible tornadoes, for the Lord was there. All heaven seemed convulsed when God did rend it, and descended in majesty upon the sacred mount. But what do you and I see? The very

REVERSE OF TEMPEST

—"The spirits of just men made perfect," serenely resting. What more is there for them to do? They are perfect, they have fought the fight, they have run the race, they are crowned, they are full of ecstatic bliss, the light of God is on their brows, the glory of God is reflected from their faces; everything like tempest is far gone from them; they have reached the fair haven, and are tossed with tempest no more.

Follow the contrast further, and you come to *the sound of a trumpet*. This resounded from the top of Sinai. Clarion notes most clear and shrill rang out again and again the high commands of the thrice-holy God. You are not come to that. Instead of a trumpet, which signifies war and the stern summons of a king, ye are come unto "Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant," and the silver tones of "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Here is nothing to disturb the ear; for "He shall not cry nor lift up nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." No message thunders out, "Stand off!" but holy affection cries, "Come, and welcome!"

The seventh contrast lies in this—together with the trumpet there sounded out *a voice*, a voice which was so terrible that they asked that they might not hear it again. They cowered down under it, like poor, frightened children, terrified by the penetrating sound. They could not endure another word; they begged that the voice would be silent. We have come to another voice, the voice of "the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." There is a voice from Sion, there is a voice that rolls over the heads of the innumerable company of angels, a voice of the Lord that is full of majesty, and exceedingly comfortable to the "general assembly and church of the firstborn," who know the joyful sound. We are come to it, for we have been washed in it, and its sweet, prevailing note is filling our heart with music even now.

Now, dear friends, I have set forth the contrast,

and I want you to think it out by the help of the ever-blessed Spirit. To all that was transacted at Sinai the people could not come, nor did they wish to come; they kept at a distance, for they were afraid; but to all that is displayed on Sion we may come; nay, what is better, I hope we can say with the apostle, "We are come." The veil is rent from the top to the bottom, and we have access to God through Jesus Christ our Lord. There I leave the instructive contrast. May the Holy Spirit bless it.

II. I beg you, in the second place, to follow me in what may not perhaps so much strike you, but it is certainly worthy of your attention, namely,

A COMPARISON

in our more central text. Our position is that "We are come to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven." It is a comparison, not with anything Jewish, for that would not have been suitable, but with a Gentile festival, which more readily lent itself to the apostle's great thought. Let me give you, first of all, a rough sketch.

In Greece, in her happier times, in order to preserve a national unity, the various states, kingdoms, or republics, which constituted Greece proper, held at the foot of Olympus a great gathering, to which none came as participators except citizens of the various Greek nationalities. The object of the gathering was that every part of the Greek nature might be educated and displayed, and the unity of the Greek race be remembered. Poets came and sang verses which they had composed with care; orators stood and discoursed to gain the crown for eloquence; men of all kinds of mental attainments were there emulating each other. At the same time all sorts of athletic exercises for the development of the body were going on.

The territory in which this was held was considered to be sacred. Though the states were often at war with one another, they never carried the war into that particular region. It was a quiet, peaceful, neutral spot. Do you not espy a parallel? No man was allowed to compete in any of the exercises and contests except he had been at least ten months or more in preparation for them. Those who were conquerors had no gold given them as reward; a simple crown of olive was all; but it was thought quite sufficient reward for the most exhausting feats, and for the greatest self-denial, such as resistance unto blood and dislocation of bones. The apostle, I do not doubt, had seen it; at any rate, the word which he uses properly and naturally suggests it.

Think for a moment! Before us stands the city which is the centre of this unrivalled congregation of the firstborn; Jerusalem stands in her place, and her Acropolis, Mount Sion, looks down upon the scene. To the city of the living God the living children of God have come. See, yonder are the runners and the wrestlers. Perhaps you do not think there can be much festivity about engagements which involve so much of endurance as running and striving for the mastery, but the Greeks were of another mind, and these contests were a part of the pleasures of the festival. How much I wish that we could look upon all the conflicts, sufferings, and troubles of this mortal life as occupations of the great festive gathering which is now being held in heaven and in earth around the city of our God.

See, yonder is the Judge, the great Umpire of His people's efforts, ready to award the crowns. And who are those sitting in their seats, and looking on? These are they who have taken their turn in these grand displays, and, having won their crowns, there they sit, "the spirits of the just made perfect," "the cloud of witnesses." Today, my brethren, you are participating in that great international gathering of all the people of God. Are you not glad to be here? When I was visiting one of our sick friends he uttered a sentence which stuck to me, and indeed suggested my subject. He said, "I have had some

EDUCATION FOR HEAVEN

in attending the Tabernacle." "How is that?" "Because I have been used to worship with a great company of godly people, used to join in the

songs of great multitudes, and I shall feel at home among the number that no man can number."

THE FESTIVAL.

Brethren, you are come to-day to the great festival in which earth and heaven unite. That assembly is one and indivisible. Around the throne of the Most High the apostle represents all the saints as gathered to hold one glorious feast. "Has it begun?" say you. Yes, it is going on now, and you are come to it; if you are living by faith as you ought to live you are now engaged in it. "Oh, but," say you, "I am wrestling." That is a part of the festival. "I never thought of that," cries one. But it is even so. When the national meeting was held at Olympus there were contests of all kinds, and these were not regarded with sorrow, but with exultation. "What! would you have me look at my sufferings and wrestlings as part of a festival?" Yes; that is all a part of the grand display which the Lord is making before all intelligent beings, wherein the power of love, the energy of faith, the splendor of grace, and the triumph of good are being made manifest to the glory of God by us.

"Oh," say you, "I cannot look at my sorrows in such a light." No doubt the men who were wrestling or racing found that for the present it was not joyous; yet they did not shun it, for they had earnestly desired the day when they might be allowed to share in the national display; they counted it a high honor to be permitted to take part even in the roughest contests. None but a Greek could do so. You also have put your name down for a place in the church of God; this is a high honor, to which none but the twice-born, whose names are written in heaven, can be admitted; accept the hardness with the honor. "Oh, but," say you, "I have run a long time, I have run for fifty years!"

SPLENDID RUNNING

this! I do not believe that even at Olympus they ever saw a man run for fifty years at a stretch. Keep on! Do not suffer the glory of the day to fail.

You say this sheds a strange light upon Christian life. Say, a blessed light, which will delight the eyes and hearts of enthusiastic believers. The Father of all takes delight in this assembly; it is the joy of Christ to look down upon His champions, whose faith He sustains, whose faith He accepts. He is saying to devils, "Look on, and see what lovers of right can do?" Look on, ye innumerable company of angels, and see what grace can do in the hearts of poor, feeble men and women, making them strong to do exploits.

Our text adds to the term "general assembly" that of the "church of the firstborn." "Oh," say the commentators, "this is tautology." Not so. The apostle felt bound, after having used such a remarkable comparison, to call us back to the solemnity of the matter, and remind us that it is "a church" which is gathered. You and I have come to a great church-meeting, where all the saints of God are met at this moment. This is what you and I have come to. Oh, for words with which to speak our joy for admission into such a company!

Note, dear friends, the individuals

WHO COMPOSE THE COMPANY.

They are all high born, for they are all firstborn. There is but one emphatically firstborn, namely, Jesus Christ Himself, the firstborn of every creature; but being one with Him we become the firstborn of God through the new birth. By our union to Christ, and by the blessed processes of grace, we are made and known to be the firstborn of God. Now the firstborn among men had the ascendancy and sway in the household, even as "the meek shall inherit the earth." The day comes when righteousness shall be to the fore. The firstborn had the excellency.

There are younger brothers in every family who receive comparatively little if they happen to be descended from great lords; but there are no younger brethren in the family of God. They are all firstborn, all heirs, and what is wonderful to tell, each one of them has all the estate; for so infinite is it, that, though if I have all, you can have all too; an innumerable company of this

blessed firstborn race can have the whole of God to be their portion forever and ever.

But then it is added that they are enrolled. As I have already told you, they enrolled the competitors in the Greek festivals, and a man took care months before to get his name set down for a place. Thus God has enrolled the names of His people. They are written—where? In the earth? No; the wicked are written in the earth, but the names of the Lord's people are written in heaven. In the divine decree that never changes, in the divine heart that never alters, in the divine memory that never fails, in the divine thought that never forgets, all the names of the godly are written.

I do not know how to set this out, but I do want you to feel as if you were standing this morning in that great assembly with spiritual exercises going on around you, such as struggling against sin, striving for the mastery over error, patiently enduring pain, and working holy work. The Judge is looking on, with the crown in His hand, ready to place it upon each conqueror's head; the air breathes perfume, and is full of music, for all around is joy. If we all understand that this period is not comparable to a battle, whereof the result hangs in the balance, but comparable to those deeds of prowess wherewith of old men celebrated a victory, then the face of things is altered, and our toils are transfigured. We are here amid the throng, not as spectators only, but sharing in the overflowing joy. Oh, the bliss of feeling that even now heaven is begun below, and the sufferings of this present life are but a part of the glory of the Lord manifested in His people!

III. We will conclude by noticing the third point, which is—

A COMING

to be enjoyed. This is the essence of it all—"We are come," unto this general assembly and church of the firstborn. How then do we come? A difficulty meets us at the outset. You that have never thought of this great assembly which my imagination and heart have tried to picture this morning, you cannot come. The porter stands at the barrier, and keeps you back. You cry, "Let me come!" No, you may not come. This festival is only for the firstborn, and you are not that by nature. You must first be born again, and become one of the firstborn. The Spirit of God must make you a new creature in Christ Jesus, and then the porter will open the wicket, and say, "Come in, and welcome." Which part are you going to take in this great gathering? Will you fight against sin? Will you wrestle against error? Will you run for the crown? Will you sing or speak? What will you do in this great congress of all the saints? But these questions do not apply until first you are born from above.

Next, you must be enrolled. Your name must be written down, not in our church-book, but in the church-book of the Lord above. I would to God that some of you would be moved to say, "Oh, that my name were written there!" The name of every believer is upon Christ's heart and hand and shoulder. If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, if thou art trusting in Him, thy name is among the enrolled.

But you say again, "How am I to get into that assembly? I hope I have been born again, and that my name is written among the Lord's redeemed people, but still I do not feel as if I were in the festive gathering yet; I feel more like one

IN THE ARENA

contending for very life." So did many at Olympus. They were fighting and wrestling, and while so engaged they endured great hardness; yet their valiant strike was a part of the grand scene, and they would not have been absent on any account. So, dear friends, what we must do is this, first—God helping us, let us partake in the joy of the one church.

If we wish to feel we are among the Lord's host let us participate in their service. There is something for you and for me to do; and to enjoy this holiday we must all take a share in its engagements. Come, brother, quicken your pace, you are not making enough progress in the divine life; hasten your steps, throw away every weight, and

cast off the garment which entangles your feet. You, too, dear brother, over there in the workshop, where you hear bad language, and see bad practices—go you in for the wrestling; see what you can do; in the name of the Lord grasp the evil which opposes you; sling an evil custom on its back, and win a victory for purity and truth. Thus shall we each by vying with the rest contribute to the grand result, and share in the general triumph.

And when we are participating in the service, let us next feel that we can possess the inheritance. It is "the assembly of the firstborn;" let no man miss his birthright. See how the apostle introduces Esau as a warning, and how he bids us regard our afflictions as chastisements which prove our sonship. Come, then

ACT AS SONS,

and rejoice in your Father's riches which are all your own. Let us not remain half-starved through the penury of our unbelief; but let us be filled to the full through the richness of the faith which the Spirit of God has wrought in us.

At this moment our question is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Our cry is—"Here am I; send me." Use me, my Lord, glorify Thyself in me; and while the innumerable company of angels look on, help me to do and dare and wrestle and win, till Thou shalt give to me also the crown of life that fadeth not away. This will not be a payment of debt, but a gift of grace. The metaphor of a Greek assembly excludes all notion of wages for work. No mercenary thought entered the mind of a single Greek who strove for the mastery at the assembly. He had nothing to win but a crown of olive. No money was ever given; it would have degraded the panegiris to a common show. Therefore, you are not invited to contend that you may win a reward by your own merit. Ours is holiday work which it is joy to perform. Moved by a spiritual chivalry, saints do and dare for Jesus out of love to Him. His service is its own reward. To die for Him is life; to live for Him is heaven. Let others boast their pedigree and nationality, we have reached the august convocation of the ransomed of the Lord who have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Amen.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST.

(See Illustration, page 780.)

THE Rev. W. Spendlove, a missionary among the Red Indians on the Mackenzie River, Northwest America, in a recent letter, gives some interesting details of his work for Christ, and his successes in leading many of these simple, hardy men to the Saviour. He says: "When I tell you that I am situated not far from the Arctic Circle you will at once conclude that I am beyond the boundary of civilization. The Mackenzie River is surpassed in length by only two or three others in the world, taking its rise far beyond what is called the 'Dominion of Canada.' On the banks of this fine river, about midway between the two great lakes, Great Bear Lake and Great Slave Lake, is my station situated. Here I have been laboring for more than two years, engaging in all kinds of duties which devolve upon a missionary to the Indians.

"Seeing then I am located in such a remote part, cut off from regular communications with the busy world, and having no means to obtain food—at least, a sufficiency—you will like to know how we keep body and soul together. The Fur Company, the only white settlers here, visit the borders of civilization once a year, to take out the furs and bring in articles of clothing, etc., to trade the same, when they bring us a small allowance of tea, sugar, coffee, flour, and raisins, which are enjoyed by us as luxuries. The rest of our provisions consists of wild animal food, anything that is really eatable. We eat the moose, deer, beaver, bear, and many wild birds. In the summer we have fish and many kinds of berries, the latter when ripe we preserve for winter use. But meat is our principal food, and when fresh it is wholesome, and is easily masticated, but when preserved by a process called drying, it is dry indeed, and requires teeth of iron to bite it, and a digestion nearly as strong.



Missionary Travelling in the Far North West.



Chinamen Burning the Goddess of Mercy.

"Upon arriving here I set to work learning the language—always a missionary's first task. After six months' study, combined with other duties, I could speak to the natives a little, and at the close of the first year could preach the Gospel in their tongue. The duties of most missionaries are many and various, the hands must work as well as the head, and sometimes the duties that devolve upon one in a single day are so diverse that really if a man cannot turn his hand to anything he will often find himself in difficulties. My church required a porch, so I tried my hand as a carpenter and built one, though I nearly cut off a finger; but experience teaches how to use axe and saw. The short, but hot summer, permits but little cultivation of the land, but this I tried, and succeeded in raising some fine vegetables. Then there is travelling, teaching school, preaching, attending to the sick, and a general supervision of household duties.

"We have no beasts of burden, no conveyances to ride in, no highways or hard roads, no streets. We get a few things from England once a year, which are doubled in value before they reach us, hence we require to be careful, so careful of buttons, needles, and cotton, in fact everything. Our supply of groceries is so limited that it only creates and not satisfies the desire for them. I have been upon five missionary journeys on snow shoes, walking sometimes two hundred miles, and the picture shows just how one looks while prosecuting such a journey.

"God is with us, and blessing the labor of our hands. The Red Indians have all joined themselves either to Protestant or Catholic missions, and have been and are willing to be taught God's Holy Word, and there are many among them who love the name of Jesus."

BURNING THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

(See Illustration.)

MR. JAMES CAMERON, missionary of Si-ch'uen, China, says: "In the course of conversation I laid my hand on the shoulder of the young brother of our host, and said to him, 'Were I to throw you into that fire, what would you do? Remain in it till you were burnt, eh?' 'No, certainly not.' 'Now, suppose I took an idol off that shelf at our back, and threw it in, would it come out, do you think?' He did not know. 'No, I am sure it would burn; and if so, how can it be a god, or how possibly save or protect you when it cannot do so for itself?' Thereupon Mr. Ho rose, went over to the shrine, and took an idol down, saying, 'We will just see what it can do.' Our host, in fear and excitement, besought him not to touch them, but it availed him nothing. Over it was

brought, and when he had reseated himself he said, 'Of course it will burn.'

"He then held it well in the light of the fire and turned it slowly round, requesting them all to look well at it, and further asked what god it was. 'Oh, yes,' they all knew it, 'it was the Goddess of Mercy.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is so; and being a piece of wood will burn; so here goes the test, and on the fire he put it, face downward. There was

BREATHLESS SILENCE

for a little, until it began to ignite. On seeing this the host called out excitedly, 'See! see! it burns, it burns!' Silence was again obtained for a time, and all eyes were still fixed upon the burning idol, when lo! there rose from it a pale blue flame. Our host became quite troubled, and in fear shouted, 'Look! look! see the blue flames.' 'Yes,' Mr. Ho sarcastically replied, 'see it, that surely is the god; now take' (addressing his brothers) 'a little spirits and put it in the fire and you will have plenty of blue flames.' All assented to the correctness of this remark.

"We both now tried to impress upon their minds the folly of trusting such gods or fearing them either. As the idol burned away, all restraint was removed, and the conversation became general; many cutting remarks were made about their late honored goddess. 'See,' one would say 'it just burns like any other piece of wood.' Another took the tongs and turned it over to let the fire have a better hold upon it; one even had the temerity to spit upon it. But the climax was reached when 'mine host' lifted the tongs and caught the head of the idol and it came away a charred cinder. This set every one laughing, and for the rest of the evening there was not the faintest appearance of concern upon any. All agreed that the idols were useless, for had this one had power, it would have struck our friend dead, or in some way wreaked signal vengeance upon him; but no, there he sat as hale and hearty as before.

"On their confessing their belief in the folly of worshipping idols, we warned them against going to the other extreme; that is, of thinking there was no God. There certainly was a God, and Him they ought to love, serve, and obey. He was the Creator and Preserver of all. This God we worshipped daily, and we came to beseech men to worship Him too.

"After supper, when Mr. Ho was seeing the guests away, one of his brothers went to the shrine and, as an experiment, took an idol down, saying, 'I ALSO WILL BURN ONE.'

"Upon this his nephew said to him, 'No, you had better not. If he,' (meaning his own father) 'does so I cannot oppose him, but don't you at-

tempt it.' The idol was at once returned to its place.

"On the father's return he took both idols down and said, 'Several generations in our family have worshipped these, but I am determined they shall be worshipped no more.' Before the last was consigned to the flames, curiosity quite mastered their fears; so they proposed to dissect the god. He was laid on the table, and the plug removed from the cavity in his back, when appeared the representatives of all the internal organs. These were carefully removed and laughed over, as one after another commented upon them. Silk threads were said to represent intestines, while several seeds did duty for heart, lungs, etc. The silk our hostess kept, as it could be used for sewing, but the rest of the things were given over to the fire with the idol. All traces of idolatry were then destroyed. The host said smiling, 'Well, that was a dear fire, those idols cost a large sum of money.'

WHY JACK BRADLEY EMIGRATED.

(See Illustration.)

It was a raw, cold morning in the month of January. The London streets were thick with a slush—half snow and half mud—which soaked through the scanty shoe-leather of the early wayfarers, and chilled them to the bone. In the busy district of Clerkenwell, the thoroughfares were already thronged with workers on their way to their daily toil. Among these were two men, honest-looking enough, but rather shabbily attired, who said but little to each other as they strode rapidly along, pulling with considerable energy at their short clay pipes.

"Bitingly cold!" exclaimed the slimmer of the two, taking the pipe for a moment from between his chattering teeth, "I wish we were there!"

"'Tis so," rejoined his companion, "no mistake about that; my feet are like ice."

They trudged on for a few minutes more in silence, and then the first speaker again spoke.

"Have you the price of a drink, Jack? I am clean stumped myself, down to the very last penny, and I should like summat afore going in."

"Not a brass farden, Bill, sorry to say. My missus took my last tuppence afore I come out. Said she wanted it for breakfast."

Again they trudged on in moody silence, pulling harder than ever at their pipes. By-and-by the more talkative one again broke out.

"I say, Jack, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll get old Wylie to stick us up two 'goes' till Saturday."

"Hum!" responded Jack, rather dubiously, "We may try, but I don't believe he'll do it."

"Won't he? Not after all the money he's had of us? We'll try him, as you say, anyhow."

The Black Bull Tavern, owned by Jonas Wylie, Esq. Guardian of the Poor and Churchwarden of the parish, stood but a few doors from the factory where Jack Bradley and Bill Morgan worked and, having still five minutes to spare, the two men pushed open the familiar door and walked in. It wasn't much more than six hours since they last stood before the bar, yet the place seemed greatly changed. Behind the bar, instead of the portly frame and ruddy countenance of the host, stood a shock-headed potman, with unwashed face and sleeves rolled up, sweeping out the room. In front of the bar, where stood the laughing, talking crowd, a shivering, threadbare wretch, slowly sipped a glass of hot gin.

"Good morning, Tom," said Morgan, addressing the potman, whom he knew quite well, in a tone of unusual respect; "Guv'nor ain't up, I s'pose? But you'll do as well; me and Jack 'ud like a drop o' gin 'ot, and pay on Saturday."

The potman paused for a moment and surveyed the two workmen with a look in which contempt and amusement struggled for the mastery. The next, turning to his broom, and not even deigning to look at them, he gruffly observed that, "It weren't no use; agin the rules; couldn't do it."

With a look of indignation mingled with disappointment, and a few expressive words, Bradley and Morgan bounced out of the Black Bull, and into their workshop.

"Fools that we are!" said Bradley to his mate, as they stood at their bench, "to give that man nearly a fourth of our earnings every week, as we do, and then, on a morning like this, to be refused two days' credit for a glass of gin!"

Morgan could hardly trust himself to speak, he was so enraged: and simply said he would never spend another penny at the Black Bull. Bradley's resolution took a wider range. He was an older and more thoughtful man. He was, moreover, not so complete a slave to the drink passion as was his younger companion, and so, while the one only vowed that he would transfer his custom to another tavern, the other determined, with God's help, to give it up at once and forever. Pursuing this train of thought, he continued:

"Bill, do you know I think I shall carry out that notion of my old woman's and emigrate. She is quite right. I haven't the strength to resist the temptation of company, the jaw and the song turns my head, and then I makes a beast of myself, and paupers of her and the young 'uns. And if, as she says, I had a fair start in a new place, and among new faces, I shouldn't have the temptation. I'm really more than inclined to try it!"

Bill Morgan felt the force of his comrade's reasoning, and though he shrank from appropriating it to his own case, he did not attempt to persuade Jack out of his resolution. The matter was soon arranged, and without much difficulty. Bradley's master, a real philanthropist, lent him the necessary passage-money; and on a fine spring morning Jack, his wife, and his little ones, sailed for New Zealand.

"Good-by Bill," said he, shaking his old comrade's hand warmly—for Morgan and his wife and little girl and two neighbors had come to see the emigrants off; "Good-by! I wish you were coming with us."

"So do I," responded Bill, rather mechanically; "but I don't think I could stand it."



The Emigrants' Farewell.

They stepped into a little wherry, which took them with other emigrants out to the ship in the middle of the river. As they were being rowed slowly, Morgan and his wife waved a last adieu from the landing-stage, which was responded to by Bradley and his family. The next minute they were on board, and then Jack went below to look after their berths, and did not come on deck again until the ship had passed Gravesend. He never saw his mate, Bill Morgan, again!

In his new home Jack Bradley prospered far beyond his hopes. In three years from his departure he revisited the old country to repay the money lent him by his old master, and to take Bill Morgan out with him to New Zealand. He found his master hale and well, the old factory looking just the same, and the Black Bull as bright and flashy as ever. But Jonas Wylie, Esq., Guardian of the Poor and Churchwarden of the parish, was no longer there. A fit of apoplexy had terminated his career. And as for Bill Morgan, all that remained of him was lying underground in a pauper's grave. His little girl lies under him, and his widow is in the workhouse. Back o'er the wide ocean, with a heavy heart, goes Jack Bradley to his new home, pondering over the miserable fate of his old boon companion, and thanks God for taking him out of "the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and for setting his feet upon a rock." For not only has he been redeemed from the bondage of drink, but has found forgiveness for the past, through the precious blood of Christ.

IDOLATRY AND SORCERY IN AFRICA.

ONE of the missionaries on the Congo says: "The fields around us are white to harvest." A few days ago a chief inquired "Why do you not come to my town and teach my people about God?" I replied that as his town was so near Palaballa, where I am, I thought his people might attend service here; but I said, "If you wish it I will have a meeting at your town every Sunday." He appeared

very much pleased. His name is Nikiangalla; he is considered a very great medicine man.

"A headman of the town, named Magibba, professed to be able to make the idols talk. I challenged him before the whole town to do so, and promised that if he accomplished the feat I would give him ten bales of cloth. Of course he could not do it, and had to acknowledge so before the whole assembly. The women seemed especially pleased at this public confession of his weakness. The people are losing faith in their idols. Oh, that Christ would take up His abode in their hearts. "There are six towns governed by an old king named Kakumpaka. He is a most superstitious old man. I am told he has killed more than eighty persons since he began to reign for witchcraft alone. During the three years previous to my arrival more than ten suffered death for the same thing, which means for no crime at all; but during the two years I have been here only one has been killed, though there have been many occasions on which others would have shared the same fate had I not been there. When I first arrived the fetish drum was ever going, now months pass without it being heard at all. This time last year there was an idol house in the town, but the house and the idols are alike destroyed now, and Christian services held on the site. The palaver house used to be filled with charms on the floor, on the walls, hanging from the roof—charms on every side; now they have vanished.

"Oh, this poor, bleeding Africa! Could we but lift the curtain and display its undressed and terrible moral sores, people at home would surely deny themselves more, in order to send hither the 'balm of Gilead!'"

ONLY A TRAMP. A Serial Story by Grace Stebbing.

(Continued from page 767.)

The Mayor Forges a Chain.

WHEN Mr. Barnes first took the wanderer into his employment, he was full of benevolent schemes for making his return to duties proper to his own station in life agreeable to him; but Jim Blake appeared on the scene, the new-comer took the burden of him upon his shoulders, and, business matters were pressing. Wynn proved very useful in the office, and those more stirring affairs on which he was to have been employed were entrusted to the two travellers for the manufactory.

Enid Barnes did once say to her father, as Jim Blake observed later on, "Our tramp must be feeling like a caged lion, papa, in that atom of an office of yours from eight in the morning till nearly seven at night."

But her father laughed rather absently. A post had come in with important letters. "Anyway, little Birdie, the cage seems to agree with the lion. His cheeks are filling out. But he must get a holiday all the same when the summer comes round."

And so he put aside all idea of widening the cage meantime; and thus it came to pass that Jim Blake, on that fifth of April, gave Mrs. Williams his private opinion that before the date for summer holidays came round, the man who had so recently drifted into Silverdale would have drifted away from them all again out into the wide world. Thus it came to pass that Charles Wynn made a sudden effort to secure friends for Jim Blake to take the place of himself, and that he gave a present to little Bobby Balston that should do as a parting keepsake. He trusted that he should see him

again in future years ; but he had almost made up his mind not to see him again in the present. It would be so painful to say good-by to the child.

About the same time that Charles Wynn turned down the short lane that led to the Williams's cottage, the Mayor of Southford drove up to Silverdale vicarage. He very often did drive over on Saturdays to treat himself to a holiday hour with the vicar or Sir Edmond Wright, or Captain and Mrs. Richardson ; but on the present occasion his visit was to do a good turn to Mr. Copleston, by extending a helping hand to one of his parishioners.

Bobby Balston's eldest brother, a good-humored ordinary sort of boy, was just thirteen, and Mrs. Balston was so anxious to get him into Mr. Barnes's factory that Mr. Copleston had written a few words for her on the subject to the manufacturer. The note was answered in person.

"I thought," said the mayor, as he drove into the gate, and his friend came across the lawn to him—"I thought if you could spare ten minutes to take me to the Balstons, we might clinch that matter about their boy on the spot, and he might begin work at once, on Monday. My foreman has found a decent woman he can lodge with."

"Decidedly your promptitude is a blessing to your friends, whatever it may have done for yourself," said Mr. Copleston laughing, and without more ado accepting the proffered seat in the gig.

When the two gentlemen arrived at the Balstons' the immediate business on hand was interrupted by finding small Bobby in tears, and both Bob the elder and his mother engaged in vain attempts to soothe him. On seeing the mayor, Mary Balston exclaimed in a tone of great relief :

"There, child, now here's the good mayor himself to tell you as you are quite out in your fears. Mother's silly little bonny."

"But what are the fears that I'm to tell him he's out in?" asked Mr. Barnes, looking a good deal puzzled.

"Why, sir, if you please, that Mr. Wynn is going away on the tramp again. Bobby here has seen him to-day, and declares he means to go away."

Mr. Barnes started, and his face flushed. "Surely not ; he cannot be meaning to go away. He has said not a syllable of the sort to me. Where is he now?"

"He went down the way to Mrs. Williams's, please, sir," said Jessy Balston shyly.

Mr. Barnes put his hand over his eyes for a moment in thought. Then turning to Bob the elder to ask him to hold his horse a for few minutes, he begged his companion to step down with him to the other cottage. As they turned into the short lane a savoury smell of fried bacon, hot apple puffs, and hot cake saluted them, and through the open window of the sitting-room they caught a glimpse of a bountifully-spread table, and a party of four gathered around it. They also caught the sound of a few words from the owner of a certain broad back placed against the window. The words were grave and sad, but very distinct.

"If I do go away, I shall certainly come back and see you all again some day, if I live."

"I should hope so indeed," came a stentorian shout, followed almost immediately by a tremendous thump, intended as a hearty mark of friendship, on the aforesaid broad back, so conveniently placed by the window for those outside to operate upon.

"Meanwhile," continued the stentorian voice, "in order to coming back again it is necessary first to go away, so can you be ready to start for Brussels by six o'clock on Monday? You won't need to take much with you ; my business won't take you more than three days, I expect."

Ten minutes later, as Mr. Barnes bid the vicar good-by at the vicarage, he said, with a laugh :

"Well, come now, I did expect a little bit of praise for that bit of promptitude."

"But it was so wonderful that you took my breath away," came the reply, with an answering laugh ; "but surely you have not really anything requiring to be done in Brussels?"

The manufacturer shrugged his shoulders. "I've always things to be done everywhere. This move will only necessitate my telegraphing

to another fellow to go off somewhere else. When Wynn comes back he shall be set to form a cricketing society and a debating club. He shall not get free of my chains yet awhile. We'll find him plenty of stirring work to do between times, if that's what the young fellow wants, you'll see. Our fine piece of restlessness won't tramp it again for good and all from these parts, not just this next summer or two, now he's once fairly woke me up to the danger. Good-by."

The mayor was already half-way back to Southford before three out of four of the party assembled at tea in the Williams's cottage felt that it was quite possible for them to draw a full, free breath again. It was quite as much as Mrs. Williams could do to go on pouring out cups of tea, and cutting generous slices of cake. As for James Williams, her husband, he was quite beyond remembering to attend to his duties as host. As he expressed it afterward—"His wits was that flustered as he couldn't seem rightly to remember the way to his own mouth, let alone reminding of other folks to find the way to fill theirs."

"And what beats me," he ejaculated, twenty minutes or so after Mr. Barnes and the vicar had driven away—"what beats me is, as you look, sittin' there, as cool as a cucumber. One might think, to see you, as mayor had just come around to tell you that he'd like you to step over to Worroton, three miles t'other side o' Southford, Monday mornin' ; you couldn't look no cooler."

"Possibly not," said Wynn, laughing. "But at any rate I should not feel half so pleased. You see I have had so much running about over long distances the past half of my life, that expeditions seem to come as naturally into my day's work as fixing book-covers does into yours."

"And you don't feel, not to say, afeard to trust yourself along o' they foreigners?" said Mrs. Williams, with something of a sigh of pity for her adventurous guest. She had heard of Bonaparte in her early childhood, and his dreaded troops, and all peoples across the water had some imaginary connection in her mind with terrible individuals, who made English bread dear, put Englishmen in prison when they could catch them, and were still ever on the watch for a convenient opportunity to swallow up England itself.

But it was no good. Compassion had no effect in lessening the tramp's contented smiles ; and astonishment at the tranquility with which he contemplated the immediate prospect before him did not succeed in awakening an answering surprise in himself. However, in spite of his absence of sympathy in these respects, he rose very high in favor with his entertainers during the couple of hours that he favored them with his company, and when at length he and Jim said good-by, and set out on their homeward route, many an earnest hope that he would return safely from "foreign lands" was sent after him, and many a heartfelt invitation was bestowed upon both young men to repeat their visit as soon and as often as they pleased.

Williams was as glad as his wife when Charles Wynn presented himself, two or three weeks later, to report himself whole and uninjured from his expedition.

Two days before Christmas, and a large group of people gathered around the Silverdale vicarage dining-table engaged, not in eating and drinking, but in admiring a bright new silver teapot, with an engraved inscription on it, to the effect that the vicar and parishioners of Silverdale presented it to James Williams, in token of their respect for the efficient and upright way in which he had, for twenty-five years, performed the duties of clerk of that parish.

The parishioner who had headed the subscription was Sir Edmond Wright, with a five-pound note ; the tail was dear little Bobby Balston, with a big penny and a new farthing, which he gave to Florry one Sunday as they were coming together out of church, with the whispered request that she would "put it in the bag for the ferription."

"And it is quite decided that we give it the day before Christmas, and not the day after?" asked Mr. Copleston.

"Oh, yes, yes, to-morrow, to-morrow !" shout-

ed such a chorus of voices that the vicar clapped his hands over his ears. "I beg your pardon, Lady Wright," he said, laughing ; "but it is not the sound of your voice, nor of my wife's, that I wish to shut out."

"No, of course not ; it's Edith's," shouted Frank, and Florry, and Harry, and Guy Patterson, and Tod Wright, all at once.

Herbert Richardson put the teapot down. Shall I punch their impudent heads for you, Miss Copleston?"

"Well, not Florry's perhaps," was the laughing answer.

"No ; he'll only pull her curls," said Hal, doing the deed himself at the same time. "But seriously, father," he added after a moment, "you do yourself think it will be jollier for Williams to have the pleasant thing to think of on Christmas-day, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do, taking everything into consideration. But now, that preliminary question being settled, comes the second one, who is to give it to him? I say you, Squire."

"And I say you, Vicar," was the smiling retort.

"How nice it would be if our tramp could give it," said Florry thoughtfully.

"The very thing !" shouted Frank. "He's the very jolliest fellow out. You should have seen him playing in the football-match yesterday, father ; it was grand. And how he did rouse up that Jem Blake. He made him almost as plucky as himself before the day was over. Williams ought to be proud to have his testimonial presented to him by such a first-rate fellow."

"More than if papa gave it to him?" murmured Edith, in an accent of hurt surprise.

"No, Eds, of course not," muttered back Frank reproachfully. "You know that I can't mean that ; but father seemed not to want to give it."

At that minute there was a tap at the room door, and Susan appeared with the information—"If you please, sir, Mr. Wynn with a message from the mayor."

"Ask him to come here, Susan," said the vicar, and almost immediately after a fine, soberly-dressed, earnest-faced man stood in the doorway, and received such a hearty, universal welcome, that he was compelled to dispense with diffidence, and make one of the large group already assembled in the room.

Florry danced up to him. "Isn't it a lovely teapot, my —" and there she stopped suddenly, and the color rushed into her fair little face, but Charles Wynn smiled, and laid his hand gently on the child's curls, as he said to her quietly :

"Don't leave off calling me your tramp, little one, I have learned to like the name since I have been made so happy here among you all."

Then raising his other hand he put a parcel into one of hers, saying, "There, Mr. Barnes has sent those to go with the teapot, and I was to deliver them to you. He says he was obliged to send them, I was especially to tell you, because you told him that he must not subscribe to the testimonial."

Florry laughed. "So I did tell him, because he isn't a Silverdale parishioner of course, and he would have had to have a little inscription all to himself on the teapot, you know, which would have looked rather funny, I think. This is much nicer. Williams has got two things this way, instead of one."

And thereupon the parcel was opened, and six silver teaspoons disclosed to view, which it was at once unanimously decided to the great satisfaction of all the boys, that at any rate Charles Wynn must and should present for his otherwise engaged employer, whoever might present the teapot. Sir Edmond Wright had business in Southford the next day, and promised to call for him in his carriage at five o'clock to bring him over.

And then the mayor's clerk said good-by, mounted the mayor's dog-cart again, taking up Hal Copleston with him, to be dropped at the Williams's cottage, where he delivered the demurely-received, but thoroughly understood message, that Williams was required to attend at the school-room at half-past six the next evening. From there Wynn drove to Betty Sharplin's home, and

having had a five minutes' chat with her he departed, leaving behind him his own Christmas gift to her, consisting of a basketful of all manner of groceries, which he managed to smuggle in under the table without her knowledge. However, she took care not to let him off without thanks when she saw him in the school-room the next day.

"Thank you—*sir*," said James Williamis with an obstinate little quiver of a smile, which refused to be suppressed, as he received the silver spoons; "I thought when first I see you as you was born to the title, but you've got it in a better way now; for you've earned it, and I don't mind sayin', as it's my firm belief as ten years hence there won't be a better-liked nor a better-honored gentleman around these parts than Mr. Charles Wynn, the tramp."

"Hold him then! hold him!" shouted little Bobby Balston excitedly, "for he's going to tramp now."

And so he was, and Bobby's warning came too late. Quite unable to bear the general attention called to him by Williams's little speech, Charles Wynn had escaped through the near side-door, and was already once more on the tramp, but only on the tramp to Southford, where one day we may hear of him again.

THE END.

[This excellent story, which has been published in abbreviated form from week to week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, may be obtained, handsomely bound in cloth, from Mr. Thomas Whitaker, No. 2 Bible House, New York.]

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

S. S. Lesson for December 17. Mark 16 : 9-20. Golden Text, Verse 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Incredulity of the Disciples—A Scarce Type of Christians—Lives that Prove that Jesus Lives—The Two Warring Natures—Deliverance from Diseases not Expected—Lunatics not now Brought to Christ—The Walk to Emmaus—The Benediction of Peace—The Unlimited Commission—The Faith Confessed—The Signs Following—The Signs in the Primitive Church.

THE testimony of Mary that Jesus was alive received no credence among the disciples. What an apt type of the condition of the Christian church in our day! Men are ready enough to receive doctrine, to discuss it, prove it from Scripture, preach it, write about it. Professing Christians are ready enough to do all which is expected of them in the little world to which they belong; whether it be to conduct a prayer-meeting, or to lead in a croquet party; and there are such as contrive to excel in both. But those are few and far between who prove to a skeptical world whether they will receive it or not that

JESUS LIVES.

There are few who dare step out in advance of their fellow-Christians, and claim that Pentecost belongs to us now, and that apostolic power has not ceased with apostolic times. There are those, indeed, who like religious life well enough so long as it is confined to certain limits, and so long as it does not shock conventional propriety. Away with such limiting of the Holy One of Israel! God is King, let us learn our true place, and be small that He may have room in our hearts and lives to move and work and manifest Himself.

"We have two natures," say some believers, "and we cannot help ourselves, we mourn over the evil of our hearts, but it will be the same until we die." "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness" (1 Thess. 4 : 7), and most surely He does not call us to that which he makes impossible, He calls us to be pure "even as He is pure," "righteous even as He is righteous" (1 John 3 : 3, 7). Practically, men believe that their evil nature is more mighty than God, they expect it to exercise its power and of course it does so; let them put as much faith in God's deliverance as they do in sin's tyranny, and they will know assuredly that Jesus lives. (Rom. 7 : 23-25.)

There are men who are quite shocked at the idea that Christians should expect in these days deliverance from their diseases; they say we are not to look for such things, the days of miracles

are past. God is to them as though He were deaf and dumb, and maimed. To them Jesus is as though He were still in the grave. Many persuade themselves that it is more according to the mind of God that they should remain continually and incurably sick, and are perhaps little aware of the subtlety of unbelief in their hearts, which dare not put God to the test, which dare not have to do with a real, living, present Christ.

There is a latent conviction that these habits of disease are of too long standing, and that the organs are too much impaired for restoration,

EVEN BY THEIR MAKER;

and every plausible excuse is made for this unbelief of heart. There are few who have the holdness to bring a poor lunatic to Him who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and these poor victims of Satan's rage are often so hedged round by well-meant supervision, that any spiritual influence, the only thing which, in many cases, can prevail, is carefully excluded.

Jesus lived, but none of the chosen twelve as yet believed in His resurrection. He appeared to two, not of the twelve, "as they walked and went into the country." We well know the history of that blessed walk and converse with Jesus about Himself, and how He "was known unto them in breaking of bread." We know how He had charged them with their slowness of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken, how He opened to them the Scriptures, and their hearts burned within them. Yet when "they went and told it unto the residue, neither believed they them."

"JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION"

was to be the theme of the God-filled men who were sent out to win a world to God. No wonder the great enemy of souls made all the stand possible against the declaration of this mighty fact.

"Afterward He appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen." From Luke's Gospel we find that more than the eleven were present, it is added "and them that were with them" (Luke 24 : 33). Probably the company was the same as mentioned in Acts 1 : 13-15, but only the eleven received the reproach of the Lord because they had been instructed about His resurrection.

Both Luke and John tell us that His first words were,

"PEACE BE UNTO YOU;"

and "He shewed unto them His hands and His side," and said, "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself : handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have." Were they not guilty? Had they deserved such love? Surely not; yet he met them with a message of peace. Oh, how the meaning of the cross must have flooded their minds at this moment! Oh, how their hearts must have been thrilled through and through as the meaning of those wounds for them, dawned upon their hitherto dull and unbelieving hearts!

In token of *His complete reconciliation* He sat at meat and ate with them, and then unfolded to them their apostleship, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you" (John 20 : 21). Here is the commission to "the eleven and they that were with them," the call to those who have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. God has given us peace, not for ourselves alone, but that we may make known the glad news to a lost, perishing, unhappy world; and the only limit to our commission is

"EVERY CREATURE."

He has excepted none; dare we make exceptions? He includes the poor and the rich, the high and the low, our own fellow-countrymen and those in foreign lands; the sane and the insane, the sick and the healthy, the intelligent and the imbecile, "every creature," excludes none. Here is our call : How are we fulfilling it? What are we doing with those who are indisputably within our reach? How about the members of our own houses? How about those who work with us? Are they saved? Have we been sent of Christ to them as He was sent of His Father, and have they been

constrained to recognize the divine authority of the message which we brought to them?

The Lord added, "He that believeth, and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Although *we* are responsible to carry the message of God, in the power of God, and in His Spirit, to every creature, yet when once the soul has been brought into contact with God, and will not receive the message, then the responsibility of rejecting Christ becomes *his own*. God asks of a lost soul who is fleeing from self and sin, but one thing, and that is to believe; to receive the message which has been given him, to take, to have, and to thank God for, the Saviour who has undertaken his whole case. And he who rejects his rightful Lord, and counts himself "unworthy of everlasting life" (Acts 13 : 46), can meet with but one possible result, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

And God calls, not simply for an *unconfessed faith*, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." We are not going to enter upon the disputed question of infant baptism, enough to recognize here that unless a faith leads to a public confession of Christ, unless a man commits himself, there is no promise that he shall be saved. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10 : 9).

With the commission of our Lord to His disciples, we find from John 20 : 22, 23, "He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost : whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." And here we may remember the words of our Lord to His disciples, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." This makes the rejection of one who speaks by the Spirit of God to be such a terrible thing, it is really

REJECTING THE SPIRIT

of God, and this a man cannot do unconsciously.

Our Lord continued, "And these signs shall follow them which believe; in My Name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Who can say in the face of such words that the Lord has withdrawn from His church the power of healing, speaking new tongues, and of casting out devils? "How is it then," you will ask, "that we do not see these signs? We say boldly that they which believe *do* see them, that the healing of the sick by faith in the name of Jesus is continually going on; and there are hundreds of witnesses to it. The casting out of devils is going on, and there are instances of a blessed power to speak foreign languages in what, to anything but faith, would seem a remarkable manner. Let those who doubt attend faith healing meetings, which are held in various parts of America, Switzerland, Germany, and England, and let them confess that God is among us of a truth.

But where these signs do *not* follow, what then? The case is proved by the Word of God, the spoken words of Jesus, they do not believe, their faith is deficient. Where they believe the signs follow, where the signs do not follow, men do not believe. Let history speak : For the first six centuries the writings of the fathers testify to healing by faith as being prevalent in their days. Here and there the more spiritual in the Roman Catholic Church, before the Reformation, testify to the same thing. Catherine of Sienna was a witness to it. Luther knew it. The first leaders of the Wesleyan movement, and also the friends of Edward Irving. Wherever primitive faith has been revived, there the gifts of the early church have reappeared.

Lord, stir us up, educate our faith, fill us with Thyself, that we may not hinder Thee from carrying out Thy purposes. "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following." Lord, make these days live again for Jesus' sake. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Queen Victoria's Speech to the British Parliament on Saturday contained two significant announcements. The speech, which is always the production of the cabinet, but approved by the queen, was delivered by commission on the occasion of the Houses being prorogued at the close of the special fall session. With respect to *Egyptian affairs* the Queen said: "The recent events in Egypt have enhanced my obligations in regard to its affairs. I shall study to discharge my duties in such a manner as to maintain international engagements, uphold and consolidate the privileges which have been successively acquired, promote the happiness of the people and the prudent development of their institutions, and avoid any measure which might tend toward disturbing the tranquility of the East. I feel confident that my aims and the result of my counsels will commend themselves to the approval of the Powers, my allies, in their several relations to that interesting region." Alluding to the *revenue of Great Britain* the Queen said: "The growth of the revenue has been sensibly retarded by a cause, which in itself is to be contemplated with satisfaction. I refer to the diminution of the receipts of the Exchequer from duties on intoxicating liquors." England can well afford to dispense with a portion of her revenue, if at the same time her people drink less intoxicating liquor. It is gratifying to notice that the Queen and her ministers recognize that fact.

In the Session of Parliament now Closed, the chief and almost the only work effected is the passage of the new rules regulating the procedure of the House of Commons, which enable the majority in that House to summarily close a debate at will. That power is hedged around with limitations and restrictions for the protection of the rights of minorities, but it has been passed substantially as originally proposed by the cabinet. Mr. Gladstone is praised by the British Press for the tact with which he has managed to keep the House of Commons to that one work and prevent lengthy debates on Egypt and Ireland.

A Fresh Outbreak of Crime is Reported from Dublin. A man named Field was stabbed in Frederick Street on November 27th. He was a member of the jury that recently convicted a gang of desperadoes. His wounds were serious, but being promptly removed to the hospital, where they were dressed, it is expected that he will recover. On November 25th a detective was shot dead in the street. He and two brother officers were watching a group of suspicious looking men who were congregated near a tavern frequented by Fenians. The moon was shining brightly and the detectives crossed the street to see what they were doing. The order to fire was given by some one in the group, and Detective Cox fell shot through the head. The detectives then opened fire and the man who shot the detective was wounded and captured. In consequence of these and other crimes Dublin has been placed under the Curfew clauses of the Coercion Act, which authorizes the police to arrest any one found in the street during the interval between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise.

The Two Prominent Irish Leaders, Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. Healy, M. P., have been summoned to appear in court and bring sureties for their future good behavior. Mr. Davitt was summoned, because on Sunday, November 26th, he made a speech at Navan in Ireland, in the course of which he said, referring to the threatened famine in the west of Ireland, that the tenant farmers should not starve. They would compel the government that prevents them from living on the soil to support them during the winter. In case they were unsuccessful in getting the government to do its duty, he proposed to make the landlords support the people. If Mr. Gladstone did not apply the surplus of the arrears estimate to save the people, then no rent should be paid from November until May. In 1848, Mr. Davitt said, Archbishop Hughes declared in New York that a man threatened with hunger would be justified in seizing bread upon the altar. How much more justified would the Irish be in feeding their destitute from the tribute they are compelled to pay to

felonious landlordism? Mr. Davitt states that he will not seek sureties, but will prefer to go to jail. Mr. Trevelyan, the Secretary for Ireland, has stated in Parliament that if inflammatory speeches are continued in the meetings of the National League, that organization will, like the Land League, be declared illegal.

The Report that the Russian Minister of finance has ordered the coinage of coronation medals is taken as evidence in Europe that the long-delayed ceremony of crowning the Czar is about to take place. It is stated that the preparations for the event will occupy several months. In the interval it is expected that the Czar will take up his residence in his capital, and extraordinary precautions are being taken in St. Petersburg to insure his safety. At the recent visit of the Imperial family to the city, police were stationed at intervals of only six yards, and the soldiers were massed outside the barracks. The coronation medals mentioned, will, it appears, be an innovation. The Czar has insisted that the profile of his wife shall appear with his own on the medal. On the reverse side will be the Russian arms and the words in Russian, "God with us."

The Floods in Europe, though Generally receding, still give cause for alarm. It was announced in the Prussian Diet on November 30th, that the worst was over, and that the Rhine had fallen a foot and a half in the last twenty-four hours. Detailed reports received show that there is six feet of water in the streets of Cologne, Coblenz, and Bonn. At the last named place 490 houses are submerged, and nearly all the provisions and fodder in the town have been destroyed. There is much sickness in the flooded districts, especially among the children and the poor. The Prussian Diet will be asked to vote a sum for the relief of the sufferers, when the amount of their losses can be estimated. There are also extensive inundations in Holland. Large tracts of country are already submerged, and the rivers are still rising. The river Seine continues to rise. The cellars of the Palais de Justice, in Paris, and the Tribunal of Commerce building are flooded.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Concluded their mission at Cambridge, England, on November 11th. At the University meeting, in reply to an invitation that all who had found peace in Christ that week, or desired to find it, should go into the adjourning room, four hundred undergraduates of the university immediately responded. The next day, November 12th, the evangelists began a seven days' mission at Oxford, and from the first secured overflowing and most enthusiastic meetings. At one of the earlier of the services the undergraduates made a slight disturbance. Mr. Moody said that all he wanted was fair play, and if they did not want to hear him he would leave. He desired those who wished him to continue his address to stand up, and nearly all present did so. His subsequent meetings were very rich in instances of conversion to Christ. A brief but promising campaign was opened at Torquay. A meeting of those interested in the expected visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Dublin on January 18th, was recently held. It was resolved to welcome the evangelists cordially and co-operate with them in every way. It was also recommended that Christian workers should be admitted to the inquiry rooms by ticket only.

The Return of the Jews to Palestine does not appear to be expected by the dons of the English universities. The will of the late Rev. N. M. P. Lushington Tilson contained a bequest to the effect that the sum of \$5000 free of duty be offered to the University of Oxford, and, if declined, then to the University of Cambridge, "for the proper authorities to apply to the payment of a sum yearly to a preacher, to be selected by them—being of strictly Evangelical or Low Church views—who shall preach in the University pulpit two sermons at least annually upon the past history and religion of the Jewish nation, and upon the prophecies in Holy Writ relating to the return of that nation to Judea and the restoration to it of its former glory; and this bequest to be called 'The Lushington Tilson Bequest,' and one of these sermons, at least, is to be published afterward." The Uni-

versity of Oxford declining the bequest, it was referred by the council of the Senate of Cambridge to the Select Preaching Syndicate, by whom a unanimous opinion has been expressed that the offer should be declined. The Council concur in this opinion. This twofold decision sufficiently indicates the judgment of the leading universities of Great Britain concerning the return of the Jews to the Holy Land.

Mr. R. T. Booth, the American Gospel Temperance speaker, whose work in Great Britain has been very successful, has been compelled by illness to discontinue his labors. He has been for some time past in a most delicate condition of health through overwork, and has at last, much against his inclination, been compelled to cancel all his engagements for several months to come. After examination at Bath two weeks ago by four medical gentlemen, the fact was made known that Mr. Booth's lungs are seriously affected, and that his only chance of recovery is complete rest. He has, therefore, been ordered at once to the South of France for the winter months.

The Cost of the War in Egypt is Estimated at fifteen million dollars. Mr. Gladstone, in explaining the charge to the House of Commons, said that the sum mentioned included five millions for the expenses of the Indian contingent. The total cost, including the transportation of the troops home, was estimated at \$17,500,000. This cost, he said, was down to the first of October. From that date the charge will be borne either wholly or in part by Egypt.

A Brave Lady's Heroism is Described in an English paper. Mrs. G. A. D. M'Arthur Campbell, formerly a resident of Coonambie, near Sydney, New South Wales, distinguished herself by a deed of admirable bravery. Mrs. Campbell was a passenger in a steamer from Hong Kong to one of the northern ports of Queensland, and one day a little boy about four years of age, to whom the lady was much attached, fell overboard, the accident occurring through a sudden lurch of the vessel. With the exception of Mrs. Campbell and the man at the wheel, all the passengers and crew were at dinner. Without waiting for a lifebuoy or divesting herself of any clothing, and simply saying to the man at the wheel, "Don't tell the child's mother," Mrs. Campbell plunged into the water, swam to the boy, and held him up till both were rescued, the steamer having been promptly stopped and a boat lowered. This incident reminds us of those who engage in acts of loving self-sacrifice, for the salvation of the souls of sinners, who are in danger of being lost in the deep dark sea of iniquity into which they have fallen. Not for self-praise, but for Christ's glory, are they willing to "count all things but loss," that they may save men.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth,



with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of one dollar. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1882.

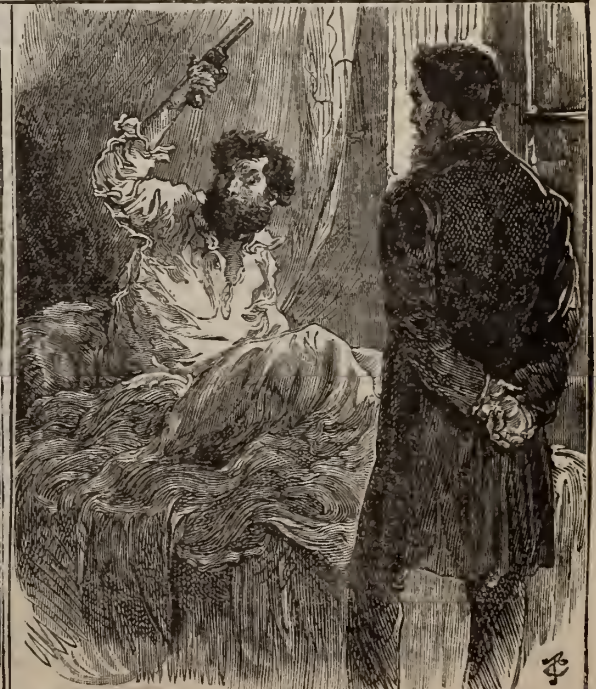
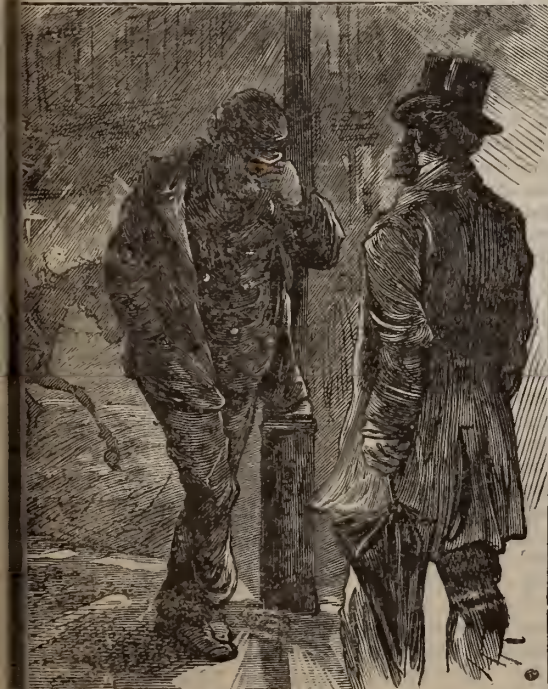
16th Year. No. 50.—New Series.

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THOMAS C. GARLAND, THE SEAMEN'S MISSIONARY: SCENES IN HIS WORK.

MR. T. C. GARLAND,

THE SEAMEN'S MISSIONARY.

Born in 1821—His Parents' Piety—Early Convictions—Rescue from Drowning—Saved from Being Crushed to Death—Peril in a Well—Apprenticed: His Mother's Parting Prayer—Conversion—Begins to Work—Marriage—Commences Business—Agent of the Seamen's Mission—A Sailor's Testimony—An Affecting Scene—Jack Rescues Two Girls from a Burning House—A Penitent Under the Street-Lamp—An Infidel and His Son—The Sunday Dinner Beer—A Mad Sea-Captain and His Pistol—Death of the Maniac.

CHRISTIAN work among seamen is one of the most interesting spheres of labor in which the man of God can engage. The life of Father Taylor, of Boston, Mass., which appeared with his portrait in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 24th, 1881, abundantly proved that fact. This week we give the portrait and life of a man who is doing, and has done for a long time past, a similar work for the seamen of Great Britain to that which Mr. Taylor did for the seamen of America. In his work, recently published, entitled "Leaves from my Log," many thrilling incidents are related by Mr. Garland, which show that God is perpetually watching over and guarding the lives of those who serve Him and encourages them by marvellous tokens of His loving help. The following narrative gleaned from his book contains a few of those incidents which may serve to encourage Christian workers who may be depressed by the coldness and lack of sympathy they too often encounter. They show that though the world may scoff and the Christian Church be indifferent, He whom they serve is cognizant of their labors and is watching over them.

Thomas Charles Garland, whose portrait appears this week on our front page, is now sixty-one years of age, having been born at Penn, England, on June 14th, 1821. His parents were godly people. From a very early period of his history he was conscious of the fact that he was a sinner in need of salvation. So powerfully at times during his boyhood did the Holy Spirit strive with him, that he would steal away from his brothers and sisters, and in a grassy dell a short distance from the house, would earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins and make him a Christian.

PERILS IN CHILDHOOD.

The man who was destined to labor so successfully for Christ would have perished in childhood, but for the providential interposition of God; for he was often near a violent death. Mr. Garland received his education at the village school, and seems to have gained a reputation among his fellow pupils for bravery and daring; but owing to his characteristic temerity he often occasioned his parents considerable anxiety. When he was about eight years old, he went to a neighboring pond, which was very deep and unsafe, for the purpose of sailing a little boat which had been given him. While in the act of launching his tiny bark, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water, no one being near to hear his cry for help or to rescue him from drowning. But his sister was providentially led to visit the pond, and she arrived there just in time to rescue her brother from a watery grave.

SAVED FROM BEING CRUSHED.

On another occasion he was playing with a spirited young horse, which had been harnessed to a cart for the first time. While running by his side, the creature, somewhat terrified, made an unexpected dash at a gateway, and Thomas being unable at the moment to let go of the rein, which he was holding, or to stop the horse, saw that there was only room for the cart to pass through, and that he would be crushed between the gatepost and the wheel; so, clinging to the shaft with all his strength, just as he neared the gate, he sprang under the animal, and was saved. The contact of the wheel with the heavy post stopped the horse, and the startled animal was secured and calmed.

A "BLUNDERBUSS" EXPLODES.

Once, too, he narrowly escaped losing his life from a "blunderbuss" exploding in his hands. It appears that one winter his father's house had

been twice broken into, and property carried away of considerable value. A few gentlemen in the neighborhood, therefore, made him a present of a blunderbuss, as a safeguard in the case of further marauding eventualities, but the children were often cautioned not to touch it on any consideration, as it was loaded. The curiosity of Thomas, however, was so much excited, that one afternoon he ventured to take it down and discharge it, *to see how it would spread the shot*; but no sooner did he pull the trigger than the weapon burst in his hands into many pieces. Part of the barrel was found some yards off in an adjoining field, the stock was shattered into splinters, and the lad was thrown senseless upon the ground, each hand grasping a fragment of the firearm, *but absolutely uninjured!*

PERIL IN A WELL.

One other escapade and deliverance should also be mentioned, as illustrative of the preserving might of God in the case of those whom He intends to employ in His service. In the neighborhood of the Garlands' house was a deep well, which had been opened for the purpose of repairing a pump. In spite of the energetic and repeated remonstrances of his companions, Thomas resolved to slide down the pipe. He did so for a long distance, and had just landed on a stay, or timber support, when a large quantity of loose stone-work at the top of the well gave way and came crashing heavily down with a most alarming noise. The lads at the mouth of the well were in despair, believing that their companion was killed, so that it was some time afterward before an attempt was begun to rescue his mangled body. When at length assistance did come, the men, to their astonishment, found Thomas alive, the heavy stones having fallen all around him, but through the Divine mercy, leaving him quite unhurt!

HIS MOTHER'S PARTING PRAYER.

At about the age of fourteen came the great crisis of his being for time and eternity. He was leaving home to be apprenticed to a tradesman at Thame, Oxfordshire, and was standing waiting for the arrival of the expected stage-coach which would convey him thither, when his mother took him affectionately aside, saying she wished to speak to him alone. The lad following her into her room, the door was closed, and the anxious Christian mother, turning to her child with tears trembling upon her eyelids, and a thrill of unutterable tenderness in the tones of her voice, solemnly said, "My dear boy, I want to pray with you once more before you leave us for the busy world, far away from your parents' care." She and the boy then knelt together, and though nearly fifty years have elapsed since that important moment, Mr. Garland says: "The prayer which she then offered I can never forget; and now, as I again think of it, I fancy I can feel her hands resting on my head, and her tears falling on my neck, as she prayed, 'O God, my dear Father, bless and save my boy.'"

HIS CONVERSION TO CHRIST.

Before leaving home, Mrs. Garland obtained a promise from Thomas that he would daily read a portion of God's Word, pray every morning and night, and regularly attend the House of God on Sunday. This promise he endeavored faithfully to carry out. The first Sunday of his absence from home, he found the Wesleyan Chapel, and at once identified himself with the congregation. On the fourth Sunday evening of his attendance, the Lord's Supper was to be administered, after the usual public service, to the members of the society. At this time young Garland was exceedingly anxious about his soul, and he thought, therefore, that he would remain and witness the observance of the ordinance. Just at this instant a lady approached him, and kindly inquired, "Are you not going up to the Lord's Table?" Tears came unbidden as his response, and a moment later he answered: "No; I am not a member; I am not converted to Christ." But through the instrumentality of that solemn service he accepted Christ as his Saviour.

BEGINS WORK IN CHRIST'S SERVICE.

Having enlisted under Christ's banner, the youthful soldier began to fight Christ's battles, and to seek to spread abroad the knowledge of the

Gospel. Not long ago Mr. Garland was preaching at a certain place, when an old man arose at the end of the service, and cried out, "Are you little Tommy Garland, that used to live at Thame? Excuse me interrupting, but I saw your name outside, and thought it must surely be the same. Don't you know me?" "No," replied Mr. Garland, "I do not." "Don't you remember a poor starving lad sitting on a doorstep one Sunday morning, and you gave him some bread and butter, and then took him with you to Chapel?" continued the old man. "Oh, yes," replied the preacher, "I can remember now." "Well, sir," said the man, "I kept to Chapel, and afterward got work, and have never wanted since. But, better still, God has converted my soul, and now I find my chief joy in doing what I can for the dear Saviour who has done so much for me."

GOES UP TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

At the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, and when he was about twenty-one years of age, Mr. Garland went to London, and in connection with a few warm-hearted young men like himself, he began to preach the glad tidings of salvation in the open air early on Sunday mornings, and while giving tracts to the members of the audience, cordially invited them to the House of God! At that time two localities known as

DRURY LANE AND ST. GILES'S

constituted a veritable cesspool of iniquity, and there young Garland with his friends went to work. God richly blessed the labors of the young men in the locality, and many most miserable and abandoned sinners were led to Christ through their efforts. From that time to the present, now forty years, Mr. Garland has been actively engaged wherever he has been placed in preaching the Gospel.

After a few years' experience of London, Mr. Garland returned to his native village, and commenced business for himself. At the age of twenty-six he married a lady who, like himself, was enthusiastic in the work of her Divine Master. The business prospered, and on Sundays Mr. Garland was engaged in preaching the Gospel; but a longing desire to work entirely for the souls of men took possession of him, and deepened in its intensity. He carried his burden to the Lord, and asked that his way might be made plain.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

At length, in the year 1856, he received a letter from the Wesleyan Seamen's Committee, stating that their lay agent had left the mission, and that they were in want of some one to take his place. The letter concluded with the words, "It is a great pity you are not a sailor, for we think you would just do for the work." On reading this communication, Mrs. Garland said to her husband, "Here is a call to London; I feel certain it is a call which you ought to listen to."

Notwithstanding his wife's prayerful conviction as to what the Lord would have her husband do, Mr. Garland thought otherwise; for he was in a good business, and doing well for his family. But he was irresistibly drawn to the work and the remainder of the day was full of anxiety to know and do what was right in the sight of God. He had long and ardently desired to be employed in the Lord's work; so the next day he wrote to the secretary this sentence, and no more, "Is it necessary for your agent to be a sailor?"

THE SEAMEN'S MISSION.

The committee, in reply, invited him to meet them at once. He complied with their summons, and having listened to an explanation of the nature of the work required, was unanimously requested to become the lay missionary of the society. After much thought and prayer, Mr. Garland accepted the proposal, and within fourteen days from the committee's invitation, had sold his business and removed with his family to the scene of his future labors. That was on September 1st, 1856.

In the prosecution of his labors Mr. Garland has been wonderfully preserved by the good hand of God. His life has been threatened many times by bad and desperate men while rescuing some poor sailor from his wicked companions and the snares of designing "landsharks." During the awful visitation of cholera, in 1866, when hun-

dreds of persons were swept away in the East of London, and, in some instances, whole families perished by its ravages. Mr. Garland spent eight weeks in visiting the sick and dying, going out in response to calls at all hours of the day and night, yet neither he nor any member of his family suffered at all in health, but were used of God in a preeminent manner for the material help and spiritual blessing of their less favored neighbors.

A SAILOR'S TESTIMONY.

At a meeting for sailors, conducted by Mr. Garland, one of the number present spoke as follows: "My dear friends and shipmates: It is through the Lord's mercy that I am here once more. It was in this room God converted my soul, and took my burden of sin away, for which I will praise Him as long as I live. But, although religion is the best thing a man can have, yet the Christian has his trials and conflicts." And here, after relating how God had blessed him in going out and in coming home, he recounted some of *his trials on board ship*; "When I am reading my Bible one of the crew will throw a shoe and put the lamp out. Sometimes, when on my knees at prayer, they will take hold of my legs and lay me flat on the floor, and then laugh at my devotions, singing their filthy songs. Surely if any one has been persecuted for Christ's sake, James Parsons is the man."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

Here the poor man's tears ran freely down his cheeks, and for some time he could not proceed. "There's that chap in the corner," pointing to one of his shipmates; "he has teased me more than all the others put together. Yes, Jack, you know that's true. For months you have been peck, peck, pecking at me like a wolf. But, my soul is full of love and pity for you, and there's nothing but what I would do for you if you would be a Christian. Don't think I have hard thoughts of you because of your past unkindness. I freely forgive you, and"—walking to the place where Jack was sitting—here's my hand. Here, Jack, let us shake hands and be brothers."

This was too much for poor Jack. He gave his hand to Jem and tried to speak, but could not, and kneeling down he wept like a child. James seized the missionary's hand, saying, "Praise the Lord! kind words go a long way. I thought I should kill him some day. Let me pass. It will do me good to pray side by side with him." And with zeal and earnestness never to be forgotten, he poured forth his prayers and supplications for this broken-hearted penitent. (*Our panel to the left of the frontispiece picture depicts James on his knees, in the presence of his persecutors.*)

RESCUE OF TWO CHILDREN.

"Some years ago," says Mr. Garland, "I was awoke early one morning by the cry of fire! Thinking the house in which I was staying was on fire, I was soon dressed and made my way into the street, when I found the conflagration was in Fetter Lane. That narrow thoroughfare was soon filled with people. In those days the appliances for saving life were very different from those of the present time. It was thought, however, that all the inmates had made their escape; but presently a female came inquiring with great earnestness where her children were. Two of them were missing, and just afterward two little girls put their heads out of the top window and cried piteously for help. Many now began to shout for the ladders, but no ladders were to be seen. A sailor standing near me became very restless, and hearing the cries for help, he said, 'I'll do my best,' and, throwing off his jacket,

HE CLIMBED UP A WATER-PIPE,

which brought him near the window where the little girls were. The eldest threw her arms round his neck, and he went down the pipe hand over hand safely with his precious freight amid the shouts of all the crowd. His hands were torn and bleeding, but after wiping his face, and on looking up, seeing no ladder yet raised to the house, he went up again, while the people held their breath in intensity of excitement. There was a solemn silence as they watched him scale his way to the window once more. Having reached it, the little child threw her arms round his neck so tightly as

nearly to strangle him; but down he came, leaving marks of blood all along the pipe, while many voices cried, 'Gently, gently, a little lower, a bit lower,' till at length a strong man caught the child and delivered her to her mother, when there was such an outburst of bravo! tears, and clapping of hands, as I have never heard or seen on any other occasion.

"When the rejoicing mother asked the sailor what she could do for him, and assured him she would do anything he would mention, 'My good woman,' was Jack's reply, 'I have only done my duty; I'll take a glass of water, and wash my hands, and bid you good day, and better luck at our next meeting.' And throwing his jacket over his shoulders, he passed out of sight but not out of mind." (*Our picture on the right-hand side of the frontispiece portrait represents Jack sliding down the water-pipe with one of the girls.*)

A PENITENT UNDER THE GAS LAMP.

After a very powerful sermon at the Seamen's Chapel a sailor started for his boarding-house, but was in such distress of mind that he stopped in the street, and leaning against lamp-post, burst into a fit of weeping, when a gentleman, passing and seeing him, inquired what was the cause of his distress. "My sins," replied the sailor, "are pressing me so heavily, that I know not what to do, nor where to go." Taking him by the arm, the kind stranger said, "Come with me, my friend; I will take you to a place." He took him back to the Seamen's Chapel. Mr. Garland took the sailor into the prayer-meeting, where the poor fellow sank upon his knees, crying, "Oh, my sins! my sins! Lord, save my soul!"

Prayer was made for him, but for some time it seemed of no avail. About ten o'clock a friend commenced singing, "My God is reconciled," and wished the young man to join in, but he answered, "No! I don't feel that He is reconciled, and I won't say it." After a little more prayer, another friend repeated the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," and the sailor followed him word by word, till in uttering the verse, "Just as I am, Thou wilt receive," the Lord revealed Himself to the penitent man, and he shouted, "Glory!" (*The panel at the extreme left-hand side of the lower portion of the frontispiece picture shows the distressed man weeping under the gas-lamp.*)

THE INFIDEL AND HIS SON.

"Being requested one day to visit a man who was dangerously ill," says Mr. Garland, "I went, and found him to be an infidel, and quite unwilling for me to read the Bible or pray with him. For several weeks I visited and relieved him, sometimes taking him a little jelly, grapes, etc.; but I could not prevail on him to allow me to speak of Jesus. It pleased God to bless the means used for his recovery, and to restore him gradually to health. One afternoon I found him downstairs, and he told me that he hoped soon to be able to resume his work; that he would not trouble me to call again, but if he could oblige me in any way at any future time, it would be a great gratification to him to do so, in return for my attention to him during his long illness.

"I felt much perplexed how to act, for he had forbidden me to speak to him on religion; yet I felt strangely drawn out in prayer for his conversion. Meeting him one evening, I asked him to grant me a small favor, and he at once acceded to my request. The boon I asked was, that he would allow his eldest son to attend our Sunday-school. For a time he was silent, then gave his consent; on the following Sunday morning I called for the boy, and introduced him to the superintendent.

THE SUNDAY DINNER BEER.

"Several weeks after this, the father, one Sunday morning, noticing that the beershops had taken down their shutters, desired the lad to fetch his 'dinner beer.' The boy hesitated, and the father, with angry and blaspheming words, ordered him to take his cap and the pitcher and go at once. The boy began to weep, and the father, becoming furious, at length asked, 'Are you ill? If so, I will send one of the others.' 'Please, father,' replied the lad, 'do not send me to the beer-house on Sunday. Oh, please, father'—falling on his knees—"do not send me for beer

on Sundays, because I want to be good and love Jesus."

"The father's heart was touched, and, putting the pitcher on the shelf, he said, 'Ah, that is what you are taught, is it? Then, from this time neither you nor any of my family shall fetch beer again on Sundays.' The same evening the father went with his wife to our chapel. The Word came with power to his heart, and in the following week he began to read the Bible. Soon he destroyed his infidel books, and gave himself to God. Since that period he has continued to live a consistent life, and now rejoices in seeing all his children converted to God, one of them being a successful lay preacher."

THE MAD CAPTAIN.

The following is a most thrilling incident in Mr. Garland's missionary career. "One afternoon a lady came with an earnest request that I would pay an immediate visit to a house which she mentioned; adding, 'I am afraid there will be mischief soon, unless some one calls.' I went with her, and found that the person from whom some act of violence was feared was a captain whom I knew well, and who, with his family, had lately come to board there. For the last few weeks he had been drinking to such excess that his wife was in danger of her life; for in his drunken fits he had often threatened to murder her. I found him in bed, shouting, 'She shall not come here. If she does, I'll blow her brains out.' And, taking a pistol from under his pillow, he began swinging it over his head, crying, 'It's well loaded; I'll take sure aim if she does enter this room.'

"I knew well that violence might lead to less of life, and all attempts to soothe him having proved useless, I had recourse to strategy. I asked him if he had loaded the pistol on the new principle. At this question he was surprised; 'Did not know there were two ways of loading.' I told him there was a new way, and if he would allow me to have it, I would show him how it was done.

"He gave it to me, and I told him that he should see the new principle of loading, at which he rubbed his hands with delight, and laughed like a maniac as he was. After drawing the charges, I told him the new principle was to put the shots—they were common sparrow shots—in first, and the powder on the top. Having carried this innocuous principle into practice, I gave him back the pistol, and he put it under his pillow again.

"In the mean time I had requested that a medical man should be called in. In about two hours the doctor arrived. The captain was lying with his eyes fixed on the ceiling; the moment the new-comer entered he rose up to fight him, but after a struggle he was overpowered and laid upon the floor. It was some time before we could bind him and get him on the bed. Then the doctor pronounced him to be mad. The next day he was conveyed to an asylum, and on the third day he died, raving mad, at the age of forty-five. Thus did this strong man, through his love for drink, shorten his days; dying with curses on his lips, and leaving behind him a wife and five children unprovided for. Surely 'the wages of sin is death.'"

The Original McAuley Mission in Water Street, New York, celebrated its tenth anniversary on November 26th. It is gratifying to learn that since its founder, Jerry McAuley, left it to conduct his important work in West Thirty-second Street, the Water Street Mission is still carried on with continued tokens of the divine blessing. At the anniversary on Sunday, General Clinton B. Fisk conducted the devotional exercises. A number of reformed men related the stories of their lives and what the mission had done for them. Remarks were afterward made by C. W. Sawyer, Dr. Remington, the Rev. C. C. Lasby, James Talcott and W. B. Cutting. The treasurer's report showed that the expenses for the past year were \$2590.66, and the receipts \$2542.71. General Fisk then announced that he was ready to receive subscriptions for the coming year, and would head the list with \$100. James Talcott followed with \$250 and W. B. Cutting pledged \$150. About \$1000 in all was raised.

THE AMERICAN SHEAF.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on Thanksgiving Day,
Nov. 30th, 1882.*

"We were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright: and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."—GENESIS 37:7.

The Josephic Dream—A Thanksgiving Day Vision—The Golden Sheaf—The Best Place on Earth—Why 800,000 Immigrants Arrived—I. Fair Wages—Eight Cents a Day in Ireland—II. Political Advantages—The Expenses of Royalty—III. Less Monopolistic Oppression—Ecclesiastical Monopoly—Land Monopoly—The Estates of the Nobles—American Millionnaires—Fathers Toiling for their Children—IV. Undisturbed Peace—Frequency of European Wars—Canada's Blushing Reply—Gunpowder Out of Fashion—Nothing so Hard to Split as a Cradle—V. A Disappearing National Debt—VI. A Better Climate—Room for All—The Golden Sheaf Bowing in its Turn.

A JOSEPHIC dream! At seventeen years of age, and when life is most roseate, Joseph in vision saw a great harvest field, himself and his brethren at work in it, and after a while the sheaf that he was binding rose up with an imperial air and the sheaves of the other harvesters fell flat on their faces as the overawed subjects of an empire might fall down on their faces before a king. The dream was fulfilled when there was famine in Egypt and Joseph had the care of all the corn cribs, and his brethren came and implored food from him. Sure enough all their sheaves bowed to his sheaf.

A THANKSGIVING DAY VISION!

I am away out in the centre of a field where the harvests of all nations are being reaped. Here is the great American sheaf. Sheaf of wheat, sheaf of rice, sheaf of corn, sheaf floral, agricultural, homological, mineralogical, literary and moral prosperities—all bound together in one great sheaf. It is kingly, and on its brow is the golden coronal of all the year's sunshine, and in its presence all the sheaves of European and Asiatic harvests bend and fall down, feeling their littleness.

Oh, the sheaf, the golden sheaf, the overtopping sheaf of American prosperity. Other nations far surpass ours in antiquities, in cathedrals, in titled pomp, in art galleries; but in most things their sheaves must bow to our sheaf. I have an idea that the most favored constellation of immensity is the one of which the earth is a star, and of the hemispheres the western is the most favored, and that of the zones the temperate is the more desirable, and that the United States are the best part of the American continent.

THE BEST PLACE ON EARTH

to live is here. Had it not been so, there would have been 800,000 Americans last year moving into Europe instead of 800,000 Europeans moving into America.

Human nature has a strong tendency to fault-finding. Where there is one man who sings and whistles and laughs, there are ten men who sigh and groan and complain. We are more apt to compare our condition with those who are better off than with those who are worse off.

I propose this Thanksgiving morning, for the purpose of stirring your gratitude, to show you how much preferable is the condition of this nation to all other nations, and how the Italian sheaf and the British sheaf and the Spanish sheaf and the French sheaf and all the other sheaves must bow down to our American sheaf.

I. There is not a land where

WAGES AND SALARIES

are so large for the great masses of the people as here. In Ireland, in some parts, *eight cents a day* for wages. In England, a dollar a day good wages—vast populations not getting as much as that. In other lands fifty cents a day and twenty-five cents a day clear on down to starvation and squalor. An editor in England told me that his salary was \$750 a year, and he seemed satisfied! Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands, and accompany them to

their homes, and see what privation the hard-working classes on the other side the sea suffer.

The laboring classes here are ten per cent better off than in any other country under the sun—twenty per cent, forty per cent, fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent. The toilers with hand and foot have better homes and better furnished. I do not talk an abstraction. I know what I have seen. The stone masons and carpenters and plumbers and mechanics and artisans of all style in America have finer residences than the majority of the professional men in Great Britain. You enter the laborer's house on this side the sea and you find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools. His life is insured so that in case of his sudden demise the family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

II. Again: there is no land on the earth where

THE POLITICAL CONDITION

is so satisfactory as here. Every three years in the state and every four years in the nation we clean house. After a vehement expression of the people at the ballot box in the autumnal election, they all seem satisfied, and if they are not satisfied, at any rate they smile.

An Englishman asked me in an English railroad train this question: "How do you people stand it in America with a revolution every four years? Wouldn't it be better for you, like us, to have a Queen for a lifetime and everything settled?" England changes government just as certainly as we do. At some adverse vote in Parliament out goes Disraeli and in comes Gladstone, and after a while there will be another admonitory vote in Parliament, and out will go Gladstone, and in will come some one else. Administrations change there, but not as advantageously as here, for there they may change almost any day, while here a party in power continues in power four years.

It is said that in this country we have more political dishonesty than in any other lands. *The difference* is that in this country almost every official has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance at appropriation! *The reason they do not steal* is, they cannot get their hands on it! The governments of Europe are so expensive that after the

SALARIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES

are paid there is not much left to misappropriate.

The Emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of \$8,210,000. The Emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of \$4,000,000. Victoria, the Queen, has a salary of \$2,200,000. The royal plate at St. James's palace is worth \$10,000,000. The Queen's hairdresser gets \$10,000 a year for combing the royal locks, while the most of us have to comb our hair at less than half that expense, if we have any to comb!

Over there, there is a host of attendants, all on salaries, some of them \$5000 and \$6000 a year. Master of Buck Hounds, \$8500 a year. Grand Falconer, \$6000 a year. (I translate pounds into dollars.) Gentlemen of the Wine and Beer Cellars, Controller of the Household, Groom of the Robes, Mistress of the Robes, Captain of Gold Stick, Lieutenant of Gold Stick, Lieutenant of Silver Stick, Clerk of the Powder Closet, Pages of the Back Stairs, Maids of Honor, Master of Horse, Chief Equerry, Equeries in Ordinary, Crown Equerry, Hereditary Grand Falconer, Vice Chamberlain, Clerk of the Kitchen, Master of Forks, Grooms in Waiting, Lords in Waiting, Grooms of the Great Chamber, Sergeant at Arms, Barge Master and Waterman, Eight Bedchamber Women, Eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, Ten Grooms of the Great Chain, and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*, until it is said that the Queen sometimes actually suffers from thirst because it takes so much machinery to get a glass of water.

All this is only a type of the fabulous expense of foreign governments. All this paid out of the sweat and the blood of the people.

ARE THE PEOPLE SATISFIED?

However much the Germans like William and the

Spaniards like their young King and England likes her splendid Queen, these stupendous governmental expenses are built on a groan of dissatisfaction as wide as Europe. If it were left to the people of England, of Germany, of Austria, of Spain, of Russia, whether these expensive establishments should be kept up, do you doubt what the vote would be?

Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land among the lobby men, and that it go into the hands of hundreds and thousands of people—is there not a better chance of its finally getting down into the hands of honest people, than if it were all built up, piled up inside a garden or palace?

III. Again: the

MONOPOLISTIC OPPRESSION

is less here than anywhere else. The air here is full of protest because great houses, great companies, great individuals are building such overtowering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor stared at in their time for their august fortunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Philadelphia or New York as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for some imply *pinchedness of want* for others. A great protuberance on a man's head implies the illness of the whole body. These estates of disproportioned size weaken all the body politic.

But *the evil is nothing here compared with the monopolistic oppression abroad*. Just look at their ecclesiastical establishments. Look at those vast cathedrals built at fabulous expense and supported by great ecclesiastical machinery at vast expense, and sometimes in an audience room that would hold a thousand people, twenty or thirty people gather for worship. The pope's income is \$8,000,000. Cathedrals of statuary and braided arch and walls covered with masterpieces of Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo, against all the walls dashing seas of poverty and crime and filth and abomination.

Ireland to-day one vast *monopolistic devastation*. About thirty-five millions of people in Great Britain and yet all the soil owned by about thirty-two thousand.

STATISTICS ENOUGH TO SHAKE THE EARTH.

Duke of Devonshire owning 96,000 acres in Derby. Duke of Richmond owning 300,000 acres at Gordon Castle. Marquis of Breadalbane going on a journey of 100 miles in a straight line, all on his own property. Duke of Sutherland has an estate as wide as Scotland, which dips into the sea on both sides. Bad as we have it here, it is a thousand times worse there.

Beside that, if here a few fortunes overshadow all others, we must remember there is a vast throng of other people being enriched, and this fact shows the thriftiness of the country. It is estimated that there are over *five thousand millionnaires* in the United States. In addition to this, you must remember that there are successes on less extended scale. Tens of thousands of people worth \$500,000; scores of thousands worth \$100,000 each. Yea, the majority of the people of the United States are on their way to fortunes. They will either be rich themselves or their children will be rich.

If I should leave to some men the question: "Will you have a fortune and

YOUR CHILDREN

struggle on through their lives in the struggle you have had to make—will you have the fortune, or would you rather that they should have the fortune?" Scores of men would say: "I am willing to fight this battle all the way through and give my children a chance; I don't care so much about myself; it's only for ten or twenty years, anyhow; give my children a chance." If anything stirs my admiration it is to see a man without any education himself sending his sons to college, and without any opportunity for luxury himself, resolved that though he shall have it hard all the days of his life, his children shall have a good start. And I tell you, although some of you may have great commercial struggle, there is going to be a great opening for your sons and your daughters as they come on to take their places in society.

Beside that the domains of Europe and Asia are

* As Dr. Talmage did not preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday we publish this week his sermon delivered last Thanksgiving Day.—Ed.

already full. Every place occupied unless it be desert or volcano or condemned barrens, while here we have plenty of room and the resources are only just opening. In other lands, if fortunes fatten they must fatten on others; but here they can fatten out of illimitable prairies and out of inexhaustible mines.

We have only just begun to set the Thanksgiving table in this country. We have just put on one silver fork and one salt cellar and one loaf of bread and one smoking platter. Wait until the fruits come in from all the orchards and the meats from all the markets and the vegetables from all the gardens and the silver from all the mines and the dinner bell rings saying: "Thanksgiving table spread. Come all the people from between the two oceans. Come from between the Thousand Isles and the Gulf of Mexico. *Come and dine!*" The prospects are so magnificent that for centuries to come all the other sheaves will have to bow to our sheaf.

IV. Again: the nation is

MORE FULLY AT PEACE

than any other. At least 15,000,000 men belonging to the standing armies of Europe to-day. Since we had our conflict on the other side the sea they have had Zulu war, Afghan war, Egyptian war, Russo-Turkish war, German-French war. No certainty about the future. All the governments of Europe watching each other lest one of them get too much advantage. Diplomacy all the time nervously at work. Four nations watching the Suez Canal as carefully as four cats could watch one rat.

In order to keep peace, intermarriages of royal families; some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the illy-matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been international contest, some times the husband holding the balance of power, sometimes the wife holding the balance of power. One unwise stroke of Gladstone's pen after Garnet Wolseley had captured Tel-el-Kebir and all Europe would have been one battle-field. Crowded cities, crowded governments, crowded learned institutions,

CROWDED GREAT CITIES

close by each other. You get in the cars here and you ride 100 or 150 miles; then you come to a great city, as from here to Philadelphia, as from here to Albany, as from here to Boston.

I got on the cars at Manchester and closed my eyes for a long sleep before I got to Liverpool. In forty minutes I was aroused out of sleep by some one saying: "We are here; this is Liverpool. The cities crowded. The populations crowded, packed in between the Pyrenees and the Alps, packed in between the English Channel and the Adriatic so closely they cannot move without treading either on each other's heels or toes. Sceptres clashing, chariot wheels colliding. The nations of Asia and Europe this moment wondering what next.

But on this continent we have

PLENTY OF ROOM

and nobody to fight. Eight million square miles in North America and all but one seventh capable of rich cultivation, implying what fertility and what commerce! Four great basins pouring their waters into the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Gulf of Mexico. Shore line of 29,969 miles. The one State of Texas with more square miles than all France, than all Germany.

That our continent might have plenty of elbow room and not be jostled by the effete governments of Europe, God sank to the depths of the sea a whole continent that once ran from off the coast of Europe to the coast of America—the continent of Atlantis—which allowed the human race to pass from Europe to America on foot, with little or no shipping; that continent dimly described in history, but the existence of which has been proved by archæological evidences innumerable; that whole continent sunken so that a fleet of German, British, and American vessels had to take deep sea soundings to touch the top of it; that highway from Europe to America entirely removed so that for the most part only the earnest and the perse-

vering and the brave could reach America and that through long sea voyage.

Did I say the whole continent of ours, this North American continent? Governments on the southern tip of this continent are gradually coming to the time when they will beg for annexation. On the other hand,

BEAUTIFUL AND HOSPITABLE CANADA,

the vast majority of the people there are more republican than monarchical in their feelings, and the chief difference between them and us is that they live on one side the St. Lawrence and we on the other. The day will come when Canada will be found waiting for our government to propose marriage, and when we do so, she will look down and blush, and thinking of her allegiance across the sea, will say:

"ASK MOTHER."

Peace all over the continent, and nothing to fight about. What a pity that slavery is gone! While that lasted we had something over which the orators could develop their muscles of vituperation and calumny.

We are so hardly put to it for military demonstration that guns and swords and cannon were called out last month to celebrate the bicennial of William Penn, the peaceful Quaker for whom a gun would never have been of any use except to hang his broad brim hat on. Oh, what shall we do for a fight. Will not somebody strike us? We cannot draw swords on the subject of civil service reform or free trade or "corners" in wheat. Our ships of war are cruising around the ocean hoping for something interesting to turn up. General Hancock on Governor's Island spending the winter with his wife. Sumpter and Moultrie and Pulaski and Fort Lafayette and Fortress Monroe and all the other shaggy lions of war sound asleep on their iron paws.

GUNPOWDER OUT OF FASHION,

and not even allowed the juvenile population on 4th of July. Fire-crackers a sin.

The land is struck though and through with peace. The warmest eulogies of Garfield uttered at the South and the heartiest appreciation of the deceased Senator Hill, of Georgia, uttered at the North, and Wendell Phillips and Robert Toombs, if they happened to meet, would shake hands with each other, and the former could lecture to an applauding audience in Savannah, and the latter could call the roll of national mercies at the foot of Bunker Hill. Governor Colquitt's last signature before leaving the executive mansion in Georgia secured \$5,000,000 of Northern capital to that State.

There is hardly a Northern city where there are not *Confederate generals* in its law offices or commercial establishments or insurance companies. There you sit or stand to-day, side by side—you who wore the blue and you who wore the gray—you who kindled fires on the opposite side of the Potomac in the winter of 1862—you who followed Stonewall Jackson toward the North and you who followed General Sherman toward the South. Why are you not breaking each other's heads?

Ah! you have irreparably mixed up your politics. The northern man married a southern wife, and the southern man married a northern wife, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander, and to make another division between the North and the South possible you would have to do with your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him in judgment: divide it with the sword, giving half to the North and half to the South. No, sir; there is

NOTHING SO HARD TO SPLIT AS A CRADLE.

Intermarriage will go on and consanguinity ties will be multiplied, and the question for generations to come will be, how we people in this generation got into such an awful wrangle and went to digging such an awful grave trench.

But there is now—look! no blood on the cotton, no mark of cavalry hoof on the wheat. Twenty years ago, could the wheat sheaf and the palmetto have stood on the same platform? No. Every grain of this wheat would have been a bullet, and every leaf of the palmetto a sword. "Peace on earth, good will to men." Apple and orange—how the colors blend. In the great harvest field

of the world's tranquillity all sheaves bowing to our sheaf.

V. Again: we are better off than other nations in matters of

NATIONAL DEBT.

Our debt less than one half of that of England, and not more than a third that of France. We have for 16 years, every day, paid \$142,000 toward the liquidation of the national debt. It is going all to melt away like a snowbank under an April sun.

VI. Again: we have

A BETTER CLIMATE

than in any other nation. We do not suffer from anything like the Scotch mist or the English fogs or from anything like the Russian ice blast or from the awful typhus of Southern Europe or the Asiatic choleras. Epidemics here are exceptional—very exceptional. Plenty of wood and coal to make a roaring fire in winter time. Easy access to sea beach or mountain top when the ardors of summer come down. Michigan wheat for the bread, Long Island corn for the meal, New Jersey pumpkins for the pies, Carolina rice for the queen of puddings, prairie fowl from Illinois, fish from the Hudson and the James, hickory and hazel and walnuts from all our woods, Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages, Georgia cotton to keep us warm, oats for the horses, carrots for the cattle, and *oleomargarine for the hogs!* In our land all products and all climates that you may desire.

Are your nerves weak and in need of bracing up? Go North. Is your throat delicate and in need of balmy airs? Go South. Do you feel crowded and want more room? Go West. Are you tempted to become office seekers? *Go to jail!* Almost anything you want you can have. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty to read.

"It has been well the past year," says the loom. "It has been well," say the type. "It has been well," say pen and chisel and hammer and plough and fishing-net. "It has been well," answer the groves and orchards and studios and factories and workshops and harvest fields of America.

OUR NATIONAL SHEAF

is larger this year and more golden and more regal and riper and more richly grained than at any time since the Pilgrim Fathers settled New England or the Hollanders founded New York or the Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas. Sheaf of sheaves. While all others bow before it,

LET IT BOW IN TURN

before the good Lord of the unparalleled American harvest. Before Him come down all the corn shocks. Before Him come down the sheaf of governmental sceptres, the sheaf of battle spears, the sheaf of barbaric arrows, the sheaf of commercial yardsticks, the sheaf of joy, the sheaf of family reunion, the sheaf of thanksgiving. All the sheaves of the harvest field bowing down low at the feet of the great Husbandman.

You have in hackneyed phrase heard over and over again that America is the asylum of the oppressed. This glorious Thanksgiving morning I declare it to be the *wardrobe of the earth*, the wheat bin of the hemispheres, the corn crib of all nations. Hallelujah, Amen!

Ministers Whose Teaching is not in Accordance with the doctrines of the Bible frequently continue to occupy their pulpits while the spirituality of their hearers is being undermined. A congregation in Maine, however, recently determined to avoid this calamity and elicited a letter of resignation from their pastor by sending him a letter in the course of which the case of the church was thus logically stated: "When called to be our pastor and teacher you had the articles of faith of our church in your possession, and ample time to acquaint yourself with our doctrinal views, and if not in accord with your own, your duty was to inform us of the fact; but neither to the church nor council did you express dissent from any one of them. For these reasons you cannot claim the right to modify or throw doubt upon any one of them while you remain pastor and teacher of this church; and it would be inconsistent for you to retain your present relation with us if you intend preaching contrary to its articles of faith."

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

SPINAL DISEASE.

THE following incident, particulars of which have been published in the *Pittsburg Banner*, is another remarkable evidence of God's willingness in this day to hear and answer the prayer of faith for the healing of disease. Mr. Richard Hoffman, of Bentleysville, Washington County, Pa., has been a great sufferer from spinal affection, and for four years has been altogether unable to walk on his feet or even to stand on them; his case was pronounced to be hopeless by all the physicians.

On Thursday, November 9th, in reply to an inquiry addressed by him to a lady in Erie, Pa., who had testified that she had been healed in answer to the prayer of faith, he was informed that a number of believers would meet at her house that evening to engage in prayer from 7 to 9 o'clock, and that at 8 o'clock they would make special mention of him. He was asked to unite with them in prayer at that hour. On that evening, November 9th, being at the house of his sister, he retired for prayer, and asked the family to pray for him. As he prayed he felt that "God was present, and was led to believe that his request would be granted." After a time he returned to the house as he came out, not trying to use his feet, but using a wagon invented and operated by himself.

During the night he slept as usual, and in the morning he experienced an unusual sensation in his legs and feet. After breakfast he got into his little wagon and passed up the road a considerable distance from the house. Then the thought came upon him that he had *not put his faith into practice* by trying to walk, after praying and believing. He stopped, made an effort to stand, and succeeded; got out of his wagon, walked several rods up a hill; went back to the house and up nine steps; walked forty feet through the house to his brother-in-law, who was on the back porch; shook hands with him; then walked to another part of the house and shook hands with his sister; and has ever since been walking about as others do.

The editor of the *Banner* says: "We have given the facts as they have come to us, and we leave the explanation to theologians and scientists. Last Sabbath week a note from him stating that he had been healed was read in the church at Pigeon Creek, and he made a statement of his case in the same church last Saturday evening. His pastor is Rev. John S. Marquis, Dunningville, Washington County, Pa."

A HELPLESS INVALID.

Miss Carrie F. Judd publishes in her *Triumphs of Faith* a letter signed L. A. Baldwin, and dated from Elizabeth, N. J., this year, in which the writer says: "An elderly lady suffering very many years from several diseases, so that she was almost entirely helpless, became convinced as did her daughter, that she might be restored through prayer. They wrote me to join with them before the Throne for this. Very soon a change was perceptible and it has gone on until she is now able to walk, to go on five miles' visit and do many duties. The daughter writes to-day, 'Ma has been free from the disease for two months past. Praise the Lord, for it was He who did it, and she says she cannot be grateful enough.'"

On November 15th at a meeting

AT BETHSHAN

a letter was handed in from *Lady Abercrombie*, who alluded to the fact, that she had noticed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the record of the wonderful cures effected, but expressed the belief that she herself had not sufficient faith to obtain the benefit she sought. Earnest prayers were offered up for the strengthening of the applicant's faith, and her ultimate restoration. The following are some of the testimonies which were afterward given:

ULCERATED LIMBS HEALED.

Mrs. Brooks said: "I wish to testify what the Lord has done for me. I have been to Bethshan only twice before, and when I first came, I was suffering from ulcerated limbs, so much so, indeed, that the doctors told me I had no alternative but to go into an hospital. When I came here I was unable to make known my request, but I was spoken to at the end of the meeting by Mr. St. George, and I got such a special blessing, that

from that time my limbs began to get better. I left off having medical attendance, but kept on a poultice. However I came again, and then heard Mrs. Baxter say that we were not to trust to any human means, so I at once threw the poultice away, and from that time I have not experienced the smallest measure of pain."

BRONCHITIS CURED.

Mr. Tom Black, of Edinburgh, said: "I was afflicted with *asthma* and *bronchitis*, and you know that when it lasts, as it did in my case, during the night, you feel as if you were dying. When I came to Bethshan I was spitting blood, and I experienced a cure when I had been here two or three weeks. I was cured instantly, and at the same time almost completely healed of *indigestion*. I am also thankful for being delivered from *infidel thoughts*. The more I struggled to get rid of them, the more they attacked me, but when I ceased from struggling, and trusted only and entirely in the Lord, then I was delivered."

A DYING CONSUMPTIVE MADE WELL.

A woman said: "I have been suffering from *consumption*, and hæmorrhage of the lungs. I was very ill indeed, and the doctors shook their heads and said, as they generally do, that all they could do was to prop me up a little. They said that everything seemed to indicate that I should be taken out of the world this winter. I put my trust in the Lord, however, and I gradually got well. First, the night sweats left me, then the cough, and now, in answer to prayer, you see me here perfectly well."

A woman also said: "I wish to praise the Lord for the blessing He has bestowed on my son—sixteen years of age." [This speaker, who, together with her daughter, was much affected, also stated that at Bethshan they had both found peace in Christ.]

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Hard-working Horse.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews at a recent meeting said: "When I was in America I saw a curious sight. It was a horse which toiled hard all day, but never moved away from the spot. One day a friend took me to a large institution which required to have the daily water-supply pumped up from a well to the top of the building. In the basement was a peculiarly-constructed wheel, and on it a horse was climbing, climbing, but never got out of the spot. This is just what those do experience who trust to their own merits to reach heaven; they toil with difficulty all day, but never get a step toward the desired goal."

Victory in Death.—The Rev. Mr. McLachlan said: "In this very hall I spoke to a lady who, for twelve years, was in great trouble about her dying hour. 'How shall I die?' was the strain in which her thoughts ran steadily. She was urged to live moment by moment in the Lord, and to leave all care about dying until the time came. However, she was not able to do so until the last day which she spent on earth arrived. As death approached, the joy of the Lord came upon her. Just before she passed away, she put her hand on the head of her son, and prayed fervently that he might come to the Saviour who had been so good to her, and that he might be spared to preach the Gospel to others. A few days afterward she fell asleep, one part of her prayer was answered, for the young man gave his heart to the Saviour; and now her other request is also answered, for her son is preaching the Gospel as a minister of Christ."

A Designing Lover.—The Rev. James Scott said: "I was recently speaking in the East End of Glasgow, and referred to the Wynds meeting. In the inquiry meeting afterward, a woman came to me and said, 'Sir, you spoke about the Wynds services, and it sent a thrill through my heart. That time was the happiest in my life.' Seeing her wretched condition, I asked, 'Why, is it not so with you now? Were you converted there?' 'I still cleave to the Lord,' she replied, 'but the joy of my life is gone for this world.' Her story was, that a young man after her conversion asked her in marriage, but as he was not a Christian, she re-

fused him. He then began to attend the meetings, and after a while professed to be seeking Christ, and again asked her to accept and marry him. She, thinking he was not far from the kingdom of God, judged it to be safe to accept him. In a short time, however, after the marriage, he came out in his true colors, for he not only laughed at her religion, but brutally ill-used her, and she is now suffering for not abiding by the Scriptural injunction, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

A Servant Girl's Mistake.—Major Colquhoun said: "Many people ask, 'What is the good of these after meetings?' I will give an instance illustrating their utility. A servant girl, who looked upon herself as somewhat more religious than most people, because she lived a quiet, decent life, read her Bible as a duty, and went to church because it was right to do so on Sunday, had two brothers whose lives were not so respectable as her own, and she persuaded them to come to the Gospel meetings, where they were awakened by the Holy Spirit to a sense of their need of a Saviour, and in one of the inquiry-meetings were led to decide for Christ. The girl, of course, was very much pleased, but by-and-by she began to grow uneasy; her brothers, she saw, had something she had not. They *delighted* in the services of God, and read the Bible *as a pleasant book*. So, one night she came to our meeting and asked a worker all about it. She happily discovered her error of trusting in her own goodness and righteousness, instead of in Christ, and now she also enjoys the pleasure of knowing Jesus as a dear and personal friend."

Landlord and Tenant.—The Rev. Mr. Forwell said at a recent meeting: "When I lived in Dundee I was sitting in my study one day, when a lady, who was quite a stranger to me, was introduced. She came to obtain my advice in the following circumstances. Her mother and herself had taken a house, which, when they examined it, they found required very considerable repairs to make it habitable. During the time the landlord was effecting these repairs, they took another lodging. When the rent became due they offered to the landlord of the house the amount, less the sum which it cost them to live elsewhere during the alterations. This was refused, and full payment insisted upon; and as they still persisted in declining to pay the full sum, the landlord sent men to sequester their furniture. Seeing that the law was on the side of the landlord, I could only advise that the money should be paid at once. After a short conversation with my visitor, she decided to do so, and there remained now only the sting of injustice, and that, an injustice inflicted by a Christian, and an elder in the church. As she was going away, I asked, 'Have you told Jesus about your trouble?' 'No, I have not,' she answered. 'We will just do it, then,' I said. When we rose from our knees, the joy of our Saviour lighted up the lady's face."

A Bridge-keeper's Heroism.—Surgeon Major White said: "Some time ago I was quartered in the south of England, where there is a long arm of the sea, across which a railway bridge is thrown. In order to let ships pass freely, it remains open except at the time when trains have to go over it. Near the bridge there lived a man whose duty it was to shut the bridge, and to hold a handle to keep it shut while trains were passing. One day after he had shut it and was holding the handle, he heard a sound, and looking in the direction whence it came, he saw his little child approaching the water's edge, with no one to help or guide him. The father's agony was indescribable. It was too late to stop the train and thus he enabled to save the child's life. The temptation to forsake his duty was terrible, yet he stuck to his post. If he left it for one moment hundreds of souls might be ushered into eternity through his act. At a fearful cost this man did his duty. Amid the thunder of the train as it reached the bridge he heard a cry, and saw his child fall into the boiling waters beneath. The little one was drowned, but the man had done his duty; the train and all within it passed safely over; not one of all the hundreds knowing nor thinking that a life had been sacri-

ficed to save theirs. That man against his will gave his child to save these passengers, and we are prepared to *weep with him*. But God gave up His Son willingly to death for you! How few are touched by that act!"

A Talk with a Kirk Elder.—Mr. Howieson said: "I was an office-bearer in the Free Church for thirteen years before I was a Christian. I did not understand the need for conversion until an evangelist came to Uddingston, and after one of his meetings asked me about an anxious inquirer. I pointed the man out to him. He did not go to the inquirer, but asked, 'How is it with yourself?' 'Oh, I am all right,' I said, 'there is not much the matter with me.' 'Then you are fit for heaven?' he suggested. 'No, no; that is much too strong; few men in the world can say that,' I answered, somewhat alarmed. 'Come with me, brother,' he rejoined, 'and I will show you from the Bible that if you are not on the road to heaven you are on the way to hell.' We got into a corner of the church, and there he clearly showed me that a man must be on the side of God or the devil. For two years afterward I was very anxious about my soul, and sometimes was in despair. One day, when my family were away from home, and I was alone in the house, I fell on my knees and cried out, 'Lord, I can do no more; help me.' That moment I saw the light. The fact was that all these two years I was trying to save myself, and only when I gave it up, and rested only upon Christ, did the darkness disperse, and the joy of salvation come into my heart."

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By William Maude.

The Kingdom of Peace.

The Scriptural Emblem of War—The Place and Mission of War—Quotation from John Ruskin—War, as Over-ruled by God—The Horrors of War—A Future Reign of Peace Predicted—Over Mankind, and Even the Lower Animals—When, and by What Means?—Not by Perceiving its Wickedness—Not by the Triumph of Christianity During the Present Dispensation—An unscriptural Assumption—Not by War Curing Itself—The Coming of the Prince of Peace—The Going Forth of the Red Horse—The Morning After Darkness.

WHEN the seer of Patmos beheld the second seal of the mysterious and awful roll opened by the Lamb "in the midst of the throne," he tells us that he saw go forth "a red horse;" and "to him that sat thereon it was given to take peace from the earth, and that they should slay one another; and there was given unto him a great sword" (Rev. 6:3, 4); and, with scarcely an exception, commentators have recognized in this striking figure a symbolical representation of that great scourge of humanity—war. The "horse," not only being the Scriptural emblem of war, but the "blood-red" color of this particular horse confirming this interpretation; the color of each of the four horses described in the vision corresponding to the mission of its rider; which is, in the present instance, to shed blood. Hence we may regard the second, third, and fourth seals of the Apocalypse as the figurative representation of what our Lord Himself has elsewhere declared in unfigurative language; namely, that "wars, famines, and pestilences, are the beginnings of travail" (Matt. 24:7, 8); while, in older prophetic utterance, "the sword" is specified as one of God's "four sore judgments." (Ezekiel 14:21.)

THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WAR.

War, then, we are bound to recognize as one of the most terrible agencies which God employs in the evolution of His great purposes respecting man and his world. "When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts," writes one of our greatest thinkers, *John Ruskin*, "I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful, but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourish together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk

of peace and learning, of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the muse of history coupled together; that, on her lips, the words were: peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found in brief that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted in peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace."

But, he adds, "it is not *all* war of which this can be said. . . . The creative and fundamental war is that in which the natural restlessness and love of contest among men are disciplined, by consent, into modes of beautiful—though it may be fatal—play; in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil;* in which the natural instincts of self-defence are sanctified by the nobleness in the institutions and purity of the households which they are appointed to defend. To such war as this all men are born; in such war as this any man may happily die; and forth from such war as this have arisen, throughout the extent of the past ages, all the highest sanctities and virtues of humanity."

WAR AS OVERRULED BY GOD.

Thus, too, Dean Vaughan writes: "The suffering and oppressed church of the time of St. John is taught to connect the idea of conquest—of such victories as those which had extended and were to extend over the whole known world the dominion of imperial Rome—first with the overruling sovereignty of God, out of whose presence and by whose edict all human power goes forth, and secondly with the final establishment of a power not human, even with the coming of Him who is the Lord of the church, and to whom all the kingdoms of the earth shall be eventually made to bow." And though the inspired prediction—having as it were an enactive force—that the inhabitants of the earth should from generation to generation continue to "kill one another," is doubtless a very direful one, yet "this too, is both overruled by God Himself, for His own work of power and grace, and also conduces in some definite manner to the coming of Christ, to the overthrow of opposing force, and to the establishment of His reign on earth."†

Nevertheless, when we consider the proverbial

"HORRORS OF WAR,"

when the blood-stained pages of history bring before the mind's eye the dreadful spectacle of fair countries laid waste, of great cities given over to fire and sword, of the reckless expenditure of long and laboriously accumulated treasure, of battlefields not only encumbered with the dead, but—more terrible still—with multitudes of frightfully mutilated men groaning in agony and parched with burning thirst—and when we think of the still greater multitudes of widows and orphans left to mourn, it may be in life-long misery and want, the husbands, brothers, and sons, thus violently hurried into eternity, our heart would grow sick with anguish if it did not burn with indignation; and we are constrained to cry to heaven, as one of old, "Shall the sword devour forever?" and to realize the solemn fact that though God does make use of war as one of His instruments, it is only as one of His "instruments of death."

THE ROOT AND ORIGIN OF WAR.

It is not my purpose, on the present occasion, to enter into any ethical questions as to the lawfulness of war under any circumstances; or whether the Christian can, consistently with the letter of Christ's commands or the spirit of his heavenly calling, adopt a profession, the immediate object of which is to destroy human life. But at all events one thing is very clear, and that is that, though for His own wise ends permitted by God, war has not its root and origin in "the good pleasure of His will," but in the "unruly wills and passions of sinful men."

Thus St. James writes in his Epistle: "From

whence come wars, and whence come fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not; ye kill and covet, and cannot obtain; ye fight and war; ye have not, because ye ask not." (4:1, 2.) God is "the God of peace;" Christ came "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them;" and His solemn and suggestive declaration, "*They that take the sword shall perish by the sword*," is one of which all history is the thundered echo. If we really believe this, how saddening is the consideration, that inasmuch as all the existing empires of the world have been built up by brute force and lavish bloodshed, so they are doomed by the just laws of God to perish by the same means, sufficient time being given.

How blessed, then, is the assurance of the prophetic word, that a time shall come when men shall cease ruthlessly to shed each others' blood, when the deadly and cruel instruments of war shall be laid aside, and the universal and lasting reign of peace be inaugurated. That *such a time awaits the world* is explicitly revealed. Thus Isaiah declares, "He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isaiah 2:4); and with exultant joy the Psalmist exclaims, "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire." (Psalm 46:8, 9.) And so in Hosea we read: "In that day will I make a covenant for them (*i.e.*, the children of Israel), with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground; and I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth, and will make them to lie down safely." (Hosea 2:18.) Yea, this reign of universal peace is to extend,

EVEN OVER THE LOWER ANIMALS,

for Isaiah says again: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Isaiah 11:6-9.)

WHEN? AND BY WHAT MEANS?

But *when* shall this come to pass, and by *what means* shall the reign of peace be thus established on the earth? Vain indeed are the dreams which, from time to time, men have dreamed upon this subject. Sometimes, on the low ground of utilitarianism, it has been maintained that as civilization advanced, and the arts of peace were cultivated, and the interests of commerce became more world-wide, men would learn the *folly* of war, and come to see that even on the victors it generally entailed far more material loss than gain. The story has often been told how confidently such hopes were entertained at the time of the first Great International Exhibition, and how grievously those hopes have been disappointed. Since 1851, the world has been called to witness a series of great and terrible wars, and at the present moment EUROPE IS AS A BED OF SMOULDERING FIRES, which a spark may at any moment kindle into a devastating flame. Indeed, so far from commerce putting an end to war, it too often is its pretext. The latest war, that of England in Egypt, is an illustration of the fact. What has England been at war with Egypt for but to defend the Suez Canal, *because it is the great commercial channel between the East and West*? No; the trade spirit is essentially a selfish spirit—it "lusts and desires to have" what others possess; and hence it is, and will ever continue to be, conducive, in a very large manner, rather than inimical to war.

(To be continued.)

* In these words there seem to us to be very clearly indicated the Divine use of war, and the explanation of its permission.
† "Lectures on the Revelation," Vol. 1. p. 172.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE, \$1.50

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Reminder to Congress that no attention was paid by that body to his previous recommendation on the subject of civil service reform is a mild reproof. In again pressing upon them the urgency of legislation on the subject he says: "In the judgment of not a few who have given study and reflection to this matter, the nation has outgrown the provisions which the Constitution has established for filling the minor offices in the public service. But whatever may be thought of the wisdom or expediency of changing the fundamental law in this regard, it is certain that much relief may be afforded, not only to the President and to the heads of the departments, but to senators and Representatives in Congress, by discreet legislation. They would be protected in a great measure by the bill now pending before the Senate, or by any other which should embody its important features, from the pressure of personal importunity and from the labor of examining conflicting claims and pretensions of candidates. I trust that before the close of the present session some decisive action may be taken for the correction of the evils which inhere in the present methods of appointment, and I assure you of my hearty co-operation in any measures which are likely to conduce to that end." The President after defending his policy of removals and appointments as compared with that of recent administrations, urged the enactment of a law prohibiting assessments on officeholders, except where the contribution is absolutely voluntary and is not the result of fear of the consequences of refusal.

An Unexpended Balance of Nearly Eighteen million dollars remains of the appropriations made for internal improvement. This statement, made by the President in his message, sufficiently indicates the recklessness with which the people's representatives vote away the people's money. There is general approval among all parties of the emphatic words in which President Arthur urges Congress to refrain from any more legislation on the pattern of the River and Harbor Bill. It may be hoped that there will now be some check on the squandering of the surplus in the treasury. The President expressed his opinion last session in his veto of the bill; his action was endorsed by

the voters at the polls, and now, once more supported by public opinion, he repeats his warning. The President's recommendations of a policy to prevent the accumulation of so large a surplus in the future deserve attention. There is no doubt that the people are grossly and unnecessarily overtaxed, and that the time has come when they are entitled to relief. It is cruel to force from the people, for the mere purpose of accumulating an enormous surplus, the large sums now being extracted from them. Whether the particular relief suggested by the President is the best form, is a question which will give rise to considerable discussion. It is noticed that even the Secretary of the Treasury is not altogether in accord with the President on this subject, for while the latter recommends the abolition of all internal revenue taxes except on distilled spirits, Mr. Folger advocates the retention of those on fermented liquors and tobacco. They do not agree, either, on the question of taxing the bank circulation.

The Reduction of the Rate of Letter Postage to two cents recommended by President Arthur in his message to Congress will, if effected, be a boon generally appreciated both by business men and the poorer classes, and is amply justified by the postmaster-general's report. As to Federal aid to the cause of education the president is obviously favorable to the project. He said: "The census returns disclose an alarming state of illiteracy in certain portions of the country where the provision for schools is grossly inadequate. It is a momentous question for the decision of Congress whether immediate and substantial aid should not be extended by the General Government for supplementing the efforts of private beneficence and of State and Territorial legislation in behalf of education." The president's hope that Congress will pass a *national bankruptcy law* is cordially and heartily endorsed on all hands. With respect to Utah, the President did not advise further legislation at present.

The Report of the Tariff Commission about which so much comment has been made, is not, it appears, to be submitted to the House after all. The Ways and Means Committee have announced that they will take the report into consideration and prepare a Tariff Bill on the basis of the Report of the Commission. This is regarded by the advocates of Tariff reform as another expedient for the postponement of Legislation.

The Garfield Fair in the Capitol is reported to have realized considerably less than was anticipated from it. It is a matter for profound regret that a serious injury has resulted from the fair. Washington despatches state that the famous historical paintings, which form panels in the interior walls of the rotunda, paintings which are familiar to the people of the whole country have been damaged. To prepare the walls for the hanging of loaned paintings, a wooden framework was erected in front of the old paintings. It now appears that in some way, perhaps because of the hot air forced up in the space between them and the frame-work, at least three of these paintings have been very badly injured. These are "The Landing of Columbus," "The Baptism of Pocahontas," and "The Signing of the Compact on the Mayflower." One of these paintings alone cost \$10,000. Senator Anthony, on December 9th, introduced a bill in the Senate prohibiting in future the use of the Capitol for any similar purpose.

The Transit of Venus Across the Face of the sun was watched under favorable conditions on Wednesday at nearly all the observatories of America. It will be remembered that a request for prayers was made by a prominent astronomer, who represented that as large sums of money had been expended and elaborate preparations had been made for observing the phenomenon, it was a legitimate subject for prayer that clear weather might be granted. On the preceding evening the sky was obscured by clouds, but at the time of the transit, American astronomers were able to watch the long-expected phenomenon. An observer thus describes the scene as observed through a large telescope near New York: "The first contact had taken place, and Venus was fast swinging into line

between the earth and the sun. The black notch deepened. Its curve was as perfect and its outline as sharp as the imagination could conceive. As it grew deeper and deeper, there presently burst into sight a marvellously beautiful phenomenon. The atmosphere of the planet had caught the sunbeams on its outer edge and bent them round so that it became visible as a beautiful half circle of light. The sight was almost indescribable, and everybody who saw it uttered exclamations of admiration. Half the planet's body was between the eye of the observer and the sun, making a deep, black scallop in the sun's edge; the other half, being yet outside the sun's disk, was invisible, but around its unseen edge, shining against the sky, and arching rainbow-like across the black gap in the sun's edge, was an arc of silvery light."

The Enforcement of the Sunday Laws in New York last week led to numerous arrests, especially in the localities in which Jewish tradesmen abound. Many inquiries were made at Police Headquarters as to the future regulations. In reply they were informed that the following occupations would not be considered violations of the law: Travelling in public or private conveyances or the transfer of baggage connected therewith; operating telegraph or telephone lines; delivery of telegraph messages; delivery or sale of newspapers in a quiet manner; supplying bread or other food within the hours provided by law for the sale of milk, fish and meats, shaving, boot-blackening, or other works of cleanliness. Mr. David Dudley Field said in the course of an opinion defining for the guidance of the police the course the law permitted them to take: "Drinking saloons, tippling houses, dram shops, concert saloons, and dance houses are not necessary to the comfort or convenience of the people, and they are serious interruptions to the repose and religious liberty of the community. They are prohibited and must be stopped. Trades, manufactures and mechanical employments are prohibited, and must be stopped." Though New York is not so notorious as some other cities for its disregard of the Lord's day, there are sufficient of the resorts Mr. Field mentions in full blast every Sunday to furnish the police with plenty of occupation.

An Association of Christian Ladies has been organized for the purpose of aiding in the work of improving the condition of the Indians. The association is intended to be an auxiliary to the National Indian Association. Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton, of Philadelphia, was present at the inaugural meeting held at the house of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, and made a short address concerning the work of the National Association, of which she is secretary. After alluding to the hopeless and abject condition of Indian women, she urged the necessity of something being done in their behalf. She thought the only hope for the Indian was in education. By commencing with the children when young, she believed that habits of industry as well as of study and a desire to better their present condition could be instilled into them. The association will at once distribute petitions for signatures, praying Congress to afford to the Indian the same protection and citizenship that white and black men now enjoy; to give them adequate common school and industrial education upon their present reservations, as well as full religious liberty.

The Friends of Blind People should avail themselves of an offer made by the Philadelphia association for furnishing home teaching and the use of a free circulating library in raised type for the adult blind. The association announces through the New York Tribune that the work is now in full operation. The library consists of the Bible in sixty-five parts and more than 250 volumes of history, travel, biography, poetry, etc. Blind persons living in any part of the United States can have the alphabet and a learner's reading card mailed to them by addressing John P. Rhoads, Bible House, No. 701 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and inclosing ten cents, to pay for their cost and postage. Those who knew how to read before becoming blind can learn this system in a few weeks, and thereafter can have the free use of the library by paying postage on the books.

An Elephant was Treated by his Keeper for a severe cold recently in Indianapolis, Ind. The keeper had not learned the latest discoveries in medical science. He therefore administered the remedy formerly prescribed by medical men. He mixed two gallons of whiskey with three gallons of water and offered it to the elephant. It is stated that the huge beast having drunk it showed signs of improvement, and has since then had no return of his malady. In this peculiarity the elephant does not resemble human sufferers. It generally happens that men, for whom physicians prescribe intoxicating liquors, suffer pretty frequently from a return of the sickness or, at any rate, assign it as an excuse for habitual use of the remedy. They say "I will seek it yet again" (Prov. 23 : 35).

A Terrible Battle with a Criminal Occurred in Chicago on December 2d. The criminal had been in hiding for a long time, and a reward had been offered for his apprehension. At length, one of his associates, tempted by the reward, gave him away and a policeman was sent to arrest him. The fugitive finding he was betrayed, appeared to become desperate, and when his captor attempted to secure him he shot him twice, wounding him in the head and hand, and broke away. He hid among a lot of freight cars in the street, and in a few minutes the policeman and a number of citizens were hunting for him. Finally, he was discovered hiding in a box in a coal shed, and the policeman broke open a window and fired four shots at him, all of which took effect. The prisoner had two revolvers in his possession, but had no time to use them. He died in two minutes after the officer shot him. This criminal's own recklessness in taking life led to his death at the hands of the policeman, who otherwise would have arrested him and left him for trial. It is with men as with nations, they that take the sword perish by the sword; and in this sin as with others, the sinner falls into the fate he prepared for others (Psa. 35 : 8).

A Baby in Pawn, was the Plea Presented by a woman for release from a jail in Washington, D.C., recently. When locked up, she made the station-house resound with her cries of "Let me out; I want to get my baby out of pawn." She had one child in her arms, and when asked about the method of pawning a child, said: "Well, I take them to a woman that lends money on children, and she advances me so much on them, and when I gets the money I go to this woman, pays her what she loans me, and then I pay fifteen cents a day for keeping the baby." She refused to tell where the pawn office was situated, but kept up a constant howl that she wanted to get her baby out of pawn. The sales by pawnbrokers' auctioneers of unredeemed pledges reveal the extensive variety of the articles deposited with them as security for loans, but it was not generally known that money was advanced on children. This is not precisely what is meant by the phrase "pledges of affection," though it is evident that the pawnbroker relied for her security on the affection of the mother and not on the intrinsic value of the pledge. It is not probable that many parents so use their children, but we see many evidences that even Christian parents often dispose of them in business and in marriage in such ways as to advance their own interests, forgetting the Scriptural view of their responsibilities (Psa. 127 : 3).

Deadly Bullets Fired at Random on a Crowd stage was the subject of a terrible narrative related last week by an actor in connection with the recent catastrophe at the Cincinnati theatre. The actor said that in one of the plays in which he performed he had to fire blank cartridges from a revolver. He always loaded it himself as a precaution against accident, but on one occasion being hurried, he intrusted the duty to the stage boy. The boy forgot it until the moment came when he should have handed the pistol to the performer. The latter said in describing the incident: "It was too late for him to begin to load, for the curtain was up and I was waiting for him. The boy, in fear of being censured severely for his neglect, ran excitedly to the back door, where a man was chatting with the old door-keeper, and asked him to let him use his revolver for a moment. It was

handed to him by the man, who supposed that he knew better than to give it to anyone to discharge it on the stage. But the boy was too nervous with fright to realize what he was doing, and a few moments later *I was firing deadly bullets right and left* on the stage. How they missed doing damage I can never tell, but when my attention was afterward called to some holes that had been made in the wood-work of the proscenium box, the terrible fact staggered me so that I was as weak as a child over the danger that had been passed through." No wonder the man was horrified at the narrow escape he had had of doing fatal work. When the influence of the theatre comes to be clearly appreciated in the light of the last day, it will be found that the risks to life and limb incurred by those who frequent it are far less serious than the spiritual danger involved (Isa. 47 : 8, 9).

Rubies, Diamonds, and other Precious Stones formed the subject of a lecture delivered in New York last week, by Professor Thomas Egleston, Ph.D. The lecturer mentioned many curious facts in connection with his subject. He said the history of gems was the history of nearly all the intrigues and wars of mankind since the world began. Many superstitions have been attached to precious stones. The amethyst was considered a cure for drunkenness, and was dedicated to Bacchus; jasper was used as a charm by athletes. The composition of the diamond was discovered in 1694, and its weight was determined by the weight of a bean found in the East called a carat. There are not 1000 known diamonds that weigh over ten carats, and not twenty that weigh more than 100. Black diamonds are mostly used for tools, but in Russia they are worn when the court is in mourning. They are beautiful gems with a brilliant lustre. The lecturer described some of the famous diamonds of the world, and then characterized *the ruby as the most precious* of all the stones when it has the true pigeon-blood color. A ruby of five carats is worth twice as much as a diamond of the same weight. The ancients held this stone to be a charm against poison, disease, and wicked thoughts. The fact of the superiority in value of the ruby over the diamond is not generally known. It is remarkable that this most precious of all stones should have been selected by Solomon as a comparison with wisdom. They to whom the Holy Spirit has given this true wisdom alone know how far its value surpasses the ruby or any other highly prized gem (Prov. 3 : 13-18).

A Georgian's Disappointment with the Newly elected Governor of the State was very emphatically expressed a few days ago. A countryman, who entered the depot at Atlanta on the day of Governor Stephens's arrival, was very anxious to see the man who had triumphantly carried the State. He observed a stalwart figure on the platform, and concluded that must be the governor. So he walked up, raised his hat, and said: "Governor, can I have the honor of shakin' hands with you, seein' as I've come a good ways to do it and might not never have the chance of approachin' you agin!" "Certainly, sir; but I am not the governor—here he comes now." "Is that him?" "That is Governor Stephens." "Well, I'd hearn he was a prodigy; but if that's the biggest man they could trump up for Governor of Georgy, I think we'd better leave the State, for the country's degeneratin'." "We don't estimate a statesman by his physical development; it's the brain. The governor has the greatest brain in Georgia." "I don't care nothin' about brain. But the idea of a man bein' governor that's got to be carried around like a bundle o' clothes!" The countryman's idea of greatness was something like that of Samuel when he was sent to anoint David (1 Sam. 16 : 7), and he could not understand why the people had been so enthusiastic about a man who weighs only ninety pounds and cannot walk unassisted. But the problem has no difficulty for intelligent citizens. The little band of the apostles, unlettered and uninfluential, and even the Christian world of our day is similarly despised by philosophers and kings, but God sees in them His reflected image and has called them by His grace to be His sons (1 Cor. 1 : 26, 27).

CHARIOTS OF IRON.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the Lord was with Judah; and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron. And they gave Hebron unto Caleb, as Moses said: and he expelled thence the three sons of Anak."—Judges 1 : 19, 20.

Canaan the Type of Heaven—The Believer Already Across the Jordan—But in Constant Warfare—The Leading Tribe—I. The Lord's Power Trusted—A Series of Victories—Judah's Brotherly Action—Young Heroes raised up—Judah's Confidence—II. The Lord's Power Restrained—Distrust because of the Chariots—Their Self-Confidence—Belief in some of the Promises Only—They did not Try—Were Idle—Were Afraid—Besetting Sins Favorite Sins—III. The Lord's Power Vindicated—Caleb's Victory over Giants.

WE frequently use Canaan as a type of heaven, and the Jordan, through which Israel passed, as a symbol of death. Dr. Watts has taught us to sing:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore."

This is thoroughly poetical, and may be made exceedingly instructive; but it is not quite accurate, if we undertake a careful consideration of the whole matter. If the New Testament is to expound the Old, then there is another lesson to be learned from the land which flowed with milk and honey. "We that have believed do enter into rest;" that is to say, all believers in Christ have crossed the Jordan, and have come into the promised rest. The covenant is fulfilled to them already in a great measure; they are living under Messiah's sway within the bounds of His kingdom, and every precious thing which God promised them is theirs. They dwell in the "land which the Lord thinketh upon;" "Thy land, O Immanuel!"

The type, therefore, may best set forth the case of the instructed and advanced believer who has passed through the first or wilderness stage of his life, and has now come into a higher condition, actually enjoying spiritual privileges and sitting together with Christ in the heavenly places. To him, however, this condition of exalted privilege is not a state of undisturbed repose; on the contrary, he wars

A CONSTANT WARFARE, wrestling with spiritual wickednesses. The Canaanite is in possession, and the Canaanite is to be driven out. Our natural tendencies and corruptions, our sinful habits and lustings, and the warping and bending of our spirit toward evil—all this has to be overcome; and we shall not possess the land, so as to enjoy undivided tranquility until sin is utterly exterminated. What Joshua could not do our Lord Jesus shall fully accomplish; the enemy within shall be rooted out, and then shall dawn the day of our joy and peace, when we shall sit every man under his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall make us afraid. That perfect victory shall be ours; but not yet.

Taking this as the truth which we shall illustrate by our text, we notice that the work of Israel was to drive out and utterly to exterminate those condemned races which were in possession of Canaan. One tribe was chosen to lead the van in the fierce campaign. Joshua, their heroic leader, was gone; who should lead the way? The power of the Canaanites in his day had been broken, but now that he was dead the old races began to look up again, even as we oftentimes find our sins which we thought were all dead suddenly finding fresh courage, and attempting to set up their empire once more. Then Israel went to God and inquired, "Who shall go up for us against the Canaanites first, to fight against them?" And the Lord said, Judah shall go up; behold, I have delivered the land into his hand."

The tribe of Judah, then, was commissioned to lead the way, and we see three things in its conduct of the enterprise. First, *the Lord's power was trusted and magnified*, for "the Lord was with Judah, and Judah drove out the inhabitants of the mountain." Secondly, by this very tribe, this right royal tribe, *the Lord's power was distrusted, and therefore restrained*; for "Judah could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." Yet, as if to rebuke them, they had a singular incident set before them for the vindication of God's power, and of that we read in the twentieth verse. Caleb, that grand old man, who still lived on, the sole survivor of all who came out of Egypt, had obtained Hebron as his portion, and he went up in his old age, when his bones were sore and set, and slew the three sons of Anak, even three mighty giants, and took possession of their city. In this way *the Lord's power was trusted and vindicated* from the slur which Judah had brought upon it.

I. Let us think upon our first head, which is, that by the tribe of Judah

THE LORD'S POWER

was trusted and magnified. "The Lord was with Judah." Oh, that the Holy Ghost may be with us!

The people had wisely consulted their God, and it fell to Judah's lot, by divine appointment, to lead the van. In that work the tribe prospered. Read the chapter when you are at home, and you will observe a *series of great victories*. The Lord proved to Judah, and to all Israel, what He could do, and it would have been wise on their part to have put unlimited trust in Him; then had they gone forward conquering and to conquer. Has not the Lord done the same with those of us who have believed in Him? What has your experience been, my brother? Has not God revealed His power in you? Do you not possess *infallible proofs* of it which you would scarcely like to tell, for they are as secret as they are sacred? Though you would never mention them in a mixed audience, lest you should cast your pearls where they would not be appreciated, yet they are laid up in your memories in the form of remarkable deliverances, special comforts, and singular mercies, for which to this day you cannot account upon any other theory than that the Lord God omnipotent put forth His hand and specially helped you in your hour of need. Do not forget these things.

If the Lord's power be proved to your own soul by God Himself, then it is proved indeed. I care very little for those evidences of the existence of a God which are fashioned for us by learned men—the *a priori* argument, the argument from analogy, and all the rest. I have seen an end to them in my own doubts and fears. The most convincing evidence is found in another kind of reasoning, such as that which conquers all doubt by actual experience. When God has come to our soul, and drawn nigh to us in the hour of our distress, we have needed no further argument.

But the Lord had also proved His power to Judah in

NUMEROUS VICTORIES.

The victories which He gave to them were singular and remarkable, even when not miraculous; and there were many of them. They had gone from city to city, and smitten all their foes. It seemed as if God had said to Judah, as He said to Joshua, "No man shall be able to stand against thee all the days of thy life." When your life is crowded with displays of God's power, with you, for you, and in you, then that power cannot be doubted. It is impossible to argue a Christian out of the grounds of his faith when he has had long dealings with God. There! You cavillers may boast that you can disprove a doctrine, if you like. I care nothing for your sophisms. You cannot disprove it to me. You can carp against the Old Testament or the New, if you like. I am sorry for you, for it is all clear enough to me; but I am not going to get into a great heat over it in order to combat you. It is not so very important what you prove, or do not prove, about the Books, because *the matter of fact* still remains untouched.

Disprove our sanity, and you have done something; only let me tell you that even then we shall

remain sane enough to hold to what we do hold, and shall not be so mad as to join the infidel ranks. We are *satisfied to be fools* if to be fools means to see God. We are satisfied to know nothing about the "culture" and the "thought" of this grand century, if that involves being far off from the Eternal Lord, and ceasing to see His hand in nature, in providence, and in grace. We are content if we may but know Him, whom to know is life eternal.

Beloved brethren, I may say of many here present that God has proven His power and goodness to you by such overwhelming proofs that doubt, in your case, would be a grievous piece of folly and sin. God had especially favored Judah with remarkable assistance in what I may call "*brotherly action*." "Judah said unto Simeon his brother, Come up with me into my lot, that we may fight against the Canaanites; and I likewise will go with thee into thy lot. So Simeon went with him." (See verse 3.) In communion with each other these tribes had further proof of God's power, for He gave them the necks of their enemies.

We also can narrate wonderful displays of God's power and grace when we have had fellowship one with another in holy service. Our choicest experiences have been enjoyed in Christian society. The Lord is pleased with brotherly love, and there He commands the blessing to rest as the dew on Hermon. When together we have gone forth to battle, to struggle against the sin of the age, to bear testimony for neglected truth, to bring our wandering brethren back, or to reclaim fallen sisters to the faith of Jesus, have we not obtained in that fraternal action grand proofs of the Master's power to bless and save? I know that we have. There let it stand, and let it witness against us if we in future yield to unbelief.

Yet further, brethren, it so happened that to Judah God gave great proofs of His presence and power by raising up, here and there a man in their midst who performed *heroic deeds*. I will not speak of Caleb, for you will tell me, "Ah, he was an old, old man, and belonged to another generation." He was just going off the scene; we do not wonder that he did great things." Ay, but he had a nephew, one Othniel, a young man as yet unmarried, and when Caleb said, "He that smiteth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife," his nephew Othniel was the man for the city and the bride. The young hero stood forward, and went up to the fortress, and took the city, and passed it over to his uncle's hands, and received the promised reward. Oh yes, and we have seen raised up—and shall see it more and more—

YOUNG HEROES

who have been self-denying, self-distrustful, inconsiderate of themselves, who have been willing for Christ's sake to be any thing or nothing, and God has been with them, and the power of the Most High has rested upon them.

In our advancing years we become better recruiting-sergeants, and so enlist our own successors. You who are now getting gray once wondered what would become of the cause of God when the guide of your youth fell asleep in Jesus; but the immortal cause has survived the death of the standard-bearer. We never hear of that good man now; indeed, he does not seem to have been so important as you thought. *God will find messengers as long as He has errands*. When certain of us have gone home, you young people will be leading in our stead, and you will say, "I recollect the old gentleman. We did value his ministry, and we could not think what we should do without him; but we have done a deal better without him than ever we did with him, for God in his infinite mercy has raised up a worthy successor." Wherefore be of good courage, and let what you have seen as to the past be to you a prophecy of God's goodness in the future. Caleb shall be gathered to his fathers, but Othniel shall follow him, who shall be as brave as he.

The reason why the men of Judah were successful was because they had *full confidence in God*. Up to a certain point Judah relied upon God. Jehovah had bidden them to lead the way, and they led the way. He had conducted them from

city to city, and they went, not doubting that God would be with them; and so success attended them, for they leaned upon the Lord. Thus shall it be with us, for it is written—"According to your faith be it unto you." The Lord will not fall short of the measure; let us not make the measure short.

Yet this is where we too frequently fail; for our faith is such a poor piece of business. We scarcely trust God as well as we trust a generous man; and when God does a great thing for His people they say one to another, "Is it not surprising? Is it not wonderful?" Many are *amazed that God should keep His word*; so that, when He answers prayer, they exclaim, "What a marvellous thing!" Is it, then, a marvel for God to be true? for God to keep His promise? I grant you that there is a side of it which forever must be marvellous; but still I fear that with the allowable marvel there is often mixed such a degree of unbelief that the wonderment is not so much of admiring gratitude as astonished unbelief.

II. Now I come to the painful but important subject of

THE LORD'S POWER RESTRAINED

because distrusted. The men of Judah could drive out the inhabitants of the mountain, but they could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron. As far as their faith went, so far *God kept touch with them*, and they could do anything and everything; but when they despondingly thought that they could not drive out the inhabitants of the wide valleys, then they failed utterly. They were afraid because of the chariots, which had poles between the horses armed with lances which cut their way through the crowd, and the axles of the wheels were fitted with great scythes; these inventions were novel, and caused a panic, and therefore the men of Judah lost their faith in God, and so became weak and cowardly. If they had believed in God, and gone forth in His name, the horses would soon have fled, as indeed they did when God gave His people faith. When Barak led the way with Deborah, then they smote Jabin, who had *nine hundred chariots* of iron. God would have been with Judah if Judah had displayed faith; but, having no faith, they could not rout the chariots of iron.

Their faith was imperfect. *They retained too much confidence in themselves*, mark that; for, if their confidence had been in God alone, these chariots of iron would have been ciphers in the calculation. If God has to give the victory, then chariots of iron or chariots of fire are no item at all against an omnipotent God. They evidently thought that there was somewhat in themselves; for their power went as far as smiting the men of the hills, but not so far as attacking the cavalry in the open plain where there was room for them to rush to and fro. Now, that is *your weakness and mine*. We tacitly imply that God can help us up to a certain point. Does not that mean that we can help ourselves up to that point?

Being interpreted, the belief conceals a measure of self-trust; and the next akin to self-trust is distrust. If you have passed out of yourself, where have you entered now? Into the infinite. The man who has reached the infinite needs not to reckon any longer.

Herein is the failure of our faith, if it rests not in God's bare arm. See this round world how steadily it turns! how smoothly it moves along in its predestinated course! Why? Because God has hung it upon nothing, and God's own will directs it. Suppose it were hung on a chain; would it be any the more secure? The strength of the chain would come from God, and it is better to have the power without the chain. Though a saint is sustained by nothing but the power of God, all the devils in hell cannot stir him. The bare arm of God is the source of all power.

Next, the imperfection of their faith lay in this, as it may do in yours, my brethren, that *they believed one promise of God and did not believe another*. There is a kind of faith which is strong in one direction, but utter weakness if tried in other ways. It is curious that persons generally pick out *the easiest promises* to believe, while those

which are greater, and therefore are the more god-like, they cannot believe. Judah believed in smiting the hill-men, because he thought such warfare easy; but as to overcoming the cavalry with their chariots of iron, that was difficult, and so he did not believe up to that mark. *Beware of being pickers and choosers* of God's promises. Oh, for a faith that takes the

PROMISES IN THE BULK.

and knows nothing of choosing or refusing. Whatsoever God has promised He is able also to perform; and if the promise be but suitable to my case, I am to grasp it and expect to see it fulfilled.

Some believe God at one time and not at another. I have known friends who are wonderful believers on Sunday. They go home singing:

"Let the earth's old pillars shake
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar."

you make a bad debt on Monday; how do you feel over it? Not quite so much like a pillar, I dare say, but rather more like the thistledown that is blown with the wind. Much faith is temporary. That is the reason why Judah could not drive out the dwellers in the plain; he heard the rushing of those chariots of iron, and his heart failed him.

There was a further reason for failure arising out of this imperfection of their faith; they could not conquer the chariots of iron, because, first, *they did not try*. The Hebrew does not say that they *could not* drive them out. What the Hebrew says is that they *did not* drive them out. Some things we cannot do because we never make the attempt. We set down such and such a thing as manifestly beyond our power, and, silently, we whisper to ourselves, "therefore beyond God's power," and so we let it alone. No chariots of iron will be driven out if we dare not make the attempt.

Next, I suspect that they did not drive them out because *they were idle*. If cavalry were to be dealt with, Judah must bestir himself. If chariots of iron were to be defeated they must enter upon an arduous campaign; and so, taking counsel of their fears and their idleness, they said, "Let us not venture on the conflict." There are many things that Christ's church is unable to do because it is too lazy. "What," say you, "do you call us lazy?" No, brethren, I will not do anything of the sort. If any of you should happen to call yourselves so it will spare me the trouble. I am afraid that I should have to upbraid certain ministers for being indolent in God's work, and I fear that many others of God's servants are none too diligent. Idleness refuses to sound the trumpet for the battle, and the fight never comes on, and therefore the enemy is not driven out.

Then, again, they were not at all anxious to meet the men who manned those chariots, for *they were afraid*. These men of Judah were cowards in the presence of chariots of iron, and what can a coward do? He is

GREAT AT RUNNING AWAY.

They say that he "may live to fight another day." Not he; he will live, but he will not live to fight, depend upon it, any more another day than he does to-day. *His heart is in his heels*, and he will show his foeman his back whenever the fight is hot. We must cry mightily to God to deliver us from cowardice, and then we shall accomplish what now we think impossible.

Come then, brothers and sisters, *have you got into a cleft stick* in the matter of your personal affairs; and are you saying to-night, "I cannot pray about it; I cannot trust God about it"? Is that right? Look your Bibles up, and see whether there be not a promise exactly suited to your singular condition. Look back upon your own experience and see whether God has not done already for you and others of His people a greater thing than your present trial requires. Why will you say that you cannot drive out the chariots of iron? Be of good courage, and go forward. God is able to deliver you; therefore fear not. He will supply your need; be not dismayed.

Perhaps some holy work for God is your difficulty. You have done something already for which you praise God, and now a new work is laid at your door, of which you say, "No, I cannot un-

dertake it; I do not feel at all equal to it." What! Not if the Almighty Lord has said, "I will be with thee"? Do you answer, "I could do almost anything, but not that"? Are you sure, my brother, that you could do almost anything? Do you not think that, if another task were set before you, it would be equally hard to you? If God commands, is it right to reason why, or even to ask a question? Let us get at the work, my brethren; and the greater the danger, the greater the labor, the greater the difficulty, so much the more fully let us cast ourselves upon our God, and give to Him the glory of the deed when the work is done.

An unconverted person is here who has been thinking of coming to Christ, but he says: "I cannot give up all my sins. One of them I must retain; all the rest I can leave, but that one is invincible, for it has chariots of iron. I cannot drive it out." That sin must die, or you will perish by it. Depend upon it, that sin which you would save from slaughter will slaughter you. "But I am in such a strange connection, and there are so many peculiar circumstances about my case." Yes, I know; *peculiar circumstances surround all men that go to hell*, but they do not quench the fire for them.

TURN THE SIN OUT.

That is the only thing to do with it; and the more you love it, the more speedily should you turn it out, for it evidently lies near your heart, where it can do you great mischief. "Well, it is not one of the grosser sins." No; it is one of those respectable sins which are so hard to get rid of. You must drive it out. I notice that if anybody picks my pocket it is sure to be a respectable-looking person. If a man is a rogue he is sure to look like an honest man, to lead people to trust him. Sin must be driven out, even though it has a chariot of iron.

Certain Christians make up their minds that certain sins must be tolerated in their cases. I know one who has constitutionally a fiery temper, and so, whenever he gets into a towering passion, he cries, "I cannot help it; I am so constituted." Instead of weeping before God, and vowing, "I will master this passion; God is omnipotent, and He can make my temper a reasonable one"—instead of that, he says that everything else can be conquered in him, but not this sin, for it is constitutional. "You know that we all have our besetments," says one. What do you mean by that? Some sin that you often fall into? Do you call that a besetting sin? If I were to walk to-night across Clapham Common, and half a dozen men stopped me, I should say that I was beset; but if at an appointed place a party met me regularly, I should not say that I was beset. And so the sin which a man often indulges in is not his besetting sin; it is his favorite sin, a sin that will be his ruin. A besetting sin is one which forces itself upon a man, and ere he can be on his guard it seizes him by the throat and throws him down. We must be watchful, so that the next time the temptation comes we may escape from it.

The fact is, brothers and sisters, we must tolerate no sin in ourselves; if we make excuses for it in our brethren, well and good; but let us never make or accept an excuse for ourselves. Sin in us is ten times worse sin than in others. If an unconverted man sins it is bad enough; but when a man has tasted of the good word of grace, and has leaned his head on Christ's bosom, and then falls into sin, what excuse can be offered for him? None. Let us weep tears of blood because we thus offend. We will yet vanquish the chariots of iron.

III. To close. Let us see

THE LORD'S POWER VINDICATED.

Just at that time brave old Caleb, leaning on his staff, went up to Hebron. When he was a younger man Moses sent him as a spy, and when he was upon that business he happened to come near to Hebron, and there he saw three tremendous fellows of the race of the giants; I suppose they were from eight to ten feet high. He saw them, and those that were with him were afraid. They said, "We were as grasshoppers in their sight." But Caleb was not a bit afraid. He said,

"God is not with them, and they will be easily overthrown." When they came into the land forty years after, Caleb did not ask for his city, but as an unselfish man, he fought to win cities for others. When that was done he said, "Hebron was given to me. I must go and conquer it; and the giants that I saw years ago, I dare say, have not grown much shorter; I must cut them down." Away he went, and it proved as he had said; in his hale old age he was able to slay those three sons of Anak, and to take possession of their city.

I could tell you of holy women, sick and infirm, scarcely able to leave their beds, who are doing work which, to some strong Christians, seems too hard to attempt. Have I not seen old men doing for the Lord in their feebleness that which young men have declined? Could I not tell you of some with one talent—certainly no more—who are bringing in a splendid revenue of glory to their Lord and Master, while you fine young fellows with ten talents have wrapped them all in a napkin and hid them in the earth? I wish that I could shame myself, and shame every worker here, into enterprises that would astonish unbelievers. God help us to do that which seems impossible. Let men be provoked to charge us with fanaticism. God bless the fanaticism which, being translated, means nothing but a true faith in the living God.

May we be helped to trust the Lord as He ought to be trusted, and march on till we drive out all His enemies despite their chariots of iron, that unto God may be glory forever and ever. Amen.

A CONVERTED MOSQUE-READER'S FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

(See Illustration, page 797.)

NOT far from the modern Nablous, the ancient Shechem of Scripture (Genesis 33:18), there resided a few years ago, an Arab family of high lineal descent, who were enthusiastic devotees of Mahommed. Their piety, though not ostentatious, was proverbial, and whenever the prayer signal sounded from the minaret of the neighboring mosque, Youhannah El Mosheh and all who dwelt under his roof were sure to be found, at any cost or inconvenience to themselves, foremost and most devout among the worshippers.

REWARDED FOR HIS DEVOTION.

The reputation for orthodoxy which El Mosheh had acquired, reached at length the ears of the chief dignitaries at Constantinople, and as a guerdon for his devotedness, he was nominated Keri, or Reader, at the mosque, thereby securing to him a much higher religious status than he had formerly enjoyed, and increased respect from his fellow believers.

El Mosheh was a man of much intellectual force, combined with an exemplary gentleness altogether unusual among Orientals. Though he was as strong as any of his nomad brethren who scoured the adjacent plains, and as brave as the most heroic veterans of the tribe, yet he was characterized by a tenderness which, at first sight, seemed a little incongruous with the sterner and rougher elements of his character.

A short time after his appointment to the Readership of the Koran, there happened to pass through Nablous, two gentlemen, the one an Englishman, and the other a wealthy Christian merchant from the United States. Very naturally they sought out first of all the residence of the Sheik, and subsequently, that of El Mosheh. A brief introductory interview resulted in the exchange of most cordial courtesies, and the Englishman and his travelling companion spent the hours between sunset and midnight at the house of the Sheik, whither also the Reader was invited.

The Englishman had been for many years a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and was now realizing a long-cherished dream of his early manhood to visit the Holy Land. Having spoken for some time of local and governmental matters, both host and guests found themselves in the midst of an animated conversation on the respective claims and merits of Christianity and Mahomedanism. The Sheik, who was a man of exceedingly limited knowledge, was speedily silenced, and as the most effective answer to Mr. Burton's really formidable



Col. Orton's Interview with the Banker.



Helen Gould's Mediation Enlisted.

arguments solemnly ejaculated, "Allah is Great, and Mahommed is his prophet."

Not so, however, with El Mosheh. Point by point he disputed, though with unruffled equanimity, with his Christian opponent, with all the adroitness and ability of a practised debater, and it was clear that he was contending for truth and not only for victory. When the moment for parting came, the Sheik accompanied them to their lodging, and bade them good-night. Early the next morning a note was sent by El Mosheh, requesting that the two gentlemen would favor him with their company at breakfast—an invitation which they at once gladly accepted.

Eighteen months have passed since Mr. Burton and his friend enjoyed the rights of hospitality at the house of the Reader. But he is Reader at the mosque no longer. The conversation with the foreigners followed by a diligent perusal of the New Testament, a copy of which was given him when his guests said farewell, resulted in his conversion to Christ as the true Prophet of God.

During the development of the recent revolt in Egypt against the authority of the Khédive, and when the tidings of Arabi's movements and reported successes fired the ambition of Mahommedans everywhere, El Mosheh had occasion to visit a town not far from Nablous, and found outside its walls the majority of its inhabitants keeping high holiday. He was well known as a recreant from the faith of his fathers, and his approach in Arab costume from the gate of the town, was the signal for an outburst of fanatical passion, such as he had never witnessed before. His very life was in imminent peril, but putting his spurs to his horse's flanks, he dashed forward, and speedily left the irate Mahommedans far behind.

El Mosheh is now endeavoring in a quiet, prayerful manner to lead his neighbors and friends to Jesus, whose love has won his own heart, and whose ardent disciple and follower he has become.

COLONEL ORTON'S INTERCESSION.

MR. CHILD was seated in his office awaiting the visit of a man for whom he had telegraphed. Mr. Child was the president of a bank, and the man for whom he had sent was Colonel Orton, the father

of one of his clerks. Presently the door opened and Colonel Orton was ushered in.

"I have sent for you, Colonel," said the banker, "on a very painful business. I am a business man, and therefore I speak plainly. Your son is a defaulter. I have found this morning that he has appropriated the funds of the bank, and it is my duty to prosecute him unless you can make good the deficiency."

The old soldier staggered under the blow. "Where is he?" he asked breathlessly. "Oh, I cannot believe it."

"He is in the bank strong room," said Mr. Child. "It was my duty to take care he did not abscond, and so rather than send him to prison I have kept him here until you arrived. He has been gambling and I believe his statement that this is his first offence; but he has taken over a thousand dollars which must be replaced."

The colonel buried his face in his hands, and brave soldier as he was he shed bitter tears—the first he had shed in many years. The banker was distressed by the sight, but was inflexible on his alternative. It must be either repayment or prosecution.

"I have not a quarter of a thousand dollars in the world, Mr. Child. What can I do? It will kill me to see the boy in a felon's dock. Will you give me a few hours to see what can be done?"

The banker willingly consented, and the colonel went his way. Three hours later he returned bringing with him a well-known capitalist who was, like Colonel Orton, a veteran of the war.

"Mr. Child," said General Seymour, "Colonel Orton is a dear friend of mine: he saved my life once at the risk of his own, and I am going in gratitude to him to pay this defalcation. But I can only do it conditionally. I do not know the boy, but for his father's sake I want him to have another chance. Will you give it him?"

"I will," said the banker. "I believe, as I told Colonel Orton just now, that this is his first offence, and I hope it may be a lesson to him. But for his father's years and honorable service I would have sent him to prison. Now that you are making good the loss, it will be very gratifying to me to have him reinstated."

The defaulter was called in and forgiven. He

was deeply affected and solemnly promised amendment. A promise he faithfully kept, and in after life the bank had no more faithful, trustworthy servant than he. Not long after his reinstatement in the bank he in fulfillment of his promise of a new life attended church. There the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin. A Christian friend to whom he went in his anxiety explained to him the way of salvation, not through the merits of the sinner, but through the life and death of Jesus. Young Orton recalled his own experience of deliverance through his father's merits and had no difficulty in understanding how God for Christ's sake could pardon him.

TOM THURSTON'S CONFESSION.

"How silent you are this morning, Tom. I should say morose if I were sure you would not be offended. Here we have been all morning in this lovely spot with no ledgers or journals to worry us, and yet you are dull and gloomy, and have had hardly energy enough to haul in even when you have had a bite."

"Yes, you're right, Arthur," was the reply, "fishing bores me this morning. I am poor company for you, old fellow, but it's no use; I can't shake off the depression. It's been getting worse ever since we came, and this morning I am melancholy enough to fling myself into the river."

At that moment Tom Thurston looked very much inclined to do as he said. His companion glanced at him and noted the despair plainly written on his face. He was disappointed, for the vacation Arthur Brook and Tom Thurston were then enjoying had been planned six months before, and had been eagerly anticipated by both young men.

"You have something on your mind, Tom," Arthur said at last; "you've been robbing a church or committing some other horrible crime. Your conscience is troubled, I believe. Now, I don't want to pry into your private affairs, but if you really are in trouble and I can help you in any way, you may count on me."

"I don't think confessing will help me, Arthur, though it certainly would be a relief, and if you don't mind hearing the story, I know I shall have your sympathy."

"Go ahead," said Arthur, "I'll listen gladly and you shall have my advice at lower rates than they charge at the office."

"Arthur," said Tom impressively, "I am married."

"Whew!" said the other, with a low whistle, that expressed amazement more emphatically than any words could have done.

"That is a long row to hoe."

"Yes it is. I'll tell you all about it. When we came here last week, one of the first things my father did was to call me into the library and unfold his plans for my future. There is some young lady staying in the village yonder whom the old gentleman knows. She has a big fortune and he is set upon my marrying her. He has made up his mind that I shall propose to her and if I don't consent, he seems obstinate enough to propose for me himself. I could not tell him I was married. He would have had a fit on the spot if I had."

"But it's the marriage that amazes me, Tom," said Arthur, "when did it occur? How have you kept it so secret? I thought I knew all about you, but I never suspected anything of that kind."

"No, I don't think any of our set know anything about it. You remember old Mr. Ward, our chief clerk, who died three years ago? Well he died very poor. I used to visit him while he was ill for I liked him very much. When he died Mrs. Ward did not know how to get along so she set up a boarding house with the little money there was, and I went to board there as you know, and have been there ever since. I went at first more out of sympathy for the widow and her daughter than from any other reason. But I was very comfortable, and by and by my sympathy for Miss Ward grew into a warmer feeling, and nearly a year ago we were quietly married. I suppose it was a very foolish thing to do, but it is done, and she is the best and dearest wife a man ever had, and but for my father's anger I should not regret what I have done for a moment. Now you have heard all, what do you advise?"

Arthur sat on the bank musing for a few minutes. Then he said, "Let us tell Helen, and get her to break it to your father. He must be told, of course, and if she will do it, he will take it better from her than any one."

Tom agreed, being too despondent to object, and packing up their rods they started for Mr. Thurston's house at once. When they arrived, Tom sat down disconsolately on a rustic bench while Arthur went in to find Mr. Thurston's niece, Helen Gould. Presently she came out and there, in the garden, Arthur told the story, while Tom sat silent and dejected playing with a reel. Helen's sympathy was quickly enlisted, though she knew that in undertaking to intercede with Mr. Thurston or his son, she accepted no trifling commission.



The Converted Mosque Reader's Flight for Life.

What passed in Mr. Thurston's library when he heard the story from Helen's lips no one ever knew. That it was a stormy time might be guessed by those who knew his character. It was more than two hours before Helen returned, and the young men were weary with suspense. But at the end of that time she came out and that evening Tom was speeding away with a bright face and a happy heart to New York to conduct his wife to his father from whom she received a hearty welcome. Disappointed as the old gentleman was in his ambitious schemes for his son's welfare, he learned, in after years, when Helen Gould left him to become the wife of Arthur Brook, that a good Christian girl can minister to the happiness of the man she loves, and those about him, more effectually than a woman whose chief charm lies in her money bags.

RICHARD OWEN'S CHOICE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

The Owens and Their Home.

"WILL father soon be home?" inquired little Jim Owen, as the clock hands pointed to the time at which his father generally returned from work on Saturday evenings.

"I hope so, Jim. If you like you may run to the top of the lane and see if he is coming. Give me baby, dear. I am quite ready for her now."

As Mrs. Owen extended her arms to take her little one, Jim bestowed a hearty kiss on its chubby cheek, and then snatched up his cap and went with rapid steps to the top of the lane, quite expecting, however, that his father would meet him before he could reach it.

But Jim was disappointed. When he arrived, there was no father to be seen; though he might have been perceived a long way off had he been on the road. While Jim is watching and waiting, we will take another look at the cottage.

Saturday is always a busy day with working-men's wives. Their own homes must be thoroughly cleansed, and that too, in the afternoon, in order that they may look fresh and bright on the morrow. All that can be done ought to be done to insure the keeping of God's commandment with respect

to His own day, "In it thou shalt do no manner of work."

It was in this spirit that Mrs. Owen made her Saturday preparations. It was not to insure time for idle gossip, country excursions, or with the view of displaying finer clothes than those worn on the other six days that she labored beforehand. These things, alas! move many, but they cannot influence those who belong to God's family, those who have been led by the teaching of His

Holy Spirit to comprehend "what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

It was this love of Christ which constrained little Jim Owen's mother to obey the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." She and her husband looked forward to the Day of Rest as one of God's precious gifts to be used for the sustenance of their souls and the refreshment of their bodies, and did all in their power to devote the whole of it to the purpose for which it was bestowed.

Richard Owen's home on Saturday night was always as clean and bright looking as hands could make it. The floor all ruddy with recent brushing, the hearth white, the fire-irons, fender, and the tin utensils on the wall sparkling with the reflected fire-light, and the wife and children as clean as the home itself. Such was the picture on which Richard Owen could always look on his return from work. And these things, together with the neatly spread tea-table, were so enticing that he never wished to leave them to spend his Saturday nights amid brawlers and drunkards in a beer-house.

Richard Owen, the father of little Jim and baby Alice, was a mechanic, and worked for Messrs. Farr and Bradley, the great engine makers and machinists. Their works were at a considerable distance from his home; but Owen had a special reason for living so far away. His wife, in her younger days, had been used to a country life, and when they were going to be married, he said, "Mary, I don't mean to take you away into the heart and din of a large town, where the air is always full of smoke and you would feel half stifled. You shall have a home where you can have a bit of green around you."

Mary hardly knew how this was to be managed, but Richard told her there were nice cottages outside the town and within sight of the fields, and he had fixed on one of these for their dwelling. When she found that his consideration for her tastes and likings would cause him to have a walk of nearly two miles to his work, and the same at night, we may be sure that her affection and gratitude were not lessened by it.

She would have persuaded Richard to study his

own convenience by taking a cottage near the works, but he would not, and she, therefore, strove to make their first home all that home should be to a weary man when he comes from his daily toil.

After this introduction to the Owen family, let us go back to little Jim, whom we left watching and waiting at the top of the lane. The little fellow—he was only eight years old—was beginning to feel impatient and sorely disappointed, for he had waited a long while, and there were no signs of father, when he saw a familiar face. It was that of Andrew Parker, a lad much older than himself, who had lately been apprenticed to the same work as his father did.

"Oh, Jim," cried Andrew, "you are looking out for your father, but it is of no use. He and ever so many more are at Scott's Mill. They've had a *break down* there, and they must have it repaired so as to start at the regular time on Monday morning. I was just coming to tell your mother she must send your father's tea, for he'll not get home this side of midnight."

Away ran Jim, hardly stopping to reply to this piece of information, and carried the unwelcome news to his mother.

Mrs. Owen was sorry to hear that her husband was likely to be detained so late, but she at once began to prepare the meal. This done, she put on baby's hood and shawl and her own bonnet.

"Can't I take father's tea, mother? Scott's Mill is not so very far away. I know where it is."

"You shall go with me and carry it while I carry baby. I could trust you, but I want to speak to your father."

Jim's face looked far brighter after receiving this assurance, and he trudged on, carrying his basket with a steady hand until they reached Scott's Mill.

It was a large flour mill, and they had to ask in what part of the building Richard Owen was working. Soon they found him, and the little party went to a quiet nook in one of the great chambers, that the father might take his meal.

"Poor little Jim!" said he, as he kissed his boy. "Poor little Jim has been disappointed to-night, I am sure. But he sees his father before bed-time, after all. And baby too, bless her merry face, baby has come to help bring tea. I can't take you now, my little woman," he added, as the tiny creature recognized him and stretched out her round arms.

"Will the work be done before twelve, Richard?" asked Mrs. Owen.

"No, Mary; that is quite impossible."

"Then I suppose you have to begin again by one o'clock on Monday morning?"

"That would not be sufficient to complete it. Only a certain number of hands can work, and those could not get it done. I hear that Mr. Scott is resolute about having it ready for Monday morning, and you know what that means."

"Breaking the Sabbath."

"Just that. They say if the mill is not at work on Monday they will lose a great deal of money, and it must be done."

"And what do your masters say, Richard?"

"They say the same, that it must be done!"

The wife looked up in her husband's face, and though she said nothing, he well knew what the glance meant.

"There's a question in your face, Mary," said he. "I can read it without your speaking a word. You want to know what I shall do. Look into the past for the answer, Mary."

Mrs. Owen could not have borne to ask this question, lest by so doing she might seem to doubt her husband, but it was in her mind, and, when he said, "Look into the past, Mary," she rejoiced, and her eyes filled with glad tears. More than once Richard Owen had been tempted by the offer of double wages to work on Sunday, and been threatened with dismissal for refusing to do so. But bribes and threats had failed in making him change his resolution. Ever did the Apostle's words, "We ought to obey God rather than men," come into his mind, and he prayed that their motto might be his, and that like them, he might be strengthened to act upon it.

Hitherto he had not suffered. Men had been

found willing to do what he refused to have part or lot in, and after the first feeling of anger was over, his employers hesitated to carry a threat into execution which would deprive them of one of their best and steadiest hands. With each temptation conquered, came increased strength for the future, and increased faith in the good providence of a loving and gracious Heavenly Father.

Richard Owen's wife went home again with a glad heart, assured that she should see him again ere midnight came. She had gone to Scott's Mill, desiring to hear from his own lips that he would not waver from his resolution to keep the Sabbath holy, and prepared, should there be any need for so doing, to strengthen it by her words.

As little Jim trotted home by her side, he asked, "Will father come home before twelve, mother?"

Joyfully and confidently came the answer. "Thank God! Yes. He is sure to be home, Jim. Your father loves the Sabbath too well, and fears God too much, to abuse the gift or disobey the Giver."

"How is the work getting on at Scott's Mill?" asked Mr. Farr, one of Richard Owen's masters, of the foreman.

"Very well, sir, considering, but there is more to do than we at first thought, and it will only be by very hard work we can finish by Monday morning."

"Then I suppose the men will have to keep on all to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah well! There is no help for it. You must tell them that those who leave off at twelve to-night must return at twelve to-morrow. I dare say they will not object?"

"Only one does, sir."

"And that is Owen, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! he has always been a troublesome fellow about Sunday work. If he had not been so steady and such a good hand I should have dismissed him long ago. But so few of them are to be thoroughly depended upon, that, while we were so busy, I could not send away a man like Owen. However, I am determined to keep nobody who will not obey orders and who sets himself up to be better than his master. Our slack time is coming on, and we can spare a hand or two very well. You will therefore say that I am resolved to dismiss whoever refuses to work on the Sunday when it is a *case of necessity* like the present."

"I gave a hint of the sort, sir, for I found that Owen had been trying to persuade the rest to stand out. It silenced them, and I fancy he will think twice before he throws himself out of employment at this season."

"I wish he may, for he is a worthy fellow, and never gave us any trouble except by his religious scruples."

If Mr. Farr had been a religious man himself, he would have understood that Owen's steady, industrious, conscientious conduct, was the result of his religion. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Now these things Mr. Farr gave Richard Owen credit for; he had seen him temperate in his habits, gentle and kind in his conduct toward others, entirely trustworthy and honest in all his dealings, working steadily, in short, "With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men." And he approved of these things because they tended to his own temporal gain. But when Mr. Farr found that his employee's religion made him desirous to be obedient to *all* the commandments of his Heavenly Father, and that he preferred offending an earthly master to breaking the fourth commandment, he objected to the religion that caused opposition to his will.

"I will put an end to these nonsensical fancies, once for all," said Mr. Farr to himself, and before he left the works that evening he gave strict orders "that any workman refusing to come on the morrow should be dismissed."

Eleven o'clock struck, and then Richard Owen laid down his tools and prepared to depart. The foreman observed him and at once said, "Owen, you must work till twelve, and come back at noon to-morrow."

"I cannot do that, sir," was the firm but respectful answer.

"Nonsense, man. You must. Mr. Farr has left special orders, and I am to see them obeyed. At any rate go on till twelve."

"Mr. Crossley," returned Richard, "I cannot work longer without encroaching on the Lord's day. As to working on that day, sir, you know I never have done that, and God's grace preventing me, I never will."

Mr. Crossley's face flushed and his looks told how much Richard's words displeased him. "Are you prepared to risk the consequences, Owen?" he asked. "Mr. Farr has resolved that no man disobeying his orders shall set foot on his premises again. He will not be moved this time."

"I shall be sorry to displease Mr. Farr, sir, but I dare not obey him."

"Come, Owen, don't be rash," said the manager in a persuasive tone. "Just think what a position you will be placed in if you are dismissed now. Who will provide for your family if you throw yourself out of work by your stubbornness?"

"I *have* thought, Mr. Crossley, and I have determined I will obey God at any cost, and trust Him to open another door if Mr. Farr shuts his against me."

"You will rue this folly, Owen, before you are many days older," retorted the manager in an angry tone, as he handed Richard his wages. Then telling him that Mr. Farr had no further occasion for his services, he turned on his heel and left him.

Richard Owen was not a little grieved at being thus dismissed by an employer whom he had served faithfully for several years, and whose only cause of complaint was that his employee's conduct agreed with his religious profession.

"It does not matter though," thought Owen. "I must be firm where principle is concerned. If it were only a matter of convenience, Mr. Farr would find me as ready to yield as any man; but no earthly master shall induce me to disobey my Heavenly One."

Accordingly Owen packed up his tools, put on his jacket, and started on his homeward way. In the stillness of that bright night, he had an opportunity of lifting up his soul to God in prayer that his faith might not waver, but that strength might be given him to persevere, under every trial, in the course which the Bible told him was right.

With these words in his thoughts and engraven upon his memory, Richard Owen felt comforted and strengthened. He thought of the command—"Trust in the Lord and do good;" and of the beautiful promise joined to it, "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"And I will trust him," exclaimed Owen, forgetting that he was alone. "The promises of my God cannot fail. Hath He said and will He not do it? *I shall be fed*, and my wife and children too, for the mouth of the Lord God hath spoken it."

Owen had now reached his own door. He entered softly, but found the precaution needless so far as his wife was concerned, for she was awake and downstairs. "I could not bear for you to come in and find nobody up, Richard," she said. "Here is a bit of warm supper. You must want it after such a long day's work."

"I am pretty hungry, Mary, but anything would have done. I'm sorry you sat up so late, you will feel the effects of it to-morrow."

"I have had a rest, Richard, for I know I can't bear very late hours, and I don't like to feel heavy and weary on the Sabbath. I suppose you would leave some of the men at Scott's Mill."

"Yes, and I am sorry to say they will work, in turn, all to-morrow."

"I should think they would hardly ask you to do Sunday work, Richard," said Mrs. Owen.

"Ay, but they did, and more than that, Mr. Farr gave the manager strict orders to say we must *all* take our share of it, and whoever refused was to be dismissed."

"Richard, is it possible?"

"Yes, Mary, it is true."

"And you stood out against the master's orders."

"I did, and was dismissed, Mary. I, who have served Mr. Farr so faithfully. Our slack time is coming on and he will not care about keeping on all his hands. I've no doubt he thought I should give in if I had the prospect of being out of work. But not even the thought of you and the children frightened me into doing what I knew would be wrong."

"Thank God for that. Don't be cast down, Richard. The Lord will provide."

"I'm sure of that, Mary. I can't see in what way, but I know, 'He is faithful that promised,' and He will enable me to trust Him."

After a little more conversation, in which husband and wife strove to encourage each other, they retired to rest, and when they went out on the morrow to the house of God no one would have guessed from their faces that any worldly trouble was hanging over them.

GLAD TIDINGS.

S. S. Lesson for December 24. Isa. 35. Golden Text, Ps. 89 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Singing Children of God—How David Sang—His Theme Exhaustless—Undemonstrative Religion—Prophecy of the Millennium—The Millennium in the Heart—What we Need—The Promised Deliverance—Not for Souls Only—The Ministry of the Spirit—The Way of Holiness—Wholly Given up to God—Crooked Ways—The All-Absorbing Principle—No Lion in that way.

OUR golden text for to-day is just the outpouring of a full, glad heart; "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever." The children of God might be divided into the singing ones, and the sad ones, those who have their eye on the Lord, and those who are contemplating themselves. These latter know how to mourn, but they have not yet learned

HOW TO SING.

The Psalmist goes on to say, "With my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations." He has *nothing to say about himself* or his faithfulness, his song is all about the Lord, but he finds the theme so rich that he reckons eternity alone long enough, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever." Earthly joy lasts only till the next sorrow comes, self-exaltation endures only until some mortification takes its place. No insurance companies can insure the continuance, either of life, health, honor, or fortune; it is only when we immortal souls get into our native air, and breathe the breath of eternal life, that all vicissitudes cease to be, all is enduring, out of reach of time, change, decay, or dissolution. "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever" (Ec. 3 : 14).

Some may think it is a dull, senseless thing to be continually singing and talking about a God we have never seen or heard or touched. But "the pure in heart" do see God; not anything which earthly eyes can see, but the Spirit of God in them holds intercourse with God, they know what it is to have "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ" (1 John 1 : 3). To them God is more present than people or circumstances, because they know and see that He controls them all. The Psalmist was not content with singing of God's mercies to vent the gladness of his own heart; he was determined to make known with his mouth the faithfulness of his God. He did not make the excuse which many do that they do not like "*demonstrative religion*," they think the life should speak. Indeed it should, and if it does not, all words they speak fall powerless. But do the lives of those speak whose hearts are not full enough to compel them to tell the story of the Lord's goodness to them? *Let it be proved.*

Our subject for to-day is a glorious

PROPHECY OF THE MILLENNIUM,

we see in it what will be the result of the binding of Satan for a thousand years (Rev. 20 : 3). But blessed be God, wherever Jesus has fully taken up His abode in a human heart, there Satan's power is destroyed, and thus the experience of such a soul partakes of the character of the millennium. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be

glad for them" (the restored children of Israel and inhabitants of Zion, see chap. 23 : 20-24 ; 34 : 5, 16, 17); "and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Why is this? "My tabernacle also shall be with them; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be My people." If God shall dwell in the midst of His people Israel, when they are restored to their own land, does He not dwell in "the Israel of God," "they which are of faith . . . the children of Abraham" (Gal. 3 : 7 ; 6 : 16)? "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God" (1 Cor. 6 : 19)?

God in a people or God in a person is ever the same, His indwelling must have the same results. The wilderness is a wilderness no more when God comes into it, the desert blossoms as the rose. Beloved reader, if God dwells in you in His fullness, you will not be mourning over a dead church, over sinners too hard to win over hindrances which cannot be overcome. The presence of life eternal, the presence of God who is life, is more powerful than the death you meet with. God must conquer.

What we need is more of God. When the wilderness, where there are no elements of fertility shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing, then its whole nature shall be changed, "the glory of Lebanon," the cedar forests shall be given unto it, "the excellency of Carmel and Sharon," famed throughout the world for their floral beauty. But yet more, "they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." God's glory is the outshining of His holiness. Only that can shine out which is already within, only so much of the glory of our God as is within us, can be reflected out from us upon a lost world or a degenerate church.

WE WANT MORE OF GOD.

But not only is God's holiness reflected by those in whom He dwells, but His power also, yet again only in that measure in which the power of God dwells within us. God calls us to put the wrong things right, and repair the damage which Satan has done. "Strengthen ye the weak hands," don't despise them, don't say, "We can't work with such as these," strengthen them, "Confirm the feeble knees." Don't leave the feeble to their feebleness, "Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save." Say to them that are of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense, He will come and save you."

Praise the Lord for giving us such a message. Blessed be God, that we may go to the most timid, the most despairing, the one who has gone through long years of the enemy's oppression in spirit, soul, and body, and we can say, There is no need for you to continue as you are, you may have been for years the slave of temper, of self-indulgence, of impurity, of unkind and bitter feelings, of levity, of pride, of jealousy, but now there is deliverance, "Behold your God will come . . . He will come and save you." We can say to the weakest, "Be strong," to the most timid, "Fear not," for when Jesus comes, He says, "Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21 : 5).

And glory to our God, this is

NOT FOR THE SOUL ALONE,

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." Yes poor blind and deaf, and lame and dumb, "Behold your God shall come . . . He will come and save you." In the millennium healing shall be universal, and now in this very day, they who yield themselves completely up to God to be His undivided, undisputed property, to be His dwelling place, they who boldly claim and appropriate Him as their Physician, and let go their case completely into His hands, those do indeed experience His faithfulness in healing and in expelling from them the diseases and infirmities which once oppressed them.

God "calleteth those things which be not as though they were" (Rom. 4 : 17), and God has a right to do so because His creative power can change all things, He says, "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the hardened ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water;" "and everything shall live whither the river cometh" (Ezek. 47 : 9). God hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the Spirit, for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life" (2 Cor. 3 : 6); God means that we shall minister the Spirit of God to others, that we shall be *channels to convey the Spirit* of God to others. "In the habitation of dragons, where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes; praise God where the enemy once dwelt there shall be fruitfulness unto God."

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called

THE WAY OF HOLINESS;

the unclean shall not pass over it, for He shall be with them (see margin) the wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein." Holiness is to be entirely given up to God, possessed by God, as fully as a drunkard is possessed by drink, indwelt by God and shewing forth God. A holy man has something about him which reflects God, not himself, which makes people feel that God is present. On the way of holiness it is never asked, "Is there harm in this or that?" another idea has taken possession, "Does this or that shew forth my God?"

To be holy, a man has to decide for God against himself, against the world, and often against lukewarm Christians, as well as against sin. A really holy man finds that the presence of God in him consumes sin, and makes self shrink more and more and more into insignificance, so that it strikes him as something quite foreign when an appeal is made to his self-interest. Blessed be God in this way of holiness there is no losing our way, "the wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." When we have one aim, to possess and be possessed by God, and so to shew forth His glory, everything becomes simple; there is no more asking how far we may go, we cannot go too far in such a path as this.

The turning "aside into their

CROOKED WAYS"

(Ps. 125 : 5), belongs to such as have not a single eye, such as live to God so far as they think it suits their purpose, and oh how many "err therein," oh how many who try to play the dangerous game of "the world and Christ too" make shipwreck of their faith altogether. The terrible calculation how far a man who is saved can go into the world without losing his soul, has ruined more souls than open and declared sin. The principle is altogether wrong, and it has led worldlings to think that they may live unto themselves and then slip into heaven at the last by a little deathbed religion. Worldlings know very well that what they live for absorbs them, and no wonder they look upon the faith of Christians as a very small, unimportant appendage to ordinary life, to be put on or off at pleasure, if it does not fill the whole horizon of one of its votaries and completely transform his life. Brethren, shall we be guilty of making men err on the way to heaven, because we do not tread on God's only highway of holiness? Are we ready to answer for the consequences, and meet those whom we have misled at the judgment seat?

Bless God,

"NO LION SHALL BE THERE,"

the way of holiness is at too high a level for the tread of the enemy of God, "no ravenous beast shall be found there," but it shall not want for passengers, "the redeemed shall walk there," every foot which treads there has been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, redeemed not only from the condemnation, but also from the power and the presence of sin, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy, and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "In Thy presence, is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Reader, are you on the way of holiness? Are you leading a life so thoroughly out and out for God that everybody around you knows it without asking a question? The Lord keep you and me from the awful sin of making others to err in the way.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Two Large Fires Occurred in London last week. On Wednesday, December 6th, the Royal Alhambra Theatre was burned down. Happily the performance had concluded before the fire broke out or the loss of life might have been very serious. The theatre was one of the largest in London, and was always densely crowded. It was a favorite resort of dissolute women, and the performances were of the type which experience has proved have the most powerful attraction for men of vicious propensities. It was first opened twenty years ago, and though it has not been under the same manager throughout its existence, the character of the place has not varied. On Wednesday the piece performed was *The Merry War* which, by a curious coincidence, was the play on the boards of the Ring Theatre in Vienna when that theatre was burned down. The fire at the Alhambra was first noticed in the refreshment saloon about an hour after midnight. Shortly afterward the whole front of the theatre was ablaze. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and the entire structure was soon destroyed. The district around for some distance was illuminated, and the spectacle was one of *appalling grandeur*. Eight houses at the back of the theatre were also burned. The loss is estimated at \$750,000. Another fire occurred the following day in which the premises of *Foster, Porter & Co.* wholesale hosiers who export extensively to this country were destroyed. The hosiery warehouse stood in Wood Street, a narrow street off Cheapside, and the centre of the London dry goods trade. The fire spread to the warehouses on each side, and before it was brought under control property to the value of \$15,000,000 was destroyed.

The Flooded Districts in Europe are still submerged, and at the close of last week the water was stated to be still rising. In France several workshops at Ivry-sur-Seine have been flooded and two hundred persons thrown out of employment. The river Seine continues to rise. The government has asked the Chambers for a grant worth \$200,000 for the relief of the sufferers in the inundated districts. A telegram dated Paris, December 8th, says the water has reached the heart of the city. The drains in the low lying quarters are unable to find an outlet, and the water has risen to a level with the roads. In the Rue de l'Université the water is a foot deep in some places. The cellars of the Foreign Office building are flooded. The Notre Dame quarter is *swarming with rats*, driven out from the sewers, and the people are suffering from their depredations. The government of Hesse-Darmstadt is preparing a bill granting State assistance to the sufferers by the inundations in Germany.

Arabi Pasha has been Sentenced to Exile. He was arraigned on the charge of rebellion only, and to that he was induced by Lord Dufferin the British diplomatist, to plead guilty. He was thereupon sentenced to death. The Khédive promptly commuted the sentence into one of banishment. Arabi asked for permission to reside either in London or Damascus, but it was decided that the island of Ceylon should be his destination for the present. The fallen leader addressed a letter to the London *Times* in which he expressed contentment with his lot because he knows his misfortunes have been the means of securing for the country he loves the liberty and prosperity it deserves. He says he feels confident that when England has carried out her good work she will permit him to return. She will soon learn that he was no rebel when he set himself at the head of the people, who wanted nothing but justice.

The Sultan of Turkey is Reported to be on the borders of insanity owing to the results of the Egyptian trouble, and to his consciousness that the Empire of Turkey is gradually being dismembered. A special cable despatch to the New York *Sun* says that the Sultan's mind has also been affected by the discovery of a plot to assassinate him. "He is a prey to the most fearful fits of depression, becomes frantic in his terrors, wails and shrieks at his imaginary enemies, makes and unmakes ministers in twenty-four hours, and altogether presents a pitiable spectacle. His dread of

assassination haunts him like a perpetual nightmare. He tells every one about him that he will meet the fate of his brother, and if his hallucinations do not carry him off it is quite possible that he may." The same correspondent adds: "The English Government was perfectly well aware that the Sultan had committed an act of war against England, and that she, in conducting a campaign against Arabi, was really at war with Turkey. But, for a variety of reasons, it was not desirable that formal admission and publication of the fact and of her knowledge of it should be made, as in the trial of Arabi it necessarily would have to be made; therefore Lord Dufferin summarily disposed of the State trials at Cairo, and the relations of England with Turkey are apparently undisturbed. The acknowledgment of the existence of a state of war between England and the Porte would have entailed the most serious consequences, and a responsibility which England could not at present shoulder. It would have precipitated an outbreak between Austria and Russia, which may not be long deferred in any event."

The Opening of the New Law Courts in London on December 4th was the occasion of a pageant of unusual splendor. The buildings have been several years in course of erection, and are intended to centralize the law business of the British metropolis. The courts were opened by Queen Victoria in person, who drove in state from Buckingham Palace to the new edifice. The Prince and Princess of Wales participated in the ceremony. Thousands of persons assembled along the route of the royal procession which consisted of the Queen, Princesses Christian and Beatrice, the court officials and a large escort. All the judges had previously proceeded in state from Westminster to await, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, the arrival of the Queen. The proceedings at the courts were brief, consisting of the delivery of the key to the Queen by the First Commissioner of Works and by her to the Lord Chancellor. *Mr. Lowell, the United States Minister*, and all the diplomats and Cabinet Ministers and other officials were present at the ceremony. Lord Selborne, the Lord High Chancellor, was created an earl in honor of the event. The last act before the handing of the courts over to the legal authorities was a *two hours' search*, similar to that which has always been made since the gunpowder plot, before the opening of Parliament.

Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose serious illness has already been mentioned in these columns, continued to grow worse throughout last week. The cable reports stated that he bore his suffering as he had borne all the many trials of his life—with true Christian courage and patience, and repeatedly of late expressed his entire readiness to "depart and be at rest." On Saturday, he took an affectionate farewell of his servants and friends, since which time he gradually sank and died on Sunday, December 3d. He was seventy-one years of age. He has held the office of Archbishop of Canterbury since 1868, when he was promoted from the Bishopric of London, which he had held for twelve years. His portrait and life with a picture of Canterbury Cathedral was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 3d, 1881.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, through God's blessing upon their work in Cambridge and Oxford, have left an impression which it is believed will never be effaced. In the opinion of many Christians the scenes among the students were altogether without a parallel, and it was evident that the evangelists were specially guided by God. One correspondent says: "When it is considered that in a few years these young men will be scattered over the British dominions, holding positions of high trust and influence in Church and State, or in the learned professions of science, law, medicine, etc., it is impossible to estimate the results on society that may accrue from this evangelical revival in these two university towns." The evangelists proceeded from Oxford to Torquay, commencing their mission on November 21st, and concluding on the 24th. The large glass pavilion at the Winter Gardens was filled to overflowing twice daily, many visitors having attended from miles

around. The after-meetings were well attended, and many sinners were led to decide for Christ. From November 25th to the 28th they were at Exeter, and on November 29th they commenced a week's campaign at Southampton. Their work seems to realize an increasing measure of the Divine blessing, and large numbers are being brought to Christ.

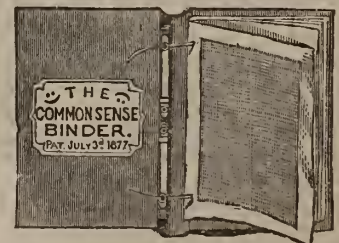
French Antagonism to the Church of Rome, and indeed, more or less, to everything of an ecclesiastical or religious character, is becoming increasingly manifest. A recent debate in the French Chambers on Church Establishments revealed a dominant and deep-seated antipathy to the Church. A resolution for largely reducing the salary of the Archbishop of Paris was lost only by a very slender majority. The sentiments uttered by many of the speakers in the debate must have been exceedingly offensive to the Archbishop and to all associated with him. This is only one of many rapidly multiplying "signs of the times." Not only in France, but in England and other European countries, the way is being prepared for the development of Antichrist by the spread of scepticism and avowed atheistical principles.

The Great Volcanoes of the World are Showing unwonted activity. Mount Etna has, for some time now, been evidencing great and increasing energy, emitting flashes of fire and dense volumes of smoke, while a report has reached San Francisco that the volcano of Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands, is again in eruption "on a grander scale than for a quarter of a century." *Earthquake* shocks are of somewhat frequent occurrence, also, in the northernmost districts of Great Britain, and on the high tablelands of Southern and Eastern Europe, as well as in Asia and America.

Settling Accounts on Sunday is a Practice often observed by unscrupulous business men. An incident related in an English journal shows how terrible is the risk such men incur: "A wealthy manufacturer named Darnoll in the Midland Counties of England, said to his confidential clerk one Saturday night, 'We cannot settle our accounts to-night, but must do so early in the morning.' On the Lord's Day morning, therefore, they resumed their work, which occupied them till three in the afternoon, when dinner was announced. 'Let us eat and drink,' said Mr. Darnoll, 'for tomorrow we die. Not that I,' he added, 'have any thought of dying for some years to come.' The next morning when at breakfast with his family, a friend called and said, 'Mr. Darnoll, have you heard of the death of Brown?' 'No,' said he; 'is he dead? It is very different with me; for my part I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die.' Uttering these words while rising from the table, he went into the kitchen, and fell on the floor a corpse."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed, and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth,



with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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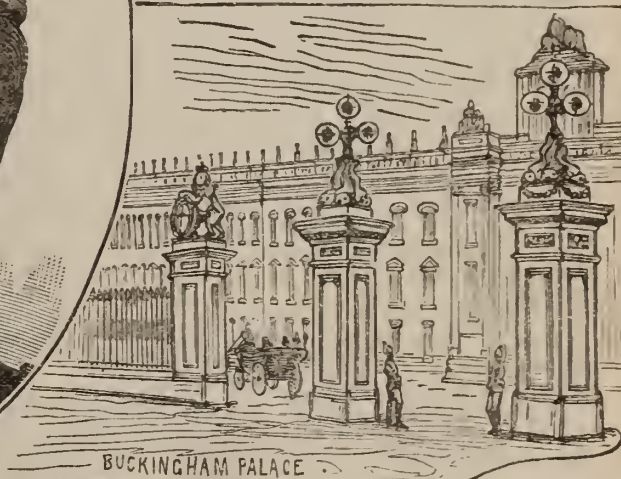
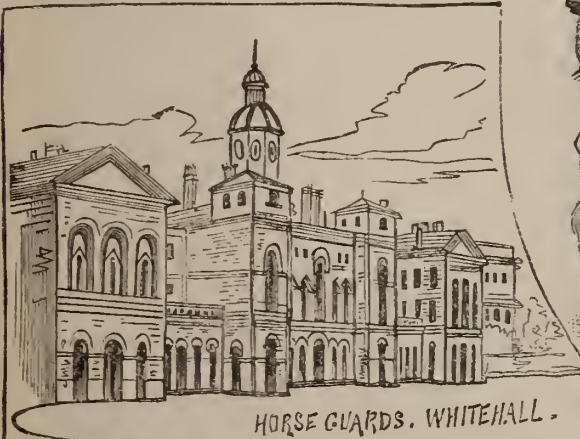
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

16th Year. No. 51.—New Series.

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Major-General Sir H. MACPHERSON—QUEEN VICTORIA Inspecting the Troops Returned from Egypt.

MAJOR-GENERAL MACPHERSON.

Military Services in Persia in 1856, and in India during the Indian Mutiny in 1857—Wounded at the Capture of Lucknow—Takes part in the Afghan War in 1878-9—Heads the Indian Contingent in the Recent Egyptian Campaign—The Battles of Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir—End of the Campaign.

THE events of the English campaign in Egypt were followed with unusual interest by readers on this side the Atlantic, who were enabled by means of the copious cable reports to form very accurate ideas of the difficulties and dangers of the struggle. Among the names of the officers mentioned most frequently in the cable reports was that of the gallant general whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Major-General Sir Herbert T. Macpherson, commenced his military career in the British regiment 78th Highlanders, and in the year 1851 served in a political capacity at Lahej, in the vicinity of Aden. On the outbreak of the war in Persia in 1856 he accompanied his regiment as *adjutant*, and took part in the expedition to Barazjoon, the night attack and battle of Koorshbo, and the bombardment of Mohumrah, for which he obtained a *medal and clasp*. Scarcely had the troops withdrawn from the Shah's dominions than the terrible mutiny broke out in India, and Captain Macpherson was attached to Sir Henry Havelock's column, and with that distinguished general marched to the relief of the handful of women and children whom the thousands of fiendish wretches had surrounded in Lucknow, hoping to glut their vile passions as they had done in other places.

He was *wounded* in the battle of Onao, and was present at various actions too numerous to mention. During the operations which resulted in the Relief of Lucknow he was wounded, and *his horse killed under him*. It was on this occasion that he gained

THE COVETED VICTORIA CROSS.

This is the most highly prized distinction of British soldiers. It is given only for a specified act of valor, and may be won by a private soldier as by a general. Many a soldier who wears it would refuse to exchange it for a dozen glittering orders that adorn the breast of the officer who commands him.

Major Macpherson subsequently served throughout the whole of the trying period during which a few British troops had to defend Lucknow against thousands of native rebels, and later he accompanied Sir James Outram's force when defending itself at Alumbagh against repeated attacks of the enemy. He was *dangerously wounded* while Brigade-Major to Sir John Douglas, who conducted the operations ending in the final capture of Lucknow. For this arduous and meritorious service he received a medal and clasp in addition to an advance on the path to promotion equal to that he would have won by a year's service.

For seven years Major Macpherson saw no active service on the battle-field, but in 1864 he commanded the 2nd (now Prince of Wales's Own) Goorkhas in one of the frontier wars in India, while in 1868 he was present with the same troops during the Hazara and Black Mountain campaign, when another clasp, this time accompanied by the distinction of a C.B. (Commander of the Bath), was added to his already well-decked breast.

THE AFGHAN WAR.

In 1871-2 an expeditionary column was sent under the orders of Sir Charles Brownlow into the Looshai country; to this Major Macpherson was attached, and gained yet another medal. Passing by his services during the minor Jowaki campaign in 1877, the following year afforded the Major the opportunity of winning his spurs during the Afghan War of 1878-9, from which he emerged Sir Herbert Macpherson, K.C.B., one of the most gallant and daring commanders of the day. Returning to India, he was shortly gazetted to a divisional command.

When the recent campaign commenced in Egypt, it was determined to send an Indian Contingent to co-operate with the troops which had been ordered from England. The fine body of men selected for

this important service consisted of various corps of Bengal Cavalry, Lancers, Madras Sappers and Miners, and Infantry. The total force amounted in the aggregate to 114 officers and 5423 men, with the usual complement of followers (3500).

"As these troops mustered together," says a newspaper correspondent, "what

A STRANGE AND MEDLEY SIGHT

met the eye! Here a lordly Rajput, with the blood of centuries in his veins, joined the hand of fellowship with a wiry Mahomedan worshipper of the Prophet of Arabia; there a denizen of the mountainous regions of the north-west frontier shared the toils and perils of war with a no less bold and intrepid Mahratta from the plains; the fierce Beloochee by the side of the fiery inhabitant of the Punjaub; veterans from Sind and warriors from among the Poorbeahs who dwell in the country east of the Ganges—what a miscellaneous conglomeration of nationalities and peoples, differing in religion, in habits, in customs, but united in one common bond of loyalty to the person and sway of the Queen-Empress Victoria, under whose banner they were gathered to fight!"

Among the most important of the early engagements during the war, now happily-closed, was the

BATTLE OF TEL-EL-MAHUTA.

On August 22d, the head of the Indian column, of which the Seaforth Highlanders were the advance guard, made its appearance on the Freshwater Canal. The troops on landing found that their water supply had been cut off by the erection of dams across the canal, and Sir Garnet Wolseley immediately pushed on an advanced guard to seize and destroy the obstruction to the flow of water. On moving out from camp the Egyptians were found posted in strength in the neighborhood of Tel-el-Mahuta. The British Cavalry Brigade swooped down on the village of Mahsameh, dashed into the railway station through flocks of flying Arab soldiers, and succeeded in seizing several trains, the engines for which had made their escape.

THE BATTLE OF KASSASSIN.

About half past nine on the morning of August 28th, the Egyptians commenced their first attempt to drive back the head of the British column, and opened fire with two heavy guns which had been advanced along the railway upon trucks. Gliding along, the Household Cavalry, 7th Dragoon Guards, and Horse Artillery kept the ridge between them and the Egyptians until they thought it was time to charge. As they crossed the ridge they were perceived, and a heavy fire was opened upon them. Sir Baker Russell, who commanded the Brigade, then gave the order to charge. Cuirassiers and Dragoons rushed on at full speed, swept through the Egyptian guns, and made great slaughter among the infantry. The guns were afterward carried off by the Egyptians under cover of the night; but the charge made literally at the cannon's mouth was a memorable one, which will take rank in history with some of the most brilliant and daring of military achievements.

THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

On the morning of September 13th, the troops struck tents preparatory to march to the final attack of Tel-el-Kebir, the stronghold of Arabi Pasha. Shortly after three o'clock, amid the darkness and stillness of the night, guided only by the stars, the march forward commenced, the solemn silence being broken by the tramp of the men and an occasional cry of command. So matters continued till the first glimmer in the east heralded the rise of the sun, when suddenly the boom of a gun betrayed signs of the Egyptian forces, whose presence was further evidenced by the flashes from the redoubts, followed by shells in every direction. General Macpherson, standing on an eminence from which a complete view of the surrounding desert could be obtained, had a narrow escape, owing to the bursting of a *shell above his head*.

A GRAND AND STEADY CHARGE.

The Egyptian infantry clustered thickly on the parapets of the redoubts, and poured down the slopes into the trenches. Hundreds of them, lying down, plied the head of the advancing brigade with fire. The British soldiers did their work with

perfect steadiness, and advanced by sections, alternately lying down to fire and making short rushes toward the Egyptians' position, always under full control of their officers. As they came near the trenches they gathered themselves together, and, without an instant's hesitation, leaped into the midst of Arabi's troops. Bayonet and butt were plied with deadly effect, and the second line, rushing down to join their comrades, found the trenches full of dead and wounded Arabs. The first line of the Egyptian defences was captured. A stronger fort was seen behind, armed with twelve guns. Line after line of shelter trenches stood further on. The men cheered again, climbed the mount and the parapet of the fort, and bayoneted the gunners at their guns. A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes from the first great rush the advance sufficed to place the intrenchments, with their supporting redoubts, in the hands of the English troops.

THE HIGHLANDERS' ADVANCE.

Toward the left of the British line the Highlanders advanced with a steadiness not to be surpassed. Not a shot was fired until they were within 300 yards of the Egyptians' position, and then came a burst of flame which broke out at once along the whole Egyptian line. But at this point Arabi's men fired wildly. The Highlanders cheered, and dashed forward to the shrill music of their pipes. The first line of intrenchments was carried with a rush, and the men found themselves in presence of a second line, which had to be carried. Like their comrades on the right during the first advance, the Highlanders pressed on for a time slowly and firing steadily, then cheered again, and rushed into the inner redoubt.

PURSUIT OF THE FUGITIVES.

The resistance of the Egyptians failed from that moment, and the battle was virtually over—the battle, but not the pursuit. The Egyptian regiments, mingled together in one wild and disastrous retreat, and lest they might when arrived in the open, re-form and make another stand, thus involving fresh slaughter, they were rapidly followed by the cavalry, which, sweeping round from the north, hemmed in the tide of fugitives. Events of the same character were seen in other parts of the field. The 4th Brigade attacked boldly and suffered heavy losses, and the Artillery did its part with its usual devotion; 58 guns were captured, 12 of which fell to the lot of the Indian Contingent. Without delaying a moment the troops were pushed on to Zagazig, where they arrived about 4 P.M. Proceeding direct to the railway station, they captured five trains full of soldiers, who, on seeing the approach of the British troops, leaped from the carriages, and throwing away their arms, made good their escape. A seventh train was just disappearing in the distance as General Macpherson's men entered the station.

LESSON OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The war was now at an end, the Egyptian insurgent army being thoroughly demoralized, and Arabi Pasha a fugitive without influence or following, while the occupation of Cairo brought the military operations to a successful termination. The events of the Egyptian campaign have now shown in a way not open to misconstruction, that the troops of Hindostan may be reckoned as part of the effective army of the British Empire. It was previously doubted, especially in America and in European countries, whether these troops, faithful and brave enough when fighting in their own land, could be trusted to fight for England in other countries and especially, whether they would be trustworthy when confronted with an enemy more nearly allied to them than their commanders in race and religion. That doubt is set at rest by the recent events, and in consequence, the power and influence of England in Europe is perceptibly strengthened. This is a lesson of the Egyptian campaign, which will not be easily forgotten or lightly overlooked.

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THE ROYAL REVIEW.

val of the Queen from Windsor at Buckingham Palace—Her Subsequent Departure from the Palace to the Parade at the Horse Guards—Impressive Scene of the Review—Enthusiasm—Welcome accorded to Generals, Officers, and Soldiers.

As was mentioned in a former number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the department of "Foreign Topics" a grand review of the expeditionary force took place in London, on Saturday, November 18th. The event had been anticipated with considerable eagerness, but the dense fog which enveloped everything just after sunrise, occasioned a feeling of considerable disappointment. Such moderate sightseers as Londoners were not deterred, however, from getting as near as possible to the performers in the first act of the day's drama, at James's Park, even though no eyes could penetrate the veil. Some gathered early at Waterloo, King Cross, and Victoria Stations, to welcome the troops brought by rail, and anxious and despondent were the speculations as to whether they would be late, or whether they would come at all. The trains certainly were, in some instances, late, the programme was carried out to the letter, not to the minute.

THE LOYAL RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN.

Near Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen (a sketch of which appears in the right-hand corner of our frontispiece), which was almost as strong a centre of interest as the saluting gun on the Parade, immense crowds gathered, expecting so rapidly that police reinforcements were required to keep the ground. Just here, behind the fog, all was life and animation—especially at about eleven o'clock, the dense atmosphere was rent by blasts of martial music heralding the approach of the troops from various points. Then began a roar of cheering which hardly ceased all was over and done.

Meanwhile, thousands of eyes looked toward that point in the heavens where the sun was supposed to be. "Oh," said an optimist, "he'll shine right when the Queen comes." It is a favorite fiction with Londoners that the Queen always finds fine weather for any pageant in which she takes part. It is a fact, that even before her retirement from the active discharge of her duties, and when outdoor pageants were more frequent than now, it is very rare indeed that there was either fog or rain or snow on the days fixed. In consequence of the phrase "Queen's Weather" has passed into a proverb.

Her Majesty was at that moment very near, having driven from Paddington Station, attended by an escort of the 1st Life Guards, and alighted at the private entrance of the Palace. The reception of the Sovereign, who was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, was warm and genial.

From the moment of Her Majesty's arrival matters began to mend. It was possible to see the sun through the low-lying mist would be drawn up and dispersed. More and more animated waxed the scene. General and staff officers multiplied, and in time to time members of the royal family drove to the palace, amid cheering and the strains of the National Anthem. Thus arrived in succession the Queen's sons and daughters, Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany.

THE GRENADIER GUARDS' ENTHUSIASM.

The Brigade of Guards, at about a quarter before twelve, emerged from the Wellington Barracks enclosure, and headed by the Duke of Connaught, entered the open space within the palace gates. Simultaneously emerged the Queen, surrounded by members of the royal family. By the time the troops had got into position, and officers and colors had taken post in review order, it was but a minute or two of noon. Then came a pause until the note of the big clock on the walls of Parliament was heard giving through the frosty, misty air the first stroke of twelve; and the word of the Queen's soldier son, the brigade commander, gave a royal salute.

Colonel Wigram called for three cheers for Her Majesty, and the Guards, taking off their bayonets, and lifting them high on the bayonet point,

gave "Hurrah with a will, the immense assemblage all around taking up the cry, and echoing it with twice ten thousand voices. Accustomed as the Queen is to such demonstrations, it is not surprising that she seemed much affected while repeatedly bowing her acknowledgements of so heartfelt a tribute. This impressive episode over, Her Majesty and the royal family retired; the Guards marched off to take up their position in line with the rest of the troops, and Sir Garnet Wolseley having finished a tour of inspection and joined the brilliant group at the palace gates, all was ready for the next act in the splendid pageant. That is

THE REVIEW BY THE QUEEN.

The parade ground of the crack British corps is silent, almost motionless. The sailors are standing at ease; the cavalry sit like statues in their saddles; only along the lines of onlookers are life and movement visible. Suddenly there is heard a muffled roar of voices from the direction of the palace, swelling louder and louder. At last the Queen's carriage comes fairly into view, and then the cheering in the Park almost overpowers the clashing strains of music. Having reached the left flank of the sailors, her Majesty's procession goes on till opposite the right flank of the Life Guards; then turns and approaches the saluting point, where the royal standard, just before run up by a couple of grenadiers, droops against the staff. The privileged spectators in the stands salute the Queen with cordial respect.

As Her Majesty's carriage took up its position an incident occurred almost theatrical in effect. That was the sudden lifting of the fog. A sudden breath blew from the south, and the fog rolled away with the effect of a veil withdrawn from the face of beauty. The change was magical. The park trees and the countless faces beneath them, the buildings on either hand, and the people who clung to every coign of vantage their roofs presented all started into sudden clearness in the light of an unclouded sun. The hitherto motionless troops move from their place near the railings. General Drury-Lowe, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the Headquarters Staff take up position. The head of the column once in place there is no delay; and, to the music of "See the conquering hero comes," the staff move past her Majesty, who returns in a condescending, gracious manner the salute of her successful generals, more especially of Sir Garnet Wolseley whose glory is the greatest as his responsibility was the heaviest.

THE MARCH PAST.

Regiment after regiment marched past in fine order, and presented a resplendent appearance, until at length all was over, and Sir Garnet Wolseley having received the congratulations of her Majesty, galloped away to place himself again at the head of his troops; the royal procession re-formed, and quitted the Parade amid loud cheers, and, in a little while, all that remained of the display was a row of empty stands and a force of police with nothing to do. The majestic pageant had faded, but the thunder of distant drums and noise of far-away cheering testified that it had gone into the streets where it received from the citizens an enthusiastic welcome. There the victorious troops were received by men whose power is even greater than that of the Queen. Prominent among them was one who from the gallery at the bottom of his garden sat field-glass in hand, surrounded by a select party invited by Mrs. Gladstone and himself, observing the review with the keenest interest as the procession filed past.

THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL.

Down Whitehall (a view of which appears in the left-hand section of the upper portion of the front picture), where stand the large government buildings went the long array. It seemed as though the enthusiasm of the densely packed populace were the greater and their eagerness to welcome the heroes of Egypt the more intense as a result of their feelings being so long pent up. Accustomed as the victorious generals must by this time have been to loud bursts of popular recognition, due in a great degree to the familiarity of the public with recent striking and authentic portraits, they were fairly surprised by the emphasis

which the throng bestowed on their demonstration at this part of the street-march. Sir Garnet Wolseley was evidently much gratified as, from numberless windows and balconies, hats and handkerchiefs were waved; and on all sides could be discerned the same outward tokens of enthusiasm. The Duke of Connaught was also warmly cheered.

And so, with undiminished warmth of welcome, the eight thousand warriors, with the recollections of their short, sharp, and victorious campaign in the East vividly in mind, and their sense of the country's gratitude proudly stirring their hearts, reached the home of the Household Brigade, where the triumphal march terminated.

It is impossible to read of the magnificent reception accorded to these warriors who returned home victorious after exposure to death by the sword and by disease without being thrilled with emotion. They had not fought our battles nor were we concerned in the issue of the struggle. But our countrymen resident in Egypt, American missionaries such as Dr. H. H. Jessup and other men whose experience qualified them to speak authoritatively on the subject, have told us that the cause of England in Egypt was the cause of right against wrong and the cause which ought to have our sympathies. And, beside all that, however frequently we good-humoredly criticise England and her policy, there is deep down in all our hearts the consciousness that among all the nations of the earth there is none so near to us as the great nation whose rule our forefathers threw off so gloriously a century ago. We are allied to them by ties of blood, of language, and of religion, and in any struggle in which they may be engaged we are naturally disposed to sympathize with them, though we reserve to ourselves the right of expressing our own opinion of the justice of their policy.

Nor is the pageant described, without its voice to the Christian soldier. As he reads of the welcome given by an earthly sovereign to those who have fought and conquered under her flag, of the plaudits showered on the skilful general and on the gallant soldier, his thoughts are carried forward to a far grander day. He sees, his vision guided by inspired prophets, the scene when the Prince of Peace, the King of kings welcomes those who come from all lands and are of every kindred and tongue under heaven, a host that no man can number, who, having fought in His cause, not against earthly armies nor with earthly weapons, but yet with an enduring God-given courage against principalities and powers, receive from their King a divine welcome. Then they will see Him as He is, and from His hands receive their reward. Then will be fulfilled the promise, which, ringing in their ears during their conflicts on earth gladdened their ears and gave their hearts new valor. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be My son" (Rev. 21 : 7).

An Arrow in His Father's Heart.—The Rev.

Canon Wilberforce recently narrated the following: "There was about to die, in Tunis, an old Arab Sheikh, and he called his three sons, and said to them, 'Only one of you is my son. Two of you are foster-children, and I leave all my property to my son,' but before he could indicate who was the one he died. The head of the tribe ordered that the father's body be propped up against a neighboring wall, and the son who was dearest to his father should show it by shooting an arrow at his heart. The eldest son took up his bow and sent an arrow right into the old man's heart. The second eldest son sent one within a hair's-breadth of his brother's. When the arrow was put into the hand of the third and youngest son, he looked at it, and then dashed it to the ground and said, 'Let the inheritance perish! Do you think I could send an arrow into my father's heart?' The chief and they who were present cried 'Give the young son the inheritance.' There was displayed the marvellous, mysterious instinct of sonship which no philosopher can explain, and which no sceptic can deny. The spirit of the father bore witness that he was his son." And in like manner they who are "born again," and are sons of God, through faith in Jesus Christ, cannot by sin wound the heart of their heavenly Father.

PLAGIARISM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, December 17, 1882.

"Thou shalt not steal."—EXODUS 20 : 15.

A Hoary-headed Sin—The World's Intellectual Common—International Literary Depredation—The Plagiarist's Detection Certain—The Damage they Do—A Lecture Reproduced—A Stolen Sermon—An Australian Plagiarist—An Accusation from Pittsburg—A Challenge—Unconscious Assimilation—A False Plea—Advice to Christian Workers—Other Men's Work, a Whetstone—No Copyright in the Bible—Material for all Purposes—Start Early—Napoleon's Fatal Delay—Losing the Battle of Life—A Misdirection—Failure of a Spiritual Guide—Destroyed by one Mistake.

STEAL what? Overcoats? Furniture? Dry-goods? Horses? United States bonds? Merchandise? Silver? Gold? Do not so limit the command. This Sinaitic thunder rolls out not only against the purloining of the goods of others, but against the theft of intellectual possessions.

It is high time that somewhere a sermon be preached on the subject of plagiarism, a sin which comes down through the centuries, and is now abroad among the people. Dean Swift stopped at a church in Shropshire, England, and heard one of his own sermons preached by the rector of the place. Pope's "Essay on Man" was first anonymously published, and was claimed by another author.

It is a most practical subject, for there are in this house to-day hundreds of persons who, perhaps in greater or less extent, are earning their livelihood by their pen, and there are young lawyers, and there are young clergymen, and young editors who are fashioning their intellectual habits; and then there are those here who giving their entire life to imparting instruction, and more than all, there are hundreds of parents here, who need to give the right bias on this subject to their children—for in our day all the boys and girls come to the art of literary composition.

It is not a subject that you can adjourn to the realm of taste or whimsicality. It is

A QUESTION OF ETHICS,

of right and wrong, of practical morals, and is charged with tremendous issues. Much of the world's knowledge is common property and can no more be fenced in or kept under lock and key or chained fast to an author's desk than you can sell or buy the atmosphere. Such are all the facts of history. Such are all the statistics of the world. Such is the realm of anecdote and of logic. Such are all the theories of science and religion. Each age borrows and appropriates the accumulated knowledge of the past ages. Each year is the lawful heir of the preceding year, and every century the legatee of former centuries. But the classification of facts and the peculiar presentation of knowledge may be private property.

Plagiarism begins when you appropriate without credit some one else's way of putting things. All the facts of history are the property of the world, common property; but who would deny the copyright of Bancroft to the "History of the United States," or the copyright of Prescott to the "Conquest of Mexico," or the copyright of Motley to the "Dutch Republic." Telegraphy is a common property, but would it not have been right for Professor Morse to have a patent right in his invention? The one hundred and fourteen thousand words of the English vocabulary are common property, but was not Noah Webster right in keeping a royalty on his unabridged dictionary? The cotton gin added millions of dollars to the value of property in the South, but who is in sympathy with an attempt to swindle Eli Whitney out of his invention?

There are scores of the best men and women in England and the United States who are kept in semi-pauperism and are coughing their life away at writing desks from which they would long ago have been emancipated if they had had rightful control of the financial interests of their literary children. The

INSUFFICIENT INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT law between England and the United States has

sanctioned a depredation that amounts to wholesale and infamous brigandage. On both sides the sea the punishment for purloining a bale of cotton, or a tierce of rice, or a can of oil, or a barrel of apples, or a ton of coal, or a load of wood, is imprisonment—Tombs Court, disgrace, ejection from all respectable society; but for the larceny of intellectual toil on both sides the sea—toil that may have racked the brain and shattered the nerves, and destroyed the health through years and years of fatigue—the punishment is a derisive smile. When a great book is published either in Great Britain or the United States, the first question is, which publishing house on the opposite side the water shall steal it? The time will come when the boundary line between *meum* and *tuum* of a literary plain will be as distinctly marked as the boundary line between two homesteads.

This countenancing of *international larceny* has had its effect upon individuals, and editors have to be on their guard lest the poem or the essay that comes into their office shall be the possession of somebody else than its pretended originator. The vice has gone on until it has crept on some of the platforms and into some of the pulpits. It is a most bedwaring vice. It is most ruinous to mind and most damaging to soul. No man can keep such a sin and keep his religion. It is *mental suicide*. The man's capacity for origination shrivels up.

No one ever yet successfully plagiarized without BEING FOUND OUT.

The newspaper press of the day is a detective on the track of all such desperadoes. The time when such a vice could be carried on year after year, and it was covered up with the cloak of deceit, and ever and anon ecclesiastical courts tried someone for purloining John Wesley's sermons, or Jeremy Taylor's sermons, and they were found out by mere accident. But now, all the literary and scientific and religious knowledge of the world turns over at least once a week, and most of it turns over every day. Each one of the great dailies sends forth in each publication enough material for one volume. They go forth through the mails by the ton. A man might as well hoist a ladder in a village at noonday and try to steal the town clock without being observed as to expect to carry off literary work in our time and not be found out. The newspaper editor, scissors in hand and mucilage on the table, sits up to his chin in exchanges from the four winds of heaven.

Beside that, all the world is travelling now. Fares are so cheap and transit is so rapid that before every preacher and before every lecturer, and before every religious exhorter there may sit persons from the most unexpected quarter, and if they heard three years ago something delivered in New Orleans which you deliver in Brooklyn, the discovery will be reported. Quote from all books that you can lay your hands on, quote from all directions—it is a compliment to have breadth of reading to be able to quote—but be sure to announce the fact that it is a quotation. Ah! how many are making a mistake in this thing. It is a mistake that a man cannot afford to make. Four commas upside down, two at the beginning of the paragraph and two at the close of the paragraph, would have saved many a man's integrity and usefulness. One would think that if the fact that it is a wrong to misappropriate the brain work of others is not a sufficient barrier to the evil, the perils of the undertaking would be savingly appalling.

Plagiarists have no idea of

THE DAMAGE THEY DO.

I have submitted to an amount of imposition to which I shall submit no longer. Contrary to the advice of my friends I have never published one word about it. The time has come for me in a kindly spirit, without any acerbity, to make a protest. In justice to myself, and at the same time as a practical lesson to all Christian workers, I am going to present three or four facts.

Last Friday night a week, I lectured in Detroit, Michigan. On the following night, Saturday night, I received a telegram as I was about to go on a platform at a distant city, a telegram from Detroit, saying in substance: "What does all this mean? The lecture you delivered here in

Detroit is identical with one delivered a few nights ago in the City of Chicago by another lecturer. Editorials, many editorials written on the subject, telegrams flying through the country on the subject. A Chicago journalist told me he had received four telegrams from the newspaper press of New York in regard to the matter.

THE HISTORY OF MY LECTURE

was that it was the first lecture I ever delivered ever prepared, and it was twenty-one years old was just of age! and I had delivered it in at least hundred cities on this and the other side the sea and it had been largely reported. I do not take the responsibility of saying that the lecturer Chicago plagiarized my lecture, I do not take responsibility because I do not know, but I say that if I had not been able by ten thousand witnesses to prove the priority of my lecture would have been very damaging to me.

Another fact: Just after I came to Brooklyn thirteen years ago, in the old chapel I preached a sermon on "*Hagar in the wilderness*." The sermon was taken down by a stenographer and printed. Ten years after, a member of my church asked me to reproduce that sermon, saying it had done him some good. I took up the stenographic report of that sermon, read it carefully, and nearly as I could reproduced it.

Before that week was out I received four letters, one from Pittsburg, one from Chicago, one from Boston, and one from Louisville, Kentucky, saying in substance: "How is this? Our Monday morning papers say you preached a sermon on 'Hagar in the Wilderness,' that you preached it the week before in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Why, then, this very sermon was preached in our city one or two months ago by a minister or an evangelist. If you take it from him, or did he take it from you, I sat down and wrote four indignant letters, and carried them in my pocket, as I am accustomed to do with such letters, and finally burned them. I knew what a plight those plagiarists would be in if I referred my correspondents to the newspaper which had published that sermon ten years before. I was wrong in condoning their faults. I shall never let such thieves again escape.

I say now, as I have said before, that if Christian workers in any part of the world want to employ sermons preached in this house, in places where there is no pastor, and to read them in churches and in halls and in houses, as they read on either side the sea, they have full liberty to do so. I believe what I preach is the truth, the Gospel and the wider it goes the better I am pleased. The officers of this church understand that whoever else are crowded in church, gentlemen of the press shall never be crowded.

Years ago I prayed God for this result which has come in the opening in a marvellous way through the secular as well as the religious press for the full publication of my sermons week by week in all the cities of Christendom. I am grateful to God for this opportunity and I am grateful to all journalists and all reporters who give me this privilege. But is it right that an opportunity like this should be abused by plagiarists to put me in wrong light? I tell you the nuisance has become intolerable.

AN AUSTRALIAN PLAGIARIST.

Another illustration: Years ago, I received a letter from the President of the Wesleyan Conference in Australia, saying in substance: "Yesterday suspended from the ministry a preacher, not preaching your sermons exactly, but for saying that one of your sermons was his. The subject was the 'Mutilation of the Scriptures,' the text was Jeremiah thirty-six and twenty-three: 'And came to pass that when Jehudi had read three or four leaves, Jehoiakim cut it with the penknife.'"

The President of the Wesleyan Conference wrote on to inform me that this preacher had in the city of New Zealand and Australia preached this sermon, and finally he was announced to preach in Melbourne, and a gentleman who had received a book from London containing fifty of my sermons among others the very sermon, carried the book with him to church, thinking perhaps the sermon might be repeated in Melbourne, and when the preacher arose and announced his text the inquirer

auditor in the pew opened the book, and with any notes, and from memory the preacher t through the whole discourse, not changing a d. He was arraigned before the ecclesiastical t and, of course, denied the plagiarism, for a *who will steal will lie*, but the book of sers was produced, and he was immediately sused from the ministry. Am I not right, I ask as common-sense men and women, in uttering otest?

have a more remarkable case, and it is quite nt. On the 25th of last month, November, 2, the *Pittsburg Despatch*, one of our most ninent papers, printed

A REPORTORIAL STATEMENT

ch I hold in my hand. It was not printed in unkindness to me because I am personally acinted with the editor; but the reporter says he interviewed "an eminent divine" of Pittsburg, and that "eminent divine" gave him the owing statement: "The sermons of Talmage frequently stolen by rural ministers, yet I once d of a case where he was caught in the act self. On the occasion referred to, he preached unusually eloquent sermon which was afterd published as his own. On the following Sabn a Methodist minister of Brooklyn preached the e sermon. A friend asked him why he had ched Talmage's sermon so soon after he had vered it himself. He denied the insinuation inantly, and being pressed on the point produced English newspaper containing the sermon, thus itting his own guilt, but pulling Talmage from pedestal at the same time.

Talmage once preached a sensational sermon the owl, the vulture, the bat, the chameleon, the snail. A certain minister who was then is still, located within a hundred miles of Pittsburg used the sermon on the following Sabbath. exposure of this action, in connection with er causes, caused a dissolution of his relations n that congregation. Before leaving, however, delivered a farewell sermon, which was especially sarcastic, and which his hearers afterward ned, was also the property of Talmage."

ow, if that "eminent minister" of Pittsburg prove that some minister in Brooklyn preached rmon identical with anything I preached, and annot prove that I previously preached and ted it either in this country or in Europe, I will for distribution among the poor of Pittsburg ousand dollars in the hand of the editor of the sburg *Despatch*—

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE POOR

hat city, the pastors of that city to be the jury he matter. A thousand dollars will buy a great ny shoes for bare feet in this cold weather. w, if that "eminent divine" of Pittsburg is accurately reported, he is a calumniator. Is it not e that in justice to myself and my church I file aveat?

he trouble is when plagiarists are caught they o pleading, generally,

UNCONSCIOUS ASSIMILATION,

unwitting appropriation. They happened to d it and it stuck fast to them! And they did n realize it. False! No man makes a mistake l that without knowing it. A man no more ces that mistake than does by mistake a sneak- d put his hand in your cash box. Unconscious milation, indeed!

n my first country settlement I had a great deal nterest in raising a *splendid flock of fowls*. I d to go out two or three times a day and admire n. One morning I went to the henry and y were all gone. I thought at the time that man who took them was a criminal; but I f out in these days perhaps it was only a case o unconscious assimilation! I suppose he just wked away and they stuck fast to him! I tell that with the vast resources, legitimate resces open before literary men in this day, platism is inexcusable.

say these things just at this point in my ser- n not only in justice to myself, but as

A LESSON TO ALL CHRISTIAN WORKERS

e and elsewhere. Be yourself and no one else. the work you do for Christ that is effective you do with your own weapons. God has given

you just enough faculty to do all the work He ever expects of you. Use all books and all the intellectual toil of others only as a *whetstone to sharpen your own battle-axe*. Your own way will be more effective for good than anybody else's way employed by you, though there were fifty per cent more ingenuity in that way. David broke down under Saul's armor, but he had been a shepherd's boy, and he knew how to use a sling, and he took five smooth pebbles from the brook and he had five times more ammunition than was necessary, for it only took one pebble skilfully hurled to crack like an eggshell Goliath's cranium.

Above all, my dear friends, saturate yourselves with Scriptural knowledge and with

SCRIPTURAL STYLE.

No copyright of that Book of books. Daniel Webster said if he had ever come to any perspicuity of style it was by long time perusal of the Scriptures. Rufus Choate having with forensic magnetism aroused judge and jury and court-room to highest pitch of enthusiasm, whelmed them with Scriptural peroration. It is the most magnificent Book ever written, and it is all at your disposal. Do you want history? Quote Moses. Do you want blank verse? Quote Habakkuk. Do you want the spectral? Quote Ezekiel. Do you want the pastoral? Quote Ruth. Do you want a battle march? Quote Joshua. Do you want argument? Quote Paul. Do you want pathos? Quote John. Do you want all tenderness and all omnipotence? Quote Christ.

Equip yourself from all sources. Read all good books. Listen to all oratorios. Examine all pictures. Bring botany and geology and astronomy and history and poetry and archæology. Gather all these up and then mass your troops for one great Gospel campaign, and remember it closes at sun down. Alas! how many lose the battle of life because either they do not start early enough, or they make fatal mistakes after they have started.

HOW WATERLOO WAS LOST.

For those two reasons Napoleon lost Waterloo. History tells us, and Victor Hugo in his most popular work powerfully dramatizes the fact, that the night before the memorable 18th of June, 1815, there was a great deluge of rain, and the ground was so soaked that Napoleon could not move his artillery, and he had to wait until the ground was somewhat settled; so that instead of opening the battle as he had expected at six o'clock in the morning, he opened it at nearly twelve at noon. Of course, that gave time for Blucher to come up with his reinforcements, and to join Wellington and to overthrow the great Frenchman. Had there been no rain that night, and had the battle opened at six o'clock in the morning instead of at twelve o'clock at noon, or near twelve, the battle might have been ended by noon in the overthrow of the English army, for Napoleon had nearly a hundred more guns than Wellington.

The difference between six and twelve o'clock for Napoleon was the difference between defeat and victory. And that is the way I see a great many people

LOSING THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

They start too late. They wait until their foes are reinforced and reinforced and other battalions of temptation fall into line. Instead of opening the battle in the morning of life they open it in the noon of life; at twelve instead of six. Oh, you cannot do in an afternoon what was intended for a whole day. What a lesson for all of the young. Oh, the stupendous difference between six o'clock and twelve o'clock.

But after Napoleon had started his army, he made a fatal mistake. History tells us and Victor Hugo powerfully dramatizes the fact, that Napoleon was

MISDIRECTED BY A GUIDE,

and he supposed that the plain ascended gradually to the hill on which the English were entrenched, and that there were no chasms intervening. With the sound of bugle 3500 armed, helmeted, mounted horsemen dashed up the hill with great impetuosity to take it, when suddenly riders and horses by the hundreds vanished. They plunged into the awful gulch near the village of Ohain, a ravine about seventeen feet deep, and with perpendicular sides

and a hundred riders and their horses went down into that gulch, and two hundred, and five hundred, and a thousand, and fifteen hundred, filling the chasm with struggling and dying men and beasts; so that the riders and horses in the rear coming up could not stop, and they went to the other side the chasm over this quivering bridge of mangled flesh and broken bones. To the lateness of the hour of starting was owing that fatal mistake. That is the way Napoleon lost Waterloo.

And so I see men losing the battle of life. They started with the blowing of bugles and they expected to gallop to the top, but there was some misdirection, or because *some spiritual guide has failed* in his duty, that caused the opening of some chasm in their way, and before they know it they are at the bottom, taking others down with them in the awful plunge. Oh, I wish I could report that in the catastrophe only, only 1500 men had fallen into the awful chasm of a ruined life.

DESTROYED BY ONE MISTAKE.

Only one false entry. Only one fraud. Only one plagiarism. Only one experiment in sin. Only one evil companionship. Only one day of dissipation. Only one night of wassail. Only one fall.

Oh, remember the difference between six and twelve o'clock. Remember the awful gulch of Ohain. Only those are safe who are bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west and above and beneath by the grace of God. Your beautiful intentions will avail nothing unless they are divinely upheld. They will be a beautiful suspension bridge with buttresses not strong enough to hold the strain. Make Christ your ally, and you make heaven an annex of time.

An Itinerant Vendor of Jewelry, last January, offered to M. Henri Mayor, the missionary among the Kabyles of Algeria, and who has just been called home to his rest, some jewelry trinkets of Arab and French manufacture. Mayor replied, "I, too, have a jewel, which I will not only show you, but give you," and produced his Gospel in Arabic, reading and explaining to the pedlar the way of salvation. Six months later this man called again to tell with joy that through reading the Gospel which had been given to him he had found salvation in Christ. He belongs to the tribe of Beni Kani, who reside on the Jur Jura mountains. He had never heard of Jesus before. He had heard there was one God, and that Mahommed was His prophet, but that was all. He earnestly pressed M. Mayor to go and tell his tribe the Gospel, and begged for tracts, books, and Gospels that told of Jesus, that he might give them to the Kabyles among whom he sold his wares. He joined in prayer with M. Mayor before leaving, and the latter heard afterward that he bore witness to the truth in the neighboring café, and told the Mahommedans that Christ was *the only Saviour* and that their prophet was nothing. The people drove him out, saying: "Go away, you devil, you dog. Mahommed will afflict you for speaking thus of Jesus, and reviling him." The man, however, remains unflinching in his testimony, and wherever he goes, speaks of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

A Happy Basuto.—Mme. Mabile, wife of the well-known French missionary in Basutoland, relates the following incident, which recently occurred. She says: "A native came to me a short time ago, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, 'Mother, I am so happy!' 'Why?' 'I have found Jesus.' 'When?' 'This very morning.' 'Tell me about it.' He then told me he was awakened through hearing a sermon by a missionary on 'The Sufferings of Jesus Christ.' He grew miserable; his sins rose up before him like a great mountain; but Jesus rolled them all away, and a perfect peace came into his heart, and he is now trying to lead his companions and neighbors to Christ. Madam Mabile also says: "It was a touching sight at the baptism of three old women, who had spent their lives in the degradation and ignorance of heathenism, to hear them confessing their faith in Jesus as their Saviour."

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By William Maude.

The Kingdom of Peace.

(Continued from page 791.)

AGAIN, on higher and religious grounds, the hope has been and still is entertained that, as Christianity extended its peaceful triumphs over the world, and created a higher ethical standard among nations as well as individuals, men would come to recognize the *wickedness* of war, and nations no more be allowed to have recourse to the barbarous arbitrament of the sword in the settlement of their conflicting interests, than the individual creditor is now allowed, in any civilized country, literally to take his debtor by the throat, saying, "Pay me that thou owest." But, alas! all such hopes, again, are utterly chimerical. What is the lesson taught us by the history of

THE LAST EIGHTEEN CENTURIES?

It is a sadly humbling one, but it is simply this, that while Christianity, in name at least, has caused many and sanguinary wars, it is hard to point out a single instance in which it has prevented one.

Moreover, apart from all this, such hope is based on a twofold delusion. It assumes, in the first place, that the ethical influence of Christianity is increasing in proportion to its nominal extension. But this assumption is contradicted alike by actual experience and by inspired prediction. We see on every side the sad evidence of the growing lawlessness of the times in which we live, and this lawlessness is being developed *in the midst of Christianity*.

It is not simply that men, in large numbers, are casting aside all pretence of religion; this is ominous indeed, but what is still more ominous is that over the mass of those who profess and call themselves Christians, the Gospel appears to have little practical life pervading, life-controlling power. In other words, it does not, even as it once did, effectually bridle those natural "lusts," one deadly fruit of which is "war." And is not this precisely what inspired prophecy leads us to expect? The men who in the perilous times of the last days, are to be "lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without self-control, fierce, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God," are not agnostics or atheists; on the contrary, the crowning mark of their identification is this, "HOLDING A FORM OF GODLINESS, BUT HAVING DENIED THE POWER THEREOF," (2 Tim. 3:2-4. R. V.)

AN UNSCRIPTURAL ASSUMPTION.

But the hope of which I have spoken rests also on another utterly unscriptural assumption—*viz.*, that the Divine mission of Christianity during the present dispensation is to achieve a universal triumph, and thus slowly but surely bring about the much-desired, confidently-expected, "conversion of the world." Alas for the world, if this is its only hope! Nothing is more clearly revealed in the New Testament than the fact that the present dispensation is elective—not universal. The Gospel is divinely commissioned only to "take out of the Gentiles a people for His name" (Acts 15:14); and throughout its whole duration the true children of God will be but a "little flock;" the "few who enter in at the strait gate;" "a kind of first-fruits of His creatures." (Luke 12:32; Matt. 7:13; James 1:18.)

Lastly, as by an argument of despair, it has even been suggested that war—

THE DISEASE OF NATIONS

—will ultimately cure itself. As science, it is said, is year by year utilizing the most destructive forces of nature for warlike purposes, while at the same time the cost of conducting war has so enormously increased, the time will surely come when the engines of war have become so fearfully destructive and its cost so ruinous, that its *absurdity* will be manifest, and the common sense of mankind demand its abolition. But those who speak thus seem to overlook the fact that, while science thus increases the destructiveness of aggressive arms, it at the same time proportionately increases the resources of defence, and also that, though doubtless the cost of war nowadays is immensely

greater than it was in past times, so also is the realized wealth of the nations. In truth, it is just as reasonable to say that the increased destructiveness of war must end in its abolition as it would be to say that the intensified virulence of a disease must terminate in its extinction. Both statements are no doubt true in one sense, they must needs end when there are none left to kill.

Nevertheless, the Word of God, as we have seen, distinctly reveals the coming of a blessed time when war shall be no more; when through the noise of battle God will strike His silence, and from the equator to the poles universal peace shall reign. And inspiration does more than this—it tells us *how* this consummation is to be reached; basing it, not on empty dreams, but on the assured fact of the

COMING OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

There will be no lasting peace for the world till the kingdom of Christ is established by His glorious Advent. This is the uniform teaching of Scripture. Are men to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks?" Yes; but it is only "in the last days, when the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth teaching, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples." (Isa. 2:2-4.)

Is "war to cease unto the end of the earth, and the bow be broken, and the spear cut in sunder, and the chariot burned in the fire?" Yes; but it is not until this song shall be sung by restored Israel, "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early. *The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted.* Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth. *He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.*" (Ps. 45.)

Shall neither savage beasts nor savage men "hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain?" Yes; but not until *He* is set upon earth's throne, who "shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears; but with righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked one." And "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Isa. 11:3, 4, 9.)

Yes; peace—peace which no earthly or infernal power may disturb; peace based on Divine and righteous government; peace, not such as man makes, but such as God gives, shall be one *characteristic* of Christ's Millennial kingdom.

NOW COMES THE CONTRAST.

All the glories of the kingdom cast before them an intervening darkness, that darkness being the antithesis of the dawning light; the proverbial darkest hour before the coming dawn. Thus, when the voice cried out of Seir, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The reply was, "The morning cometh, and also the night." That is to say, "The morning will shortly dawn, but the night—though far spent—is not yet over; its last and darkest hour has yet to be passed through." So it is here. The kingdom of Peace is coming, but it will be preceded by war—war of the most terrific character, and on the most gigantic scale. Hence our Lord's warning, which in no wise contradicts Isaiah's prediction, if only we distinguish the times and so harmonize the Scriptures, "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled; for these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows (*lit.* 'birth-pangs')."
(Matt. 24:6-8.)

THE GOING FORTH OF THE RED HORSE.

Hence the going forth of the "red horse," a the Church of the firstborn ones is seen in heaven (Rev. 6:3, 4.) And hence the awful sunning: the prophet Joel: "Proclaim ye this among nations; prepare (*lit.* 'consecrate') war, wake the mighty men, let all the mighty men draw near, let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears: the weak say, I am strong. Assemble yourselves and come all ye heathen, and gather yourselves together round about; thither cause thy mighty ones to come down, O Lord. Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." (Joel 3:9-12.) Language which plainly anticipates the vision of the Book of Revelation, in which the three frog-like "spiritual demons working miracles, go forth unto the king of the whole world, to gather them to the great day of God Almighty." (Rev. 16:13, 14.)

Truly, then, "the morning cometh, but also and previously—the deeper, darker night." That which immediately awaits the world is not peace, but that tremendous outbreak of war—war intensified by infranatural terrors, which is to terminate this present age. But, as it were in the pause of the dread conflict, the ear of faith listens for joy-bells of the universe, ringing out the long roll of violence and bloodshed; and, through the smoke of the final battle, the eye of faith descries the form of Him whose "name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Cured in Answer to Prayer.—At the November meeting on November 10th, the Rev. J. E. said: "Yesterday I was struck with how every poor people can be happy in the Lord. There is a poor woman in this city whose husband is ill, and whose daughter was also ill in one of the institutions of our city. Lately the doctors told her that she could not possibly recover. When the mother heard the news she was very much grieved, and going to another poor Christian woman, asked her to unite in prayer for the girl every-day for an hour. They agreed to spend an hour from five to six in the morning on their knees for this object. For the first week no difference was seen in the girl's condition, but at the end of the second week she walked into the house perfectly well, and has continued so ever since."

A Preaching Carpenter.—Mr. McGilivray of Lovedale, South Africa, related that: "The Rev. Mr. Muir had a prayer meeting in his home one afternoon to seek the Divine blessing upon Christian workers. The same night we were aroused by a sound as though some one were talking. Listening, we heard the words 'Jesu Christ, Amen.' It was our boy, John, praying for his heathen father and mother. This lad is now master carpenter under the Rev. Mr. Maggs, of the Church of England. When he went out into the world to make his own way, he found much wickedness among those of his own trade, and gave it up to try if a coffee-shop would be better, but it did not answer, and now he practices his trade three days a week, and preaches Christ the other three days."

A Brawl in the Forecastle.—Captain H. field, a Christian seaman, said: "I met a schooner with her flag half mast high, the usual signal of distress at sea. I hailed and asked what was wanted. 'Water: ours is finished; can you spare us any?' 'Yes; send your boat for some.' So they sent their boat and got two casks of water and we parted. About an hour afterward I heard a great noise in the fore-castle, and went to see what was the matter. The mate was drunk, stripped nearly naked, and fighting with the men who were also drunk. The schooner we helped was loaded with Hennessy's brandy from the Mediterranean to the West Indies, and the crew had handed up over our bows a three-gall

demijohn of brandy as a sign of their gratitude for the water. In less than an hour my crew had drunk every drop of it, and there were only the steward, the second mate, and myself sober on board. As there was a storm coming on we had to lie there two days till the men got sober. In the fight to which I have referred one man so injured another that, he died. I could go on for the rest of my life telling you of the evil results of drinking, but my heart is so full of the love of Christ that I can never stand up to speak, but I must tell about God's love to poor sinners."

Sixty Magdalens Seeking Christ.—Mr. Grady said: "I saw a scene last night at one of the evangelistic meetings at Anderton, which I can safely say is unique in the history and religious enterprise of our city. Over sixty fallen women were gathered there from the streets, and all remained till one o'clock this morning, seeking Christ as their Saviour. Forty of them were still there at six o'clock, when I left. I must not enter into details, but I can solemnly assure you that the cries which went up from these poor girls to the throne of mercy, constitute an awful accusation against those evil men who ruined them."

A Night with a Dying Man.—Mr. Mabon, the energetic city missionary, said: "I remember before I was converted to Christ, sitting up all alone one night with a dying man. The impression made upon me by the pitiful action of his hands and the expression of his face, was such that I am never likely to be able to forget it. So sincerely did I sympathize with him, and so anxious was I to help him, that I would have given anything if I had been able to speak even one word of true comfort to the dying man, who was passing away into eternity without knowing Christ's power to save, or my being able to point him to the Saviour of sinners. Thank God, I can now speak of His power to save under any circumstances."

Inebriate Ladies.—At the same Meeting, the Rev. Mr. McDougall said: "Last Sabbath I was preaching in the Home for Inebriates, in Edinburgh, where I saw so many respectably dressed ladies, that I asked if these ladies were really residents or visitors, and was assured they were all residents. One was the widow of a medical practitioner, who had died of *delirium tremens*, and she was, therefore, most anxious to be cured. Last week she left the Home, but unfortunately fell again. Why? Feeling lonely and depressed, she took a glass of something alcoholic to cheer herself, and thereby aroused the old demon appetite in the full fury of its force, so that her friends had to send her back. There is no safety but in total abstinence, and the help of God, realized through a humble, clinging faith in Christ."

The Book in the Boy's Bag.—Captain Hatfield said: "I was born in *Nova Scotia*, and am one of seven brothers who all went to sea like a brood of ducks, and all became shipmasters. When I first went on board ship, I set to rummaging my bag, and found therein this little book. It is a Bible, which my mother put in it unknown to me; and as I have followed the instructions written in this chart of life, so have I been blessed, and as I have deviated therefrom so have things gone against me. I may mention one incident which happened to us, the like of which was never before recorded in the annals of shipping, and I do not think ever will be again. Four shipmasters came into a port at one time from different parts of the world who were all brothers. But the seven of us are steering for the same heavenly port, and with Divine help, we shall all reach the haven at last."

A Fortunate Shark Bite.—Surgeon-Major Gunn said: "On the West coast of Africa a young man was bitten on the leg by a shark; the injury to the limb was so great that the native fetish doctor said that the lad must die. He was, however, carried to the mission station, and examined by an officer who took a great interest in the evangelistic work going on among the natives. He saw that the safest and quickest way to restore the lad was to amputate the limb, and told his parents and brothers that he intended to cut it off; but they refused to permit the operation to be performed. The usual habit among them is to

bury the dead in a room in their huts, and feast several days over the grave. The reason they gave for objecting to the amputation of the injured leg was that it would not do to have the young man buried in two places, as then the funeral feast would be spoiled. Owing to the opposition, very stringent measures were taken, the operation was performed, and the lad was cured. The father and the rest of the family were so astonished, that it led to their conversion, and on the next fetish Sabbath, all the natives of the district formally decided to cease worshipping the fetish, and to seek instead the Lord Jehovah, who could cure a man after his leg was cut off."

The Dead Man's Debt.—Mr. Robert Simpson said: "In a town not far off, there lived recently a woman whose husband had died considerably in the debt of a Christian merchant for goods supplied to him. The widow's eldest son got married, and, as his wages were the principal means of support which the rest of the family had to depend upon, she saw that there was no probability of her ever being able to pay this large amount. When the clerk called for payment she told him all the truth, and he, being a Christian as well as his employer, was touched by her story, and repeated it to his employer, adding, 'It is quite evident that the woman is in deep poverty, and can never pay the money; it is best to cancel it.' Taking up a pen, the gentleman scored out every item of the account, and then said, 'Peter, go at once to the poor woman and tell her that it's all wiped out.' When the destitute widow saw the clerk return in such a hurry her heart sank within her, and she thought, 'There's the prison, or worse for me; oh, what shall I do?' When Peter delivered the Christian creditor's message she could not believe it, but offered to do the best she could to pay it up, and entreated for mercy. 'But, my good woman,' said the clerk, 'you are not due one farthing; it's all wiped clean out, and I have come to tell you so.' At last the poor woman trusted in the message, and sat down to cry for joy that the load was lifted off from her. This is just what Christ in His love has done for us. For His sake God blots out all our transgressions, our debts are all cancelled, except one—the debt of love—and that will continue evermore blessedly to increase."

MISS LAURIE McLATCHIE, The Scottish Evangelist.

THE readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have in many letters to its editor expressed their gratification at the opportunity its pages afford them through the portraits and biographies given from time to time of becoming acquainted with the features and lives of those who, on the other side the Atlantic, are engaged successfully in Christian work. They are a part of the same army to which we belong. We have one King, and our hearts beat with theirs in unison, moved by the same Holy Spirit. Though the Atlantic stretches between us, they are our brethren and sisters, and the time is coming when we with them will be gathered in our Father's house.

The lady, whose portrait appears on page, 812 is one of the most indefatigable and successful of these Christian laborers in the Gospel field. Those who can read in the face the index of character, will be prepared from the portrait of Miss McLatchie to learn that she has joined with brilliant mental gifts deep spirituality, and that she possesses the power of moving and *swaying large audiences* to a degree seldom witnessed under a female speaker. This God-given power she has been led to consecrate to Him who gave it, and that He has accepted and used the offering laid upon His altar there is abundant evidence in the record of her work. She has devoted herself wholly to God's work, and caring nothing for the admiration and homage of worldly society, which her *beauty and grace* would have commanded, had she chosen to go into circles where those gifts always secure a high place for their possessor, she has counted herself well repaid by the honor of winning souls for her Master.

Laurie McLatchie was born in the pretty moun-

tain village of Penpont, Dunfriesshire, Scotland, amid the hallowing and elevating influences of a pious home, her parents being conspicuous, even among their Christian neighbors, for their cordial attachment to the service of Christ, and their unmistakable exhibition of those winning graces which constitute the chief and potent charm of His most devoted followers.

Her parents' prayers for the salvation of her soul in early years were answered. They were enabled by God's blessing to see that when barely emerged from childhood their daughter had given her heart to Christ.

It was not long before her rare gifts were recognized by Christian people around her, even though the department of usefulness which she had selected as her special field of effort was a very humble and unobtrusive one; and it was in 1874, while she was engaged at Glasgow, in conducting classes for the culture of young people in Biblical truth, visiting the poor, and addressing mothers' meetings, without a thought of any more exalted sphere, that she received a special and pressing invitation to preach in the Congregational Church at Greenock. Regarding the summons as an unmistakable intimation of the Divine will, she cordially accepted it, and during the month of January 1875, delivered a series of eloquent and effective evangelistic addresses to a large congregation, upon which God caused His benediction abundantly to rest, many souls being savingly impressed, and added to the church of God.

LARGE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

With that sagacity in recognizing whatever is intrinsically excellent and practically useful which characterizes the Scotch people, Miss McLatchie was at once singled out to render more distinguished service in a larger arena, and before immense masses of people. She was invited to preach to that large class of the Glasgow population who do not attend church. She accepted and from September 1875, to April 1876, she preached nearly every Sunday evening in the City Hall, Glasgow, to very large and deeply-interested audiences, the Gospel message being delivered in manifest demonstration of the Spirit and in power.

So brilliant was the success now achieved, and so manifold and beneficial the results of her ministry, that without courting an extended publicity, the evangelist's fame spread far and wide, and there was an eager competition among numerous applicants for her services. As a consequence of these invitations, Miss McLatchie visited many towns in England and Scotland. She attracted immense assemblages in various English towns, including Walsall, Frodsham, Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, West Bromwich, Birmingham Town Hall, etc., and it was no infrequent sight to witness capacious edifices crowded to their utmost limit fully an hour before the time announced for commencing the service.

HER INCREASING POPULARITY.

The continuous strain, however, upon Miss McLatchie's strength—not only in the delivery of her addresses with elocutionary skill and exhaustive dramatic fervor, but also, and chiefly, in the conscientious and prolonged mental preparation which invested her efforts with their enduring qualities, and secured for them universal appreciation and success—occasioned a temporary illness and a six months' rest; but in August 1877, she once more resumed her work for Christ and souls, by a series of evangelistic efforts in Hengler's Circus, Liverpool.

CHARACTER OF HER MINISTRY.

In the estimation of persons well qualified to form an intelligent and trustworthy opinion, Miss McLatchie is the peer of the late Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour in power of felicitous illustration, and is undoubtedly her superior in pathos. While the body of her discourses and lectures is invariably arranged with a logical precision springing from intuition rather than from art, and studded with literary gems of a superlative order, her perorations are most glowing, and sometimes overwhelming in their cumulative grandeur. But, better than all, her prayerful and brilliant ministry has resulted in the conversion of hundreds of immortal souls to Christ.

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OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Pendleton Civil Service Reform Bill occupied the attention of the Senate during the greater part of last week. The most important of the amendments under discussion were directed to the prevention of assessments on employes. Other amendments referred to the details of the bill; one of them being to reduce the number of Civil Service Commissioners from five to three, and others designed to secure the practical character of the competitive examination. The bill for the reform of the civil service, reported by Mr. Kasson to the House, meets with a less favorable reception both from Congress and from the public than the Pendleton Bill. Mr. Kasson's scheme provides that the terms of all officers appointed by the president, from collectors of revenue down to and including clerks in the public offices, shall be *four years*; and that they shall not be removable during their term of office "except for cause as prescribed in the bill, and that when an officer has served for four years unexceptionably he shall be reappointed for another term of four years. Also that before the president can remove any subordinate of his from office he must make charges against him; must give the officer or clerk time to make a written reply, and thus initiate a species of trial. It will be seen that in all these provisions it differs materially from the Senate bill. Its opponents urge that it would cripple very prejudicially the executive power and would render the removal of a corrupt or inefficient employe difficult, if not actually impossible. It is expected that when the Pendleton bill is sent to the House an effort will be made to substitute it for the one reported by Mr. Kasson.

An Effort to Stop the Compulsory Coinage of silver dollars is to be made in the House. Mr. Fisher, Chairman of the Coinage Committee, has, it is stated by the correspondent of the *Tribune*, pledged himself to try to secure a favorable report from his committee on a bill to repeal the compulsory features of the silver coinage act. He urges the necessity of this in order to prevent an injurious contraction of the currency, which he declares will be inevitable unless this action shall be taken. He points to the fact that, while the silver coinage now amounts to \$27,000,000 more

than it did twelve months ago, the amount of silver certificates outstanding is \$500,000 less, and is shrinking constantly, because people will no longer deposit gold in order to obtain silver certificates when they can just as easily get gold certificates. Mr. Fisher's conclusion is that the paying out of gold by the Treasury for silver to be coined into "buzzard" dollars, which are no longer in demand, as a basis for additional silver certificates, is an absurd performance and ought to be stopped, or at least not compelled by law.

The Substitution of the Lowell Bankruptcy Bill by the Senate last week for the bill introduced by the Judiciary Committee is generally approved. The bill framed by Judge Lowell, of Massachusetts, contains a definite scheme, while the committee's bill left the matter chiefly in the hands of the courts. One of the most important features of the Lowell Bill, and one that will commend itself to business men, is that the settlement of the insolvent debtor's estate is placed in the hands of the creditors, through a trustee, or trustees, to be chosen by the majority in value and not less than one third in numbers of the creditors. *Compositions are provided for by the law.* If they secure the payment of at least fifty cents on the dollar of indebtedness they require the assent of a majority in number and value of the creditors; if for less than fifty cents on the dollar then the assent of at least three fourths in number and value.

The Second Attempt to Convict the Star Route defendants is now in progress. After considerable time had been lost in securing a jury satisfactory to the Government and the defence, the case was opened by Mr. George Bliss on the part of the prosecution. The charge, he said, was one of conspiracy. He expected to prove that the defendants had defrauded the Government of large sums of money, and that they were all guilty under the statute. The original idea of the mode and the first step taken in its execution belonged to the ex-Senator, Stephen W. Dorsey. The conspiracy included an ex-Senator, his representatives, and the second assistant postmaster-general, whose co-operation was necessary in order to make the conspiracy successful and profitable. The indictment was confined to *nineteen contracts* on nineteen separate mail routes. These contracts, when made, aggregated \$41,135 a year. They were increased so as to take out of the treasury in three years between \$900,000 and \$1,000,000 in excess of the original sum. The Government had been defrauded on the whole of some \$5,000,000.

The Results of the Labors of the Utah Commissioners, appointed by the United States Government, are embodied in a report presented to the Secretary of the Interior. They recommend that Congress should enact a law "declaring all future marriages in Utah null and void, unless contracted and evidenced in the manner provided by the act. Certain places should be designated for all marriages, which should be witnessed by certain persons, and registered in specific public offices, so as to make the proof of marriage morally certain. The parties and witnesses should be required to make their affidavits against polygamy." The Commission also recommend the repeal of the Woman Suffrage law in Utah. They say, in conclusion, "If the next session of the Legislative Assembly elected under the act of Congress shall fail to respond to the will of the nation, Congress should have no hesitation in using extraordinary measures to compel the people of this Territory to obey the laws of the land."

The Death of Mr. Robert L. Stuart on Tuesday, December 12th, removed from this world one of the most philanthropic of American citizens. It is estimated that he and his brother, who was also his partner, gave to the cause of religion and philanthropy during their business career not less than *two million dollars*. It was the invariable custom of the firm to give a certain sum every year in God's service, whether the profits of their business had been large or small, and when the firm was dissolved in December 1879 by the death of Mr. Alexander Stuart, \$1,391,000 had been so bestowed. Since that date Mr. Robert L. Stuart, the surviving partner, gave away to various educational institutions, to the cause of missions and to

other religious movements, more than \$600,000. Mr. Stuart was born in New York in 1806; his parents having the previous year immigrated from Scotland. They left that country owing to financial embarrassment, but they had no sooner commenced business here than they sent regular remittances to Scotland to repay an indebtedness of \$7000, which could not have been recovered by law. They completed the payment before they laid aside any money for their own uses. Messrs. R. L. & A. Stuart continued their father's business—that of sugar refinery—after his death and prospered. Mr. Robert L. Stuart was President of the Board of Trustees of the Young Men's Christian Association, and always took a warm interest in the prosperity of the institution.

The Prohibition Cause in Indiana is not to be allowed to fail through the election of a Democratic Legislature. At a meeting in Indianapolis on December 13th of the prominent temperance leaders, among whom were Colonel Eli Ritter, Dr. Gerrish, John R. East, and M. E. Shiel, it was determined to use every effort to secure the submission of the prohibitory amendment at a special election, and to this end an enormous number of petitions will be brought to bear upon the Legislature. Nothing was said at the conference about forming a distinct prohibition party in the State, the whole purpose of the leaders now being to bend the Legislature to a compliance with their wishes.

The Attempt to Secure a Better Observance of the Lord's Day in New York has been continued. The hands of the Sunday Closing League were strengthened last week by the publication of four resolutions passed by a Committee of the Presbytery appointed to consider the subject. The third of these resolutions points very forcibly to a danger which the working men who oppose the execution of the law appear to have overlooked. It reads as follows: "Third, That while workingmen in some countries of Europe are demanding the intervention of the State against enforced labor on seven days of the week, and while in our own land the demands of capital and the greed of gain are pressing more and more hardly upon the laboring classes, it especially behooves the American workingman, whether native or foreign born, to uphold with zealous care the laws and customs which secure to him his Sunday rest."

The Sunday Concerts in New York Which have been attended by large numbers of people have been professedly held for the benefit of some charity since the operation of the Sunday law. The plea that the proceeds would be devoted to a hospital or some other philanthropic institution precluded the police from interfering with the performance. A reporter, who endeavored to test the sincerity of the plea, ascertained from the Superintendent of the German Hospital at Seventy-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, that he had received from *eight so-called "benefit concerts"* on the last two Sunday evenings \$53. Of this amount \$11.30 was received from Koster & Bial, \$12.10 from the proprietors of the Atlantic Garden, and \$15.15 from the Germania Assembly Rooms.

The Charges of the Physicians and Others who attended President Garfield in his illness have been materially reduced by the board of audit. The board allows Dr. Bliss \$6500; Dr. Agnew, \$5000; Dr. Hamilton, \$5000; Dr. Reyburn, \$4000; Dr. Boynton, \$4000; Dr. Susan A. Edson, \$3000; total professional services, \$27,000. Seventy-five claims for supplies and assistance were also allowed, making the total sum awarded \$38,860.93. The amount appropriated to meet the claims was \$57,000. The physicians are allowed \$8000 less than their claims, and the outside bills \$11,000 less, leaving a balance of \$19,000.

The Welcome Intelligence is Published that Mr. John B. Gough has recovered his health, and is now lecturing nearly every evening. Last week he was at several towns in Ohio, and on Thursday lectured in the Great Music Hall, Cincinnati. Mr. Gough is now in the sixty-fifth year of his life and the forty-first of his career as a lecturer. It is estimated that he has travelled 448,000 miles and delivered 8480 lectures to no less than 8,500,000 persons.

An Ex-Clown Speaking at Jerry McAuley's Mission one night last week, said: "I am a great sinner saved by Jesus. I was formerly a lion-tamer in Wombell's Menagerie, in England, and also acted as the clown. I was led to the Saviour by comparing my life with that of *James A. Garfield*, and seeing how happy a Christian's death was, and knowing I was not ready to die, I resolved to be a Christian. I am now employed on the steamship Wisconsin of the Guion Line, and the Gospel work has commenced among the crew."

A Testamentary Lottery Came Before the Ordinary's Court of Columbus, Ga., on December 4th, when the will of a deceased citizen was presented for probate. The will contained the eccentric provision that the property should be distributed among the testator's children by lot. The court granted the letters testamentary in accordance with the will, and the next day the sons and daughters of the dead man assembled and drew lots for their respective shares of the estate; the aggregate value of which was a quarter of a million dollars. It is supposed the testator adopted this means to avoid being accused by any of his children of partiality, but it is probable that those who were dissatisfied with the result of the lottery were quite as ready to blame him for his device as if he had selected their shares for them in the usual way. The believer, reading of this eccentric mode of bestowing a heritage on a family, may thankfully remember that there is no chance nor uncertainty about his heavenly possessions. They are prepared for him (John 14: 2).

The Market Value of a Mad-stone Appears to be more than seven thousand dollars, according to a statement made in a Southern journal. It is stated that a man who lives in Mississippi, near the Marshall County line, is the owner of a famous "mad-stone," for which he declares he has refused \$7500. Since it came into the possession of his family, it has in 1229 cases proved a perfect *antidote to the bites of snakes and poisonous insects* and has yet to score a single failure. It was brought from China in 1810 by a Dr. Barker, of Alabama, at whose death it was sold for the benefit of his estate to four neighbors, one of whom, the father of the present owner, bought out the others and, dying, bequeathed it to his son. Many stories which exercise a strain on the credulity of the reader are related of this and similar stones; but it is certain that high prices have been offered for them by persons who believe in their virtue. Yet how often is the offer of the Gospel of an unfailing remedy for the evil sin works on the sinner, made and rejected, though it is offered without money and without price (Zech. 13: 1).

A Child Advocate was Recently Pronounced by the judge of a New York court the best lawyer that had ever appeared there. The case was one of drunkenness and wife beating, and the defendant when arraigned, admitted his guilt. The poor, ill-used wife pleaded earnestly for his release, and while the case was still undecided a child two years of age, made her way to the prisoner, who was her father, and begged him for a kiss. The prisoner cried as he took the child up and kissed her. The three justices looked at one another and appeared to agree without speaking. "Prisoner," said Judge Patterson, "that child is *the best lawyer* that ever appeared in a criminal court to plead for a prisoner. We are inclined to believe that you are a good man when sober. Promise this court that you will stop drinking and never again raise your hand against your wife, and we will accept her appeal for you." The prisoner promised and was discharged. The silent plea of the child had availed when perhaps nothing else could have done so; for the man was clearly guilty of a mean and cruel crime. So the saved sinner stands at the bar of God, evidently guilty, but saved by the love of his Saviour (Eph. 2: 13-18).

One of the Ten City Aldermen Imprisoned last week in Brooklyn, met in the corridor of Raymond Street Jail, where they were confined, a dissipated-looking man who accosted him with: "Hey, altherman! Don't ye remimber nie? Why, av coorse. Ye sint me here for tin days when you were sittin' fur Jedge Fisher. They tell

me ye are wid us here yerself. I'm goin' out to-morrer. Kin I do somethin' fur ye?" The grim pleasantry of his fellow-prisoner between whom and himself, when they had last met, so wide a difference existed, is said to have been resented by the alderman. He wished the man to understand that there was still a difference in their relative conditions, but the man seemed unable to recognize any fact but the patent one that both he and the man who had sat in judgment on him were now *prisoners in the same jail*, and it obviously gave him satisfaction. The alderman was doubtless smarting under the knowledge that he and his brother officials imprisoned for contempt of court would not have been the only aldermen in jail if justice were done all around, and that while he suffered, others equally guilty in other cities were at liberty. But as his companion was suffering under his sentence, and he was undergoing the sentence of a higher tribunal, there was really a close similarity in their fortunes. The incident suggests the thought that not only judges but private persons of a censorious disposition would do well to remember that a day is coming when before the great Judge every man must give account for himself, and if he have not before then made his peace with God through Jesus, must go to eternal punishment (Matt. 7: 1-5).

Thirty Runaway Cars in the Streets of St. Louis produced a bad scare on December 14th. Early on that morning a freight train was passing up Poplar Street, and when near Fourth Street it broke in two, and thirty cars began descending the decline toward the river. After the train had passed Second Street a transfer company's truck turned out of the company's yard at this point and started to follow it up Poplar Street, but between Second and Third Streets it was caught by the fugitive cars and was not able to get out of the way before it was struck by them. The driver saved his life by jumping, but the mules were run over and so badly injured that they had to be shot. The movement of the flying cars rapidly increased to something terrific, until just below Second Street, when one of them jumped the track and there was a fearful crash. All the cars were wrecked. They needed no force to send them down the hill; their own weight was sufficient for that when the connection with the locomotive was broken. Those teachers who hope to raise human nature by its own good elements, might see in that fugitive train a type of their own inevitable failure. Unregenerated human nature having lost by sin its connection with God, has no hope of rising to the heavenly standard except in the connection as restored by the life and death of Jesus (John 12: 32).

A Narrow Escape from an Infuriated Bear is described in a Michigan journal. A man and his son, a boy about twelve years old, were riding across the hills looking for cattle, when they startled a huge bear. A well-directed shot killed it and man and boy dismounted to examine the carcass. While they were so engaged one of the horses strayed away about a hundred yards, and the father sent his son to catch it. The boy started, but before he got to the horse his dog appeared, pursued by a savage and angry bear, apparently the mate of the one just killed. As soon as the bear saw the boy he rushed at him, paying no more attention to the dog. The boy was too frightened to do anything but stand still and call to his father to save him. The father seized his rifle and fired just as the bear had risen on his haunches to strike the boy. The bullet knocked the bear down, but he rose and rushed again at the *fear-paralyzed lad*, with bloodshot eyes and foaming, open mouth. With a cry, "He's got me, father!" the frightened boy sank to the ground. The desperate father now sent a second bullet from his faithful repeating-rifle into the bear's body, and with a roar the savage brute fell backward and rolled down the hill. He then rushed to his boy and, to his intense joy, found him uninjured. Such a deliverance is that of many sinners whom Christ sees helpless in the power of Satan fascinated by sin and unable to fight the tempter or fly from him. Then He that is "mighty to save" hears and answers the cry for help (Psa. 35: 19-22).

CHRIST'S WORD WITH YOU.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

When the regular congregation, at the request of the Pastor, left their seats to be occupied by strangers.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATTHEW 11: 28.

A Personal Text—No Mediator between Jesus and Man—The Promise to Those Who Come—
I. The Value of the Boon—Rest of Heart more Precious than Gold—Practically Helpful—Found in Christ Only—God's Watch-dog—II. The Largeness of Jesus' Heart—Only a Great Soul Seeks the Downcast—III. Blessedness of His Power—IV. Simplicity of the Invitation—V. The Unselfishness of Jesus—The Gospel in four Words.

ONE is struck with the personality of this text. There are two persons in it, "ye" and "me"—that is to say, the laboring one and the tender Saviour who entreates him to come that he may find rest. It is most important, if we wish to see the way of peace clearly, to understand that we must

EACH ONE COME PERSONALLY to Jesus for rest—"Come unto me, all ye that labor"; and that coming on our part must be to a personal Christ. In effect He says, "Come yourselves to me. Come not through sponsors, not through men whom you choose to call your priests, not through the petitions of ministers and teachers, but come yourselves, for yourselves." Dear hearers, *the quarrel is between you and God*, and this quarrel can only be made up by your approaching the Lord through a Mediator; it would be folly for you to ask another to come to the Mediator for you; you must trust in Him yourself. Personal faith is indispensable to salvation.

But the personality of Christ is equally clearly brought out in our text. Jesus says, "Come unto me"—not to anybody else, but to *me*. He does not say, "Come to hear a sermon about me," but "come to me." He does not say, "Come to sacraments, which shall teach you something about me," but "come to me"—to my work and person. You will observe that no one is put between you and Christ. The text is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden"—not to somebody that will stand between you and me, but "Come to me at once, and without a go-between." Come to Jesus directly, even to Jesus himself.

You do want a mediator between yourselves and God, but you do not want a mediator between yourselves and Jesus. Christ Jesus is the Mediator between you and the Father; but you need no one to stand between you and Christ. To Him we may look at once, with unveiled face guilty as we are. I shall fail at this time in setting forth the gospel if I shall lead anybody to think that he can get salvation by going to church or going to the meeting-house or going to a minister or going into an inquiry-room or going to a penitent form. No, we are to go nowhere but to Jesus. You, as you are, are to come to Christ as He is, and the promise is that on your coming to Him He will give you rest.

You see there are two persons. Let everybody else vanish, and let these two be left alone, to transact heavenly business with each other. Jesus says to you, "Come to me." Your answer to Him, if it be, "Yea, Lord, I come," shall be the means of bringing peace to your heart from this time forth and for evermore.

I. I first call your attention to

THE VALUE OF THE BOON

which in this text is set before weary, laboring men, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *Rest of the heart is worth more than all California.* To be at peace—to be no more tossed up and down in the soul—to be secure, peaceful, joyful, happy, is worth mountains of diamonds. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses, many a poor man is vastly happier than the possessor of wide estates, for peace comes not with property, but with content. The music of peace is not the jingle of gold or silver. Sweeter bells sound in the pardoned heart than ever wealth can ring. The herb called heart's-ease often grows in tiny gardens, and happy is the

man who wears it in his bosom. It is this boon which, for value, outshines the pearls and rubies which deck an Indian queen, which Jesus promises to give to all that come to Him for it. Oh, rare peace which comes from the Prince of peace!

This, if a man gets it, is

PRACTICALLY HELPFUL

to him in all the affairs of life. I say that, other things being equal, there is nobody so fit to run the race of life as the man who is unloaded of his cares and enjoys peace of mind. The man who is happily restful toward God is the man to fight the battle of life. I have known a man losing money on the market step aside, and, getting into a quiet place, breathe a prayer to God, and come back calm and composed; and, whereas before, in his distraction, he was ready to make bad bargains, plunge into speculation, and lose terribly, he has come back rested and peaceful, and has been in a fit frame for dealing with his fellow-men. I know this, brethren, having many cares resting upon myself, that when I can feel calmly restful and quiet before God, I am a match for anybody; but when once the spirits sink, and depression comes in, then the grasshopper becomes a burden, and a trifle frets the soul. Bring solid rest to the heart, and you have given the man a fulcrum upon which he may rest the lever with which he can lift the heaviest weight; but let him always be tossed up and down, and he has nothing to give him force.

I commend to you, men and brethren, in this busy London, the precious boon of my text called "rest," because it is not only a preparation for the world to come, but for the life that now is. The peace of God will serve both as arms and armor; it is both battle-axe and breastplate. It will be your heart's comfort and your hand's strength; it will be good for day and night, for calm and storm; it hath a thousand uses, and all of them are essential to spiritual well-being.

This rest is not found anywhere else but in Christ. Let me tell you what kind of rest it is, confessing that I now enjoy it and revel in it. It is rest to the man's entire spiritual being. Conscience troubles us till Jesus speaks it into rest. Conscience looks back and cries, "Things are not right. You were wrong here, and wrong there, and wrong altogether; there is no rest for you." Conscience keeps a day-book, and writes with heavy pen a gloomy record, which we read with alarm. "Tremble," says conscience, "for you will see this record again at the judgment-day, and find yourself condemned by it to eat the fruits of your doings." Men laugh and say they do not believe it; but they do believe it. Deep in their hearts they must believe it, for God hath a witness within which blurts out the truth. Conscience perpetually rouses some men, as a watch-dog wakes a slumbering householder. "Down, sir," they say, "Lie down, lie down," but

THIS WATCH-DOG OF GOD

in the heart will not lie down always; every now and then it begins to howl horribly, and the man cannot sleep as he wants to sleep. Even if you drug conscience it will have fits of barking in its sleep.

Now, Jesus promises to those who come to Him a peaceful conscience, which He will give through pardoning all the past, through changing the current of the man's ideas in the present, and through helping him to avoid in the future the faults into which he fell in the days that have now gone by.

"Rest, weary soul!

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done:
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own;
No more by pang of guilt and fear distressed,
Rest, sweetly rest!"

It is a grand thing to have rest of conscience. But then we have *minds*, and minds are troublesome things. In these days of doubt it is not easy for a mind to get an anchorage, and keep it. Many are searching for something to believe, or, at least, they long to be quite sure that it would be the right thing *not* to believe. Minds are tossed about like ships at sea, or birds caught in a fierce

gale. My mind was once in that state—drifted, carried along I knew not whither; I for awhile believed nothing, till at last it came to this—that I thought my own existence might be, after all, a mere thought. Having a practical vein in my character, I sat me down and laughed at my own dreams of non-existence, for I felt that I *did* exist. Up from the depths of doubt and unbelief I rose to feel that there must be

SOMETHING SURE.

I cast my soul at Jesus's feet, and I rested, and I am now perfectly content in mind.

Thousands of us can say, "We know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him;" therefore we cannot leave the Gospel. No new doctrines, no novelties, no scepticisms, no fresh informations, can disturb us now; at least, they can but breathe a surface-ruffling; all is calm in the soul's depths. Having found rest of intellect in the doctrine of Jesus, there we will stay till death and heaven, or the second advent, solves all riddles.

But then we have *hearts*. I hope we all have hearts; though some are so harsh and almost heartless. Men that have great, all-embracing hearts need a rest for their love. What a cause of trouble this heart of ours is, for it often clings to that which is unworthy of it; and we are deceived and disappointed, and heart-break crushes us. The tempting fruit, like the apple of Sodom, crumbles into ashes in our hand. Here then is rest and remedy for heart palpitations and the anguish of the breast. Let a man love Jesus, and he will crave no other love, for this will fill his soul to the brim.

Now, I do not know of any religion that offers perfect rest to the mind except the religion of Jesus Christ. Men go the world over to try and find this pearl of great price, but their quest is vain. I often talk with religious people who have no idea of being saved now, and finding rest at once, because they do not understand that Christ came to give immediate salvation to those who trust Him. I spoke with one earnest soul a little while ago, and she said, "I have no rest." I replied, "Have you believed in Jesus Christ?" She answered, "Yes." "But," I asked, "do you not know that as soon as you believe in Jesus Christ, your sins are forgiven you, and you are saved?" "I did not grasp that," said she.

Yet that is the Gospel—that whosoever believeth in Jesus is not condemned. He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life, and *is* saved the moment he believes—becomes changed from the power of sin and made into a new man, possessing a new life which can never die. This assurance is worth getting hold of, and he that has it, let him hold it fast, and rejoice in it; yet it is not to be obtained anywhere except from the dear hands that were nailed to the wood. This rest can never come from any lips but those that prayed upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This, then, is the boon which is presented by Christ Jesus at this moment to all that labor and are heavy laden; if they will come to Him for it, they shall have rest of soul.

II. Bear with me, in the second place, while I speak upon the

LARGENESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S HEART.

Oh, that I could stand aside, and that He would come here Himself and utter the words of my text with His own dear lips! "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

See the persons whom He invites to come to Him. *None but a man of great soul would keep such company.* If we would be merry, we choose merry company. Some folks I should be glad to be in heaven with, but *I could dispense with their company here*: for ten minutes with them on earth is enough to make one wretched. Only a generous spirit would say, "Come to me, all you that are downcast—all you that are desponding—all you that are broken-hearted." Yet that is exactly what the text says.

Christ courts the company of the sorrowful, and invites those who are ill at ease to approach Him. What a heart of love He must have. Nay, He invites *all* such to come. You know two or three that are really cast down are quite enough at a time for most of us. It happened some months

ago, when I was sitting here to see people, that I had four or five cases so sad—so deplorable—in which I could render such little help, that, after trying to pray with them, and encourage them, I said to a friend who was helping me, "I hope the next that comes to me will be cheerful, for I feel my head ache, and my heart too!" I tried as far as I could to enter into these poor people's troubles till I became troubled myself. Now, the Saviour has such a large heart that He does not forbid the sorrowing ones to *come, all of them*. "Come one," says He, "come all. All of you that labor and are heavy laden may at this hour come to me."

And, He says, *come at once*. He does not say, "Stop till you get your spirits raised, stop till you get some measure of relief;" but come just as you are. There is a notion in some people's minds that they cannot believe in Christ till they are better. Christ does not want your betterness. Will you only go to the physician when you feel better? Then you are foolish indeed, for you do not want the physician when you are getting better. *The best time to apply to physicians* is when you are as bad as you can be; and the time to come to Jesus is when you are so bad that you cannot be worse. Only come you to the Saviour, and He will give you rest.

He promises this rest to all who come to Him.

My Master stakes His credit upon every case that comes to Him. He has already given rest to thousands, to millions; and He promises to each one that comes to Him that He will give rest to him. Let us know when Jesus fails. He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" the first one of you that comes, and He casts you out, let us know of it. We will post it up on the Royal Exchange, "A sinner came to Jesus, and He would not receive him." Woe to the world in that dark day, for the sun of hope will be quenched and the night will miss her stars. Till then we beg you to remember that Jesus has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Come and test my blessed Lord, and see if He does not accept you.

III. But now, thirdly, and but for a moment, let me speak to you about the blessedness of His power. Our Lord Jesus Christ is

ABLE TO GIVE PEACE

to all that labor and are heavy laden. He has not outrun His power in the promise that He has given. *He is conscious that within Himself there resides a power which will be able to give peace to every conscience.*

Notice *there is no reserve* made whatever, *no way is left of backing out* of the promise. "Come unto me," says He, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No limiting clause is inserted. Some men will speak what looks to be a very wide promise, but a little condition inserted in it narrows it horribly; but there is no condition here. You have read the story of John Bunyan in "Grace Abounding." Was there ever a poor wretch that was dragged about by the devil more than poor John was? For five years and more he could not call his soul his own. He did not dare to sleep, because he was afraid he should wake up in hell; and all day long he was troubled, and

FRETTED, AND WORRIED

with this, and that, and the other. Poor tinker that he was, he first thought this, and then thought that; and as he says, he was "considerably tumbled up and down in his mind." I am sure such a case as that would have been given up by men; but when Jesus took it in hand John Bunyan found perfect rest; and his blessed "Pilgrim's Progress" remains a proof of the joy of heart which the poor tinker found when he came to rest in Christ.

Now, if within these walls there is a case in which poverty combines with sickness and disease, and if that poverty and disease are the result of vice, and if that vice has been carried on for many years, and if the entire man is now depressed and despondent, like one shut up in an iron cage, yet the Lord Jesus can give rest in such a case. You shall be made pure, though now you are filthy; you shall be restored, though now you are fallen;

you shall be started again in life by a power that shall cause you to be born again, so that you shall be as though you were a little child commencing life again, only under happier skies and holier influences. My Lord and Master has a power to comfort which reaches to the uttermost of human necessity. Some go a long way in sin and doubt, but *they cannot rush beyond the uttermost*, and therefore they are within the bounds of grace.

I wish I knew how to put this so that it would get into men's hearts; my Master knows that He can save you, for *He had reckoned up every possible case before He spoke so positively*. His prescient eye discerned all men that have ever lived, or that ever shall live, and He perceived you, dear friend, whom nobody else knows. You up in the corner there, whom nobody understands, not even yourself—He understands you, and He is able to give rest to your eccentric mind. He meant this promise to ring down the ages till it reached you. We have nearly completed the nineteenth century; but if ever we should get to the one hundred and nineteenth century, His power to give rest will be still the same. Still will He cry: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

IV. Now, fourthly, and this is a very important point, I want you to notice the

SIMPLICITY OF THIS INVITATION.

It only says "Come to me, come to me, come to me, and I will give you rest." The call is, as we say, plain as a pikestaff; it has not a fine word in it. What is the way of salvation? If any minister replies, "I should want a week or two to explain it to you," he does not know the way of salvation; because the way of salvation which we need must suit a dying man, an illiterate man, and a guilty man, or else it will be unavailing in many cases. We need a way of grace which will answer all occasions—a mode of salvation suitable to all conditions.

"But what is coming to Him?" says one. "If He were at York, I would walk to York to-night to get at Him." He is not at York any more than He is here. We are not to come to Him with our persons, or with our legs and feet by a visible motion. We are to do with our Lord Jesus just what we do with a physician. We are very ill; it is a bad case. We hear that a *certain eminent doctor* has great skill in one particular disease; so at once we go to him. Our physical going is not so much required as our mental resort to him, by putting our case into his hands. We say to him, "Sir, here is my afflicted person. I will tell you all about my state as far as I know it. Ask me any questions. I will make a clean breast of all. Whatever you prescribe for me I will take; whatever regimen you lay down as to diet, I will follow. I place myself entirely in your hands because I have faith in your skill. You cured my mother of this disease; you cured my brother; and I believe you can cure *me*." Such is faith in Christ.

"Oh," says one, "do I understand, then, that if I trust Christ, I may do as I like?" Stop, stop. I never said that. Hearken, and learn! Here is a ship which cannot get into the haven.

THE PILOT

comes on board. The captain says, "Pilot, can you get her into harbor?" "Yes, captain, I will guarantee it. I will guarantee that I will get the ship into harbor if you leave her with me." The captain goes to the helm, or gives orders as to steering the vessel, and at once the pilot objects that they are not trusting to him. "Yes, I am," says the captain, "and I expect you to get me into harbor, for you promised to do so." "Of course I did promise," replies the pilot; "but then it was understood that I should take charge of the ship for the time being." He orders the helm to be changed, and the captain declares that it shall not be done. Then cries the pilot, "I cannot get you into the harbor, and I will not pretend to do so. Unless you trust me I can do nothing, and the proof that you trust me is that you obey my orders."

Now, then, trust Jesus, so as to be obedient to Him, and He will pilot you safely. Yield yourself up to follow His example, to imitate His spirit, and

obey His commands, and you are a saved man. Your ship shall not be driven out to sea while Jesus steers it; but do not go away under the delusion that you have only to say, "I trust Christ," and that you are saved directly. Nothing of the kind. You must really trust Him—practically trust Him, or there is no hope for you. Give yourself up to Jesus, renounce your old sins, forsake your old habits, live as Christ will enable you to live, and immediately you shall find peace to your soul.

You cannot enjoy rest, and yet riot in sin. Shall the drunkard have rest, and yet drown his soul in his cups? Shall an adulterer have rest, and wallow in his filthiness? Shall a man blaspheme, and have rest? Shall a man be a rogue and a liar, and have rest? Impossible. These things must be given up by coming to Jesus Christ, who will help you to give them up, and make a new man of you, and then you shall receive rest in your soul. Come to Him, then, in spirit and in truth. Oh, that you would come to Him while I am speaking, and find instantaneous rest to your souls!

V. I must not keep you longer, and so I want upon the last point briefly to call your attention to the

UNSELFISHNESS OF THE LORD JESUS.

"Come unto me," says He, "and I will give you." That is the Gospel. "I will give you." You say, "Lord, I cannot give Thee anything." He does not want anything. Come to Jesus, and He says, "I will give you." Not what you give to God, but what He gives to you, will be your salvation. "I will give you:" that is

THE GOSPEL IN FOUR WORDS.

Will you come and have it? It lies open before you. Jesus wants nothing of you. Suppose you were to become Christ's disciple, and serve Him with all your might throughout your life—in what way would that enrich Him? He has died for you; how can you ever pay Him for that? He lives in heaven to plead for you, and He loves you; how can you ever reward Him for that? Our hope is not in what we can give to Him, but in what He gives to us.

Weak-minded men have taken pleasure in flagellating themselves, starving themselves, shutting themselves up in monasteries, lacerating their bodies, and torturing their minds; to what purpose were these pains? Did the loving Jesus require this of them? Could such miseries afford His tender heart the least pleasure? Not at all. He has no pleasure in human misery, but He desires that His joy may be fulfilled in us that our joy may be full.

"I will give you rest." Men, brethren, women, sisters, all of you, this is *the final word*. The day is coming when we shall

ALL SIGH FOR REST.

We need it badly now, and if we have it not we are leading a pitiful life. Those poor rich people in the West End that have no Christ how can they bear their irksome idleness, the satiety and disgust of unenjoyed abundance? Those poor people in the East End that have no Christ—what they do without Him I cannot tell. Alas for their poverty and suffering, but what are these to their wretchedness in being Christless? Those of us who have all that heart can wish yet feel that we could never be happy if we were not resting in our dear Saviour; how, then, do the starving exist without Him? But we shall soon die, and what then?

A young man said to his father some little while ago, "Father, I am prospering in business wonderfully! if I get on at this rate what will it come to?" "Come to a grave," said his father. And so it will; all things of earth end there. Oh, that we were always ready to die, for then we should be ready to live! He that is ready to live to-morrow is ready to die to-morrow. There is no need that death should be a jerk in our existence; life ought to run on as a river pursues its way, and widens into the sea. Our existence here should glide into our existence there, but that cannot be unless we get on the right track while we are here. If we are on the right track now, which is believing, loving, fearing, serving, honoring God, we shall go on loving, fearing, honoring God for-

ever and ever. "Come," says Christ, "Come to me."

I am glad to see this great company gathered here; but before I came into this house I felt much heaviness of heart, and it has not gone from me even now. To stand here and look into familiar faces from Sunday to Sunday is infinitely more pleasant than to look upon so many, the most of whom I have never seen before; for you cause me new anxieties that I may do good to you also. This was my thought: "I shall see them all again at the judgment-day, and I shall be accountable as to whether I preached the Gospel to them with all my heart." I shall not have to answer for the blood of you all, because there are more Sabbaths than this one, and more opportunities of hearing the Gospel than this; and on other Sundays others preach to you, and these share the burden; or else you waste the holy day, and in that case your blood will be on your own heads. Still, for this one service I must answer to God for you all. If I have not preached Jesus Christ simply and plainly, and from my heart, if I have been cold, and dull, and dreary when speaking upon a theme that might arouse any man to burn and glow with seraphic flame, then I shall be censurable by Him that shall judge the quick and dead. I speak in the name of God, and if you think I do, and believe that God has sent me, then I beseech you to lay hold of the truth which has been held up before you.

If there be a God—and that there is a God is written on the very skies—I devoutly desire to have Him for my friend. I think, as I look up to the stars, "I love the God that made those shining worlds, I worship Him, I desire to serve Him, I wish to be at peace with Him." And what has made me desire to serve Him and obey Him? Can it be a lie which has done this? Does a lie make a man love God, and desire to serve Him? No. It is truth, then, that has made me of obedient heart. The Gospel must be true, or it could not thus put men right with their Creator. O my beloved, trust your Saviour! Lay hold on Jesus. Oh, may Christ lay hold on you at this good hour and cause you to enter into His rest. Amen and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A Chinese Convert was Beaten for Professing Christianity recently. The Rev. R. W. Stewart, of the Fuh-Kien mission, China, reports that at Tong-A, in the Lieng-Kong district, more properly named Tang-Ngie, a young man of good family has just been baptized. One of the senior members of his household holds an important official position over the *literate* of the district, and, as a matter of course, is literally opposed to Christianity. This young man, while engaged in business at Tang-Ngie, heard of the services, attended them, and finally determined to give up idolatry. His family, hearing of this, called him home on the pretence that his mother was ill. He was forthwith set upon and beaten till he fell to the ground insensible. At this stage his mother interfered, saying she only wished him to be beaten, not killed. They supposed him to be dead; but on his showing consciousness, the elder brother, who had been his chief tormentor, fled from the house, fearing that the young man would bring him before the Mandarins; but on his recovering the Christian sent word for him to return, for that he need fear nothing from him, he was a follower of Christ, who forgave His enemies, and he would follow His example. When asked "How do you know that Jesus loves you?" "Why," he said, "did He not leave His Father and the glory of heaven and come down and die for us wicked men? What is that if it is not love?" In his case the words of Jesus were literally fulfilled (Luke 21:16).



Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., F.S.S.

THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., F.S.S.

THE Rev. Dawson Burns, whose portrait appears on this page, is well known in this country as a writer, and his visit here two years ago made him personally known to those who previously knew him by reputation only. There are few men whose names are more deservedly esteemed in connection with the temperance movement than that of the Rev. Dawson Burns. Born in Southwark, London, on the 22d December, 1828, he signed the pledge in 1839, and delivered his first speech at a meeting of the Youth's Temperance Society at the schools connected with his father's church in October, 1840. After writing several literary contributions on behalf of the temperance cause, he was appointed, in 1845, assistant secretary to the National Temperance Society, and early in 1846 joint secretary, after having for some time conducted the monthly *Temperance Chronicle*. The responsible posts he filled were many. On his removal to Manchester, in 1851, he was elected a member of the committee of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Society, of which he became honorary secretary, and assisted to form the Provisional Committee of

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

At one of the meetings of this committee the present name of that noble association was adopted at his suggestion. Mr. Burns assisted in the preparation of the "Address to the People of England," afterward issued by the Executive Committee, and was the sixth enrolled member of the Alliance at its formation on the 1st June, 1853. In the March previous he had returned to London, and filled the office of secretary to the National Temperance Society, until the end of June, 1856; but continued to edit the society's monthly organ, the *National Temperance Chronicle*, till its discontinuance. His activity, however, was ceaseless, and in March, 1856, he wrote his first letter as London correspondent of the *Alliance News*, and in December following entered on the office of Metropolitan Superintendent of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Mr. Burns's reply, in a lecture delivered in November 1863, to some objections which had been advanced by Mr. C. Buxton, M.P., led to the republication and wide circulation of an article on intemperance contributed by Mr. Buxton to the *North British Review*, in 1865. Mr. Burns is the honorary secretary of the London Temperance Hospital, the new buildings of which, opened by the Lord Mayor in March 1881, cost \$134,000, the full amount of which has been subscribed. In the establishment of this remarkable institution he took a leading part.

Mr. Burns is

A VERSATILE AND VOLUMINOUS WRITER, and independently of the works already referred to, many valuable contributions have appeared from his pen in various religious periodicals. In April 1874, he was formally engaged as co-pastor with his father, and after the latter's death he continued as pastor, with assistance, till October 1881. The annual temperance sermons, commenced by Dr. Burns in 1839, have been continued by him, thirty-five of the addresses having been delivered by the Rev. Dr. Jabez Burns. At the 111th Annual Association of General Baptist New Connexion, Mr. Burns was elected as one of two delegates to represent that body at the Centennial Conference of the Free-Will Baptists of the United States. This mission was fulfilled in the summer of 1880.

At the 112th Association, held at Norwich, England, in June 1881, the Presidential chair was occupied by Mr. Burns, who delivered an able and original address, under the title of "A Century's Progress," which was subsequently published at a penny, and we confess to having read it with intense delight, and a clearer and fuller apprehension of what constitutes the true spirit of Christianity. Beside numerous articles in the principle temperance publications, he has prepared for the press "Statistics on the Manufacture, Taxation, and Cost of Intoxicating Liquors" and other valuable temperance works.

"THE TEMPERANCE BIBLE COMMENTARY," the joint production of Mr. Burns and Dr. Lees, was published in 1868. Four other English editions and one American have since been called for, and the authors have had the great satisfaction of seeing their labors appreciated, and a long-standing want in temperance defence permanently supplied. "A Dialogue between a Clergyman, a Physician, and a Publican" appeared in 1869. About the same time appeared a prize pamphlet, "The Bible and Total Abstinence." The latest important work from the pen of Mr. Burns is entitled "Christendom and the Drink Curse."

A MODEL CONTROVERSIALIST.

Speaking of the amount and variety of work done by Mr. Burns independently of his literary labors, one writer says: "There is rarely a discussion of any note but finds him ready to do wise and prudent service in behalf of the cause, and his watchful eye readily detects a flaw in the reasoning of those who oppose us, when they propound their views in the columns of the press. Prepared for any opportunity, his pen courteously and clearly lays bare any sophistry or clap trap, though access is sometimes denied to the same public attention which was secured for his opponents. Notwithstanding this drawback, the productions of his pen have secured him a world-wide reputation, and he is everywhere regarded as one of the foremost literary champions of the movement." In 1869 he received from *Bate's College, Maine*, the unsolicited honorary degree of M.A., and was elected a Fellow of the Statistical Society in 1872. As a preacher Mr. Burns is widely known from one end of England to the other, though his duties as the Metropolitan Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance necessarily limit his engagements of other kinds. It may be said generally, and with undoubted truth, that his sympathies with all movements of a philanthropic character are warm, and his efforts for their promotion have never been wanting when they could be used. In so doing he endeavors, in season and out of season to act upon the apostolic rule that the true Christian should at all times be "ready for every good work." In December 1853, Mr. Burns married Miss Cecil Balfour, the only daughter of Mr. James Balfour and Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, whose singular merits as a lecturer and writer were widely recognized.

The Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, Mr. John Burns, in a letter to an English temperance journal, announces that on and after December 1st no grog or other alcoholic drink will be served out to the crews of the company, but that coffee will be substituted. This resolution will give still greater confidence to passengers making the journey across the Atlantic in the boats of the company.



Miss Laurie McLatchie.

MRS. FOLKESTONE'S AMBITION.

"AH, Percy, you are going for a row, I see," said a lady who, with her daughter, was strolling along a path bordering one of our most beautiful rivers.

"Yes, Madam," said the young man addressed, a handsome youth of about twenty years who had recently left college and commenced practice as a physician in the neighborhood. "I was coming," he continued, "to your house in the hope of persuading you and Miss Folkestone to accompany me."

"You are very kind, Percy," said Mrs. Folkestone, "but we have accepted the invitation of the Wynters to join them in an excursion, and we are just on our way to their boathouse."

The reply pained the young doctor deeply. He was seriously in love with Connie Folkestone and had earnestly pleaded with her widowed mother for permission to make her his wife. The widow had not refused him, but had not given him a definite answer, and Percy Collins believed that she was anxious to secure for her daughter a more wealthy husband than he. She was ambitious he knew, and he feared that she would not be overscrupulous as to the character of a suitor, provided he possessed the fortune she desired her daughter to enjoy. But he worked hard, was growing in popularity, and believed that in a short time he would be able to show such a balance in his bank as would give him favor in the mother's eyes. Lately the young Wynters had appeared rather frequently at the widow's cottage, and Percy who knew them well as fast young men amply endowed with wealth, feared that if either asked Mrs. Folkestone for permission to win Connie's affections, she would give her consent.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Folkestone," he said, "but though it is not my habit to speak disparagingly of any one, I do think that if you knew the character of those young men you would not consider them suitable companions for Connie."

"Ah! you are jealous, Percy; you do them an injustice. They appear to me excellent young men. A little wild, perhaps, but they will settle down as they grow older. I know what you are thinking of, but you know you are poor, and it is my duty to consider Connie's future."

"That is the very consideration I would press, dear Mrs. Folkestone," said Percy; "her future cannot be made happy by money only. No refined Christian girl, such as Connie is could be happy married to a man leading a life such as both these young Wynters are living."

"I am not sure that Connie would be happy with you. She has her dear father's notions about

religion I know, and I think they are much too narrow. A gay, cheerful husband with the means to gratify her natural tastes would perhaps be able to give her a less morbid tone of mind. But here we are at the boat-house so, we must wish you good-morning."

Percy looked down from the little wharf very sadly at the party, as Mrs. Folkestone stepped carefully into the boat assisted by her

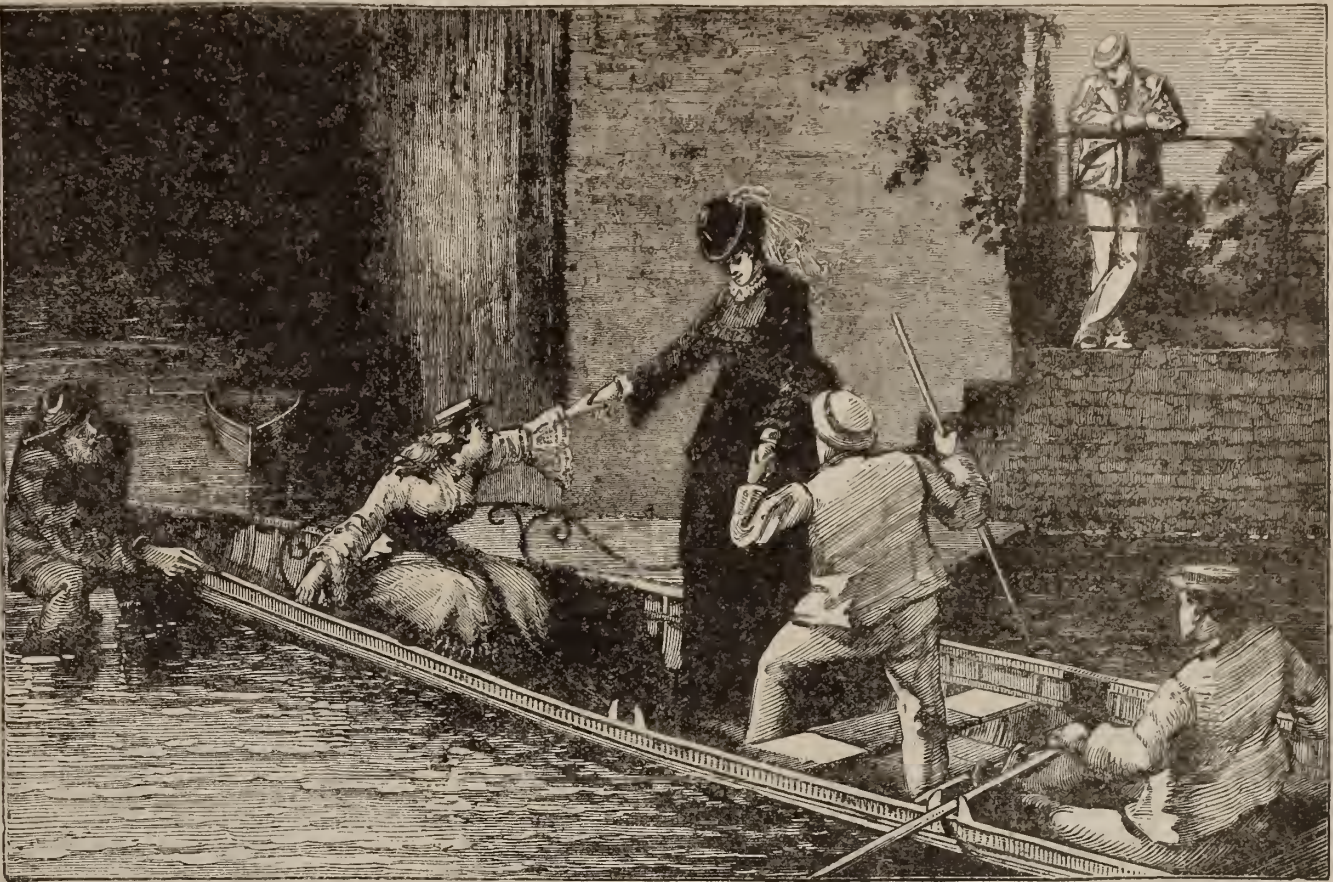
daughter and Mr. Alfred Wynter. He saw them push off, and then walked moodily away oppressed by the thought that the girl he loved was in danger of being sacrificed for money. He was in no mood for boating after that, and walked away to the top of a hill overlooking the river, where he flung himself disconsolately on the grass and gazed after the boat as it glided out of sight.

How long he lay there he never knew; but it must have been two or three hours, for looking up from his reverie he noticed that the sun was near its setting, and he rose hurriedly to return home. As he did so he looked up the river, and there he saw the Wynters' boat returning. He was turning away when he was struck by its erratic movements. The young men were pulling very clumsily with no regard to time, and Alfred, especially, who was pulling as stroke was endangering the safety of the party by his awkward attempts to feather, so awkward that they would have disgraced a novice.

An instant, and a shrill scream reached his ear. Alfred's oar was deep in the water and he could not withdraw it. The boat lurched heavily to that side, and Mrs. Folkestone, springing to her feet in alarm, lost her balance and fell; her weight sufficed to overturn the light craft, and in a moment the whole party were struggling in the water. Happily, the boat had not filled, but turned completely over and floated keel uppermost, and the two ladies were clinging to it while the young men were swimming for the shore.

Quick as thought Percy Collins bounded to the edge of the stream and ran like a deer to a place where a light outrigger was moored. He soon had her detached, and was pulling swiftly for the spot where the ladies were still clinging to the wrecked boat. He was just in time to reach them as Mrs. Folkestone, fainting from fright and exhaustion, released her grasp and sank. He managed to take her on board, and then rescued the girl he loved. He pulled hard for the shore, where he was able to find shelter and restoratives for the ladies, and then returned to look for the young men. The younger had reached the bank, but Alfred was not to be seen and it was not for many hours that his dead body was recovered.

It was from Mrs. Folkestone's lips that Percy



Mrs. Folkestone's Eventful Boating Excursion.

heard the history of the affair. He learned that both ladies noticed soon after entering the boat that the young men were excited with wine, and just before returning they produced champagne which was offered to the ladies and declined, but of which Alfred and his brother partook freely. That accounted for the awkward pulling and for the disaster. Mrs. Folkestone's gratitude to Percy for saving her own life and that of her daughter was boundless, and profiting by the check her ambition had received, he had no difficulty in extracting from her the promise so long withheld.

RICHARD OWEN'S CHOICE

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Another Home.

MESSRS. FARR AND BRADLEY were the only engineers in Bradborough, so that a man dismissed from their works was in a manner driven from the place also, and compelled to seek both employment and home elsewhere. Such being the case, we can hardly wonder that few would even think of braving the consequences of an opposition to the master's will, and only one be found to do it.

When Mr. Farr gave the order to dismiss any man refusing to work on the Sunday, he did not believe that Richard Owen would persist in so doing, and when he came to the works on Monday morning he expected to find that he too had yielded.

"Did Owen come yesterday?" he inquired of the manager.

"No, sir. He flatly refused, left at eleven on Saturday night, and, of course, I told him he would not be wanted here again."

Very angry was Mr. Farr when he heard this. He wanted Richard Owen to bend, not to leave, and could not help feeling that he himself would not be altogether the gainer by having turned off one of his best and most trustworthy workmen.

"What a foolish fellow he must be!" exclaimed Mr. Farr. "After all, though, I begin to wish I had not insisted on his coming, for orders have arrived this very morning which will keep us busy for months to come. We shall actually want more

hands instead of employing a smaller number. Crossley, if Richard Owen should ask to be taken back, as I fancy he will, you may say you will intercede with me; then I can give him a lecture and put him in his old place again."

Crossley said, "Yes, sir," but in his own mind, did not believe that Owen would ask to be taken back; and indeed he was right, for at the time this brief conversation was going

on at the machine works, Owen and his wife were considering what would be best for them to do.

Above all others, Owen was resolved upon one thing, and that was, never to work under a master who would punish a faithful servant simply because he had the fear of God before his eyes.

"I will not be idle a single day if I can help it," he said. "We have a little money saved up, but I'll not encroach upon that if it is possible to avoid it. Still, for a while, we may have to deny ourselves more than we have been used to do."

Mary expressed her willingness to second her husband's efforts in any way, and was the first to suggest their removal to a house of a less rent.

"Suppose, Richard, you go to Mr. Wood, tell him what has happened, and ask his advice. He is a kind gentleman, and will feel for you, I'm sure."

Richard thought this a good idea, and resolved to act upon it. Mr. Wood was the owner of the cottage in which they lived, and agent for a great deal of property belonging to other gentlemen.

"I will go at once, Mary, and I shall catch Mr. Wood at his office. I may as well take the week's rent with me, and perhaps he may know of another little cottage that will suit us. We should like to be his tenants still, if possible."

Richard accordingly took the rent, and, as he expected to do, found Mr. Wood at home. The gentleman smiled pleasantly at the sight of his tenant, and said, "Good morning, Owen. It is a new thing to see you here at this time of day. How are your good wife and the children?"

"Very well, sir, thank you. I have brought the week's rent."

"I wish all my tenants were like you, I should have an easier time than I have. In more than nine years you have never been twelve hours behindhand with your rent."

"Well, sir. It is to pay, and there is no comfort in keeping money in one's pocket that belongs to somebody else."

"True enough, so far as you are concerned, but many people find a pleasure in spending money that belongs of right to the landlord or tradesman, at the ale house. But how is it you are not at the works this morning? Are you stopped for something?"

"No, sir, I was dismissed on Saturday night."

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Mr. Wood uttered an exclamation of surprise, and seemed as though he could hardly believe his ears. "You dismissed," he said, laying down his pen. "Tell me all about it, Owen."

Very glad of the invitation, Richard told his tale simply enough, and confined himself to the bare facts. Then he mentioned his wish for a cheaper house, and begged Mr. Wood's advice.

"What a shame!" said Mr. Wood, indignantly. "Never mind, Owen, good will come, *good must come out of steady obedience to God's laws, and faith in His promises*. Cheer up, man. I am delighted you came to me, for I can help you. And first, about the house. You know Fernley Hall, that old place with large grounds, and a neighborhood composed almost entirely of gentlemen's houses and new villas?"

Richard had seen the place often, and said so.

"Well, the Hall is closed just now. Old Mr. Fernley died a few weeks back, and his only son does not care for the place, as he has bought a nice estate in the south. It is now in my hands for sale, and I was just on the look out for some steady person to take care of it until it can be disposed of. I may not sell it for many months, and in the meanwhile I must place a steady person in the lodge, a nice little house just at the end of Ash Lane, to prevent boys from trespassing on the grounds and breaking the windows. If you like to undertake this, you will have a comfortable cottage, rent free, and a trifle beside. Your wife can open the hall windows in the morning, and shut them in the afternoon, which will be the hardest part of the work, and the presence of a family in the lodge will keep off intruders. What say you, Owen?"

"I shall be most thankful to accept it, sir. It will be a very great help to me, and I don't know how to express my gratitude for your kindness."

"You need not say a word about that. Now, how soon can you be in?"

"I suppose it will want a bit of cleaning and putting to rights, but we can soon manage that. I dare say by Saturday, as I shall be at home to help and remove the furniture."

"Very well then, we will say this day week. If I hear of any employment likely to suit you, I will not forget to let you know."

With many expressions of thankfulness Richard Owen left Mr. Wood's office and took his way homeward. His home was at no great distance, but it seemed longer than it had ever done before, so eager was he to tell the good tidings to his wife. Mary saw him coming and met him at the door.

"I can see by your face you have good news for me, Richard," she said; and very soon she knew all that had passed between her husband and Mr. Wood.

The grateful couple knelt down and in the spirit of the psalmist, when he said; "What shall I render unto God for all his benefits?" poured out their tribute of praise and thanksgiving for the mercies vouchsafed them.

Before Saturday night came the Owens and all their worldly goods were comfortably housed in their new abode, and the next thought of its master was, "What can I get to do, in order to provide all that is wanting beside the roof to shelter us?"

Richard had not been idle during the week. As he went to and fro he had made inquiry in every direction, but as yet, he had heard of nothing. News had however reached him that Farr and Bradley were likely to be busier than ever, and were actually on the look out for more hands. But Richard could not, all at once, subdue a feeling of indignation which would come when he thought of the way in which he had been dismissed. This alone would have prevented his applying for employment under Farr and Bradley, had not the thought also come, "The same cause of disagreement is still more likely to occur, now that there is so much to do at the works."

More than once Mr. Farr asked if Owen had eaten humble pie yet, but he always received the same reply. And worse still, he heard through the manager, that the better class of *workmen thought Owen ill-used*, and applauded the conduct which they had not faith to imitate.

Altogether Mr. Farr derived very little satisfaction from the affair, and in his heart wished he had acted differently toward his old servant.

On the day that the Owens removed to their new home they received a letter from Mary's father, to say that he should be at Bradborough on the following Tuesday, and would spend an hour or two with them.

Old Mr. Blake had very large gardens in a beautiful part of the county, and he sent part of the produce to Bradborough market by railway. The rest went to another and nearer market town. He was in very comfortable circumstances, and had brought up a large family respectably and well. Both Richard Owen and his wife were especially glad to see Mr. Blake. They wished much to ask his advice as to what would be best for them to do, for Owen had not heard of any employment, and now the removal was over, he was both ready and willing to work at anything rather than lose another day in idleness.

At the appointed time Grandfather Blake arrived at the cottage, laden as usual with garden produce. After he had taken some refreshment, he talked over matters with his son-in-law and daughter, told them news of his own dear ones at home, and listened attentively to Richard's account of his dismissal from the works.

"He could not do otherwise, father, could he?" asked Mary.

"He could not do otherwise, and do right, Mary."

"I wish you could think of anything for him to employ even a few weeks," said the wife.

The old man sat silent for a few minutes, and then replied, "I believe I can contrive something, my girl; I thought I saw it as I was coming up to the house, and since I have looked round a bit, I feel sure of it."

A joyful exclamation broke from Mary as, turning to her husband, she said, "I felt certain father would think of something that had never come into our heads."

The old man smiled. "Mary always thought her father wiser than anybody," he replied; "when she was a little lass at home, it was 'Father this,' and 'Father that,' till nother used to say she was of no account beside me. But she loved mother just as well, and was a dutiful daughter to us both. Now, Richard, listen to my scheme. You see where this cottage stands, just at the top of a broad green lane. Now it is, in a manner, the centre of a vast number of new houses, inhabited by well-to-do people. There are no shops within a long distance. But none of these new houses have much ground to them. The land has been made the most of for building on, and if Fernley Hall should be bought, depend on it more new houses would be built on the same plan as the others."

"Father," exclaimed Mary, "I believe I see what your plan is."

"If you do, my girl, it won't be the first time you and I have thought together. Let me hear if you're right."

"The gentlemen that live in all these new houses must buy their garden stuff, because they have no place to grow it in, and"—

"You have it, Mary, you've guessed it, girl. If the gentleman who has let you have this cottage will only grant the other favor, you will soon have reason to say that you never did a better day's work than when you moved here."

"Richard had better see Mr. Wood at once."

"What must I ask him?" inquired Owen.

"Start a little green-grocer's shop here, if Mr. Wood will let you. I'll send you the stock for it, and with your fruit and vegetables, such as I can supply you with, you'll stand a first rate chance. You are steady and industrious, civil and obliging. You go solicit orders; Mary can look after the shop while you do that, and take in the goods to your customers."

Owen and his wife both saw that the plan was an excellent one, and thankfully resolved to act upon it.

They were fortunate in finding Mr. Wood, still more so in receiving that gentleman's hearty consent to the carrying out of their scheme. "There

is, however, one thing I must remind you of, Owen," said the agent: "Fernley Hall and its belongings may be sold any day, and it is my duty to endeavor to find a purchaser. I can, therefore, only answer for the time it may remain undisposed of. But, my friend, the same gracious God who seems to have opened a present way for you to employ your time profitably, and maintain your family, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Take the opportunity which offers itself, and trust Him for the future."

"Indeed, sir, I have reason to do so. When I look back upon the last few days, I fairly wonder at the goodness of the Lord, and the way in which He keeps His word."

"Would you not have *more cause to wonder if He were to break His word*, my friend?" said Mr. Wood.

"You're right, sir," exclaimed old Mr. Blake. "That's the way to put it. Not but what my son-in-law here has learned that lesson, only, I do believe, he was thinking how wonderful God's goodness to us is, when we consider how little we deserve it. Wasn't that what was in your mind, Richard?"

"Something like it, father."

"What a blessing that the fulfilment of the promises does not depend on our righteousness, remarked Mr. Wood.

"Ay, sir, I hope we all realize that," replied Mr. Blake.

Their business thus pleasantly settled, Richard Owen and his father-in-law returned home to the cottage where Mary awaited them.

Richard Owen warmly thanked his father-in-law both for the plan itself and the assistance promised toward carrying it out, and then as it was time for the old man to be going, he and little Jim walked with him to the railway station. On their way they passed a carpenter and wheelwright's yard, in which Owen observed a new hand-cart and pointed it out to Mr. Blake.

They accordingly went into the yard examined the cart, found that it was well made and cheap, and purchased it, Owen agreeing to bring the money when he should come, in an hour's time, to fetch home his bargain.

"That is well done," said Mr. Blake. "Now you will want scales, weights, and measures; but those you need not buy. I have a spare set and will send them down for you to use, until you see how the business answers."

The old man took his departure, having thus arranged to supply the whole stock-in-trade. Richard fetched home his hand-cart, and, in the morning, took it to the railway station in time to meet the earliest train. Sure enough he had plenty to fill it, and returned home laden with garden produce of the most tempting description. Mary helped him to divide large bundles into small ones, to arrange the fruit, and make everything look prettier still from the neat manner in which it was put upon the hand-cart. At length all was ready. All, did I say? It seemed the master was not, for, leaving his little stock-in-trade within the gate, he re-entered the cottage, for what think you? It was to ask God's blessing upon his new undertaking.

Richard Owen believed God's word, and trusted to the promises contained in it. When he read that sweet encouraging text and command, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God," he took it as meant for his comfort.

In this spirit of dependence on God's truth, the husband and wife, with their little boy between them, knelt together, and humbly besought His blessing on the work they were about to commence. Then with a feeling of peace and trust, Richard Owen set out with his little stock-in-trade, and his wife went on with her household duties.

Mary Owen was just setting the dinner table when little Jim ran in from school. "Mother, mother!" he exclaimed, "father is coming, and what do you think? He has sold all his things except two bunches of onions, and a *little few* apples."

The child had scarcely got the words out of his

mouth, when Mary heard the sound of the handcart, and she went to the door to meet her husband. She found that little Jim's report was indeed true. Richard brought back his cart nearly empty of everything but his measures and weights. And the profits on this morning's sales exceeded what he could have earned by the hardest day's work in the machine shop.

"The Lord has indeed heard our prayer," said Owen, "and blessed our beginning beyond our hopes."

Mary could not speak. Her eyes were filled with glad tears, which dropped on the face of Baby Alice as she knelt with the tiny creature in her arms, while Richard, in a trembling voice, thanked God for favors, exceeding not only what they had prayed for, but their hopes.

Mary was naturally anxious to know all that her husband had done, where he had been, and who had been his customers, and he was no less desirous of telling her. Then, there was just time to send a few lines to Mr. Blake, that he might not only share in their pleasure, but be guided as to what should be sent on the morrow.

Altogether this was a very happy day, and little Jim ran off to school in the afternoon more zealous to learn than ever, because he was told that when he could write and reckon well he would be a great help to father.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for December 31. Golden Text, Heb. 5 : 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jesus Learning—His Real Humanity—Graduating in the School of Obedience—The Call to Partnership—Paul's Conception of the Call—The Paschal Lamb—What Hinders Unity—Self Proof People—The Supernatural Life—Where the Hindrance Lies—Glorified Together.

WE shall take the liberty of extending our golden text to the two following verses, "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him; called of God a High Priest, after the order of Melchisedec." "Though He were a Son, yet learned He;" this is a clue to the life of Jesus. He is our Representative and every step of ground He trod, He trod for us, and although throughout a past eternity He had ever been one with the Father, yet as Man

HE LEARNED OBEDIENCE.

Jesus did not come on earth to play a part. He took on Him, and lived a real human life, with a real human will, that He might lay down as Man both life and will and learn obedience, not on the high ground of an all-powerful divinity, but on our own ground of tempted and tried humanity. And He achieved His object; Jesus learned obedience, and He learned it so fully by the things which He suffered, that as man He was made perfect, and being so, had power to propagate the eternal salvation which He had obtained, and to reproduce it in "all them that obey Him."

In the closing scenes of our blessed Lord's life, which we have been considering during the past quarter, we see, more than in any other part of His life, our blessed Lord in *this school of obedience*. Anointed for His burial in Bethany, not by God, but by a saved sinner, Jesus suffered it. Once for all He had said to His Father, "Lo, I come, to do Thy will, O God," "I delight to do Thy will, O My God, yea, Thy law is within My heart" (Ps. 40 : 7, 8; Heb. 10 : 9), and Jesus meant all He said, there was no shrinking back, He had given Himself in sacrifice the Man for men, He had counted the cost, and "knowing all things which should come upon Him," our most loving Lord went forward; He had set His face as a flint (Isa. 50 : 7), He saw but one thing before Him, the salvation of men; and to accomplish this, He pressed on through shame, sorrow, agony, condemnation, death, right on to resurrection, ascension, intercession, until He could pour down the Holy Ghost, and make of sinners temples of that Holy Ghost like Himself. And Oh, marvel of marvels, He calls you and me, dear reader, to enter into *partnership with Him*, to go to school with Him, to learn obedience as He learned it, in the school of suffer-

ing. But alas! few understand or enter into this calling.

Few accept from the hand of God the rubs of life through which He seeks to insure their real crucifixion with Christ, there are few who put in no claim for self. Paul understood his vocation, we hear this man of birth, position, reputation, and high standing among Jewish theologians saying, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them dung, but that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, . . . that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" (Phil. 3 : 7-11).

GOD TOOK THIS MAN AT HIS WORD

and showed him how great things he must suffer for His name's sake (Acts 9 : 16), and when late on in his life the Holy Ghost witnessed in every city that bonds and afflictions abode him, he said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God" (Acts 20 : 23, 24). Like his Master, Paul set his face as a flint, like Him he learned obedience by the things which he suffered. Brethren, readers, let us be followers of him as he also was of Christ.

Our second lesson in the past quarter was on the Passover, and we saw Jesus

THE PASCHAL LAMB.

His blood upon the lintel and the doorposts; Himself the food and the strength of His people; and then in the following lesson on the Lord's Supper we saw how under the New Testament, not the flesh only, but also the blood, the very life of Jesus is to be imbibed by His followers, that we who believe are to be life of His life, members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones, one life, one spirit, one body, one man with Jesus. Oh, when shall we fully enter into this union with our beloved Lord? How much more real is it to some of us to refer temptation, trial, pain, weakness to a Saviour close to us, than to experience constantly that we are one life, one body with Jesus. What irresistible power for God is the power of God. Our beloved Lord prays for us that we may be one, even as He and His Father are one. "I in them, and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me" (John 17 : 22, 23).

WHAT HINDERS UNITY?

Separate interests. So long as I have an interest for myself, and you for yourself, we are not one, and cannot be one. If in a family, the members are each seeking the best for himself, disunion is the result, but where, on the contrary, the family good, and the family interests are pre-eminent, there is unity, there is love, there is power. "All seek their own" (Phil. 2 : 21), was Paul's complaint some eighteen hundred years ago; alas, it is the same now. Believers seek their own, in honor, position, expenditure, comfort, food, health, and there are few indeed who are practically "a living sacrifice" for Jesus. Yet it is such and only such who are one in God and one with God, and the world is waiting for the manifestation of such that they may know and believe that God has sent His Son. Eighteen hundred years have passed, but men and women have not yet been found sufficiently empty of themselves to startle the world with the phenomena of a people

SELF-PROOF

vulnerable only in one point, Jesus.

Our most precious Lord could only be touched when His Father was concerned, He stood every test. When in Gethsemane the accumulation of six thousand years of sin with all its consequences lay heavy upon Him, there was no pitying of Himself. We have seen men, believers too, looking most unhappy and offended too, if they happen to sit in a draught, or if their food is not to their liking, or if somebody happens to depreciate them; and Jesus under all this load was so free from

Himself that He could excuse His disciples for going to sleep, instead of bitterly reproaching them for their want of sympathy for Him. Betrayed by Judas, again His thoughts were for others, for He said to those who came to take Him, "I have told you that I am He, if therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way" (John 18 : 8), there was the offering Himself in sacrifice and the tender, loving shielding of others which ever marked the heart and life of Jesus.

Dragged before the Council, He spoke no word in His defence; He took the place of a sinner, speechless under condemnation; and although that condemnation came through man, He took it from His Father's hand, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (John 18 : 11). Priest, and governor, and king sought in vain a just ground of condemnation, but how could they find it? The Lamb of God which taketh away "the sin of the world" was "without blemish" He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Pet. 2 : 22), yet without opening His mouth, without any self-defence, without looking for even a look of sympathy, Jesus received the sentence of death, and was so free from Himself that He could remember and restore, by one look of love and power, the fallen Apostle Peter. Oh, depth of love, oh, marvellous obedience which He learned by the things which He suffered! And when things came to the worst, and the Son of God was mocked and crucified by the hands of men, when the penalty of sin had to be paid by Him who did no sin, He went on learning obedience, and still to the very last was free from Himself, praying for His murderers, saving the thief, providing for His mother.

God made Him as Man "perfect through sufferings" (Heb. 2 : 10), and He has become "the Author of that eternal salvation," that "newness of life," that divine, eternal, "supernatural" life, which loves its enemies, and pleases not itself, He became its Source, its Author, and its Finisher, or Perfector, and He has the power and the will

TO LIVE IT OVER AGAIN

in our humanity, if we will obey Him as He obeyed His Father. He longs to make us "partakers of His holiness" (Heb. 12 : 10), and this He cannot do unless we "endure chastisement," unless we learn obedience by the things which we suffer, as He learned obedience by the things which He suffered. It seemed never to strike Him that anything which happened was painful, unjust, wrong or inconvenient to Him. He had covenanted to give Himself up, and He did it in detail without ever flinching for a moment.

Oh, reader, this glorious, divine, honorable path of learning obedience lies before us. In the details of your life and mine, lie abundant opportunities to sacrifice, deny, ignore ourselves. *The hindrance lies in the will.* Are we willing to be really nothing, really despised, really put out of the question, really injured, to take it from the hand of God as part of the glorious pathway which our Master trod, that He might make a path for us up to joint-heirship with Him? For remember, we are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him that we also may be

GLORIFIED TOGETHER.

But the Man Christ Jesus, who had conquered self could also conquer death, self and death go hand in hand; He rose, and if we die with Him, we shall also live with Him, we shall also arise out of the death, corruption, and littleness of our own life, into the life, the immortality, and the greatness of His life. Oh, for the power of His resurrection, Oh, for the power of an endless life! To bring men to live a resurrection life, a life "hid with Christ in God"; (Col. 3 : 3), a life out of themselves, above themselves, divine and therefore irresistible; for this Christ died, and they who live such a life know all the glorious experience spoken of in last Sunday's lesson, they tread and lead others to tread on that way of holiness where the unclean cannot walk, for it is above their level; where "the ravenous beast," and the roaring lion can find no footing. O God, lead us there, cost what it may, lead us on into Thine own life, for Jesus' sake.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Reorganization of the British Administration is announced by cable. Mr. Gladstone, who has held two offices in the Cabinet, those of Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, has resigned the latter. He has offered the post to the Rt. Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, who has accepted it. Mr. Childers was formerly Secretary of the War Department. The Marquis of Hartington, who was Secretary for Indian affairs, is to succeed Mr. Childers at the War Office. Lord Kimberley will succeed Lord Hartington. He had charge of Colonial business, which is now confided to the Earl of Derby. Thus the changes are merely transfers from one office to another except in the case of Lord Derby, who now for the first time holds office in a Liberal Cabinet. He was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Conservative Cabinet of his late father, and he subsequently held the same office under Mr. Disraeli. He disagreed with Mr. Disraeli on his Eastern policy, and resigned his office. His entrance into the Cabinet is regarded by the British public as a concession on the part of Mr. Gladstone to the aristocratic element of the party, and it is expected that the radicals will insist on some equivalent being granted to them. In that case it is stated Sir Charles Dilke, an intimate friend of Mr. Chamberlain and an avowed Republican, will receive an invitation to accept a seat in the Cabinet.

The Hopes Entertained by Irishmen of Further Government concessions to their unhappy land have been rudely shaken by the new acquisition to the administration. Lord Derby in a speech delivered on December 13th showed that however he may have changed his opinions on general matters of policy he is not in accord with the majority of his new colleagues on Irish questions. He said his personal opinion was that some millions spent in promoting emigration from Ireland would be a *profitable expenditure*. He believed that in a few years, despite the land act, small tenants in Ireland would be just as dependent as ever on the forbearance of landlords. Thus the old difficulties would recur. But he thought the government should abstain from encouraging fresh, large proposals for legislation in regard to Irish land. The Government should refuse to listen for an hour to the claim for Irish nationality in whatever disguise it is presented. An Irish Parliament would lead to separation as certainly as two and two make four. If we do not want this to become a practical question, he said, we must be careful to avoid giving vague pledges which will be construed to mean more than they do. Lord Derby's scheme for facilitating the exit of the Irish from Ireland is not new. The money so expended might be profitably spent, but the Irish people believe that the landlords would have the profit. The idea is not likely to be popular either in Ireland or America.

The Possibility of a War Between France and China is among the rumors current in Europe. France puts herself forward as the defender of the Roman Catholic missionaries in China, and seems desirous of coming into collision with the Chinese, whom it is not thought difficult to defeat. The Chinese are busy in preparations to resist the pretensions of France. It has been observed that the French have no particular interests at stake in China, except that of protection of the Catholic Church. Other European powers, however, who are interested commercially in China would undoubtedly regard with suspicion French interference in that country and would probably render the Chinese powerful aid.

The Mental Condition of the Sultan of Turkey continues to excite the alarm of those about his person. A cable despatch to the New York *Sun* states that he is in constant dread of assassination, and that he goes about armed with revolvers which he is totally unfit to carry. It is reported that very recently he fired at and killed an attendant whom he observed thrust his hand into his bosom. When the person of the dead man was searched it was found that he was giving to present a petition to the Sultan for a few days' vacation, and was about to withdraw it from his breast when the Sultan supposed he was drawing a pistol.

Sedition is rife on every side of the Sultan. The army is full of dismissals and disaffection, the popular discontent is loudly expressed, and affairs at Constantinople present the aspect which usually indicates the approach of a *violent transition*. The most extraordinary precautions against assassination are taken at the palace. No one is admitted to the palace, and the Sultan goes out only on Fridays, when he is conducted to the mosque in his French *bomb-proof carriage*.

A Large Portion of the City of Kingston, Jamaica, has been destroyed by a fire which broke out on the morning of December 11th, and raged for three days before it was extinguished. The fire, which was of incendiary origin, began in a quantity of shingles in a lumber yard, and, as a high wind prevailed, immediately gained great proportions. All the warehouses, wharves, and four hundred stores were consumed. Buildings regarded as fireproof did not escape destruction, as nearly every one of that class which the fire attacked succumbed to the flames. Five persons are known to have been burned to death. The burned district included most of the warehouses in the city, which at this time of the year hold large stocks of provisions and other goods, including sugar, coffee, spices, and pimento, awaiting shipment to the New York market. Most of the buildings destroyed were built of stone or brick. The portion of the city devoted to residences was not reached by the flames. The principal losers will undoubtedly be the merchants, who have laid in large stocks of goods for the Christmas season. The loss is estimated at \$15,000,000.

The State of Switzerland is Described by a writer in the London *Record* as rapidly deteriorating. He says: "There is a sad increase of crime, and a sad decrease of social prosperity. Theft is becoming very common, murder not uncommon, while mendicancy is a perfect pest. The soil is largely owned by peasant proprietors, and these proprietors have exceptional advantages in farming, but almost all these peasant proprietors are head over ears in debt, so much so that it is even now a question what public measures can be taken for their relief. This state of impecuniosity may be attributed to many causes, but probably the true cause is the steady *declension from the old simplicity of life*, and the gradual introduction of luxury and self-indulgence into every class. But there are other causes at work, one of which no doubt is the evils attendant on the influx of an ever-increasing number of tourists, who are perhaps responsible in a certain degree for the introduction of new habits, and new vices; for instance the habit of intemperance has followed only too surely on the track of the stranger, and the lavish gifts which are easily obtainable from wealthy visitors seem to have seriously affected the national character."

Jews in Considerable Numbers are Flocking to Jerusalem from Russia, Germany, and other lands in spite of obstacles placed in their way by the Turkish Government. Many who were not allowed to disembark at Jaffa travel the long overland route from Beyrout, meeting with great hardships and experiencing what must have been more grievous, namely, the inhospitable conduct of their co-religionists at Safed. Arrived at Jerusalem their troubles do not end, their brethren could or would not afford them any help, and but for Christian charity they must sooner or later perish from famine or despair. The assistance they receive is and has always been rendered them freely at their own solicitation, and not as a bribe to induce them to pretend a profession of Christianity. The agents of the English Mission are at present in great perplexity as to where to secure suitable winter lodgings for their *protégés*. Applications for help have been received from the body of refugees at Jaffa, who finding themselves abandoned by their own brethren, turn in their hour of trial to those whom they had been accustomed to regard as heathens or apostates. This is a significant fact.

A Desponding Forecast of Egyptian Affairs is made by the distinguished traveller, Captain Richard F. Burton, who said recently to the correspondent of an American journal: "I have never

seen a population more discontented and dissatisfied than the Egyptians to-day. Should the English troops leave the country every European in Egypt would be tortured and massacred. In villages not ten miles from Tel-el-Kebir I saw Egyptians spit upon the ground the moment any European passed by. They have been so excited by religious teachings that at least another generation must elapse before Europeans can live in the country and not be subjected to sudden outbreaks of fanaticism. They are incapable of reasoning, and their fanaticism would make them believe that any benefits they might enjoy resulted, not from the English rule, but rather in spite of English rule. It is difficult to see any course for England to pursue other than to practically annex the country. Whether or not international etiquette requires annexation to be termed a "protectorate" matters but little. If England do not take the bull by the horns and govern Egypt you may depend upon it some other nation will do it, for history has pretty well proved that the Egyptians cannot govern themselves, and Western industry has taken root in the country and cannot be left to Oriental decay and destruction."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Concluded their brief mission at Southampton on December 6th. Their visit will be long remembered, and its results give much gratification to those who are praying and laboring for the extension of Christ's kingdom among men. It was arranged that they should the following day begin a five days' campaign at Portsmouth, where great preparations were made to give the evangelists a cordial welcome, and the most sanguine anticipations were cherished as to the blessing which it was hoped would accompany and crown their work in the famous English garrison town where large numbers of soldiers and sailors are stationed. The work of the American evangelists at Oxford and Cambridge was blessed even more signally than was at first supposed, and eminent English evangelists, among whom is the son-in-law, of the ex-Lord High Chancellor, are continuing, the meetings commenced by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The correspondent of an English journal commenting on the work at Cambridge says: "Mr. Moody made, in some unlikely quarters an extraordinary impression. A well-known senior member of the University, of advanced liberal views in religion, described him to a friend of mine as 'the most eloquent man he had ever heard.' More than 200 members of the university (I have seen the list) sent their cards in to Mr. Moody in token of having received spiritual help."

A Soldier's Premonition.—At a recent meeting at a sailors' mission in England, a Royal Marine, with tears in his eyes, told of a young comrade and bosom friend, an earnest Gospel temperance man, with whom he went into the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. "Give me your hand, comrade," said the young fellow. "I feel in my heart that I shall not come out of this battle alive, but all is right; Jesus is with me." They made the charge, and in a few moments, throwing up his arms, he fell dead, with a bullet through his head. He felt that that day would close his mortal warfare, and that he would go home to God. He was quite ready, however, for he was simply relying upon the finished work of Christ for salvation.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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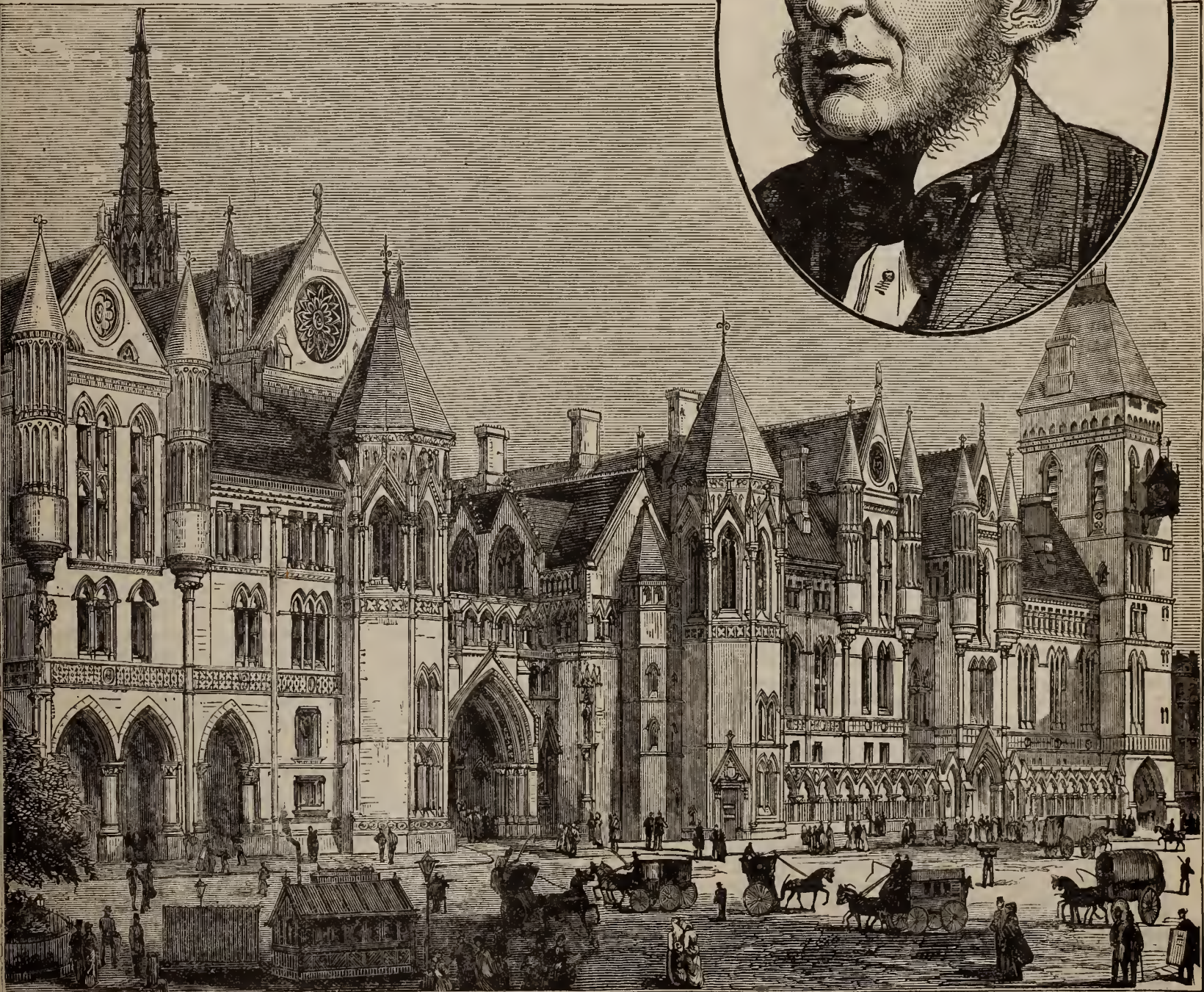
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1882.

16th Year. No. 52.—New Series.

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The Rt. Hon. EARL CAIRNS—The New Palace of Justice in London, Opened by QUEEN VICTORIA on Dec. 4.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAIRNS.

Ancestry—Education—Called to the Bar—Returned to Parliament—Speeches—Honors Attained—His Philanthropy—His Support of Dr. Barnardo's Work.

THE name naturally associated with the opening of the magnificent pile of buildings, a picture of which appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is that of the Lord High Chancellor of England, the highest legal functionary in the kingdom. The present holder of that office is Earl Selborne, whose eminent Christian character is as well known as his legal ability. He is the author of a book of hymns and has all through his life been a Sunday-school teacher. His portrait and a sketch of his life having appeared recently in this journal (on February 2d last), we associate with the picture of the Palace of Justice, the portrait of his predecessor, a man also eminently distinguished for piety.

One of the official appellations of the Lord Chancellor is that of "Keeper of the Queen's Conscience." The epithet had its origin in the functions exercised by the court over which the Lord Chancellor presides. It is established for the benefit of people whose wrongs cannot be rectified by any existing law. In some cases they are wrongs for which no remedy is provided by statute. In other cases they are exceptional conditions in which a law beneficial in the majority of cases would in theirs, operate to produce a manifest injustice. For such cases "equity judges" are permitted to exercise discretion and to decide according to right rather than according to law. Hence the title, "Keeper of the Queen's Conscience." Were it possible for Her Majesty's conscience really to be in the keeping of another, there are few men in whom the British nation could repose fuller confidence than the distinguished peer who, a few years ago, sustained that official prerogative and Lord Selborne, the present holder of the exalted position.

Lord Cairns has obtained high and well-deserved honors both as a skilful lawyer and a sagacious statesman; and as a humble, devoted Christian and untiring philanthropist his praises are echoed on all sides as well as by the opposite political party.

Nor need this be wondered at, for in his case the dignity of the highest legal and parliamentary status is gracefully supplemented by a rare nobility of personal worth and trophies won in fields of lowly and unobtrusive labor, to which the learned and the great do not frequently aspire.

ANCESTRY AND EDUCATION.

His lordship, Hugh MacCalmont Cairns, is an Irishman. He is the second son of the late William Cairns, Esq., of Cultra, County Down, Ireland, and was born in the year 1819. He is now sixty-three years old. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took first honors in classics, and also won other brilliant academical distinctions.

In January 1844, he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, London, and rapidly attained an extensive and lucrative practice, as well as a high reputation as a barrister in the Courts of Equity.

The sterling character and splendid talents of the rapidly rising young lawyer early rendered him conspicuous as a man likely to do valuable service, and it was not surprising, therefore, that in July, 1852, he was elected to Parliament as one of the members for Belfast in the Conservative interest, and continued to represent that city until his elevation to the judicial bench in October 1866. He had been previously made a Queen's Counsel in 1856, and was knighted as Sir Hugh Cairns in 1858, when he was appointed Solicitor-General.

PARLIAMENTARY HONORS.

His speeches in Parliament were characterized by a ready eloquence, a persuasive manner, and the barrister's special faculty of throwing himself heart and soul into the business of the time, whatever it might be. As a natural consequence he speedily became one of the most useful Conservative members of the House of Commons.

The defeat and resignation of Lord Derby's Government in June 1859, brought his short tenure of

office as Solicitor-General to a close; but he had proved himself one of the ablest and most useful men of his party, and had made his mark so firmly and distinctly that the unprecedented rapidity with which he afterward rose to the supremest honors in the State followed almost as a matter of course.

On the return of Lord Derby to power in June 1866, he was appointed Attorney-General; in the February of 1867 was elevated to the peerage as Baron Cairns of Garmoye, in the county of Antrim; and in February 1868, became Lord High Chancellor, an office which he continued to hold until the resignation of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry in December of the same year, and to which he was reappointed in February 1874, on the return of the Conservatives to power.

Other honors also came thick upon him. In 1862 he was made LL.D. of Cambridge; in 1863 Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.; in 1867 he was elected Chancellor of the University of Dublin; and in September 1878, he was created a Viscount and Earl. His public career affords, indeed, perhaps as striking an instance of rapid advancement as British history of recent years supplies.

PHILANTHROPIC AND RELIGIOUS WORK.

His lordship has thus not only deservedly won the highest place of legal distinction which the nation has to offer, but he has also done noble service as a Christian worker and devoted philanthropist. During the memorable visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, in 1875, he took a deep and sympathetic interest in their work, and expressed the most favorable opinion of Mr. Moody's Gospel discourses. When at his seat in Scotland, he conducts a religious service, and either reads a sermon or delivers an address to his servants and neighbors on Sunday evenings. His personal service in Sabbath-school enterprise is proverbial.

An eminent writer says of him: "Lord Cairns is not only a great man; he justly claims and richly merits the higher appellation of a good man. To brilliancy of intellectual powers, remarkable legal acumen, and never-failing industry and perseverance, we must, in estimating his character, add the nobler elevation which springs from the consecration of his powers to the service of God and the best welfare of his fellow-creatures. He is in every respect a ready man—and emphatically 'ready to all good works.' We have heard that on receiving the Great Seal as Lord Chancellor, it was remarked to him by a friend, 'You will no longer be able to take your Sunday class,' when he immediately rejoined (as if no reason could be assigned for withdrawal from the work in which the Master delighted—'feeding the lambs'), 'Why not?'"

HIS SUPPORT OF PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

To this hour he is officially identified with the great work so ably superintended by Dr. Barnardo, in the East of London; and his speech as chairman of the annual meeting, in June 1878, showed how absorbing was his interest in this and kindred work of a Christian philanthropic character.

Since the retirement of Lord Cairns with his party from office, his legal functions are confined to the hearing of appeals to the highest court of the realm, a duty performed in consideration of an annual pension of \$25,000 which in England is paid for life to all who have held the high office of Lord Chancellor. As a liberal contributor to charitable institutions and as an active personal worker in the cause of Christ, Lord Cairns occupies an eminent position in the esteem of the Christian public of Great Britain.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

THE new law courts of the city of London, a picture of which appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are thus described by the London Times: The new law courts are situated in the Strand, near Temple Bar. They are grouped round a central hall, but considerably above its level. The hall is entered from the Strand under an elaborate Gothic arch, supported by columns of polished Aberdeen granite, red and gray. Above is scroll work and a series of busts, which remind the visitor of the great portal of Amiens Cathedral. These faces carved in stone

represent the sages of the common law, justiciars and chief justices of England, the great judge who rebuked the King's son among them, while high above, on the gables of the two courts to the left and right, stand statues of Solomon and Alfred.

The central and highest figure, in a line with the summit of the entrance arch but far above it, is that of the Saviour. The great vestibule beyond the arch is flanked by rooms called arbitration rooms, fireproof apartments, as dark and dreary as Faust's study; but the vestibule itself is lofty and magnificent, with a fine groined roof, supported by polished marble pillars.

From the inner vestibule spring staircases on either side, which lead to the southern gallery, a singularly massive piece of workmanship, remarkable for the science with which it is supported on great corbels. Under a fine iron grille the way is made into the great hall, 230 feet in length, 40 feet wide, 80 feet high, with a groined stone ceiling.

The remarkable length of the hall makes it look narrow to eyes accustomed to Westminster and Guildhall; it resembles the nave of Salisbury Cathedral or the long chapels at Windsor and King's College, Cambridge, rather than any building raised for secular purposes with which ordinary Englishmen are acquainted. The lofty windows are ornamented with shields, which bear the arms of the Chancellors from the earliest times to that of Lord Selborne.

Beneath the windows are broad squares of stone on which the judicial history of the country has yet to be emblazoned in fresco, and beneath this is an arcade in gray Purbeck stone, with yellow stone from the Jura between the gray. Seats are to be placed below the arches. The windows terminate above with traceried heads, and a scrolled cornice runs between these and the roof. The floor of the hall is a mosaic pavement. Four elaborate arched portals on each side lead out of the great hall. The scrollwork in the archivolt of each in stone is different, the tympana the same. These gates, each of which will have a janitor, are the witnesses' entrance to the several courts; the rooms for witnesses in waiting are level with the floor of the hall, separate rooms for male and female witnesses. From the waiting rooms witnesses go up by stairs to the courts.

The jury approach the scene of their duties by quite different means of access. Two entrances, one on each side, in the middle of the hall, give the jurors access to four of the courts. The others are reached by stairs at the end of the hall. Ingenious precautions are taken to prevent the jurors from finding it necessary to pass near the witnesses and parties.

The public come in from the Strand on the south and Carey Street on the north by towers containing steps which lead to the public gallery in each court without passing through the hall. Small spiral staircases have been built for service, and special entrances, stairs and corridors in a crescendo scale of magnificence are provided for solicitors, barristers, and the judges. All the entrances from the hall are closed by iron gates.

THE NUMBER OF ROOMS.

There are barristers' dining and coffee-rooms; a refreshment-room for solicitors, witnesses, and jurors; another for officials, and buffets in the corridors, the total length of which in the building is close upon two miles and a half. Some idea of the business to be done in connection with these courts may be gathered from the fact that there are 750 numbered rooms, independent of the courts on either side of the Great Hall. The refreshment-rooms are on the basement, and partake of the semi-monastic gloom of the crypt; but, as there is a great difference in the levels, they are still higher than the Strand roadway.

The edifice which has been more than twelve years in building was opened on December 4th.

THE OPENING CEREMONY

was of a very imposing character. It was conducted by Queen Victoria in person, who drove in state from Buckingham Palace to the new edifice. The Prince and Princess of Wales participated in the ceremony. Thousands of persons assembled along the route of the the royal procession which

consisted of the Queen, Princesses Christian and Beatrice, the court officials and a large escort. All the judges had previously proceeded in state from Westminster to await, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, the arrival of the Queen. *Mr. Lowell, the United States Minister*, and all the diplomats and Cabinet Ministers and other officials were present at the ceremony. Lord Selborne, the Lord High Chancellor, was created an earl in honor of the event. The last act before the handing of the courts over to the legal authorities was a *two hours' search* similar to that which has always been made since the gunpowder plot, before the opening of Parliament.

When the procession had divided right and left on the dais the Chief Commissioner of Works, holding a large steel key on a small velvet cushion, bowed low, and begged her Majesty's acceptance of it. He then knelt and presented it. Her Majesty, assisted by the Home Secretary, took the cushion and the key upon it, and passed it over to the Lord Chancellor, who stood on the right, near the front of the dais, and who received it kneeling. In a clear, firm voice her Majesty expressed a hope that in the future, as in the past, the courts of justice of this realm would prove the chief safety of her crown and the palladium of the liberties of her people.

LORD SELBORNE'S SPEECH.

The Lord Chancellor then addressed her Majesty on behalf of the assembled judges. He accepted the charge, and after assuring her Majesty of the devotion of her judges to her throne and person, proceeded to refer in feeling terms to the death of the architect of the building, and then to the loss of the Archbishop, paying a warm tribute of appreciation to her Majesty's depth of sympathy. This hall, he said, would not, like that at Westminster, have long historic traditions, but it would be associated with the name of her Majesty and her beneficent reign. He, with the judges associated with him, had endeavored to fulfil the great duties entrusted to them with zeal and fairness and impartiality, in the fear of God and without fear of man. Long might her Majesty live to shed fresh lustre upon a throne founded in love, sustained by justice, and established in the hearts of her people. The Archbishop of York then read a dedicatory prayer, after which Sir Wm. Harcourt, first speaking with her Majesty, said in a loud voice, "I have the command of her Majesty to declare this building open." This was followed by a loud flourish from four royal trumpets posted in the gallery over the dais, and the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice was then an accomplished fact.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—I John 1: 7.

Tradition of Christ's manly Beauty—His Death Warrant—The Blood Shed—The Reproach Against Christianity—No Blood no Atonement—The Import of the Blood—I. It was Royal Blood—Without Predecessor or Successor—II. Human Blood—Not Angelic—A Royal Philanthropist Maltreated—III. A Brother's Blood—A Brother's Life Sacrificed in a Wreck—IV. Substitutionary Blood—The Centre of the Gospel System—The Power of the Blood—Cleanses from Sin—That Particular Sin—Hard to Get Back—The Process—The Moral Man—The Resurrection of Old Sins—The Hostages of Calais.

NINETEEN centuries ago there lived one Jesus, whose personal appearance Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman Senate, described as being rather tall of stature. He says that Christ's hair was the color of chestnut full ripe, that it was parted in the middle, that the Saviour wore it plain down to the ears, and from thence it floated down in curls over the shoulders; that the angles of the

nostrils and the lip were so perfect that nothing on earth could be compared to them; that His eye was gray and clear and calm; and in personal appearance He was *the most attractive man* the world had ever seen. So says Publius Lentulus, in substance, in his letter to the Roman Senate.

This man must die: He has been sentenced. It is said that

THE DEATH-WARRANT OF CHRIST,

on a plate, was discovered some time ago—a death-warrant signed by Zerubbabel, Raphael Rabboni, Daniel, and Caput. Some other men destined to the scaffold have sometimes been arrested by the mob on the way and carried off in triumph in spite of the police; but there was no attempt to take Christ from the custody of the officers. The mob was against Him, the city authorities were against Him, and all the empire was against Him, except a few humble men and women.

From 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. Jesus hung a-dying. There is nothing so thrilling as the sight of human blood. The cry of a child in the street does not so much touch us as the crimson drop from its lips. When we see signs of blood, we say, "What tragedy's been committed here? Whose life has been taken?"

"THIS IS BLOOD!"

My text gives in one word a glimpse of that last moment. You see the blood dropping from the nails and the cross, blood suffusing the face, blood saturating the garments, blood gathered in pools beneath the cross.

There is just one word in the text that arouses my faith, and stirs the deepest emotion of my heart. It is not the tears of Christ, not the perspiration of Christ, not the fatigues of Christ, but the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, which cleanseth from all sin. I know there are people who say they don't believe in the Christian religion, because it is a *system of carnage*. They don't believe in such a sacrifice; they don't want a religion with any blood in it. Well, my friend, if so, you will have to go without any Bible religion; you will have to do without pardon. For without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.

No blood, no sacrifice; no blood, no atonement; no blood, no pardon; no blood, no heaven. Others may despise this Christian religion because there is in it this crimson sacrifice, but I rejoice in it; and when, at the close of the meeting, I give out the hymn by Cowper, this whole audience, I am certain, will join in with great pathos and enthusiasm:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Blessed be God for this religion of blood. My father believed in it, my mother believed in it, we all believe in it, I hope, to-night. And may that sacrifice, that divine sacrifice, that blood shed on Calvary, atone for all our sins, so that at the close of this service, instead of there being two parties, as there are now, the children of God and the children of the world, there shall be only one great party—the friends, the disciples, the worshippers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Master, help. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

I. I remark, in the first place, in regard to this blood spoken of in the text, that *it was*

ROYAL BLOOD.

There are democratic preferences. We may affect to despise claimants to regal pretensions, but if we should find the son of a king traversing one of our streets, our deepest interest would be aroused. When the Prince of Wales went through this country a few years ago, the people turned out *en masse*, hundreds of thousands of people turned out just to look upon the son of a queen. People have been proud of royal blood in their veins, such as the blood of the house of Stuart or Hapsburg, because it was royal blood.

But the blood of which I speak to-night is the blood of the Son of God; it is royal blood; it is the blood of the King of the Universe. Henry was so honored a name in England, that it was given from one throne to another, and from one reign to another, and it was Henry I., Henry II., Henry III.,

and so on to Henry VIII. Louis was so popular a name in France, it was handed from throne to throne, and from reign to reign, and it was Louis I., Louis II., Louis III., and so on to Louis XVI.

But in this royal line it is Christ the first and Christ the last. No one shall ever have His name. He took His throne long before the throne of Austria or Russia was established—King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. Sometimes the physical health in the royal line degenerates, and kings become almost imbecile and idiotic, and their blood becomes thin and watery through sinful indulgence; but the royal blood of which I speak to-night has in it the health and virtue of Divine Immortality.

II. I remark further, in regard to this blood spoken of in my text, that it is *not only royal blood, but it is*

HUMAN BLOOD.

The King is dying. Some of you may remember twenty-five years ago when Nicholas, the Czar of Russia, died. At that period despatches came every hour out from the palace; and the flag signalled by day, and the telegraph flashed the news all over the land, all through the world, "the Czar is better," "the Czar is worse," "the Czar slept soundly last night," "the Czar was very restless," "the Czar is dying," "the Czar is dead."

I find in the passage before me the Lord Jesus Christ is in the pangs of his last sufferings. Jesus, our King, is dying. Our King is dying. Oh, be careful how you tread around under this cross of the Son of God. It is not only the King's blood, but it is human blood. If some one of those Roman soldiers standing under the cross had just caught one drop of that blood of the Saviour, and had analyzed it, he would have found in it the same chemical elements, the same fibrine, the same albumen, as are to be found in human blood.

It was human blood, and the thought of this stirs our souls into the deepest sympathy. If it had been an angel dying there, "why," you would have said, "that is blood of some other order of being." But it was a human being, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, nerves just like our nerves, muscles just like our muscles, sinew just like our sinew, heart of our heart, life of our life—human, human. Oh, when we understand fully that it is not only *royal* blood that is spoken of in my text, but that it is *human* blood, all our sympathies are aroused; and we can hardly endure the scene when we hear Him cry out, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me?"

Stephen, the King of Hungary, put off his royal robes and went down among his subjects that he might benefit them; and he carried a great many jewels and treasures, and distributed them among the people. But one day the beggars and violent people of the town fell on him, and they beat that monarch almost to death. After he had recovered from his sickness and his bruises he continued the same benevolent and kindly work. But, oh, what a far more tragic and sublime scene on Calvary! Witness earth and heaven! Jesus, who came to seek and to save that which was lost, set upon and beaten, and beaten to death.

"Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree."

III. But this blood spoken of in my text is not only royal blood and human blood, but it is

A BROTHER'S BLOOD.

If you were going along the street and you saw a perfect man maltreated, you would be indignant; but if you found out there was a great crowd of roughs around a brother of yours, and that they were trying to take his life, how you would, reckless of your own life, rush in amid the throng, and cry out to the ruffians to disperse. Well, I find in my text that this is a brother's blood. They spit on Him; they smote Him on the cheek. How does that make you feel? Your brother!

Oh, that your soul might be melted down at the thought when you see Christ on the cross, your brother dying! Don't you feel as if you could fling yourself down before that cross, and cry to Almighty God for help? feel as if you must die in

* Monday last being a holiday, it was impossible to insert in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the sermon Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday. Rather than delay the issue of the paper, we print an excellent evening sermon by Dr. Talmage, which has never before been published in this journal. The sermon delivered last Sunday will appear next week.—ED.

the agony of your heart, if deliverance did not come to Him? He is your brother, your brother.

Years ago a vessel came from England to the United States, and in the course of the voyage, just off the banks of Newfoundland, the vessel sprung a leak, and it was found she must go down. There were on board that vessel

TWO BROTHERS ;

one was married, the other was single. The married brother was coming to this country to meet his family, who had preceded him. As soon as it was found the vessel must go down, they cast lots as to who should get into the boat, for there was room for only one more passenger ; and the lots were drawn, and it was found out that the single brother might come ashore, while the married brother must tarry on deck and die. Then the single brother said to the married brother, "It doesn't make much difference whether I die or not ; no one would mourn very much for me. Your family are waiting for you ; they are expecting your arrival. You get into the boat and save your life."

It was some time before the persuasion was successful ; but the married brother leaped into the boat and started off home, and reached it. The other brother went down with the lost ship. Vicarious sacrifice ! Christ, our brother, died for us, going down that we might rise, dying that we might live. Oh, it is a brother's blood ; not only royal blood, but a brother's blood.

IV. I go further, and say, in regard to this blood mentioned in the text, it is

SUBSTITUTIONARY BLOOD.

Our sins cried for vengeance. Either we must die or Christ. Shall it be we, or shall it be Christ? "Let it be Me," said Christ ; "I will take all their burden, I will endure their sufferings, I will die their death, I will take their stripes, I will be their ransom." "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God."

Christ's blood paid the price, and received the pardon, and opened the gate of heaven. The blood of Paul that soaked the axe, the blood of Hugh Latimer that was scorched up in the fire, the blood of the early martyrs which reddened the mouths of the lions in the Colosseum, was worth just as much to you or to me as the blood of Christ unless His blood be expiatory and substitutionary. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, *alone* cleanseth from all sin. That is

THE CENTRE OF OUR GOSPEL SYSTEM

—Christ the Substitute, bearing our burdens, enduring our pangs, dying our death.

There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Therefore you have these ideas—it is royal blood, and it is human blood, and it is a brother's blood, and it is substitutionary blood. Now, will you, seated just where you are, accept this blood-cleansing power? I do not ask you to come to the confessional to tell your sins and your sorrows ; but, seated just where you are, accept this blood-cleansing. "Well," you say, "for which sin?" Well, for that old sin, "Well, what do you mean?" I mean that sin you committed some time ago ; a sin that probably troubles you very much, that has given you a great deal of restlessness ; that sin has tormented you, perhaps, more than all the other sins of your life, and you say to-night if you could get rid of that sin you would be a happy man, you would be a happy woman.

Now, I come to tell you how you may get rid of THAT PARTICULAR SIN.

I do not know what it was—God and your own soul only knows ; but this night the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and therefore from that one. But there are some sins more aggravated than others. If a child unwittingly does wrong you excuse it ; but when you do wrong, it is not unwittingly. Every time we sin there is something in our souls that sounds the death-knell. Now there may be in this house hundreds of backsliders, men and women who once came to God, sat at the holy communion, knelt in the closet of prayer, and seemed as if they were on the road to heaven ; perhaps were illustrious in some Christian church.

There are, perhaps, in this audience hundreds of

people who were really frank and honest. The Lord heard their expressions for divine love and mercy while they were kneeling at the altar of prayer or seated at the holy communion. When one such goes away, oh, how far he goes ! It is *hard for you to get back*, my brother, my sister, I know, I know, I know all about it. But

YOU CAN GET BACK

to-night. But you say, "I must go over a long series of repentances ; I must get quit of this habit and that habit ; and I must be weeks and months getting my spiritual nature entirely reconstructed." You must come as a lost, perishing, guilty sinner to Christ, crying as Bartimeus did, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Believe truly in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. This understand—as soon as the blood of Jesus pardons your sins, they are pardoned ; they sink into the very depths of the sea. There is no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus. The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin—*all* sin.

Now, that is

WHY YOU CAME IN HERE

to-night. Perhaps you have been hardened and worldly and selfish, and going away from God, and become a thorough backslider, and for ten years you have not been in a Christian assemblage. The Lord brought you in here to-night. Perhaps some one casually invited you to come, or, passing along the street, you said, "I will just go in and pass an hour," and you thought it merely incidental or accidental. But *the Lord brought you in*, and I am here to tell you that now, this night, nay, this moment, you may find the peace of the Gospel—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"But," says some one,

"I AM A MORAL MAN ;

I am not a sinner. It is very well for you to speak so to sinners, but I cannot take this counsel ; I am a moral man. I never took any one's life ; I am not a murderer." My brother, did you ever hate any one? "Yes," you say. Then *you are a murderer*. For the Bible says, "If any man hateth his brother, he is a murderer."

"But," you say, "I never took anybody else's property." Well, I do not say that you ever abstracted funds that didn't belong to you from your fellow-man, but have you ever taken from God the days and months and years that didn't belong to you, and given them to your own service when they should have been given to God's service? Have you robbed God? Now you can see this hand as well as that. And just so the sin of the heart and the sin of the life are plain before God. He sees the sin of the heart just as plainly as He sees the sin of the life ; and if you do wrong He knows it ; and He knows the desires of the heart, the reveries of the soul. They prove the fact that you are a sinner against God, and you need pardon ; you need it—oh ! how much you need it. Will you accept it this night—pardon for all your sins?

But there are some here yet unpardoned of their sins. Shall I blow the trumpet of the resurrection? I stamp on the ground and call up the great

ARMY OF PAST TRANSGRESSIONS,

and they come up vaster than the hosts of Xerxes, in companies of hundreds, in regiments of thousands, in battalions of tens of thousands. They come, they come, marching, marching on. Let the larger sin of the hundred be the captain over the hundred ; let the larger sin of the thousand be the *colonel over the regiment* ; let the swarthiest sin of all your life long be commander over the host. And here they come, all the sins of your past life, all the unforgiven sins, tramping on, traumping on—a great host. They are all armed—just one poor man against a million.

What are you going to do? Rest? Oh, see the coming of that host. Strike it, oh lightning ! Consume that foe. The lightning goes back into the scabbard of the midnight cloud, saying, "No help in me." But behold, yonder I see a rider on a white horse. He is Conqueror. Clear the way. He is the Captain of Salvation. Swinging His sword through the darkness He says, "Make way, I am the ransom."

HE CUTS DOWN THE LEGIONS

of your unforgiven sins. He casts them into the depths of the ocean more completely than Pharaoh and his hosts were overwhelmed by the devouring waves of the Red Sea. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. The gates are open, the shackles broken, sins pardoned, eternal life secured. Victory for every man through Jesus Christ.

In the thirteenth century the English attempted to conquer France, and they came to *the city, Calais*, and they resolved to destroy it ; but after a while they sent in word that if there were in the city six men who would come out with halters c their necks, ready to be sacrificed, then the city might be saved. A great multitude was gathered in the city ; there was a death-like silence. Some one standing on a platform said, "We must have six men or our city will be destroyed. Who are they? Where are they?"

St. Pierre, the commander of the town, rose up on the platform and said, "I am one." "And another," said his son. "And I another," "and I another," until the six were all ready prepared for the sacrifice. And with their families waiting and praying about them, they were taken out of the gates of the town, and they passed over to the English army, and they were to be put to death and the city to be saved, when the Queen of England burst in upon the scene, and she begged for the life of these six men, and begged so pathetically for their deliverance that the king said, "Well I am overcome by the importunity of the queen let the six men go ; let the city be saved ; let those whose lives were to be sacrificed be saved."

Now we are all condemned to die by reason of our sins. But the Lord Jesus Christ Himself pleads for us, and with a more self-sacrificing spirit than St. Pierre, with a more self-sacrificing spirit than the Queen of England. He pleads our cause and He says, "Let them go free. I will be the ransom, I will be the ransom." Oh, that God by His Holy Spirit would impress upon you, my hearer, to-night, the fact that a great atonement has been made ; that for you that royal blood, and human blood, and brother's blood, and substitutionary blood has been shed ; that all who will may come and be saved. O Lord ! help the people to come.

THE MOST SOLEMN MOMENT

of the Sabbath-day is the closing of one of these services. I meet a great multitude of men and women here to-night whom I shall never see again. We have just hailed each other on the ocean of life, and pass on. But we shall meet in the judgment. What shall be the history of this service? Will it be found that through any cowardice or lack of earnestness or zeal on my part that any man goes away unimpressed with the truth, and any one shall say he is not invited to Christ's waters. "Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." "Whosoever will, let him come." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon."

It is a glorious Gospel to offer. It is so full of earnestness, sweetness, and love, and power. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely." You may never have so good an opportunity to surrender your heart to the Lord as this very moment. Now is the day of salvation ; now is the night ; now is the hour ; now is the moment ; now is the second.

"To-day if you will hear His voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, 'Will you to Mount Zion go?'
Say 'Will you have this Christ or no?'"

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1882.

THE year now near its close has been for our loved land a period of tranquil prosperity. God is watched over the nation, has given to us undisturbed peace, an abundant harvest, and a prosperous condition of trade. As we have read of wars and rumors of wars in other lands, of national jealousies, of thousands of armed men withdrawn from peaceful pursuits and organized and drilled in readiness to plunge into deadly conflict at the word of their monarchs, we should be ingrates, indeed, did we not bend before the throne of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe in humble gratitude for our national blessings. He has given us glorious land, with no hostile nation on our borders, free institutions, and commercial prosperity. Whatever may have been the trials through which we may have passed as individuals, we have abundant cause as patriots to acknowledge the love and kindness of our God.

Nor can we be unmindful of the *spiritual blessings* which have been vouchsafed to us as a people during the year. The Holy Spirit has been at work in our midst. Those who have travelled through the States during the year have been impressed by the increased earnestness of God's people in all quarters. It is evident that there is a readiness to engage in active work for Christ on the part of Christians engaged in business or in the professions which but a few years ago, was only seen in ministers of the Gospel, and was left to them. Now, artisans, clerks, merchants, and professional men may be seen organizing movements to reach the classes who do not attend church, and they have been blessed. Such a work as that among the employes of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, conducted by Miss Jennie Smith, Mr. George A. Hilton, and their co-laborers, is a new and hopeful feature of Christian life and activity, and that is but one among many in other parts of the country, which are being conducted unostentatiously by private Christians and which God is blessing and blessing. Beside those is the work of the evangelists in tents, public halls, theatres, etc., of which from time to time encouraging reports are received. It becomes us to thank God for these blessings, while entreating Him to grant them to us in still greater abundance.

THE CASUALTIES

Of the year have been few, compared with those of other years, even of recent date. Sad and sorrowful as some of them were, they were less disastrous than those we have had to mourn in other times. The *Sputyen Duyvil* catastrophe on January 13th; the fire at the *Potter Building* on January 31st; the burned *Steamboat Scioto*, on July 5th, and the disaster to the *Robert E. Lee* on September 30th, were among the most serious in the loss of life involved. How near we were to a calamity, far worse than any of these, on the night when the *Park Theatre*, in New York, was burned only an hour or two before the time when it would have been crowded with people—only those can realize who remember the burning of the *Brooklyn Theatre* a few years ago.

The outbreak of yellow fever at Pensacola, Fla., and a few adjacent towns, which excited apprehensions through the country that we might be on the brink of another extended visitation of the dreaded scourge, mercifully passed away, and we could thank God that the pestilence was stayed.

THE POLITICAL EVENTS

Of the year, important as they have been, have had in them nothing in the nature of a crisis. The conflict of parties has been within the limits of the Constitution, and our institutions have not been strained by the political struggle.

The year opened amid the changes in the Cabinet, consequent on the succession of President Arthur to the seat of his lamented predecessor. In the House there was dissatisfaction with the arrangements made by the Speaker for the Committees. The people saw with regret an indisposition on the part of their Representatives to utilize the surplus in the Treasury for the relief of the nation. The River and Harbor bill, passed over the veto of the President, deepened the dissatisfaction of the public, and it grew into indignation at the oppression of the political machine was witnessed

in the collection of assessments, levied by the dominant party. Then came the elections of last month, and the people exercised their right of expressing in the most effective way their resolve to have a pure and liberal government.

Other events, which have occupied a prominent place in the attention of the people during the year have been: The conclusion of the trial of the wretched creature who slew the President, and his execution; the trials of the men charged with corruption in the Postal Star Route service; the struggle with the polygamous sensualists of Utah; and the discovery of the bodies of De Long and the brave men who sought to wrest from its icy grasp the secrets of the North Pole.

IN OTHER LANDS

the course of events has not been so smooth, and peaceful. At the commencement of the year, the cloud in Egypt, then only like a man's hand, was looming on the horizon. Arabi was stirring up the revolution which eventually was put down by the strong arm of England. Those who knew the bitterness of the jealousy of the European family of nations, knew well that the course England was taking might easily provoke a war in which half Europe might have been ranged against the other half, and a general war have broken out. God mercifully averted that calamity, and the world has reason to hope that from the discipline of the past, Egypt may come forth stronger, purer, and more prosperous than before.

IRELAND

has been the most gloomy quarter of the world's horizon, and it is still under a heavy cloud. When the year opened, the men in whom the Irish people had put their trust were in prison. Murder, arson, and violence were rampant in the land. Harsh measures appeared only to increase the evil, and at length the prison doors were opened, the patriots were released, the statesmen, responsible for rigorous rule, were replaced by men notable for kindness of heart, and it seemed that a happier time was dawning on the unhappy land. Then, came the news of the barbarous murders in Phoenix Park, and the friends of Ireland trembled in expectation of acts of condign vengeance. But the critical moment passed, and the innocent were not punished for the sins of the guilty. There is yet profound discontent among the people, and crime and lawlessness are rampant. God grant that English statesmen might receive from the Giver of every good and perfect gift, the wisdom they need to guide aright the destinies of the afflicted people.

Unhappily, there are numerous and unmistakable signs in almost every country in Europe of the increase of that

LAWLESSNESS

which prophecy warned us would characterize the closing years of this dispensation. In France, in Italy, in Germany, and especially in Russia may be heard the premonitory rumblings of the political and social earthquake which yet will shake the world. Uneducated, desperate men, organized by crafty schemers, are preparing to overturn all the institutions of government and in their place to set up a Godless system which they call liberty, but which is in reality the worst form of slavery.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

in Russia is one of the most prominent features that will render the past year memorable. The sudden outbreak of hatred against God's ancient people took the world by surprise. The ignorant, Russian peasants turned upon the Jews with a ferocity, no cause yet assigned is sufficient to explain. Men were murdered, women outraged, and property destroyed. Thousands of the refugees claimed American hospitality, others fled to their ancient land, and others again to nearer havens. It is a marvellous, and unexpected movement, doubtless preparatory to the peopling of Palestine with the race to whom God gave the land.

THE DEATH LIST

of the year is a sorrowful one. The last enemy has reaped grain that the world counted very precious. God knows that His purposes can be carried out without the aid of human talent, and that the men on whom we have relied for wisdom and guidance and encouragement can be spared. Yet while we bow our heads in humble acquiescence, it

is with a sad heart that we remember how many an eloquent voice is hushed, and how many a pen, from which living words flowed to cheer and help us in the past, is laid aside forever.

Prominent among the names of those whom this year we have seen pass away are, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Ralph Waldo Emerson in the world of letters; Thurlow Weed and Senator Hill and Edwin W. Stoughton in politics; Professor Draper and his son in science; Dr. George W. Musgrave, Dr. John Cotton Smith, Bishops Paine and Wightman from the pulpit, and Robert L. Stuart from philanthropic charity.

Across the Atlantic the losses have been equally heavy. Among the names of famous Europeans, whom death has laid low, are General Garibaldi, Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, Anthony Trollope, Dr. Pusey, Dean Close, and Professor Darwin.

As we close the hasty record of the year we turn to the future with souls trusting in God whose mercy and lovingkindness are unsearchable, and who loves His people with unchanging love. May He keep us in His way and prepare our hearts for the events which are before us, known to Him, but all unknown to us.

The Statistics of Illiteracy in the Country

have been issued by the Census Bureau and will cause general surprise. The census bulletin shows that of the 36,761,407 inhabitants of the United States and Territories over ten years of age, 4,923,451, or over 13 per cent were returned as unable to read. The number returned as unable to write is 6,239,958, or 17 per cent of the whole. The percentage of illiteracy is at its height in New Mexico, where it ranges from 50 to 65 per cent. In Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and the Carolinas the percentage is from 50 to 55 per cent. Iowa is afflicted with only 2.4 per cent of illiterates over the age named, and Nebraska occupies an equally enviable position.

An Imperial School Teacher.—The German

Crown Prince often visits with his wife, the village schools of Bornstedt and Eiche, near Potsdam. On November 25th he unexpectedly made his appearance at the Bornstedt school, and had hardly entered it when a messenger arrived with a telegram summoning the master (Mr. Mathias) to come to his mother then dying in a village near Spandau. The Crown Prince insisted that the master should instantly depart in obedience to the last request of his mother. "But how can I leave the children?" objected the master. "Never mind," answered the Prince, "I will take the class. Run away, and may you find your mother still alive!" Thus were the Bornstedt children examined for a whole hour in history by the heir to the throne, who possesses an intimate knowledge of the great Reformation period, and gave his pupils the benefit of it. Before leaving he promised the school a *new set of Bibles*, instead of the worn out copies at present in its possession.

Temperance Workers Will Find Useful Material

in the following figures which were cited in a lecture recently delivered by Mr. George A. Hilton of Washington, D.C.: During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1882, there was produced in the United States 16,952,085 barrels of beer. The revenue derived from this enormous production is one dollar per barrel. In a barrel of beer there are five hundred drinks, which at five cents per drink amounts to \$25 per barrel, or \$425,000,000 that we pay for beer alone in this country in one year. That is \$8.25 for every man, woman, and child in the United States. The tax paid on spirits during the year is about \$67,000,000. In the State of Kentucky alone there was on the 30th of June last 62,627,210 gallons of spirits locked up in its storehouses. One year ago there were 41,000,000 gallons there, giving an increase this year of over 20,000,000 of gallons in one year. Not long ago in the Produce Exchange in New York there was sudden excitement over the discovery that there was a great shortage between the balance of corn in market and that known to have been raised, and men were asking what had become of it. This enormous production of liquor answers the question,

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Dying Boy's Message.—At a Meeting of Christian workers, on November 24th, in James Morrison Street Hall, J. Campbell White said: "Every worker should do as a dear boy did whose deathbed I attended a short time ago. Just before he passed away to Jesus I asked him, 'Alec, have you any message for the class?' 'Yes,' he answered; 'tell them that I am leaning all my weight on Jesus.'"

The Day of Atonement in Russia.—At the noonday meeting on November 25th, Mr. Baron said: "When I was a boy in Russia, and the great Day of Atonement came round, we fasted truly. Not a drop of water nor a morsel of food passed our lips on that day. It was a real fast—not a pretended one. I as well as most religious Jews had always doubts in our minds about this day, and we often wished that a real lamb was sacrificed, and not a mere form gone through of doing so. It is one of the clearest proofs as to the Messiahship of Christ that since His death no lamb has been sacrificed on the Day of Atonement."

A Man in the Canal.—At the Same Meeting Mr. Isdale said: "A man fell into the canal one day, and another man leaped in to save him. Instead of at once trying to catch the struggling man, and help him ashore, he swam round and round him until the man was exhausted, and lay still in the water. Then he seized his coat and pulled him ashore. So long as the man tried to save himself, the rescuer could do nothing; but when he gave it up, he saved him. It is just so with Christ and sinners. When they leave all to Him, He saves them; but so long as they struggle to gain their salvation, He can do nothing."

Drawing out the Damper.—Mr. White Said: "When Townsend's large chimney shaft was first built, I went to see it. When looking around the premises, Mr. Townsend asked, 'Would you like to see the effect of a full draught?' 'Yes, most certainly,' I answered. 'John, draw the damper.' In less than a minute I felt the ground trembling beneath my feet, and saw the large boilers actually shaken with the force of the stream of air which passed through the furnace. What we as Christian workers have to do is to draw the damper which prevents the breathing of God's Spirit upon us, and then the ground will shake beneath the power which He will exert."

Sixty Days in Duke Street Prison.—At the Gospel Temperance Meeting in Cowcaddens on November 25th, a respectable elderly man said: "Our chairman has invited any one to testify as to whether a man can be saved from the power of strong drink. Well, I know that there is not a man in this house who has ever been so low down as I was. I will not enter into details, as they are too horrifying; but the records of the station-house on the opposite side of the street tell the melancholy story of my life up till eight years ago, when the Lord rescued me from the grip of the demon. Many say to you, 'Don't give it up at once; it will ruin your health.' My answer to that is, 'Get sixty days in Duke Street Prison, and see if you will lose your health.'"

A Message for Grandfather.—At the Meeting at Easterhouse, on November 4th, Mr. Andrews said: "There was a poor old man who lived a moral, respectable life, but was a stranger to the grace of God. A severe illness came upon him, and he was taken to the Infirmary. His granddaughter got permission to see him every day. The first day she visited him she read the Bible, and in the course of the chapter came across the words—'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1:7). 'Read that again, lassie.' She did so. 'Are you sure that's there?' he inquired. 'I never heard it before.' 'Yes, grandpa, it is,' said the girl. 'Put my finger on the place, and read it again.' The child complied, and with tears rolling down his cheeks the old man said, 'Mary, if you find me dead on your next visit, tell all you know that I am saved and cleansed in the blood of Jesus Christ.'"

Jews in a Jeweller's Shop.—Mr. Baron Said: "About a fortnight ago I asked you to pray for

the Jews of Edinburgh, to whom I was going to preach. When I went there I found a hearty welcome awaiting me: the Spirit of God was working among them, even though I had not spoken to them. In a jeweller's shop in Nicolson Street I found seven Jews. One of them, an old man, got so excited when I spoke about Jesus of Nazareth that the other Jews had to carry him out. There were then six left to speak to, and they received my message willingly. The first question put to me by the Jews is always, 'Have you seen the Rabbi?' If I have not, then they will not listen, but if I have they listen and speak with me. When I called upon the Rabbi in Edinburgh, I found him to be the most intelligent Rabbi in Scotland. He is not an orthodox Jew; and before I spoke with him, he was a disbeliever in God, but since then he says that he believes the Bible to be inspired by the Holy Spirit."

A Cask of Bitter Beer Afloat.—Captain Hatfield also said: "The last ship I ever commanded was the largest sailing ship ever built. She was called the *Great Republic*, of 3500 tons register. On one occasion, during a voyage to Callao, one of my sailors going up the rigging, cried out, 'Boat ahead, sir.' I went up with my spy-glass to see if there really was a boat. Sure enough, there really was an object which seemed like a small boat. To save life, I at once sent off a boat to the rescue of the perishing. I watched until it got alongside the object, and then had to attend to some other duty. When we came alongside, we saw that the men were engaged in a very energetic way. It was a cask of bitter beer which they found. The men had taken out the bung, and with the bailing dish had baled the beer out of the cask into their own bodies. I had to hoist every man of them on board with a block and tackle, as though they were so many sheep, so drunk were they. I hope the lecturing I gave them afterward was blessed of God to some of them."

A Dyke Washed Away.—At a Recent Gospel Temperance meeting in Cowcaddens the Rev. Mr. Fullarton said: "When I was a boy I lived in a house near to which there was a running stream. One day my companions and myself determined to dam the stream. We set to work, and with our spades cut turf which we put right into the stream, and for a moment or two the water was stopped; but shortly we saw our dyke break first here and then there, and at last it was washed all away. When I was first anxious about my soul, I tried to make myself good with all my might. I put a turf in here and another there, and prayed earnestly and long; but the stream of worldly thought which came into my mind with greater force when on my knees than at any other time showed that I was simply a hypocrite. Not till I gave up trying to stop the evil stream of my life did I find peace. I asked Christ to cleanse my thoughts and to make me pure. The peace then came as gently and calmly as a dove nestling over her young."

Both Different, But Alike.—At a Gospel Temperance Meeting at Cowcaddens, Major Colquhoun remarked: "A man said to me the other night in this church, 'I have often prayed to the Lord to save me—ay, I have prayed long and earnestly; but He has not yet saved me.' 'I suppose you are waiting for some great and particular revelation to come to you?' I inquired. 'Yes; I expect that God will do something which will let me know that I am saved,' was his answer. 'Well, you are wrong; the only way is God's way, and He has already done all that is needed. Accept a free pardon, and follow Jesus. Will you do it?' 'No, I cannot see it in that light.' Another man sitting beside me said, 'I also have often and often prayed to be saved, and He has not heard me; but when the drink is out of my head to-night I will think better and more of what you say. It is hard to give up the drink though.' Now, both these men were wrong; one wanted some special feeling or sudden revulsion of thought, the other wanted to cling to his sin, but the Gospel was too plain for them both."

Startling a Young Lady.—At the Noonday meeting on November 22d the Rev. Dr. Ferguson said: "When I was a very young man,

and in fellowship with the Congregational Church, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, a young lady, daughter of one of our deacons, applied for admission to the membership of the church. The committee appointed to visit her, according to the custom of that community, felt rather afraid to act, fearing that a fashionable young lady, fresh from an English boarding-school would not have much, if any, experience of saving grace, and that they would have to do all the talking on that subject. Very agreeably were they surprised, for she was eloquent in the praises of Christ. They were pleased to sit and let her talk. A few Sundays previously her pastor said in his sermon that 'Any one who did not accept Christ and follow Him, even although they lived good, amiable, moral lives, was a very great sinner.' This plain statement so startled her that she made a study of the Bible to see for herself, and was awakened to a deep conviction of her need for a Saviour, whom happily she sought and found."

GROWING RADICALISM: A SIGN OF THE END.

THE years at hand—even now commenced—are shown in prophecy to be pregnant with events more important than any that are passed; for, excepting the first thirty-three years of this era, when Christ lived, died, and rose from the grave, none will have been so momentous.

The revelation given to us through John the Apostle shows how big with evil days are the last years of this age—days wherein atheism, and Antichrist and his followers, will fulminate defiance against the Lord of Hosts; when Satan and his fiends, having but a short space of freedom, will use their strongest endeavors to turn the created in impotent rage against the Creator, and force them to commit the unpardonable sin by uttering every gross and conceivable blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. They will be days of God's wrath upon the nations and rulers of the earth in punishment for their iniquity.

With this very year, 1882, according to the chronology of the Great Pyramid, we commence the Antichristian epoch, and already, like distant thunder, the preparation of coming battle is heard. The social, religious, and political liberties so hardly striven for, so dearly gained, contain within themselves the seeds of direful forces which will issue forth with destructive and overwhelming energy, as vials of wrath at the command of Omnipotence.

How essential, therefore—so that Christians may be ever upon their watch-tower looking for the "signs of the end," that their faith droop not, nor their hopes die—how essential that any new method of interpretation connected with those "signs" should be approached without prejudice for a calm and careful study. And seeing that there is sound reason for believing the Pyramid to have been constructed under Divine direction, for the instruction of man in the last days, its voice should be reverently listened to and its teachings taken to heart.

In writing of our political, social, and religious liberties, as containing seeds of discord and evil, the liberties themselves are not condemned. They are blessings when rightly used, evils when abused. Is not the world's history undying evidence to the truth of this opinion? Has not innate sin always marred and spoiled, so that good has become bad, beauty transformed into ugliness, harmony changed to discord, the child of peace become the man of war, and innocence turned into corruption? In just such a manner are the blessings of social and political liberty being fashioned by designing, crafty, and ambitious men into what will ultimately, under Satan's permitted power, bear fruit in curses. The upas-tree grows rapidly; it is already commencing to taint the atmosphere with its deadly poison of lawlessness.

A straw in the wind to show this tendency of society and politics, is the recent publication of a work entitled "The Coming Democracy," in which it is maintained that the force of circumstances will eventually drive all power into the hands of the lower classes. It does not require much astuteness to perceive that the entrance of democra-

cy or socialism, however fair a face may be put upon the name, and however plausibly its claims may be advocated, will grant many an opportunity for the foul spirit of disorder to wriggle in.

With regard to the blasphemous propensities of the nations of the earth in the last days, we have not far to look. Has not the small cloud of atheism been discerned for some time upon our horizon? Is it not rapidly enlarging, and will it not ere long overspread the entire firmament; so that, when the storm bursts, blackness and despair will shut out the nations of the earth from hope of God's mercy?

And this state of things, we know from the pages of Revelation and the other books of prophecy, will continue until the end, growing in intensity, accumulating in force, concentrating to a head, until the times of Antichrist, when he will become all that is devilish, a centre of all that is antagonistic to God and His government.

THE ASCENDING LORD.

S. S. Lesson for January 7. Acts 1:14. Golden Text, Ps. 68:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Commission—The Source of Power—First the Deed, then the Teaching—The Baptism Promised—Mistakes about the Baptism—The Disciples' Misunderstanding of Prophecy—The Witnesses to Jesus—Not to Experience—Not a Dying Charge—The Hope of the Church—The Pledge of the Gift—The Ascended Christ a Living Reality.

OUR beloved Lord had called His little band of disciples to a task from which the strongest, wisest, and most influential of men might well have shrunk back. These poor, illiterate men were charged to "go into all the world and to preach the Gospel to every creature." The very men who had forsaken Him and fled in the hour of His apprehension, the very women who had followed Him "afar off," received this commission to do a supernatural work. Was Jesus mocking them? Oh, never; for He said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth,

GO YE THEREFORE."

(Matt. 28:18, 19.) That which cripples and paralyzes men and women of God, is the miserable temptation to look within for power, and then in the consciousness of their incapacity to say that the call of God is too great and too high for them. Thank God, when we put our will at His disposal, He puts His power at our disposal. Our lesson for to-day treats of the inducement with power from on high which our Lord promised His disciples.

"Luke, the beloved physician" (Col. 4:14), the evangelist who enters more into the detail of the Lord's works of healing than any other, writes thus to his friend Theophilus, (the lover of God): "The former treatise" (the Gospel of Luke) "have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach." "Jesus began:" Who shall finish what Jesus began? The Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost dwelling in redeemed and consecrated man. Jesus began "both to do and teach." He did first that which He afterward taught. His life was beforehand with His words. Does He call us to be "poor in spirit," to "resist not evil"? He who made the world, and bore uncomplainingly the rejection of that world, and then died to save the world, He has taken the lead in this nobility, this true heroism of endurance. He who said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you" (Matt. 5:44). He led the way, dying for, and praying even in His dying hour, for the very men who murdered Him. Fellow-workers in the Lord's vineyard, unless we do first, and continue to do, what we teach, we are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" (1 Cor. 13:1). We cannot lead any one further than we ourselves have gone, and we have not gone one step beyond that which our lives manifest, we may see beyond, but we are not yet there.

Luke continues, "Until the day in which He was taken up, after that He through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen." The risen Jesus was still

man; still when filled with the Holy Ghost, God indeed, but none the less man; He still chose to act as the Instrument of the Holy Ghost, that to the very last He might tread on ground which He thus made possible for men and women filled with the Holy Ghost to tread upon. Oh, the delicacy, Oh, the consideration of the love of Jesus!

Luke goes on to say how, during forty days Jesus was seen of His disciples, "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; and being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of Me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Baptized, *i.e.*, immersed, buried in the Holy Ghost, sunk into and under the Holy Ghost; surely, surely this means more than that which is often so flippantly called the baptism of the Holy Ghost. A man who is immersed is covered entirely over, and hidden, lost to sight. Oh, to be thus lost in the Holy Ghost! out of sight of ourselves and others in the element of God's own life! This is possible, this has happened in the lives of the first disciples; and their God is our God, and their responsibilities are ours, and God's provision for them belongs as much to us as to them.

OH, SHALL WE COME SHORT OF IT?

These disciples had learned to know themselves. During the time of our Lord's agony, His trial, His death and resurrection, their love and service had been a miserable failure. Prayer had failed them in Gethsemane, their love for their Master had given way to the instinct of self-preservation, the most zealous among them had denied his Lord, the last remnant of self-dependence must have hidden its head in shame. Instead of the glad exulting cry, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us, through Thy name," they were now brought down, emptied, humbled to the dust. And only thus was it possible that they should be endued with power from on high. It was thus that they were ready to listen to the blessed teachings of their risen Lord. Knowing now how ignorant they were, they became apt to learn; knowing how their own power and zeal had completely broken down, they were ready to yield themselves entirely up to another.

Oh, how many seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost, thinking to obtain a consciousness of power which shall be at their disposal for the work of God, which shall be under their command, exercised by them. But the very word "endued," or clothed upon, contains the idea of being under and within the power from on high; being subject to the Holy Ghost, not the Holy Ghost subject to man, being at the disposal of the Holy Ghost, at His command. The necessary qualification for being filled with the Holy Ghost is to be nothing, to be willing to be nothing, even in the eyes of those who expect something of us.

But the disciples had not even yet got rid entirely of their preconceptions; they said, "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" They knew the unfulfilled prophecies;

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWISH NATION

was at their fingers' ends, they were aware that the prophecies of the Messiah included His future reign, and they did not understand, that which is indeed difficult to discover from the prophecies alone, that "the times of the Gentiles" should precede the reign of the Messiah on earth.

In the following prophecies the Christian dispensation is like an interruption Isa. 61:1, 2, in the middle of verse 2; Isa. 63:1-4, in the middle of verse 3; Dan. 9:24-27, middle of verse 24; Mic. 5:1-5, between verses 2 and 3; Zech. 9:9, 10, between verses 9 and 10. Until after the days of Pentecost the disciples seem never to have fully grasped the meaning of this dispensation, the gathering out from the nations a people for His name a Bride for the Lamb, a second self for Christ, in which He could live His life over again. Jesus, in answer, said to them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both

in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth" (some translate ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you).

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." How often have we been witnesses unto Christ's salvation but not unto Himself. How often have we led men to what He has done rather than what He is. John, the beloved disciple, said, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that Eternal Life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." John's witness was not to experience, although perhaps he had the deepest experience of any man living in his time; not to doctrine, although his doctrine is powerful and searching; but it was

JESUS HIMSELF

to whom John witnessed in life and in word. Lord, teach us to go and do likewise.

This charge of Jesus was *not a dying charge*, but a parting one, and "when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." He had led them to expect this. As long ago as when He was teaching in the synagogue in Capernaum, a full year past, He had said, "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where He was before?" (John 6:62) and it was this which Mary Magdalene was commissioned to announce to the disciples. They lost sight of Him, but He had left them a precious assurance, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20). They had renounced all portion upon earth, all which they possessed was Jesus, and He had left them.

But He sent them a message. Two men in white apparel stood by them. They knew not how they came there, but they knew who had sent them with their message, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." From that moment the coming of the Lord has been *the hope of the church*. "And they worshipped Him," unseen and yet near, "and returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God" (Luke 24:52, 53), and this while they were waiting for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Why should we pray for that which God has promised with sighing and groaning and lamentations? If we are honest in the acknowledgment that we come short, and are willing to let men know our deficiency, then our loving God is always found waiting to supply our need. "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God may dwell among them." The ascension of Jesus, who "ever liveth to make intercession" for us, is our pledge and guarantee that He can, will, and does give to us those gifts which He died, rose, and ascended to secure; and the chief of these is the gift of the Holy Ghost.

But the apostles were not always in the temple; there was a gathering of one hundred and twenty men and women who had

STAKED THEIR ALL

for time and eternity upon Jesus their Lord. "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with His brethren." For forty days or more their Master had been educating their faith. Thomas was learning now with the rest, to believe when he did not see. Now that the man Christ Jesus was gone into heaven in that human body which saw no corruption, the God Christ Jesus was a present reality to their souls, and must have been most precious to that little company to know that they had His word for it, He was with them, unseen, unheard, yet there, and they were counting with joy upon His promise to send the Comforter. God keep us in a like attitude, praising God and counting on the greater outpouring of the Holy Ghost to come.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
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CURRENT EVENTS.

Two Nominations sent by the President to the Senate last week occasioned some surprise. The first was that of Mr. J. F. Olmstead, as Commissioner of the District of Columbia, in place of Commissioner Morgan. The association of Mr. Olmstead with Mr. Shepherd has caused an unpleasant odor to attach to his name, and it is expected that there may be some difficulty in getting the nomination confirmed. On Thursday, the President sent the name of Mr. Joel B. Erhardt as the successor of Mr. Henry E. Knox, as Marshal of the Southern District of New York. As Marshal Knox was nominated by President Garfield from motives of personal friendship, it was at first supposed that he had been removed. It was, however, learned on the authority of Mr. Knox himself that he had tendered his resignation. Mr. Erhardt does not belong to the same wing of the party as Mr. Knox, but the Stalwarts contend that the principle of the two appointments was identical, both men being personal friends respectively of the Presidents who nominated them.

The Joint Congressional Committee on Shipping has agreed on its report, which it may be hoped will lead to such a reform in our laws as will enable our citizens to compete on equal terms with those of other nations in the trans-Atlantic carrying trade. After an exhaustive survey of the present and past condition of our merchant marine, and a statement of the measures which were adopted by Great Britain for the benefit of the trade, and which have resulted in its present prosperity the committee says: During this whole period (1865-1882) nothing has been done by the American Congress to meet England in this direction. Our error was in not so modifying our laws as to give the American merchant marine the same advantages in this respect that English shipping was given under English laws, and our further error was that when steamships began to take the place of sailing vessels on the great lines of commerce we did not also imitate England in extending the same encouragement for the establishment of American steamship lines that she did for the establishment of English lines. Although the adoption of such a policy after England has entrenched herself in her position on the ocean for a

quarter of a century would not speedily secure for us the benefits which it would have brought if it had been inaugurated before the war, yet your committee believe that it would gradually work most beneficent results. A bill embodying substantially the recommendations of the committee was reported on December 16th.

An Important Decision on the Constitution-ality of the law prohibiting the political assessments has been rendered in the Supreme Court in the Curtis case. Chief-Justice Waite, who read the decision, said most emphatically: "If there were no other reasons for legislation of this character than such as relate to the protection of those in the public service against unjust exactions, its constitutionality would in our opinion be clear; but there are others to our minds equally good. If persons in public employ may be called on by those in authority to contribute from their personal income to the expenses of political campaigns, and a refusal may lead to putting good men out of the service, liberal payments may be made the ground for keeping poor ones in. So, too, if a part of the compensation received for public services must be contributed for political purposes, it is easy to see that an increase of compensation may be required to provide the means to make the contribution, and that in this way the Government itself may be made to furnish indirectly the money to defray the expenses of keeping the political party in power that happens to have for the time being the control of the public patronage. We deem it unnecessary to pursue the subject further. In our opinion the statute under which the petitioner was convicted is constitutional."

The Suspension of the City Bank of Rochester, New York, was announced on Wednesday, November 20th, that action having been compelled by the misappropriation of several hundreds of thousands of dollars of the bank's money by the president, who used it to speculate in oil. The amount of deposits in the bank is stated to be \$500,000, and the amount of paper held by the bank to be \$800,000. The president's disastrous speculations, it is stated by one of the directors, has left him indebted to the bank \$330,000. As other banks were depositors with the City Bank, fears are entertained that the disaster may not end there. The Second National Bank of Jefferson, Ohio, has also suspended because of defalcations.

The Defeat of Governor St. John in Kansas is accounted for on grounds other than that of a temperance retrogression. The liquor party in other states are endeavoring to make capital out of the defeat, so that it is important that the true reasons should be made known. Mr. W. C. Denning in a letter to the *Witness* on the subject says that a large number of Democratic prohibitionists believing prohibition to be secure, voted this year with their party: "With the loss of the temperance Democrats, the whiskey Republicans, and anti-third-term men, many of whom were temperance men, St. John was beaten. Temperance Democrats are busy denying that it is a whiskey victory. The county of Miami, which gave eight hundred majority for Garfield, went seven hundred in favor of Glick for governor. But in this county, as in many other places, the people were trying to rebuke the 'bosses' who had been running the Republican party for years in the interest of a 'ring.' I think temperance is as strong in Kansas to-day as it has ever been; and find a great many people who, though they voted against Prohibition when it was submitted, would vote for it were it before the people again. I make this statement that the people outside the State may understand the situation."

An Appeal to Ladies to Refrain from Offering wine to callers on New Year's has been issued, signed by many clergymen and influential temperance laymen. It is as follows: "In view of the approach of the holiday season, and having regard to the influence which the manner of its observance is likely to have on many, especially among the young, the undersigned, ministers of religion and others interested in the welfare of the community, would respectfully suggest that the ladies of New York, in providing for their friends on New Year's Day, should put no wine or strong drink upon

their tables. We gladly bear testimony to the fact that in past years this course has been very largely followed in the best social circles, and we earnestly desire to see it universally adopted. The opening of the year is a time for serious reflection as well as joyful congratulation. We have no wish to frown upon the mirth which is associated with the season, but we are desirous that there should be nothing in it to drown thoughtfulness or endanger character; and we are sure that it will not mar the happiness of the day to feel at its close that we have done nothing throughout it to put temptation into the way of another. For the sake of their influence and example, therefore, and in order that no act of theirs should seem, even in the remotest degree, to encourage that intemperance which is such an evil in the midst of us, we hope that our ladies will accede to this suggestion."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have visited Portsmouth, and the town and neighborhood have been stirred to their depth, by the interest and enthusiasm arising out of the evangelists' services. Immense crowds assembled at every meeting, and it is believed that many sinners have been led to Christ. On December 12th, they opened an eight days' campaign at Brighton, where great preparations had been made for their reception, and where for weeks past prayer and preliminary meetings have been held in anticipation of the visit. All sections of the Church of Christ are cordially co-operating, and a rich and lasting blessing is expected.

Eugenie, Ex-Empress of the French, Per-formed a graceful act last week. The Municipality of Marseilles with much obsequiousness presented to Napoleon III., while he was still emperor, a castle and park. When the imperial family were in misfortune and in exile, Marseilles was so mean as to seek to recover its gift in the law courts. The case was tried, and it was decided that the castle and park having been presented to the Emperor personally, were the property of his heirs. The ex-Empress with rare magnanimity has written to her agent directing him to present the town of Marseilles with the property it failed to obtain by law. The Empress says in her letter that in restoring the gift to the original donors, she is carrying out the wishes of the late Emperor.

Emigration from Ireland is not under certain conditions opposed by Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. In the course of a speech at a banquet in his honor, in Cork, Mr. Parnell said he should always oppose any attempt of the government to land emigrants in a *helpless and penniless condition* on the shores of the Eastern States of America. If, he said, England desired to promote the emigration of Irishmen, let them be placed on land in America provided with houses and means to raise a crop the first year of their residence. He advocated relief for congested districts by purchasing for the people vast tracts of grazing land in Ireland, which were peopled before the famine. There was no reason, he said, why they should not be peopled again. A violent speech made by Mr. Biggar, M.P., on December 18th, proves that the Irish leaders are irreconcilable. Mr. Biggar denounced Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as a *bloodthirsty English peer*, who had hanged Hynes and Myles Joyce, although satisfied of their innocence, in order to gratify the English whigs. His remarks were loudly cheered. It is stated that the government will prosecute him for making this speech.

The Archbishopric of Canterbury has been offered, it is stated by an English paper, to Rev. Edward W. Benson, D.D., Bishop of Truro, in Cornwall, who has accepted it. Mr. Gladstone in making this selection has followed the precedent of giving the primacy of the Episcopal Church to an alumnus alternately of the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Dr. Tait, the late Archbishop, was an Oxford man, while Dr. Benson graduated at Cambridge. Dr. Benson is a native of Birmingham where he was born in 1829. Like his predecessor in the primacy, his earlier years, after leaving the university, were devoted to tuition, and it is remarkable that he should have been an assistant-master of Rugby School of which Dr. Tait was head master.

An Indictment was Quashed in a Court in New York last week for a very valid reason. The indictment charged a man with attempting to shoot his wife. Before his trial came on, his counsel rose in the Court of General Sessions, and announced that he had been found dead in his bed, and said he supposed that would put an end to all further proceedings. Judge Cowing said that as soon as a certified copy of the man's death was received, a note of that fact would be placed on the papers and the indictment dismissed. If anxious, awakened souls could only see in this incident a type of their state as dead to the law through the body of Christ they would soon find peace (Rom. 7 : 4).

A Case of Leprosy has been Found in Massachusetts. A physician at Salem, Mass., was consulted by an inmate of the almshouse, who was suffering from a peculiar disease unlike any of the ordinary diseases of this latitude. The physician, after examination, pronounced it leprosy. The patient arrived from San Francisco on December 10th. The disease is pronounced leprosy also by a sea captain and a physician who was familiar with that disorder in Africa. The patient is well educated, and was for several years at Honolulu as chief botanist to Queen Emma. *He has been isolated and his clothing burned.* These extreme precautions were rendered necessary because the law very wisely requires physicians to use every means in their power to isolate patients having contagious diseases. It is careful where physical danger is threatened, but men who are spreading moral contagion are frequently permitted to continue doing so unchecked (Eccles. 9 : 18).

A Pardoned Murderer's Request to a Newspaper reporter is mentioned in a Georgian journal. It was made by the condemned murderer whose pardon by Governor Stephens has caused much discussion in the State and throughout the country. On his arrival at home after his release, he replied, when asked by a reporter if he wished to make any statement for publication: "Nothing, nothing. I want quiet and peace—peace with man and God. Don't even say that I am home again. *Let me stay out of sight of the public.* Now, I'll esteem it a favor if you won't even mention my name." This desire was certainly more creditable than the conduct of other pardoned murderers who are now exhibiting themselves in dime museums and lecturing in our public buildings. They have only been saved from the consequences of their sin; the Governor's pardon does not cleanse from the guilt of it. But the sinner whom God saves is cleansed, and has no need to seek obscurity (Mark 5 : 19).

The Testimony of a Prominent Unitarian minister has been given to the fact that evangelical churches have in the Bible a solid ground for their faith in those points in which it differs from the creed of his own church. This admission was made publicly in the course of an address by Rev. George E. Ellis recently delivered before the Unitarian Club, of Boston, Mass. He said that fifty years of study of the Bible had brought him to the conclusion that "the vast majority of its readers, following its letter, its obvious sense, its natural meaning, and yielding to the impression which some of its emphatic texts make upon them find in it orthodoxy. Only that kind of ingenious, special, discriminative, and—in candor I must add—*forced treatment* which it receives from us liberals, can make the book teach anything but orthodoxy. The evangelical sects, so called, are clearly right in maintaining that their view of Scripture and of its doctrines draws a deep and wide division of creed between them and ourselves." Christian men will rejoice in this frank admission, for they have no higher ambition than to be found in harmony with "the natural meaning" of the Bible.

The Deepest Coal Mine in America, which is a distinction claimed by the Pottsville mine in Pennsylvania, was recently explored by a writer, who gives the following vivid description of the emotions produced by his descent: "Through the shaft 1576 feet in depth, 200 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. The time occupied for lifting a full car through the whole length of the shaft is only a little more than a minute. A

person of weak nerves should not brave the ordeal of descending the shaft. The machinery works as smoothly as a hotel elevator, but the speed is so terrific that one seems *falling through the air.* The knees after a few seconds become weak and tremulous, the ears ring as the drums of these organs are forced inward by the air pressure, and the eyes shut involuntarily as the beams of the shaft seem to dash upward only a foot or two away. Half way down you pass, with a roar and sudden crash, the ascending car; and at last, after what seemed several minutes, but is only a fraction of that time, the platform begins to slow up, halts at a gate, and through it you step into a crowd of creatures, with the shapes of men, but the blackened faces, the glaring eyes, and wild physiognomies of fiends." The sights and scenes are so novel that it seems like another world underground. Visitors on their first sight of it are forced to think of the shadowy descriptions we have of the abode of lost spirits. How sad is the thought that even now thousands of our fellow-creatures are making a descent to that place more rapid, more bewildering than that into the mine, and believers are doing comparatively little to stop them (Isa. 38 : 18).

The Little Demon from England, is the Title by which a man is proud to be known, who on Monday, December 18th, engaged in a *wrestling contest* in Madison Square Garden, New York. The newspapers have for some time past contained stories illustrating his prowess. Though short of stature and of comparatively slight weight, he had in his own country succeeded in throwing heavier and taller men, and had been invariably successful in all his contests. When he arrived in this country he issued a general challenge, which was accepted after a lapse of time by two burly men, but they were unable to stand before him. Then a *third wrestler* who came from the Rocky Mountains accepted, and he and the Englishman met on Monday. Then for the first time the "Little Demon," as the latter is called, found an antagonist he could not throw. The American planted himself firmly on his hands and knees, and the Englishman could not lift him or turn him. After a long struggle a consultation was held, at which the American said he was prepared to maintain his chosen attitude all night. The Englishman then admitted that so long as he did so he could not throw him, and the struggle was discontinued. The scene was a degrading one, but from the incident as reported, a valuable lesson may be learned. Like the Rocky Mountain wrestler, the Christian in his struggle with Satan, cannot be overcome while he continues on his knees (Eph. 6 : 11, 12, 18).

An Interesting Reunion of Veterans and their descendants took place last week in Turn Hall, New York. A large number of white-bearded men were assembled. Met there with them were a number of young men and women, young and old, and a large number of children. Four generations were represented, the oldest being the surviving members of the old Mechanics' Association of the Eleventh Ward, and their children, grand-children, and great-grand-children. The old gentlemen renewed their youth by telling stories of the days when they "ran with engine 13," or some of the other old machines that, in the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department, had their houses on or about Fiftieth Street or the docks adjacent. The younger generation looked at the *relics displayed* about the room, whose history was detailed by the old men who, in their youth, had "run wid the masheen." Among these relics were the *battered trumpet* and fire hat of Foreman George W. Trenchard, who was killed in the discharge of his duty at a fire in Essex Street, in August 1853. Another relic was the silver fire trumpet used by William M. Tweed, when he was foreman of "Big Six." As the old men recalled their experiences they seemed to grow young again. It was a strange assemblage of young and old, at which the bygone times were talked over. A scene, dimly suggesting that future feast when the Christian, having crossed the flood, sits down with his ancestors and the patriarchs in the kingdom of God (Matt. 8 : 11).

"WITHOUT CAREFULNESS."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I would have you without carefulness."—1 CORINTHIANS 7 : 32.

The Higher Rule of Life—How Christians may be Without Carefulness—I. By Avoidance of States Where it is Involved—The Marriage of Christians—The Time of Which Paul Wrote—The General Principle—Increased Worldly Business—The Steps Downward—Public Engagements—Sunday Work—Desperate Speculation—II. Avoid Objects of Pursuit that Foster It—Avarice—Thirst for Honor—Earthly Idols—III. By Exercising Childlike Faith—Never Anticipate Trials—Be Content with the Lord's Will—Be Sure of His Love—Faith in Prayer—A Widow's Strait—"My Grandfather"—A Penurious Maiden Lady—The Best Troubles in the World.

AT the time when Paul wrote these words he was giving judgment as to whether it was expedient for Christians in those days to marry. The question was whether they were likely to be better Christians married or unmarried. This was a question of much delicacy, and Paul answered it with remarkable discretion and fidelity; and in so doing he laid down a great general principle, which is of much more value to the church to-day than Paul's private opinion about the matter of marriage or non-marriage.

The general principle in our text I will endeavor to open up before you. We who have believed are the servants of Christ, and are no longer at our own disposal. We are not our own, for we are bought with a price. If you look back in the chapter, at the twenty-third verse, you find a statement to that effect. Hence our business in life is to serve him who has redeemed us. This one occupation should entirely absorb and engross us. Everything, therefore, which helps us to serve the Lord Jesus better is a good thing; but everything which hampers and hinders us in the main business of our life, though it may be good enough for others, is bad for us.

He who would be eminent in any one direction must forego a great many other things which are perfectly allowable; these he must renounce for the sake of his one object. He will not succeed unless he sacrifices all other things to the one chief thing. So must it be with the Christian. The rule of his life is to be, "This I will not do, this I will not enjoy, this I will not allow to myself, because I could not serve God so well with it; and my business is to keep myself in the best possible form for doing my Master's work." We are to labor as much as ever we can for our Lord, and all other result of life must be to us as chaff to the wheat.

How are we to be without carefulness? This must be the work of the Holy Ghost, for He is the Comforter, and the helper of our infirmities; but as far as we are to work with Him the question needs a careful reply. How are we to be without carefulness?

I. I answer: we may hopefully attempt this in the power of God, first, by avoiding those STATES WHICH INVOLVE CAREFULNESS.

Mark well, it is not given to many to select their place in life. More or less it may be committed to us to turn to the right or to the left on certain occasions, but men and women are thrown into certain conditions in which it may be their duty to abide in their calling, though it may surround them with special difficulties. That calling may be one which ordinarily involves a vast amount of care and anxious thought, and yet they cannot get out of it. They ought not to leap the hedge which the Lord has placed along their way, for if they do they may fall into a ditch on the other side, and mire their garments, and so make matters worse. By crying to God for help, and trusting in His sure word, they will be able to bear the burden which God has put upon them, and it is their wisdom so to do. Yet there are points in which we are allowed a choice about the state in which we would place ourselves, and here our text comes in as a rule of action.

Paul, in the case before us, is talking about *the marriage of Christians*, and he bids Christians,

in the first place, not to marry; for, says he, "I would have you without carefulness. He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."

Now, observe the condition of affairs which led Paul to give this advice. Times of great persecution were present. Christians were continually being dragged into court, or set before the lions in the amphitheatre, or shut up in prison, or put to cruel deaths; in such circumstances few would desire to have families about them. The Christian man who had no wife or child could flee in a moment if it was right to flee; or when he stood before the bar of Nero he had not to think within himself, "If I die, I leave a wife and fatherless children." When the single man put on his hat he housed all his family, and thus he could move this way or that way to preach the Gospel, or to escape from persecution, and his moving was no great affair such as would be involved in transporting a family from land to land. He was thus without carefulness.

In those hard and desperate times it was the best possible thing that a man could do, or a woman either, to remain single; they were thus in the best condition for flight or suffering or service or death. It was not a time in which they could settle down and engage in trade or agriculture; and he therefore gives as a recommendation that they had better not then be married. *If we get into such times again we will give the same advice*, but we are not certain that we should speak thus to-day, as a general rule. The circumstances are decidedly different, and we are to follow the great principle rather than the particular instance. I have known brethren who I am sure had a great deal more care before they were married than ever they had afterward. Poor things that they were, they wanted somebody to look after them. I have known cases in which women have had great care and burden in their single state, and have found rest in the house of a husband; and it has been upon the whole the best for them in the truest sense; they served God better, and were freer from carefulness in the married estate. That is

THE RULE TO JUDGE BY.

But numbers of you never judge at all in this way. Many men and women rush into marriage when they know that it must involve them in all sorts of care and trouble, and deprive them of the possibility of doing anything in the Master's service. It is not for me to offer advice, for it is useless. I am often asked for advice, but I generally find that people have made up their minds long before they come to their minister, and only want him to sanction what they have already settled; and therefore I very seldom give any counsel.

Still, I shall lay down the general principle, which every Christian man and woman must accept—"I would have you to be free from cares." You are to put this to the front, that you are not your own, you are bought with a price; and about this matter of marriage, as well as everything else, you are to consult the will of your Lord and Master, and you are to put this as the question, "Shall I glorify God better married or unmarried? May I hope that I shall not so greatly increase my carefulness as to distract myself from serving my Lord? If so, I may enter upon it; but if not, I am not to gratify myself at my Saviour's expense. I may not marry, if I should then cease to be as good a servant of Christ as I am now."

We have got over that somewhat difficult part of our road which is concerned with marriage. We come to another which is very plain, but needs to be spoken of; namely, the matter of

INCREASED WORLDLY BUSINESS.

Some forget this advice of the apostle altogether, regarding it as a check upon enterprise; such persons take up a number of businesses, and consequently increase their cares indefinitely. Now, if you can serve God better by having a dozen shops, have a dozen; but I have known persons whom God blessed in one shop, and they lost the blessing when they must needs open two or three.

If this were the time, I could mention persons who were members of this church whose departure

from the way of righteousness was owing to a grasping spirit; and that grasping spirit has in certain cases led to a *foolish rush after riches*, which has ended in poverty and discredit. They had as much as they could have managed, but they wanted more and more and more; and to get more they ventured upon ways and methods which were questionable. By and by the means of grace were neglected because they must attend to business. Very soon, for the same reason, they could not get up on a Sunday morning: they were so tired; they did not get the shop shut till twelve, and then there was clearing up till half-past one, and they could not get out on a Sunday morning. Worse than that, after a while they just looked over the ledger a little on Sunday afternoon. Soon the very vitals of godliness were gone, and not long after that, the name to live went also; for the power of godliness had entirely departed from them. "I would have you without carefulness," and therefore to the most enterprising brother I would say, Brother, do not fill your pocket at the expense of your soul. Do what is best for the best part of yourself; and that best part of yourself is the soul which deals with God and eternity.

Some Christian men need to have a touch on the elbow about

PUBLIC ENGAGEMENTS.

For my part, I believe that everything which concerns a man concerns a Christian, and that God never wished His servants to leave the government of this realm to all the place-hunters and unprincipled self-seekers who look for a seat in Parliament. Christian men ought to see to it that right is promoted and justice done. *To abandon law-making to the worst of men would be infamous*. So with everything which concerns the public weal; I believe that we are to turn the scale for truth and righteousness, and are not to let the devil have his way, and give jobbery and oppression the run of all the parishes in England. But there is a limit to a man's acceptance of public office, and let that limit be watched carefully by all the Lord's children. Let the rule be; first our God, and then our fellow-men.

SUNDAY WORK.

Here I wish to say another word to some whose *occupations prevent their attendance at the house of God*. I am not going to censure or judge any, but I will say this: whenever I hear of a young man who has a situation with a moderate salary, who is able to get out to worship, and has the whole Sabbath day to himself, so that he can help in the Sunday-school, and perhaps in some week-evening engagements, if I hear that he is offered twice as much money in a place where he must be shut out from worship and service, I hope he will look long before he makes the bargain. If part of the Sabbath must go, and all week-night privileges must go, I would in most cases say, "My brother, forego the temporal advantage for the sake of the spiritual."

There may be exceptions to rules, and I lay down nothing as a hard-and-fast rule, but still let this be the general guide in such matters, "I would have you without carefulness." No amount of salary can make up to you the disadvantage of being kept from the assemblies of the saints, or can make up to your soul the loss sustained by excessive labor in the house of bondage. "I would have you without carefulness."

This bears very hard upon all those *forms of*

SPECULATION

of which some men are so fond. A man says, "I believe that I can get rich in a hurry by a certain venture." Do not touch it. You will have no end of care, and it may bring absolute poverty upon you. You have heard of the man who hasted to be rich, and was *not* innocent. I am afraid that few are long innocent who haste to be rich. They clutch at everything on a sudden, and they are apt to include in that clutch a few things which do not belong to them. What devouring care must prey upon those whose trade is as risky as a throw of the dice? When business is mere gambling, it ceases to be legitimate. Brethren, abstain from those things which inevitably create undue excitement, anxiety, and suspense. I speak

as unto wise men; judge ye what I say; I would have you without carefulness, and therefore I would have you avoid those states which involve it.

II. Secondly, by keeping away from those OBJECTS OF PURSUIT

which would naturally foster it, I would have you without carefulness.

When a man makes *the gaining of riches* the first thing in life he cannot be without carefulness. Where his treasure is, there will his heart be also. There is the carefulness to get, the carefulness to hold, the carefulness to place out at interest, the carefulness to collect dues, and so forth. Ay, and this may be the case even with poor people, who may be as full of greedy care as the millionaire. Thrift is commendable; but covetousness is detestable. Men not only lay by for a rainy day, which is well; but they make saving the main object of their *lean and hungry lives*, and God's glory and man's needs are alike forgotten. Now, if you live for anything but God—especially if you live to hoard up, with the determination that somehow or other you will be immensely rich, you *must* be full of carefulness; it cannot be helped.

Suppose that you are of a nobler spirit, and you live with the view of *gaining honor* among men; you will with equal certainty be full of cares. I hope you will not say, "I must be honored. I must have my neighbors think well of me; and I will make a slave or a fool or a hypocrite of myself to please them." This resolve is detestable, and if you go into that line you will not be without carefulness, I can tell you; and with all your carefulness you will never succeed.

How blessedly easy I feel in my work for God! But I owe that ease to the fact that I have no one to please but my Lord. When I preach, the last thing that ever occurs to me is to ask myself whether any of you will like it or not. It is no wish of mine to give offence; but it has never occurred to me to think whether you will be offended or not. I do not think you would respect me if I made my preaching an occasion for seeking to please you. If it pleases God it will please you, if you are right; and if you are wrong, and it does not please you, well, it never ought to please you. This enables a preacher to give all his mind to his subject; the opposite feeling would distract him, and make him live the life of a toad under a harrow.

Go into life in just that kind of spirit. Do everything to please your fellow-man if it will do him real good. Never be ungenerous nor unkind nor uncourteous; but never live to please the world. No slave is so slavish as the wretch who draws his breath from other people's nostrils, and can only live if he be approved by his neighbors. Scorn such servitude. I would have you without carefulness, and you cannot be without carefulness if you seek to please men.

Some persons have a favorite object in life—not God, but an earthly thing; and these cannot be without carefulness. Dear mother, love your children by all manner of means, but if that little one has become an idol, I am sure you cannot be without carefulness. I have known

MOTHERS KILL THEIR CHILDREN

because they did not want them to die. That is to say, they never let the wind blow on them, they kept them in a handbox, screened the blessed air of heaven from them, and so brought them up that they became weak and sickly, thanks to their mothers' indulgent care. Lots of children have suffered a martyrdom from too much nursing, and excessive carefulness has created cause for care.

If it is not a child, if it is anything else that becomes the pet and hobby of life, you will soon find that you have plenty of care about it; a horse, a dog, a flower, a painting, may entangle men and women in nets of care. I have seen it, and lamented it. The more objects you set your heart upon, the more thorns there are to tear your peace of mind into shreds. I know people who dread every puff of wind, and every shower of rain, because a yacht might be tossed about, or a garden-party spoiled; such trifles may sensible people be troubled about. "What are we to do, then?" says one. Why, live to God; live to God wholly. Put everything else into its true place.

III. But now, thirdly, and better still, I would have you without carefulness by exercising a

CHILDLIKE FAITH

in the ever-blessed God.

He sends you troubles and trials, but be without carefulness, first, *by never trying to anticipate them*. Never meet them half way. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Oh, the strength it gives a man when he learns to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread"! It would be a poor prayer if a man should cry, "Lord, give me a guarantee of my bread for six months." No, no; the Lord never taught us to ask for that; that forestalling of the demands of the future finds no petition written for it. Our Lord would have us cultivate the feeling that whatever the necessity of the day, whatever the requirement of the day, whatever the trial of the day, we shall take it to God as it comes, and He will there and then meet the case. Commit your way unto the Lord, and then be without carefulness.

The next thing is, if you would be without carefulness, *be quite content with the Lord's will*. Suppose you do not prosper in business as you would like, be content not to do so. Do your best, and leave your prospering in the hands of God. Suppose that after consulting a physician you find that your complaint is not removed; duly follow all right and wise prescriptions and directions, and then *leave your health with God*. With regard to those you love, when you have prayed for their restoration, and they are not restored, then say still, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

If you cannot suit your purse to your wishes, bring your wishes to your purse. Higher still, if God does not give you all your desires, do the other thing—submit all your desires to God. When your desires and God's decrees agree all will be well. Whether God gives you your wish or you give up your wish will make no notable difference. You will be equally happy so long as your will is God's will, and God's will is your will. And I believe—and I speak experimentally—that, when you are racked with pain, if God teaches you to submit—and it is often a hard lesson—you can suffer in every limb, and yet sing in your inmost soul.

The next thing is to *be quite sure about the love of God*. He cannot make a mistake, and He cannot fail His people. If the worst thing, as it seems to us, should happen, it must be the right thing, because God has sent it. Be sure also that when our needs come, God's supplies will come too. The Lord is bound by His own promise to provide for all the real necessities of those who trust in Him. Oh, that we did thoroughly know God, and did fully believe in Him! Then would our peace be as a river, and our joy like that of birds when the sun is rising. Then should we sing:

"I have no cares, O Blessed Lord,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, too, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine."

Another sweet thing would help us to be without care, and that is, fully to *believe in the power of prayer*, and in the fact that God does actually answer it. God will grant His children's desires, and answer their prayers. We constantly meet with instances in which God does most manifestly come to the help of those that walk before Him aright. I personally met this week with

A NOTABLE CASE.

A dear sister is left a widow, with three children. She wonders what she shall do for the morning's bread. There is none in the house. She bethinks herself that she formerly kept shop, and that she has a few goods left, a little stained and soiled, but still saleable at a price. She goes into her room, and prays God in her agony of soul to direct her to a customer. To her delight a person asks her whether she kept shop once, in such and such a road. Yes, she is the individual. Such goods as she used to buy at the shop this person cannot get anywhere else, and she much needs them. Could she tell her where she could get the like? Yes, these are the very goods that she had hoped to sell, and though a little soiled and stained the inquirer is glad to have them. The very person who wants them has come to buy

them before she has crossed the threshold to seek a customer, and she is amazed at the goodness of the Lord.

This honest woman is told that it was a *mere coincidence*: she says that she knows nothing about coincidences, but she blesses the Lord that her wants were supplied for the time, and she means to trust Him for the future. I did not attempt to alter her resolution to rely in future upon God in time of trouble; on the contrary, I cheered her in it, for I would have her without carefulness.

When

MY GRANDFATHER

was a young man, before my days, he had a great family and a small income. He had a cow that he kept for his children, and he went to fetch it up from the meadow, and when it was near the house it was taken with "the staggers," and died. My grandmother said, "There, James, what shall we do now through the winter without the cow?" He replied, "My dear, God has provided for us, and He always will, though I do not know how;" and with a heavy heart he went to pray and lay his trouble before the Lord.

I have heard the dear old man tell how that morning brought a post-letter, with ninepence to pay; and grandmother said, "Troubles never come alone. Here is ninepence to pay for this letter. Shall we take it in?" But when she did take it in, it brought twenty pounds from a society in London, to which the good man had never applied. He could not make out how they knew of him at all; but the Lord knew, and led them to send the money on the day of his greatest need. These stories are a few out of many that are in my wallet, instances which I have gathered in my pilgrimage; I have seen enough in my own lifetime to fill a volume concerning the goodness of the Lord in answer to His children's prayers. When you are as sure that God answers prayer as I am sure of it then you will realize the meaning of the text, "I would have you without carefulness."

Some people of my acquaintance are full of carefulness. I know a *maiden lady* now who possesses what many poor people would think to be wealth. She has a fixed, regular, and ample income, but she will not spend it because she must first save a certain sum. At first her ambition was to have enough in hand to bury her. Why, she has enough already to *bury twenty of her*; but she keeps on nipping and screwing still, and whenever you meet her she talks of how little she eats, and how dear everything is. She might live in plenty, and have something for the cause of God; but instead of that she has always an awful story about her expenses. She is of such a spirit that she is a burden to herself, and a plague to all who are about her.

When you once give way to grumbling and grasping, then you are careful and careful and careful till you become good-for-nothing in the service of God. Do, I pray you, brothers and sisters, try to get rid of this disease, for your fretful carefulness will make you a misery to yourself and to your friends; it will destroy your power to do good; and it will cut off your communion with God; for, if you do not trust God, God will not walk with you. I do not care to have a man of my acquaintance who does not believe in me. I cannot bear him if he is always mistrusting me. And so it is with God; He will not commune with you or smile upon you, if you will not trust Him; but if you will leave everything with Him, and believe that your heavenly Father knows best, you shall have many a kind word from His lips, and you shall find what a good, gracious, loving Father He is.

Even our troubles are

THE BEST TROUBLES IN THE WORLD.

Our cross is a heavy one; but it is the best cross for us. Each man has the cross which best befits him. You could not carry mine, and I could not carry yours half so well as my own. Despite your peculiar trials, you are a happy and a favored man, and God has dealt infinitely better with you than you ever deserved or could have expected. Praise Him, then, and bless His name. *Get out of the fidgets*, brother, if you can. Get out of the worries, my dear sister. You are a good, dear house-

wife; and your husband says if he could get a little of the Mary into you, and a little of the Martha out of you, you would be a perfect wife. Is not this a practical suggestion? Let us see whether we cannot, each one, be improved by trying to be without carefulness.

The best thing you, my dear brothers and sisters, can do in a great trouble may be to remember that text, "So he giveth his beloved sleep." Pray over your difficulty, and then go to sleep, and wake up and find it all over, for the Lord has wrought a great deliverance for you. I knew one well who was always in trouble about how he should die. Dear good man, he refused to be comforted, but was often troubled about the horrors of the departing hour; until one night he went to bed, and shut his eyes on earth, and opened them in glory. He never knew that he was away from earth, till he knew that he was in heaven, for he died in his sleep; and so it turned out that he had been worrying himself about nothing.

Leave everything with God. If I can trust my soul with Him, I am sure I can trust my body with Him; if I can trust my eternal condition with Him, cannot I trust Him with a matter of a five-pound note? What, rest on Christ for glory, and not rest on Christ for bread! Come, come; the Lord get you out of that low, unbelieving state. I am nearly at a close, and so I press upon you my text. Like Paul, "I would have you without carefulness." May you be so through the power of the gracious God who taught the apostle Peter to say in the Spirit, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Amen.

MR. SAMUEL BOWLY.

SAMUEL BOWLY, whose name is a household word among the friends of temperance, was born at Cirencester, England, March 22d, 1802, and his great age may certainly be allowed to speak in favor of the temperance principles he has so long professed being conducive to length of days.

His father was a well-to-do miller, living a little way out of Cirencester, and upon the close of his school days Samuel entered the same line of business. Education in the villages of England, in those years, was not in a very flourishing condition, and it deserves to be mentioned that the youth, fresh from school, thought it his duty to do what he could to instruct those who had never enjoyed his advantages. This was the more to his credit when we remember, not only the ignorance of villagers generally, but the strong prejudice against educating the industrial classes. More than fifty years ago, when as a young man Mr. Bowly was engaged at this work in the West of England, there were doubtless numbers who looked upon it as a dangerous precedent, and gravely shook their heads as they thought of "whereunto this would grow."

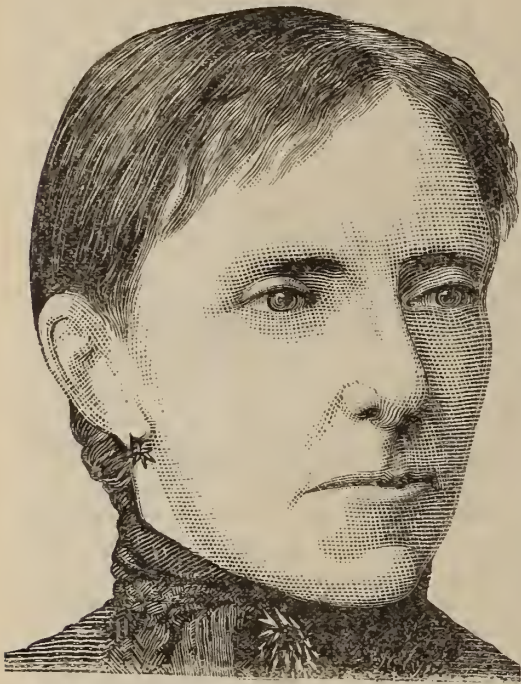
NO HARM CAME OF IT,

however, but, on the contrary, a great deal of good, both to the teacher and the taught. As he grew in years and prospered in business, Mr. Bowly removed from Cirencester to the neighborhood of Gloucester, where he has spent the greater part of his life. At the "Horsepools," as his residence is named, he has been a kind of Gaius, for beneath his hospitable roof, at intervals, have some of the best from all parts of the world received kindly hospitality, and have taken away with them to distant lands impressions of simple English life which formed some of their most pleasant remembrances in after years. All readers of *the autobiography of John B. Gough* will remember his kindly references to Mr. Bowly and his home.

In speaking, however, of the work with which his name has been so honorably connected for more than forty-four years, it may be that he will be better known to many of more recent times at least. Some of the best temperance men have sprung from

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,

among whom, denominationally speaking, Samuel Bowly takes his place. They have for long years felt, and seriously considered, the evils resulting from the prevailing drinking customs of society, and the responsibility which rests upon them to counteract the desolating mischief. Mr.



Mrs. Jane Sewell.

John Bright, it is well known, has been an abstainer for about forty years. Speaking in the yearly meeting of the society, in 1875, the Right Honorable Minister said: "One friend has said that he has not taken intoxicating drinks for thirty-five years; I will not say that I have abstained for so long, but for thirty-four years, from the time I became a householder, I have not bought any wine or spirituous liquor whatever. I have in my house no decanters, and I think I have no wine-glasses, and have not had them since 1839, when I took to housekeeping. It has caused me some inconvenience and trouble, but, altogether, I have had no occasion to regret the steps I then took; while I may say that if I had again to live those thirty-four years, I have sometimes doubted whether I should, considering the difficulties occasioned thereby, take such a step again. I do not, therefore, profess to be better than other people. I believe it would be an advantage which no words in our language are at all adequate to describe, if those who try to do anything for their fellows, would bring about a current of national opinion in favor of abstinence from a source of so much evil."

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Samuel Bowly, in point of time, had a slight advantage over Mr. Bright in his adoption of total abstinence principles; for while the latter became an abstainer in 1839, the former dates from 1835. At a temperance meeting, which was being held at Gloucester, he

SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

It was certain that this was done on public grounds alone, and because he wished to influence the working classes to come and do likewise. He felt, no doubt, as many public-spirited, philanthropic men have since confessed, that their example would be the best eloquence that could be brought to bear upon the working classes. When he could use the old strong argument, which with Englishmen has never failed to carry great weight, when he could say "Do as I do," and not simply "Do as I say," he could make an appeal which could not fail to command respect.

One who has written in terms of true sympathy of the public career of Mr. Bowly has reminded us that although he is an earnest man of business, he does not give his time to it to the exclusion of everything else, and as an excuse for the rejection of the claims of Christ or society. "Many will be astonished to learn that he has been as successful a man of business as if he had never devoted his time to anything else. He was formerly chairman of the Gloucester and Birmingham Railway, and took an active part in the management of the Gloucestershire Banking Company. He was for some time a Director and Trustee of the Temperance

General Life Office, and took his full share of work in local societies for the benefit of his fellow townsmen.

He was the intimate friend of the late Joseph Sturge, and co-operated with him in his many political and social reforms, especially in his advocacy of permanent and universal peace. He is also an esteemed preacher of the Gospel in the Society of Friends, and takes an active part in all their proceedings. With all these claims upon time and attention, he is spending the remaining years of his life as he spent his earliest, in the service of his blessed Lord and Master.

AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT BY THE NILE.

THE picture on page 829 represents a modern Arab encampment among the ruins of departed greatness on the banks of the river Nile, in Egypt. The religion of the ancient Egyptians has been the subject of comment by many learned writers, among whom the "father of history" himself, Herodotus, stands conspicuous. According to the Bible, the crowning glory of the wisdom of King Solomon was that it "excelled the wisdom of Egypt."

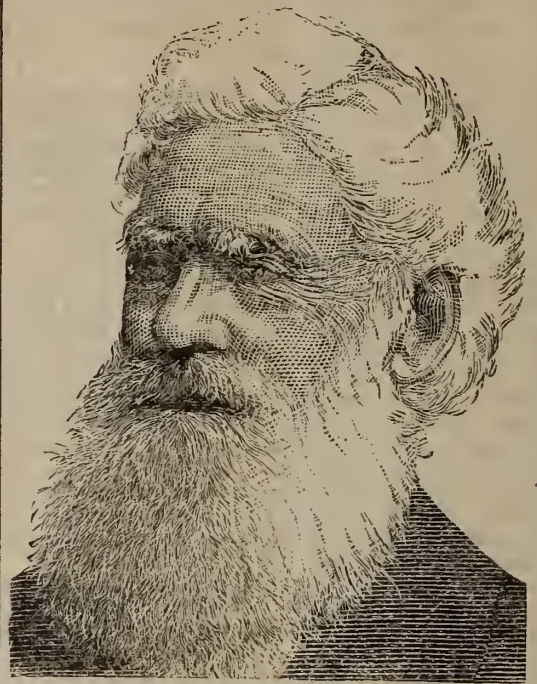
Egypt may boast of an extreme antiquity. A pyramid at Sakkdrah, near Thebes, was 2000 years old in the time of Abraham. During the period of Israel's bondage in Egypt the country was already in its decadence, and its religion had lost much of its original purity.

The moral code of the Egyptians was exceedingly elaborate. It consisted of forty-two commandments or heads under which all sins might be classed. This code was the ideal placed before men on earth; it was the standard of perfection according to which they would be judged in heaven. Men were taught from childhood that they must appear in the presence of the Divine Judge, and say: "I have not privily done evil to my neighbors. I have not afflicted any, nor caused any to weep. I have not told lies. I have not done any wicked thing. I have not done what is hateful to the gods. I have not been idle. I have not stolen. I have not committed adultery. I have not committed murder." And so on.

But their commandments were positive as well as negative. On the tombs we find the common formula: "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, shelter to the stranger." In the lamentation at funerals, the mourners see the deceased entering the presence of the Divine Judge, and they chant the words: "There is no fault in him. No accuser riseth up against him. In the truth he liveth, with the truth he nourisheth himself. The gods are satisfied with all that he hath done. He succored the afflicted, he gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, he sheltered the outcast, his doors were open to the stranger, he was a father to the fatherless." This was the principle of the final judgment announced by the Son of Man to whom "all judgment is committed" some 4000 years afterward among the hills of Palestine.

It was the opinion of Herodotus that the "Egyptians were the first people who affirmed the immortality of the soul." Birth into this world they called death into the land of darkness; death they spoke of as birth into the manifestation of light. There are a large number of papyri found in the tombs laid beside and upon the mummies, which are known as "The Book" or "Ritual of the Dead." The "Book of the Dead" describes the passage of the deceased into the presence of the Eternal Judge, *Osiris*.

The story of *Osiris* is one of great interest. He is said to have been a divine being, who in ancient times descended to earth and took upon him the form and nature of man. A being perfectly good, he ameliorated mankind by persuasion and by good deeds. But at length he was killed by *Typhon* the Evil One. His wife *Isis* went through the world in search of him, asking the little children if they had seen her lord. He was raised to life again, and he made his son *Horus* his avenger on the Evil One. It is this sacrifice which *Osiris* had once accomplished in behalf of man on earth which makes him the protector of man in the other world,



Mr. Samuel Bowly.

the invisible place. The god-man becomes not only the guide of the deceased through the outer world; he also clothes him with his own divine nature, so that throughout the books the deceased is described as *Osiris M. or N.*, for he has put on, and become identified with, *Osiris*; and he sits on the throne of justice, the Judge Eternal.

In the claim which Egypt has upon our attention and affections, let us never forget that it welcomed as guest the patriarch to whom Judaism, Christianity, and Islam trace back their spiritual origin, "our forefather Abraham;" and that it was the home in which the infant Saviour of the world, lying in His mother's arms, found a refuge, and the highest significance was given to the words, "Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

MRS. SEWELL.

MRS. JANE SEWELL has been doing an unostentatious, but most important work on behalf of Gospel Temperance in London. She was born in the little village of Long Stratton, Norfolk, and early fell under the blight of the liquor curse. The youngest of four children, her father died when she was an infant, and her mother was left in a somewhat straitened position through the intemperate habits of her husband, sometime before his decease. This circumstance led to the subject of our sketch being sent out into the world at an early age. However, her mother was a pious woman, and early taught her child the way heavenward.

When she was twenty years of age, Mrs. Sewell was launched upon the great sea of London life. Here, amid the manifold temptations and distractions of a busy and thoughtless city, early religious impressions were in great part effaced. She married, and determined to enjoy such pleasures as the world affords; but she soon found that these were very few, and that in the majority of cases they left behind a bitter taste. The year 1870 was a momentous one in her career. She was induced to attend a mission in Whitecross Street, and through the instrumentality of George Vigeon, she was as a heart-sick penitent brought back to the fold of Christ. It was then that she began to cast about for a useful sphere of labor for her Redeemer.

Shortly after the opening of Hoxton Hall, by Mr. William Noble, hearing so much of the good work being done there by the Blue Ribbon Army, she determined to go and judge for herself. She was very favorably impressed, and, finding that the Gospel was blended with Temperance, she saw at once that she could conscientiously join in so excellent a movement. First essaying to address a women's meeting she felt her own weakness and unworthiness; but God blessed her testimony, and has since continued to do so most richly.

Since then Mrs. Sewell has occupied most of her time in the great harvest field. Her path has not lain among roses; it has often been beset with briars and thorns, but drawing her strength from One who never fails us in time of need, she has gone boldly forward, conquering and to conquer. She has done splendid and enduring work under the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Beer-houses. Such an occupation as visiting low drinking-saloons, has required rare nerve, tact, and character; but that Mrs. Sewell has well fulfilled her mission is evident from the records of the association. She has distributed hundreds of tracts to the wretched hangers-on at the bars; and she has had the unspeakable satisfaction, from time to time, of seeing the very outcasts of society brought into the glorious liberty of the Gospel. On one occasion a rum-seller accosted her with the words, "A pretty fine thing you have done, coming here with your tracts—my barmen will not serve on Sundays." She remarked that she hoped it was true, and rather singularly the publican in replying that it was, expressed a hope that they would continue in their good resolution!

Mrs. Sewell was led to take up this branch of the work through seeing, one Sunday evening when leaving public worship, so many young people blindly and callously rushing on to certain ruin. She prayed God to enable her to do something to stem the tide of evil flowing with seemingly irresistible force around her; and on the next Sabbath evening, accompanied by one lady friend, she visited twelve beer houses, at only one of which they were uncourteously received. Since then she has been appointed by the society above named, local secretary for a busy district, and is now a regular visitor at twenty-two beer houses.

Many are the stories that Mrs. Sewell has to tell of her rescue work. She has been the means of arresting country girls, once Sabbath-school scholars, from a life of degrading misery; she has brought together husbands and wives, separated by the giant curse of intemperance; and she has carried love and happiness into many a household, where for long blank years they had been utterly unknown.

One out of many instances of self-sacrificing duty and its delightful reward must suffice. Mrs. Sewell had occasion to visit the "home" of a man who once occupied a good position, but who through dreadfully dissolute habits brought his wife and four children to the depths of degradation and misery. "Never," says Mrs. Sewell, "shall I forget the first visit to that home. The door was opened by his heart-broken wife, who ushered me along a dark passage. Then following her down a flight of stairs to a back kitchen, she informed the man that a lady from Hoxton Hall had come to see him. He shouted, 'I will not see her.' But I called out, 'I am coming.' He still refused to see me, daring his wife to open the door. After much perseverance, however, I succeeded in gaining an entrance. I found the room was destitute of all furniture except the bed he was



An Arab Encampment by the Nile.

lying on. A chair without a bottom was found for me to sit upon, and after staying with him for some time, pleading with him, I knelt down and asked God to save him. Before coming away he promised he would have no more drink.

"On the following day I asked Mrs. Noble to come with me to visit this case, and she kindly consented. When we reached the house we found him at home sober, but looking very dejected. We asked him to come up in the evening to the hall, but he said he would rather wait until he was better. Mrs. Noble turning to him, said, 'You know what the hymn says:

"If you wait until you're better,
You will never come at all."

He at last made a promise to come and sign the pledge, and true to that word he was there and signed the pledge. I followed that man up and *never let two days pass without visiting that home.* What a change had taken place in a few weeks' time! Now nearly three years have passed away, and that household is entirely transformed. Instead of uproar and squalor, peace and comfort are found, and the little circle is thoroughly united and happy. Such are some of the results being daily effected by Gospel Temperance."

RICHARD OWEN'S CHOICE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

Fernley Hall Sold.

In the Bradborough counting-house were Mr. Farr and his manager, Crossley. They had been hard at work turning over huge ledgers, making up accounts, and balancing the same. After several busy days their labors seemed to have come to an end; and if we might judge from the expression on the master's face, the result must have been very satisfactory.

Mr. Farr might well be satisfied, for he had never known so prosperous a year, and his own wealth, and that of his partner, had increased to a degree never dreamed of by either.

"Well, Crossley," said he, "this has been a wonderful year, equal to the four that went before it. Another or two of the same sort, and we

have only had three bad debts; Scott's was the largest, I believe."

"Yes, sir; we did some repairs first, and then we made some new machinery for his mill. He failed a few weeks afterward."

"I remember. We turned away Owen for refusing to help at those repairs on a Sunday."

"Yes, sir. And, Mr. Farr, it is a very singular circumstance; but there was Sunday work done at every one of those three places where we made bad debts."

Mr. Farr laughed; then turned suddenly grave as he saw a peculiar look on the face of his manager. "Do you think, Crossley," he asked, "that these bad debts were the consequence of our working on Sunday?"

"It isn't for me to say that positively, sir, but—"

"But what? Out with it, man. I promise you, Crossley, I will not be offended with so old and faithful a servant as yourself."

"Then, sir, I do think that, whether those bad debts really came through Sunday work or not, *we deserved them for ever doing it.* And, Mr. Farr, where are the men we worked for on the Sunday?"

Mr. Farr colored, but did not at once reply, for Crossley's remark struck home. The three gentlemen to whom the manager alluded, might all be classed among those who, hastening to be rich, had not been innocent. They had worked with only one end in view, that of winning great wealth. To a certain extent they had succeeded; but not being contented with fair gains, they had speculated deeply—*gambled* would perhaps be the better word, and had found that "riches certainly make themselves wings." These men were worse than poor, for they had not the means of paying what they owed.

"It is rather singular, Crossley," said Mr. Farr, after a brief silence; "you are right with regard to these bad debts. Besides, I consider I lost something in another way when I dismissed Richard Owen."

"I thought little enough about it then, but I have seen things in a different light since. Owen has lost nothing by the change, for God has prospered him in his new calling."

might turn our backs on trade altogether. Not that I should retire so early, though," interposed the speaker, somewhat hastily, "for a man in the prime of life ought to have employment, whatever his circumstances may be. However, Crossley, both Mr. Bradley and I feel greatly indebted to your exertions, and wish to give you a proof of our esteem."

As Mr. Farr spoke, he slipped a bank note of great value into his manager's hand, and interrupted Crossley's acknowledgments by saying, "This is not all. We intend to increase your salary, and next year, if things go on well, you shall have a share in the concern."

Crossley warmly expressed his gratitude, and Mr. Farr soon after once more glanced over the books. "Let me see," said he, "we

"And hasn't He prospered us, then? Had we ever such a year as this has been?"

"No, sir, but"—

"You are giving me another of your 'buts,' Crossley, and putting on that foreboding face that might foretell all sorts of evils. Now if you say that Richard Owen has prospered because he did a certain thing, you might as well say that I ought to be ruined because I did the opposite; yet you see we have thriven in our large way, just as much as Owen has done in his little one."

"I don't know whether I can make plain what I feel about the matter, Mr. Farr," said Crossley, "but lately I have been led to see things in a different light from what I once did. And it comes to just this, that I would rather prosper in a very little humble way, *if that were God's way*, than be the richest man in the world and feel that, in getting my wealth I had broken and encouraged others to break one of God's commandments."

"And you are afraid of our present prosperity, because you think we have not gone the way to draw down a blessing upon us?"

Mr. Farr spoke very calmly, far more so than Crossley expected. Having said so much, the manager determined not to shrink from what he felt to be true, and therefore replied, "Yes, sir, I am afraid. And oh, Mr. Farr," he added, "I hope you will forgive my plain speaking. Nobody wishes your prosperity more than I do, or"—

"Has done more to advance it. Crossley, I am not offended at you; because I know no master ever had a more faithful servant than yourself. But you would not have spoken in this manner a year ago."

"No, sir. But I can say like one of old, that 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' The same blessed Saviour who restored that man's eyesight, opened the eyes of my understanding also. He enabled me to see myself as a lost and guilty sinner, unable by anything I could do to gain pardon or acceptance."

"And then, Crossley?"

"And then, sir, He revealed Himself to me, as the Saviour of guilty sinners such as I, as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. And oh, sir, when we once understand something of Christ's wondrous love to us, we are stirred to manifest our faith in Him by our obedience to His commandments. We begin to fear to offend while we love to obey Him."

"Why, Crossley, I never thought I should hear you holding forth in this fashion, still less that I should have patience to listen."

"Indeed, sir, I thought it as little as you; but when the 'glad tidings of great joy' have come home to our own hearts we long for others to share them with us. You're not offended, I trust."

"Not a bit, not a bit. I am quite sure you mean well. We shall, perhaps, have a little more talk on the subject; and one thing I will promise, that no man employed here shall ever be asked to do a stroke of work on Sunday."

"Thank God for that," said Crossley, as his master left the counting-house. "That is a step in the right direction, though I doubt it is caused less by a wish to obey the commandment—'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' than by the thought that no benefit comes of Sunday work after all."

As Mr. Farr went home, his mind was a good deal occupied with the conversation between Crossley and himself. He could not help thinking of the many earthly blessings which surrounded him, and asking himself, "Have I felt thankful for them? Have I considered from whom all blessings flow, or have I considered that it is just by my own labor I have gotten these things?"

The answer was by no means a satisfactory one; and when Mr. Farr entered his well-furnished, cheerful home, and saw his smiling wife ready to welcome him, while little hands laid hold of his, and little voices gave a shout of gladness, his heart smote him for his want of gratitude to the Giver of all good.

"I have a visitor here," said Mrs. Farr; "one you will be very glad to see."

"Who is it, dear?" he replied in a pleasant

tone, for he was kind and gentle in his home, if somewhat stern at times in business matters.

"My brother Henry."

Mr. Farr's face showed that he was gratified at finding his brother-in-law by his fireside, and gave him a hearty welcome. "And what has brought you to Bradborough?" he inquired, "I can hardly hope that such a busy man as you could spare a day for a pleasure trip."

"The business part of my excursion is this. I think of coming to live here altogether, and I should like to find a suitable residence."

* * * * *
Toward evening the two gentlemen might have been seen at the top of Ash Lane, and at the lodge-door, speaking to Mrs. Owen. Immediately afterward they passed through into the grounds, where Mr. Farr met his old workman for the first time since his sudden dismissal.

"So you are tenant of the lodge, Owen?" said Mr. Farr.

"Yes, sir. But only so long as the Hall is unsold, at least unless the purchaser choose to let me stay; I am liable to be sent away at a week's notice."

"I suppose you carry on a business here."

"Yes, sir. My wife's father has large nursery grounds and gardens. He advised me to begin, and furnished the stuff. The situation is a very good one for the purpose; but I have always tried to feel prepared for a change, as I am liable to one at any time."

"I presume you would be sorry to leave the lodge."

"Well, sir, I certainly should. I can't deny that, but—"

"But what?" asked Mr. Farr.

"The past has taught me to trust for the future, sir, that is all."

Mr. Farr looked keenly in Owen's face as if to see whether any shadow of reproach against himself were mingled with those words. But Richard meant simply what he said, and so Mr. Farr felt.

By this time the two gentlemen were ready to go, and they accordingly bade Owen good evening as they passed through the gateway.

"Are you willing to buy?" inquired Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Farr's companion.

"Quite."

"Then we will see the agent to-night, if possible, for I must leave by the first train in the morning."

They accordingly went to the agent's house, found Mr. Wood at home, and, after some conversation, the bargain was concluded, and they became the purchasers of Fernley Hall. The news that they had concluded the bargain sounded very pleasantly in the ears of Mrs. Farr, seconded as it was by the promise of a handsome new house, as soon as it could be erected, and she was full of joyful anticipations.

There was a visitor at the lodge about the same time. Mr. Wood went to tell the Owens that the old Hall was sold at last. "And who do you think has bought it?" he asked, in a sorrowful tone.

"Mr. Farr, hasn't he, sir?"

"He and his brother, Mr. Henry Fletcher, are the joint purchasers. It is a most singular thing, is it not? Of course, Owen, you know this might come any day, and I have let you have instant information, to prepare you for the worst. By the way, though, I have brought you no notice to quit immediately. I asked Mr. Farr if I must do so, and he said, 'No, the lodge would probably be the last thing touched, and, in the mean while, you could take care of the place as before.'"

This was better news than they expected, and the Owens did not forget to thank God for it, as they really thought Mr. Farr would at once dismiss them from the lodge and render it necessary for them to seek another home at a distance.

On the following morning Mr. Farr accompanied his brother-in-law to the train, and almost the last words which he said as he shook him by the hand were, "Be sure you remember that little matter I mentioned to you, and include it in the plan."

"I will not neglect it. It shall be an ornament to the place."

The train started, and Mr. Fletcher was whirled

out of sight, while Mr. Farr returned home with an expression of great satisfaction on his face.

Weeks passed on. Workmen were busily engaged in pulling down Fernley Hall, and digging out earth for the foundations of the new villas to be built on its site, but the lodge still stood, and the Owens remained its unmolested tenants. As, however, the work went on, Richard and his wife became anxious to know how long they would be permitted to remain there. He accordingly went to Mr. Wood; but that gentleman could give him no information. "I should advise you to go to Mr. Farr and ask him yourself," he said. "I dare say you feel rather unwilling to do so; but, for the sake of your wife and children, you ought not to risk having to turn out all in a hurry at last."

Owen thanked Mr. Wood, and went to call upon his former employer. Mr. Farr was in the office, and to him Richard told his errand. "I don't like troubling you, sir," he said, "only if you would be so good as to say when I shall have to leave the lodge, I could look out for a little place to go to. I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Farr, for letting us stop in it, for I hardly thought—"

Owen stopped and looked a little confused. But Mr. Farr completed the sentence. "You hardly thought that the employer who turned you away because you would not break God's command, would be willing to do you a kinder turn should it be in his power. You judge hardly, Owen."

Richard was a little troubled at this. "Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, "I should not have said those words. Indeed, except in wanting me to do that one thing, no one could be a better employer. Mr. Farr, it was not that I wished to displease you, but that I durst not disobey my Heavenly Master."

Mr. Farr smiled. "I believe you, Owen. And now I will answer your question. You will have to leave the old lodge when the new one is ready for you to go into."

So saying, Mr. Farr took down a roll of plans, and showed Richard the drawing of a new lodge which was to be built before the other was pulled down.

"When I planned these large houses for myself and others, I contrived a home for you, Owen. We should need both a lodge and a keeper for it, I was aware, and I would not desire fitter tenants for the little spot than you and your family."

Richard, utterly overcome, tried to pour out his thanks; but Mr. Farr would not let him. On the contrary he said he had something to tell Richard, and he accordingly mentioned his resolution never again, under any circumstances, to allow Sunday work to be done by those in his employment.

"God has graciously opened my eyes to see that His blessing is better than thousands of gold and silver. He has also shown me that whatever may be a man's worldly wealth, he is poor indeed who has no treasure laid up in heaven."

More still, did Mr. Farr say, and then he dismissed Richard, who went home with a light heart to tell his wife of what was in store for them.

"Oh, Richard!" said Mary, while glad tears ran down her cheeks, "surely we have again found by experience how our God fulfils His promises. Isn't this fulfilled to us? 'And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

In due time the new lodge was finished, and the Owens became its tenants, humbly and thankfully ascribing praise to God as the Giver of all these mercies. They are prospering in business, yet not so anxious about temporal things as to forget those which belong to their eternal peace.

And Mr. Farr, as he goes in and out of his own new house, often stops at the lodge to say a few words to the Owens and their children. He is a far happier man now that he holds his wealth as a talent intrusted to him by God, and for which he must one day give an account, than he was in those old times when gaining money was the great end and aim of his life.

[This story is published in book form by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.]

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